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Overland Monthly

An Illustrated
Magazine of the West

San
Francisco
July 1903



Price
10 cents



Purity Personified

No other soap leaves such a sense of freshness and cleanliness as Lifebuoy Soap. Use it any way you wish and you will find it has unusual and exceptional properties. It not only cleanses like magic but also safeguards the health, as it disinfects—purifies, at the same time. Buy a cake and use it all up and if not all we say of it, dealer will promptly refund purchase money.



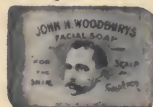
On the Train and Off

Among the things indispensable to comfort and good appearance this summer, take away with you plenty of

Woodbury's Facial Soap

Its peculiar healing properties cleanse *without irritating* the skin burned by wind and sun—keeping it smooth, firm and white. An instant corrective of odor from perspiration, producing a sense of perfect skin-freshness, it is invaluable in traveling and out-of-door life. Twenty-five cents everywhere.

Special offer Our booklet, trial size package of Soap and Facial Cream sent for 5 cts. to pay postage; or for 10 cts. the same and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder and Dental Cream. Address Dept. X



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Agents, Cincinnati, O.

Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

JULY, 1903

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, an Illustrated Magazine of the West. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second class matter.
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 Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.
 Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearages must be paid.
 Always give the name of the Post-office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.
 Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, Cal.
 For back numbers, more than three months old, an additional charge of 5c for each month is made.
 Contributors are requested to write name and address on first page of M. S. and on the back of each photo graph or illustration submitted. It is also necessary that in writing to the magazine concerning contributions, the name of the article should be mentioned.

OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, Publishers, 320 Sansome St. S. F.

VIBRATION

Vibration is the Law of Life.
The New Practice of the 20th
Century.

Dr. King's system is the most perfect, practical and rational means of mechanical massage known to the scientific world to-day.

NO ELECTRICITY.

All forms of disease yield to vibration. It revolutionizes the physician's practice. It does away with the old forms of massage, both mechanical and manual. It is the physician's leading instrument.—(Now in use by practitioners of all schools.) It is the family stand-by. It is a perfect exercise from head to foot, without putting forth any effort. Is suited to all ages, from the baby to the aged. It will positively add years to any one's life.

It is the ladies' beautifier. It is used in the best barber shops and hair dressing parlors, giving the most perfect face and scalp massage.

Instruments for the physician's office; instruments for the home; instruments for barbers' practice; instruments for hair dressers; instruments for travelers; special instruments for ladies' home use for body, face and scalp; instruments for the osteopath. Send for complete illustrated catalogue.

KING VIBRATOR CO. INCORPORATED.
CAPITALIZATION, \$150 000

Main Office and Show Rooms: 806 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Black 5144. Phelan Building, second floor.

AUTOMOBILES

AT LAST AT A REALLY
POPULAR PRICE *000* **\$450**

FOR THE MOST MODERN, PRACTICAL, AND GENERALLY USEFUL VEHICLE EVER PRODUCED

GASOLINE POWER, four horse-power.

LIGHT WEIGHT, 350 pounds,—no more than a buggy.

SIMPLICITY, no concealed machinery, only one place to oil, dust and water proof, starts instantly.

EASY RIDING, very long wheel base, perfect springs.

LUGGAGE SPACE, entire body available for parcels.

ECONOMY, fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline.

SPEED, thirty miles an hour.

HILL CLIMBING, 17 degrees grade with two people.

DISTANCE, 100 miles on a filling. Costs **NOTHING** when you don't use it

Costs **VERY LITTLE** when you do use it.

Adapted for all uses, business or pleasure, city or country.

First shipment arrives July 1st.

SUNSET AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

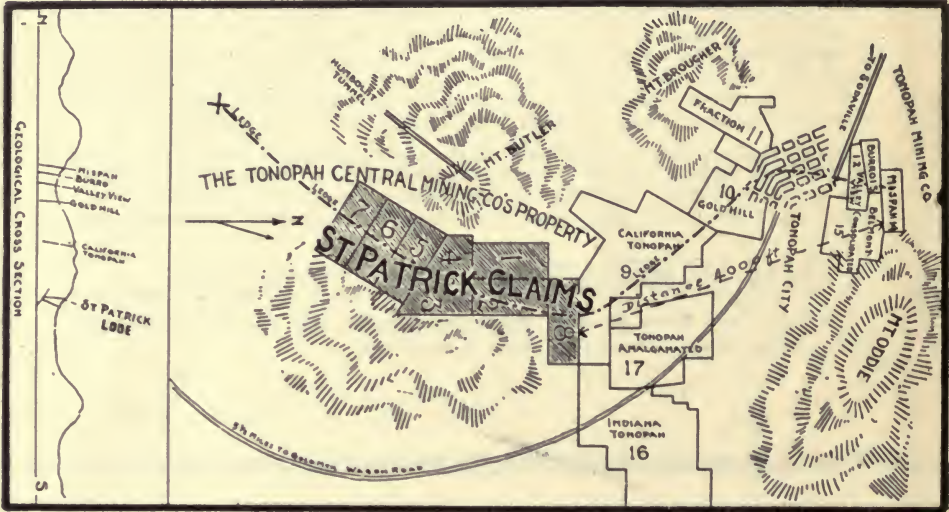
1814 MARKET STREET, near Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

TONOPAH==TONOPAH

INVEST NOW IN TONOPAH CENTRAL MINING STOCK

Advanced in Price January 15 from 25 cents to 50 cents a Share. Sure to go to

Par--\$1.00 Per Share--Soon.



No risk whatever in investing in stock in the Tonopah Central Mining Company. It's bound to double and quadruple in value very soon. 100,000 shares of treasury stock are being sold WHOLLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF DEVELOPING THE PROPERTY.

The Company owns eight of the best-located claims. The ore is rich in gold and silver. Work is now going rapidly forward. A double compartment shaft is now down 90 feet, fully timbered throughout. The following extract is from the Mining and Engineering Review, and bears out the claims of eminent experts that the Tonopah Central Mining Company's property is more favorably located than any of the other properties in the Tonopah District. "Another rich strike has been made in Tonopah. This time it is in the main shaft of the California Tonopah, which adjoins the Tonopah Central (formerly known as the St. Patrick group.) A ledge of ore has been opened up which goes over \$500 per ton and is in direct line with the Tonopah Central Ledge."

The stock of this company is non-assessable, with a par value of \$1.00 per share. The location of the company's mine on the slope of Butler Mountain, between the famous Mispah Ledge and the rich strikes of Gold Mountain, indicates that its stock will be a dividend paying investment, and that it will have an early increase in value.

A hoist capable of sinking to a depth of 350 feet has been installed, and it is only a matter of a short time when the ledge will be encountered. The California Tonopah struck their ledge at a depth of 127 feet, and it is 40 feet wide and is continued through the properties of the Tonopah Central Mining Company.

All stockholders participate equally in the profits of the company.

Investors in shares of this company have no taxes, no assessments, fines, interests or liabilities of any kind to pay.

The shareholders' interests are mutual and collective. There is no preferred stock, inasmuch as the original stockholders have placed all their stock in escrow, there to remain until the mine is on an absolutely dividend paying basis.

No safer or more profitable investment can be made than is offered you in the shape of stock in the TONOPAH CENTRAL MINING CO. Address all communications and make remittances to

OFFICES 401-28 CALL BUILDING.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

J. H. N. CLAUSEN, Assistant Secretary.

Please Mention Overland Monthly in Writing Advertisers.

The PASSING of the HORSE

The silent horse power of this runabout is measurable, dependable and spontaneous—the horse-power generated by supplies of hay and oats is variable, uncertain and irresponsive. There is "Nothing to watch but the road" when you drive

The Oldsmobile

The Best Thing on Wheels

You see it everywhere. Doctors, Lawyers and Merchants find the Oldsmobile the most practical vehicle for business purposes. Ladies and children can readily understand its mechanism. Unvarying reliability proves it is built to run *and does it*

Price \$650.00

Selling Agencies are established in all the larger cities where you will be gladly accorded the privilege of trying the Oldsmobile on the road. Write for illustrated book to Dept. S

Olds Motor Works

Detroit, Mich.
FACTORIES, DETROIT
 AND LANSING



SISSON TAVERN

8,555 feet above the level of the sea, on the Western side of Mt. Shasta lies Sisson's Tavern nestled among the pines of the Sierras. Telephone, telegraph and daily mail, half a mile from the Railroad Station, with free bus meeting all trains. Magnificent scenery, mild, refreshing, healthful climate, pure air and lots of comfort. Fare \$12.00 for round trip from San Francisco with additional \$1.50 for sleeping car accommodations. Rates \$2.50 per day or \$14.00 per week and upward. For information call at Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 618 Market Street, Peck's Tourist Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery St., Traveler's Information Bureau, 680 Market St., S. F. or at 410 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. For accommodations address

MRS. L. M. SISSON
 SISSON, CAL.

MARLIN REPEATERS.

RIFLES
 SHOTGUNS

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

When Going East

Be sure and see that your ticket reads via the

Colorado Midland Ry.

"THE PIKES PEAK ROUTE"

View the grandest scenery in Colorado.

See

Glenwood Springs

Manitou

Colorado Springs

etc.

For full information write to

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General Agent
647 Market St., S. F., Cal.

O. H. SPEERS
Gen'l. Pass. Agent
Denver, Colo.

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SOFA PILLOW ART COVER

FREE

Size 24x24 inches, with the popular *Nickell Magazine* 6 months for 50 cents.



Lithographed in beautiful colors on Satin Finish Art Ticking, equal in effect to an oil painting. **Money Back If Not Satisfactory.** Any one of these covers **Absolutely Free** for securing 15 three months' trial subscriptions at 10 cents each. 50 subjects to select from. 100 other useful premiums. **Single Copies 5 Cents**

NICKELL MAGAZINE
Dept. S. NEW YORK

PIMPLES, FRECKLES, Etc.,

Quickly Removed
And the Skin Made Beautiful.



Face Bleach not only removes pimples, freckles, moth, brown spots, oiliness, tan, sallowness, Acne, Eczema and other skin diseases and blemishes, but it wonderfully improves the skin. For those who doubt its marvelous efficacy I have published a few of the thousands of letters I receive which praise its merits.

PROOF POSITIVE

June 15, 1902. Dr. J. B. SILVER, 12 CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON, MASS., writes: I recommend your wonderful Face Bleach in the treatment of skin diseases and in the successful removal of all blotches and pimples. I daily receive the highest compliments of the efficacy of your Face Bleach.

June 23, 1902. Mrs. MARY WILCOX, MT. JEWETT, PA., writes: I have been using your Face Bleach for some time. It has done wonders for me. I had a very oily and pimply skin; now my skin is smooth and not oily at all.

June 21, 1902. Miss MARY MOONEY, EBERVALE, PA., writes: I am using your Face Bleach and my freckles are fading quite fast.

Face Bleach will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per bottle. Book "How to Be Beautiful" sent upon request for 6 cents stamps. MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., New York City.

HOTEL ST. NICHOLAS

Junction Market, Hayes, Larkin and 9th Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Every Market street cable car except the McAllister St. cars pass the hotel.

A thoroughly modern first-class family and Commercial Hotel. Rates: American plan—\$2.50 per day and upwards. European plan—\$1.00 per day and upwards. Special terms to permanent guests.

CONDUCTED BY

IRA R. and J. H. DOOLITTLE HOTEL CO.

San Francisco

News Letter

Devoted to the leading interests of California and the Pacific Coast.



\$4 per year

10c per copy

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. NO OTHER COSMETIC WILL DO IT.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 55 years and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayro said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient.) "As you ladies will use them I recommend "GOURAUD'S CREAM" as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

One bottle will last six months, using it every day. "Gouraud's Poudre Subtile" removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r. 87 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Savings and Loan Society.

The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903. at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividends as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

101 Montgomery Street.

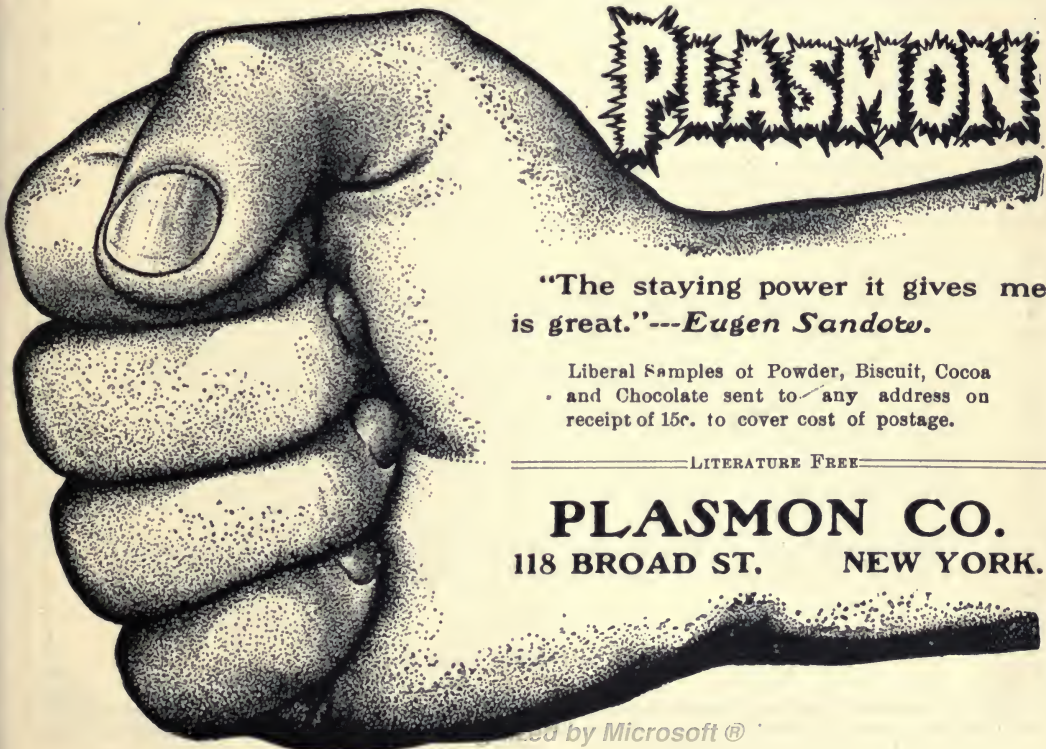
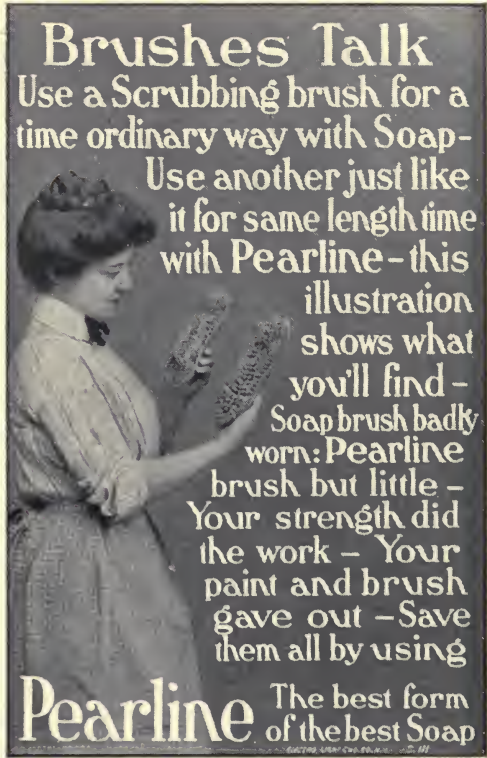
Brushes Talk
Use a Scrubbing brush for a time ordinary way with Soap-

Use another just like it for same length time with Pearline - this

illustration shows what you'll find -

Soap brush badly worn: Pearline brush but little - Your strength did the work - Your paint and brush gave out - Save them all by using

Pearline The best form of the best Soap



PLASMON

"The staying power it gives me is great."---Eugen Sandow.

Liberal Samples of Powder, Biscuit, Cocoa and Chocolate sent to any address on receipt of 15c. to cover cost of postage.

LITERATURE FREE

PLASMON CO.
118 BROAD ST. NEW YORK.

The Commercial Revolution

In the space of quarter of a century there has taken place along all lines of commerce a change so tremendous and far reaching in its consequences, that it might well be termed a revolution. The force that has produced this change is publicity. It has altered methods, recreated standards of comparison, multiplied results. It has raised infinitely the expansive power of each and every business. It has almost eliminated the factor of time, so that a colossal business, instead of being the slow growth of years, may spring into existence full grown, as Minerva is said to have sprung from the head of Jove.

The business man has no longer justification for wasting time over the question: does advertising pay? His attitude would resemble that of the rustic in the fable who stood by the river's brink to wait till the water flowed past. While he questioned the dollars and cents value of publicity his competitor would have stolen a march and left him far in the rear. But though no one can doubt the efficiency of advertising in view of the results which it — and in some cases it alone — has accomplished, it must be admitted that the simple recommendation: "Go ahead and advertise" cannot be profitably followed without a large amount of deliberation.

The questions that have to be intelligently answered before a business man is safe in spending his money on advertising are many and various. Experimentation is always interesting but in advertising it is very costly, and there is no problem involving the welfare of his business in which a man should more earnestly seek for light than in this of publicity. How much should he spend in advertising; what mediums will bring him the best results; in what form should his appeal to the public appear; should it be reinforced by the aid of illustrations; should he use large space in a few publications or small space in many; how should he proceed when the public responds to his published appeal?

It is in answering such questions that we, as a fully organized and equipped advertising agency, are in a position to be of substantial service to the advertiser. We do not merely expend the appropriation which he decides to apply on publicity — *we think for him*. We give earnest consideration to the question: what is best for *this particular case*? We select the mediums, write the advertising and advise as to the best methods of following up results, always keeping in mind the *individual* characteristics of the advertising proposition. And this we are able to do efficiently because we possess the *combined* knowledge and experience which alone will make advertising successful. Our clients are making money through our efforts. We will be pleased to number you among them.

Snyder, Johnson & Hindman
Newspaper and Magazine Advertising
Tribune Building, CHICAGO

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway and 63d Street, NEW YORK CITY

Large Library of Choice Literature.



Efficient Service. Perfect Cuisine.

**Absolutely Fireproof
European Plan Exclusively**

Don't pay exorbitant rates at old hotels.
Here we offer you everything modern at

MODERATE RATES.

Travelers arriving by any of the Ferries, Ocean Steamers, or Fall River Boats, can take the 9th Avenue Elevated Railway to 59th Street from which the Hotel Empire is only one minute's walk.

From Grand Central Station take cars marked Broadway and 7th Avenue Seven minutes to Empire

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centres.

All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklets.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor.

Lens Supremacy

Everywhere Acknowledged

Catalog
Free



BAUSCH & LOMB, Lenses & Shutters

\$3,000.00 offered for photos made with them

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profession. We teach you by mail to become an Illustrator, Ad-Writer, Journalist, Proofreader, Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Electrician, Electrical Engineer, etc. Write for Free illustrated book, "Struggle With the World," and mention the subject which interests you. Correspondence Institute of America, Box 842 SCRANTON, PA.



TOOTHACHE

You don't know when you will get it. "C. F. C." Toothache Relief stops it instantly. A bottle of it should be in every home in case of emergency. By mail 25 cents.

HUMESTON, CHEM. CO.
HUMESTON, IOWA.

Wm. Schroeder.



TELEPHONE
MAIN 888

California Art Glass

Bending and Cutting

WORKS

Cor. Second and Minna
Embossing, Staining, Beveling, Etc.
Office 120 Second St.

SAN FRANCISCO.
CAL.

Gold Medal California Midwinter International Exposition 1894.

Grand Silver Medal World's Exposition, Paris, 1900.

Highest Awards Wherever Exhibited.

Please Mention Overland Monthly in Writing Advertisers.



East Oakland, California.
Feb. 18, 1908.

Messrs. Bullard & Breck,
181 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—

The large "Colt" Acetylene Gas plant installed by you last December to light the six cottages belonging to the Mrs. Mary R. Smith Trust, for Orphan Children, in East Oakland, Cal., and the "Colt" Carbide Feed Generator put in early in January on Mr. Smith's private grounds are working very satisfactorily. I am pleased to be able to fully recommend the "Colt" for simplicity, effectiveness and economy.

Yours very truly,
John P. Froumiller,
Supt. for Mr. F. M. Smith.

COLT Acetylene Gas

TRADE MARK. Carbide-Feed Generator LIGHTS ANY BUILDING ANYWHERE

Better than city gas or electricity—cheaper than kerosene. Send for free booklet.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
597 South Spring Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

J. B. COLT CO.

MAIN OFFICE
21 Barclay Street
New York

The largest manufacturers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons.

Bingley

PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

529 CLAY ST. SAN FRANCISCO TEL. RED 2216

Skin Diseases

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ring-worm, Itch, Ivy Poison, Acne or other skin troubles, can be promptly cured by

Hydrozone

Hydrozone is endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent, that cures by destroying the parasites which cause these diseases.

Cures sunburn in 24 hours. In cases of Prickly Heat and Hives it will stop itching at once, also will relieve mosquito bites instantly. Take no substitute and see that every bottle bears my signature.

Trial Size, 25 Cents.

At Druggists or by mail, from

Prof. Charles H. Harchand

Prince St., New York.

FREE Booklet on the rational treatment of diseases sent free.



Because of their construction
**PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS**

give most

Comfort & Service

Guaranteed "All breaks made good"

"President" on buckle means

"Cannot rust" 50c. and \$1.00

Any shop or by mail prepaid

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.

Box 242N Shirley, Mass.

Send 6c for Catalogue

B R O M O - K O L A



**THE NERVE
RESTORER.....**

Seasickness, Constipation and Dyspepsia

For sale ever where
Accept no substitute



Subscribed Capital.....	\$13,000,000
Paid-in Capital.....	2,500,000
Profit and Reserve Fund.....	350,000
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, Sect'y and Gen. Man. Hon. Washington Dodge, Pres't.



CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED
BY FLORENCE JACKSON -

IF all the new books received in a month were to be reviewed in one issue of the magazine there would be space for little else this season, so fast do the new publications crowd forward, craving notice. While there are many of these that deserve little remark or can be passed with a word, others merit hearty recognition and offer alluring opportunities for the critic who would rather praise than blame. As usual works of fiction predominate, although we should welcome, were they sent us, any number of books such as those of Van Dyke and Whitman and Adler, noticed below, and we should particularly like to receive any books for children that are put forth. There seems to be an unusual lack of new juvenile literature; indeed, there has always been a singular dearth of stories for girls of from twelve to sixteen, while the books for boys of that age are many. A fortune awaits a new Louisa Alcott or Mrs. Whitney, who will write stories for girls.

The tastes of the girl of to-day are happily more general, broader and deeper than were those

of her sisters or her cousins or her aunts of a generation ago. The Elsie books are, fortunately, forbidden in some, at least, of the public libraries, and sickly sentimentality has been condemned in books as well as in reality. But we are sadly in need of some bright, vigorous stories of "sure-enough" girls.

A Terrible Back-Sliding.

That some of the worst sort of old-fashioned sentimental sensationalism can be blatantly presented to the public of to-day by a creditable house whose name has been taken as the cachet of a book's standard qualities, is a subject of much amazement. After dragging through the entire length of this latest atrocity bound within inviting covers, after conscientiously trying to find its good points or any excuse at all for its being, I laid down the book with a sigh for the wasted time spent on it. The worst possible imitation of "The House on the Marsh," "Jane Eyre" and "Children of the Abbey," it rivals Laura Jean Libbey in extravagances. It might be expected as a "leader" in the "Fireside Companion," and in any case it is one of the books perilous for the young or the thoughtless, because it is wholly untrue to life, yet poses its characters in such a way that the ignorant will not recognize the burlesque actors these really are. Not only is the story absurd and gruesome, but the style is amateurish to the last degree; still for anyone who can overlook bad writing and likes to read of double-distilled villains,

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Overland - Monthly.

the work may be satisfying. A few sage cynicisms on the sacrifice of real justice and honesty to accepted forms of right, show that the author can reflect, and the next book from her pen may be a gem of consistent beauty and good technique in art.

"The House on the Hudson," by Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

There is a de-

In Other Strain.

mand on this Coast, as well as in the East, for "solid" reading, and no part of the country will be more interested than the West in the new compilation of William Ellery Channing's "Discourses on War," which Ginn & Company of Boston have just issued. These discourses, whose delivery ceased sixty years ago, are to-day valued as pertinent to the spirit of this age as of that. Edwin M. Mead, whose "Introductory" occupies a fifth of the book, says of Channing: "He believed that the artificial commercial regulations and protective policies of nations were a fruitful source of conflicts, and that the worker for internationalism and the world's peace should be the worker for the freest possible commercial intercourse. 'To level all barriers to free exchange, to cut up the system of restriction root and branch; to open every port on earth to every product—this is the office of enlightened humanity.'" There are nine chapters, one of which, "The Citizen's Duty on War which he Condemns," is a collection of all the best things bearing on this subject which Channing has said in various lectures. Each chapter, though, is a mine of interest in itself. The price of the book is \$1.25.

In Lighter Vein.

The doings of elderly people are creating a vast deal of interest now-a-days, and not less in the emotions and sentiments than in the serious matters of life. Miss Daskam has made herself famous in handling

their love affairs, she still being young enough to dare the impossible and by daring to sometimes succeed. Of the little volume of half a dozen tales, four of them are appealingly interesting. In "A Hope Deferred" the excuse for introducing the story to the reader is slim enough, but the excellence of its art makes it acceptable from that point of view. In others, or most of the tales, one cannot but feel that if it is a weakness of middle age to be won through its stomach, it is a pity to exploit this. All these elderly lovers are appealed to through something not of the romantic side of life; loneliness, a lounging for cookies, a fear of illness unattended, leads the men to believe in an affection that wouldn't deceive a woman of the writer's own age for a minute. "Mrs. Dudd's Sister" is the best story of them all, most simple, most complete and convincing in analysis, yet this is the story of the cookies. It is also a story of apple orchards and breezy out-of-doors, and it is well worth reading.

"Middle Aged Love Stories," by Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.

"A Summer in New York" gives a very accurate idea of life in the metropolis, and as it is lived by the greater number of New Yorkers, which number does not comprise the very wealthy such as the story deals with, but the comfortably well to do, the business classes down to the very clerks whose vacation, limited to two weeks at most, is supplemented by outings taken according to their means, but giving them otherwise the actual experiences of these nabobs of Chimmie Fadden's set. The comments put into the mouth of the green little Western girl, are pertinent and keen.

The book is a sharp, bright commentary on smart plutocracy, and a caustic criticism of useful and useless usages. It is quite amusing to find Kipling's favorite final word: "But that's another story," given

as Shakespeare's. Some singularly sweet and girlish speeches there are, too, such as: "He thinks girls are all thirteen. I guess some of us remain thirteen when we are quite old." But let not every Western girl who goes to New York expect such a summer. It is nice to read of but it doesn't happen so, at least, not often.

The book is by Edward W. Townsend. Henry Holt & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, \$1.25.

A Comedy of Conscience.

The changes on the title of comedy seem to be rung frequently of late. Such title naturally tells somewhat of its own story, and this one in particular bubbles with humor that is even, at times, mirth. A favorite subject at present, the love affairs of persons who have passed their first youth, is one of the motives of this tale, and the difficulty with the conscience of the heroine gives a chance for some of that fine analysis of which the author is so able an expounder.

"A Comedy of Conscience," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co., publishers. Price, \$1.00.

Of Graver Import.

Scholarly as well as ethical is all the work put forth by Dr. Adler, and the simplicity of his style often makes one forget how intense and abstruse are the subjects to which he invites the reader's attention. Whatever be the theme, there is always something uplifting in the writer's view of it, even when the reader differs with that view. One may not, in this volume, for instance, wholly agree with the ideas expressed on "Love and Marriage," since there seems to be too much stress laid on theoretic ethics and the practical working of such theories is not reckoned with. This essay, fine as it is, yet leaves one with the wish that the entire address of Dr. Adler on this subject had been given, for in that every word is golden. All of the subjects

of this little book are treated in paragraph, each of which offers an individual thought which may be considered separately as well as in connection with the rest.

"Life and Destiny," by Felix Adler. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price, \$1.00.

When Mr. Van Dyke says that How to Look at Pictures.

Andrea del Sarto "knew how to fill space if not how to paint soul," he expresses what less competent judges have often wanted to say of Del Sarto and others, but dared not, mistrusting the accuracy of their criticism. Pictures, like music, do not always carry to the uninitiated the meaning intended by their creator, and the soul of a great canvas sometimes could be supplied only by such a title as the small boy wrote beneath the sketch he had made on his slate: "This is a cow." The meaning of pictures is sometimes hidden even from the wise, if it is not revealed to babes, and this little book will be instructive also to those who have thought they understood the fine significance of art in pictures. The chapters are compiled from lectures given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

"The Meaning of Pictures," by John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price \$1.25.

Reminiscences of a Statesman.

In a most attractive way and pleasantly unlabored style, Sydney Whitman has put together his recollections and personal experiences with the Iron Chancellor, of whom it would seem so much has been written that there cannot remain more to write. The author of these memoirs has proved, however, that there are still things interesting to learn of the great Prince and his extended career. Not long ago the public was reading Bismarck's Love Letters, and it was noticeable then

(Victor Hugo's Love Letters were coming out about the same time) that there was an aspect of the German's character almost unsuspected, which would do the world good to know. Strange as it seemed, it was not the great Frenchman with his reputation as a poet who wrote the tenderest love letters, who showed the greatest solicitude in private life for those about him, but the stern Teuton, the wrestler with men and affairs. Mr. Whitman shows every appreciation of such

traits, as well as of many others in the man of whom he writes. He makes the home at Friedrichsruh as real as it is charming, while he draws the master of it in both his strength and weakness. The volume is brought out in convenient form, and most excellent print; and its 340 pages have not an uninteresting sentence.

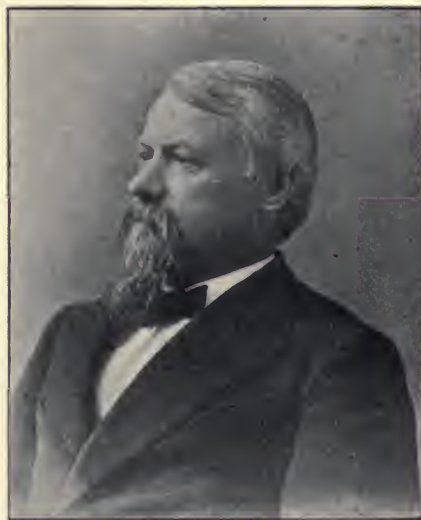
"Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," by Sydney Whitman. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, \$1.60.

EDITORIAL DIGEST

A Memorial and an Anniversary.

IT is with reverent appreciation of all that this magazine owes to the efforts of one of the most earnest men this coast has ever seen that the presses are stayed on last days of publication of this issue in order to enable the Overland to pay tribute to the memory of its founder.

The news of the sudden death in the railway accident of June 21st, of Anton A. Roman, brings a shocked surprise to a sympathetic public, but it also takes on a personal aspect to those who are working in various ways upon the periodical which owes to the aged publisher its inception and establishment. It seems, moreover, a significant and pathetic fate that should make the July number the one to record his death. It may be said that the July Overland could be always considered as an anniversary number since the birth of the periodical took place in this sunny month of mid-summer, a fitting period for any enterprise to be begun in the Golden West. Life is thought to be good to have, and the life of the Overland Monthly is no less full of hope, vigor and earnestness on this its thirty-fifth birthday, than it was when Mr. Roman asked of Bret



Anton Roman.

Harte the labor and co-operation necessary to make its first issue a success. Yet its founder has quickly followed its first editor to that bourne whence no tidings can be heard, and we say of these tireless workers: "They have passed away—for them life is over."

But not so their influence. There has been left, as a portion of the heritage which their best effort in life gave and still gives their fellows, the same incentive to thought,

Editorial Digest.

and mental exertion, that was instilled by Mr. Roman into miners to whom he first began to sell books, and that inspired him and induced Harte to venture this magazine, which has become so much a part of California as to be known and named simultaneously with it. Because he labored to offer to the minds of his contemporaries what other projectors offered to their material consideration, the work of Anton A. Roman will be forever remembered, even if monuments erected to deeds of arms crumble and perish; even if civic divisions should change and make of this new land a newer one; even if the city in which the work was carried on should be shaken from its foundations and disappear from the face of the earth, the names of Harte and Roman will need no tablets or monuments to preserve them. And while Mr. Roman was the first who credited the West with the desire for intellectual food, and the ability to assimilate it, with the capacity for appreciating the wealth of the mind as well as the riches of the earth, it is yet true that he saw it was best to present this food and wealth in form to suit the needs of the day. And in his contribution to the Overland Bret Harte Memorial Number of September last, speaking of his considering Bret Harte as an editor, he said: "I had some objections to Mr. Harte, for I feared he would be likely to lean too much towards the purely literary article," an objection that has often been made in the west through that same fear that the intellectual will not be appreciated. Yet yearly more and more strong mental work is turned out from the West, larger and larger are the number of readers, and Mr. Roman found that choosing Bret Harte for his editor established because of that writer's literary standards, the reputation of his

magazine. No section of the United States has so profited by the reputation it has gained through the literary way in which it has been described, as has this same coast which the publisher of its first magazine thought at first would not read purely literary contributions. Yet he ventured, and succeeded.

Death, in claiming these men, Roman and Harte, has removed two examples of fearless energy in carrying out a work that promised to be unpopular, or at least not wholly approved by the public. They accomplished a great undertaking, and there is left the undying influence of their effort to advance the mental and intellectual as well as the material condition of the West, and that effort has been re-inforced by the work of others, by the establishment and generous endowment of universities, art schools, institutions of all kinds for the development of citizens, whose eager acceptance of opportunities shows their profound appreciation of all that is offered them.

That the end of Mr. Roman's days should have been so sudden and tragic is saddening, for, aged though he was, life was still precious and desirable. For the comfort of those near to him, it may be said as truly of the old as of the young, that "The child who enters life, comes not

With knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent.
Nothing is known, yet who believes
That God is overhead,
Knows, as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

And for those who find encouragement in an example of courageous effort, there is in the life just closed an inspiration to persevere to the fulfillment of great purposes.

FLORENCE JACKSON.



Launching of Shamrock III.

Overland Monthly

July, 1903.

Vol. XLII.

No 1

Challenger and Defender for America's Cup

BY WILLIAM JARDINE

AS the time draws nearer and nearer for the great yacht race in which a challenger from across the water will try once more to "lift the cup," which has been so successfully defended by America for over fifty years, interest grows apace and yachtsmen watch carefully the trials of Shamrock III in the different waters of Scotland and England, with the old boat Shamrock I, in the hope of getting a line on the new boat's speed. The cablegrams seem to show that Shamrock III is the speediest yet turned out from the yards of Messrs. William Denny & Brothers at Dumbarton, Scotland. Mr. William Fife of Fairlie was mainly responsible for the design of Shamrock III, although in laying down her lines he had the able assistance of Mr. G. L. Watson, whose name is intimately associated with former challengers, as well as with the Leven Shipyard Experimental Tank. Indeed, the yacht is the more interesting in that she is the first typically tank boat.

In general design she resembles Shamrock I. Her lines are stronger and she is fuller bodied than Shamrock II. She presents a strikingly handsome model, and impresses experts as a speedy boat and probable cup-lifter. Constructively she is simply a shell of mild or nickel

steel and aluminum, the plates being of various thicknesses commensurate with the main idea of combining strength and lightness. The steel is in the hull plates and framing, while the aluminum forms the deck, having a covering of canvas to give a secure foothold. All the fittings are either of aluminum or brass, and each piece is machined to take away any superfluous weight. The finish and accuracy of the workmanship is marvelous. From stem to stern are many intricate angles and curves, yet the whole hull does not display pit-mark or ripple, showing the care which has been expended on the frame setting and plating. One noticeable difference between Shamrock II and III is that the new yacht will be steered by a wheel instead of a tiller.

The launching of a challenger draws the interest of all the world, but in the little town of Dumbarton, where the boat has been built, and turned out, from the smallest child to the highest official there is an excitement that beggars description. On Tuesday, March 17th, the launching of Shamrock III took place upon the waters of the River Leven. Although in the shipbuilding town of Dumbarton, a launching is an every-day occurrence, the christening and launching of



Hoisting the mast of Shamrock III.

Denny's two American cup challengers will ever stand out as the most interesting of all those interesting occasions.

The great ceremony had the glamour of appropriateness thrown around it, as the yacht, freighted with Irish sentiment, was launched on St. Patrick's Day.

It almost seemed as if the gods favored the launching ceremony. The morning was hopelessly wet, with a gale of wind, but an hour before the time fixed for the boat's release, the sun pierced the clouds and cheered the spirits of the on-lookers.

It is a time-honored custom in the shipyard at Dumbarton for the workmen, when a launch is about to take place, to throw down their tools and crowd round the launching

ways; but for this auspicious occasion, the workmen, both of the yard and engine works, declared for a holiday from breakfast time, and there was no work done in the town at and about the launching hour, which was fixed for 1:30 in the afternoon. Long before this, the workmen commenced to enter the yard, and each man received a bunch of shamrock, a gift from Sir Thomas Lipton. By one o'clock all around the shed and within the yard was black with sight-seers; the river was alive with all kinds of craft, and on the far-away heights of the old castle the ubiquitous general public had taken their stand.

Messrs. Denny made ample provision for those privileged to be Sir Thomas Lipton's guests.

At the bow end of the challenger's shed there was a large, sloping platform with another higher and smaller one for the members of the christening party, and these were gay with streamers and bunting. From the platform the guests had a fine view of the yacht, as she sat cradled on her pontoons, appropriately named the Rose and the Thistle.

At 1:30 everything was in readiness for the crowning event. Lady Shaftesbury, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, with Sir Thomas Lipton, Colonel Denny and one or two others ascended the higher platform. Mr. John Ward gave the signal to the workmen below; there was the noise of heavy blows, a tremor of life in the ship, as the Countess of Shaftesbury smashed the gaily decorated bottle of wine

over her bows, and the yacht with her crew on board ran safely down the slips.

The excitement of the moment was followed by the cheering of the multitude again and again renewed. As she broke the bottle, Lady Shaftesbury used these words: "I christen you Shamrock III; may God bless you and may you bring back the cup." The christening bottle was covered with a network of red, white and blue ribbon, the neck of the bottle being decorated with shamrock, thistle and rose. The bouquet presented to the Countess of Shaftesbury was made up of crimson roses, orchids and lily-of-the-valley. On one of the ribbons of the bouquet the following was printed in gold letters: "Shamrock III; launched 17th March, 1903, at Dumbarton," and on the other ribbon a shamrock encircled by a horse-shoe.

After the launching the guests adjourned to the Model Hall in the yard, where luncheon was served. The decorations were very effective.

From the roof some thirty baskets of flowers had been suspended, linked up by broad green ribbons, festooned with shamrocks. The most striking feature in the decorations was the display of shamrocks, thistles and roses, the whole floral scheme being symbolic of the historic event. Covers were set for 170. The menu was as elaborate as the dignity of the occasion demanded.

Mr. Walter Brock, the senior member of the firm of William Denny & Bros., presided at the



Setting the mast.

luncheon. Toasts and speeches were the order of the afternoon. The chairman successively proposed "The King," "The Queen," "Prince and Princess of Wales," and the "President of the United States of America."

To Lord Provost Primrose fell the lot to propose the toast of "Success to Shamrock III," which he did in a neat and appropriate speech. Sir Thomas Lipton, rising to reply, was received with a fusillade of cheers. He thanked his guests for their good wishes, and said he was more hopeful than ever that he would lift the cup this time. During the speech he read a telegram from Mr. George Watson who was unable to be present through illness. This read as follows: "Sorry I cannot be with you to-day, though I am almost well again. All possible success to Shamrock III, and



Ready for the canvas

if the fates do not give us the desired bit of luck, may they not help the bear. Heartiest congratulations to my friend Willie Fife on his beautiful creation, and to Dennys on their exquisite work." The allusion to the bear hardly needs an explanation, but it is the old story of the man who prayed: "O Lord, if you cannot help me, do not help the bear and I'll put up the toughest fight you have ever seen."

Sir Thomas Lipton's concluding words were:

"If it should be our good fortune to regain possession of this much-coveted trophy, I am sure in America they would not begrudge the success. I know they all want the best boat to win. Indeed, I am looking forward with the greatest possible pleasure to my visit to America, as I know I will receive

the heartiest and kindest of welcomes. My experience of my American friends is that they will give me everything I want, except the cup."

After the chairman had given the health of Lady Shaftesbury, Sir Thomas Lipton arose and presented Her Ladyship with a memento of the occasion in the form of a brooch. It is in the form of a scroll of diamonds, twined about with the flag of Shamrock III and the commodore flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, the Shamrock flag being mounted with a border of emeralds and the latter being composed entirely of sapphires with the arms of the R. U. Y. C. enamelled, while the center is formed of a shamrock supported by a model of the yacht, entirely composed of diamonds.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, commodore of the R. U. Y. C., made a suitable reply on behalf of Lady Shaftesbury, and after the chairman's health had been proposed by Lord Overton, the proceedings were brought to a close.

Something like ninety pressmen and artists attended the launching and they dined in the Drawing Office of the yard under the chairmanship of Mr. John Ward, with Mr. Leslie Denny as croupier. Only one toast was honored, that of "The Builders." It was given by Mr. W. M. Thomson of Boston. He said: "They in America knew the fame of the Clyde was great; if she was Clyde-built, it was the superlative mark of merit in a ship. In Shamrock III they had an example of ship-building which they all hoped would carry the colors of Sir Thomas Lipton to victory. He said

this, knowing that they might possibly guess from his account that he was an American; but also that there was a strong feeling that Sir Thomas Lipton should win." The Chairman, in thanking the speaker for his kindly words, added: "Large ships needed to be anchored in good holding grounds by large cables. He believed that the cable which united America and Great Britain was growing larger and stronger every year, and bedded as it was in the hearts of both peoples, it had found holding ground of the firmest and best, which would last and endure for all time. Let them hope that the launching that day of Shamrock III was another link in that chain of affection which meant so much in the welfare of both countries."

A man, an expert in all that appertains to yachts and yachting, said at the close of that day, exciting for

the town and sportmen everywhere: "Undoubtedly it has been a great day, and all that has transpired buoys one up in the hope that it will be the last time—at least for a spell of years—Messrs. Denny will be called upon to build a challenger. Somehow, to-day's ceremony has uplifted us all to the pitch of feeling that "Shamrock the Perfect" is a winner and that the next call on the Leven shipyard will be to produce a defender. This is the people's verdict, despite the fifty years America has succeeded in being top dog, and it is nothing more than appropriate that a man like Sir Thomas Lipton should be the central piece in a contest which appears to make hope 'spring eternal' on this side of the Atlantic."

The history of the cup itself is as follows:

During the year 1851, the Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes, Isle of



Launching of the challenger at Bristol, R. I.

Wight, presented for competition, open to yachts of all nations, a cup known as the "One Hundred Guinea Cup." In the first race which was held at Cowes on August 22d of that year, the race and cup were won by the keel schooner yacht America, owned by J. C. Stevens and G. L. Schuyler of New York.

The cup was subsequently offered to the New York Yacht Club, subject to the conditions (1) That any

as it did not prove entirely satisfactory, in 1888, at a meeting of the New York Yacht Club, another new deed was made, by which the club allows any mutual agreement between the competing parties. Since 1887 the match races have been restricted to two yachts, representing respectively the challenger and the challenged.

All told, there have been twelve match races for the America's Cup,



The Reliance under full sail.

organized yacht club of any foreign country should be entitled to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or vessel which is measured by the Customs House rule of the country to which it may belong; and (2) That the cup should be the property of the "Club" and not the members thereof, nor of the owners of the vessel winning it in the match.

In 1881 a second deed of gift was made somewhat more at length, but

including the original one of 1851. Hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling have been expended to secure and retain the cup, and not one prize has ever passed from the hands of the silversmith, that is better known the world over than the "One Hundred Guinea Cup," which stands 27 inches high, weighs 135 ounces, and was made by Messrs. R. & S. Gerrard of England. It was donated on condition that it should be preserved as a

perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. Here is the history of the struggles made by British yachtsmen to secure the America's Cup.

- 1870—Magic beat Cambria by 39 minutes.
- 1871—Livonia raced thrice against Columbia and twice against Sappho, winning third match with the former by 15 minutes.
- 1876—Madeline twice defeated Countess Dufferin by 10 minutes.
- 1881—Mischief twice defeated Atlanta by 23 minutes.
- 1885—Puritan beat Genesta twice—first by 16 minutes and second by 1 minute 38 seconds.
- 1886—Mayflower twice beat Galatea—first by 12 minutes and second by 29 minutes.
- 1887—Volunteer twice beat Thistle—first by 19 minutes and second by 11 minutes.
- 1893—Vigilant thrice beat Valkyrie—first by 5½, second by 10, and third by 40 seconds.
- 1895—Defender beat Valkyrie III in the first of three contests. The second race was won by the British boat after a foul. On appeal, however, the race was awarded Defender. The third race was not sailed.
- 1899—Shamrock I, designed by Mr. William Fife, and built by Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., London, met Mr. Iselin's Columbia 11 times before the issue was settled, so uncertain were the winds of that season. At their eighth meeting Columbia won by 10 minutes 11 seconds; at the ninth Shamrock I carried away her topmast shortly after the start, and Columbia, according to agreement, went on and won; and then, in a strong wind and sea, at the eleventh trial, Columbia won by 5 minutes 17 seconds.
- 1901—Shamrock II, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built by Messrs. Denny, was the challenger. Columbia was again the defending yacht, and proved the winner in all the three matches, in the first by 1 minute 25 seconds, in the second by 3 minutes 35 seconds, and on the third Shamrock II was, however, 2 seconds ahead, but lost by 41 seconds on the time allowance.

The trials of Shamrock III on the Clyde, at Weymouth in the south of England, and elsewhere, the breaking of the long pole mast, so carefully constructed by Messrs. Denny and the determined manner in which another was immediately constructed, are all matters about which the yachting public have kept themselves in close touch. That Sir Thomas, the Dennys, Willie Fife, George Watson, Captain Wringe, who will be in command, and the English public think that this time they have got the cup-lifter, there can be no manner of doubt.

Not less confident are the friends of the Reliance. No one who has seen the work of the marvelous boat builder of the little New England town, can fail to read the meaning of the lines and curves the defender's creator has put into her form. There are shown the intuition of what the moment will demand; the allowance for the feeling the sea will have for the creature entrusted to it, and the need of the craft which is to skim the waters at the wind's command. All of this, a man deprived of the faculty of sight, has year after year, been able to give to the fairy-like creation that delights the eyes of the nation, while it gallantly defends the coveted prize. But of the launching of the Reliance, as exciting as that of the Shamrock, have we not read in the chronicles of the day? It is a noble vessel, in truth, and is dowered with the confidence of the New World's hopes. Yet should the cup change hands this time and cross to its original resting place, the American people will give the conqueror her due, the owner their huzzas, and set to work as fast as they can to build a boat that will bring back the trophy to American shores for another cycle of time.



The Miniatures of Claude and Frances.

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY

BY F. LORENCE

Chapter IV.

WHEN Stratton walked into the office of the Illuminator it was without any elation over the story he brought. He couldn't have told how he collected the data for the gowns, nor much about how the photographs came into his possession. He remembered dimly that when he passed out of that not-to-be-forgotten alameda hedge, he had seen his hostess with several other women talking excitedly with Miss Delmar; that later when he had dared to approach Mrs. Hinckley, she had at once opened the subject of photographs and offered to show him a number of her own to choose from. He could not remember to have told her that he had skulked into her home to steal the likenesses of her guests, but some way she knew it, and was showering coals of fire by giving him what he had come for, and preventing his robbing her of it.

Moreover, he found himself pos-

sessed in some mysterious way, of the photographs of the bridesmaids of yesterday, even Miss Delmar's "though this," she said, "you will not need, since you have the miniature your sister painted. How clever it is, too. You must be very proud of her. When she comes back I shall see if she will do me."

A number of other women had given him "points" (he remembered long afterwards that one of them had written down the names of textiles and fashion of the gowns he was to describe.) But of this he recalled little as he sat writing the report that brought delight to the heart of his chief. The story was a "beat"—no other paper had ever printed any sort of picture of Miss Delmar. To have the miniature and to be able to say it was "reproduced by kind permission of the owner," was to have reached the heights of ambition for the Society Department of the Illuminator.

It was all a success except in the

eyes of the man who had brought the news. To him it was an ignominious failure. Not only was he honestly ashamed of having gained his point in the way he had, but he was secretly mortified at having his own profession superseded by the mechanical labor of the photographer, which, as art, he was bound to hold in contempt. And that he was compelled to write out the trivialities of a report on a mere social function irked him now to the most intense degree.

How different was his feeling on opening the paper the following morning to that he had experienced on seeing his sketch of the Hon. Asa Witherson. He seemed in twenty-four hours to have run the gamut between a sense of happy accomplishment of something worth while and the wretched execution of an abominable thing. Another difficulty faced him; he had not thought of it in the rush of the night before, now he felt he had been unmindful of a brother's duty to a sister. Frances' portrait had been reproduced with the others; he had allowed the publication of that likeness he should have been the one to keep from the public gaze. In his sister's absence, too, he had forced her into a position she might, like the young girl, shrink from, and now he realized fully Claude Delmar's hatred of notoriety. And there was the miniature, to be returned, so in no way could he avoid the responsibility of what he had entered upon so lightly yesterday, as a passing thing from which he might win a little glory by his deeds.

Quite unheedful of his steps he went along, head down, upon the mission of the moment. He was stopped at the Fountain by a block of wagons and cars. Waiting to cross also there stood beside him, he suddenly perceived, the girl who had not been out of his thoughts since this hour yesterday. She saw him in the same moment, hesitated

the fraction of an instant, then bowed. She said something, what he could not have told, but it permitted him to speak:

"I have been wondering where I am to take the miniature," he said. The block was broken and they were walking up Market street as though their affairs called them naturally in the same direction.

"I am sorry I destroyed that sketch," she said, irrelevantly. "I've been wanting to say so ever since. It was not mine; I had no right to it, and all I can do now——" she looked shyly at him, flushing a little—"but you won't have any use for another."

"Not for the Illuminator," he answered quickly. "But when I come back, perhaps I shall be able to do a portrait of you, if you will let me, that will be——"

"When you come back?" she queried.

"Yes, from Rome. If I go at once perhaps I shall not do any more such things as I tried to do yesterday. And in Italy art may be art."

"Why not in California?"

"In America only the industries have place," he said, bitterly, thinking of the photographs.

"Because they are worked for," Claude declared. "My father used to say if we worked as hard in America over our art and music as we worked over them in Europe we'd make them as successful industries as any others. I've come back to try it; why don't you, too?"

"Try to make art an industry?"

"A success—then in our own country, and with our own atmosphere. Can we not be ourselves, even in art?"

That walk up Market street took on, for Stratton, a beautiful significance. He and the girl talked of such things as youth puts hope in; of wonderful aims and how to reach them; and what one will do with them when accomplished, and of the unending possibilities in a wide, great land that was not even bound-

ed by an ocean to east or west or a continent to north or south, but had within itself all that could content a great nation and make it, with the help of its workers, the greatest of all mighty powers.

And the whirling wind that buffeted them as they faced it only keyed their spirits to a tenser tone, and the light that shone from the glowing sky and turned the floating dust particles to motes of gold, gleamed in their eyes filled with purpose and with lovely dreams.

It was that night that Stratton wrote to Frances: "The West needs her sons who will carve their masterpieces here, not take their effort elsewhere."

lows and cast her beams coldly forward over the pathway before.

But dark or bright, the sea still held its charm. The roar of its waves drowned the voices of people chatting boisterously while lounging in their chairs or tramping noisily in eager exercise. Emily did not dare to become more sociable with her fellow-travelers than to briefly exchange greetings lest she should find some unavoidable means of spending the money she must hoard. True, she saw no coins or bank notes in evidence, but the little slips of paper the stewards brought to be signed every time an order was given, stood, she knew, for amounts that must be settled as ex-



A pale moon would glide from the waves.

CHAPTER IV. Mixed Motives.

The sea, whether angry or tranquil, is calming, and the traveler can forget many things while idly watching its moods. Emily spent many hours regarding the ocean's vagaries, now gazing over the shortening distance that lay before and that at close of day seemed to be leading to a land of rose and gold, then turning with lingering regret towards the way whence she had come. In the morning that way was golden, but at evening it was gray and dark or a great pale moon would glide ghostly from the waves, perhaps frame some floating object for a moment, betraying a ghastly sight, then rise above the line of bil-

tras. She wondered, indeed, that so many extras should be wanted; the accommodations were ample in all respects, and some of those who were constantly demanding more could not, she guessed, from their talk overheard, be accustomed at home to the luxury they were enjoying now.

One afternoon, having exhausted all the stray literature, and tired with incessantly walking the deck, she met the purser as he came from the second cabin.

"Lonesome, aren't you?" he said. "Come and see me; I'll show you some curiosities that'll amuse you."

They were near his door and she listlessly followed him into his office. He flung his cap on the desk

and swung round his revolving chair, bowing Emily towards it. She laughed at his grand air, but moved reluctantly toward the chair.

"Well, if that isn't good enough for your ladyship," he cried, "give your commands; they shall be obeyed." Emily laughed again, but did not make any demands; she moved about looking at the photographs and ornaments in the room. The door to the deck, which had been left open, closed gently as she stood at a table opposite.

"That's a pretty picture, isn't it?" the purser said at her elbow. It was a photograph of a vine-covered English cottage. "It's my little place in Lancashire," the man went on. "Look at this one here in the corner"; he guided her to it; his hand on her arm. The hand caused her a sudden annoyance; lifting the arm to release the hand, she glanced at him and met a look that made her recoil, but a hot breath had brushed her face.

At that instant, a sharp rap on the door was followed by its immediate opening; Mrs. Skinner stood a moment looking in, then deliberately stepped over the high sill and walked up to the desk.

"Some way, I've got uneasy about my jewelry," she said; "half the voyage is half over, but I guess you'd better put it in the safe for me."

"All right, madam." The purser went forward with alacrity. "Pleasure to serve you. Have you got the jewelry now?"

Mrs. Skinner put her hand in her pocket and brought out a chamois bag; this she untied and turned it wrong side out over the table. A flash and sparkle of light seemed poured there; diamonds set in every conceivable way; rings, brooches, combs, buttons, pins, buckles, necklaces, a bewildering collection of gorgeous gems.

"Did you ever see anything handsomer?" cried their owner, darting

a keen look at the man, but never a glance at Emily.

"I never did—that's a fact," was the prompt answer.

"Well, just you take care of 'em for me." She pushed them towards him. "You'll put 'em in the safe here?"

"That's where everything goes, ma'am. There they'll be when you want 'em."

"That's all right, then. If you'll give me the receipt, I'm done."

"We don't give a receipt for such things," the purser spoke, insolently. "If you want the stuff locked up, well and good; if not, look after it yourself, madam." But the last word had no respect in it.

"Now see here," Mrs. Skinner's tone was business through and through. "You can't impose on me, sir; I know you'll take better care of the jewelry than you do of passengers, but I want my receipt in case some one should throw you overboard before we reach port." At the last word she glanced at Emily, and as the purser went to the safe, she gave that escaping young woman the benefit of a mirth-provoking wink.

It was in confusion of mind and with a desire to cry and to laugh at the same time that Emily, hurrying to the deck, ran almost into the arms of the two people she had been avoiding. Mutual apologies lengthened into a conversation, and in a few minutes the chasm that separates the stranger from the friendly acquaintance, however new, was crossed.

"Have you seen the yacht?" asked the gray-eyed woman. Emily had seen none, but taking the resource of the shy or unready thinker, asked, "What yacht?"

"Why, the English boat. She's on her way back, you know. Too bad she didn't win this time, just to hearten the adversary; but there is always another chance."

"If you'll take the glass, Miss Arnot, you may be able to make her



Have you seen the Yacht? She's on her way back.

out," said the gentleman. Emily's confusion was still too great to permit her to feel surprised at the use of her name, but by the time the yacht was sighted she had been set at ease by the easefulness of her companions. They had looked up her name, they confessed, on the passenger list, and then felt sure she must be the daughter of the man who had been the friend of the one and the old-time teacher of the other. Emily laughed at being told her father had given a course of lectures on political economy at the University before he expected to practice the economy necessary to a diplomat whose country pays its lesser representatives parsimoniously.

"Miss Wylie won encomiums by passing your father's examinations with honor, Miss Arnot. The examinations were stiff, too; I tried a similar set several years before and—failed. So I left politics and economy forever."

"The Doctor was trying to introduce phonetic spelling, you see," explained Miss Wylie, "and his examination papers couldn't be made out."

"Orthography is always disdained by the great—and the foolish," laughed the doctor. "There was Deigo Delmar, with all his millions would never buy a spelling book for his library. One day some trouble arose with the combination of his office safe; the thing couldn't be opened. Delmar said the word was 'boots.' When every one had tried to open it and failed, he was asked how he spelled 'boots.' 'Why, b-u-t-s, of course, you idiots!' he shouted."

As a merry laugh rang out from Emily, Mrs. Skinner, coming from the purser's office, stopped and looked at the group. Emily, quite conscious of what the woman had done for her, started towards her, but the owner of the diamonds deliberately passed the girl, gazing straight ahead, as if seeing nothing short of the bowsprit.

Frances Wylie and Doctor Heard left Emily no more lonely hours on the Slavic. Through them, she came to know again something of Western interests, and she learned of many other persons who had been connected with the life that seemed so long ago. Deigo Delmar she remembered hearing was a cousin of her mother's, but that relative she had never known. She knew that all his fortune had gone to a motherless little girl, who was being brought up in boarding schools. It was pleasant to learn of the growth of little Stratton Wylie, who, when he was ten years old, had been used to make splendid pictures on his copy-books and talk of all the wonderful things he meant to do for his big sweet-heart (Emily herself), when he should be a man.

The voyage began to be almost gay. Other passengers became friendly; acquaintances, so easily formed at sea, grew toward friendships to be cemented or dissolved as fate and the future should determine, and the days, with the miles, were left behind as the ship approached the haven which to some meant home, and to others a final severance with dearer lands. In spite of the Doctor's questions as to the safety of a ship that carried two women who were not always conscious of their clothes, nothing remarkable happened, and the voyage drew calmly to its close.

In a blaze of morning sunshine the Slavic steamed up to quarantine off the green shores from which nestling homes looked down. There across the Narrows were the chimneys and gardens of other homes; beyond and further up the bay, rose the mammoth warehouses and crowded docks from and to which hurried the numberless craft that cut pathways in the wide stretch of waters, and yonder above all the rest, glimmered the towers, the pinnacles, the golden dome of buildings where the great city, floating its smoke airily over its proud head

stood ready to welcome alike com-patriot or alien.

Crowding the decks, the passengers, having signed the customs declarations and reassured their consciences for the more or less heinous prevarications they had practiced, made ready to wave to the devoted friends who were really interested enough in coming or returning voyagers to endure the tedious wait on the dock, to welcome them. Emily knew there would be no one to welcome her; she had been told to go to a hotel named by Uncle Billy, and wait there his communication. But she knew also the length of wait she might have and the inadequacy of her funds to meet hotel bills. From Frances Wylie she had learned of less extravagant places where she could lodge, and to one of these she determined to go.

Every one was too deeply concerned with his or her own affairs in the moment of landing to give heed to any one else; she could only silently look on and do as other people did, but the loneliness of a great crowd in which one is solitary became for the girl again sorely oppressive.

As she stood watching the frantic greetings of waving handkerchiefs, umbrellas and hats by friends distinguishing each other, a steward coming to Emily asked if she would be good enough to step to the purser's office. The message astonished her. She had never been in the office since the day Mrs. Skinner had interrupted, to her relief, an unpleasant encounter; she had not often, indeed, spoken to the purser since then. She went reluctantly now towards the office, round which were crowding people who had delayed getting money exchanged or reclaiming property. The purser was working fast at his desk, and glancing every moment or so, out of the door. When Emily stood there he got up as if it were she he had been looking for.

"Just come in and sit down a

minute, Miss Arnot," he said, between counting out greenbacks to a passenger. Emily sat down wondering. Several others were waiting to be served; several others came in, in haste; it looked as though she might have to remain some time, and she was impatient. She got up and went to the door, whereupon the purser seemed to intercept her egress.

"I'll get that article from the safe," he said, drawing her towards the place where the safe stood; then lowering his voice: "You saw me put it in here, didn't you?" Emily looked blank. "Mrs. Skinner's diamonds," he went on. "You were here when she brought me her diamonds to store. She's lost some of them since she took them out of here this morning. She's pretty wild about it; says nobody on the ship but you and me knew she had 'em, and she's going to make a row. I wanted to tell you to get off the dock as soon as you can. Of course, she can't do much but make it unpleasant, but she'll do that pretty well if she gets started, and you don't want to be mixed up with that sort of a woman even in a case of investigation. Hurry off now, as soon as your luggage's been examined. I'll keep her aboard if I can till you're out of it. Just save you some bother, you know."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Emily, "you're kind to think of it, but I can't run away, you know. It's absurd about the diamonds, but I couldn't run away on that account. Why, if she can even think such a thing I want to stay until she is convinced."

"Oh, hang it all," cried the purser, and being called peremptorily to the desk, he left Emily standing by the safe, looking with indignant dismay at the possibility before her. Again as on the previous occasion, Mrs. Skinner appeared in the doorway. She saw Emily at once and came towards her.

"You've heard about my dia-

monds, have you?" she asked abruptly, but in a low tone.

"Yes, I'm waiting to hear more," declared Emily.

"Well, I'm just looking for you to tell you to get ashore as quickly as possible. The purser will want to bring you up to testify that you saw the diamonds here; it'll only get your name mixed up with it for no good at all, and I want you to be out of it. Go, get off the dock as soon as you can. Of course I'm

going to have an investigation, but nobody needs you, child. Hurry off." She pushed Emily towards the door.

The girl sped down the gangway; nobody she knew was in sight; a customs' officer came to her heap of luggage, and after the proper hesitations in spite of the signed declaration, he chalked the various pieces, and Emily was free to lose herself and her belongings in the metropolis of the New World.

(To be continued.)

The Strength of a Nation

By SADIE McCANN

Though strength of arms, broad acres and great forts
 Are well enough to view, it takes supports
 Of stronger worth to stand the test of time.
 Look to the past in every age and clime
 Where flourished powers great. What's left to-day
 To mark the splendor of their kingly sway?
 One thing remains—their character lives on
 The most substantial part of battles won.
 Unseen the mortal world has been evolved
 From thoughts clear and distinct each race has
 solved?

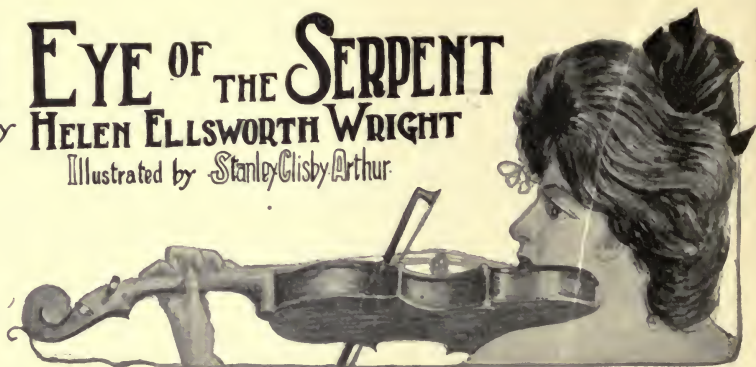
The influence that Socrates has shed
 Is with us yet, though Grecian power is dead;
 The Roman Empire long has passed away—
 Her heroes breathe again in deeds to-day;
 And Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer are a part
 Of modern times to mould the human heart.

O great Republic, for whom countless died
 That thou mightst be the home where freedom smiled
 How will the coming ages read thy fate?
 Will love of gold and foreign lands inflate
 Thy pride, and will thy sons awake too late
 To the real claims that make a Nation great?
 Far be removed the hour of thy downfall;
 Oh, may thy subjects rally to the call
 To higher hopes and broader views. And each
 Feel it a duty ignorance to teach,
 To bravely toil as part of that grand whole
 For weal or woe a Nation's lasting soul.

THE EYE OF THE SERPENT

by HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

Illustrated by Stanley Clisby Arthur



FLORENCE ARMSTRONG lay idly in a long chair, waiting for her husband. When, three months before he had been detailed by the "L & D," a London syndicate, to locate claims at Singhi Mountain, she had insisted upon going out with him.

The trip had been a delight to her, and their quaint little house of Nipa palm, with its attop thatch, its long verandas and many doors, had seemed a big plaything. But to-night she was home-sick. She rolled up the bamboo curtains, and the warm, damp breath of the tropics pressed in. The air hummed with the drowsy voice of insects. Picking up her violin, she drew the bow half unconsciously across it. A long, yearning note replied. It quivered, clung about her like a live thing, and dissolved reluctantly. With it there came a shivering in the thatch. She looked uneasily about; the wind was still, not even the tips of the palm trees quivered against the copper sky.

The sun hung lazily at the edge of the horizon—a burning, crimson ball. It kissed the mountains, and the river, and dropped suddenly into the sea. Then the swift, equatorial darkness was upon them. Torches of the natives began to glimmer from the hills, but still Warren did not come.

The music had drifted into a minor key, a little wailing melody

of home, and again there came the shivering in the thatch. A long, lithe body swung itself from the attops to the veranda. It glided into the bedroom and coiled and uncoiled in the shadow. The moon had risen above the black line of the jungle. Higher and higher she crept, till the lagoon lay a stream of molten silver.

Something was gliding across the floor. Slowly it advanced. Its flat head swayed rhythmically, its breast gleaming white as it reared itself. Florence felt a touch upon her hair; she turned, half-expecting to find her husband, and then—. There was no outcry, but the violin slipped to the matting, and the player sank beside it.

When she opened her eyes, Warren was bending over her. The room was filled with lamp-light, and the curtains were drawn. She looked bewilderedly about; then, all at once, the horror of the last hour came upon her.

"Where is it?" she cried, clinging to him. "Oh, Warren, where is it?"

Her husband held her close.

"Where is what, dear?" he asked. "Poor little girl," he went on, soothingly, "it's lonely for you here all day; no wonder you are nervous!"

That night, when the lights had been extinguished, Florence lay with her eyes open. In the darkness she seemed to feel again that

touch upon her hair. The rising wind whispered in the camphor trees and all the superstitions of the Dyaks came crowding fast upon her. "The cobra brought death to the head of the house where he was made unwelcome." The omens had all been bad. The night before a "deer had cried," and a vulture in the morning had "wheeled away to the left." The cobra must be propitiated. There was not a woman in the hill tribes who would not tell you so.

She seemed to see again the Dyak charmer squatting beside his hut of sticks and palms—to hear the shrill notes of the native flute. Before him coiled a big, brown snake, its head advancing, retreating.

"Why, Florence, in the dark again?" asked Warren, a week later. "You used to light the lamps before the sun went down."

He picked up the violin she had been playing, and ran the bow across the strings, then turned sharply and looked behind him. There was a sound of something being dragged wearily over the matting. He struck a match, but Florence caught his hand and drew him down to her.

"Put your arms about me—close," she whispered. "There!" She laid her head against him with a little sigh. "I'm so tired," she said.

That night Armstrong watched his wife furtively. She had changed in the last ten days, and there was a pathetic look in her eyes that haunted him. He drew her into the lamp-light, at last, and lifted her face to his.

"Flossie," he said, "there is something the matter! What is it?"

She longed to tell him—to beg him to take her away somewhere—anywhere—away from the Dyaks and the omens—away from the lagoon and the coffee-colored river, and that writhing, torturing thing that came in the dark from the thatch. Yet the cobra was revengeful,—and it was for Warren's sake.

A wave of something Armstrong could not analyze swept over him as he held her; he shivered a little, and gently pushed her aside. He almost wished he had left her at home. Shinghi was no place for a woman.

"Do you know, Flossie," he suggested, "I must arrange for earlier hours. You're too much by yourself."

Her eyes were wistful, but she turned so he should not see them.

"Why—I like it, Warren," she said, at last. "I like the solitude and the darkness and the stars."

"So do I," he laughed, but she shook her head.

"No, don't come," she urged. "Indeed, I'd rather be alone."

Her words hurt him, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"As you like," he said indifferently.

The next night Armstrong came down the hill path with his torch unlighted. He cautiously picked his way among the ferns and rhododendrons to the front veranda. The curtains were rolled high, and the wail of the violin floated out to him. The white-frosted figure of his wife was just visible in the moonlight. She was swaying as she played, and singing as the natives do. Now she bent over something on the mat, and Warren was sure that he heard her speak. A fierce jealousy seized him. This, then, was why she wished to be alone. But who could it be? He would wait there in the night and know.

The hours dragged by; he was drenched with the heavy dew, and still she played over and over the one melody. There was something infinitely weary in the tones. At last the music ended, and the watcher without crept near. There was no word of parting, but he could have sworn that a figure slunk away in the shadow.

When he came in a little later, Florence was half lying in a big cane chair, the violin in her lap. He lighted the lamps and drew the

shades without a word. She did not seem to notice him. The tea was still waiting on the little table, and there were no traces of a guest. He



crossed over to his wife, and stood looking down at her.

"Three hours late," he said ironically. "How worried you must have been!"

She gave a startled look—stretched one hand half way towards him—let it languidly drop again, and closed her eyes. She had grown very white of late, and Armstrong observed with alarm the violet shadows on her face. He quenched a momentary impulse to put his arms about her. But this sudden drowsiness was feigned; he had heard her play and speak, not ten minutes before, so he argued with himself, and sat down to a solitary tea.

Florence rose just as he had finished, and he watched her covertly. There was a look in her face that puzzled him. She took her place at the table and helped herself abundantly, but seemingly forgot to eat; her tea remained untasted in the cup. Her husband did not speak, and soon she went into her own room, and he heard her fastening the curtains.

Armstrong lighted his pipe, but it failed to solace him. The air was murky and oppressive; he impatiently threw down his book and strode out to the veranda. The sky had become suddenly overcast; large drops of rain were already pattering about him; a damp sickly smell came up from the lagoon, and somewhere, in the distance, he heard the peculiar cry of a wawah. The jungle stood, a dense, impenetrable fortress, teeming with death and disease. Turning from it with a shudder, he re-entered the house, and threw himself, fully clothed, across the bed.

The rain was increasing; it spurted in little jets from the attops, and was caught in splashing pools below the thatch. All at once, Armstrong sat erect and listened. Then he rose and tip-toed to the door of his wife's room. For a moment he stood irresolute, then quietly turned the

knob. He could see distinctly by the light upon his own dresser. Florence, seated in the middle of the bed, was swaying from side to side, and singing in a low, droning monotone. Warren's brows contracted. It reminded him of old Nimuck writhing over his snakes.

"Flossie!" he called. She raised her eyes unseeingly, to his. "Flossie!" he called again, starting towards her. The old tenderness was in his voice.

An expression of fear crept over her; she began talking hurriedly.

"You must go away," she said, bending over an imaginary object. "You must go away, for he'll be coming soon." She extended both her slender hands, as if pushing something.

Warren grasped her by the shoulder and shook her roughly.

"Florence," he said, as consciousness flooded her eyes, "you have been dreaming." His voice was harsh, unnatural. "And by the way," he added indifferently, "I shall be off early to-morrow; you will breakfast alone."

In his own room, Armstrong sat looking blankly ahead of him. "She is like all other women," he said, with a shrug, as he began divesting himself, "and I've been the regulation fool; but I'll find who he is, and then——" His eyes narrowed themselves into unpleasant little slits and he blew out the light.

The next day was the semi-weekly cleansing of the water jars. If Mrs. Armstrong had looked into her husband's jar late that afternoon, she would have been surprised at its contents. The native servant had trundled the huge thing up from the river with unusual care, had shoved it into place in his master's bathroom, and sunk down beside it, perspiring, exhausted. Warren found his position somewhat cramped, but the cool dampness was grateful to him, and it afforded excellent opportunities for observation.

He had not long to wait. As the sun pressed his last scorching caress upon the palm trees, Florence came from her room. She walked to the veranda, and stood leaning against the supports. The light tangled itself in her hair; she looked half a child in her white frock. But the sun was going down. Gray shadows crept among the ferns; they touched the woman's face, and chased the brightness from her hair. Then all at once the burning sphere dropped out of sight; a chorus of frog voices rose in shrill treble from the lagoon, and twilight had come. Florence, as she stood there, seemed to have suddenly grown old; her step became listless, heavy. She turned automatically and re-entered the house, took the violin out of its case, and drew a long, sobbing note from its heart.

There was a sound like the rubbing together of dried corn-stalks; it came from the attop overhead. The violin wailed out the melody of night before; Armstrong knew its every cadence. He heard a whispering, like the wind of October in the leaves at home, and then a dull, continuous pressure of the mat.

He raised his eyes to the rim of the water-jar. The waking moon had sent a silver herald through the bamboo curtains; it fell half way across the floor. His wife was standing in the shadow just beyond. Warren had a vague consciousness of a presence near him. Mechanically his hand slipped to his belt. It was there, the little "Smith and Wesson"; he felt of its cold throat, and grimly smiled. "The price of the game is death," he told himself, "no matter who the man!"

Something was pushing past his hiding place. Armstrong, quivering with rage, stood half upright in the jar, but all he saw was the figure of his wife. The creeping moonbeam had reached her now. She stood for a moment in its light, and then a flying cloud shut her



The Cobra hissed, but the Violin sang

from him. In the darkness the violin called and sobbed and called again, and in answer came the weary, lagging pressure on the mat. Armstrong felt a sudden dread of something, he did not know of what—a sudden desire to be out of the water jar, but its slippery earthen walls held him fast.

The cloud was passing; through its frayed edges the moonlight filtered again. Armstrong leaned forward. There were—yes, surely, here were two heads! Then, as if by the stroke of a giant brush, the cobwebs were swept from the moon and light flooded Singhi Mountain. Armstrong's heart contracted. "God!" he cried.

Something sinuous, brown, had creared itself out of the shadow; it was swaying very close to Florence. He saw the white breast, the drawn hood of skin, the eyes glowing red like tiny danger lights. He saw the smooth, lithe body turning—re-creating—advancing, and was powerless!

"Florence!" he called. The cobra drew his hood erect and hissed, but the violin sang on. Florence did not hear; her eyes looked unseeingly ahead.

"O God!" he cried, "what shall I do!"

His voice rang like a discord in the melody. The movements of the

snake became less rhythmical, contortionate; it hissed again, and the light in the little red eyes grew bright. The forked tongue darted in and out; it licked the woman's hair; it touched her hand!

Another scudding cloud was hurrying past the moon; already the light was growing dim, uncertain. Armstrong, in an agony, leaned from his prison, and something clicked against the water jar. It was the butt of his revolver; he had forgotten it.

The two were very close together now, and still the violin sang. Could his aim be true? The light was growing faint. The room seemed filled with swaying, flat, brown heads. Armstrong gathered himself together, and three bullets whizzed in the air.

* * * *

When Florence opened her eyes, the sun was smiling through the camphor trees, and her husband was kneeling beside her.

"Why, Warren," she asked, "what is it? I feel so—queer. Am I ill?"

"Just a little, dear," he said, but he covered her hand with kisses.

"And, Flossie," he went on, with a brave show of unconcern, "I've cabled to the 'L. & D.' to send out another man. We're going home, please God!"

FEARLESS

By MAY SPENCER

Little shell, fragile shell, low on the shore,
Have you no fear of the ocean's roar,
Lest his pitiless waves should bear you away
Ten thousand leagues from this peaceful bay?

Ah, no! ah, no! O question strange!
Why should I tremble at storm or change?
Life's joy that was mine is forever lost,
What matters to me the shore where I'm tossed?

The Borax Industry and Its Chief Promoter



Mr. F. M. Smith.

THE borax industry in the United States may be said to have had its real beginning in the discovery of borax in Teels Marsh by Mr. Francis M. Smith.

The character of Mr. Smith is embodied in the three words, energy, foresight, and shrewdness. Born at Richmond, Walworth County, Wisconsin, fifty-seven years ago, he has solely by his own efforts, made himself one of the leading capitalists of the West. This is more remarkable from the fact that he built up his fortune in the very heart of the worst desert on this continent, where there was everything seemingly to contend with.

The fall of 1872 found him in the wood camps about ten miles from Columbus, Nevada. From 1867 he had been following the various mining camps of the West, accepting all available employments that offered

but only as incident to finding a good mine or some opening where he could make a fortune. Like thousands of others he had been engaged in teaming, contracting for the delivery of wood to the mills and timbers to mines; but his worldly possessions to this date, as he humorously says himself, consisted of two or three wood ranches, a band of pack animals, and the usual variety of wild-cat claims to mines. He was living in a good, comfortable cabin in a narrow gulch which commanded a fine view of the outlying country. From the timber lands he could see the Columbus borax marsh, which was then being worked, and Teel's marsh glistening like beds of snow in the desert below. It was not known, however, that at that time there was any borax in Teel's marsh.

The outlying marshes of the West differ very much in appearance from what is known in the East as a marsh. In the West they are not necessarily very soft or watery. They are generally dry lakes or lagoons covered with a crust of alkaline in some of its forms. They occupy the low depressions in the bottom of the desert, and receive the drainage from a large surrounding area, and the saline matters accumulating, give them a light, whitish appearance. After a local storm or cloudburst, they may be wet and soft for some time, but when their waters evaporate, they glisten like fields of snow.

At the time when Mr. Smith discovered the borax it was a dry season, and the alkaline areas were more than ordinarily extensive. From the hilltops he could see the



The 20 mule team hauling Borax out of Death Valley.

gleaming white Teel's marsh, and taking two wood-choppers with him one day he visited the marsh and found a heavy incrustation which seemed rich in borax on testing. It appeared afterwards that he had by chance stepped upon the richest portion of the marsh first. He was so impressed with the appearance of the marsh that he took a small quantity of provisions and some pack-animals from the wood-camp, returned to the desert, and made a dry camp on the edge of the dry lake, and at once located several thousand acres, most of which afterwards proved to be worthless.

Leaving the men at work on these locations, Mr. Smith started on a round of visits to his wood-ranches and thence to Columbus. Before reaching Columbus, the certificates of analyses were handed to him, stating that the samples he had sent from Teel's marsh were the finest specimens of borate of soda that had been found up to that time. In Columbus he enlisted two associates, laid in fresh supplies, and started back for Teel's marsh, unconscious that his fortune hung upon a slender thread, but his indomitable energy led him aright, for he was so anxious to anticipate any attempt on the part of others to locate the deposits that he made a night march across the desert, guided only by the camp-fires of his laborers, reaching camp long after midnight. Here he found a friend in the chemist who had analyzed his

samples at Columbus, and who had been sent out to locate borax deposits. Guided by the camp on the lake, this man found Mr. Smith's men, and remained with them over night. Before long, he asked Mr. Smith where Teel's marsh was, and was told that there was an alkali flat about twenty miles from there, and that he could take one of the men as a guide to accompany him.

The visitor left early the next morning, accompanied by one of Mr. Smith's choppers, and was gone three days. It is scarcely necessary to say that by the time of his return, Mr. Smith had the Teel's marsh property thoroughly located and the foundation for his fortune and for the borax industry of the Pacific Coast secured. A few days later, he put in an appearance, and Mr. Smith staked out a good location for the chemist himself, and put him on it, a pleasing gift, though perhaps hardly deserved. Uniting with his brother, a Chicago company was organized, a small plant put up, and the production of borax was begun.

Borax was first discovered on January 8, 1856, by Dr. John A. Veatch, who was boiling some of the water of Tuscan Spring in Shasta County and set the water aside to cool, when it happened to be concentrated enough for the borax to crystallize out. The first borax produced in the United States was made at Borax Lake, at the south end of Clear Lake in Lake County,

California, in 1864, and twelve tons were produced, worth 39 cents a pound, or \$780 per ton. On learning of the discoveries of Dr. Veatch, one William Troup, a Virginian, began to look for borax, and in 1864 and 1871 cottonballs were found in different parts of Nevada. This so-called cottonball, which is really a borate of lime, is boiled with water and carbonate of soda. The two minerals change partners, and the

caters, and in clearing up all adverse claims. The property then passed to the sole ownership of Mr. Smith, who transferred it to the Pacific Coast Borax Company about twelve years ago. From that time on, the growth of the industry has been rapid. The product in 1864 of 12 tons was worth \$780 a ton or 39 cents a pound. In 1874, 914 tons, worth 14 cents a pound. In 1884, 1019 tons, worth about 10 cents a



Borate mines at Borate near Daggett, Cal.

carbonate of lime and the carbonate of soda or borax are produced. Many small plants for the production of these cottonballs were erected, and their output created a special stir. Borax was still worth 30 cents a pound when the Teel's marsh deposits were discovered, and a rush was started that almost ruined the market.

The Smith brothers finally obtained sole control of Teel's marsh by buying out over one hundred lo-

pound. In 1894 the product was 5,770 tons, worth 7 cents a pound. In 1901, 10,815 tons, worth 7 cents a pound. In other words, during the first ten years the output increased from an average of a ton a month to 76 tons. In the next decade this was increased to 85 tons. In the third decade it was increased to 480 tons, and at the present time the product is over 1000 tons per month. While the Teel's marsh was important, it was probably the de-

velopment of the borax fields of Death Valley in 1880 that brought Mr. Smith the reputation which made his name a household word all over the world.

It is impossible to give a pen picture of the difficulties encountered. The bottom of Death Valley is nearly 400 feet below sea level. In 1880 the operating point was over 250 miles from San Bernardino, the base of supplies. In that distance there was scarcely a spring or a drop of water, yet lumber, horses, wagons and supplies had to be taken through. Houses were built fast, the work of making borax went right on, and the "Twenty-Mule Team" became a household word. The wagons usually used for bringing borax from the desert were the largest and most economical ever built, holding ten tons each, and drawn by eighteen mules and two horses, and steered by a single "jerk" line. This "jerk" line or single rein by which the gigantic team was guided was one hundred and twenty-five feet long. Two of these wagons held a carload of borax. In the picture of them, familiar to everyone, will be seen a huge water tank trailing along behind. The route of this wagon was over one of the most rugged and precipitous mountain ranges in the world, namely, the Panamint Mountains.

For eight years, or until 1888, the work was maintained. With the discovery of colemanite in the Calico Mountains, near Daggett, the scene of operations was changed. This colemanite, which is a borate of lime, lies in veins and is mined just as gold quartz would be mined. Owing to the scarcity of water at Daggett for manufacturing purposes, the crude material is shipped to the Alameda Refinery for supplying the Pacific Coast market, and to the huge refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, which supplies the entire borax trade in the East.

Mr. Smith has been a public bene-

factor in bringing this great resource of the desert into the homes of this nation. Thirty years ago borax was an expensive luxury. Today it is so cheap that it is an ordinary household necessity. What has been procured at an outlay of so much physical discomfort and at so great a cost in many of the dreariest portions of the universe, is one of our greatest labor-saving and health-preserving agents.

Borax finds innumerable uses and these are ever-increasing. It is extensively used in assaying and in the metallurgy of ores and in the smelting of copper; it is said to be an excellent insecticide; it is employed in the preservation of meats and fruits; it has been largely applied to the manufacture of the porcelain-coated utensils known generally as granite ware; and the white-enameled bath-tubs, so common everywhere, owe their clean and beautiful surface mainly to borax. It is used in the manufacture of pottery and earthenware as a glaze; it is put up in packages for the household, and borax of the "Twenty - Mule - Team - Brand" is known the world over; it is widely used in the home and in laundries on account of its great cleansing properties; it is a valuable cosmetic, rendering the skin soft, and it is claimed it will prevent a great many skin diseases. Cotton goods saturated with a solution of borate of ammonia and dried, become inflammable. It is used in making tough grades of glass and for glass staining and in caustic tiles; it is needed in the manufacture of "strass," the basis of artificial gems. Varnishes are made of it, and substitutes for gum. It is used in tanning when wools and furs are treated, as it cleans, softens and prevents the hair from falling out. It is known extensively in medicine.

The use of borax and various borates in chemistry would make a still longer list. In fact, the use of borax is mainly in the household



Greenland Ranch, Death Valley.

and in household articles. It is good for the individual inside and out, and for the clothes he wears, and for the house that he lives in, from the basement to the lace curtains in the parlor and to the tiles on the roof.

Mr. Smith, by his individual efforts, has brought borax from the point where druggists sold it at 35 cents a pound to the position where it is an important article of commerce and a household staple of universal use. Although practically controlling the borax market of the world, and the richest and

most extensive of all the discoveries, the great reduction in price has enabled the poorest to use it. Mr. Smith is one of the best examples of the captains of industry of the West. Starting out as a poor youth he has, entirely unaided, steadily climbing the ladder of success, attained its rounds through his own individual efforts. More than the riches that he has gained, he has won the admiration and respect of all who know him and his many friends love him not only for his wealth and upright nature, but for his fine personal qualities.



The Borax works in Death Valley.

A GROUP OF IDOLS

By MINNIE D. KELLOG

A ROW of little Buddhas of gilt, of bronze, of brass, of wood, or of ivory, are seated in meditation on the shelf of an Orientalist's studio. In front of them lies a folio of the sacred writings of the East. It is forty inches long and so bound as to open and close like a folding fan, only the spokes in this case are completely covered with paper and are not fastened at either end. The margins of the one great enclosed page are illuminated in the best art of Siam, and the outer spokes, or covers of the book are washed with gold-leaf, for who would think of using an alloy here? So touch the holy volume with a gentle hand; yes, and with a gentle spirit.

On the corner of the shelf lies a leaflet from Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar. "Feb. 25—True irreverence is disrespect for another man's god."

The pedestals of these little household gods vary, but the conventionalized lotus seems to be the favorite throne. This lovely flower, springing from the slime of the rivers and turning its face straight toward Heaven, won the heart of man immemorial ages ago, and holds it yet. He felt the simile long before language grew subtle enough to express it, and the Egyptians took the flower that had led his thought through nature up to nature's God as the symbol of Osiris—the noblest of his deities.

The Greek, artist that he was, seems to have found entire satisfaction in the material grace of the lotus, and it came to mean to him content in the present. The Arab, the fatalist, called it "the flower of destiny," "the fruit of Paradise." But where blossoms and fancies have been so long interweaving, one

might amplify or unravel forever.

The rudest of these pedestals seems to speak loudest. It has a mere indication of the lotus upheld by imploring figures, rough cut though they be; above sits Buddha with folded hands, meditating, as his creed commands. God above destiny, struggling men beneath it! But Buddha's hands are not always folded—another familiar position is the left hand in front of him and the right on his knee, with the wrist turned down and the straight, extended fingers pointing direct to the ground. There is a legend that when Buddha took his seat in Heaven the hosts about inquired, "By what right?" Buddha pointing downward replied, "Let earth be witness of my good works." Buddha, the meditator.

Here is an old ivory Buddha, carved with Oriental patience. The little god is seated upon a coiled serpent, under a tree. This evidently is historical. It must represent that tree under which Buddha sat for a week in fasting and meditation until he was relieved by a beautiful vision, and he went forth with his life work forever made clear to him. As to the snake, does it represent an ancient form of idolatry over which a better belief has risen, unconsciously triumphant? In Christian art, the serpent is generally writhing beneath its virtuous tormentor. Here Buddha and the snake are at peace. It is the boast of Buddhism that it has never drawn the sword, offensive or defensive; and if to this, some savant unearths some wisely forgotten exception, who then would dare compare the Christian record with it?

As I was stroking the rough little scales of the snake, Mrs. Searby Simms Smith, retailer of didactic information, lady bountiful of ortho-

dox mis-information, high priestess of prejudice, parlör lecturer to nice ladies, poked me in the back, saying, "Buddhism is the Protestantism of Asia. Its ceremonials resemble those of the Catholic church—bells, Cassocks, tonsure, rosaries, holy water, celibacy, confession, etc., but Buddhism, like Protestantism, teaches individual salvation through individual merit. (She must have

darted off to rescue one of her customers, who was asking a question of our host, the Orientalist. Suppose he should shake her faith in Mrs. Searby Sims Smith and culture!

The old gentleman, driven from the pretty woman's side, timidly called my attention to a standing wooden Buddha with a Roman nose. He had picked it up in South-



A Buddha with a Roman nose.

read a little of the 4th chapter of Clark's 'Ten Great Religions.') Look at those ever-prevalent, ridiculously elongated ear lobes, and the fingers all of a length and toes."

"Well," said I, "the faces of the Greek gods were plans, not portraits. Why not Buddha's hands? Buddha's ear is no more unlikely in nature than Apollo's nose."

But my supposed listener had

ern Siam, and it looked very old. A standing image is rather unusual, and how did it get that nose?

"Well, Buddhism is an elastic belief; it embraces something from almost every creed. Why not a nose from the Occident?"

Here is a little Buddha exactly half clad. A diagonal line drawn from the shoulder to the pedestal front and back would divide the

clothed and naked halves.

"Do you like legends?"

"Indeed I do; and I believe in them. They speak the longings of our simpler brothers. Give me fancies upon facts, but deliver me from facts about fancies."

"Well, the story goes that some Buddhist monks suspected that some Jains were intruding at their rites. The sacred images of the Jains are always nude, and their religion strictly prohibits them from passing above one of them. So these Buddhists placed a little naked Jain idol on one of the lower steps at the entrance of their temple. The Jains painted clothing over half the image and then quietly walked past it. This tactful solution pleased some broad churchmen of the Far East, and ever since these diagonally draped images have been members of good standing among the Buddhas. Buddha is most often represented in the dress of an ascetic

which varies a little of course in the different countries. But Buddha was born a prince, entitled by Oriental law to disport all the insignia of royalty. There are certain little Buddhas jeweled and draped, which are preferred by the materialists of the Buddhist flock. Here is one, a little blaze of color in a gilt-lined shrine—but still the same meditative Buddha on the lotus, for "Even in a palace life may be well led."

I like the barbaric splendor lavished upon this tiny god. It is as sweet as the generosity of babyhood that presses its toys upon us. I wonder if, like the baby, it asks for that treasure back? Well, if impulse is better than afterthought, why, give to impulse its due credit? I like to close the shrine and muse upon the black laquered box before me—this altar of an unseen, unknown God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.

TO MASCAGNI

By LUCILLE HARPENDING

Spirit! who hath a soul of melody;
 And who canst echo into every soul
 A portion of thy very spirit's whole,
 Like the reverberations of the sea;
 The very thoughts breathe in an ecstasy;
 As if thou hadst from the celestial Pole
 Descent, to choir on this mortal shoal,
 And sing of the eternal Destiny.
 O! There hath been a rapture in Thy song,
 That hath not been in any other art;
 Except within the realm of Poesy,
 Which hath itself a string within the heart.
 Yes, thou dost sing; and on this little sphere,
 Make angels of us while we linger here.



The realm of the Sierra Knight.



THE PASSING OF A SIERRA KNIGHT

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

OF all the notable California characters of thirty-five and forty years ago there was none so courtly, so gallant, so picturesque or so generally intelligent as the Knight of the Lash, and especially of the Sierra. But the stage drivers of those days have all or nearly all passed over the last divide, and have left none to succeed them, except that the evolution has not done away with perfectly safe and satisfactory driving. Such Jehus as Foss the elder and Foss the younger, Baldy Green and Hank Monk, Billy Hamilton and Buffalo Jim, Hill Beechy and George Monroe, Cherokee Bill and E. W. Church, and scores more of their kind, were not only known intimately from Siski-

you to San Diego, but they were celebrated more or less throughout the country; for they had driven Grant and Sherman, Hayes and Garfield, Blaine and Colfax, Cameron and Richardson, Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, Carl Schurz and Edwin Forrest, Julia Dean and Grace Greenwood, and thousands of other eminent persons.

The stage driver of the days alluded to was almost always an Apollo, and the best dresser on the road; his clothes being dark and made to order, his hat a cream-colored felt, and his gauntlets the finest worn in any land; his boots fitted like gloves, his shirt was spotlessly clean, his cravat was always genteelly adjusted, and he used a

whip of a regular shape and perfectness, designed and manufactured by Main & Winchester. He was greatly respected by all who traveled, and admired by every woman who knew him; because he was chivalrous and punctillious, reliant and kind. He was the oracle of the barn, the inn and the station; a good talker, generally, and a superb listener. He smoked only the best cigars, was extremely moderate in the use of intoxicants when on duty, and was never profane in the presence of travelers. He read the Sacramento Union religiously; he loved his horses better than he did his old folks at home, really, and he swore by Wells, Fargo & Co.

There are just as good and just as reliable drivers in the Sierras today as there were forty years ago. But here all similarity ceases. The dress of the stage driver of the present day differs in no respect from that of the freighter—a limp light hat, tan or canvas shoes, woolen skirt and overalls, cheap gloves, and generally a rather slouchy appearance and unobtrusive manner. He has very little to say; merely answers when spoken to, and on the whole betrays diffidence or indifference.

In all the galleries of Sierra Knights, from Shasta to Tehachapi, George Monroe, a Mariposa County mulatto, was the monarch of all; and when General Grant visited the Yosemite Valley nearly a quarter of a century ago, he was accompanied, from Merced to Wawona by Henry Washburn (lately deceased), one of the proprietors of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company; and from that point to the Valley, the General and his party were driven by Monroe, then about twenty-six, and conceded to be the best man that ever held the reins over six horses along that extremely beautiful twenty-six miles of road.

As is well known by all visitors to the Yosemite, by Wawona, this

stretch is a continuous succession of the letter S, winding in and out in many places so sharply as to make the turns seem nearly impossible or thrillingly dangerous and to make the three teams of horses form the three sides of the letter.

The General sat with the driver, of course, and was in ecstasies all the way, as he had never witnessed such a splendid exhibition of mountain driving before. George Monroe was also in a paroxysm of joy. He was not very light; but his features were as regular as those of a Greek, and his figure was perfect. His dress was a combination of Old Mexican and the newest American adaptation; his hat a creamy-white, half-stiff, half-limp, and his gauntlets, costly ones, given him by a distinguished tourist.

As he sat there, with his six lines and long whip, with one foot on the brake and the other braced against the footboard, he arrested the attention of the illustrious American soldier and traveler by his side, for he appeared to have as perfect control of Henry Washburn's selected horses as if the whole turnout were an automaton. He would throw those six animals from one side to the other to avoid a stone or a chuck hole as if they were a machine or a single quadruped; sometimes a hub would just gently scrape the bank on the upper side, and in a moment afterward infinitesimally overlap the precipice on the down side. Crack! went his whip, every once in a while, and down would go the teams on a rapturous canter, and around the sharp curves and over plank culverts, and up again on a clean run—the crack of the whips making piccolo screeches amidst the thunders of the coach and the rushing waters. Had the reins been electric ribbons or delicate galvanic threads, or tissues of life, they could not have more adequately or omnipotently conveyed the thoughts and designs of the handsome Jehu to the equine

sextette, whose dilating nostrils and palpitating bodies told of a movement that had probably never been equaled since the daring son of Nimshi drove furiously six thousand years ago.

John Russell Young once referred to General Grant as the Sphinx. But there was another beside him that day, for Monroe never spoke a word nor turned his head. The two were a "Sitting Colossi" in flesh and blood. After the stop at Inspiration Point, however, they mutually relaxed and indulged in conversation until the Valley was reached, when Monroe handed the lines and the whip to the General, but maintained his seat and foot at the brake. In a few years afterward, Monroe took President and Mrs. Hayes over the same route, and treated them to some of his most artistic driving. Many distinguished people have been taken into the Yosemite Valley by this famous driver, notably Blaine, Garfield, Sherman, Dana, the Duke of Cumberland, Dr. Russell, Arthur Sullivan, George Augustus Sala, Marquis of Salisbury, Lady Franklin, Lillie Langtry, Princess Louise, and many others.

One evening, some years ago, I was chatting with Henry Washburn about Sierra drivers, and he said:

"After an experience of nearly forty years, and having had as many as fifty regular drivers some season, I have never known another such an all-round reinsman as George Monroe. Just as there are the greatest of soldiers and sailors, artists and mechanics at times, so there are greater stage drivers than their fellows—and George Monroe was the greatest of all. He was a wonder in every way. He had names for all his horses, and they all knew their names. Sometimes he spoke sharply to one or more of them, but generally he addressed them pleasantly. He seldom or never used the whip, except to

crack it over their heads. Metaphorically, he spoke daggers, but used none. He drove over my lines for nearly twenty years and never injured a person. I always put him on the box when there was a distinguished party to be driven, and fast and showy driving was expected or necessary, and he never disappointed me or exceeded the limit scheduled or fell behind. Once he drove a party from the valley to Madera, a distance of seventy miles, in eleven hours, and in two hours afterward, in an emergency, took the reins and drove back to Wawona. Once, coming down the last grade into Mariposa, his brake broke short off while his teams were on a clean run, and he dashed the whole outfit into a chaparral clump; in less than two hours he had the animals extricated, the stage pulled out, and was trotting into Mariposa; he came into Merced on time; the fourteen passengers made up a purse of seventy dollars for him, and the two English ladies aboard sent him acceptable Christmas presents annually until I informed them of his death some years later."

The last days of Monroe cast sadness among all who knew him. He had driven daily between Wawona and the Valley every season for many years without an accident of any kind. No obstacle in the way of a fallen tree, fire or sliding rock ever deterred or dismayed him. He knew his horses so well, and they knew him so well, that they would do anything he asked them to do, and many a time he has taken them carefully over a fallen tree two feet or more in diameter, without injury to animal, harness or vehicle. Thousands of people have telegraphed to reserve seats on his stage or have staid over at Wawona to drive with him. He was dangerously, I may say mortally injured, at last while riding a fractious mule that threw him and rolled over on him. The next day he was placed

The Passing of a Sierra Knight.

on a bed made in his own stage, drawn by his own six horses, which, by the way, became unmanageable or partly so at the hands of a new driver, until George drew himself up, although in dreadful pain, and talked them out of their disorder. When he arrived at Wawona, the Washburns lifted him out of the stage and put him in one of the best rooms of their hotel, and gave him as much care and medical aid as if he were one of their family. He was in great pain, but all he said was: "I've driven for the last time, but don't tell my mother." In a few days, however, he became impatient to be taken to his mother, and was carried down to Mariposa, where he died in her arms in a few hours. Although he was a mulatto, or quadroon, and an especial favorite with tourists, he was greatly liked by the other drivers; and Fort Monroe, between Chinquapin and Inspiration Point, is named after him.

Among a few old Sierra drivers



George Monroe, Yosemite driver.

still living and driving over the Yosemite route is E. W. Church, who is known by tens of thousands of San Franciscans, as he drove between Truckee and Tahoe twenty-eight years. Church is extremely proud of the fact that he took President and Mrs. Hayes from Truckee to Tahoe, and that he has taken nearly all the Governors and Congressmen of California and Nevada, hundreds of newspaper men of the two States, and many others, including many of the finest ladies of San Francisco, between the two above-named places. This veteran whip once said to me:

"There was a time in my life when, I believe, I knew every stone and rut between Truckee and Tahoe blindfolded, and my horses knew as much as I did. Staging in the Sierras is a great art; and the reason there is seldom or no accidents is because the drivers have been well-trained elsewhere, and are men of experience and skill, caution and sobriety. Every particle of harness and running gear has been examined before starting; the drivers have absolute control of their teams and vehicles, and a perfect knowledge of the laws of stage motion governs all their acts. One of the most reliable, patient and pleasant of all the Sierra drivers now living—and he looks ten years younger than he is—is Tom Gordon, who would be termed a little fellow if seen on Broadway, but who is as compact as a game-cock; he reminds one of General Grant in face and figure—and is quite as reserved as that illustrious person. Computing the miles and hours Tom has driven during the past twenty-five years, I make it about 40,000 hours; much of this time being in May, June, July, August and September. During these hours he has driven at least 150,000 miles, which would have given him a trip of six times around the earth."

Another splendid driver, and a great favorite with all who ride



Billy Coffman, the "Old Maids" friend, driving.

with him, is "Bright" Gillespie, who has been driving between Raymond and Wawona for the past twelve years. He resembles Tom Gordon in person, and is as compact as an underweight athlete. "Bright" is considered one of the most gallant fellows on the road, and is as reliable as he is gallant. One night after he had been driving sixty days on a stretch, from six in the morning until five in the evening, Henry Washburn said to him: "See here, Gillespie, you had better take a day or two off for a rest." "But what will I do?" replied the driver. "What will you do? Why nothing!" "Great Scott! That would kill me." But "Bright" was pressed to "lay off and rest," and he did so with a vengeance, for I saw him breaking in a new team of leaders during the forenoon and sprinkling all the afternoon; and that night one of the coaches with eleven passengers being an hour or more late, Gillespie went out with an empty coach and fresh horses to be used if necessary. Two miles out he met the delayed vehicle, which had been kept back by the breaking of the brake-block. And that's the way "Bright" Gillespie took a day's rest.

Bryant, one of the Raymond and Wawona Knights of the lash, is a decided favorite, as the word is often passed along: "Be sure and get a seat with Bryant." Well, Bryant is jolly, and don't mind having a good-looking girl beside him. The same may be said of Wren, who is sturdy and safe under all circumstances.

C. J. Fobes and Henry Hedges are the whips of the Limited, or "Cannon Ball," as it is sometimes called, and drive the fastest mail coaches in California, accomplishing 68 miles in about ten hours daily, as there are often parties that want to go through from the Yosemite Valley to San Francisco in a single day, or vice versa. These two men are considered equal to

the most renowned drivers ever known in the Sierra.

Although Billy Coffman is one of the crack drivers of the Sierras, having driven out of Wawona either to the Big Trees or the Valley for twenty-five years, his fame rests more substantially on the fact that he is partial to the genus old maid; or, as Wordsworth termed a number of his female friends: "Maidens withering on the stalk." This secret became known away back in the early eighties, and spinsters from the north, the south, the east and the west, often make a second trip to the Trees in order to sit on the box with the philosopher Coffman. One day, during the summer of 1900, a spinster from Providence, R. I., over whose head many flights of seventeen-year locusts had passed, said to him:

"I suppose some of your comrades accuse you of foolishness sometimes?"

"Oh, that depends," replied Billy.

"I mean when you take the part of certain unmarried young ladies?"

"Yes; but I never mind that. Carlyle, you know, declared that foolishness finds a large place in the census returns."

"But you are partial to old maids, are you not? That is, you have a high regard for young ladies who have waited discreetly until after their girlhood before accepting offers of marriage?"

"Many persons," continued the veteran Knight of the Lash, "rudely and thoughtlessly use the term old maid with an implied slur, as though there was something derogatory in it; but such people forget that Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Porter, Florence Nightingale, Susan B. Anthony, Phoebe Cary and many others who never married, including Jennie Flood and Helen Gould and a Queen of England, have adorned positions of the first importance in social and public life, and written their names

high in the history of science, literature and philanthropy."

And he gave her any quantity of just such entertainment for eight straight miles.

In the good old days spoken of, the stage drivers sometimes indulged in playing jokes on travelers whom they had sized up as able to stand a little joshing, and many a good scare that has never been reported, has been given a tenderfoot.

Thus, when General Grant went into the Yosemite Valley, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, Miss Jennie Flood, Ulysses Grant, Jr., John Russell Young, Miss Flora Sharon (now Lady Hesketh), Miss Dora Miller (now Mrs. Lieutenant Richardson Clover), and the writer; it had been customary for a long time for one of the Yosemite Valley stage drivers and the grocery store post-master at Fresno Flat, upon the arrival of the stage at that point, to indulge in dialogues such as would startle and sometimes terrorize passengers, their particular victims generally being English globe-trotters and Yankee spinsters. So when the stage arrived at Fresno Flat, the long, lank post-master made his appearance at the grocery store door and shouted:

"Did you forget them tools again, pard?"

"No," was the response of the driver.

"I'll bet you forgot that can of giant powder?"

"No; that's under the front seat—I'll get it presently."

And such a break as was made from the vicinity of that vehicle beggars description—some going one

way and some another. Only one person remained and he at once took out a cigar, struck a match on the end of the front seat, lighted his Havana and threw the burning remainder into the body of the wagon. The hair upon the head of that funny postmaster actually stood on end, and he just strugglingly gasped out;

"I say, pard, who in the world is that idiot smoking?"

"Why, that's General Grant."

"What! General Ulysses S. Grant! Well, I'll be teetotally damned!"

And into his store he rushed and was not seen afterward. Had he known that the driver had posted the General, who had ridden next to him on the way up, he might have never forgiven him.

Once Tom Gordon had, as traveler between Wawona and Raymond, a German Baron who made himself exceedingly offensive in many ways. "Do you know what we do in Germany when we want a driver to hurry up his team? I'll tell you. We get behind him and give him a good crack with a whip." Well" replied Gordon, at last, "every time that was done up here in the mountains there would be a dead baron and no inquest would be held." Once afterward the German said, "You don't see a real baron every day up here in the mountains," "Real Barons!" exclaimed the driver; "Why there are real barons currying horses all the way from Grub Gulch to Chinquapin."

President Roosevelt was driven from Raymond to the Big Trees by Gillespie, and from the Yosemite to Raymond by Tom Gordon, above named.

A RIDE UP MARBLE MOUNTAIN

BY ALMA GLASGOW WHITE

ONLY during two months in the year does nature lift the ermine coverlet from one of her choicest nurslings, lying in the Wasatch Range.

The owners of a bungalow in this Arcadian vale, people who care for nature in her wilder moods, wrote to me: "Come up to our shrine and rest." I abandoned the wheel of labor and the furnace of the lower levels; turned my face westward and upward.

This valley is not easily reached, for no engine has ever penetrated it. Only the lovers of wild things have taken the trouble to intrude, and steep themselves in its beauty. For them it is the dawn of rest; for them the clear, sharp light sparkles; for them the wild flowers riot everywhere in acres of radiant color. With them, the lakes, willful chameleon things, coquette, tantalize, and duplicate a world of beauty in their pellucid wells. Unfathomed Lake Mary is a veritable sorceress, a gem of the richest hunter's green, and clear as crystal.

"Deeper than the depths of water
stilled at even"

wrote Rossetti of the Blessed Damozel's eyes. If he had ever seen Mary's Lake he would have realized what a transcendent description he had accomplished.

One early dawn Tom, Dorothy, his wife, and I, mounted three coal-black horses, and riding up and over the rim of the valley, we wandered out of our Paradise to see a place called the Hot Pots. We took a well-known trail, and rode down, down, down, and reached the place about noon. Our theory of the Hot

Pots may not be scientific, but it is this: that they are natural hot springs, but so impregnated with minerals that in overflowing they have deposited layer upon layer around their edges, forming dome-shaped or truncated conical cups. The ground echoed under our horses' feet as if hollow and sounded uncanny and spooky to us. The largest Pot has been tapped and a bath-house attached, and a hotel attached to the bath-house. We had a swim in the tank and a dinner and nap at the little hotel, and were ready to start for home between two and three o'clock.

There was another trail to Arcadia other than the one we had come over on, so we thought we would rather try a new route, as there was one, than go home the same way we had come. But the afternoon was well on its way before we found out that we must go up Marble Mountain, turn to the right, hit the trail, and follow it a few miles, and there was a shepherd's cabin to stop in if anybody wanted to.

We began to climb and wind about the hills; sometimes we looked down dizzy steeps, then looked up towering walls. Tom was of those who never give up an undertaking. We had started home this way—we must go on. We found Marble Mountain, but not the trail—only a rift between two mountain tops and a cascade dashing down. Tom declared we must follow this to its source. It was like riding a horse up-stairs.

We did not go far when boulders, boulders so big no horse could ever get over them, choked the ravine. They were a barrier to further pro-



Up the face of the rocks. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ©

gress in that direction; there was nothing to do but follow the example of the famous King of France: "March up the hill and down again." We led the horses down. Mine seemed the victim of magic—to have grown to twice the size I thought him. He just loomed above me, and seemed possessed to occupy the same space I did, at the same time, which they say cannot be done. But I doubted, while I was sliding and skating and turning somersaults, to keep him from trying it. Flushed, hot and out of breath, we were at last back where we started.

An opening away up and ahead of us was the one resource left. It was good and steep, so steep, indeed, we rested our horses every few feet by turning them across the path. In this way we caught the last flushes of color in the west and saw the silver thread of moon swing into space.

Clouds were gathering fast, and the sky was clouded over by the time we rode around a shoulder of rock and onto a natural stage, quite level and somewhat semi-circular in shape, and here ended the trail. It ended at the doorless opening of an old, dilapidated, deserted miners' cabin. Three-fourths of the way around, this platform was bordered by a straight, deep gorge, several hundred feet deep, and across the chasm rose a mighty, perpendicular cliff. I felt as if I were in the bottom of a well. Some Cyclop had taken a stupendous bite out of its side, and we had ridden into the hole.

But one side of this well was not vertical, although its tilt was steeper than anything else we had tried, and no horse had ever scaled it, as far as we could see. What should we do? Others had gone over before now. It looked possible and—we tried it.

It was a bare hillside, with very few bushes or big rocks, but a great many loose stones. I slid from my

horse at the first intimation of ascent, and even Tom preferred his own legs; but Dorothy rashly asserted that she was going to ride up, she was so tired. We had not covered more than three or four yards when I discovered that she was on foot also, and wore the air of a person never intending to ride again.

On account of the danger from the loose stones, but one person at a time could move forward, and we had to keep ahead of our horses, to be out of danger if one of them should slip.

The hill was so steep that progress was slow—only three or four feet at a time made in zig-zags almost horizontal. The horses proved more aggravating to pull up hill than down. Short as our mountain skirts were we tripped on them so often and the horses stepped so much farther at a time than we did that it gave us the feeling that they were gaining on us. Then they had to have all the rein that they might select their own foothold, and the foothold was never where it was expected to be, so it proved an exhaustive and bewildering scramble for us. I was panting for breath, and waiting while Dorothy and her steed were engrossed in some extraordinary maneuver, and as she finally crept under him, and leaned against the everlasting hill, she gasped:

"If there is any way to know which is going to be the upper side of a horse, I should like to know it." I laughed, but like experience with their sleight-of-leg performances, made me sympathetic. A shout forward told us to stay where we were until called, for it looked worse ahead, and man and horse disappeared behind a great wedge of rock. We were glad for a respite to breathe, as we clung by hoof, tooth and nail. Presently a muffled voice called to come on, and to come carefully, the last being superfluous advice. I moved cautiously along the



We crept to a ledge just wide enough for a horse.

mountain, and approached the rock, behind which Tom had vanished. I fairly held my breath as I crept around it, and coaxed that horse of mine to venture after me. Then I gasped, as I surveyed the next proposition. It was like the places called Devil's Slides, but this was a baby one, about eighteen or twenty feet high, perhaps, with jagged, jutting rocks on either side. That Tom had taken his horse up there simply filled me with amazement, but there they were serenely looking down on us. I thought of what Mark Twain had said about bicycling: "I have seen it done; but it is impossible—it doesn't stand to reason."

"Did you ride up?" I asked with sarcasm.

He grinned and suggested that I try it that way; but the horse and I ignored the suggestion. Then he grew serious.

"Creep under the horse's head." I crept under.

"Now you have more room where you are; and if your horse should slip when he attempts to come up, you won't be under him. But don't do anything until you are confident that you can do it without failure. Throw the bridle over his head and be sure that it goes over, then start him up, and get out of the way as quick as you can yourself, for he may start a stone."

"What if he has some sense and won't go?"

"Oh, he knows there is 'Room at the top'—he will come up because mine is up here, if for no other reason."

Over went the bridle—a spat on the flank—up went the horse—and away scuttled I—but not a bit too soon, for he did loosen a stone, which I dodged in time, though. I carried some bruised wrists for a few days.

It was now Dorothy's turn to join the cliff-dwellers; and she slid around that aggressive rock; then came the head of her horse, then his shoulders, and finally he shuffled into place. But it agitated him to see his fellows higher in the world than himself, and emulation to do likewise filled him instantly; as if he were a vacuum. He waited not on the order of his going, but jerked away, and started up before Dorothy could adjust herself at all.

It was a horrible moment; his foot could not fail to go through that hanging bridle, and that would be the last of him for this hideous place sloped directly into that gorge hundreds of feet deep—and Dorothy was right under him. Such a whoa was never yelled at a horse before. Tom dropped down like a shot, caught that bridle and threw it over

the horse's head as he paused for one startled moment—before he climbed on up.

It was all such a few seconds happening, but the time seemed ages, and we were again reunited; but, alas, we were not to the top yet.

We found this spot slightly level and once more rode for a short distance. We passed the head of the ravine which we had tried to climb at first, for all we had done was to encircle this spur of the mountain and crawl up the opposite side.

A few rods further and we faced another masterful sweep of lonely, treeless, wind-swept hillside, like a great mastodon grizzled and grim. The cold, thin atmosphere and darkening solitude endowed it with a quality of weird exaltation. Faint traces of several trails or water-marks, we could not tell which, crossed the face of this ashen waste in various directions. The most distinct one seemed to lie in what to Tom was the right course for us; and we made it by short, sharp flexures, but on horseback this time, and we found it a real trail.

There was a delicious tingle in the air, like rare wine; it certainly would rain. We could see a fascinating wraith of silvery cloud, a noble mass of billowy vapor, like a superb sea-gull, its outstretched wings waving, hovering, floating up the canyon. Although void of blood, or nerve, or muscle, yet it quivered with tremendous force, and grew tremulous with life and personality, and glistened with the changeable lustre of a dove's throat. Mountain after mountain it noiselessly lured and won to its embrace, and veiled them from our view as it drifted on toward us. Half way up it caught and wrapped us in its wet grey pinions. All space was crumpled to the seamless circumference of a few square yards, and colorless with blinding mist. We were enmeshed in this shimmering, vitreous prison of crystal threads, which entangled and tied us in.

Tom hastened to help us with our wraps, though we were soaked before we could get them on; then we plodded on up the slippery way. To sit on a horse and have him poised on the ragged edge of nothing in particular was not a supreme pleasure to either of us. So when Tom was out of sight, we descended from our perches. We fastened the bridles securely—profiting from our lesson at the slide—and started the horses up ahead; they, lightened of our weight, went like soldiers and were soon out of sight. When the commander came up and found his cavalry reduced to infantry he became an animated exclamation point.

"How will you get home?"

"Walk."

"But we must have some three miles to go yet—I'll venture your horses are well on their way there by this time—just like women."

Now, it had never occurred to us that there was even a possibility of getting rid of those beasts, and we were filled with joy at the thought that we had; but we played Spartan and did not reveal it.

The trailing edges of our silvery prison lifted somewhat and we saw that we were near the top of that rise at least, and could we believe our eyes, there stood those horses gravely contemplating the twinkling lights of Arcady, for we could see those lights tremble through the mist.

But why had the horses stopped? That was strange, and we were curious to know. We hurried the intervening distance and then we saw why. It was not a sense of honor or obligation on their part; but because there was no place for them to go. It was sheer precipice in front of them.

The path we were following turned to the left and led up still higher, but we never doubted but that it was the right trail. The precipice bordered it on one side, and on the other the mountain slope

was almost as bad, not a tree or bush to arrest, if one should once start to roll. I thought of a high bridge without protecting sides, tilting obliquely up into space—and our trail went up over it.

We climbed on the backs of those horses once more, and boldly rode out on it. It was the steepest place we had ridden so far. It rained harder than ever, and our sloping railless bridge narrowed and narrowed. It was not more than ten or twelve feet wide, when our trail stopped at an old mining shaft. It was backed by a barrier of rock, and up and beyond it was the final top, crowned with some stanch old pines, spectral in the mist, and gnarled and distorted by their fights for life; but their very deformity was their supreme beauty.

"Well, this is a finish! A mid-summer night's dream!" quoth Tom.

We could hardly realize that across the abysmal space below twinkled those lode-stars, the Arcady lights. But we were paying heavy toll. Tom tossed his rein to Dorothy and hurried back on foot to see if we could have missed the way over. How it rained while we sat there on those horses. They shifted their positions, and turned their backs to the loosed storm. It drove in sheets. We had long ago reached the saturation point; no hygrometer could have measured that moisture. It was one of "The great rains of his strength." Old as time but vigorous as youth. The raking masts of pine reeled like drunkards through the driving spray; I had never heard such thunder, for we were right in Thor's old forge. One after another stupendous, overwhelming crashes made the echoes reverberate.

It was regal. A chaos of sublime majesty; a glorious nocturne, interpreted by the irresistible orchestra of nature. All our unexpressed secrets of life, misty, dispersed and vague, were sounded for us, as it



How it rained as we sat there!

sighed and wailed in its stately rhythm of the Processional; it lifted to the extremity of feeling; it satisfied; it was great. We lived those moments, and existence was "too big for ripples." Then the tempest angel folded those over-shadowing wings—"The tremor of whose plumes was storm." One by one the echoes of the Recessional wandered away and died.

* * * *

"No outlet below," shouted Tom. He edged around the obstruction of rock, and disappeared above.

"I don't know whether the Gordian knot will untie or not; but we can go as far as I went," was the

terse statement to us in the driving rain.

Our water-soaked cavalcade took up the line of march once more, carefully picking our way around the old mine, and rode our steepest ride in the face of the storm.

"We can cross over here, but we cannot ride; keep cool—don't look down—and you are perfectly safe." Tom's tone, though, was too cool and controlled to be reassuring.

Notwithstanding all my very recent experiences, I felt a twinge of nerves, as I stepped or rather crawled over to a ledge, just wide enough for a horse, and no protection between its slippery edges and the silent, gloomy chasm below. My brother-in-leash weighed the consequences of each step with the deliberation of a philosopher, for, poor fellow, he couldn't flatten himself and crawl. Then came Dorothy wriggling over, and we were on the home side, at least; but wonder swelled our hearts to know whether we were on anything that we could get down from, even if the tails of the horses were skyward now instead of their heads.

The rain had ceased somewhat by this time, but the ledge was as slippery as grease from it. It was too dangerous to attempt to lead the animals down; so we started them ahead of us, to follow Tom's. They followed while the ledge held out, because they could not do otherwise; but whether the provoking things had become rattled with our sophistry of action or giddy from the shocking spiral of their recent climb, anyway no sooner were they off that perch than they wavered and strayed at random, haphazard, and it was hurry-scurry to catch them again.

For about ten minutes we skated and slid downward, bravely endeavoring in the impetuous career to locate the upper sides of our charges. We were coasting down a ridge, and soon came to the end of it. Nothing in front and to the right

but empty space as usual; and across it beamed our beacons, the lights of home. A great ghost of a cloud drifted by at our feet, and hid them for a moment.

"I hope the people over there won't go to bed for a while," sighed Dorothy. "What fools we can be when we set our whole minds to it," she mused philosophically.

The left came to our rescue once more in an alluring drop of at least forty feet. The enticing angle of this declivity, not at its utmost limit more than forty-five degrees. We were intoxicated with our own wills from Victor Hugo's standpoint, and nothing but a direct precipice could have hindered us in our lofty tumbling.

It was as exciting as a race to the probationers above, to see the leader go down, to watch that jostle and tussle with the total depravity of hills, for every foot of the tortuous way was disputed. It required dexterity, adroitness, skill, vigilance. The second horse was easier to manage than the first, for Dorothy could help, and mine still easier for all three of us enlisted, but even the easiest required some nerve, for when all three and the horse were ploughing and scouring the face of the hill, the stones rolled like cannon-balls. And when we did reach the bottom, we narrowly escaped falling into an old pitfall of a mining shaft.

It was too dark to see the raven thing, but she heard the chink of a piece of metal on his bridle and I bumped into her leading the erring creature down. I had passed within a foot of him, and had not seen nor heard him.

We followed directly behind each other now, for it was so dark we could not see the dangers nor pitfalls that might be lurking for us in the skulking shadows. Tom would explore, then we would follow. We were in fantastic realms of shadows. It was down over rocks; the drop might be three or four inches, or a

couple of feet; over logs and into water, but still we went down, hanging on to the bridles. I was holding on to the tail of the horse ahead, it was so dark, but somehow I veered to one side and into a chaos

"I would tell you if I knew," I retorted.

"Come back when you find out."

And so it went. Down, up, and on again, and oh how dark it grew—so black we could almost see it. At



A tussle with the total depravity of hills.

of unscrupulous old logs, my obedient horse after me, logs even couldn't separate us. Tom heard the commotion.

"For God's sake, where are you going?"

last an exclamation of delight broke from Tom. He was on a little log bridge, and we had struck a road or trail at last, if we could only keep from not losing it. We climbed on the horses and rode once

more, and evidently the animals now knew where they were, for they kept this path. After some time a light burst on our sight, hidden previously by trees or rocks.

"Thank fortune people do sit up in Arcady. That is certainly Judge Thornton's cottage. It won't be long now before we are at home."

Dorothy—"Where are we now Tom?"

"Why, dear, don't you know your own home?"

It was past midnight, but old Jason, the cook, was still up. The other members of the household had concluded that we had stopped somewhere for the night, and had all gone to bed. Jason held his sides with laughter when he saw us.

"Lawd a massy, whar yuh bin? What yuh bin doin'?" And we were sights. People in stories can always come out of the worst ordeals, look-

ing interesting and beautiful, or at least picturesque; but it didn't happen so to us. One by one the household assembled convulsed with merriment at the freaks. But we were beyond caring for anything. Our pretty sunbonnets of the morning, our jaunty waists and skirts, and our fine boots! Tom could have posed for an Indian chief; his trousers were in fringes half way to his knees, for he had pulled them out of his boots to keep the rain from filling them. But I am not going to tell you what we did look like.

Half an hour later we were sitting around a roaring fire in dressing gowns and slippers, with a hot supper in progress, and Marble Mountain was a memory.

"It's nice to be wild once in a while, but you want a home to come to afterwards for hospitable treatment; for mountains do not use one as gently as truth," observed Tom.

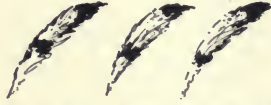


Home, sweet home.



A Prairie Borgia.

BY



JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Amoy

WAZHINGER Saba was a great Medicine Man. An old Indian whose original being has not been blasted by the doubt of the white man, will tell you that he was a seer of strange things big in meaning; a dreamer of dreams that glared with the light of dawns and days, sun-downs and stars, speaking with the ambiguous tongue of mystery! To his credulous subjects, Wazinga Saba was a bronze Colossus, stretching a hard metallic hand across his little world, and the little world groaned or laughed according to the will of the many-mooded master; for such have been the people since the creation, and such have been the masters.

In the fall of the year 1812 the entire Omaha tribe, returning from a buffalo hunt on the plains which now constitute Western Nebraska, built its winter village at a distance of about 200 miles from Ne Shuga, the Great River.

The hunting had been poor, and the tribe, though originally intending to winter among the protecting bluffs of the great stream, where firewood was plentiful, discontinued its march in order to conserve its strength. Who toils must eat much; therefore the tribe ceased toiling that the small stock of meat might endure the winter.

The Omahas built comfortable mud lodges along the banks of a creek, which would at once afford them water and a limited supply of

wood from the scattered plum thickets.

The fall days passed and the Northwest breathed with snowy breath upon the hills, and the tribe was locked in the desolate little valley as by a hand of ice. Confinement to the lodges and insufficiency of food brought sickness. Many a strong brave became less than the shadow of a squaw. Many a squaw tottered and fell beneath her load, and became weaker than the child at her back.

It was one of the numerous humble tragedies that history does not see.

But daily about the windswept village went a youth who entered the lodges where the groans of suffering were loudest. There was a strange light in his eye, and he who from the bed of sickness saw the light trusted in the youth and muttered to his kinsmen: "Did you not see the light in the eye of this youth? Wakunda smiles upon him—his power is great!"

This the people did not guess. The light was the glare of the life that was being consumed within him, blown upon by the strong breath of the winter and the hunger. For wherever the youth went he brought not only the mysterious drinks brewed from herbs, but he brought morsels of meat which he himself should have eaten.

And it happened that some of the stricken died and the greater part lived. Then a small noise of

voices with a big meaning spread throughout the village. A buzz of wonder, which was full of the doings of the youth, whom the people learned to call Wazadi (Healer.)

In all races have appeared these sacrificing men of genius. Some have been Christs in their small way; some have remained unappreciated martyrs. All have contributed to the upbuilding of belief in the supernatural. These are the incarnations of Pity, grotesque in a world of cruelty and suffering. Many have missed immortality but by the length of Pilate's judgment.

The noise of wondering voices spread and swelled into a cry that beat into the lodge of the stern and selfish chief, Wazhingha Saba. And as he heard, the little warmth that hid in his heart died and the coldness came; for jealousy is the north-west wind of the soul.

Many days he sat alone in his lodge, speaking only with the jealousy of his heart. He said to himself: "Am I not the greatest of all medicine men? Shall a youth walk between Wazhingha Saba and the belief of his people?"

Then the coldness of his heart answered things that would have been terrible upon a tongue. And the Chief listened.

So it happened one evening that a runner came to the lodge of the youth called Wazadi, summoning him to go to the big chief's lodge. Wazadi followed the runner to the big lodge.

He pushed aside the buffalo hide that hung across the door and entered. The chief, dressed in his most elaborate garments, profusely decorated with wolfs' teeth and hawks' beaks, sat alone by his fire. As the youth entered, the chief arose and stood in the glare of the flames that gave an additional attraction to his regal figure. For a moment Wazadi stood awed into immobility at the sight, nor moved until Wazhingha Saba smiled a pleasant smile. The smile had its

meaning. The Chief had wished to dazzle the youth, and it was accomplished.

Wazhingha Saba motioned the youth to sit upon the opposite side of the fire. After a prolonged silence, during which each regarded the other through the haze of flame-lit smoke, the Chief said:

"The great heart of Wazhingha Saba is glad of the good words that have been spoken among the lodges. Does not the Chief love his people? The little words of a chief are big. Wazhingha Saba wishes to do great honor to Wazadi." At the name, the speaker paused and smiled again. "This place is not good," he continued; "there is an evil spirit in this place. There is much sickness and groaning and dying. It must not be. Does not the Great Chief love his people? We will take the sunrise trail; we will leave the groaning and the sickness behind us. We will go to the banks of the great smoky water. It is a good place; there are good spirits there."

The Chief paused and looked into the flames, thinking deeply. "I have a deed for a strong and brave man. A good trail must be found that the tribe may not go astray. Is Wazadi strong? Is he brave? Then let him seek a good trail to the great smoky water. Let him go alone, that the honor may not be divided like a big bison by many that are hungry!"

As Wazhingha Saba ceased speaking, a great joy born of vanity blazed in the blood of the youth, and he answered the question in the chief's eyes with a glad voice.

"I am strong and brave! I will seek the trail!"

When Wazadi withdrew from the lodge, Wazhingha Saba sat a long time staring into the flame. He was thinking. The future was again pleasant to look upon. Ever since the noise of the strange youth's deeds had beat into the lodge, striking discord in the song



With his teeth set and his face to the blast Wazadi led his people.

that his vain heart sang, the future had been as the horizon of the morning when a black cloud blinds the eyes of the climbing sun. But now the cloud had become but a thin, translucent vapor, promising to vanish in the glare of day.

As he gazed into the fire he was thinking of the long and cruel trail which his rival would follow; of the keen and merciless storm winds, mad with the zigzag flight of snow! His reverie grew deeper. In his mind he followed the youth down the sunrise trail. He saw him wallowing through drifts, tumbling into hidden ravines; stumbling on through the blinding, hissing snow that obliterated all landmarks! He saw the white ghost of a man thrown down with hunger and the cold, to be the senseless impediment upon which the snow caught and drifted.

The last thought came like the first far cry of an approaching triumph. The Chief leaped to his feet with a loud burst of laughter. "Wazadi will not come back!" he muttered slowly as though to taste the sweetness of the words: "Wazadi will not come back! Wazadi!"

At the last word he chuckled with derision, and then lay down beside his fire. But he did not sleep. Defeat can sleep, because there is an element of death in it. Triumph is wakeful, because it is life new-born.

Before the sunrise of the next day Wazadi had disappeared among the frozen hills to the eastward. Upon the lips of Wazhingha Saba sat a smile beside a sneer. He had vanquished his budding rival and his heart held high festival.

For many days he feasted the other chiefs of the tribe, who had become puppets in his hands. Haunches of the best bison meat were wasted, until starvation stood between the tribe and the spring. And the people looked with wistful eyes upon the doings of their chief and muttered syllables of discon-

tent like the sound of underground waters, for they dared not speak aloud.

But one evening, after many days of storm had swept across the sky, the figure of a man, frost-whitened, weakened, and blinded with the snow, stumbled into the village.

"Wazadi has come back! Wazadi has come back!"

The shout passed contagiously from lip to lip, and grew into a clamor that found its way through the door of the lodge of Wazhingha Saba. The cry wrought a terrible anger in his heart.

What! Was this the way the great Wazhingha Saba took revenge? No! He would see the blood of this audacious Wazadi! Yet it could not be done with violence, for did not the people love the youth? An oppressed people is like a pack of wolves. Both flee until the trail ends, then they turn and their bites are terrible! Would not the violent death of Wazadi end the trail?

At this thought the revenge of Wazhingha Saba became indefinite; yet some time it would be. He would wait.

These turbulent thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of the youth himself. He stood at the door of the lodge, the white ghost of a man. His eyes were sunken and bleared. The skin was drawn across his cheek bones. He tottered. His voice was the ghost of a strong voice:

"I have found the trail; the tribe will not go astray. The trail is long and there is death upon it. The winds strike like the forefeet of a bear and bite like the teeth of a wolf. I was strong and I am here. It is a bad thing for the people to take the trail!"

Wazhingha Saba smiled and answered: "Does the strong man make his toil worthless with his groaning? Wazhingha Saba speaks with the spirits. Wakunda (God) will put his hand upon the winds and

they will sleep; his hand upon their teeth and they will be dull. The tribe will take the trail."

The words of the Chief flew through the village, and in their wake a groan followed. "If we take the trail we die!" muttered the people among themselves; yet the work of preparing for the march began and progressed rapidly. The little word of a chief is big; and the people feared Wazhinga Saba.

To one who has some acquaintance with the prairie, the insanity of moving an entire tribe, with its sickness and hunger, a distance of 200 miles in the dead of winter, is apparent. On the prairie there is treachery in the bluest winter sky. The Southwind that whines so abjectly in the morning, at noon may be crowned with a crown of ice in the silent North, and return a terrible Conqueror in the evening. The elemental Lackey becomes the elemental Emperor.

Wazhinga Saba, feeling that his rival was the product of the people's praise, wished to retaliate upon the people. He knew the consequences of such a movement in the winter, but the idea pleased him. He would make the tribe suffer. It would feel his power.

Throughout the village was the activity of an imminent departure. Drags were being fashioned, and upon these was packed the baggage of the tribe. There was no song among the toilers; but everywhere there was muttering and much hopeless shaking of the head. The people thought of the long trail and shivered.

One morning when the work was finished, through the pale and shivering light of the early dawn, the tribe filed out of its desolate village, and at its head walked Wazadi breaking the trail.

The sick, the old, and the children were packed like baggage on the drags. In order that the trail might be easier for those who followed, the tribe proceeded in single file,

those who had extra ponies riding, and those who had none walking. So long was the column that the foremost were lost from sight among the hills when the last left the village.

By midday a heavy fall of snow began. For three days and nights the snow came, soft and gentle as a kiss that goes before betrayal. Then during the fourth night the Northwest shouted and shook the people from their shivering sleep. It was the battle cry that could not be answered.

The poles of the hastily constructed tepees groaned with the blows of the storm; many were thrown to the ground, while the blankets that were wrapped about them flapped, tore and went with the wind. The light snow scurried along the ground with a hiss like the warning of a snake, caught the madness of the storm, leaped into the air, writhing, striking, biting!

It is easy to imagine the many elemental phenomena as being merely magnifications of human passions projected upon the universe. A cyclone is sudden anger; a southwind is feminine tenderness; a rainfall is grief; the spring sunshine is love. Madness is a conglomeration of all passions. A blizzard is the madness of the air! It has the fury and blindness of anger, the hiss of hate, the shout of joy, the dusk of melancholy, the shiver of fear, the coldness of jealousy; and when its force is spent, it folds its victims in a shroud of white, which may be the act of love—a savage love!

A blizzard transforms. What it touches it leaves grotesque. It annihilates the boundary line of light and darkness. In its breath the night becomes merely a deepening of shadow upon the dim twilight of the day.

God wished to demonstrate to mankind the awful tragedy of unbridled passions, and his precept was the blizzard!

A strange, one-sided battle had begun. The Omahas, who would have turned their faces to an onslaught of the Sioux, huddled together with their backs to the storm like a herd of lost sheep surrounded by the howl of wolves. The bravest whimpered as they blew upon their stiffened fingers. In those rare places where some one had contrived to coax a sickly fire with

The storm grew stronger. A blizzard has the impetuosity of youth upon the first day, the strength of manhood upon the second, and upon the third day it grows peevish with senility and dies in the evening. In the sense of time, it is little more than an ephemeron. To its victims it is thrice a centenarian!

When the mockery of the day came, the people took heart and be-



Wazadi raised the earthen bowl to his lips.

scant fuel, there was a jostling, fighting, crying mass of men, women and children struggling toward the glow that fought a losing fight with the breath of the storm!

At last the morning came without a sunrise. A blizzard deals in paradoxes. It was not day: it was as if an evil spirit had travestied God's sunlight!

gan to reconstruct their places of shelter. Yet scarcely had they cooked and eaten their morning meal when an order to take the trail came from Wazhinga Saba. A part hesitated; a part, whose fear of the chief was greater than the fear of the elements, prepared for the march; the remainder followed.

The long file disappeared into the swirling haze. It is true that the

Chief also suffered; yet his selfishness was so great that to reach its ends, it ignored self. It was the apotheosis of egotism. Selfishness can become an inexorable god.

The hundreds of stumbling hoofs and feet left no trail. A foot-print was momentary and served only to catch the drifting snow. Many wandered from the column into the terrible loneliness of the storm and never re-appeared. Many more tottered with weakness and the cold and lay where they fell. Those who followed stumbled across these unfortunates, and felt no pity. Despair crept icily through the blood of the tribe.

Despair is pitiless because it is the annihilation of all passion and the exaltation of egotism. It is that condition of the mind when the democratic government of the passions is cast down and the ego seizes the throne of reason, becoming dictatorial in defense of its realm.

The tribe was desperate. There is a terrible strength and power of endurance in desperation. Hope avails to goad the limbs only until that moment when the limbs become feeble; then it vanishes in terror and despair fights defeat. More heroes have been made by the probability of failure than by the possibility of success. It is the difference between the narcotic and the stimulant.

With his teeth set and his face to the east, Wazadi led his people into the storm. Even he had forgotten the meaning of pity. There was rage in his heart; the rage of a brave man who is a fighter and faces great odds. The coward grows tender in the midst of danger. The brave man grows angry.

Wazadi struck at the storm with his clenched fists! He wished that the wind would materialize into a bear that he might grapple with it and die with his teeth set in its neck.

But a storm is an anger without

intelligence; a bodiless foe; an enemy without nerves! It knows not its strength of offense and feels no blow of defense. It is irresistible and invulnerable.

The day lingered like a century, and when it had passed it was like a dream. The nights were terrible. Inaction lessens courage and increases suffering. Thus the three days passed, and the wind died. The white prairie emerged from the terrible shadow and the sun went down smiling like a cynic.

Wazadi looked upon his people and his heart grew sick. Hundreds were missing, and the survivors were shadows of men. Many of the ponies had strayed into the storm, dragging with them the children, the sick and the old. And a great wail shook the frozen air. It was the return of conscious suffering after delirium.

But upon the next morning the tribe again took up the trail, and when the sun of the twelfth day reached the highest point in its brief arc, a great shout went up from the foremost of the tribe, for the broad, frozen river lay before them, and the trail was ended.

Immediately the entire tribe began the difficult task of building lodges from the frozen ground. The young and old, the squaws and the braves, threw their feeble efforts into the work and their hearts grew warm again with the warmth that clings about a home. They felt no hatred against their chief for their past suffering; no more than the sleeper feels against the night when awakened from a nightmare. They had not forgiven; they had forgotten. Joy was gigantic and left no nook for the dwelling place of hate.

In a few days the village was complete, and the tribe again settled down for the winter. But Wazinga Saba was not happy. His heart was dull with the tedium that follows a dead triumph. The Chief wanted diversion; he wanted feasting merriment. Therefore he sent

runners about the village collecting a certain amount of meat from each lodge; and the people groaned as they gave, for they could see starvation stalking through the months of spring.

Then, for many months Wazhingia Saba ate with his puppet chiefs; and there was much laughter in the big lodge, much groaning without.

But the feasting lost its flavor and Wazhingia Saba longed for new pleasures. He found no beauty in his old women; years and toil and suffering had seamed their faces. Again he sent runners about the village, and this time they demanded the fairest of the maidens, whom he smiled upon in the evening and frowned upon in the morning.

To a primitive Indian, women were inviolate. They might toil and suffer, but they dared not be impure. An impure woman would have been stoned from the village.

So a great murmur of anger grew among the lodges; and all this indefinite muttering rage gathered and centralized in one voice. That voice was Wazadi. He stood in the center of a growing crowd of his tribesmen, and his voice was loud and fearless:

"Does my cry reach the ears of badgers? Are you brave but deaf? Are you strong but blind? Did Wakunda make the prairie and the people for Wazhingia Saba? Was it not enough that he gave us to be bitten by the winds? Are we wolves that we turn and flee not? The love which I gave to you at the summer's end, that love continues. I made you well; but Wazhingia Saba is worse sickness. Let us put this sickness from us!"

When the fearless youth had ceased speaking he became the center of a great shouting.

"Lead us! Be our chief!" the people cried.

"Wazadi will be your brother," he answered, "your brother and your chief. Let us build a village

of our own where Wazhingia Saba will not be."

The last words went among the people and divided them. Many shouted with approval; many only scowled and shook their heads. Their fear was greater than their hate.

That day Wazadi led his party carrying all its baggage out of the old village into the hills to the north, and there a new village was built. And the people of his party changed the bold youth's name, calling him Tawagaha (little village maker), and the name clung, and to this day it is as a great noise in the ears of the Omahas.

The winter grew old; the sun crept northward; the southwinds blew. The great hoarse voice of the river with its booming ice went like a herald before the approach of spring. The snow faded from the hills. The meadow-larks and the kildeers came back; the gophers chattered. The days grew balmy and the frogs sang again. The last ice of the winter crashed past and the big muddy river exulted like a thing with a heart. Greenness and warmth and sweet scents!

In either village there was not a throat that could not sing, save one. Wazhingia Saba still held the winter at his heart. The shadow of his hate preserved the snow of his soul. While the broad sky and the vast prairie relented, he thought only of revenge.

Nothing can invent like a hate that lingers. It is a diabolical genius. It would burn away where love would wilt and weep. This is because it has nothing to lose; it has all to gain. If Leander had taken the flood that he might kill a sleeping rival, the Hellespont would have been narrower.

Wazhingia Saba sat in his lodge and plotted. He knew that the people believed him to be a terrible medicine man, a doer of magic things; yet he knew all his past successes to have depended merely

upon trickery. Therefore he would not depend upon magic for his revenge, but merely as an appropriate setting for that revenge.

Several years before, the steamboats of the white man had sailed up the Missouri as far as the place where the Omahas were now camped, the American Fur Company having established a trading post in 1810 at Bellevue at a distance of about 150 miles down stream.

Every spring and fall since then the company's boat, *St. Ange*, had made a trip to the foot of Blackbird Hill, where the Omahas had their winter village, in order to trade for the valuable furs which the Indians disposed of very cheaply.

Ever since Columbus first trod the American shore, the Indian has looked upon the white man as a being of superior powers; and the Omaha was no exception. Did not the Wahgah (big knife or white man) know the magic that made the talking stick and the sticks that walk? Did he not chain fire in the belly of his big canoe and make it snort with toil? Then might he not also possess some great mysterious medicine?

Sometimes thus ran the thoughts of Wazhinga Saba, and his heart became glad with the gladness of a young revenge. He had at last formed a great plan.

One evening during the time when the squaws pull the weeds in the gardens (May), runners, sent to watch the river from the bluffs, came puffing into the tepee of Wazhinga Saba. "Monda Tonga! (big canoe) Wahgah! Wahgah!" they cried, motioning excitedly toward the river. At that moment the long sonorous howl of a steamboat's whistle came from the south and echoed in the bluffs. The Chief leaped to his feet, his face glowing with a great joy.

"Go! Bring the Wahgah to Wazhinga Saba!" he cried, and the runners bounded out of the tepee

and disappeared in the direction of the river. An hour later a half dozen white men led by the runners and followed by a curious mob of Omahas, approached the tepee of the Great Chief. The rabble, however, satisfied its curiosity at a respectful distance from the "talking sticks" which the traders carried.

With much ceremony Wazhinga Saba received his white brothers, and dispersed the crowd with a motion of his arm. The traders, through their interpreter, at once set about displaying a stock of gaudy trifles, but Wazhinga Saba would have none of them. He forthwith explained his peculiar needs.

"He wants some kind of strong medicine," said the interpreter to the traders.

"Tell him about whiskey," they said.

The interpreter talked with the Chief in the Omaha tongue.

"He wants to know what it can do," said the interpreter laughing.

"Make much crazy," volunteered the traders, executing an extravagant pantomime of drunkenness: "So!"

Wazhinga Saba's face beamed as he watched the white man's insane evolutions. Perhaps he was mentally putting Tawagaha in the same ridiculous position. Yes! that was the medicine he wanted!

The interpreter explained, with much recourse to hyperbole, the great value of the medicine in question, and the Chief answered by showing the big stack of bison hides which he would give for ever so little. When a rich child wants anything a trade is easy; and when the traders withdrew from the Chief's tepee, Wazhinga Saba sat gloating over a jug of "medicine."

The next morning the *St. Ange*, well-stocked with buffalo hides, took the current, whistling like a live thing glad of a full stomach, and the Omahas took up their usual routine of life.

One morning a runner left the



He muttered a curse upon his smiling enemy and died.

tepee of Wazhinga Saba and took his way to Tawagaha's village. He entered the tepee of the self-constituted chief and spoke kind things into his ear for Wazhinga Saba. It was represented with many honeyed words that the Big Chief's heart ached with his past unkindness to Tawagaha, with whom he wished to talk and feast that the past might be as a dead thing.

Tawagaha, having the tender heart which goes with generosity, at once arose and followed the runner to the tepee of Wazhinga Saba, where many other sweet words met his ear.

They feasted and smoked the peace pipe, and Tawagaha forgot. At last Wazhinga Saba produced an earthen bowl containing a copper-colored liquid.

"Wazhinga Saba has talked much with the good spirits," said the Big Chief. "Here is the water of kindness; drink and we shall be friends."

Tawagaha looked suspiciously at the mysterious water.

"See!" said Wazhinga Saba, "it is colored with the color of the evening after a day of winds. Wazhinga Saba has been cruel like the winds, and this is the evening of his hate. Drink, and there shall be a big sunrise of friendship!"

Tawagaha raised the earthen bowl to his lips.

"It is the gift of the good spirits," said the Big Chief, coaxingly.

Tawagaha drank great draughts, and set the bowl down.

"It bites!" he said.

"Like hate!" said Wazhinga Saba.

After a silence Tawagaha frowned.

"It gnaws!" said he.

"Like cruel words," said the Chief.

Tawagaha sat for some time like one stunned. Then he grasped his head with both hands and leaped to his feet.

"It tickles!" he shrieked, and leaped out of the tepee yelling and

beating his head with his fists. He dashed through the village and the people scattered before him. Civilization had not yet given them a broad understanding!

Tawagaha shouted and laughed and shrieked. He danced and struck enormous blows at an imaginary enemy, and ran howling to his village. When he had disappeared, Wazhinga Saba came out of his tepee and spoke grave words to his startled people.

"Tawagaha's head is on fire," he said. "Wakunda has punished him for his deed against the great Wazhinga Saba! Let none follow Tawagaha!"

The people trembled as they heard. They shook their heads and were glad that they had not followed the daring youth. The same day a crier went through the village of Tawagaha and repeated the words of the Chief in a loud voice:

"Come back to the village of Wazhinga Saba," he cried; "the Great Chief loves his people and would protect them from evil spirits."

A primitive Indian was always superstitious first and generous afterward. He would do more for the fear of a black spirit than for the love of a leader. So it happened that the people of the little village at once moved to the larger village, again coming under the control of Wazhinga Saba.

Then spring came to the heart of the Chief, and he could smile again.

But Tawagaha, having fallen into a heavy slumber in his tepee, awoke the next day and the fire was dead in his brain. He arose and walked about his village, but found it deserted. He stopped and thought deeply, as if trying to recollect a vague dream. At last he remembered the mysterious liquid. Then all was clear to him. He knew whither his people had gone, and he walked toward the larger village with a heavy heart.

When he entered the village there was none to give him greeting. His own people looked at him tremblingly, and fled from him. He wandered through the village, but everywhere it was the same. It was like a ghost roaming through a village of ghosts. None spoke to him. Everywhere the people shook their heads and shut themselves in their tepees. The very children hid at his coming and peered after him when he had passed.

Then Tawagaha gave a great cry of despair that was followed only by the silence. When the people ventured to come out of their tepees, Tawagaha had disappeared.

The summer came—a burning summer. The prairie is a double wonder. It can blossom like an oasis and burn like a Sahara. The breath of the winds is its life or its death. The Southwest strikes it barren.

In the beginning of the month of the bellowing of the bulls (July), the terrible wind awakened. The prairie grew sallow as the skin of an impoverished thing. The corn in the gardens wilted. The creeks were anaemic veins creeping sluggishly into the river that dwindled to a creek. The great smoky water was as a giant stricken with fever. Its sandbars were as the protrusions of mighty ribs.

The people sent up a wail like the echo of the Southwest's moan. And there was much crying after the rain, but no cloud reared its white head from under the dazzling horizon.

Wazhinga Saba sang a thunder song, but the rain spirits were deaf. The blue basins of the rain were dried up.

But one evening as the people sat about their tepees talking about the rains that did not come, the sound of a wild voice arose upon the dull air. The people sat charmed into breathlessness and listened. They recognized the mysterious syllables of the thunder song. Who

was the singer? Was it a spirit?

In answer to the silent question the naked form of a man, emaciated as with famine, walked with slow steps through the village. His head was thrown back and his lips were parted with ecstatic song.

As the people looked upon the face of the singer they shuddered, for it was the face of Tawagaha! He passed on through the village chanting the song that the thunder spirits love, and disappeared.

That night it happened that the clouds gathered and thundered and the rain came in torrents. When the day dawned, the people's voices gathered into a great cry:

"It was Tawagaha! He brought the rain! Where is Tawagaha?" The shout echoed in the steaming hills and the hills sent back an answer. The answer was a man who walked with the swift step of happy feet toward the village.

Thus was Tawagaha re-instated in the people's favor. And Wazhinga Saba's hate grew like a wilted thing that has been watered with the rains.

The summer passed and the fall came, and with it came the trading boat, St. Ange. Again the traders were conducted to the lodge of the Big Chief. One of the white men, with a broad grin upon his face, asked through the interpreter if the medicine of last spring had acted properly.

"Ninga! Peazha!" replied the Chief, shaking his head decidedly.

"He says it was no good!" explained the interpreter.

"Ask him what he wants now?" said one of the white men.

The interpreter spoke briefly to the Chief, who began to explain with much impersonation of description, contorting his face, writhing with his body and at last falling in a tragic representation of death.

"He wants something that will hurt much and kill," the interpreter explained,

"Strychnine!" suggested one of the traders.

"Think we've got some on the boat," added another; and a man was forthwith sent after the desired medicine. He soon returned and displayed a small phial containing a white granular substance.

"This will kill," said the interpreter to the Chief.

Wazhinga Saba became excited. He offered a stack of buffalo hides as high as his knees. The traders shook their heads. Then the chief doubled the imaginary pile. Still there was no trade.

"What will it do? Show me," said the Chief to the interpreter. A dog had followed one of the white men and now it ran about expressing good humor with its sinuous tail. A piece of meat was procured from the Chief and a small particle of strychnine placed upon it. This was fed to the dog, who ate it greedily. Suddenly its eyes became glazed; it fell howling to the ground, writhed, and died!

The Chief's eyes blazed. He pointed to the peak of the tepee and swung his arm about him, thus saying that he would fill his tepee with buffalo hides in exchange for the medicine.

The trade was made, and when the hides had been collected from among the people of the village, the white men withdrew groaning beneath their spoils.

Forthwith the wily Wazhinga Saba set his brain in motion; it had become a diabolical machine propelled by hate. He knew that Tawagaha would refuse to feast with him again; so he decided to feast with Tawagaha. He waited four days (for four is a magic number) and upon the fourth evening he went, humbly dressed, to the tepee of his rival. He entered and fell upon his face before the youth, groaning as with great mental anguish.

The heart of Tawagaha, like all great hearts, was pitiful. He raised

the Chief and told him to speak his grief.

"The days of Wazhinga Saba have been many," began the Chief, sniveling with a burlesque grief, "many and cruel. Now his head is white and his strength passes. Does the young man feel no pity for the old. We have been enemies, but Wazhinga Saba has become as a snake without fangs; Pity him, and you shall be his chief!"

Tawagaha heard and was deceived.

"Tawagaha pities," said he; "let us smoke the peace pipe and eat together that we may be friends."

The two smoked. Then Tawagaha's squaw placed an iron kettle, bought from the white men, over a fire, and boiled a great piece of buffalo meat.

When the meat was cooked, Wazhinga Saba arose and bowing over the kettle, dropped something into it. "The blessing of an old man is good," he said.

Tawagaha opened the feast, bulging his cheeks with a liberal bite. The old man watched.

Suddenly the face of the young man grew livid. He shrieked and fell to the floor, writhing and groaning in terrible agony. His strong limbs contracted; his muscles stood out in knots; his veins swelled blue. Then with a last great effort he muttered a curse upon his smiling enemy, and died.

Wazhinga Saba heard the curse and his triumph brought him terror. He fled to his tepee and shut himself up for many days.

There was much wonder among the people, and when the boldest ventured to question the old chief concerning the death of Tawagaha he could only groan.

Some years after Wazhinga Saba fell ill with the small-pox, and believing it to be the curse of Tawagaha, he died in terror.

I have stood upon a high hill of

the present Omaha Reservation. It is known as the Blackbird Hill, for there the terrible chief was buried, sitting upon his horse with all his arms about him, that he might see the Big Knives (white men) come up the river in their fire-

breathing canoes, as he said.

As I stood there I felt both admiration and pity. But when I asked an old Omaha about the dread chief, he scowled and would not answer. The memory of wrongs lives long and dies slowly.

THE BUILDER

BY HARRY T. FEE

Build well thy Spirit House,
 With many rooms; give space
 To joy and truth and hope and gentle sympathy
 But leave no place for fear;
 To anger bar the door and o'er the window
 Of thy inmost soul when hate is nigh,
 Unfold the curtain of a loving thought.
 Build in the inmost valleys of thy heart
 A temple to the God of Love,
 With stone hewn from the Hills of Harmony.
 Use in thy work the scented wood
 That grows in Freedom's Land,
 And place within its halls
 The shrine of Peace.
 Upon the walls hang tapestries
 Wove from the thread of Kindly Thought!
 Fill all the vases of thy dreams
 With buds that bloom from noble impulses.
 Then hast thou builded 'gainst the ravages of Time
 A work of infinite achievement—
 "Coeval with Eternity,"
 A dwelling place of Truth.

THE RETURN OF ALTOONAH

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME

A STRETCH of barren sand, cactus-barred, haze-blurred with heat; the faint blue shimmer of foothills on the edge of the horizon, and above them grim, gaunt ridges of the mountain lands, rising in giant chaos, steep on steep.

A solitary figure on the edge of the vast salt basin of the desert dragged itself wearily to where the mule team lay panting in the dust, and drawing his sheath knife, cut the traces cleanly at the ends. The animals stared dully at him with glazed eyes, and the Indian, rising to his superb height, scanned the lava sands from under lowering brows. He had driven fast and far across those burning sands, and the mules had paid the penalty of his escape. Far to the left in a haze of blue steel rays lay the Indian reservation, but only the white desolation of the salt depression broke the dead level of the plain.

The pack wagon, left to itself, stood motionless, an ominous portent to the eye, and the Indian, with a last sweeping glance about him, plunged doggedly forward through the brilliant glare.

Within the reservation was excitement, all the more felt because it was suppressed. The older troopers were grimly buckling on their saddles in obedience to the curt order issued to Company A, while the less seasoned men and raw recruits were swearing blindly at a Government which would send out sixty men for a loose Indian on a day like this.

"He'll stop at Pascas all right," vouchsafed Hinton, a keen trailer and sure shot, whose opinions were generally respected.

"Pascas be blowed," spoke up the opposition man of the troop, Putnam, who opposed on principle every statement that was made, and who spent his time in endeavoring to catch up with quicker minds.

"He will," persisted Hinton. "That girl—what's her name? Altoonah—she's down there, and Eagle Wind knows it. Mighty fine girl she was, too; Eagle Wind's just loco to see her," he added in lower tones.

"Who are you talking about? That girl Altoonah?" gruffly asked a third man, turning in his saddle as he cantered easily by. "She's going to be married—Kirkham down at the post. Know him, any of you fellows?"

The men were in their saddles now, and the mustangs were covering the country with the long, easy lope of the cavalry mount. It was two in the afternoon and the hot, white sand was unbearable.

"Jingo!" exclaimed one of the troopers, slackening his rein as he gazed wofully ahead, where for miles and miles lay the interminable glistening sands. "I wouldn't take this chase again for the biggest Indian in the country. Why not let him loose, anyhow? What's the odds?"

"He'd make mischief," responded the other curtly. "We won't find him, anyway. He's had two days' start. Neat, wasn't it, the way he maneuvered to get to the salt basin, and then walked off?"

"He was A Number 1 up to the time he left," commented Hinton, riding up alongside, "but when he gets to Guaymas there'll be the devil to pay. Wouldn't care to cross Eagle Wind myself just now,"

he ended, smiling grimly.

At seven the captain ordered a halt. Shading his eyes with his soft cavalry hat, he looked long and searchingly in every direction. Then he waved a gauntleted hand toward the troop.

"Back to the reservation, boys," he said, gloomily.

The little town of Pascas lay quiet in the clear moonlight, when a shadow emerged from one of its narrow, ill-paved streets only to lose itself in the deeper shadow of an archway. Feeling its way cautiously along the rough, adobe houses, the shadow reached a point where it wavered, hesitated, stopped. The musical tinkle of a guitar was audible, and close at hand the shadow, suddenly developing into a muscular, brawny-limbed Indian, heard voices. He melted into the blackness of a projection as Kirkham and the girl, a supple half-breed with haunting eyes of Indian fire, passed him.

Kirkham's careless glance swept the shadows on either side, but the girl's eyes sought his and he failed to see the Indian standing like a lone sentinel of Fate in the inner circle of the dark, nor did he observe the backward glance of the girl even while her hand trembled in his. Altoonah suddenly paused.

"Seem like some one listen," she said softly, with a straight backward glance into the darkness.

Kirkham laughed easily. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, a favorite with his troop and the admiration and envy of every girl in Guaymas. His unflinching truthfulness and sincerity had won for him the title of "Old Honesty" among his men, and these qualities had found their complement in the grave, simple dignity of the Indian girl whom his laughing, cordial ways had won.

When Kirkham and the girl had passed out of hearing the hidden shadow drifted noiselessly toward the open spaces of the plain. For

a little while the figure was visible crossing the sand dunes that at intervals broke the expanse, but when the moon, emerging from behind a passing cloud, cast her clear light over the treeless solitude, the vast plain lay white and silent for miles.

Three months later, two hunters were tracking their way through the range of mountains that bordered the desert waste. They had been four days on the trail of a puma, which had fled through canyon and gully and through the tortuous mountain trails, till, strength and spirit alike exhausted, they sought only for food and shelter.

The elder of the two suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"See here, Kirkham," he said, "some one's been here before us, and, by the old Harry, some one's got that puma!"

He pointed to where a blood-stained trail led up into the winding fastnesses of the mountain ridge. The earth around was torn, and the bushes showed signs of a severe struggle.

"You're right, Havens," he said. "I'm with you," he added, reading the other's intention in his eyes.

Somewhat revived by this unexpected happening, the two men tramped sturdily up the narrow trail. It grew steeper and narrower as they climbed, but as the entire way showed traces of the deadly struggle which had evidently taken place, they felt encouraged at every step, and unheeding fatigue and hunger, gradually approached the mountain's top.

"I'd give a buttin' to know who killed that puma," said Havens suddenly, pausing in his tracks. "Why, Kirkham, there hasn't been big game killed in these mountains for years. You know that as well as I do. It's next to impossible. These mountains were made for hiding places. When old Indian Charley killed that panther three years ago, the whole post was thirsty for more; but did they ever

get it? No, though every man spent every day he could get in these mountains, there's never been a kill shot since."

"Well, by Jupiter!"

They had reached the top, and were staring in stupefaction at a little hollow a few paces to the left. On the rocky ground a solitary camp-fire burned, and on poles and the limbs of trees suspended in a large circle around the fire, were the skins of at least a dozen wild beasts in various stages of preservation, and near the burning embers lay the body of the slain puma with its death-wound yet oozing. Not a sound broke the silence. Not a human being was to be seen.

"Well!" said Kirkham, smiling grimly, "you're wrong this time, Havens. Somebody's fired a kill shot, and pretty lately, too, I should judge."

Havens nodded. "What do you say to tracking the hunter instead of the game?" he asked laconically. "We can ambush here, if you're good for a siege.

Kirkham frowned. "I don't know," he said uncertainly. "We've passed the time limit; Altoonah——"

"Oh, say, old fellow, you're not afraid of your wife tracking you!" laughed Havens, comfortably. "She is all right. Girls of her blood understand these things."

This time Kirkham scowled. "I'll stay," he said, briefly.

They concealed themselves in an undergrowth of scrub, a short distance from a huge boulder raising its precipitous front, boldly repelling, a veritable fortress of strength, and laying their rifles across a projecting rock waited in silence as the sun disappeared behind the highest peak in a red blaze of fire.

The slow hours dragged on. Kirkham, about to yawn, felt his arm abruptly seized in a heavy grip. With his mouth half open he turned quickly to where Havens was point-

ing to a solitary figure outlined in giant immensity among the shadows.

Kirkham barely suppressed the exclamation which rose to his lips.

"By George!" he whispered excitedly to Havens. "It's Eagle Wind!"

Havens nodded, his eyes glued to the advancing figure, a cautious hand on his rifle.

The Indian advanced into the circle of the camp-fire, and with a satisfied grunt, lay down his burden. The two hunters noted the fine deer, and even in their excitement a pang of envy shot through them. Eagle Wind cast a wary glance about him, and they held their breath. Had he heard some slight sound inaudible to their duller ears? His splendid, muscular figure seemed to crouch cat-like for a spring, and he turned his deep, burning eyes directly upon the bush clump where Kirkham and Havens lay like statues.

In an instant, the two rifles covered him. Havens had sprung to his feet, and Kirkham had jumped simultaneously. The Indian, his back to the frowning rock, and the light of the dying fire full on his dark features, drew himself to his superb height, and slowly folded his arms.

One rifle point wavered. It was that of Kirkham. The splendid indomitableness of that unyielding figure, the undying menace in his eye, the lonely fortified crag, the silence, heavy with threatening issue, caused a tremor of the gleaming barrel, but only for an instant. Kirkham remembered that he was a soldier, and that, when his superior officer commanded it, his duty was to kill. He gripped the stock more firmly, and his eye glanced along the rifle barrel in the sight that had never been known to fail.

Havens, about to demand surrender, heard the slight crashing sound in the bushes just behind, but Kirkham, his finger still on the trig-

ger, first saw the slender, moc-casined figure gliding toward the hollow.

"Altoonah!" The word seemed to die in echoes on the air. Havens saw her face, and wondered. It was gray marble, hewed into irrevocable design.

She looked from the two men to the Indian standing beneath the towering crag, undaunted, fearless, majestic in his calm, and through the long centuries a fire leaped swiftly to smoulder in her eyes.

Kirkham's voice reached her in sharp command.

"Stand back, Altoonah! Can't you see?"

The rifle barrels were level, steady. As if galvanized into understanding by the words, Altoonah turned—but she turned toward the rock.

In another instant she was pressing something into Eagle Wind's hand. The Indian's long sinewy fingers closed upon it, and his eyes narrowed. With a tigerish spring, and carrying Altoonah as easily in front of him as if she had been a child, he covered half the distance to the undergrowth, and dashed behind a scrub-oak that stood midway. The two men broke cover, and made a run for the oak. The Indian, disdainful to fly, waited. As Havens came up, a long arm shot around the oak. There was a flash of steel, and Havens grappled with the quickness of thought.

Kirkham, on the other side of the tree, lay prostrate on the ground. Leaping over the rocks to come to Havens' aid, he had found himself pulled strongly down, and a soft, warm body was holding him with

all its strength.

He thrust it fiercely aside, and rose. Havens was engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with Eagle Wind, who cut, thrust and slashed so murderously with the sheath knife he had so unexpectedly obtained that Havens, unable to get a foothold was thrusting him back against the rock by sheer force of determination and muscle combined. Havens was bleeding in a dozen places, and Kirkham, thirsting for vengeance, sprang furiously to his rescue.

Suddenly the Indian, with a last supple twist of his lithe body, glided like a snake from Havens' grasp, to find Kirkham's angry eyes confronting him. With the swiftness of the wind, Eagle Wind braced himself against the great boulder, and Kirkham saw that the knife hung quivering in a helpless hand.

The rifle rose steadily. Kirkham's finger was on the trigger, when the light form of Altoonah sped across the hollow and flung itself across the Indian's heaving breast.

Kirkham's eyes met those of the girl—sombre, inscrutable. Havens, in the background, watched tensely, feeling that matters had gone beyond his grasp. Simultaneously with the report of the rifle, Altoonah's right hand sped to her breast, and when the smoke cleared away, Kirkham saw two forms, silent still, slowly writhing down the rocky face. Altoonah's eyes met his once more, defiant, inscrutable still, and then the sunset gleams shone redly on the lonely, fortified crag, buried deep in the silence of the mountains, and the two forms lying calm at its base.



Col. J. F. Hayes and Staff, 5th Reg. Inf., N. G. C., Presidential Parade, San Francisco, May 12th, 1903.



A NOTABLE REGIMENT

In the parade given in San Francisco on May 12th, in honor of President Roosevelt, there appeared in the line the Fifth Regiment Infantry, N. G. C., which is composed of nine companies belonging to different cities. The regiment, by its whole appearance and its military order, proved worthy of comment, and our readers who saw the parade will recognize by the accompanying illustration that for alignment and bearing the Fifth Infantry would be hard to excel. The orders for the parade were issued but a few days before the date set for the event, and the men were put on their mettle to get into shape for the Regiment to arrive on time.

Company I of Livermore started at 6:30 a. m., and did not reach home until 10 o'clock the next morning. The Napa and Santa Rosa companies were at a disadvantage because of the difficulties of transportation. To meet this, the Regiment incurred an expense of \$200, besides the time lost in wages of

the men and besides the cost of rations furnished by Capt. and Adj.-Major at the order of Col. Harper. The following is the roster of field and staff of this Regiment which did so much to uphold the honor of the State Militia in one of the memorable parades of the city.

Col. J. F. Hayes, Lt.-Col. J. W. Juilliard, Major C. F. Poulter, Major D. A. Smith, Major C. E. Haven, Major and Surgeon Jas. P. Dunn, Capt. and Reg. Com. M. H. Simpson, Capt. and Adj. J. A. Margo, Capt. E. G. Hunt, Co. A; Capt. G. L. Holtum, Co. B.; Capt. J. B. Dickson, Co. C; Capt. J. V. B. Cheda, Co. D; Capt. Houts, Co. E; Capt. C. C. Covalt, Co. F; apt. E. R. McDonnell, Co. G; Capt. F. W. Bush, Co. H.; Capt. J. McKoun, Co. I; Capt. William, Asst. Surgeon; First Lieut. A. N. Boyen, First Lieut. and Bat. Adj. D. W. Strong; First Lieutenant and Bat. Adj. Paul Coulter, First Lieut. and Bat. Adj. C. R. Arques, Second Lieut. and B. Q. M. A. W. Foster, Second Lieut. Bat. Q. M. S. M. Morshead.



Nature has forced its Landpoints far out in the Pacific. Near Trinidad, Cal.

Among The Redwoods of Humboldt County

BY F. W. EMERSON

A GLANCE at the map of California will disclose an extensive territory, bordering the sea-coast in the Northwestern part of the State, where nature has forced its landpoints far out into the Pacific Ocean. This stretch of land, extending north from the fortieth parallel of latitude, is the political division of the State of California, called Humboldt County. It embraces 3507 square miles of area and 2,244,480 acres.

The topographical features as viewed from the map of Humboldt County reveal a heavily-timbered, mountainous district, with one hundred and eight miles of sea coast, an extensive, beautiful and safe harbor or estuary, known as Humboldt Bay, almost midway between the

northern and southern boundaries, a score or more of rivers hurrying on their way to old ocean, in a north-westerly direction, and a figurative headland — Cape Mendocino — the most westerly point of land in the United States proper. Owing to its natural situation, its nearness to the sea, the influence of the Japanese Current, and its varied topography, Humboldt County is blessed with an abundance of rain, an equable climate, luxuriant vegetation, and a great diversity of productions. Originally it was almost entirely a solid mass of redwood forest, stretching the entire length of the county from north to south, and, notwithstanding the extensive industry in timber that has been carried on for years, to-day there re-



Grammar School, Arcata.
St. John's Church, Arcata.

On Humboldt Mfg. Co.'s land.

Virgin Redwood.

Photos by A. W. Erickson, Arcata.



Scene at Klamath River, Cal. A family gathering.

mains sufficient of this magnificent belt of giant trees to last two centuries at the present rate of consumption, for the necessities of commerce and trade.

If we view the county from the sea it reveals to the eye a panorama of

hill and dale, covered with an unbroken forest, extending from the highest mountains to the low level of the sea. But if we penetrate the woods, follow a river that rises in some high altitude, and from that point view the surrounding country, we shall find nature in her grandeur, sublime, forbidding, yet docile as a child. The forests of giant redwood trees spread out before us, for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach; not in sentinel groves, but in one continuous belt—dense, stately, dark and awesome. Adjoining the redwood belt on the east, and sharply defined by lines of demarkation, are forests of deciduous and evergreen timber, madrone, fir, spruce, pine and oak—the two last covering immense areas, but of less uniform growth. Far to the east rise higher summits, tipped with snow, and, pushing their way among the hills, often hidden from view, are silvery streams, ever-living streams fed from the snow-clad mountains and from the springs that touch with freshness and relieve with beauty the whole grand panorama of these wilds. From some of the



Captain John, Chief Hoopa Indians.



heights almost an empire may be viewed. It is a mountain scene—a real Switzerland of rugged peaks and precipices, of seams and gorges, yet nowhere is there waste. Except occasional rocky points that penetrate the fertile mold to hold themselves to view, there is no barren spot, no hint of scantiness in vegetation.

The vast area from mountain summit to deepest chasm is teeming with vegetable life, clothed with for-

the possibilities in the region are not by any means thoroughly prospected—in fact, but little has been done—it is amazing to find how the oil is oozing out of the ground in different localities, and gas is escaping in a natural manner so that one locality is utilizing it for illuminating purposes.

The agricultural and dairying interests of Humboldt are also important, and the field in these lines is open without measurements. Cer-



Jane S. Stanford, Bendixsen Shipyard.

est or meadow carpet, not always green, but of such varied hues, from brown and russet to the most brilliant colorings, that the senses are enchanted, and one is uncertain whether to admire most nature's grandeur of conception or her delicate touches in decoration.

The redwood of Humboldt constitutes its richest available resource, and next in importance is its undeveloped oil areas found in the southern part of the county and almost wholly untouched. In this age of oil development, although

tainly in the near future these interests in the county will attract the attention of the homeseeker and capitalist. There is a great opportunity here for the men of energy, push, brains and capital. The immense dairy industries at present bring to Humboldt County a cash revenue of over one hundred thousand dollars a month; in the neighborhood of one and one-quarter millions of dollars a year.

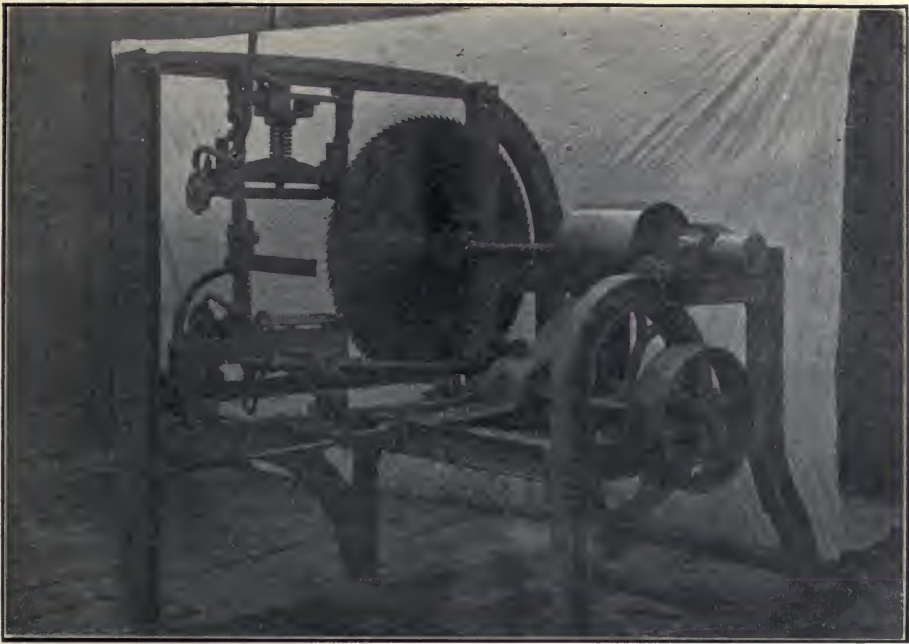
The surface of the county is a system of terraced hills and mountains, beginning at the sea-shore



In the Humboldt Redwoods.



Raw and finished lumber.



Shingle Machine.

and gradually rising, grade by grade, until at the extreme eastern boundary some of the mountains reach an elevation of from four thousand to seven thousand feet. From Cape Mendocino to Trinidad Head, some thirty-five miles bordering the coastline, the terraces are more extensive and broader—thereby making the elevation much more gradual.

Between these two natural landmarks are found the principal harbors, the outlets of the two prominent rivers, and many stretches of the levellest land in the county. This region is inhabited by eighty per cent of the population. The entire district is abundantly watered by scores of small rivers and streams. With their sources in the south and east, they flow in a general northwesterly course and empty into the Pacific Ocean. The principal one of these, navigable for some distance, is the Eel river, entering the southeastern part of Humboldt in two branches, which, flowing for thirty miles in a general northwesterly direction, unite, forming Eel river proper, then continuing for a distance of forty miles, and reach-

ing the ocean at a point some seven miles to Humboldt Bay. Mad river is another important stream, stretching across the county in the same general direction and debouching into the Pacific five miles north of Humboldt Bay.

The Klamath and Trinity rivers water the northern part of the county, the former flowing into the ocean about a mile north of the northern boundary line. The Bear, Mattole, Elk and Vanduzen rivers and Redwood and Maple creeks are



Orleans, on the Klamath.



Three
Humboldt
County
Industries.



Fruitland, Humboldt County, Calif. - Digitized by Microsoft® Photos by A. W. Erickson, Arcata.
Scene at Klamath River, Hydraulic Mining.
In the Redwoods.



P. H. Ryan, Attorney-at-Law, Eureka.

not only beautiful, but important streams, in that they drain an extensive watershed and distribute their waters to immense areas of fertile and productive farms and stock pastures.

For equability, mildness and tonic effects, the climate of Humboldt County is not bettered in any other section, and in most places is not equaled. Coolness near the coast throughout the year is varied in inland districts to warmer summers and cooler winters. Mild, warm days are followed by refreshing nights, and the same kind of clothing may be worn comfortably at all seasons.

The main features of Humboldt's climatic conditions are, an abundance of rain, running from forty-five to seventy inches annually, and lack of extremes of temperature, the mean annual temperature for thirteen years being 51.3. The so-called rainy season usually begins in October and continues until May, the rainfall being by no means continuous, the greater part of what is called winter being the pleasantest season of the year. Rain comes so

easily and so comfortably that no one deems it unpleasant. There are no long weeks of wet weather. The darkest storm is soon broken by hours of sunshine, making double the enjoyment of freshness and renewed vigor.

To this perfect climate Humboldt also adds her rich, productive soil, that yields as luxuriant crops as it did forty years ago. This, too, without fertilization or irrigation, the soil seeming to be inexhaustible. For ages the valleys of Humboldt, with their natural water courses, have been receiving the rich alluvial deposits from the mountain sides. With very little frost and this wonderful water supply, the luxuriance and variety of products is boundless. Things that grow anywhere else thrive here, and invariably excel in quality.

From a health point of view these climatic conditions are exceptional. Where evenness of temperature, abundant moisture, constant ocean



J. W. Turner, Attorney -at-Law.



Seasoning logs, and Sawmill.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ©
On the Eel River and Eureka Railroad.

breezes and a redundancy of pure mountain streams, are combined with a complete absence of swamps, pools, reservoirs and irrigation ditches, the average health of the inhabitants should be good indeed. The ocean breezes on the one hand, the mountains on the other, perform nature's purifying work in her own perfect manner. The claims of Humboldt as a sanitarium have never been advanced, but it is doubtful if the Pacific Coast has any like area where the health conditions are so favorable. Yet there are no established, advertised health resorts; the whole mountain district is nature's sanitarium, where health-giving forces are free to be enjoyed by the rich and the poor alike. The practice of camping out, thoroughly established among the people, is but a natural result of this disease defying combination which nature has worked out for the benefit of mankind.

The greater per cent of the population is native born; the foreign residents coming mostly from north-



Residence of J. M. Vance. Eureka.

ern parts of Europe and Canada. There are no Chinese or Japanese and fewer negroes than in any section of the State I have ever visited. From 1850 the growth in population has been slow and sure; no wholesale influx, but a steady and sturdy



Residence of Thos. Bair. Arcata, Humboldt County, Cal.



Seasoning Logs.

one, composed of the bone and sinew of this and other lands. The result has created an orderly, thrifty, well-balanced community that has caused the county to be always prosperous.

All occupations are fairly represented, but lumbering in its different branches employs the greater number of the people. Since 1880 the population has increased over one hundred per cent, and several villages and communities have sprung into existence as a result. A great many of the most valuable property interests have since that time been built and developed. This is conclusive evidence of steady and healthy growth, for only the strong and aggressive in a community build ships, railroads and mills, and engage in mining and similar pursuits. The wonderful natural resources, the salubrious climate, together with the fertile and productive soil of this region, if properly presented to the world at large and the United

States in particular, would bring a flood of emigration of the proper kind of people, homeseekers and producers, that would astonish the world with their development of this section of the State.

Emigration has not been so largely invited hitherto because of Humboldt County's lack of rail communication with the outer world, but the rapid strides and heavy investments at present being made by the A. T. & S. F. R. R. and the Southern Pacific Company, insure in the near future ample railroad connections with this section of the State.

Humboldt Bay is fourteen miles long and from one-half mile to four miles in width. The tidal area is about thirty miles and it has thirty-five miles of navigable channels. Its position is near the center of the coast line of the county, and extends nearly parallel therewith, being separated from the ocean by two narrow

peninsulas, these forming one of the finest land-locked harbors. Some years back, about 1889, the Federal Government began improving the harbor and its entrance by the construction of jetties. Between two and three millions of dollars, expended in this manner, has made Humboldt Bay a safe and beautiful harbor, and made it accessible by all except the deepest draught vessels. By this expenditure, a 24-foot depth of channel, 1350 feet wide, has been maintained on the bar. Humboldt Bay is 420 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river and 216 miles north of San Francisco Bay. Communication with San Francisco is regular, with several lines of steamers, some of which make the trip in 17 hours. A line of steamers make regular trips between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, calling at Eureka and Coos Bay, Oregon, each way. A fleet of from forty to sixty sailing vessels



Residence of G. R. Georgeson.

is constantly engaged in the lumber trade, carrying cargoes to California ports, to Mexico, Central America, South America, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, China and Japan.

The flurry in real estate in Humboldt is the beginning of that development that this section of the State has been eagerly awaiting for a number of years past. But with the advent of the railroads, and they are coming now, Humboldt County will be a busy field for some years.

One of those who has faith in its ultimate development is G. R. Georgeson, who has lately constructed the Georgeson block, on Fourth and E streets. This is a handsome four-story office structure, built by the best skilled labor in day's work, and contains all the modern improvements of late office buildings. Mr. Georgeson also owns Georgeson Hall, and a one-half interest in the Grand Hotel property. G. R. Georgeson came to Humboldt County from Scotland in 1883 when seventeen years of age.

He held positions of trust with some of the largest mercantile houses of Eureka, and finally started for himself, succeeding to his present real estate and insurance business.

The large and commodious offices



G. R. Georgeson, Eureka.



New Grand Hotel, property of G. R. Georgeson. and Wm. Perrott.

on Third street, between E and F streets, are models, and show the maps of plots not only in Eureka but the entire county. No man in Humboldt County is better posted on timber lands, both redwood and pine, and his knowledge of city and county property improved and unimproved is undisputed. Mr. Georgeson is supervising agent in the county for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, as well as the city agent for that company for Eureka.

The insurance department of Mr. Georgeson's business is under able management of capable and efficient men, and some of the strongest companies in the world are represented by his firm. He also represents the majority of the European steamship lines, and notary work and conveyance are given proper attention. By strict adherence to business and carefully formulated detail, Mr. Georgeson has built up a business which is far in advance of any like it in city or county. His standing in business circles is of the highest.

Keen, clear-headed and energetic he represents the progressive man of the hour, and if Eureka had a few more of his stamp advancement and speedy development would be the universal watchword.

Humboldt County Bank was incorporated February 27, 1873, and has therefore entered upon its thirty-first year of prosperous existence. It is the oldest banking institution in Humboldt Co. The capital paid in coin is \$200,000. The 60th semi-annual statement was made at close of December, 1902, and shows business transacted amounting to more than a million dollars. The correspondents of the bank are Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons, London; Messrs. Laidlaw & Company, New York; Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, Chicago; The Bank of California, San Francisco.

The officers are: J. W. Henderson, president; Josiah Bell, vice-president; F. W. Georgeson, cashier; G. Y. Henderson, assistant cashier. The directors are J. W. Henderson,



Plan of Georgeson's Block on Fourth and E Streets.

H. H. Buhne, Jr., J. M. Vance, L. C. Tuttle, Josiah Bell, N. Bullock, H. W. McClellan, J. M. Carson, and S. W. McFarland.

HOME SAVINGS BANK.

In the twenty-seventh statement

of The Home Savings Bank a business is shown of half a million dollars. The officers are: J. W. Henderson, president; Josiah Bell, vice-president; Henry Sevier, cashier; C. J. Craddock, secretary, and the



Home Savings Bank.

Humboldt County Bank.

board of directors, besides the above-named men; includes N. Bullock and H. W. McClellan. This house transacts a savings bank business only. The dividend declared on deposits for the term ending December 31, 1902, was at the rate of three per cent per annum, free of taxes.

The Bank of Eureka was incorporated October 1889, and has ren-

officers are: C. P. Soule, president; Robert Porter, vice-president; L. T. Kinley, cashier; C. H. Palmtag and G. A. Belcher, assistant cashiers. The directors are: William Carson, Allen A. Curtis, Robert Porter, J. K. Dollison, Alex. Connick, A. Berding, and C. P. Soule.

The Savings Bank of Humboldt County was also incorporated in October, 1889. Its last statement puts its negotiations at considerably more



30,000,000 feet of lumber.

dered its twenty-sixth semi-annual statements showing negotiations aggregating close on to a million and a half. The correspondents are: Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, San Francisco; German American Bank, New York; Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, Chicago; Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, London; Bank of Arcata, Aracta, Cal; Ferndale Bank, Ferndale, and Del Norte County Bank, Crescent City. The

than half a million dollars. The officers and directors are those of the Bank of Eureka who ably serve both concerns with great success.

Charles Parsons Soule, President of the Bank of Eureka, and Vice-President of the Savings Bank of Humboldt County, in Eureka, was born at Winslow, Maine, in 1851. He attended the public schools in that State and also the Coburn Pre-



C. P. Soule, Eureka. Cal.

paratory Institute at Waterville, Maine. Coming to California in 1867 he attended business college for a term, then entered the employ of the Bank of California as a messenger boy in 1868, and at the instance of the Bank went to Virginia City, Nevada, in 1869 and served as bookkeeper in the office of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad Company.

When he returned to San Francisco he re-entered the Bank of California as a clerk in 1870. In 1871 he went to Hamilton, White Pine County, Nevada, as bookkeeper for the agency of the Bank of California at that place. In 1873 he went to Austin, Nevada, as cashier of Paxton & Curtis' Bank. Elected a republican member of the tenth Nevada Legislature in 1879-1880 he remained in Nevada and later became manager of Paxton & Curtis' banking business at Austin, and member of the banking firm of Paxton, Curtis & Co., Reno, Nevada. Finally in

1889 he returned to California and located in Eureka, Cal.

Mr. Soule was one of the incorporators of the Bank of Eureka and the Savings Bank of Humboldt County, in which banks he served as Director and Cashier, until 1902, when he was elected President of the Bank of Eureka, and Vice-President of the Savings Bank.

Henry H. Buhne, Jr., is the son of one of Humboldt's earliest and most influential citizens—Captain H. H. Buhne. He has extensive interests in Eureka, consisting of city property and merchandising establishments. He is also the proprietor of Buhne's Big Store on First street, and of the branch of Buhne's Big Store located on Second street.

At the former place of business a general line of hardware, stoves, ranges, heavy and shelf hardware, cutlery, etc., are carried. Immediately across First street, from the main store, another large building is filled with farming implements of every kind, suitable for use in this part of California.

H. H. Buhne, Jr., is agent for John Deere, manufacturer of buggies and carriages, and always has a full line of all classes of vehicles on hand. He also carries Schuttler farm wagons, one of the best makes in the United States. These wagons have long been held in high esteem by the farming communities in all parts of the western country.

At the branch on Second street will be found the only exclusive sporting goods store in Humboldt County. Here are exhibited all kinds of baseball paraphernalia, the different manufactures of rifles, shot guns and pistols; late improved arms of any and all grades. A specialty is made of mining and milling supplies, pipe—iron and steel. Stoves and ranges are brought direct from manufacturers in carload lots, F. J. Reid being the manager in charge. Fishing tackle for the most fastidious sportsman, rods,



flies, and so forth, are also found at this store.

Mr. Buhne has lately established a coal yard on Buhne's wharf, where he carries all kinds of hard and soft coal, delivered to any part of the city of Eureka. His immense business interests makes Mr. Buhne one of the busiest mercantile men of the county of Humboldt. He has disposed of his country property at different times, having sold his last rancho a few days ago for twenty-seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Buhne enjoys sport, and is a member of the Eureka Shooting Club and one of its best shots. Henry, as he is socially known, takes an active interest in any move that is for the welfare of Humboldt County. He is also extensively interested in redwood timber lands, and knows the timber districts so thoroughly that he is authority on this branch of Humboldt's greatest industry.

At the corner of E and Fifth streets is the building occupied by the Standard Furniture Company, of which G. H. Close is manager. The business has been carried on by Mr. Close for twenty-five years, and so successfully has he catered to the trade of the district as well as city of Eureka, that he now has an establishment that can supply customers of any taste and any length of purse. It is the cheapest up-to-date store of the kind north of San Francisco. A specialty is

made of upholstery in all its branches, and of draperies, of every sort, while the house and office furniture displayed is of the most attractive as well as of the best makes and designs. Everything pertaining to the equipment of a home, all appointments that give a dwelling its most comfortable and inviting appearance can be found in Mr. Close's store.

The present incumbent of the County Clerk's office of Humboldt County, W. H. Haw, was born in this county in 1865. Mr. Haw has



W. H. Haw, County Clerk, Humboldt.

held prominent positions in different walks of life during his business life time. He was for a considerable length of time engaged in the real estate and insurance business, and fought his way to the front. In the Fall of 1898 the people of the county, realizing his worth and business capacity, elected him County Clerk. In the fall of 1902 he was re-elected by an increased majority. By his courteous treatment of all who come in contact with county affairs, his genial nature, and quick perception of the county's requirements and welfare has made him a valuable citizen and a most efficient officer. His growth from boyhood to manhood has been a clear, successful and brilliant record, and the people and community at large attest his worth by placing him in one of the important public positions. Modest, gen-

tlemanly, keen and businesslike, he conducts the affairs of the County Clerk's office in a most satisfactory manner to the citizens and taxpayers of his territory.

Not only are the industries followed by citizens of Humboldt County, but the arts are no less courted. Miss Adeline Ricks, daughter of C. S. Ricks of Eureka, has made her debut as a musician before a large and fashionable audience at San Jose, Cal. The following is from the San Jose Daily Mercury of March 28, 1903:

"Victory Theatre was the scene of a large and fashionable audience of music-loving people and students last evening, the occasion being the piano recital of Miss Adeline Ricks, a rising star on the local musical horizon. The gifted young lady is a student in the Conservatory of



C. S. Ricks.



Miss Adeline Ricks.

Music at the University of the Pacific, where she has been studying for two years. She will graduate with the May class and her appearance last evening was in the nature of a graduating recital. As soon as Miss Ricks appeared before the audience, escorted by her teacher, Professor Douillet, Dean of the Conservatory of Music of the University, of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal. every one in the vast audience felt sympathetically drawn toward the charming young lady. By her girlish manners one could hardly believe that she fully realized what a great task stood before her in a programme that really called for a finished and mature performance; but before the evening closed this idea was quite dispelled, giving way to admiration and appreciation which was demonstrated by the great applause accorded her efforts.

She opened her recital with "Prelude and Fugue, C Minor," from the well-tempered clavicord from Bach. In her rendition of the fugue every-

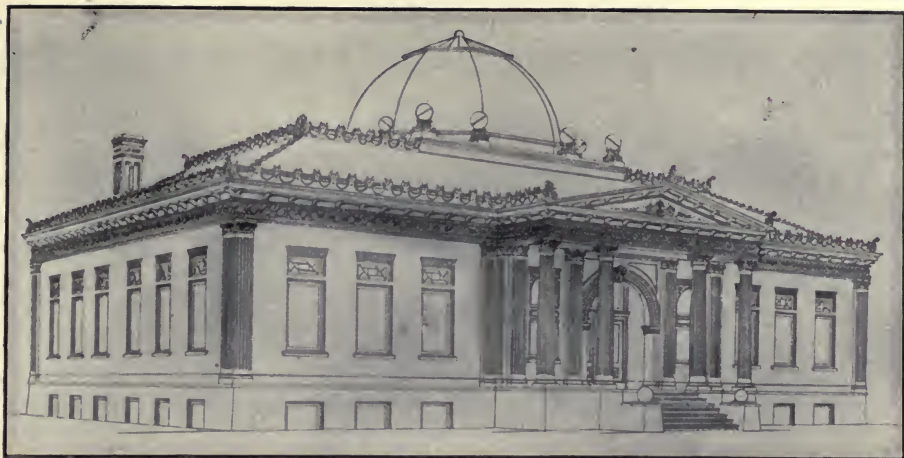
one felt the performer's musical qualities. In the "Spinning Song," composed by Dean Douillet, and "Tarantelle," by Rubenstein, the audience was brought to a pitch of enthusiasm over the uncommon technique and brilliancy of the performer.

"She was recalled to the stage to receive testimonials in the form of several large and beautiful bouquets of flowers. She recognized the gifts and the approval of the audience by kissing the bouquets and bowing prettily to the applauding multitude. Her simple, unaffected manners took the audience by storm and she was forced to appear again and again before their enthusiasm died away."

One of the most attractive library buildings seen in any city of the State will be the Carnegie Free Public Library now building in Eureka by Knowles Evans and B. C. Tarver, architects. The main building is 60x90 feet, with half circle stack room at rear, 22 foot radius. There is a high basement extending under the entire building, and arranged for historical, museum, bicycle, janitors', furnace, fuel, work, toilet and lavatory rooms. The first or main floor consists of a large, spacious entrance lobby, news, magazine, newspaper, stack and trustee rooms, with librarian's office and distributing counter occupying a space in the stack room. The lobby is 30x30 feet square, immediately below the dome, and is crowned by an inner dome supported on composite columns.

In both the main and the inner dome octagonal skylights afford direct light to the center of the building.

Around the lobby, 12 feet above the main floor, is placed a seven-foot gallery, octagonal in shape, which will be used for a display of art works only. This gallery is made easily accessible by two



Plan of Carnegie Free Public Library for Eureka.

Evans and Tarver Architects.

flights of stairs leading off from the lobby, one at either side of the main entrance. All rooms open off from the lobby by either doors or archways; those opening by doors are enclosed by glass partitions.

The construction consists of concrete walls to line of main floor; from there up, brick, with pressed brick face, with terra cotta, buff brick and stone trimmings. The roof is covered with California slate and tin, the main entrance steps and buttresses are of Humboldt granite, and all basement floors are

of concrete. The vestibule, entrance and lobby floors are of Mosaic tile. All other floors are of hard wood.

All windows and glass partitions are of plate, ventilating transoms, filled with art and cathedral glass. The entire interior finish is of red-wood and buhl, finished in its natural color. The heating apparatus consists of the latest hot air system operated from the basement.

One of the busy men of Eureka, Mr. Knowles Evans, has been a resi-



View of Gross Building, Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal.

dent some fifteen or sixteen years. During this time he has been engaged in draughting plans for and creating many of Eureka's residences and business blocks. Mr. Evans does a general contracting business—pile driving, bridge building, etc. He is at present supervising architect of the Dr. Gross building, a handsome illustration of which appears in this issue of the *Overland Monthly*. He also, in conjunction with Mr. Tarver, is architect of the new Carnegie Library building for the city of Eureka, and the Georgeson building on the corner of Fourth and E streets. Mr.

zens of the county, fair-minded, straightforward, and always giving his aid where the community's welfare deserves it.

One of the latest manufacturing concerns added to Eureka's interests is the Humboldt Woolen Mills. These mills were a success from the start, and under the able management of Mr. A. W. R. Berr, the stockholders are drawing fair dividends on the money invested, and Eureka has another manufactory that produces the finest woolen cloths, suitings and blankets on the Pacific Coast. It is an ideal situa-



Humboldt Bay Woolen Mills.

Evans has completed some of the finest bridges in the country for the Board of Supervisors—viz., the Mad River bridge and Mattle river and Yager bridges.

His reputation and standing as a man well versed in his particular line secures for him an immense amount of work and supervision, and places him in the front rank of those who are building the city of Eureka, as well as making substantial improvements in different parts of Humboldt county.

Mr. Evans is a native of Indiana and was born in 1862.

He is one of the enterprising citi-

tion for the woolen manufacturing industry. The water, high class wool, the modern machinery in use, places this institution in the front rank of woolen mills in California. Orders have been received that will take months to fill, most of the better class of goods going to New York merchants.

Mr. Berr found when they began operations that there was a deposit of iron in the water, that consequently gave a yellow tint to blankets and garments that were intended for pure white. So he had a well dug near the mill, from which at a depth of twelve feet, the fine-



Pine's Foundry and Machine shops.

est kind of pure water is obtained, which he uses when required for pure white goods.

The present capacity of the mill is twenty looms and three sets of cording machines. The mill employing about fifty or sixty people.

Mr. Berr was formerly employed in this business in the New England states, and later came to California and was superintendent of the San Jose Woolen Mills for a length of time.

He is of the opinion that Eureka is the point for woolen manufacturing and from his able management he has proven the many advantages of the situation.

Eureka has a first-class iron foundry in the extensive plant of the Eureka Foundry Co. embracing a large modern machine shop from which are turned out bull donkeys and all kinds of machinery used in lumbering and mill-work. From thirty to sixty men



The Bull Donkey Engine as now built and called "Portable Bull."



The first and original style "Bull Donkey" Engine.

are employed and the firm has a large and profitable business, in this and adjoining counties.

They also build cars for the local lumbering railroads. The present plant is a new one recently erected and supplied with the latest modern machinery and is a credit to the county.

Some time ago they lost everything by fire, and their business demanded an immediate construction of the present plant, which would be a credit to much larger cities than Eureka.

The Eureka foundry supplies at short notice, iron and brass castings, steam engines of every possible description manufactured, at the very lowest bottom prices. The officers of the company are: N. H. Pine, Pres., C. H. Elsner, Secretary.

The representative of the second Assembly district of the State of California, in the past session of the Legislature, George T. Rolley, is a native of Morris, Illinois, where he first saw the light Feb. 5, 1874. His parents removed to Humboldt County, California, during his infancy and Mr. Rolley has grown to

manhood among his constituents, who sent him to represent them in the halls of Legislation at Sacramento, during the session just finished.

George T. Rolley graduated from the public schools of Humboldt County, then attended Humboldt Academy, from which he entered the law office of Congressman J. N. Gillette, where he fitted himself for his legal career and was admitted to practice July 26, 1895. By arithmetical computation at that date Mr. Rolley was exactly twenty-one years, five months and twenty-six days old; the youngest admitted attorney in the great State of California.

Politically George T. Rolley has always been a staunch and fearless republican and takes the greatest interest in the party's advancement. He has attended every county convention since his majority and is a



Geo. T. Rolley, Eureka. Cal.

valuable and efficient worker for the party's good.

Since his admission to practice he has been the legal advisor of the public administrator and has been recently reappointed.

Mr. Rolley is a member of the Woodmen of the World, and the Foresters of America. At the session of the Grand Court of Foresters held at Stockton in May last, he was elected Grand Trustee. He was a prominent worker in the legislature, serving as Chairman of Public Works Committee; member of Committee on State Capital and Parks; Commerce and Navigation; Counties and County boundaries; County and Township governments and on Corporations. Socially Mr. Rolley is a pleasant, broad-gauged gentleman and we predict marked success for him in the practice of his profession—the law.

Among the foremost personages in business, promoting and developing the county, is J. C. Bull, Jr. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1840, and his people were among the argonauts to the land of gold in 1850. At the age of sixteen he came to Humboldt County, and has been a resident for the past forty-seven years. For many years Mr. Bull was sheriff of Humboldt County, and for a considerable time was engaged in stock-raising.

The career of this wide-awake man is an object lesson to young men. John C. Bull, Jr., is one of the enterprising citizens of Humboldt. He is the main factor in the promotion of Eureka's electric railway, incorporating with his business associates an electric railway system that will extend from Eureka to Arcata on the north and Fortuna on the south, which will give to Eureka and suburban towns a rapid transit system unexcelled in the west. He is vice-president of the Redwood Land and Investment Co., vice-president of Bayside Mill Co.,

vice-president Bendixen Shipbuilding Co., and is heavily interested in other enterprises.

Mr. Bull was the contractor for the United States Government that constructed the Humboldt jetties at the entrance to Humboldt Bay, an immense undertaking that made this bay a safe entrance. Where formerly the channel was crooked and from 9 to 14 feet deep, it is now straight and carries from 35 to 38 feet of water.

This immense undertaking cost the United States Government something like \$2,000,000. Mr. Bull is quick, active and alert, broad-gauge in his business views, always enterprising and liberal when Humboldt County's interests demand it. He is conservative to a degree, and his judgment is appealed to by his fellow-citizens.

The youngest man in the Real Estate and Insurance business in Eureka, is Thos. H. Perry. Born and raised in the town, he has grown up among the people with whom he does business. He deals in city and country property, takes charge of property for non-residents, pays taxes and collects rents for his



Thos. H. Perry.



A lumber camp on North Fork River.

clients, and is a notary public. Mr. Perry represents the following Insurance Companies—Life, Fire, Accident and Plate Glass, New York Life Ins. Co., Royal Exchange Assurance of London, New York Underwriter's Agency, Commercial Union Ins. Co., Palatine Ins. Co., Greenwich Ins. Co., Frankein Fire of Phila., New Zealand Fire and Marine of New Zealand, Agricultural of New York, Manchester Ins. Co., American Central Ins. Co. of St.

Louis, The Spring Garden Fire Ins. Co. of Phila. and the New York Plate Glass Ins. Co. Mr. Perry also issues assurity bonds.

He has had a thrifty business for the past four years and it is steadily growing. By strict tact and close attention to his clients' wants, he has built up a very satisfactory and lucrative clientele that will grow as Eureka grows and as Humboldt prospers.



At the corner of First and D streets, in Eureka, stands the Western Hotel. It is a commodious structure with squared and bowed corners which give the apartments in those sections of the building the advantage of an extra amount of light and air. Well ventilated, well kept and well managed, the Western is one of the best hotels on the Coast and a favorite with the travelling public. Not less so with permanent guests it is the home of many. The manager, C. A. Waldner, is another of Eureka's energetic, wide-awake citizens, and not only an able business man but he is no less a factor in the general life of the town whose growth he is trying to advance.

Among the foremost of the citizens of Humboldt ranks Mr. J. G. Loveren. He comes from sturdy New England stock, and is of the race that has helped so materially to build the West. He was born in Deering, New Hampshire, May 3, 1850.

He moved to California in 1874,



G. A. Waldner.



J. H. Loveren.

and becoming impressed with the future of Eureka decided to make his residence there. His education as a mill man having been acquired in the advanced mills of the East, he found the methods of the Humboldt lumber men crude and far behind the times in the manufacture of lumber. All lumber was being edged by hand. In 1874 he went East and had constructed for his use the first redwood gang edger.

Mr. Loveren is largely responsible for the granting of terminal rates on lumber shipments.

The Chamber of Commerce and the able work of such citizens as Mr. Loveren has been a continual and persistent believer in the ultimate invasion of the East by the redwood shingle, and it is due to his efforts and the energetic work of his many agents that the great success of the redwood shingle is due.

Arcata.

Arcata was the first town in Humboldt County to incorporate. It is delightfully situated on a plateau at the northern extremity of the Bay of Humboldt. It is splendidly laid out city, and its plaza and many charming residences delight the stranger and visitor. Arcata is absolutely free from cold winds and fogs. The Arcata Bottoms, on



Humboldt Mfg. Co's. store, Arcata, Humboldt County, Cal.

which the border of the town stands, is one of the most fertile and prosperous sections of the country. The town supports banking institutions, free library, a tannery, several shingle mills, three creameries, an electric light plant, a high school and a very creditable school building. A wharf has been extended to deep water, and the vessels of the largest draught may take cargoes there.

Arcata is the depot of supplies for the mining region of Northern

Humboldt, Northwestern Trinity County, and Southwestern Siskiyou, the gateway of commercial and mineral enterprise.

The Humboldt Manufacturing Company is probably the foremost in the county. The store which is located at Arcata is a large and commodious one, and from here the entire country adjoining is supplied. Mr. I. Cullberg, Jr., has this institution under his able management.



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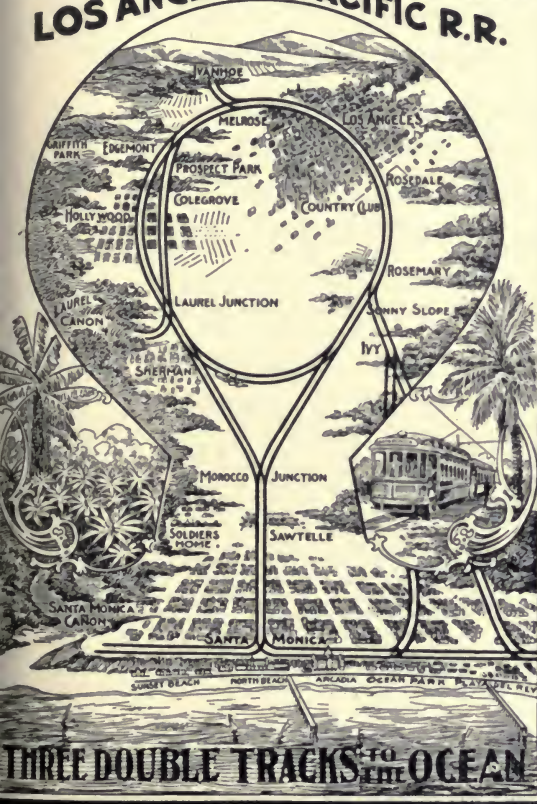
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LIABILITIES JANUARY 1, 1903.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1903.

Cash on hand	\$152,354 12	
Due from banks	521,584 31	\$673,938 43
Bonds		187,225 00
Loans and discounts		542,181 20
Bank premises and fixtures.....		19,241 99
Other assets		168 63

Capital Stock paid in coin	\$100,000 00
*Profit and Loss	61,694 89
Due Depositors	1,205,959 76
Due Banks	25,816 20
Certified Checks	2,000 00
Other Liabilities	27,284 40
*Accrued interest not included.	

\$1,422,755 25

\$1,422,755 25

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ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1903.

Cash on hand	\$20,856 86
Bonds	154,340 00
Promissory notes secured by first mortgage on real estate in Humboldt County, Cal.....	386,203 11
Bank premises and fixtures	10,906 17

\$572,306 14

LIABILITIES JANUARY 1, 1903.

Capital stock paid in coin	\$50,000 00
Reserve Fund	4,353 10
*Profit and loss	18,932 17
Due Depositors	482,886 18
Other Real Estate	5,704 74
(Excess from sales—less cost of unsold property.)	
Other Liabilities	10,429 95
*Accrued interest not included.	

\$572,306 14

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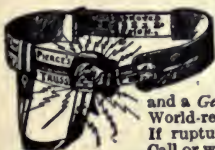
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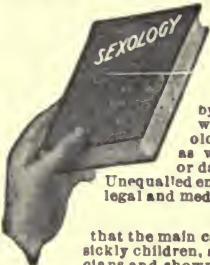
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Landor, the poet, says in one of his sweet little sonnets: "We are what suns, and winds and waters make us;" but unfortunately sun will scorch, winds will roughen, and water will not remove the injurious effects of the other two upon the lovely complexion of the fairer sex. For ages chemists have tried to distil from herbs and minerals an elixir of beauty but they have failed, and it was left to modern times to find a cosmetic which should remove every speck and blemish, and leave a soft and pearly loveliness upon the roughest skin. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does this, and while so perfectly harmless that spring water is no more so, it has a magic influence upon the complexion which cannot be overestimated or believed until realized. To our lady readers we simply say, would you be as lovely as kind Nature intended? Then use the Oriental Cream.

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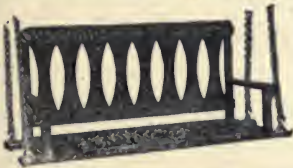
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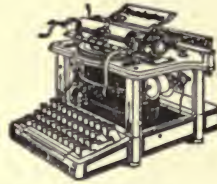
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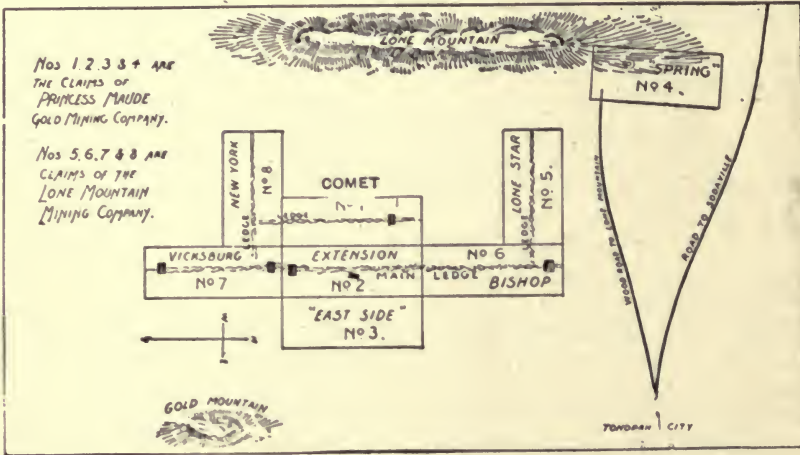
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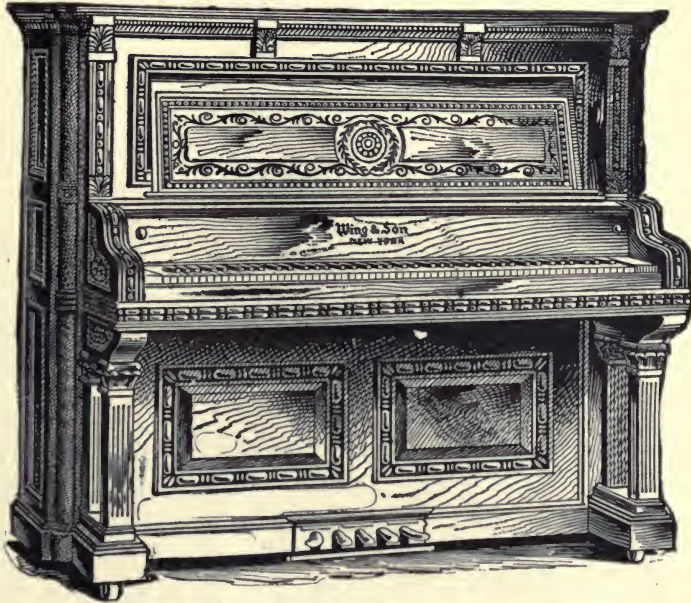
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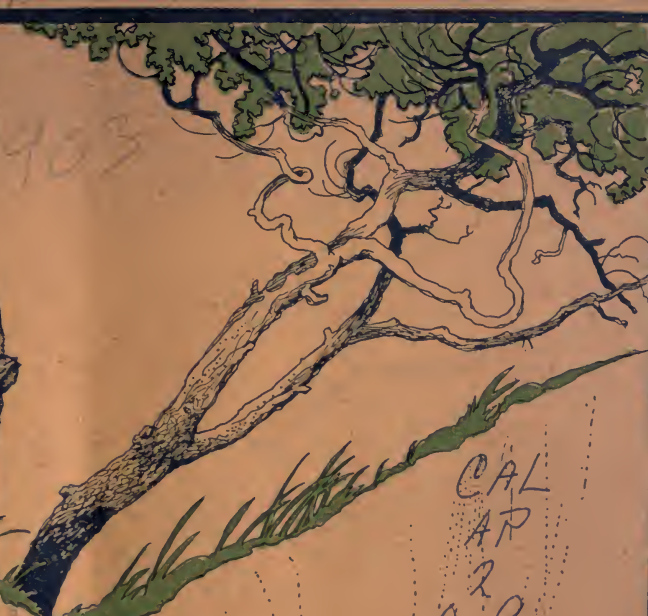
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

AUGUST, 1903

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Overland Monthly

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No 2.

EGYPTIAN EXCAVATIONS

Of the University of California as conducted

by Geo. A. Reisner, Ph. D.

By J. Leslie Dobbins

Of the University of California—illustrated with photographs taken as the work proceeded.

These excavations, which the following article explains, are among the most important enterprises any university in America has undertaken. Mr. J. Leslie Dobbins has had special opportunities for understanding the work, and had the benefit of Dr. Reisner's verification of his statements before the director returned to the field of operations in Egypt. The information obtained through these investigations of an ancient people are significant for a country that, like Egypt, needs irrigation to develop its great agricultural resources to the full, and the more knowledge gained of Egyptian habits and customs, the nearer we reach an understanding of their methods of land cultivation.

EXCAVATION among ruins of ancient Egyptian cities is a task in which scientific organizations have been engaged for more than two centuries, but it is a work whose field is still infinitely fertile. Discoveries of the greatest importance have been made very recently, discoveries which have thrown a great light upon the past. Ten years ago it was impossible to trace Egyptian history with any degree of certainty beyond 2300 B. C., but with the help of these recent discoveries, the story of twelve hundred years more has been revealed, and the date of the first dynasty of Egyptian kings can now be placed at about 3500 B. C.

And of all the expeditions now at work in Egypt, none has achieved such scientifically important results as that which, through the munificence of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, is being conducted by George A. Reisner, Ph. D., for the University of California. It is, with but one exception—that of the Babylonian ex-

pedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania—the only expedition for research which any American university now has in the field in the Old World. And through it the University of California will come into possession of a much more complete collection of Egyptian antiquities than is to be found at any other university in America.

Dr. Reisner started for Egypt in 1899, accompanied by A. M. Lythgoe, of Harvard, and F. W. Green, of Cambridge, whose place was taken later by A. C. Mace, of Oxford. Five years were to be devoted to this quest, and the two years yet to come of this time will undoubtedly yield many additional treasures.

But already during the three years which have been spent in the field, facts have been brought to light and prove as important as those determined by the long series of excavations carried on for many years by the Egyptian Government.

Work was begun in a cemetery at Koptos, but most of the land there



Cemetery of Der-el-Ballas before excavations opened.

was under cultivation, and difficulties arose. It was necessary to purchase the land, and purchase was not always possible. But at Der-el-Ballas, the next scene of operations, conditions were more favorable, and two cemeteries rich in antiquities were there opened up, one of the eighteenth dynasty, the other a prehistoric burial place of a date earlier than that of the first dynasty.

In all the graves of this latter cemetery, the bodies were found in the same position, lying on the left side, with the head to the south and face toward the West, and with knees drawn up almost to the chin. This contracted burial was found, by repeated discoveries, to have been the prevalent custom for many centuries, and it was only in the cemeteries of the eighth dynasty that extended burials were first found.

It was in this characteristic position that the most valued find of the first year was disclosed. At Nagad-Der, the body of a woman evidently of high social standing was unearthed. About her neck was found a long, heavy necklace of gold, ruby and carnelian beads. This treasure was more costly than any heretofore found by the expedition. The tomb was one of the few which had escaped being plundered. In it,

also, was a well-preserved inscription which showed that the body had been buried in the reign of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty. A number of pieces of pottery lay near the body, besides a few alabaster jars, all lying in their original positions, having been there undisturbed for almost six thousand years.

In the oldest tombs discovered clay pottery similar to this and stone jars were found. From that time, throughout the history of Egypt the custom of burying with the deceased many treasures and of pottery seems to have been observed. No grave was too humble for at least a few crude pieces of pottery, and no undisturbed grave was found to be without them. It was often by means of this pottery found in the tomb that the date of the burial could be ascertained when no inscription was found. For the evolution of pottery could be traced by a comparison of the specimens found, and a comparison showed the modifications in shape and style, due to the greater skill and better workmanship that later years produced. By an inverse process of reasoning, the relative dates of the tombs themselves could be approximated from this same comparison of the pottery found in them.

The modifications produced in the pottery give an insight into the history of the early dynasties. As an example of this, it was seen and proved from a rather sudden change in the nature of pottery that the potter's wheel was invented and used during the sixth dynasty, about 2800 B. C. Especially were these discoveries valuable when the jars bore inscriptions. No better instance of the importance of seemingly small particulars could be mentioned than that of an elaborate ala-



Der-el-Ballas a month after excavations were begun.



Cemetery of Naga-ed-Der.

baster jar found in a tomb of the sixth dynasty in the cemetery at Naga-ed-Der. Upon it, besides the name of the man buried there, was the inscription, "I bring thee, King Theti, all manner of incense." Shown thus by this inscription, no further proof was necessary that incense and spices were to be found in Egypt as early as the sixth dynasty, of which Theti was the first king, thus presupposing still earlier commercial relations with other lands; for spices and incense have never been produced on Egyptian soil, but were imported from the Far East. The supposition has been corroborated by other discoveries.

It was in these cemeteries at Naga-ed-Der, cemeteries which extended with almost unbroken continuity from prehistoric times to the present century that most of the work of the expedition has been done, and here several discoveries of the greatest importance have been made. In one of the tombs of the first dynasty was a stone jar which contained sixteen black seal cylinders. Only broken fragments of cylinders of so early a date had ever been found before, so this discovery had a two-fold value—it removed all doubt about the existence and rather general use of writing at that time, and as these cylinders constituted what might now be called the books of a prosperous business firm, it gave a new view of business conditions and possibilities in Egypt during the first dynasty.

In two very distinctive features the

methods of this expedition have differed from those of any other which has excavated in Egypt. Instead of throwing the debris from one tomb into some adjoining section Dr. Reisner had everything of this nature hauled to the edge of the cemetery and dumped there. Thus the entire field of operations was left clear, so that the plan of the whole cemetery could be made, either by photography or by drawing, with far more accuracy than would have been possible in fitting together outlines of different sections made whenever circumstances would permit. The systematic use of the camera was also an innovation upon previous methods, and one of vital importance. Heretofore all questions depending upon the position in which certain objects lay



An apartment tomb, with entrance blocked

depended for its answer entirely upon the account of how they appeared to the excavator. Very frequently this dependence upon one man's recollection has led to serious mistakes, for it is not an unheard-of occurrence for a man to think and to declare in good faith that he saw something which in reality was not at all as he thought. A photograph would instantly and unquestionably settle any such dispute, and thus in many cases assure some important conclusion.

This importance of having a positive proof for every assertion was fully realized by Dr. Reisner, and in this expedition each phase of every excavation was photographed and the plate developed and dried before work was resumed upon it. By this means the original position and condition of the various objects in each tomb can be shown now with perfect accuracy. The collection of photographs of this expedition now includes about five thousand views, unequaled in importance by any other collection of Egyptological photographs in the world.

It was largely by means of these that it was possible to disprove the idea of "beheaded burials." Nearly all excavators in Egyptian cemeteries have found some bodies with the heads severed from them and lying at the side; and from these discoveries the theory had arisen that there had at one time been a regular custom of beheading the body before burial. Dr. Reisner claims that this condition was the work of robbers who rifled the richest tombs. For plunderers might find it easier



A tomb 6,000 years old.

to get possession of the necklaces found on a body by cutting off the head. That this was often the case there can be no doubt, for in many of these so-called "beheaded burials," the skulls have been found at some distance from their natural places, in tombs which showed many other signs of having been broken into. And wherever this condition has been found, there have been some other indications of plundering.

But from the point of view of the Egyptologist, the greatest achievement of this expedition was the proof, verified throughout by discoveries, that the inhabitants of Egypt in prehistoric times were Egyptians, and not Phoenicians, as had previously been supposed. This conclusion was borne out by an ana-



Most Trusted Egyptian Overseers of the 280 Workmen.

tomical comparison of bodies of recent and of prehistoric interment. Both at Der-el-Ballas and at Nagged-Der, burials were found of a time earlier than the first dynasty, and in bodies of all these periods the same anatomical features were noted. There are four peculiarities of bone structure, characteristic of Egyptians of to-day, but found in no other race—a distinctive formation of the top of the skull, a perforation of the humerus, a niched knee-cap, and an irregular shape of the shin bone and of the bones of the heel. All of these peculiarities were found in the prehistoric burials whenever the bones were in a sufficiently good state of preservation to bear examination; and from that early time the family tree of the Egyptian has grown straight. Embalming began

to be practiced generally in the eighth and ninth dynasties, and in the mummies in which even the color of the hair and beard could be seen, these same peculiarities were found, so that the direct lineal descent of the modern Egyptian cannot longer continue to be a matter of doubt.

The scope of the University of California Expedition has thus expanded to include all phases of Egyptology, and the expedition is yet far from having reached the end of its work in Egypt. It is probable that other discoveries as valuable as those already made will yet be found, and these will enrich science, redound to the credit of the expedition and its conductors, and through them to the honor of the University of California.



ON THE SANDS.

BY ANNIE WILSON.

Where crisp winds blow and white sands lie,
We watched the crested waves roll high ;
Our little lad cried in accents grave :
"Don't break till you reach the shore, dear wave—
Don't break till you reach the shore!"

But tides must ebb and tides must flow ;
The foam-capped waves majestic grow—
Then creeping soft o'er the shining sand
They kiss the little bare feet that stand
With gleeful trust on the shore.

When high the tides of Sorrow roll,
If we but stand with steadfast soul,
The Unseen Hand in infinite power
Will cause tumultuous waves to cover
And break at our feet on the shore.

PRE-HISTORIC
ROCK PAINTINGS
Etchings and Pictographs in
California, Arizona and
New Mexico.

By
Newton H. Chittenden

Explorer under commission of the Dominion of
Canada and with Colonel Jordan's Sioux Indians

Under commission for various exploring expeditions, Mr. Chittenden has thoroughly investigated the primitive forms of rock paintings of North American Indians, and what he tells in this article shows the similarity of ancient peoples of this continent with those of the Old World. One of the curious discoveries he made in Alaska was an engraving upon an Esquimaux drill that appeared to represent the return of a polar expedition, the dogs drawing the sleds being shown as so exhausted that the natives were helping them on, while friends stood in attitudes of welcome to receive them. Thus the hunters in the North and the agriculturists in the South of this continent left traces of themselves, as have the Egyptians along the Nile.

SOON after my arrival at Santa Barbara, California, my attention was called to the strange paintings upon the sheltering rocks in the Santa Ynez range of mountains. Since then I have devoted the greater portion of the last three years to archaeological and ethnological research in California, Old Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico and the lower Mississippi Valley for that purpose traversing that region with pack burros from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, over 3,800 miles a-foot. During the year 1897 I was principally engaged in visiting the present Indian tribes, the Serranos, Cahuillas, Yumas, Pigeons and Cocopahs inhabiting Southern California, and the desert portion of old Mexico lying between the San Pedro Mountains, Colorado River, and extending southward to the Gulf of California.

Upon my arrival in San Bernardino, Dr. Barton, the venerable pioneer of the Santa Ana Valley, informed me that a survivor of the so-called lost tribe of Catalina Island was still living somewhere along the base of the San Bernardino range of mountains. After more than a month's diligent search, my efforts were rewarded. I discovered that the little isolated whitewashed adobe hut on the western foothills

now overlooking the beautiful semitropic land of the Santa Anna, was the home of the Perfecto. He received me in a most friendly manner, and being intelligent and communicative, proved an interesting and valuable source of information concerning his race.

It was he who told me of the remarkable painted rocks, covered with strange drawings, executed so long ago that the present generation of Indians had no knowledge of their meaning.

Accompanied by Walter Cole, a very intelligent and enthusiastic young student, on horseback, leading a little burro, for the transportation of our supplies, we started for the San Jacinto range of mountains to locate the curious rock drawings of primitive Americans.

Climbing a steep mountain trail for twenty miles, we reached the situation the following day. It was an ideal summer resort, high up among the pines, living springs, and nutritious nuts, plants, roots and berries. There were several long-abandoned camps with rock mortars and broken milling stones, in evidence of their occupation. It was soon apparent to me, however, that their more permanent habitations, especially during the winter months, were lower down among the remark-

Prehistoric rock engravings etchings and pictographs
 Copied from the original on red sand stone walls of an Arroyo
 about 1/2 miles north of the Pila river Arizona and 12 1/2 miles
 from its mouth by Chittenden 15th February 1898



able volcanic mountain islands, which rise six or eight hundred feet in the midst of the plains of San Jacinto, and that there we should find their most extensive rock paintings. Our expectations were fully realized. Within three days we discovered six ancient village sites, hundreds of deep room granite ledge mortars, and many painted rocks, several of which were sufficiently legible for copying. Water, rock drawings and milling mortars were without exception in close proximity. All of them occupied such conspicuous positions as to strongly suggest that the chief purpose they were designed to serve was to indicate the location of springs and show the right of discovery generally recognized by the native tribes, vested in the members thereof having their most permanent habitation by them. Water upon those dry plains, especially in summer time, was the most important consideration for the establishment of a camp.

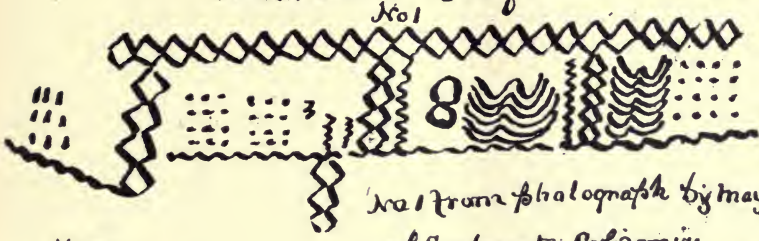
One of the drawings was painted upon the face of a ledge some thirty feet above a spring. It was about 40 inches long and 30 inches wide, and plainly visible from the trail over 400 feet distant. Its execution, owing to the narrow foothold below, involved a considerable effort, on the part of the native artist, indicating that it served an important purpose.

Having completed my investigations on the Southern Pacific Coast I crossed the Colorado river into Arizona at Yuma, and following up the Valley of the Gila River about one hundred and twenty-five miles, I devoted several days to the examination of a very remarkable pre-Columbian fortress, and copying from a large number of rock engravings, discovered about five miles distant therefrom. They had been cut and picked upon the walls of an arroyo, eroded from ten to thirty feet through a great strata of rare red sandstone, and others had been edge-d upon the surface of the over-

hanging rocks above. I am very much indebted to Mr. Spencer, a most intelligent, hospitable and vigorous pioneer settler of that still wild valley, who, although nearly 80 years of age, after I had unsuccessfully searched along the river for a day endeavoring to find a place shallow enough for a loaded pack-burro, carried me over the swift-running Gila with a powerful horse, and with the spirit and enthusiasm of a youth of twenty, joined me for hours in examining the many evidences afforded of the occupation of that region for centuries by populous house-building, irrigating agriculturists.

The marked contrast between the figures employed by the aborigines of the Coast and interior, the absence from the former of representations of animals, so much introduced into the latter, indicates that they were made by races of separate origin and culture. The figures from 1 to 40, excepting two, were copied from hundreds covering more than five hundred square feet of both walls of the arroyo. Considerable numbers, although originally deeply cut into the rock, had been eroded by the elements until they could no longer be accurately traced. That, taken in their entirety, they presented any connected history of the people who made them, is extremely improbable, but they show unmistakable evidence of the workmanship of two different races. There were no horses available by man in the New World until brought over from Europe by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century, and those shown with their riders, one among the arroyo wall pictographs, and the others etched upon the surface of a great overhanging rock shelter, hundreds of feet above, were made by the present historical Indians. In other respects, also, the tribes show their separate origin. Camping for ten days with the Yuma Indians on the Colorado river, I copied from their foreheads and bodies the tattoo

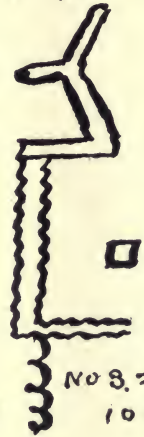
Prehistoric Painted Rocks in San Jacinto
Mountains California



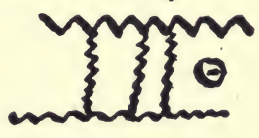
No 1 from photograph by May
of San Jacinto California



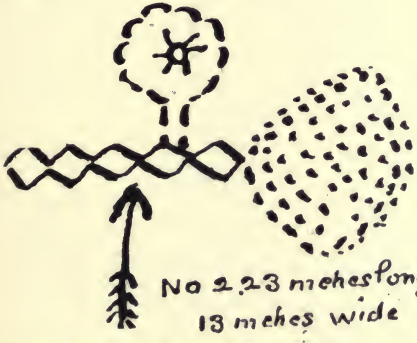
No 2



No 3

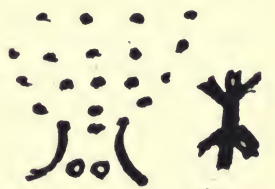


No 4



No 2, 23 mehes long
13 mehes wide

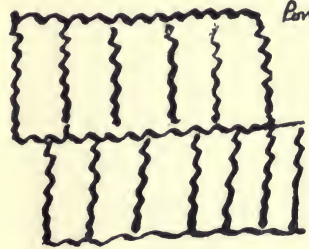
No 3, 20 mehes long
10 inches wide



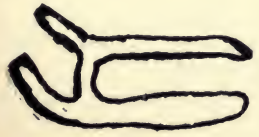
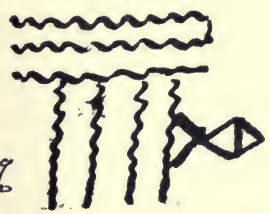
No 4, 22 mehes
long x 16 inches
wide



No 5



No 5, 40 mehes long
32 inches wide



No 5, 234 and 5 copied from original
paintings upon Rocks in San Jacinto
Mountains California by Chittenden

marks in the illustration. A close correspondence will be observed between Nos. 4, 7 and 24, and some of those copied from the red sand stone walls of the arroyo and the malapai rocks. That most of the others are so dissimilar supports the conclusion expressed. An intelligent Yuma Indian told me that his forehead tattoo-mark, identical with No. 6, copied from the red sandstone, had descended from his ancestors, and that they originated in honorary titles bestowed upon their braves distinguished for exploits in warfare. That they contain no representations of extinct animals may be regarded as evidence that they were made not many centuries ago. The absence of domestic animals from these pictographic etchings indicates that the most ancient settlers of Arizona and New Mexico did not possess them. During my explorations, however, in the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers in Colorado and Arizona during the years 1888 and 1889, I found in Maneis Canyon, Colorado, a cliff shelter apparently occupied by domestic fowl, probably turkeys. The general introduction into such engraving and etching of so many characters not in use by the historical Indians, seems to warrant the conclusion that their ancestors were not the authors thereof.

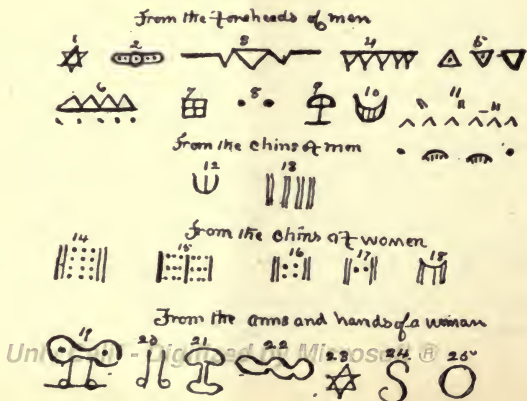
That there should be a similarity in those signs, symbols and drawings, covered from nature, appearing in like form to man everywhere upon the earth, as the sun, moon and

stars, earth and the heavens, mountains, whirlwinds and lightning, the figures of man and other vividly distributed animals, is expected, but that certain other geometric characters and signs should be found in use by peoples speaking different languages, dwelling in widely separated portions of the earth, suggests that at a very early period of human progress they came to be recognized as possessing a meaning no other sign could well express. The Swastika cross of benediction and good will, shown in Nos. 11, 15 and 17, copied from the red sandstone of Arizona, appears in the hieroglyphic inscriptions and decorative designs of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Scandinavians, Chinese and North American Indians.

I copied from a tablet found in the Valley of the Euphrates, and believed to have been used by a Babylonian conqueror thousands of years ago, the three drawings shown by Nos. 18, 22 and 26 from those near Deming, New Mexico, of the volcanic rock etchings south of Phoenix, Arizona.

On a slab discovered near Sydney, Scotland, appears the same circles and concentric rings, represented by Nos. 5 and 14 in the second group of Arizona rock etchings.

The true story of the origin of those signs and symbols thus used, their full meaning, and the order of their adoption by the different tribes and nations of mankind yet remains to be told.





Passing of The Dance.

Mr. W. E. Rollins, an artist of San Francisco, had spent much time among the Crow Indians, gathering material for his pictures. He has supplied the Overland Monthly with this article on the Indian Ceremonial Dances as they are seen at the present day, on the occasions when the Government regulations allow of their being held. The gradual disuse of the ceremonies is marking the passing of the last vestiges of national life among the aboriginal tribes.

THE search for Indian lore and tradition led me, not long since, to visit the Crow reservation, situated in the southern part of Montana. During the latter part of my long sojourn I had the pleasure of attending a ceremonial dance given by the Crow Indians to the visiting tribes. Knowing that these festivals rarely occur, owing to the hostile attitude those in authority hold towards Indian celebrations, I was glad of the opportunity of witnessing this dance, which might not be given again in a long

time. It was therefore with keen anticipation that I started from the agency with a party bound for the scene of the ceremony.

After riding rapidly for some miles we drew rein in a large flat clearing, hemmed in by trees on the river front, and rugged hills on the east, and admirably situated for Indian pow-wows and dances. The Crows had recently erected a large dance tepee and were in full preparation for an evening's entertainment. Just outside of the clearing were the temporary lodges of the participants

and their families, a strange good natured mixture of ponies, dogs and children.

The smoke of the fires, waving and beckoning, blended harmoniously with the sombre tints of peaceful night. Gathered about the dancing, flickering light, sat the older members of the tribe, who, by their attitude, felt the weight of time and loss of tribal individuality. In front of the dance tepee, now

a surging mass of beings, adorned with an array of bewildering color, is seen. Blues, reds, yellows and their complimentaries, were scattered promiscuously about. The air was heavily laden with the perfume of sweet-scented grasses, and seated upon robes and mats were the spectators and the participants.

Some little time was consumed with preliminary details, when the attention was directed by the mys-



AN-ABSAROKEE.

W. E. Rollins.

brightly illuminated, were assembled a party of visiting Sioux and Cheyennes. Their chants and clamorous invocations, rendered in the shadowy darkness, awakened in the mind of the spectator a desire to live in the fanciful vision of an irrevocable past. This strange ceremony was a fitting prelude to the dance. On this occasion the different tribes met, and observed, in the seeming festivities, a stern religious rite. On entering the tepee

tery, or medicine man, the seer of the tribe, who walked with slow, solemn steps to the arena and looking around upon his followers, lifted his voice and said:

"My sons, hear me," and the voice grew mellow. "Many moons have I lived among you in the land of your fathers who were long since gathered to the happy hunting grounds—a land where the deer and buffalo graze beside the quiet waters, and where grows the good

medicine. In the lonely vales and mountain passes, long have I fasted and kept vigil, learning wisdom for my people in their distress. The Great Spirit of Light has retreated to his Western lodge, and the presence of the black spirit has crept out of the East and is about us. Be not afraid, my sons; good medicine is with us, and the tribes are now our friends and will join in supplication. Wakon-da, the Mighty, will preserve the peace and comfort of the children who weep beside the rivers of a lost land."

The speaker retired amid profound silence, which settled like a pall upon the multitude and remained for a time unbroken. Presently the beating of the drums, accompanied by the voices of the musicians in low and plaintive tones, awakened the people to the realization of the final exercises.

The tones of the musicians were further echoed by a number of women selected for the purpose, who took up the strain, chanting a chorus to a warrior who had entered the arena, proud of mein and with his headpiece adorned with a waving plume. With slow and rhythmic steps he circled the ring, chanting and swaying in perfect time to the beat of the drum a Calumet or peace pipe song. The significance awoke the people to the singing of a choral which referred to the peace given to the fathers in ancient days, and a prayer for peace to follow the children here. Many times the dancers circled the ring with rhythm of motion and melody of song. The beat and din of the drums continued to grow faster and louder; the song of the musicians keener, and the chorus of the women shriller. The echoes of the Calumet or peace song scarcely died away when, from the remote corners, came forth the dancers dressed in all their paraphernalia, many semi-nude and painted in various colors, some grotesque and even savage in the

arrangement of line and color, others wearing the familiar war bonnet and shirt. With song, wild, clamorous invocation and shuffle of busy feet, on they came, and soon the arena was filled with a throng of ejaculating figures. Their bodies expressed, by different attitudes, the trail of the deer, the slaying of the buffalo or scalping of the enemy.

The clamor and song increased with the music. Rattles were shaken, spears waved, and firearms brandished. Then the songs changed to yelping and the steps to the most violent jumps, contortions, wild leaps and thrusts. Their faces, full of grimaces, expressed the ferociousness and cunning of the savage; eyes rolled and glared; teeth snapped with fiendish leers; breath came through their inflated nostrils; the very hiss and death of battle was in



the air. With unabated zeal the dancers continued their movements until by force of sheer exhaustion they reeled from the ring, while others standing near took their vacant places, and performed the same ceremony until they, too, fell from exhaustion. Thus was ushered

women take part except in the ceremony of the Owl Dance. On that occasion, each warrior without much ado selected a woman, and all forming a ring together, they danced, keeping time to the monotonous beat of the drums. The men and women who led the dance and took



A GROUP OF DANCERS.

in the dance of the tribes—the last great dance.

The dread and darkness of night faded away; the stars grew faint with the dawning of a new day, and still they danced regardless of fatigue. Good medicine is with them.

In all the different numbers danced, in which old customs and traditions were revived, did the

part in many of the mysteries of the ceremony felt the doom and loss of tribal power. They showed that they felt themselves to be overtaken in the land of their fathers by strange and incomprehensible conditions. For it is true that no longer is heard the careless chant and beat of the tom-tom in the lodges which lined the quiet reaches of the river in the

days which are no more.

The principal and most valued amusement of the tribes in the olden times was the dance, inasmuch as it entered into their forms of worship and mode of appealing to the Great Spirit.

On those occasions the dances were held in the open under the blue of heaven. Now they are directed and dictated by stern methods of

aliens, and with mute resignation, the people accept the inevitable. One by one they go to their last, long sleep, and the mourner on yonder hill, prostrate before the grave of her brave, cries to the Great Spirit:

"Father have pity on me. I am weeping from hunger of thy consoling spirit. There is nothing here to satisfy me, for the fires grow cold and the dances fail."

IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

BY FRED ADIN BENNETT.

With coats as brown as a lion has
 Are Goat, and Angel, and Alcatraz—
 Pancho's cubs. They're bluff and bold,
 And known of men since the days of old,
 When the Gate swung wide to admit the tide
 Of men who had heard the story told
 Of gold, gold, gold.

The ships that come and the ships that go,
 The tides that ebb and the tides that flow,
 Pass the brown cubs. Across the stream
 The heights of San Francisco gleam
 An answer bright to the harbor light—
 And the channel isles are dark and cold.

Three grim guards at the city's feet,
 Where ocean tides and the rivers meet,
 Are Pancho's cubs. Since Drake first came
 The harbor isles have been the same
 Sentinels bold, like the knights of old,
 Guarding the paths to the hills of gold.

Much—how much!—have the cubs seen pass.
 In bar and nugget, in pouch and mass,
 Since the Argonauts came thro' the Golden Gate,
 Careless of danger, reckless of fate,
 How much have the cubs seen pass?
 How much gold since the days of old
 Have Pancho's cubs seen pass?
 When the Gate swung wide to admit the tide
 Of gold, gold, gold.

Fourth of July at Klamath Reservation

By JULIA F. A. FRATHER

FOR many years, the Klamath and Modoc Indians, together with a few of the Piutes, Shasta, and Pitt River tribes, have had two great celebrations yearly—Christmas and the Fourth of July; the latter, being the more important, claims the undivided attention of the majority of the Indians on the

near the Old Fort, now abandoned. We were muffled to the eyes in rugs, for the weather was bitter cold, and the "oldest inhabitant" informed us that it had snowed there once at that season of the year, and he believed it would do it again. A sharp climb brought us to the pines, where the road stretched away, smooth and



Klamath Reservation, Spring Creek.

Reservation. These red men love a pageant or re-union of any description, and funeral, Yule Tide, horse race, or Independence Day seems equally acceptable, so the season brings them leisure and a feast.

It was with the intention of witnessing one of these festivals that we left Klamath Falls in our camping wagon early on the morning of the second of July for a thirty-eight mile drive to their camping ground

well-traveled, for eight or ten miles through the timber.

Emerging from the pines, a scene of infinite beauty greeted us, of velvet marshes, bronze-tinted, and the deep green of the tules stretching far away to the blue waters of Upper Klamath Lake. Presently we reached its border, to drive through miles of lane, sweet with the fragrance of wild roses and shaded by overhanging bows of willow. Oc-



The visitor to the Reservation.

casual gaps on our right showed fields of Indian pinks, crepe myrtle, wild larkspur and other brilliant flowers, and through the openings, one turn of the head disclosed Mt. Pitt, snow-covered, in the near distance, majestic Shasta far away towering above the purple blue mountains, while Modoc Point rose before us, black, rugged and forbidding. As we paused to admire, a bald eagle soared slowly above us, adding to the grandeur of the panorama.

Rounding the base of Modoc Point, we were shown the route of the first emigrants along its rocky crest, a way seemingly impassable, and we were lost in admiration of those sturdy, persevering men who penetrated there in early days, often only to lose their lives at the hand of some ambushed savage. The Indians about that country were particularly belligerent toward the whites at that period. They have always entertained a great love for

the Lost River country, and the regions about the Lakes. They fought desperately to preserve them, both from their Indian foes and the pale faces. The Link River is sacred ground to them; their God, "Ka-moo-kum-chux," had left his gigantic footprints on the rocks on the river-bed, and when the water ran low he himself could be seen, a colossal image in stone reclining in the stream, and it was their custom to gather there at certain seasons for religious ceremonies.

There is an interesting point in connection with their ancient belief. Their old religion followed the lines of the New Testament closely; their God, "Ka-moo-kum-chux," his son, "Isees" (peace maker), a Garden of Eden, miracles, preaching and the resurrection of Isees, with his promise to return to earth, combine to convince one that missionaries must have sown the seeds of their faith among them at some remote period. But after the son is killed, the mother buries him by covering him with stones. The custom of bury-



Basket sellers.

ing the dead in this manner was practiced by the Indians in the stone age. Near this reservation, such skeletons are found in large numbers, piled about with stones, some still in sitting posture accompanied only by shell money, stone pipes and obsidian knives. Can their belief antedate ours, and be handed down from that remote period?

Leaving Modoc Point, a beautifully fertile region stretched before us. There are many such in the area of forty or fifty square miles included

We crossed the Williamson river, a wide stream teeming with trout, and after a short drive through the sage brush, entered the Wood River region, a beautiful country with level well-kept roads winding through forests. A perfect paradise for Indians, one would say, but perhaps they are not very thankful to Uncle Sam and feel as we might—that they do not care to be deprived arbitrarily of their own, even to have something as good or better returned in its stead.



Captain Jack's Prison.

in the Klamath Reservation, but the farms have a dilapidated, unkempt look, many of the houses and barns left partially finished or abandoned, for, with few exceptions, the red man is a very poor farmer and his home and fields show little care or attention. We passed house after house left entirely deserted, for the greater portion of the population, with wagons, household furniture and dogs had moved to the camping grounds for the festivities and a fortnight's outing.

After a drive of thirty-eight miles we left Fort Klamath on our right—that old fort which is so closely interwoven with the early history of Oregon, where, nearly thirty years ago, Captain Jack and his associates were imprisoned and paid the penalty of their crimes. An eye witness of their execution tells a pathetic incident of Captain Jack during the last moments on the scaffold; as they were about to adjust the black cap, he begged a second's respite, and standing erect, took a long last



A future voter.

look over that beautiful country his people have loved and guarded for so many generations, and where, according to Klamath and Modoc traditions, their tribes had never been conquered until the white man overpowered them.

One half mile further on our destination was reached. The Wood River forms one of the boundaries of the Reservation, and we made camp a few yards from the water's edge, an ideal spot with stretches of meadow and willow on either bank, and an extremely picturesque bridge leading to the white man's side, for, with two exceptions, ours was the only alien tent within the Indian circle. One Indian only volunteered assistance in the work of making camp, though many comments and innumerable suggestions emanated from an idle group of on-lookers. Interest visibly increased as our oil stoves were placed and preparations begun for a meal. A semi-circle two or three deep was quickly formed about the cook. We

soon sat down to supper, and as darkness fell watched the kindling lights of hundreds of tiny bonfires as they showed one by one among the trees, the Indians in picturesque groups sitting very near them, for, as they say, "White man build big fire, sit way off, Injun build little fire, sit close to."

Comfortably ensconced between navajos, we laid down to rest, but the time was not come—there still remained an interval in which to marvel at the possibilities of the so-called dumb creation in the matter of noises, these forming a wave of sound that swept along, ever swelling in volume until it merged in a mighty roar at the opposite end of the camp. At last, grown accustomed to these sounds—they mingled, forming a unique lullaby—we slept. At daybreak our slumbers were disturbed by voices, the clatter of pans and the chopping of firewood. We awoke fully as one energetic worker, swinging his axe in rhythm, sang in lusty voices the following, each



The workers on the Reservation.

line being accentuated with a blow on the "lu":

Hallelujah, Thine the glory,
Hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah, Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

As it was raining and still very cold, we passed most of the day in the tent with stove and books, while the Indians busied themselves in preparation for the morrow.

Sunrise on the Fourth was "personally conducted" by the explosion of a species of infernal machine. The thing was composed of one anvil laid on another, the hole in the lower one packed with powder and touched off, making a noise of extraordinary volume. These explosions being repeated at short intervals and with great recklessness in the matter of ammunition, not a creature was left sleeping within a radius of several miles. The camp having been awak-



Indian school dumb-bell drill.

Nearly one thousand were encamped in the grove of trees, forming a circle around a natural open parade ground of some twelve or fifteen acres, level and covered with green sod. As they never leave anyone at home to take care of the helpless, the sick, the very young and the very old are all brought with them; and never in all the years that they have gathered has the death wail failed to rise among those pines sometimes several deaths occurring during the fortnight the majority remain.

ened en masse, was soon bustling. An Indian herald was heard in the distance, and as he came nearer a native told us he was proclaiming the programme for the day, and bidding all enjoy themselves and be happy. The grounds soon assumed a kaleidoscopic effect, as finery was taken from box and basket, for, if within the bounds of possibility, every Indian girl has something new for the occasion. White and the deep shades of pink predominated in the dresses, with generally a touch of vivid scarlet. The hats were gay

affairs of gauze and brilliant flowers, worn bravely despite the penetrating cold. One of these creations was offered me at a bargain by an old squaw, the courtesy evidently prompted by pity for a poverty that could afford nothing better than a sun-bonnet.

As we left our camp, we heard a low, monotonous chanting, the accompaniment to the great gambling game that was then in progress on the parade ground. A blanket was spread on the grass and on either end knelt four or five Indians. The outfit was composed of a large "wocus shaker" (flat basket) perhaps two feet in diameter, two mahogany sticks twelve inches long and two shorter and smaller in proportion. Each side in turn guessed at the relative positions of the long and the short sticks as they were placed under the basket by their opponents. Two men kept tally, each starting with an equal number of twigs stuck in the ground; when these were all transferred to one side, the game was concluded, the winners dividing the "pot." They will often gamble away ponies, blankets, saddles and any other possessions they may have, though this morning they were satisfied with very little in the "pool," asking for contributions from the bystanders, which resulted in a unique medley of firecrackers, cigar stumps, cherries, pocket knives, matches, nails, bits of chewing tobacco, occasional nickels, etc. As interest flagged one of our party threw in a string of bright beads. The effect was electrical, and the primitive love of gewgaws awakened for the moment. They played like mad for the necklace, during which time one of the tallymen decorated himself with it. At the conclusion of the game, the victors had the glory, but he had the beads, which he positively refused to deliver.

Intelligence was presently received of the approach of the pro-

cession, which advanced in silent dignity (the expected band having sent regrets.) It was composed of a large farm wagon, supplied with seats, draped with tricolored bunting and a wilderness of flags. The rigid Goddess of Liberty stood aloft, while school children covered the remaining available space on the float. "Citizens in carriages" followed, and the affair was escorted by a number of mounted Indian police in uniform, bearing the air of those whose ambition is satisfied even though Providence should never vouchsafe another equally glorious moment. After several turns about the parade grounds, the procession disbanded, and the crowd having been augmented by the arrival of hundreds of white people during the morning, gathered at the grand stand for the exercises of the day. These included an interesting speech from the Agent of the Reservation, Captain O. C. Applegate, and a refreshing of historical knowledge by the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

The school children, numbering over a hundred, then took their positions and went through a dumb-bell drill in a very creditable manner. The physiques of the younger generation show the result of this and other athletic training, but all the old squaws stooped badly, some being bent permanently double from the effect of heavy burdens borne in their earlier days. Every child on the Reservation is obliged to attend school for a period of years. The boys are taught the different branches of farming, the girls cooking, housekeeping and sewing. If a pupil runs away, he is forcibly returned by the police.

The afternoon at the camp was spent in wrestling, foot races, baseball, pony races, and so forth, each and all having whites and Indians as competitors (instead of making it a purely Indian affair), thereby losing for us its chief attraction. A

walk among the tents showed hundreds of inmates quiet and dignified, all seemingly at peace with their neighbors. Taciturn old squaws sat tailor fashion in the doors, weaving baskets, the younger ones, more sociable, gossiped in groups, while children rolled about the ground promiscuously. Among the more progressive, tables were covered with snowy cloths and set for the gala day with glass and decorated china, piles of light white bread, tempting preserves, vegetables, and in fact all the accompaniments of any prosperous white man's board.

There is a great prejudice against cameras among these people, but we succeeded in getting a number of good character pictures, the main interest being centered in the historic *Wi-ne-ma* or "Toby Riddle." Toby was obstinate and proved mercenary, but after a half hour's diligent work, much gum and many beads, her consent for a sitting was finally obtained. She was an interpreter and a prominent character in the Modoc war thirty years ago, three times jeopardizing her life to protect the white soldiers. It was she who warned General Canby of the impending treachery, imploring him not to attend the conference with her people that resulted in his death and that of Dr. Thomas by the Indians under Captain Jack.

As the day closed wood was piled in the open and preparations made for the evening's dances. A few of the old Indians decked themselves in coyote skins, feather capes, war bonnets and other gear, making themselves hideous with a copious amount of paint put on their faces. The majority, however, were dressed in ordinary "American fashion." They took their positions around the fire, moving in a circle, keeping step to the various wild and curious airs that were chanted. The circle gradually enlarging as other men and women were moved



"Dickkos" on the war-path.

to participate in the dance. Suddenly "Long Jim" leaped in next the blaze, darting hither and yon, his lithe body crouched, with head bent forward, seemingly listening, his face wearing such an alert, intense expression that for an instant the interested spectators caught their breath, feeling that once again he was watching and tracking an enemy. As unexpectedly as he came he slipped without the fire glow and fell prone on the ground, lying close and quiet as a quail. Soon after, "Dickkos" emerged from the surrounding gloom, speeding around outside the circle like a flash, then stopping abruptly. He was on the war path. One could see it in every line of his muscular body, his eyes glaring and nostrils dilated, he stood tramping, with bent knees and clenched fist thrust alternately forward in rhythm, meanwhile uttering a peculiar "chu-chu," like an engine expelling steam, until a frenzy having been reached, the scene culminated in a war whoop that caused

the chills to gather about one's spine.

On they danced through the night hours, the light from their fire flickering on our tent, and the weird chant sounding unceasingly in our ears until broad daylight. But alas for those who delight in the study of primitive man! The type is slipping rapidly away; and with the admixture of savagery and civilization one's harmony of thought is being constantly disturbed. For instance: An Indian posed like a figure of bronze, fish spear in hand, glides on the river; his attitude, his canoe, his occupation, satisfy both eye and mind; one feels that here, at least, is a being from a by-gone age. The awakening, however, is rude, when inquiry reveals the name of this picturesque "son of the forest" to be

Dennis O'Toole. A squaw regrets her inability to attend the festivities, as she is dressing in black for a year. The young women pile their hair in Psyche knots, donning conventional dresses, while their white-slipped feet follow the rhythm of the modern waltz. It is solely in the oldest Indians that traces of the aborigine remain; only with them live the customs, traditions and religion of their ancestors, and those weird, solemn chants, that in generations past always accompanied their games and their dances. Now only a few, like "Long Jim" and "Dick-kos," whose personal recollections antedate the times of peace, have power to stir our imagination or chill our blood with their war whoops. Soon these will pass, and the race cease to be.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

By PERCY F. BICKNELL

Her kindness, when of kindness sore our need,
 What tongue can tell?
 Her soothing accents, balm to hearts that bleed,
 Our tears dispel.
 Her very silence breathes a sympathy
 Deeper than any utterance can be,
 Our griefs to quell.

All that is highest, noblest, best in us,
 She looks to find;
 Aught else, aught base, she makes us emulous
 To cast behind;
 But when achievement lags far in the rear
 Of effort, woman, then, alas! we fear,
 Is all too kind.

When joy is ours, that joy were less than naught
 Without her smile;
 Hard-earned success, with sorest struggle bought,
 Were not worth while;
 And life itself, were she not here to share
 Its pleasures and its pains, its mirth and care
 Were drear exile.



Through The Desert to the Rajaima

BY
RAMARTYNE



AT Clifton, two men alighted from the Overland Flyer, stored their luggage at the little station and started out on a short cut of half a day or so, across a corner of the desert in order to meet more quickly Jack o' Lights from the Rajaima. The only extras they carried were a flask of water, a pocket case of cigars and matches.

Before them on the morning of the second day was a stretch of alkaline sand, yellow, with great splotches of white; pools of brackish composite, black and poisonous. Grotesque cactus monstrosities, the spiked arms were reaching out, reaching out to the desolate wastes imploringly; hideous things they were, chained to the barren earth, beaten upon by the scorching sun, and sand-laden winds, swaying their hugh limbs in agony of impotency.

Over yonder hills began to form against the brassy sky, hills of shifting sand, ever changing, unstable hills.

"Of no earthly account except to lose a body completely, if he happens to look away from 'em jest a second; nothing grows on 'em; That's no gold in 'em, an' sure, no water! Gold ain't nowhere, side of water now!"

"There's where you're right, Sam Jennings. Water's above par! No one could raise to what's it worth. I'd plank down my half of the Rajaima for a swig of it this instant.

Say, old boy, is that the same camel-back we were just looking at? It seems to me, now, more like a dromedary, two humps, you know. I'll be doggoned, the whole outline is changed!"

"That's so, boss, ther whole durned thing's turned around. Now, keep yer two eyes on thet dromedary, an' I'll get ther bearings of ther camel. Gosh all firelocks! Where is ther blasted hump of ther desert? Ther! ther! boss, look! The durned thing's changed inter a raizor-backed whale, an' is spouting sand like ther devil!"

"Spouting sand! Well, rather! Down on your face, man! Down quick, I say. Draw your hat over your head and face and hold it down tight. It's coming and will cut like a hail of glass driven by the furies."

"By gosh, it's on us, boss. Ther whole menagerie, backed up by a tarnal cyclone."

"Keep your mouth shut, Sam Jennings, or you'll get it filled with sand! Cover up your hands. Quick, man! God! I'm too late!"

The men's voices are silent. Bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness is a wall of hurtling alkaline sand and small stones, sweeping the floor of the desert clean, excepting only the gigantic cactus, and carrying on the debris to form new outlines, new shifting landmarks. Like the rushing of a hail-storm before a furious wind it came, and passed.



Sam sank down his head upon the still form.

Several moments elapsed before either of the men raised his head. Then Sam gradually propped himself on his elbow and looked around.

"I'll be gol-durned if that wasn't er corker! I've sperenced lots of suddent things, but never anything so onery quick as thet move! Thet old camel had it up his sleeve, sure. I say, boss, are ye alive? Ther durned thing's gone by now, so ye are safe ter look about. You'd never know ther place, it's been righted up so. Gosh, but you're most out of sight, boss!"

Sam got up slowly, shook the sand from his clothes, and looked at the rounded hummock near his feet. Just the edge of a brown sombrero and a pair of boot-heels visible. The whole form was lying still as the dead, wrapped in its shroud. A terrible fear crept into Sam's heart.

"God! Why don't he move! Why don't he move!" Sam fell upon his knees; with trembling hands he flung away the sand, and seizing his inert comrade by the shoulder, dragged him over. He was unconscious. Poor Hal Valsted! He had indeed been too late. In his anxiety for his companion, he had not protected himself quickly enough. The sand and stones had worked their will. Over his right temple was a terrible bruise, and his eyes were cut and bleeding and incrustated with sand and alkali.

"Oh, God! what shall I do? Curses on this cused place. Not a drop of water anywhere; not a damned drop. God Almighty! What shall I do. In this devil's own country, what shall I do?"

The gigantic cactus stretched exploring, sand-burdened arms toward him, striving dumbly, ever striving, chained to the bitter earth. Its feet manacled, its arms alone free to warn or implore, but so few could understand, so few could understand the dumb message it sought so strenuously to convey. There seemed to be no good in this ugly

shrub of the desert for man or beast, yet it attracted Sam's attention. He gazed at it absently, trying to recall something in connection. Then suddenly he sprang up and ran to the tree. Drawing his pocket knife he ripped through the tough, spiky skin, and drew out the moist pith. With this he hastened back, and raising his companion's head upon his knee, applied the pith to his brow and eyes, binding it on with his handkerchief. Then he unfastened the clothing and rubbed over the heart and the chest vigorously.

"Maybe it's jest as well he never comes to. God! maybe you'd better take him now. Take him where he won't suffer any more. He'll be blind. God! You know he'll be most stone blind. What had he done to be tormented this way? He didn't deserve punishment, God! He was the whitest man ye ever made, and he had so much ter live for. Why did ye make him so tall and handsome, an' give him such honest, square eyes, an' then put 'em out like this? So much he had ter hope for, God! an' now all's blasted worse than hell. If he's comin' to, now, what shall I say ter him! What shall I? An' he'll beg for water, an' oh, the agony of his poor eyes! What can I say ter him, God? After all this, you might give me a sense of what ter say ter him!"

Despite every effort it was fully half an hour before there was the least movement on Valstead's part. Then he struggled feebly to rise. Getting up on his knees, he cried out hoarsely: "Water! Water, I tell you, to wash this grit out of my mouth. Why did you down me, fool, and fill my eyes with sand? You got me unawares, you scoundrel! Get out! You're not the man I took you for. Go, now! Go your way, and I'll go mine. I'll have no more of you!"

"Oh, God! Don't yer know it's Sam? Sam Jennings, boss? It was



Sam looked at the sand-shrouded figure.

the sandstorm thet knocked yer senseless an' cut yer poor eyes! Sure it was, boss! I bound 'em up with strips of cactus, an' they'll soon be better. Don't fret, boss. They'll soon be all right. Let me help yer up. Now, yer jest hold on ter Sam, boss, an' we'll get on all right, sure we will."

Sam's arm was violently struck down. "Get away from me, you viper! Get away, or I shall kill you. You've blinded me with that damnable stuff, and now I say begone! Hands off! I'll go alone, and don't you dare trail me, or I'll strangle you."

"Oh, God! don't let him go on in this way. I can't leave ye, boss. Ye've always trusted Sam. Don't you know? Ye've always trusted Sam Jennings, an' yer ain't going back on him now. We've had many a hard pull together, boss, an' we'll pull through this 'ere hole all right. An' Sam won't go back on ye 'less yer do kill him, an' then maybe God would let Sam's spirit lead yer out of this tight place. If I was sure he would, boss, I'd put myself in ther way of getting killed mighty quick. But I'll be durned if I'm sure of anything."

While Sam is pleading his companion has gotten to his feet and is staggering unsteadily away. Soon he commences to run frantically and Sam finds it difficult to keep up with him. For a long time the two race over the desert, the crazed man in the lead, heading with unseeing eyes directly for a great mound of sand, now about half a mile distant.

"I must head him off before he bumps inter that! I must! I must!" panted Sam. "Make me ter run faster, God! Help me out this time if never again! ye know I'd go ter hell ter save him! sure I would!"

This frantic appeal was of no avail. With increasing swiftness Valstead ran, only his shadow lengthening on the sand kept pace

with him.

In an agony of fear Sam sees him meet the obstruction, sees him thrown violently backward to the ground, and, oh, God, he does not attempt to rise!

Sam reached the still form and sat down beside it in utter despair.

"Oh, God!" he groaned. "What next are yer going ter do to us?"

His face had the hard-pressed look of a hunted animal at the death. His heart was hot with rebellion. He raised clenched hands and curses surged to his tongue, but were not uttered. His hands fell heavily. A light of conviction spread over his haggard features. He almost shouted in his joy of escape from cursing God outright. Shouted the knowledge that came so convincingly.

"I'll be damned if it ain't the devil's own work. Fool that I am. Fool, not ter know it wern't God at all doing this thing, but the devil himself. God, yer must fergive me! I'm a blamed fool at knowing things.

"The devil's own game, an' he holds a full hand, by gosh! But I'll get ther boss outen this hell-hole in spite of ye, yer old horn-headed, cloven-hoofed fool. Durned if I don't.

"Can't yer rouse up again, boss? Oh, God, if ther was only a show fer us! But ther ain't a durned thing. Jest a little chance, an' I could fight it out fer him. It's getting cooled off a bit. That's one thing. Ther sun's climbing down an' I can work, work all night, but I'll cinch the devil, and get the boss out of this. As long as his heart beats a little, I'll hope, God, to get him out. What is that I see! What's thet over yonder! God, it's green! Ther sun just lights 'er up! a splash of green! Thet means water! water! Boss, can't yer hear? Ther's water, an' I'll drag yer to it, if it's forty miles. Get behind me, Satan! I'm going ter do it in spite of ye!"

Sam firmly grips Valsted by the shoulders and drags him along, stepping backward, but with anxious face turned often towards the bit of green. For a time, a weary struggling time. Then he stops, and taking off his coat, tears it into strips. Tying these together he makes a sort of harness, lacing it across under Valsted's arms and head, and takes up the two ends over his shoulders and bending to his burden, goes on and on the seemingly interminable way to the desert's oasis. He is facing it now, and it comforts and strengthens him. Around the base of the mound and over another stretch of level sand, and plainly visible in the distance it lies, that square of cool, tender green. There are no trees or other verdure, but the grass.

"Jest some rocks ter prop up ther sand, an' ther cold blessed water jest bubbling right out from under 'em an' making a mat of green all about 'em. That's what it is. Gosh, I must get there with him! God, don't let me drop till I get there with him! For Christ's sake, don't!"

Slowly, ah, so slowly, they niched along, until at last Sam Jennings brought his comrade to the coveted mat of grass, dragged him on it, and sank down with his head upon the unconscious man's breast.

* * * *

"It's mighty strange where those fellows can be. This is the third day I've waited. Short cut, indeed! That's what the station man said, Gus. They started out to cut across? Well, I vim! and I did give them credit for horse sense. I wouldn't try it myself without a guide, and I know as much about that desert as most any man round here. There comes Perkins! he's a rustler. Just look at that broncho get over the ground. Hello, there! Which way did you send them scouts, Perkins? Quick, man, speak! I can't stand here all night

till ye get your breath. Did you think of the spring? That's way out, but it may be they're there."

"They ain't there, Jack o' Lights. They're nearer here by ten miles, old man."

"Good! Then you've found them, Perkins! Where are they? And how did ye find them. Speak! Why don't you answer me?"

"Yes, we found 'em by ther spring laying side by side like babes in ther woods, an' like ther same babes they couldn't talk, boss, 'cause they didn't know anything, neither on 'em. Jennings came to first, an' Valsted, I hate durned bad to tell ye about him, poor chap."

"Out with it, Perkins. I can stand it if he can. Jennings would take care of him, you know that. He's alive if Jennings is. I'll wager Sam would give his heart's blood for Valsted."

"That's a sure thing, Jack o' Lights. I'll gamble we'd all do that, but it ain't a case of life an' death. It's eyes, boss—cut up something terrible, and he's crazy as a loon. Sam was too gone under to say much, and we didn't urge him. We jest doctored 'em both up a bit, an' packed 'em on the horses back of the men, and started out sort of easy. It'll be slow work, boss. They'll have to stop often and rest, an' eat. We have ter go gradual with 'em, they're so fagged out."

"You mean you found them starved and blind and crazy—that's their condition, and we stand here talking. Here you, Jim, run up to Jake's and tell him to put some wine and food in the saddle bags, and make ready two bunks. Then you lead my horse here, and another for Perkins. The bronchos can rest. Tell Jake to send a man over to the Corners for Doct' Gates. Come on, now, Perkins, come on. How many miles do you say they are?"

"About twenty, I reckon, boss. We'll get 'em in 'fore morning. Ther moon's that 'commodating ther'll be

no trouble in seeing ther way."

Out into the moon-lit night rode Jack o' Lights, closely followed by Trusty Perkins, flinging the distance behind them in long, swinging lopes. As the sun rose behind the range of gold invested mountains, a little cavalcade—heroes every one—drew up before Jake's. The sand storm was over, the desert past, but the shifting sands had set a mark upon the faces of two of its escaped victims that would go with them through life.

M'SIEU' QUELQ'UN

By E. K. STEWART

Bridge to Bel-Isle after Mass!
 There a girl has but to choose,—
 Brave hussar and gay cuirasse,
 Stroll when tout le mond s'amuse;
 Marie, Jeanne and plump Lizette,
 Arm in arm go mincing by,—
 Merci, theres' no hurry yet,
 They will choose them prudently.

Melie, knitting in the sun,
 Of the broken stick no fear?
 Lance nor Zouave wilt thou none?
 Tiens! one whispers in the ear,—
 M'sieu' Quelq'un, M'sieu' Quelq'un,
 Some fine lad she broods upon;
 Bien, her cake is dough should he
 Keep her heart but carelessly!

Marie, Jeanne and fat Lizette,—
 Ai de mie, the tale is old!
 Cares and babies, dull regret,
 Blows for kisses, tarnished gold.
 "Eh! but such is life," they say,
 "Bend the back, no one's to blame,—
 With the best we had our day;
 Men, in truth, are all the same."

Melie, knitting in the sun,
 Strangely smiling, bent and gray,
 Irks it, thus to dwell alone?
 Tiens! a whisper comes this way,—
 M'sieu' Quelq'un, M'sieu' Quelq'un,
 Brave and gay till life is done,
 Leal and gallant, fancy's knight,
 Sans-Reproach, the heart's delight.

The Peopling of the Plains

By
Rezin W. McAdam

Mr. McAdam, who is the literary editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is a writer on economic conditions and able to speak authoritatively on the manner in which the great Western plains were settled and developed. His article in Harper's on "Five Civilized Tribes of Indian Territory," showed his grasp of the Red Man's point of view and the possibilities in him as a citizen. In this account of the plains the white man's struggle with the forces of nature are graphically described.

THE proposed reclamation of portions of the arid Western plains by irrigation, with the help of the Federal Government, invests with fresh interest a section of our country barren in everything but its literary picturesqueness. This vast region, designated with much blankness on the old maps as "The Great American Desert," appeals to the utilitarian as a sad waste in the economy of nature. Within the past half century, the great, bald prairie stretching for hundreds of weary miles between the Rocky mountains and the lands of rewarded husbandry, has witnessed three distinct epochs of civilization. First, there was the day of the buffalo, and the wagon-trains toiling across to the golden coast, both imperiled by the skulking red-man. Then, the bison and Indian gone, came the tawny herds of long-horned cattle, herded by men as tameless as their charge. They, in turn gave way to the homesteader, so reckless as to tempt the forbidding conditions of the clime.

Of the plains of the first two epochs much has been written. The latter-day story of hopeless pioneering, inspired by a home-hunger almost tragic in its pathos, may have been too commonplace to afford material for domestic pens. However, the tale of the man in the sod-shanty is replete, not only with human interest, but with elements of the picturesque. He is the immediate successor of the hardy pioneers whose indomitable industry

caused more easterly prairie sections to blossom as the rose, and his task yet in the pain of performance, is bold enough to challenge the world's admiration and worthy of at least experimental paternalism on the part of Government.

Until the middle eighties, the cow-puncher was monarch of this half-surveyed no-man's-land. True, since the building of the Union Pacific's Railroad there had been desultory attempts at settlement, but with few exceptions the claims were abandoned after repeated crop failures, the homesteaders who remained either becoming herd-owners or attaching themselves in some way to the cattle industry. The trans-continental traveler, leaving the yellowing cottonwoods and the sun-blasted corn fields near Topeka, westward bound, observed from the car window the rapid transformation of the prairie landscape to its pristine nakedness. At Abilene the sod-hut of the pertinacious squatter was left behind, and at Salina the rancher sat his pony on the outpost of his dominion. Clear across to Denver the monotony of the brown plain was relieved only by an occasional grazing herd. The little railway stations, sometimes represented by a derelict box-car, were very far apart, with now and then a ranch supply store near them. The few "natives" to be seen at the stations seemed to personify the lonely barrenness of the interminable waste. They were grim, swarthy, unshorn men, taciturn, but of

admirable poise, with legs bowed from hugging the ribs of their bronchos. Dismounted, they gave the impression of dismembered centaurs.

Beginning in 1885, and continuing for three years, a remarkable influx of settlers occurred. Just what started the rush cannot now be remembered, but probably it was the seductive advertising of the railroad company, which had lands to sell and traffic to develop. At that time most of the Middle West caught the "Kansas fever." Farmers who all their lives had been tenants, coveting a freeholder's independence, drove overland by the thousands to file on a Government claim. Many landowners, too, sold their farms and moved their families West. The destination of the way-worn homeseekers was to Western Kansas, Western Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, and even the Llano Estacado of Texas. Their coming gave the death blow to free range, and the great cattle markets became glutted with the heavy shipments of stock hurried away from the homesteaded ranges, to the severe loss of the cowmen. An intensely hostile feeling existed between the latter and the settlers during the evacuation, and the departing cattle barons extracted no little satisfaction in their discomfiture by prophesying the early return of the "nesters" to the East. They declared the country to be incapable of maturing any cereal crop.

The great influx of settlers occurred in the early spring. The prairie was like a green carpet of velvet, soft to the foot and fresh to the eye, and over it blew breezes gentle as the zephyrs that kiss into bloom the rose gardens of Teheran. The sun fell with a genial radiance, and at that considerable altitude the air partook of the ozone of the westward mountains. The showers were generous. Nature seemed glad to co-operate with man in his mis-

sion of re-claiming the smiling wilderness. The newcomers set enthusiastically to work. Their shallow plowshares turned the firm buffalo grass turf over, leaving in their wake long, symmetrical strips of sod in lieu of a furrow. From these turf strips the homesteader cut with his spade perfect earthen blocks for the walls of his cabin home and out-buildings. Houses thus rudely constructed reared their brown walls all over the emerald prairie, surrounded by broad patches of "breaking." The pioneer farmer, with small misgivings as to the result of his labor, planted and sowed the blithe spring days away, mentally appraising his claim at a good round sum.

Then came the boom. A settler on practically every one hundred and sixty acres of land made necessary towns. The town-lot speculator was not slow to grasp the main chance. Hamlets whose names invariably carried the affix of "city," sprang up like mushrooms and after the organization of counties, every claim-holder residing near the center of the county was persuaded that he possessed an eligible site for the countyseat. Frequently several towns were built within close proximity of each other, solely with a view to capturing the county-seat prize, and the rivalry between them was bitter, in certain well-remembered instances resulting in bloody feuds. Such hostile towns sometimes maintained patrols and posted sentries to guard against night attacks, and in the most violent cases the intervention of the State militia was necessary. The determination of the contest by a county election did not always put an end to hostilities, the defeated town sometimes raiding its victorious rival, after peace seemed secure and carrying off the county records.

When at length the newly established countyseat was "recognized" by its enemies, the vanquished aspi-

rant for the honer fell suddenly into ruin, most of the denizens moving en masse to the new county-seat, taking their frame houses on rollers with them. No town enjoyed a natural advantage over another, and the county-seat almost always far outstripped the other towns of the county. Railroads were, of course, potent factors in making or unmaking these plains towns. A lively era of railroad construction set in early, the county-seats generally being objective points, though rarely without the consideration of a bonus. If a satisfactory agreement was not reached with the citizens of the county-seat, the railroad coolly proceeded to miss the place by a few miles and promote the founding of a rival town. The railroad-fostered town was apt to soon distance its older rival in growth and commerce, eventually taking the county-seat away from it.

The plains town was the typical Western "board town," generally guiltless of paint or architectural furbelows, although at a later stage of development substantial brick buildings were not uncommon. There was always a "Main" street, and along it were built the square-fronted stores with the inevitable board awnings, the elevated floor of which presented an annoying obstacle to the pedestrian who insisted on walking where the sidewalk ought to be. The "tenderfoot" soon learned to emulate the older inhabitants and walk in the street, which was always broad. At the full tide of settlement the single business thoroughfares presented a picturesque scene of activity. Scores of "prairie schooners," standing and moving, reflected the rays of the sun on their white canvas covers, which through front and rear afforded glimpses of tired-looking women and frowsy children. One or more dogs followed each wagon and often a milch cow was in tow behind.

The garb of the men, who drove,

or moved leisurely in front of the stores, was a compromise between that of the East and the West. The abbreviated brim of wool hat or derby was sometimes surmounted with a bright-buckled, fancy leather hat band, and a painfully new sombrero of imposing dimensions sometimes capped a most incongruously inoffensive looking suit of "store clothes." The young settlers who came to town frequently affected the dress of the plainsmen, but they were never to be mistaken for the genuine article. Occasionally the last of the cowboys was to be seen mingling with this motley crew, attracting as much attention as a "rough rider" in a "Wild-West" show.

Native ponies, with high-horned, big saddles, and "American horses" with pommelless little saddles, gnawed at the hitching posts, and on every hand were evidences of a busy traffic. The windmill was a characteristic landmark of all these plains towns, and the most prominent building was generally a livery stable. The ever-blowing wind had an unpleasant way of catching up the ankle-deep dust in the main street and sifting it over the bodies of man and beast, eyes and nostrils and mouth receiving a liberal apportionment. The arrival of the train or mail hack was an event of prime importance in the daily life of the townspeople, and afforded almost their only interest in the time of day. The hacks were four-horse affairs as a rule; like things sartorial, they were a compromise.

Aside from the general stores, which were always in excess of the demands of their trade territory, the land loan offices, eating houses, livery and lumber yards did the business. The land loan office was a distinctive institution, the basis of the town and country's support. Most of the settlers, after expending their slender means in filing up on their claims at the United States

land office and making the initial improvements, found themselves sorely pressed for living funds pending the "making" of their crops. This need of ready cash the land loan office offered to supply, taking a first mortgage on the homesteader's pre-empted claim as security. A claim to be received as a practical gratuity from the Government was required to be resided upon for a period of five years, but by the payment of a small sum per acre the claim-holder could make "final proof" and receive his patent at the expiration of six months. Few settlers failed to avail themselves of this latter privilege after the money loaners' signs began to multiply in the towns. In fact, so keen was the competition between the agents of Eastern loan companies to place this species of investment that often the mortgager received a sum large enough to make the transaction quite profitable to himself as a matter of speculation, without reference to a further interest in the encumbered claim.

However, most of the settlers made the loans in good faith, returning to their claims determined to wipe out the score with their agricultural success. These were flush times. The farmer having money it followed that the towns were amply supported while it lasted. New railroads, their faith in the new land strengthened by bonuses and county bonds, built extensively as the boom expanded, largely supplanting the "cannon ball" stage lines between the county-seats.

While this Eastern mortgage money was in active circulation, the boom rose to giddy heights. Investors and men of means seeking a new location, flocked to the future great cities, determined to "get in on the ground floor." Town-lot transfers were an every-day occurrence, and calculated to stir speculative blood. Strangers would hang around the new town a few days, quietly absorb

the "tips" of long-headed citizens, and proceed to exchange places with one or more of the "ground-floor" fortunates. So feverish was this real estate speculation for a year or two that frequently the investing stranger would "unload" soon at a handsome profit, elately returning to his Middle State home after a fortnight or month's trip. In many such instances, however, the newcomer was so carried away by his good fortune that he straightway re-invested, declaring his intention to "stay and grow up with the country. Seasoned Westerners, cognizant of the capriciousness of the goddess in such tempting transactions, among themselves slyly alluded to the last high purchaser as "holding the bag." Valuations being almost wholly fictitious, it was, of course, only a question of time until the "bottom dropped out," whatever the stability of the country surrounding the overgrown towns.

And so the plains towns grew apace. The way the numerous local press boomed its community laid the over-enthusiastic editor open to suspicion of mendacity. Every "paper town" boasted a Washington hand press, though the land agent who owned both may have himself constituted a considerable per cent of the population. There were characteristically unique names among these weekly newspapers, such as the "Thomas (county) Cat," "Blizzard," "Get-Up," "Rustler," "Boomer," "Sod House," "Cactus," "Buffalo Grass," and "Wind Bag"—this last an exhibition of candor in itself anomalous and decidedly exotic. At an acute stage of the boom papers in the larger towns issued "two-by-four" dailies, railroad rumor extras, and hyperbolic special editions rather tamely illustrated. Each town had its "chamber of commerce," the function of which seemed to be to aid and abet the imagination of the

scribe who commanded the types and give his peculiar kind of literature wider currency. The plains towns were advertised in true Western style.

In the meantime, the claim holder worked industriously enough, trying to grow a crop of wheat and corn. He plowed deep to resist the early and latter droughts, and his implements were the kind best adapted to the virgin prairie's agricultural requirements. The promise of the early summer was glorious. One rode mile after mile along great fields of rippling wheat and waving corn, excellent in "stand" and growth. The land agent needed no oral eloquence to close a deal when he pointed to the smiling panorama of varied green. The farmer wrote to his wife's folks to come to God's country." The last of the cowboys, shaking his head with a contemptuous laugh, said ominously: "Wait!"

In but a few days the farmer was watching the sky anxiously, soon with an anguished anxiety. He saw the verdant promise of his months of sanguine toil shrivel and blacken under the rays of a merciless sun and before the hot breath of a stiff south wind. Those were sad days in the little sod cabins, but not so sad as the griefs to be. One failure, and that of a "sod crop," nothing daunted grizzled pioneers and the sons of pioneers, who, further east, had weathered the drouths, hot winds, grass-hoppers and what not. "We will make it next year," they said, cheerily. The gracious spring had given them early vegetables, and there was no dearth of grass for their animals. They realized that agriculture must be precarious that far west, but fondly believed enough favorable seasons would be encountered to make amends for the disastrous ones. They had only to hang on, they thought, and their labor would cause the long "blue-stem" to replace the drouth-conserv-

ing and hot-wind breeding native grass, as was said to have been the case in eastern Kansas and Nebraska.

A sweetly strange thing is the spell of the prairie. When you are first possessed of it, you are apt to forget considerations of sustenance. To the young it flings wide the golden portals of romance, and to the old the fountain of youth seems not all a myth. The fauna and scant flora of the plains have their own charm. There is a lively interest to the unaccustomed eye in the cowardly coyote, the long-legged jack-rabbit, the chattering prairie dog, the coiled rattlesnake, the blinking owl, the ugly tarantula and centipede, and the sight of range cattle and "bunches" of bronchos is a pretty one. The short, curly buffalo grass is beautiful at any season, mollifying the desert aspect imparted by cactus and Spanish needles. But these are minor concrete objects in the composition of the spell referred to. It is the abstract prairie, with its awful distances on every hand disclosed, its mystic sky-line, its wonderful clouds, its spectral mirages, that always leads the spirit captive. The prairie is not monotonous to one who understands its subtle moods. It presents the nakedness of infinitude, and it is a brutish soul that does not catch from it something of the infinite.

To illustrate, parenthetically, the influence of nature on man in that desolate land: I was acquainted with a bow-legged, sandy little Scotchman of the name of Tweedie, who lived alone in a miniature rock house overlooking a shallow canyon or "draw," the banks of which were formed of the soft magnesia rock peculiar to the country. Tweedie had lived thus some ten years, his only companions a half-dozen colliers, fed on bran mush, and a fine, spotted Arabian stallion, which he had raised from a colt. The solitary Scot was a mystery to the later

settlers, who marveled why he had come and how he lived. Through all those lonely years his chief occupation consisted in leisurely building, hard by his house, the largest and highest stone corral ever seen in the State. This marvelous feat of masonry could be of no possible use to Tweedie, as he admitted to me, but its construction served to save him from complete idleness. At one side of the mammoth round corral had been erected a sort of watch tower. One day, when Tweedie had been unusually sociable for him, we went up onto this stone tower and overlooked a magnificent sweep of prairie, sunset flushed. My quaint companion gazed with a truly poetic absorption upon the sea-like landscape, and, heaving a sigh, exclaimed heartily: "Mon, I love it!" Then I knew.

This same influence was in the blood of the new-comers, and it bred a quick fellowship in strangers. The sod church and school house, generally combined, soon appeared in the rural precincts. Children walked miles to school; and whole families walked or rode great distances to church. Sunday was the time of visiting, also, and "butter-milk parties" were popular informal forms of social intercourse on that day. The humble beverage, cooled in the long, tubular zinc bucket of the bored well, was enjoyed frequently by more settlers than could be accommodated in the small cabin of the host. There were watermelon feasts, too, and after the counties were organized, political "speakings." In a remarkably short while numerous weddings were added to the list of functions. A gallant swain thought nothing of cantering twenty miles, in the face of a forty-mile wind, to visit his inamorata after supper. Among the sports of the early days were antelope hunting and grand rabbit chases. And so, while the long summer drouth turned the grass

to a sickly tan, withering it until it crumbled under foot, the populous new land was contented, even happy.

The crops had failed, but the local papers did not breathe the vaguest hint of the calamity. Indeed, their boom tone seemed to take on a gay abandon. The rare summer showers were reported as "magnificent rains." The towns boomed on, and the "official organs" of the dominant national party were full of the final-proof notices of borrowing homesteaders. Another spring came, and the settlers made greater preparations for a crop than before. Nature could not have been more propitious—at first. The timely rains and balmy air of early June brought wheat and oats to head, and the corn fields were as young forests. Then fell great heat without moisture, and there fell on the people a painful suspense. At the crucial moment, it seemed, a fine rain came, and the prairie rang with extravagant exhibitions of joy. I well recall the frolicsome pleasure this belated general rain gave the denizens of a certain ambitious county-seat town of Western Kansas, almost the entire male portion of whom proceeded to celebrate, after and even during the down-pour, by wading bare-legged, like so many boys, in the puddles of the main street. Men, presupposed by their professions to be dignified, paddled and splashed and anticed for a merry hour in sight of scores of approving ladies, the while every fire-arm in town was brought into requisition to add din to the glad occasion. But, alas for our hopes! Just as the farmers were preparing for the reaping, the blighting simoon of the plains repeated the disaster of the previous year and left the crops almost worthless for fodder.

There were faint hearts the latter part of that rainless, fever-stricken summer, but most of the settlers stayed and the towns held their own.

The current of immigration still poured strongly from the East, lining the deep-cut roads of the prairie, with white-topped wagons and nondescript wayfarers. The towns were filled with what the home papers proudly called "a cosmopolitan population," much of it without visible means of support. A few of the homesteaders sold their "relinquishment" to late arrivals, and the abandoned claims were promptly refiled upon. Town-lot values were but little weaker and transfers continued. However, business was appreciably duller. It was evident that the final proof money was about spent. Farmers regarded as worthy were "tided over," and others who could not obtain credit worried along somehow. Among themselves the "ground-floor" occupants admitted soberly that "next summer told the story," and claim-holders, with fear in their eyes, told each other: "If we burn up again next year, we'll have to pull back East."

Although few admitted it, many were badly discouraged and secretly waiting a chance to sell out. "Mountain fever," a species of typhoid, swept the plains as a scourge. Hundreds sickened and died. The householder began to realize that the alkali in his "blue shale" well was inimical to health. It seemed that the drouth would never end. The heaven was fiery brass and the earth sizzling iron. Stock were driven immense distances to find water, perishing by the way. Wild beasts and creeping things came, unafraid, to the habitations of men, mutely begging a drink. Fortunately the nights were cool, and one could sleep. Fall was welcomed as a blessed deliverance from the ills of the long-heated term, and in the stimulating air of the mellow Indian summer, the people took new heart. The blizzard-swept winter brought no little suffering, for there were many very poor, and the fuel provided by the departed herds of cat-

tle was now scarce. Through much of that winter the plucky settlers plowed and plowed deep, and at the first evidences of the return of spring sowed the seed supplied on credit by the merchants. But why prolong the narration? They failed a third time.

Obviously the situation was critical. The men who had most at stake in the towns exerted themselves strenuously to prevent a stampede from the claims. Aid funds were inaugurated, and doubtless organized action prevented a wholesale abandonment of the country that summer. As it was, fully one-third of the homesteads were abandoned, and in the towns empty store rooms and dwellings multiplied. Unable longer to dissemble, the local players pleaded with the settlers to give the agricultural possibilities of the prairie one more test. In the case of some of these optimistic journals their grandiloquent exhortation proved their swan song, for many of them suspended publication. It was a common sight to see a dozen eastward-returning prairie schooners at once in the main street of any of these plains towns, as the disastrous summer waned, sometimes surrounded by town-folk endeavoring to persuade the movers to remain, or deriding them for their faint-heartedness. I know one town whose "board of trade" appointed an "expostulation committee" to meet the disheartened emigrants, and in some cases, arrange for their temporary maintenance on their claims. It had become a physical impossibility for many of the homesteaders to hang on until another spring, and in most instances help being out of the question, they had no alternative but to travel. Some there were, of course, who left from a sense of prudential foresight, having utterly lost faith in the country, and others who had become heartily tired of the life.

The people who remained—

waited. Dull indeed was existence in town, and doubly so in the country. In town the stranger-investor, now by compulsion of circumstance a fully accredited citizen, saw his empty store building in the weed-grown limits of the main street depreciate alarmingly in value, while his board-bill increased at a most disquieting rate. Train or hack no longer brought recruits of his kind. The misfortunes of the plains dwellers had gone abroad. One after another, merchants assigned or were attached by their creditors. There were many fires.

On the claims it was fearfully lonely. The settler's family had to ride a long way to find society, and social gatherings were rarer as the deserted sod-shanties increased. The young fellows who "batched" alone were among the first to abandon their homesteads. They could not stand the isolation. The spirit of the drouth haunted the prairie, and at night it made men start in their sleep. To the claim holder who remained the prairie was no longer beautiful. It had varied moods, as before, but he saw only the mood of desolation. Women, with the companionship of husband and children, gradually fell under the influence of a pitiable melancholia. They stood long in their low doorways, shading red, yearning eyes, scanning the level horizon as shipwrecked mariners watch for a sail. They forgot to comfort the crying children. They moved dumbly in a waking dream. Sometimes they went stark mad.

Spring, the coquette spring of the prairie, came with its diamond-tipped grass and wanton zephyrs, its showers and flowers, after a winter so sad in human privations that it still troubles memory. The plains farmers sowed again. The Government, the State and the railroads gave them the seed. They sowed in fear now, not in hope. Never were heard such prayers for rain as ascended to the mercy-throne at

the neighborhood "rain meetings." The hearers wept hysterically. For the fourth successive season they failed. Clearly the prairie was abandoned of God or bewitched. Did ever nature promise more fair, and did ever soil look so rich? The sun-browned, tattered canvas was stretched over the supporting bows, the simple preparations for a long overland journey were quickly made and into the wagon clambered the want-pinchd children and the sad-eyed mother. Unlike Lot's wife she looked not back. Before might be troubles grievous to be met, but behind was a mockery of home and the hateful prairie. A strange joy was on the poor woman's face, and the children no longer wept.

On the main eastward roads these fleeing schooners made an endless caravan. The familiar picture of the stranded Pike's Peak boomer was to be seen in duplicate every few miles along the pathway of this woe-lful but picturesque route. It had a desolate foreground—a cloud of choking dust, a steer's bleached skeleton, a clump of cactus; and for a background the dun, dim-stretching plains. The mood of the men who drove was sullen or ironically gay. They set fire to the prairie behind them and shouted insults to the fierce-burning grass. They painted humorous legends on their wagon sheets with axle grease. They bantered each other grimly about going back to their "wives' folks," and about their starvation diet. For weeks the hegira continued. Trains on the plains railroads were crowded with failure-sick refugees, mostly from the new towns. They looked dejectedly out of the car window and muttered imprecations upon the siren prairie.

The headlong tide of the evacuation was not to be checked by land agents. Counties which, two years before, showed by official census a population of five or six thousand with countyseats containing as high

as two thousand inhabitants, dwindled quickly to scarcely a thousand total county population, and but two or three hundred residents in the county-seat.

The opening of Oklahoma to settlement in the spring of 1889 was a God-send to many exiled people, who found more hospitable homes amid the lush blue-stem grass and blackjack oaks of that unoccupied land. I have before me late statistics which prove that for more than a decade past the vast high plains of half a dozen Western States have barely held their own in the population left them after the great exodus of 1888 and 1889. The settlers who remained wisely abandoned the attempt to raise general crops, and gathering a few head of cattle about them, confined their agricultural labors to the cultivation of such drouth-resisting crops as Kaffir corn, milo, maize, sorghum, etc. Many of them are now quite well-to-do herd owners, with little garden oases around their isolated homes, irrigated by windmills. The cattleman, in the old free-range sense, never returned.

In the early nineties, two or three years after the sudden depletion of its population, I had occasion to return to Western Kansas on a brief visit. The natural desolateness of the great plains was intensified by the relics of settlement, now in a state of ruin and decay. The train ran for a hundred miles or more without sight of a dozen living things, aside from the few people and milch cows to be seen in the forlorn hamlets passed.

At one of the former "boom cities" of the region, where I was required to take stage for another once-flourishing county-seat, I was astounded at the magnitude of the wreck. This particular place had boasted some two thousand inhabitants in its heyday, and its buildings were not surpassed in expensiveness and solidity by those of

any other plains town. There were dozens of neat, glass-fronted stores, a number of them two-story bricks; several commodious hotels and mammoth livery stables; churches, school houses, a rather pretentious court house, and over two hundred dwellings, some of them representing investments of as much as \$2,000. I found not to exceed two hundred people left in the ruined town, and note that its official population is to-day given as something less than that. Hardly twenty per cent of the residences were occupied and but three or four of the stores. The only inn was kept in a residence by a Kentucky lady whose dead husband had lost a modest fortune in the boom. Save for a central spot, the town was buried in the rank weeds which spring up on the prairie in the wake of neglected cultivation. The expansive town-site, with vacant lots once held at hundreds of thousands, was yellow with sun-flowers; cockleburs choked the broad "avenue" with the French name that had been the pride of the town's elite. The prairie dogs had moved their village to the suburbs of the human village, and owls from the prairie dogs' holes had changed their abode to the dim, cob-webbed rooms of the deserted houses. At the most public corner a windmill tower was wheelless, and a depressing air of dilapidation pervaded the place. The few people idling about bore sad evidence of the pecuniary havoc of the boom's collapse. They stared hard at a stranger, as if wondering what could have brought him there, and their first overtures of acquaintance were allusions to the injury their community had suffered. I shall never forget the psychic communication of the refined landlady in black who passed the biscuits at the cottage hotel. The hunger for the hills was in her eyes.

All the way to the town of my destination, a distance of some forty

miles, the country presented more of a solitude than I had expected to find. When one thought of the high hopes that had animated the former tenants of these ruined districts, their plucky, toilsome struggles against odds, and tragic sequel, he fell to moralizing on human vicissitudes to a most depressing degree. Alas! where will not home-hunger lead men? The driver knew I had been there, and out of respect for my feelings, perhaps, preserved a stolid silence harmonizing well with the spirit of the scene.

We stopped for water at a new sod-house presenting no sign of subsistence save a patch of sorghum. A freckled, gaunt-faced little boy climbed up on the hub to eat some crackers I had offered him, while a woman looked shyly through the door ajar. The child ate wolfishly.

"My boy," I asked, "what do you eat when you get hungry?"

"I suck a stick of sorghum," he answered with pathetic naivette.

Further on we crossed one of the new railroads at a flag station, about which clustered a score of houses. The hamlet had been ambitious. But one man lived there, quite alone. He was one-legged and loquacious. His tale of woe ran that he and his wife (she, poor woman, was sleeping under the prairie that had broken her heart) had come there six years before, determined to earn their own home. They "slaved and saved," as he put it, and she, having a sewing machine, sewed for the settlers. The last payment was made on the three-room cottage (he pointed it out), when "the bottom fell out of the boom."

"The neighbors all moved away, an' she quit talkin' and died," the old man continued, his faded eyes glistening. "I hadn't but one leg an' couldn't git away, an' hadn't no place to go to, nohow. I'm holdin' down the ranch alone now—it's

the only home I ever owned, and it's home, be it ever so lonely. There hain't been a soul in the burg, stranger, but me. I hung on, with a bit of pension, an' when it was a groun'-hog case, there bein' nary compet'or, the Government appointed me a postmaster, an' the railroad company made me station agent."

After we had crossed the dusty bed of what was called by courtesy of the map a river, we came upon a little colony of Swedes.

"How do they manage to live?" I asked.

"Oh, they eat prairie-dogs," replied the driver, grinning under his brigandish mustache. He had been a cow-puncher and I suspected that he was prejudiced.

At the town of my destination it was the same story of devastation. The "stayers" were woefully few. The place had suffered a severe incendiary fire and was a sorry ghost of its former self. The sole surviving stranger-investor, who had waited years, without occupation, to "unload," was complacently holding a county-office. An acquaintance told me the chief financial resource of the town now consisted of the county officers, and added: "I don't see how they draw their salaries, for all the land is delinquent, and nobody is sucker enough to buy it in for taxes." I wondered what had become of the mortgage companies.

Tweedie, unchanged and unchangeable, mounted on his spotted Arab stallion, rode in for his mail. I asked him if he had any cattle in his fine corral yet.

"Na, mon, nor do I want the beasties," he said. "The country is nae guid for coos more than mon; but"—and the sun-reddened little Scot swept the forbidding prairie with a gesture of his mottled, hairy hand—it is a bonnie lond to look at!"

A WEIRD FLIRTATION

BY MARGARET SCHENK

TO one of the most prominent of this city's residents there once befell the singular occurrence that is related here, and that he declares to have been the most startling of any he ever experienced. He was staying with his wife and children at a hotel in a great commercial center, preparing to depart on the morrow for a pleasure resort.

"It was rather late in the afternoon," said Mr. Goldaracena, in speaking of the affair, "and I occupied a big, comfortable lounging chair that I had drawn into the bay-window while I went over the current periodicals.

"Although my story was cheerful and the room was cosy and warm, I experienced an indefinite but distinct feeling of chill.

"Vainly I endeavored to dispel it, but the shadow hung over me like a pall, vague yet insistent, unknown, unnamed, yet vital as death, and freezing the very marrow in my bones.

"There was such a keen subconsciousness of a horror near me that suddenly I tossed aside my book, and with a gulp of terror glanced apprehensively over my shoulder—expecting to see I know not what.

"It was terror the more terrible from its very ambiguity—dim, unformulated, hideous, unintelligible.

"Why did the very hairs of my head stiffen, and the blood of my body congeal?

"There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to arouse my fears. The children were asleep; my wife, busy with packing, hummed softly over her task. I cursed myself for a consummate idiot, and hauling my chair nearer to the window, endeavored to busy myself watching the

ebb and flow of humanity through the busy streets.

"Suddenly I seemed to feel eyes upon me, vividly luminous eyes, whose too glorious effulgence burned in upon my consciousness; whose glance demanded and enforced an instant recognition. I looked this way and that, and there, across the narrow way, standing at the window of a large apartment house opposite, I saw a woman, young, beautiful, and wreathing her lips the sweetest, most inscrutable smile I ever saw.

"Evidently she had been glancing my way for some time, and as our glances met, she smiled again, a strange, slow, subtle smile, then dropped her eyes demurely.

"She was of a peculiar yet placid cast of beauty, her features were of an exquisite classical type, her skin of a delicate pallor, like the cream of a water-lily or the waxen white of a magnolia blossom. She was gowned in purest white, the delicacy of her skin being enhanced by a strip of scarlet velvet at the throat and some touch of cardinal in the front of her gown.

"Her casement was partly open, and the wind, swaying the lace draperies of her window, hid her from my view, but only momentarily. Soon she re-appeared, smiling still with a mysterious, beguiling, haunting smile that so enthralled and yet appalled me.

"My heart thumped audibly; mayhap my vanity was flattered, I cannot say, but certainly my gaze was drawn to hers by some potent, magnetic force that held me captive. A force untellable that froze me while it thrilled me, that created within me extreme consternation and supreme desire.

"I was as a man drunk, fascinated, hypnotized. I was as a man in a dream! Presently realizing these feelings, I endeavored to rouse myself, to shake loose from the crowd of emotions that seemed about to smother me. In vain—I could not even simulate an interest in my book. My eyes traveled again and again to that strangely sad, sweet face, whose glances spoke of mysteries revealed; of dreams come true; of Hell suffered, then left behind; of Heaven lost, and then regained.

"At times she seemed to lean against the casement, pallid and motionless; again her face seemed alight with the most exulting and radiant of all smiles.

"This weird variety of flirtation was kept up for perhaps half an hour; at times she would retire behind the curtains, but oftenest her glance sought mine, direct and unabashed, while ever about her beautiful mouth there came and went that strange, mystical, seductive smile.

"As dusk crept on I felt that even I myself was but a vague, unreal being—perhaps I slept. Then I rubbed my eyes briskly and called my wife to come to the window.

"For a minute or two she stood silently behind my chair, and watched the young woman opposite; then she shuddered involuntarily! 'What a weird smile!' she exclaimed. 'What an eerie, ghostly effect. I feel chilled to the heart. Come away from the window. Your neighbor gives me the creeps!'

"I laughed, or tried to, and continued my look out.

"After a few minutes a Morgue van drew up in front of the door below, two or three men took out a grewsome pine box and carried it into the house opposite. But my young woman still stood there, watching them silently, and smiling, smiling, always smiling!

"I grew cold and shook with the

intensity of a nervous chill, but my neighbor still sat, smiling. Then the flame from gas jets, flaring up suddenly in the room behind her, showed me even more clearly the exquisite outline of her face, and the dash of scarlet velvet around her throat.

"The Morgue men had entered the room. I could see them put down their box, and coming to the window they lifted my young and beautiful neighbor.

"As they did so her head dropped abruptly back, and across her throat I saw a gaping scarlet wound, while the cardinal rosette of her white robe was a stain of blood. Swiftly, silently they deposited her within the pine box.

"She was dead!

"I had witnessed the finale of one of a great city's numerous and appalling tragedies. My soul sickened and became giddy—it was horrible, horrible!

"Someway the distance between us, the reflection of light, the shifting shadow of the curtains combined with some poise of her dead body, that had been left untouched upon discovery, all conducted to convey that very real impression of life and motion that had so thoroughly deceived me.

"And yet, in some strange, inexplicable fashion my subconscious brain seemed aware of the tragedy, even before I saw the woman's form at the window—I had felt the awe and prescience of death.

"Had she taken her own life, or had some one killed her? I never knew; I would not look up the case in the papers; I wished to know nothing, or, rather, I knew enough. Her heart that had been emptied of much while living, had found, beyond, a solution of all problems, and this solution she had tried to impart in her serene though mysterious glance, and in her slow, tender, yet infinitely pitying smile."

Through a Glass Darkly

By

Mrs. C. van D. Chenoweth



Illustrations by

WILEY GLISBY ARTHUR

THE RED LIPS CURVED SOFTLY IN A
BEWILDERING SMILE

HOW familiar these old rooms of the fashion of the sixties! The simple dignity of that Pleyel upright; this profusion of mirrors in their heavy gilding; the ornate pattern of the Axminster carpet."

The woman spoke in the reminiscent tone of middle age, and the girl who sat shading her eyes and delicate complexion with an embroidered hand screen from the blazing fire of soft coal in the open grate became suddenly aware that she was not alone.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a slightly Southern accent, courteously arising and seating herself beside her guest. "Are you not the Virginia cousin we are expecting?"

"Look again, dear. Ah, how well remembered your every lineament is to me—and the dress you wear. Pretty, decidedly pretty, that soft white fabric, the low-cut bodice, the inclined jacket of the same with its flowing sleeves—even those gold links that fasten it at the neck, leaving a little triangle of fair flesh below. Richard pointed toward it, I recall, and whispered: 'O my love, the pain of parting makes me bold. Grant your lover to press his lips upon that dazzling spot before he goes back to the field of battle and its uncertain issues.' You stood there upon the hearth rug; your hand in his, as he stooped for the

kiss you could not refuse. Then dropping upon his knees, after the old manner of Southern lovers, he pressed your little hand, back and palm, to his bearded lips, murmuring: "My lily maid, my lady, my snow-white dove of peace."

"He did indeed," whispered the astonished girl, "but we were quite alone, my betrothed and I. How could you know?"

The woman shook her head with an air of mystery, and bent upon the girl a look too tender to offend.

"We are of the same blood. Then you cut from his head a rich, dark lock which lay like a ring in your pink palm."

"I wear it in this locket always," the girl assented, touching a slender chain of gold about her neck.

"There is a little old-fashioned locket in an ivory box of trinkets of the past that I cherish," sighed the woman dreamily.

"How long ago it seems. Alas! yes, six months to-night," said the girl.

"Thirty years ago to-night," moaned the woman, "and I sat here because I knew not where else to go. Old, now, beside this slender, stately maiden of but seventeen brief years, yet so strangely matured by responsibility and war. Richard Bramlette's engagement was for three years, unless the war should swiftly close, and yet three months from this day they were married."

"O madam, you are sweetly prophetic!" exclaimed the girl, half under her breath. "I know no rest while we are separated. I adore Richard's courage, but I am sometimes conscious of a guilty wish that he would learn caution."

"His fiancée suggested they should suspend their engagement for one month in order that they might take time to consider whether it were best upon every side that it should continue."

The rosy, arrogant upper lip of the girl lifted a trifle, hard pressed by its fellow, but she made no reply.

"The mother of a girl he knew had wept when he confided to her his betrothal, and declared that he was the only man she had ever coveted for a son-in-law, and that she had hoped his admiration for her daughter veiled serious intentions."

"Yes," said the girl, "Captain Bramlette wrote me of the circumstance, and could I do less than make the offer that I did, even though he had never paid unusual attention to this daughter of a family friend, who presumably cares not for him?"

The red lips curved softly now, and parted over a row of perfect teeth in a bewildering smile. "The answer to my letter has just come. It was that I was pondering when you must have entered. Richard begs that we shall be married at once; that he fears he may lose his nerve in the field through longer waiting, and that he wishes the right to send me away from the border here to a place of greater safety at the East. Oh, I scorn my own safety. Who would stoop to harm a lady even at such a time as this?"

With a dramatic gesture the woman pointed toward the tall pier glass in the darkened parlor beyond, dimly visible through the open, undraped doors. "See there!"

The girl leaned forward in unbelieving wonder, protecting her eyes from the blazing grate. "That is Richard in the uniform of a field officer, riding the near black horse, and beside him I ride a beautiful bay. Now I see soldiers and fortifications. Thank kind Heaven I

am at the front—if only in a vision! Oh, I have so longed to know for myself what war is; to know in the very hour the best or the worst of its terrible chances for my soldier lover."

"You soldier husband," corrected the woman, gently, "for through fourteen months your proud self-will wins for you some share in the dangers of war. No, no, I am not rebuking you. You prove your right to be there by the work you do. A woman's intuition is given her for guidance, and you only chose the way to make your husband your slave. Men, too, adore courage, and when Richard found it imprisoned in a warm, soft thing like you, it inspired in him a love so mad that all these love raptures pale beside it." The girl sank to the floor and buried her whitened face in the other's lap.

"How sunny and silky your hair, with only this cluster of soft curls confined low on your neck by this broad Florentine pin of shell fretted with gold. The tendrils upon your temples are charming, and they lingered somewhat late, only to be nipped by the frost at last. I had always fancied a lover caring a good deal for a sumptuous mantle of hair upon the head of his beloved."

"I indeed, said as much to Richard one day," began the girl coldly, as she resumed her seat, "and he took it ill, saying that nature could grant but little of a texture so exquisite, and that, moreover, by the same token, I am one step in advance of him in the evolution of the race. Ingenious, was it not?"

For the first time the two laughed together, the woman growing quickly grave as the careless ripple of maiden's laughter mingled with the conventional mirth of middle age.

"How tempting is your exquisite mouth! Should you ever be able to reconcile yourself to teeth such as mine."

The question was unfortunate,



After the old manner of Southern lovers.

for the girl could not veil quickly enough the protest in her eyes. "Yours are shaped a trifle like mine, are they not?" she asked sweetly.

"A trifle," replied the woman, bitterly, for she had flattered herself that her teeth, through the dentist's art, had withstood with uncommon success the ravages of time. "They do not all grow there," she added bluntly.

"Ah," murmured the girl with evasive politeness. "It was so dear of you to picture me at the front with Richard. Will it surely——"

"It will surely be."

"Could you, oh, do you think you could——"

She hesitated, and laid her dainty left hand, upon which sparkled her betrothal ring, upon the slim, heavily ringed hand of the elder.

"How fair and appealing is this hand of youth," thought the woman, seeking out upon her own pallid hand a diamond ring of quaint setting such as that the other wore. "Do you mean can I foretell you something more?"

The girl bowed an affirmative, her eyes swimming with happy tears.

"O anticipation! O fruition! O retrospect!" sighed the woman, who would dare to know? Who would quite wish to forget! I am made of sterner stuff than thou. It is a law of life, else none could abide to be old."

"Your face is still fair and strong and kind," pleaded the girl, shyly. "I like it well."

"Then you can truly say thus much to me?" whispered the woman in a tone of awe. Her head sought the support of her high-backed chair, and painful tears pressed from between her closed eyelids.

"I have been taught that each period of life hath rich compensation," began the girl in a voice which seemed singularly thin and inadequate, "for each charm or possession we lay down through time's compulsion we take up an equiva-

lent in something richer and less perishable. Surely, you cannot deny this?"

"As a bit of pleasant philosophy—as an abstract proposition—er—by the light of my own experience—but spare me. I am inclined to indulge your wish, despite my better judgment. That dimly seen mirror gives——"

The girl turned her eyes swiftly toward the depths of the unlighted parlor, the rosy color flushing face and neck as she took in the details of the exquisite picture. "How proud Richard looks!" she exclaimed, "and how utterly cunning of that cherub to look so like him. Fancy Richard's dark brows and eyes in miniature! How satisfied it seems with its little golden head against Richard's bosom! I had almost said lordly, if one might use the expression in connection with innocence."

"Perhaps there is nothing more lordly or exacting than innocence," replied the woman smiling. The vision in the mirror changed slowly. The babe now sat upon his mother's knee, while the man regarded them with silent worship.

"It is like one of the holy pictures," whispered the girl.

"It is a holy picture. By such as those the heart of man is ruled."

"Ah, keep it for a moment longer. The child's delicate robe sweeps to the very floor."

"The fashion of thirty-five years ago." The woman's voice was tearful. "I cannot hold it any longer."

"There! I see myself the last of all, as they fade away," exclaimed the girl unheeding.

"Another one! How good you are. But that one is rather dim. The lady is——. Do I know her? Ah, I see now—myself. The darker hair and very different arrangement of it mislead me. What a handsome little boy! It would be the baby grown to that, do you think? The delightful little courtier! See

him kiss my hand. Ah, he has got that from Richard, and looks so like him. There stands Richard now beside me. He has some different rank. Does the war last all these years?"

"No. He remains in the army."

The girl heaved a sharp sigh of pain. "We are older there, but the boy makes up for that. I do not mind Richard's being older. He is quite as handsome as now." She arose and wandered aimlessly about the spacious room, paused at length before the great French mirror above the low marble mantel, settling here a curl and there a tendril, as she gazed fixedly at her own image. Stepping toward a heavy, marble-topped table of the period, a particularly poor period for household furniture, she selected a sumptuous pink rose from a tall vase, and again approached the mantle mirror, and with a certain vague wistfulness matched its soft petals against her fair young cheek. "This is from one of the bushes my sainted mother used to cherish," she said, laying the rose in the upturned hand of her guest.

"I recognized it," murmured the other.

Out of the long silence which followed there seemed to arise the sound of happy children's voices.

"Choose the three from yonder group that the future hath for you," commanded the woman with something of soft authority.

"Three? There is the gallant little lad who looks like Richard, then, for one," said the maiden shading her eyes from the fire and peering into the gloom beyond.

"Right."

"That little girl in blue favors Betty Bramlette. Now, as I get a different view of her, she bears some likeness to my brother Webb. Is she another?"

"Yes, Elizabeth Bramlette, called after her Aunt Betty."

"Elizabeth, do they call her that?" - Digitally restored by www.gutenberg.org

"Diminutives were out of date when she was born. Now for the third one."

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken in that tiny, laughing boy, with the belted blouse, plump white legs, and short socks. I could show you a picture of myself of long ago that might have been taken from him."

The woman smiled fondly. "Yes, he looks as you did a few years ago. Are they not all lovely? It were better we should stop with this," she added, the lingering maternal smile vivifying her countenance into a suggestion of celestial loveliness.

"Since I have witnessed the gloomy spectacle of my own departing youth, you had as well keep on. Surreptitious visions of the future are more depressing than I fancied, but I accept the chances."

"Be guided——"

"I unhesitatingly accept the chances. Where is my lord Richard at this period of our lives? Oh, how could you?" cried the girl straining her eyes in horror at the picture before her and grasping the other's arm with fierce energy. "Are you besides yourself that you show me this, keeping your own cowardly eyes fine and closed?" The room trembled with the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul.

"Cease that maddening music! Must I ever have before my eyes yonder awful something. You would have me think Richard, wrapped about with the flag he perils his life for daily? Well for me that I have no vestige of faith in your brutal forecast, else my heart would refuse to beat again. And yet, and yet I so long for some of it to be true."

Her voice died into a piteous wail and she threw herself upon a velvet couch in a passion of tears.

But the blessedness of unbelief, and an ancient inheritance of hospitality soon triumphed, and she arose



"Are you not the Virginia cousin?"

with tear-stained face and hands clasped tightly before her.

"Forgive me, madam, even though my conduct seems well nigh unpardonable. I fear it was a painful episode in your own life I unwittingly saw, and too hastily appropriated."

The woman bowed assent.

"Unfortunately you chose to demonstrate your wonderful power by an illustration I was wholly unable to support, even at second hand. But perhaps you did well, and I am much to blame. I have heard that it is better to give expression to grief—to put it outside of one's own laboring soul, so to speak——"

"Do you believe this?"

"It seems a matter of popular belief, and though I do not speak of my own——"

"I thought not."

"The marriage ceremony of our church," continued the girl in tones of ineffable sweetness, "seems to me seriously at fault in that clause, 'until death do us part,' in the betrothal service. Those whom death can part have loved but poorly. Even one's child should be able to inspire——"

The woman raised her head in indignant protest.

"I was but endeavoring to comfort you," said the girl meekly.

"Speak, then, of the love you know, which taxes every fibre of your young being to the uttermost, and leaves no room even in your imagination for other ties. The love for your child would lead you into undiscovered realms should ever it come to rule over you."

The patience of the girl was pathetic as she still tried to offer some slight relief.

"There are figures moving over the face of the mirror. Let me describe them to you. A lady sits there whom I do not recognize, unless, indeed, she is yourself. She seems to have undergone material losses of great moment."

"Yes," replied the other listlessly. "Her childhood's home, and the valued possessions of later days as well, have passed into the hands of strangers. The very ashes of her ancestors are removed to alien soil."

"Well for her that she is able to endure it," said the girl plaintively. "Nature has made many types. But see! Men of middle age are there. She is very appealing in those trailing black robes. One offers her flowers. Another pleads with her, and walks slowly away. And now another spreads jewels at her feet, and points to houses and lands. Surely she would better accept one of them."

"Should you?"

"I? What an extraordinary question! How little you know the depth of my affection."

"Look again," said the woman, softly. "The crucible of time is not all-powerful yet."

"Oh, this is indeed beautiful. The lady smiles fondly into the eyes of a tall and handsome youth. I see him changed. He is older and strikingly like my Richard. He wears the cap and gown of a university man, and kisses the lady with great tenderness. Now appears a graceful girl and a gallant boy just coming into manhood. They gather about her who seems to be their mother, and who more than ever wears your look. Pardon, I think I do not wish to see further," said the maiden feebly.

"It is too confusing. That lovely daughter takes on a certain resemblance to Betty Bramlette which fills me with indescribable apprehension."

She arose trembling, and pushing a hassock beside her guest seated herself upon it with her back to the fateful glass.

"The scene is changing," whispered the woman, laying a hand upon the maiden's shoulder.

"Spare me. I can no longer endure it." She possessed herself of

the slim, tired hand and held it closely between both her own.

"The young man who looks as Richard's son might look has died, at just your Richard's age. The lady is wild with grief."

The girl caught her breath in a dry sob. "May we not cease?"

"Yes, in a moment. The lady's hair is now thickly threaded with silver, and she bends above the couch of her dying daughter."

"Oh, I was fearing that," moaned the girl. "But there is that other youth, who must be a man after all these years. Where is he?"

"The mirror tells not; but I know that he is at sea in a ship long over-

due."

"The ship will make her port. Believe me, he will come! Oh, Cousin, my heart is heavy, and your life and mine seem interwoven in ways I do not comprehend. Explain to me if you can the resemblance between this ring upon your finger and the one I wear."

"Alas, they are the same!"

The girl's slender figure swayed in a death-like swoon, and in the effort to support her, the woman awoke; the soft rustle of the telegram in her hand restoring to memory the conflict between hope and fear from which she had fallen into fitful slumber.

REQUIEM

By MAY MRYTLE FRENCH

You, with your passionate heart,
Dead—and to be but dust!
I, with life's pitiful smart,
Living because I must!

You, with the smile on your face
Mystically grand;
Wondering I at its grace,
Tortured to understand.

I, kneeling here by your bed
Know you but sleep;
Yes, and they tell me you're dead—
You, with my heart in keep!

World, if you know what is right,
Take me in his stead;
Bury me out of your sight,—
I am the one that's dead!



Maryland S. B. Sheppard,
President and Founder
"Little Mothers" School.



Weidner Photo.
The old homestead of Judge Pringle,
San Ramon, California.

The Little Mothers' Training School

A Practical Charity

By ANNA MORRISON REED

TO the incompetency of domestic service is due much of the tendency of modern families to forego the independence of home life, and the comforts of perfect housekeeping, merely to exist in the unnatural environment of hotels

and boarding houses, where the sacred shrine of a genuine home may never be found, nor its gods fully assembled.

It is also true that the cares of home life are too heavy for many wives and mothers to bear unaided,



The cooking school and the last Thanksgiving dinner.

Taber Photo.



At San Ramon.



Weldner Photo.

therefore efficient "help" is one of the needs of the time. This problem of where and how to secure help for domestic cares is a very serious one. How the poorer may help the richer, and be no poorer, how they may enter the service of others, with dignity and self-respect and yet be "worthy of their hire," is the grave question.

For years the wisest have acknowledged that in our educational system, excellent as it is, there is something lacking. A training, even in our best institutions, leaves the ordinary boy and girl singularly

defenseless in the actual battle of life.

Many children are born with normal brains and perfectly healthy bodies, but with no special taste or tendency to the higher accomplishments; with common sense and good understanding, but no especially distinct talent, yet, upon the virtue, the industry and the skill of this class rests the very foundation of our commonwealth. Even those who live along the more exalted planes, poets and philosophers admit "that civilized man cannot live without cooks."



Health building.

Weldner Photo.



A "Little Mother" at the ranch.

Weidner Photo.

AT THE SUMMER HOME, SAN RAMON.

A mother and her two children who spent two weeks at the home

In many households the wife and mother must fill this onerous situation, and in others more affluent it were in better taste and morals that women should be, where to-day young children are brought in daily contact, and home's most sacred precincts invaded by the males of inferior and alien races.

In the contemplation of these vexed problems it has remained for Mrs. M. S. B. Sheppard to find a possible solution for them, and her Little Mothers' Training School for Domestic is to-day the most practical charity in San Francisco. In its results both rich and poor will share equally, and to be deserving, a cause must be equitable. The children of the poor are here so trained to usefulness that they labor

with ease and skill, finally being fitted to secure the best positions in their line of work at the highest recompense, while the rich find the boon of intelligent, reliable and competent help.

Sorrow it is that makes the whole world kin. Mrs. Sheppard came to San Francisco a few years ago under the shadow of bereavement and recent grief. Childless herself, her mother's heart reached out to the children of others, especially to those who needed training for life work. She organized a school at 942 Harrison street, San Francisco, furnishing the nucleus of the undertaking from her own private means.

Through the district south of Market street, in the homes of the poor,



A bunch of girls.

Taber Photo.



Wash day and a lesson in ironing.

Stanford Photo.

where elder daughters take care of the babies, and the burden of the house, while the real mother works in factory, store or office, to help with the living expenses, here, where many girls are veritable "Little Mothers," in the care and comfort of the family, many without time or opportunity for any sort of tuition, unless it be the hampered benefit of night school; here, among the patient, over-worked people of the tenements she finds her material.

At the Harrison street school, competent teachers are employed to train the "Little Mothers" in cooking, laundry and every phase of housekeeping. The "Little Mother" can bring her especial baby, the chief charge of her young life, where under the care of a woman employed for that purpose it may have its bath and a nap in a clean, comfortable crib, while the elder sister learns how to cook properly, wash and iron, sweep and dust and to perform neatly and quickly the duties of an accomplished housekeeper, and to also learn that such duties are only humiliating when improperly done, with bad management and slipshod methods. The children are taught the dignity and necessity of work. It is a pleasure to see them, and to partake of a dinner of courses, prepared and gracefully served by their tiny, deft hands, as they flit about, attired in the quaint, appropriate uniform of the school.

It was one of these Saturday evening dinners, where the patrons

and friends of the school are always welcome, and where a delicious menu, spotless linen, glittering glassware, and dainty china appear, that inspired the writer to present this article to the people of our State, to enlist their sympathy and aid, for a worthy purpose, and to help the brave, good woman who is making it her life work and facing alone the difficulties and trials that beset every earnest, radical reformer.

Competent teachers are employed, the comfort and cleanliness of the children strictly looked after, prizes of clothing, shoes, dresses, underwear, collars, and so forth, are very frequently awarded for excellence. Birthdays are celebrated; Christmas, Thanksgiving and other holidays are appropriately kept. And it was formerly the custom to have weekly entertainments, where poor mothers could attend with their children, where delicious creams, ices and cakes, prepared by the "Little Mothers," were served free of charge, and where the programme was rendered by the best amateur musical and literary talent of Alameda, Oakland and San Francisco.

On account of increased responsibilities and the tax on the time and strength of the foundress, these entertainments are now given monthly. Besides all this, summer outings are arranged and carried out for the pleasure of poor children, and deserving Mothers, those who otherwise would never see the beauty of field and flower, nor hear



Class of 1903 and a lesson in bed making.



Stanford Photo.

the melody of birds and the music of running water and the thousand undertones, the lights and shadows and the endless inexpressible things that make up the symphony of nature.

And all this is carried on under the supervision of a woman not the most robust, tenderly born and

gently bred, with all the traits of the refined gentlewoman, whose every energy and very life is consecrated to her mission, to make humanity better and happier, and the conditions of human life more tolerable, and to those less fortunate. In this work help and sympathy cannot be too generous.



PANDANUS ALLEY II

CHILD-VOICES
BY A. R. ROSE-JOLEY.

Do, sol, si, la, fa-fa; do, sol,
si, la, fa-fa."

I cannot catch the words, but the notes fall in steady cadence chanted by a chorus of fresh young voices, and the moonbeams give a silver tone to the quaint procession in motley that files past our veranda. Viewed in broad sunlight I am aware that the procession would resolve itself into a ragged regiment, wisps of dingy cloth twisted around skinny loins, ragged apanas, tiputas worn carelessly as necklaces, weak ankles or sore feet bound up with scraps of colored stuff, shaven crowns, crowns with funny little top-knots and pig-tails—all the tatterdemalions of Pandanus Alley "out on the spree." But the silver setting has a poetizing effect, and I am only conscious of slight Greek fauns and woodland nymphs and fragrant coronals and leafy girdles and burdens poised dexterously on erect heads, and the swinging motion of lithe young bodies as the chant rises and falls in balanced phrase.

"Talofa Lossa," shouts a fresh young voice.

I had thought myself secure from observation in the veranda shadow; evidently the moon has tell-tale tricks.

"Talofa Lossa" echo half a dozen voices, momentarily suspending their chant. "Lossa wishes to look

at the working." Then the air starts afresh and the words reach me:

"Lossa sees the work go by, on veranda chair she sits, watching us come to and fro."

Pandanus Alley is never at a loss for a rhyme or a subject. Its occupants are all improvisatori, after the manner of the Samoans, and it derives placid satisfaction from the publication of news in musical form. To-night's doings are especially worthy of such treatment, for are they not connected with the building of the church, and are not all Church functions peculiarly associated in the brown mind with vociferous shouting, musical and otherwise?

The building of the church is a long-drawn-out joy of which we witness the first dawning flush. The preliminary ceremony took place soon after we arrived in Pandanus Alley, and the preliminary ceremony consisted in the removal of a house, not its demolition in any sense of the word. When a Samoan house is in the way it is not annihilated with the offensive brutality of civilization—it is requested to walk away into the next street—and it walks. Not being accustomed to peripatetic mansions we were considerably startled one morning at seeing our steady-going next-door neighbor surveying his thatched

roof on the ground. It looked as if a catastrophe had occurred while we slept. A very tidy symmetrical sort of catastrophe, for the thatch lay in three distinct portions, rising up in a middle ridge, the central one straight, the two others rounded on one side. It looked for all the world like a child's model puzzle on a huge scale. And presently sturdy men, with bands of green round their heads, and leaf girdles over their shiny brown skins, came and carried off the portions of the puzzle one by one, and fitted them together in the next street, otherwise in the "bush" a little way back. In less than an hour the roof, ovel shaped and high pitched, was once more up in the air, supported by a couple of forked tree trunks, after which there was nothing to do but uproot sundry forlorn-looking posts that marked its original site, replace them in their proper positions at equal distances round the edge, hang up between them the mats that act as Venetian shutters, and lo—the fitting was accomplished.

That was a big piece of work done—room had been made for the prospective church; it was allowable now to rest on one's labors and discuss ways and means ad infinitum. The resting was a prolonged business; for weeks the church made no sign, then one day the torpor of Pandanus Alley was dispelled, workers once more appeared in the traditional green fillet and girdle, a thatch shed was hastily run up as a protection from the scorching sun-rays, shovel and pick-axe came into play, and the church's foundations were in actual contemplation.

Those foundations ought to be very sure—they are not finished yet. Now and again, when the rain floods the Alley's conspicuously dingy place of worship, and Sunday-bests have to be left locked up in camphor chests, the state of the foundations imperatively demands attention. There is a gathering under the roof

of "Mama," the general mama, who, as mother of the head chief, relict of several husbands, and parent of colony of stalwart sons, owns the one circular rest house in Pandanus Alley, and acts as hostess at all important functions. The chiefs—all Pandanus Alley householders are chiefs—squat a la Turque in solemn conclave, plait their sinnett and shake their wise heads over the financial aspect of church affairs. The young men pull grave faces and declare that the state of the fish supply and the claims of courting, will not allow a whole day wasted on unremunerative labor. The women, the real hard workers in our community, discuss the pros and cons of a "church day"—the wandering to and fro, burdened with heavy weights, as set against cooking, household cares, or siapo making. The ayes have it—a church bee is decided upon.

Then it is that in the early morn Pandanus Alley hears its reveille sounded on the brass bugle which is its pride; and with no breakfast preliminaries, with only a hasty snack at a piece of stale breadfruit or taro, or a chew at some cocoanut rind, or a hastily-swallowed piece of evil-smelling masi, the troop sallies forth to labor under what will soon be a broiling sun, and to enjoy the fun of their Samoan bee. For it is fun, otherwise why would certain women from the adjoining village abandon their own home interests, and come to serve as willing volunteers. Of course, we all know there is magic in the word volunteer. If those Samoan women were slaves, forced to do grudgingly their daily round, how we should pity them for filing along, their skins exposed to the blazing heat, their muscles strained under the weight they carry, their feet aching with the contact of the scorching, pebbly soil. But these are free women, wives and daughters of chiefs, every one of them personages who have a voice, present

or potential, in the affairs of the village, who have been, or are to be wooed and won with much ceremony and mat giving and pig killing. What care they for the heat and the stony ground and the heavy burden?

Their excellent native cosmetic, sound, wholesome, heavily-perfumed cocconut oil, will preserve them from burn and premature wrinkles; the soles of their feet are hardened like leather and take no note of

round their loins; but if they are at all coquettish, a fresh leaf girdle is thrown over the rag; if they are decidedly coquettish, a slit banana leaf is added, necklace fashion, over the bust and a strip of banana fastened round one ankle; if they be acknowledged belles, scarlet hybiscus or white gardenia is stuck into their hair. Off they go, emerging with peals of laughter from their brown thatched huts, and gathering together at the church work-shed, they



I watched them file past.

sharp points; their muscles, strengthened by siapo beating, are hard as athletes, and they have no feminine anxiety on the score of spoilt finery. What is there to damp their pleasure on this day of hard work and hard gossip? Off they go in work-a-day suits, the oldest and smallest rag they can find bound

file past us, singing and chattering, up to the bush, whence they presently return, each bearing on her hip a basket filled with gravel, or perhaps a heavy stone, which is duly deposited beside the men who stand up in the trench and dig, or who potter alongside, languidly manufacturing concrete. To and fro, to and fro,

the file winds the live-long morning and we catch glimpses of red and green, of fluttering rags and brown skin, and gleaming teeth and picturesque pose across the bushes. Every woman past the stage of small girl is there, contributing her mite of energy; the only absentees are in the cook-house, and gain considerable pity in consequence. What fun it is, to be sure! What gossip goes on! How every little detail of life, village, patriarchal, or "papa-langi, is handed about with savory comment; what discussions there are as to the most appropriate attire on that festival day when the church shall be formally opened and the consecration pigs dispatched.

Ought red, blue or white predominate; shall costume be left to the wearer's taste or a general uniform be introduced? And what chaff there is when the merry file lays its burdens down before the trench-makers, flinging their jokes back at them, flashing answers to ardent glances, exchanging repartee concerning mutual laziness. Who would not belong to a church bee? When noon flames down, and even native indifference to heat is exhausted, the devotees of the oven come along bearing baskets wherewith to tempt the weary. Vegetarian baskets, for pigs are out of the question, fowls are sacred to visitors, and there has been nobody free to go spearing or netting fish. But the taro is steaming hot; there are little leaf parcels of valu-valu or creamy fai'ai to eat by way of pudding; or perchance, if breadfruit be plentiful and a young man available, he may be seen leaping, leaf-adorned like a young god Pan from the cook-house enclosure, uttering fierce yells and bearing an oblong wooden bowl full of steaming crushed bread-fruit and cocoanut cream.

Then he will suddenly flop in the center of an admiring group, plunge his hands into the bowl, knead the breadfruit into cunning little balls

and scoop them out, with their cocoanut sauce, into the banana leaves eagerly held out to him. He is the general exponent of the tafolo, the appetizing bonne-bouche, which, like our civilized oyster, opens your digestive heart to the reception of further dainties. When you have tossed a dozen or so of these glutinous balls down your Samoan throat, you feel equal to any amount of after feeding, and if the feeding be not there, well, you have something satisfactory to stay your hunger on.

And when what cheer there is has been discussed digestion follows, the tired workers throw themselves on mats under the shadowing thatch, draw great lava-lavas over them, head and all, to defy mosquitoes, and dream that the church is finished and its pulpit a source of universal envy. But by three o'clock the men are at work again, digging and cementing, the native missionary in his dungaree lava-lava foremost amongst them. Or they form a procession in their turn and wander off to the lagoon, bringing back great lumps of coral limestone which they bear on one shoulder in a fashion that makes us rub our eyes, dreaming that classical bronzes had come to life and are parading for our special benefit.

And the sunset tinges the lagoon a Tyrian purple, and gold-pink rays steal tremblingly round the palm coronals, fusing them into bronze, and blue mauve shadows fall about the mantling ferns and creepers, and the stone bearers cast down their last burden, fling aside their frayed girdles, and gather round the little circular hearths which form family altars. The evening prayer is spoken with unusual fervor, the evening hymn sung with additional vigor, the evening meal discussed with exhilaration, for it has been a great day, a day of superhuman work and devotion. The church's interests have been advanced, a few inches more have been added to its status.

there will be another such day on the morrow, and then Pandanus Alley can afford to rest in self-glorification until the next rainfall reminds it that a leaky house of worship cools religious intensity.

But the work of the day is not yet ended. Slowly, steadily, the moon floods Pandanus Alley with silvery light, and the moonlight brings the children's hour. The children, those notable factors in Samoan life, are in abeyance on a "bee" day. It has been their business to keep the house and mind the baby, and carry water and obey the behests of all the tiresome old women who are past active service. But they, too, contribute their mite to the good work, and their contribution comes with the even-glow. That is why, sitting on the veranda, I spy and am spied of the little procession bening its steps to the seashore and returning with baskets full of sand. Slight girls of twelve who next year may be deemed strong enough to join the women workers, brawny boys of ten who make work an excuse for mischief, tiny imps of five who trip up over their lava-lavas and bring their bas-

kets to grief. They come and go, come and go, persistently singing their impromptu words to the same air, and the kindly moon, as they pass in and out of her sheen, crowns their elfish, heathen figures with a saintly glory.

But the moon and the workers grow weary; the one pales, the others sit down in the circling shadows and chatter with native verbosity—chatter, not of childish games and toys, nor even of school and holidays, but, like their elders, of the church of the time it will take to build, the feasting it will produce and the number of pigs and necklaces which will be required for so honorable an event. Until at last the chatter waxes low, and finally a troop of dimly outlined figures rises from the ground and straggles homewards. As I lose sight of them there blends with the whisper of the palms and the rhythm of the lagoon the chaunt of children.

"Do, sol, si, la, fa-fa!

Oh, we shall see fine pigs,
Yea, we shall eat fine pigs."



A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY.

By F. LORENCE

Chapter V.

Shifting Scenes.

WITH European expectations in the matter of cab-hire, Emily had herself and her luggage transported in a coupe to one of the addresses given her by Frances Wylie. It was a Woman's Hotel only a couple of miles from the dock, yet the fare demanded by cabby took her breath away. Remonstrances and consultation of the tariff card posted within the cab merely elicited the information that it "wasn't no good quarreling with facts, and the car-strike now on, let the cabmen in for extras besides, which was natural, and a man must take his chances; besides there was the baggage."

"It's not like the old country you've come from, Miss," the man informed her confidentially, "but if yer pays more, yer makes more, so it evens up, don't yer mind?"

Emily submitted with a smile, but she wondered how her diminishing dollars were to be evened up.

The very precise and condescending young woman at the hotel office when applied to for a room, gave Emily another surprise by asking for references.

"Why, I don't know any one in New York," said Emily helplessly. "I've just arrived from Europe."

The young woman elevated her eyebrows. "What is your home address?" she asked, pen suspended.

"I have no home," declared the applicant for lodging. The clerk regarded her gravely; then she said:

"Under the circumstances we will give you admittance without looking up your references beforehand, but some voucher would be required before you could be accom-

modated again. Can you give names in any American city?"

Emily thought doubtfully of Uncle Billy, as she gave his name and address in far-away California.

"Any others?" asked the clerk. Feeling as if she were acting a tale of destitute friendlessness, Emily named the doctor and the clergyman of the little French town that had been home to her. Another query came:

"Are you self-supporting?"

The question seemed an indignity, still Emily considered it. She believed she was self-supporting, but the recollection of the gift of her passage hither made her hesitate. The clerk looked graver; her eyes said plainly that this was a suspicious case; the young woman so apparently unwilling to tell anything about herself was, perhaps, escaping from justice; those trunks were probably all packed with smuggled articles. She retired to consult with others in authority. Two gray-haired women of unyielding figures returned with her. Emily began to feel as a cat seems to when it gets its back up.

"Is it so singular for a woman to come alone to a New York hotel?" she questioned. "What do strangers generally do who have no acquaintances here?" Her voice trembled a little, though she looked straight at the women.

"These questions," began one of the unyielding pair, "are part of a form imposed for the protection of all. You, in turn, will benefit by them."

"I am not in search of charity, and hotels generally wish patronage," Emily said, haughtily, her tones still more uncertain.

"That is not the idea," the other went on. "This house is for the accommodation of respectable self-supporting women, but when there is vacancy, those who do not need to support themselves are admitted also, though for them the rates are higher. If you are self-supporting, you can have a room at the lower rate."

When questions and answers had been further explicit, and Emily had begun to feel like a charity scholar in a convent, she found herself the occupant of a plain little room whose furnishings carried out the impression of the conventual dormitory. Yet this, in itself, was not unpleasant. The sound of girls' voices talking merrily in the corridor, was also agreeable. It brought a sense of homeness that suited Emily's mood. The door opposite her own was open, and the conversation of the young people within the apartment reached her.

"When I told the boy he couldn't stay in school with such hands," one of the girls was saying, "he looked helpless."

"Didn't he wash them in the air—wring them—so?"

"He didn't have time. I bundled him off; told him he must get ready for school before he left home, and begin by taking a bath. Well, in ten minutes there burst into the class room the boy and his father, a little Hungarian Jew, all excitement. My dear, you should have been there to sketch that group. The man stood in the door-way making the deepest bows, and calling out: 'Lady, lady, you send my boy to wash? Ah, lady, you just wait. Two weeks he get a new suit of clothes—and he get a bath too.' When I tried to impress him with the necessity of his son's appearing daily with clean hands and face, he made a gesture of despair and dragged the boy off—I hope to a bath tub."

"What about a bath tub?" cried

another voice. A girl coming down the corridor in street dress paused at the door. "Lil, my dear, the bath tub is what I am myself seeking. I've come a-begging a dip in yours. Unfortunately, you know, the exigencies of the studio quarters make no allowance for baths."

"So the bachelor girls have to visit for the 'home comforts' same as other bachelors I wot of," laughed the other speaker.

The door closed on the girls but as Emily started forth to seek word from her uncle, she began to feel a comradeship with other homeless ones of a great city; it lent her some confidence in strange ways. The hurrying bustle of the streets now amused more than it confused her. As she walked on she smiled broadly at the spectacle of an ashman extracting from the barrel of trash he was emptying, odds and ends of finery that he carefully laid aside. A set of tangled curtain tassels, a bedraggled, moth-eaten ostrich plume, and a wreath of faded artificial flowers were put to immediate use in decorating his horse. A tassel for each ear, the plume for the head, the wreath for the equine brow, and Pegasus was adorned. Emily was still smiling when she heard her name spoken.

"So something in the New World affords you amusement?" said Dr. Heard. "You have speedily found it. Three hours ashore and you can smile at an ashman—not so bad. Now in the words of the land, where are you located?"

As they walked along, Emily told him, mimicking with gentle good nature, her catechiser at the Woman's Hotel.

"Ah!" cried the Doctor, "what Knight would dare draw sword for the Ladye oppressed by the New Woman? How, then, may simple man serve distressed goddesses?"

"The age compels even goddesses to serve themselves," she answered.

"Then knighthood is useless;

there are none to be served; our chivalry again is laughed away."

"Not the real chivalry—only the shams, even as Cervantes showed, and there are many kinds of service."

"Will you find one in which I may enlist?" His eyes matched his words, though his tone was light.

"Gladly and at once," she acceded promptly. She had grown to feel a pleasing ease and confidence with James Heard; this induced a sprightliness that became her and was evidently pleasing to him.

"For you, of course, I mean," he said.

"Oh, that is understood; hence my alacrity in finding the service."

"Pray name it; I am impatient, but I hope you won't throw your glove under the wheels of a cable car."

"No, my gloves are new, and that would be waste, which the industry of this country wrongly encourages."

"Waste gives each worker a chance to come next."

"Wouldn't he get a chance some other way?"

"We are getting off the subject of service," he reminded her.

"We've just reached the point," she declared, stopping at a hotel entrance. "I think this is the Cosmopolitan. My uncle said I should find letters here. If you will ask for them I shall esteem that a service." She felt somewhat less bold than she had while hearing those girls talk.

"Is that all I may do?" he exclaimed, holding the door open for her. As she entered a man hurrying out brushed against her roughly. Emily drew herself up, flushing indignantly.

"A chance for knighthood's charge," whispered the Doctor. "Shall I draw on him? Pray give me leave—I've a good fist."

But Emily did not hear; she was gazing after the man.

"Why, that was Uncle Billy," she exclaimed, excitedly. "I wish I had realized it quicker. So he's come to meet me. How good of him."

"Then offended dignity needs no knight's defense?" asked the Doctor, laughing. "But my dear lady, if chivalry has changed, consistency has not." Emily did not heed the words then. Some time later they recurred to her.

Inquiry at the desk brought to her two letters, but William Arnot's name was not on the register. The letters bore the home post-mark in California. Emily looked blank.

"But I am sure that man was he," she insisted.

"Perhaps, then, he is stopping at some other house. Your letters will tell you," suggested the Doctor.

They did not, however, nor did they inclose the expected pass, for they were not even from Uncle Billy, but from former school friends who had heard that she was returning. Her disappointment looked so keen and apprehensive that the Doctor was induced to show the earnest interest he felt.

"My dear Miss Arnot, you must have been mistaken about that man; he could not have been your uncle, and that these letters have come shows that others can reach you here. To-morrow you will hear from your uncle; meantime, come with me to Frances. We are going to see the byways of this little city before we leave it. Join us!"

But Emily pleaded other errands to do. She would accomplish them now and be ready when the expected summons should reach her.

"And you'll remember, I'm a knight you've taken into service," the Doctor said as he left her. "Let me serve when possible."

She promised, but there was an item of news in one of the letters that, though it troubled her, she could not bring herself to tell. One friend had written: "I am mailing

this to the address your uncle gave me the other day; and now he has gone East himself, so you'll see him before you receive this."

Then it had been her uncle whom she had seen. That he would not know her was certain; she had changed but he was unaltered. Yet why had he left no word of himself at the place where he had directed her to go? The dread that incomprehensible acts inspire, seized upon Emily. It had always been difficult to understand Uncle Billy, and this new revelation of his strange ways filled her with foreboding. She was also depressed at recollection of the affair of Mrs. Skinner's diamonds. These things she determinedly put by, however, in discharging the errands she had to execute. They were in the nature of a couple of visits she had promised to make for a self-exiled New Yorker who had sent by her mementoes to those old friends.

After many inquiries and directions she reached the first of the addresses. It was in a stately neighborhood. Towering buildings with massive entrances lined the street, whose canyon-like vista was closed by the wide blue river and the green bluffs beyond. Conducted by a hall boy to the apartment she sought, Emily was startled by seeing in the descending elevator the man she had lately taken for Uncle Billy. She made a movement to stay the car, but it shot down, and the hall boy called out for her: "No. 22, madam." The next moment Emily was greeted at the door of a little drawing room by Mrs. Skinner.

"Bless my life!" exclaimed that person, "you did hurry, though I'm glad to see you, my dear. You've been bothering your head about those diamonds, I suppose; but how did you know the address?"

Emily looked from the card she held in her hand to her late shipmate. "I am looking for," she read

off the name, "Miss Sarah Peters. Her cousin, Miss Allan of Nimes, France, asked me to bring her this parcel," indicating the little package she held.

"To be sure, to be sure," Mrs. Skinner laughed, drawing Emily into the tiny room, "and like the good girl you are it burned your fingers until you could deliver it. Well, my dear, I was Sarah Peters once upon a time, so you are bringing that to me. Poor Nell Allan—she's a good soul, but she never understood how to live. Now, I suppose you wonder why I've just come from France, yet never saw her; and you are wondering about the diamonds and—a lot of things. I've only a minute, but sit down, sit down, and I'll tell you."

Emily was relieved of the necessity to wonder or to speak; Mrs. Skinner did it all; she also rang, and the maid appearing, ordered lemonade. "Squash, you know, Katie, and one extra, quick." These brought, and the business of making Emily comfortable settled, she began:

"About the diamonds—they were found all right; there might have been trouble, and you couldn't have helped that on, so it was no good your being mixed up in it. That was the one thing Mr. Purser agreed with me over. It was queer his putting the diamonds in different compartments in the safe instead of all together, and queerer still his forgetting about them. Oh, he's fishy all right. I guess if you and I went to the company with some tales his place wouldn't be so sure as he'd like, eh? As soon as I got in an officer and a customs man, that other compartment was recalled to memory. And that's all there is to that."

Emily, feeling as if she were in a dime novel, didn't speak; Mrs. Skinner began again with an embarrassed laugh; "Ellen Allan is as queer as the purser, in her way, my dear, every bit as queer. She's

taken her little income and lives over there in Southern France nicely, and she thinks I can do the same with no more money here. I can't—I couldn't if I worked with my hands and brain both. In America the comedy of industry is, that the harder you work with your hands, the less you accumulate. Sit round and watch others work, and if you invest ten cents carefully you're likely to make money. Sarah wouldn't like my investments, so I don't say anything to her; she thinks I am as poor as ever, and she saves out of her bit of income to send me such as this."

She had unrolled the little parcel, and now held up to light a strip of Valenciennes lace. "I've got slathers of the same sort—and heaps much better. It's too bad, too bad, and I can't tell her."

"If she came home once, wouldn't she see better how it is?" asked Emily.

"Eh?" Mrs. Skinner came out of her abstraction with a start. "Good Lord, child! You've known her, and you've seen me now every day for a week, and you ask me that? You'll never get through the world with a whole skin if you don't use your eyes better. When do you start West?"

Emily said she was waiting to hear from her uncle. "Then we can't go together, for I start to-night," Mrs. Skinner informed her. "But why do you go at all? New York is much the best place for you to earn your living in, if that's what you mean to do. You stay here, and if I find a good chance for small investments I'll let you know. Then you can come out."

"Why, I've nothing to invest, not even in the smallest way," laughed Emily, getting up to go. "Uncle Billy wrote it was easy to make a living at teaching; I must wait to learn what he wants me to do."

"Don't wait," urged the other. "Never wait for any man; find something for yourself. Look

about sharp, and good luck to you, my dear," and as the elevator descended with Emily, she waved her hand at the grating, repeating "good luck, good luck!"

In quite a different part of town was the other address Emily wished to find. As she approached it she wondered nervously if a third time she would encounter the man she was sure was Uncle Billy. When the uninterrupted meeting with ordinary people had been accomplished and she departed, she found herself amazed at the lack of incident in the encounter. The day was not done, however. The streets, especially full of life and movement in the late afternoon, invited Emily to linger in them; she moved with the crowd up lower Fifth Avenue till a block at Fourteenth street caused her to pause. Waiting a chance to cross, she was hemmed in by the cars on one side and on the other by a cab piled high with luggage whose steamer labels caught her eye. They bore the name "Slavic." Glancing into the cab, Emily experienced a decided shock, as she looked straight into the face of the man she had twice met and believed to be her uncle. He saw without perceiving her, for he was intently listening to what was being said to him by his companion, a woman whose face was turned away from Emily. There was something familiar, though, in the woman's head and shoulders. Emily made a step nearer, the woman turned her head, and Emily's astonished gaze met that of Mrs. Skinner.

Then the block broke; the cab started on; Mrs. Skinner, with Uncle Billy looking over her shoulder, put her head out of the window. "Look out for a letter," she called, "to-morrow—Cosmopolitan." Then the cab rolled on, leaving Emily with amazement, apprehension and anticipation dominating her mind in very uncertain proportions.

(To be Continued.)



FOG O' 'FRISCO

By M. ELIZABETH BURNS HOWELL

*I dreamed a dream of 'Frisco town:
A tropic sun was beating down,
And every leaf burnt sere and brown
Where once was green.*

*The dust lay deep upon the street;
Hot stones did scorch wayfaring feet,
And sky and pavement seemed to meet
In one white glare.*

*There was no wind, there was no sea,
No cooling rain on land or lea;
And friendly fog had ceased to be—
O torrid town!*

*I heard the sound of children cry;
Dogs lolled dry tongues from throats as dry;
And limp-winged birds refused to fly—
Fierce Fire was King!*

*Where had been joy and song and praise,
The crowd went mad with curse and craze,
And when I thought of other days,
I cried aloud!*

*Fog o' 'Frisco, rolling down,
Come and cover up the town!
Cover up the dirt and sin,—
Damp the dust, and drown the din!*

Fog o' 'Frisco.

Fog o' 'Frisco, sweet as rain,
Come and cure this fever pain;
Pain of struggle, pain of strife,
Pain of death and pain of life!

Fog o' 'Frisco, robe of gray,
Come and veil the garish day!
Veil the gaudy, tinsel toys;
Quell the clamor, lull the noise.

Fog o' 'Frisco, mantle meet,
Come and cover up the street;
Hide where wanton Pleasure stalks—
Wanton winks and wanton walks.

Fog o' 'Frisco, blessed boon,
Come and quench this blaze of noon!
Break the brazen, burnished glare,
Fan the fainting, famished air!

Fog o' 'Frisco, call the curse.
Thou art healing, like a nurse;
Come with cooling finger-tips—
Touch our thirsting, parching lips!

Fog o' 'Frisco, breathing balm,
Come and bring us rest and calm;
Rest from angry, aching heart;
Rest from troubling tears that start!

Fog of 'Frisco, comrade kind,
Come again with Western wind;
Blow upon our burning brows—
Cool sea-waves on pushing prows.

I dreamed again: The sea returned
And blazing sun no longer burned.
Came wind, came fog for which men yearned,
And all was glad.

My dreaming done, I waked from sleep,
The vision pondered long and deep,
Nor scarce could know to smile or weep
At all it meant.

But when I ventured forth again,
And met with fog and mist and rain,
I thought upon my dream of pain,
And blessed the day.

Fog o' 'Frisco, faithful friend,
Keep a-coming till the end;
Then when shines new Eden Day,
Thou dost need no longer stay.

Fog o' 'Frisco, soft as night,
Soothe and rest us till the light
Pure with peace and love shall dawn,
All our sin and sighing gone!

The Industrial Development of the West.

By Americans of To-day.

A Record of Personal Opinion, Experience and Achievement

THE CARTHAGE OF THE WEST.

By H. W. POSTLETHWAITE



H. W. Postlethwaite, president of the Holmes Lime Co., Inc., and interested in other representative institutions of California, was born in England in 1867. He is a graduate of Cambridge, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1890. Prior to coming to America, Mr. Postlethwaite resided in New Zealand, where he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court in 1891. He removed to America in 1894, and took up his residence in San Francisco. He has been prominently identified with the industries of mining, citrus-growing and gold-dredging, and is recently devoting his attention mostly to the affairs of the Holmes Lime Company, and certain irrigating projects which he has on foot in Colorado.

CALIFORNIA, to within the last few years, has been considered by people living East of the Rockies a country devoted to mining and the ruder forms of agriculture only. Since the Philippine war, however, this Western State has assumed an importance formerly undreamed of. San Francisco has awakened from her lethargy and has become the veritable Carthage of the Pacific. The growth of San Francisco during the last twelve months has been phenome-

nal, and there is at present no sign of cessation. All branches of trade are in a wonderfully prosperous condition, and new enterprises, manufacturing and otherwise, are springing up almost daily. San Francisco real estate is showing a constant and steady rise in value, and is not being held for speculative purposes as evidenced by the fine and substantial steel frame structures now being erected on all down-town lots in the business section. In the year 1902 the real estate transactions in the city of San Francisco amounted to \$47,396,000—as against \$12,903,000 in 1897, and building operations have kept pace with the movement in the real estate market. Between January 1st and July 1st of the present year contracts were let for the construction of 786 new buildings, having a total value of \$7,144,000. This wonderful advance in the building business is all the more remarkable when it is considered that wages in every branch are from \$1.50 to \$2 per day higher, than in the Eastern States. In consequence of the exorbitant wages demanded, and of the danger from strikes, the manufacturers of building materials have been compelled to raise their prices from ten to twenty-five per cent over what they were three years ago.

In spite of all these discouraging factors San Francisco continues steadily on her upward course, and is already recognized as the great distributing center of the West. So great is the demand for building ma-

terial in San Francisco and California generally that within the last twelve months two new cement factories have been put in operation within a few miles of the city, and are now producing a cement of the highest grade. The pioneer company, known as the "Pacific Portland Cement Company," manufactures the "Golden Gate," a cement which Government tests have shown to be equal in all respects to the very highest grade imported article. At the present time, practically all materials requisite for modern buildings are manufactured in California, and in view of the greatly increased demand the local manufacturers are continually adding to their plants. The Holmes Lime Company of San Francisco, one of the leading manufacturers of lime and handlers of all building materials, established in the year 1854, has within the last six months doubled its capacity in consequence of the great growth of the business, due to the influx to the city of strangers, who have come for the purpose of building and going into business here. The principal works of this company are situated in the Santa Cruz Mountains near the town of Felton. Nine large lime kilns, three of them being of the improved "Monitor" pattern, are kept continuously running to meet the large demands of the trade. The lime rock, of which there is an inexhaustible supply upon the land of the company, is of splendid crystallized formation, and of superior quality. The lime burned from this rock has attained a wide-spread reputation, over the entire State and immediate territories for its strength and fine finishing qualities. The land of the company in Santa Cruz County embraces a fine tract of redwood timber, from which are manufactured shingles, and from which also is derived the supply of fuel to burn the lime and the material from which the air-tight barrels

are manufactured, in which the lime is packed. The lime rock when quarried by means of a chute is loaded into cars which are operated by gravity, and which automatically dump their contents into the kilns some quarter of a mile away. The lime when burned is drawn and placed in cars and then run by gravity a distance of one and one-half miles to the company's warehouse, near Felton, where it is barreled and loaded on Southern Pacific Company's cars for shipment to all parts of the State. Large shipments of lime are also made to the Hawaiian Islands, where it is used by the sugar mills and plantations.

The company also owns extensive lime works in El Dorado County, situated a few miles from Newcastle, from which point the lime is shipped to Sacramento and other points along the C. P. R. R. and its connections, including Nevada, Oregon and Washington.

On this El Dorado property is the celebrated "Alabaster Cave," so well known to tourists, and from which the lime there has derived its name of "Alabaster" lime, from its purity and whiteness. This lime is shipped in bulk almost exclusively, and is widely known for its excellent qualities, both for brick-laying, plastering, whitewashing and spraying purposes.

Another lime stone property has recently been purchased by the company near Colfax, in Placer County, and is now being equipped with two patent kilns, aerial tramways, and all other modern improvements. The lime produced from this rock is very similar to that produced at Roch Harbor and is absolutely pure.

The manufacturers and handlers of building supplies generally are doing all in their power to advance California, and if the labor question could only be put on a settled and satisfactory basis and the difficulties now existing between the master builders and their employees ar-

ranged, with the result that a sufficient number of journeymen plasterers and representatives of the other branches of the building trade could be obtained in San Francisco, if necessary brought by the labor unions from the Eastern States, where the supply is far in excess of the demand, and where the wages are lower, the growth of San Francisco would become a record-breaker.

If San Francisco is to become really great the merchants, manufacturers and business men gener-

ally must take an active and combined interest in her advancement, and must fight for the supremacy of the Pacific Ocean, as otherwise it is quite within the range of possibility, if not probability, that the trade of the Orient will be diverted from San Francisco to the Northern ports, and if that once becomes an accomplished fact, San Francisco's commercial star will begin to fade and she will rapidly decline from and lose that leading place to which her geographical position surely entitles her.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

By SENATOR M. A. HANNA

[In view of the many strikes now being settled by arbitration, and especially because of the forthcoming publication in the Overland Monthly of an article entitled "A Unionized City," it is of interest to know the position held by one of the largest employers of labor.

As Labor is an essential to the industrial development of the West, this department will, in a measure, be devoted to opinions pro and con on this many-sided question.—Editor.]

"This discussion is no new topic to me. I have been through many of the trials connected with this serious problem, and my conclusions are the result of experience. I am one of those alluded to by my friend Gompers as having arrived at the conclusion that organized labor has a just and proper duty to perform,

that employers have a no less rigorous duty of doing their best to assist organized labor to fulfill its highest purposes.

"I only mean to ask, aye, to plead, that each one of you pause in each day of your busy lives and consider whether something outside of your business, or indeed inside your business, shall not be done by you to better the condition of your fellowmen. The success of our great industries is lost unless we utilize the success and the wealth which have come to us, to help everybody else.

"It was that impulse that recently brought me into conference with the leaders of labor, and the work we are trying to do is in a noble cause, which will strengthen our nation, and which you cannot separate from our body politic, from our politics, from our morals, from our religion, from our best material interests. This is the Golden Rule."

THE WARNER RANCH INDIANS

And why they were Removed to Pala.

By FRANK D. LEWIS



Mr. Frank D. Lewis writes of the removal of the Warner Ranch Indians to the new reservation at Pala. There has been a great deal of interest displayed regarding the fate of these Indians and the Overland has secured the statement of Mr. Lewis because he was associated as one of the agents of the Government in the proper care and in the removal of this, the largest remaining Indian village in California. Frank D. Lewis is a resident of Riverside, California, and a delegate from the 78th District to the 35th Session of the California Assembly.

THE Warner Ranch lies in San Diego County about ninety miles northeast of San Diego, and upon the crest of the watershed dividing the Colorado Desert from the western slope of the Coast Range leading to the ocean.

It comprises some 45,000 acres of mountain and valley land, and for fifty years has been used alternately for sheep and cattle pasture. Its exterior boundaries were determined by the surveys upon which the United States patents issued in 1880 were based, and these exterior boundaries were so located as to include within the ranch five Indian villages

which, according to the best information obtainable, contained at the time from 750 to 1,000 people.

Those who are left of these people are now known as the Warner Ranch Indians.

About two-thirds of these Indians lived in the village called Agua Caliente and cultivated lands close to the Hot Springs, from which the village takes its name, to the extent of about 1,000 acres, and of this acreage some forty to fifty acres were under irrigation, a supply of approximately twenty miners' inches of water having been secured by impounding the hot water in a reservoir and diverting the flow of two miniature streams.

From the testimony of the older Indians, given at the trial of the ejectment suit, it appears that prior to the establishment of the San Luis Rey Mission these people had not been subjected to any interference on the part of the whites, but that shortly thereafter not only were they forced into the San Luis Rey Mission, but there was built at the site of the Agua Caliente village a mission station where an overseer was stationed, who introduced among the Indians remaining the crude ideas and methods of farming in vogue at that time.

Prior to that time, nuts, grass, seeds, roots and game, large and small, had furnished the means of subsistence, but with the gradual settlement of the surrounding country the primitive supplies were discarded, and in their place substituted the products of the Indians' cultivated fields, corn, wheat, and barley, with pork, beef, mutton and

fowl in place of game, which included insects and mice.

Government supervision was not established over these or other Southern California Indians until after the close of the Civil War, and reservations were first provided or attempted during President Grant's administration, but nothing effective was provided for the Warner Ranch Indians, and up to the time of their removal they had always been a self-supporting, independent people.

An executive order was issued by President Grant setting aside the lands upon which Agua Caliente village stands as an Indian Reservation, but it was later determined that the grant to Warner covered the same lands, and the executive order was revoked. No other provision was made by the United States Government for these Indians until after the termination of the ejectment suit, when \$100,000 was appropriated to buy the land necessary, properly improve it, and move the Indians on to it.

For the purpose of selecting the lands to be purchased, a commission headed by Charles F. Lummis, was appointed, and the final result of the Commission's work was the purchase of and removal of the Indians to the land lying along the San Luis Rey river, at Pala, in San Diego County.

The men have worked throughout Southern California as laborers on all classes of work, as ranch hands on the cattle and grain ranches and in the orange groves, as laborers on railroads, canals, streets and buildings. They were an important element in the wool industry when sheep were plentiful in Southern California, for the Indians did practically all the shearing.

These men make competent though unreliable help. They work well and steadily when they work, but cannot be depended on when needed, nor is there any assurance

to be had that because twenty of them are at work for one man to-day he will have help to-morrow.

Gambling is their great vice and there are few of them that are not drunkards when the opportunity offers, but these few there are, and splendid, reliable, hard-working fellows these few are, too.

The reputed medicinal properties of the water in the springs at the Indian village attracted people from all directions, and the Indians, by building crude bath houses containing wooden tubs for the use of which they charge all comers, were able to reap a pecuniary benefit.

Then, too, they rented their houses during the summer season, the tourist season from the Indian's view point, and by various means even to the establishment of restaurants, turned the attractiveness of the springs into a source of income.

As the Government has maintained a day school at Agua Caliente for over twenty years, nearly all of the boys and girls, young men and women, can speak, read and write English.

The action in ejectment which resulted in the removal of the Indians from Warner's Ranch was commenced by the late ex-Governor John G. Downey in 1894, tried in 1896, and finally disposed of in May, 1901, by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, affirming the decision of the Supreme Court of California.

Governor Downey claimed the property under two U. S. patents, based on three Mexican grants, while the claimed rights of the Indians were based on the rule of law and property laid down by the Supreme Court of California in the case of *Byrne vs. Alas*, decided in 1887, that, under Spanish and Mexican law, "wherever Indian settlements are established and Indians till the ground, they have the right of occupancy in the land they need and use whenever a grant is made to include

such settlements the grant is subject to such occupancy."

This was the law of Spain and Mexico applicable to lands held and possessed by Indians in the country ceded by Mexico to the United States, and had it been invoked by the Indians at the proper time, would in all probability have protected them in their possession of the lands from which they have just been ejected. But Congress in 1851 passed an act entitled "An Act to Ascertain and Settle the Private Land Claims in the State of California," which provided for a Board of Land Commissioners to sit as a court, before which every claimant to lands in California was required to present his claims within two years. If not so presented such claims were considered abandoned.

The sixteenth section of this Act of Congress made it the duty of the Commissioners appointed thereunder "to ascertain and report to the Secretary of the Interior the tenure by which the mission lands are held and those held by the civilized Indians, and those who are engaged in agricultural labor of any kind, and also those which are occupied or cultivated by Pueblos or Rancheros Indians."

No report from the Commissioners can be found among the records of the Interior Department nor any record of such a report ever having been made. The courts must assume that the Commissioners performed the duty imposed upon them by the law, and that Congress did all that was necessary in the discharge of its obligations to the Indians, and that their claims must stand upon the same footing as those of other claimants, and that inasmuch as these Indian claims were not presented to the Board of Land Commissioners for confirmation they have lost any merit they may have

had, and must be treated as having been abandoned by the Indian claimants.

This is the ground of the decision of the United States Supreme Court which affirms the decisions of the California courts and results in the ejection from their homes, and the homes of their ancestors, of the residents of the largest Indian village left in Southern California.

It was reasonable to suppose that Congress did not intend the provisions of the Act of 1851 to apply to Indians who knew no English, could not read and write, and who knew as little regarding individual or tribal ownership of property as they did of Acts of Congress or of Land Commissioners.

It is evident from the fact that Congress in passing the act provided in the sixteenth section, making it the Commissioners' duty to report on Indian claims, at that time at least, had no intention to bind the Indians by its other provisions, but by its recent action in providing for the people who had been deprived of their homes through the neglect or the incompetence of officials of early days, the Government has taken a long step in the line of justice to an inferior race that marks a departure from the procedure of the past century in its dealings with Indian tribes.

The loss to these Indians is a sentimental rather than a material one, for the land secured for them at Pala is better in every way than that which they are forced to leave, better watered and better supplied with irrigation facilities, and while in their new location the Indians are nearer to the industrial centers, they are removed from contaminating influence of a class of undesirable characters attracted to their village by the waters of the Hot Springs.



CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED
BY FLORENCE JACKSON -

make her an undesirable wife for the chivalrous youth, this gives an aspect of treachery that contradicts the evident aim of the writer.

"No Hero," by E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.

In his very latest
Not Literature. book Mr. Town-
send introduces

WHETHER in a cool climate or a warm one, the influence of summer relaxation is felt as much in the matter of reading books as in anything else. A holiday and unmeditative spirit prevails, and one seeks amusement rather than thought. This may be found, however, even in books. Here is a charming little volume to divert one for an hour. That it is lacking in consistency and in probability is of little consequence. It rings the changes again on lovers who have passed their first youth, and, with the exception of an undergraduate, a lad of years too tender to make him really interesting, it deals with persons who have had a past. An unusual element is introduced by making the youth who falls in love with a woman considerably his senior, preserve his chivalrous action to and feeling for her even when he learns that her former life has not been quite beyond criticism. The inconsistency is that the older friend of the youth is made to tell the story, and as he ultimately comes to a different judgment of the woman whose adventures and age seem to

his readers to a motley crowd of his country people, and these gathered from the accommodating West that so many authors levy upon for their material, are ultimately hurled into the maelstrom of New York financial and social life. This is excusable, for very evidently the author cannot write with any degree of ease of anything but the most seething phases of metropolitan living. At the same time there is never a moment when the reader of this book feels the tremendous pulse and stir of events as Norris makes them felt in his wheat stories. From the beginning of the end of "Lees and Leaven," there is a depressing influence at work on the innocent being who takes up the book for either amusement or profit. The latter is not found at any time; the former in scant measure. The story begins with a Western oil-dealer's effort to extend his negotiations, has plenty of incident and movement, but never once seems real until the characters are removed to New York. There the scandalous practice of a great newspaper rouses interest for a moment, but the introduction of several stupidly facetious and impossibly naive characters,

wearies inexpressibly. From that time on sensationalism, without any real apology for being, stalks through the pages, which seem to have been turned off as newspaper "copy" for which the presses are waiting.

Certainly there is no reconstruction, nor polishing allowed for, and as literature, the story is altogether out of the question.

"Lees and Leaven," by Edward W. Tonwsend. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

An Adventurous Youth.

The criticism made of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's latest

book, by an astute sea-captain who is a somewhat wide reader, is: "It's not a bad book for a boy." However, it is scarcely a juvenile public for whom the book was written, although the hero is but 15 when the story closes. As it leaves him well, if not happy, it may be that he is to figure again in some later work, for the mystery concerning his parentage remains unsolved, and that is not fair in a practical age when, if they have ceased to "live happy ever afterwards" they must at least be accounted for even if detective service is necessary to do it. There is so much of such service done by the small boy, Harry Revel, that it would seem he might have ferreted out the secret of his own birth. He is quite a marvelous observer for a little chap, and has most remarkable command of language and most extraordinary ideas to express in that language, considering that he was taken from school and all book instruction at ten years of age. Smuggling, gambling, intrigue, all play their part in Harry's adventures, which are amusing enough reading, but hardly what an adult mind longs for even for summer diversion.

The Adventures of Harry Revel, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribners' Sons. Price \$1.50.

A Clock Tinker.

In spite of a contrary opinion, as expressed by some of our contemporaries, we feel that Irving Bacheller's latest book is as tedious as we found Eben Holden in most of its length. We should feel quite unwarrantably "difficult" about the earlier story were we not able to recall what Mr. Bacheller himself said of it: "Can you tell me what people see in that book? I don't know." No more do we. Darrell of the Blessed Isles is a strange combination of classic metaphor and crude commonplaceness, and the boy Trove is made to show a surprising sophistication in knowing, as soon as he gets to school—which he does not attend until he is 14 or so, certain sorts of knowledge he had had no chance to gain before. He reminds one of a hero of past times—say of Augusta Evans or Mary J. Holmes' creations so impossibly capable, so commanding is he made to be. The author makes a claim on the reader to hear of Trove and Darrell whether he will or no, and a sub-conscious query is started as to why this story was written at all. There is pre-supposed a great value in the character of Darrell, and it frets the reader to find what might have been an idyl of the times and place spoiled. The intruding of the specific and inconsequent concrete into the picturesque abstract is distressing. The picture is uncertainly drawn and is ruined by sudden glares of light. When suggestiveness makes a fine shading, it is presently injured by the bold, harsh stroke. There is nearly a plagiarism of Emerson in the thought if not the words of Darrel:

"Let me stop one o' the clocks so I may not forget the hour o' meeting a new friend."

"Darrel of the Blessed Isles," by Irving Bacheller. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

How to be Amused. If Paris is the Mecca of Americans, then the way that Paris amuses itself must be of wide interest. Mr. Smith, who writes exhaustively of the French capital and its means of diverting itself, has given a very complete list of expensive and inexpensive cafes, restaurants, theatres, concert halls, museums, etc., etc. It would be inadvisable to read the chapter, "Paris Dines," at midnight, when you've not so much as a bit of hard tack to nibble upon. But it would make a most excellent stimulant for a lagging appetite. And if, as children ask of fairy stories: "Is it really truly?" you would put a similar query, be comforted in knowing that it is "really truly." This chapter might be taken as a guide book to the eating places of Paris, even to the bills of fare and the prices. There is, however, a digression made that is not at all necessary, the author having gone to the trouble of expressing himself libelously in regard to "The New York Dairy Lunch Room with its Dyspeptic Griddle Cakes." Another fault with the books is the colored illustrations which, with the exception of the first, are in themselves a libel on colored lithographing. And these are not French. The beautiful work a French house turns out could not be mistaken for the gaudy pages of smudgy colors, the American lithographer considers art.

"How Paris Amuses Itself." F. Berkeley Smith. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, \$1.50 net.

Two Idyllic Love Tales. Under one cover are bound two romances whose telling as well as themes gives them the charm of poetry. In the "Turquoise Cup" we have another story of the

Knight and the Lady's glove, but without any danger to the Knight in rescuing the glove. This time it is a cup—an exquisite thing belonging to the treasure stores of St. Mark's, Venice, and the lady demands that her lover secure this for her, though he must rifle the temple to do so. It is a test, a gauge she sets him not to prove his love, but his force and worth, his desire to accomplish a great deed; she wants him great, famous, fearless, and she sets him the first task fancy suggests. How he performs it, how the gentle offices of the venerated and lovable Cardinal are exercised for both these charming young people, must be read to be appreciated.

The second story, "The Desert," more intense, more pathetic, more sombre but not less sweet, is a tale of an Arab's love that awakens for the girl who is intrusted to him, the Messenger of the Desert, to be taken as a slave to a life of ignominy: One thing only can save her, her marriage to a Christian and her own conversion to Christianity, which will bring her under the protection of the French law, which may rule only the Christian subjects of Algiers. Told in a language whose flow is beautifully rhythmical, the tale is as moving as Bayard Taylor's Bedouin Love Song, and carries the same refrain of true, mastering passion, which believes in its own constancy "till the stars grow cold and the books of the Judgment Day unfold."

In keeping with the theme of the stories is the binding of the book, and very beautiful is the colored illustration of the first tale, a scene in a Venetian loggia, overlooking the sea and the distant Campanile.

The Turquoise Cup and The Desert, by Arthur Cosslette Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.



“Her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.”

BYRON.

Of course 'tis *Pears'* that makes her fair.

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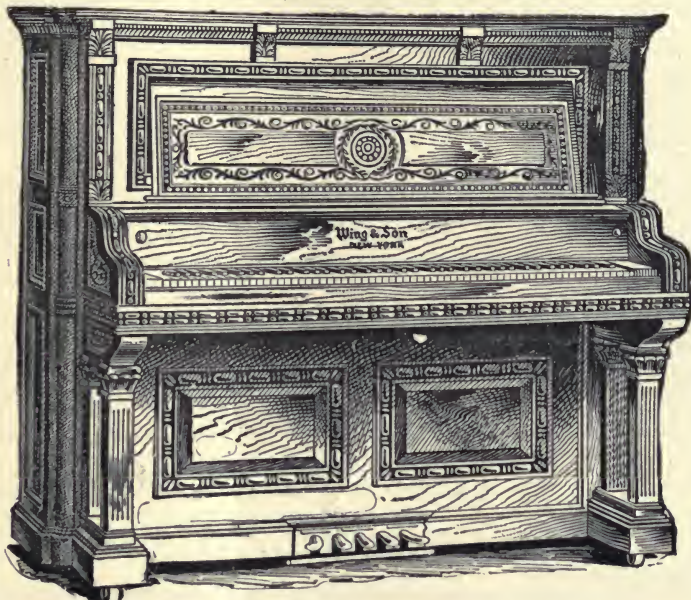
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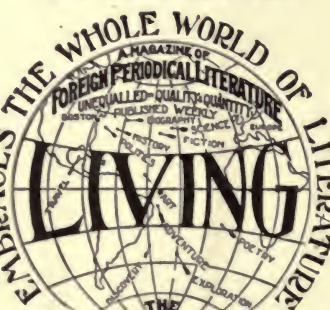

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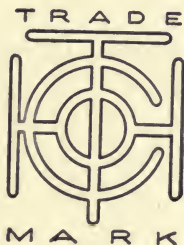
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The great trouble is that mining is not looked upon as a business, pure and simple, and must be conducted as such if ultimate success is to be achieved. The same one who says that mining is a speculation would not for one moment say that an ordinary mercantile business was a speculation.

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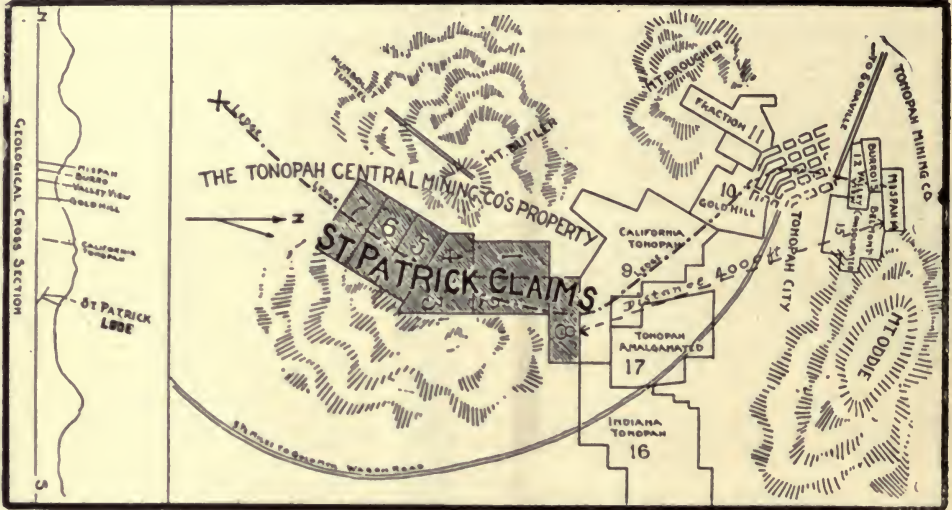
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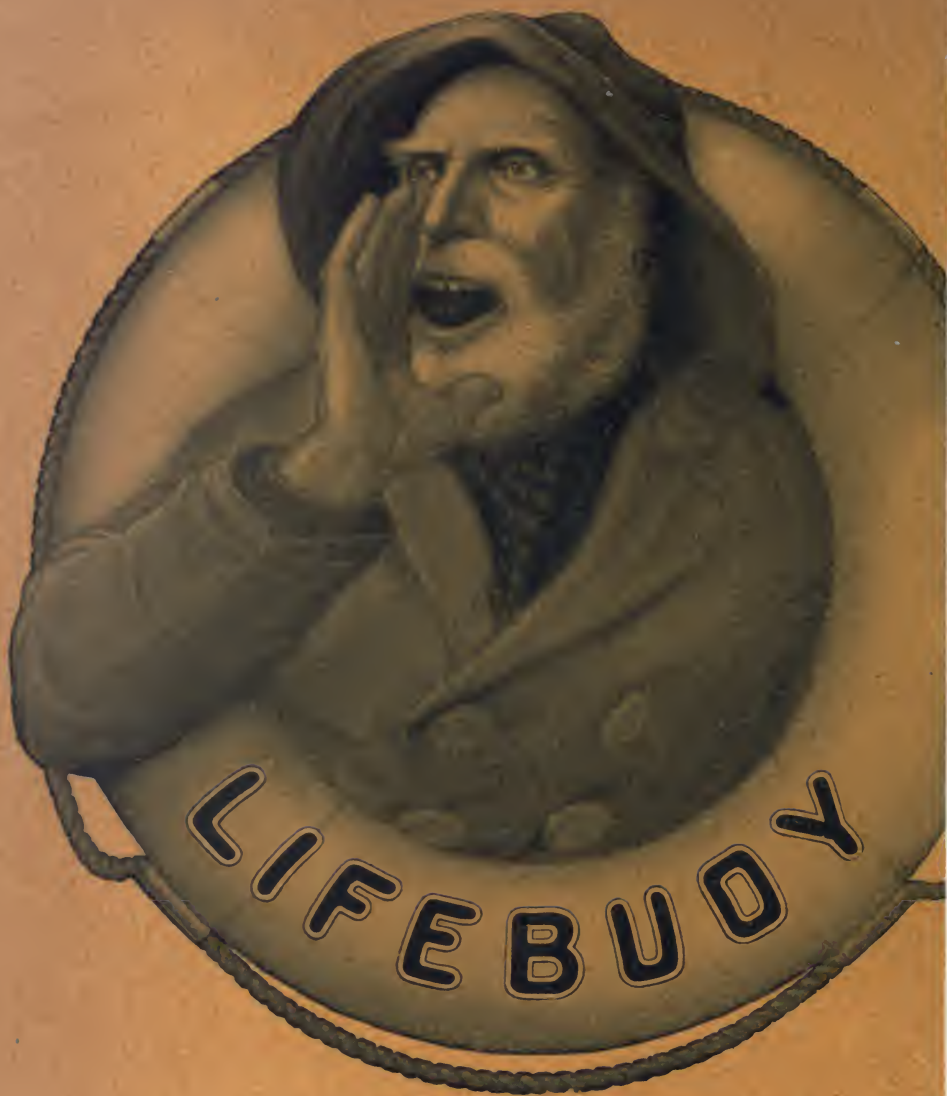
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SEPTEMBER, 1903

EXLV, No. 31

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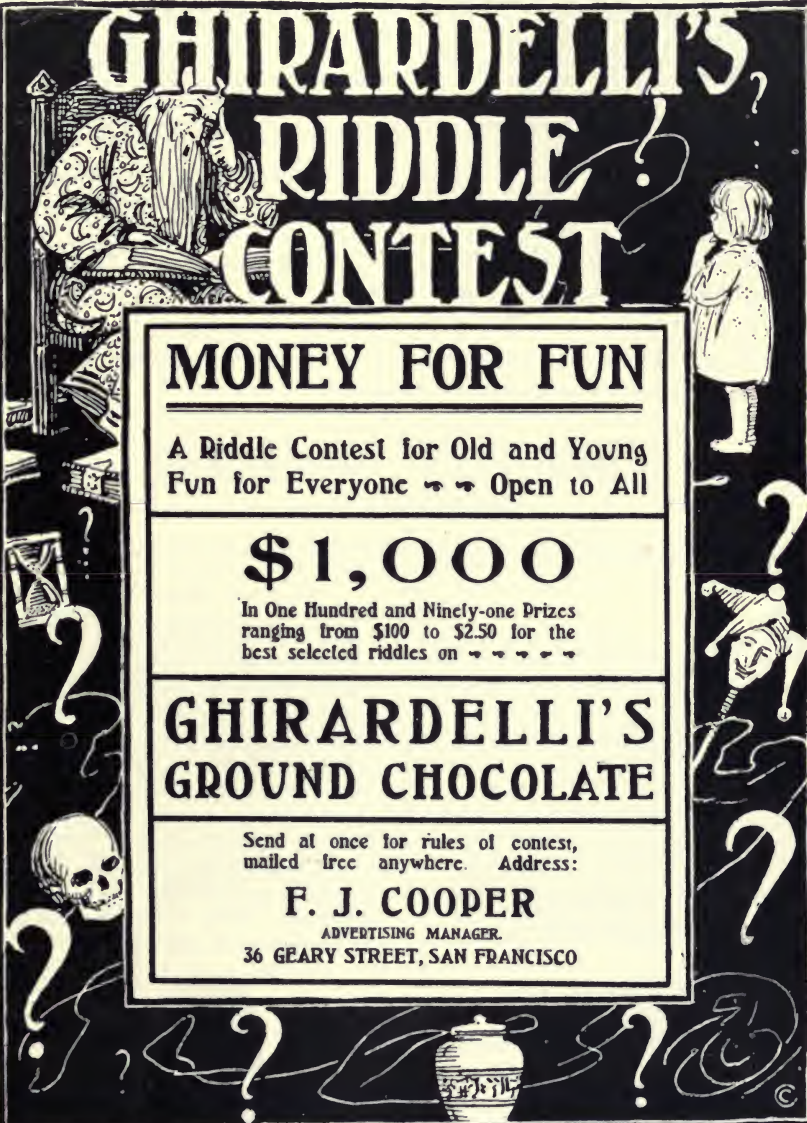
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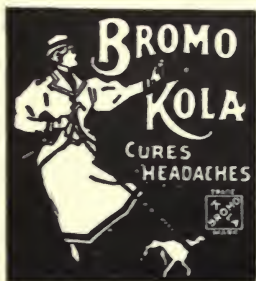
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From a water color by Ethel Marian Wickes.



MISS EUGENIA THAIS LAWTON. Photo—Stanford Studio, S. F.



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APRES LE BAL MASQUE.

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A musical score for the Japanese National Hymn, framed in a rounded rectangle. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is a vocal line with lyrics: "Ki ni ra yo, yo wa, ki yo shi, ya chi yo ni". The second system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "ia za re, shi no, wa o co, na re da". The third system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "no re no, mu so, ma de".

Ki ni ra yo, yo wa, ki yo shi, ya chi yo ni
ia za re, shi no, wa o co, na re da
no re no, mu so, ma de

Japanese National Hymn. (Words on Page 183.)
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Overland Monthly

119663

Vol. XLII. September, 1903.

No 3.

An Imperial Garden Party in Tokyo.

By EMILY J. HAMILTON

THE chrysanthemum is Queen of Autumn in Japan. Even His Majesty, the Emperor, deigns to do her honor. Once a year he assembles his fortunate guests and bids them pay court to her. Accordingly the twelfth of November was set, and chaste white and gold cards, on which the Mikado's sixteen-petal chrysanthemum glowed like the sun, called the honored few to assemble at a suburb of the imperial grounds known as Akasaka.

Similar to our own capital, Washington, the royal city is designed somewhat in the form of a wheel, but while the western city is built on level ground in regular pattern, the other consciously rambles over and among the hills, and tends toward a spiral form. In general, the new palace and grounds form the axle, two picturesque granite-walled, pine-shadowed moats form the hub, and canals that connect the moats with the sea and artistically irregular streets, answer for the spokes. A general symmetry was maintained by the artist, who planned the city, and artistic detail was secured by the irregularity. The design on the map of Tokyo would suggest that the whole had been twisted out of

shape by the frequent earthquakes. One has only to examine the startling records of these events kept at the University of Tokyo to be entirely captivated by that fancy.

We were bidden to enter the garden at the Eastern Gate, a simple iron and brick structure, far different from the Mikado's entrance with its moat, its castle, its guarded bridge, its splendid arch. But that is sacred.

Through the courtesy of our late Minister Plenipotentiary, the generous and thoughtful Colonel Buck, the coveted invitation was secured. And it did our American heart good to realize that an American tourist, alone in Japan, could partake of the rarest of all the treats of the season, this royal entertainment, where only the blue blood and distinguished citizens of the realm and the foreign ambassadors and their friends, especially tourists, were permitted to be received. This comes from having a minister at court who is noted for his interest in the welfare of his countrymen in this foreign land, and from the gratitude felt by Japan for her awakening by America. Besides, the constant respect paid in the Flowery Kingdom

to the English-speaking races has become proverbial.

The welcome day outshone all preceding days to honor the Emperor's out-of-door party. The sun was like His Majesty's crest, the air as clear and cool as the crystal doors within his tapestried palace. But like the perfect gateway at the magnificent temples, at Nikko with its one inverted pillar, the day must have its blot, or the gods would be jealous. The Emperor and the

About half-past two Her Imperial Majesty arrived, the Crown Princess having come a little earlier. The royal procession moved to the pavilion that graced the head of the long table, weighted with elaborate refreshments. Here, assisted by fourteen ladies of royal blood, the Empress received her foreign ambassadors and other distinguished guests, while a Japanese brass band between times performed overtures and medleys of European operas.



Mikado's Bridge Leading to New Palace Built in 1889.

Crown Prince were absent, the Emperor, in another city, granting posthumous honors to ancestors of living nobles and reviewing troops, the Crown Prince unable to attend because of temporary ill-health. In fact, it would have been "Hamlet with Hamlet left out" had not the charming and gracious Empress and the Crown Prince received us.

As each distinguished guest was presented by a master of ceremonies he slightly raised the Empress's extended hand and bowed low enough to touch it with his lips. The ceremony was dignified, but hearty, and each delighted guest resumed his erect posture to find, not a haughty despot coldly staring down upon him from an elevated throne, as in

old Oriental times, but a gentle lady smiling up into his face, with cordial feminine welcome. Perhaps it eased the most democratic heart to observe that her head was crowned with a Paris hat of white tulle and that she was gowned in shimmering light brocaded silk of Parisian design.

But what matters it to tell of the silks and ermine and lace worn that day? Suffice it to say that the royal request had gone forth that all wear European costume; the Japanese

breeding that marks a citizen of the world. Surely the uniform European costume is a mighty leveler: one would almost have guessed them all of one race. But it is certainly with regret that the foreigners witness in Japan the passing of the time-honored, rich, artistic woman's dress, the quiet kimono, and the rich, embroidered and brocaded obi.

The initiated pointed out to the novices some of the distinguished guests: Marquis Ito, a few years ago Premier of the realm, whose

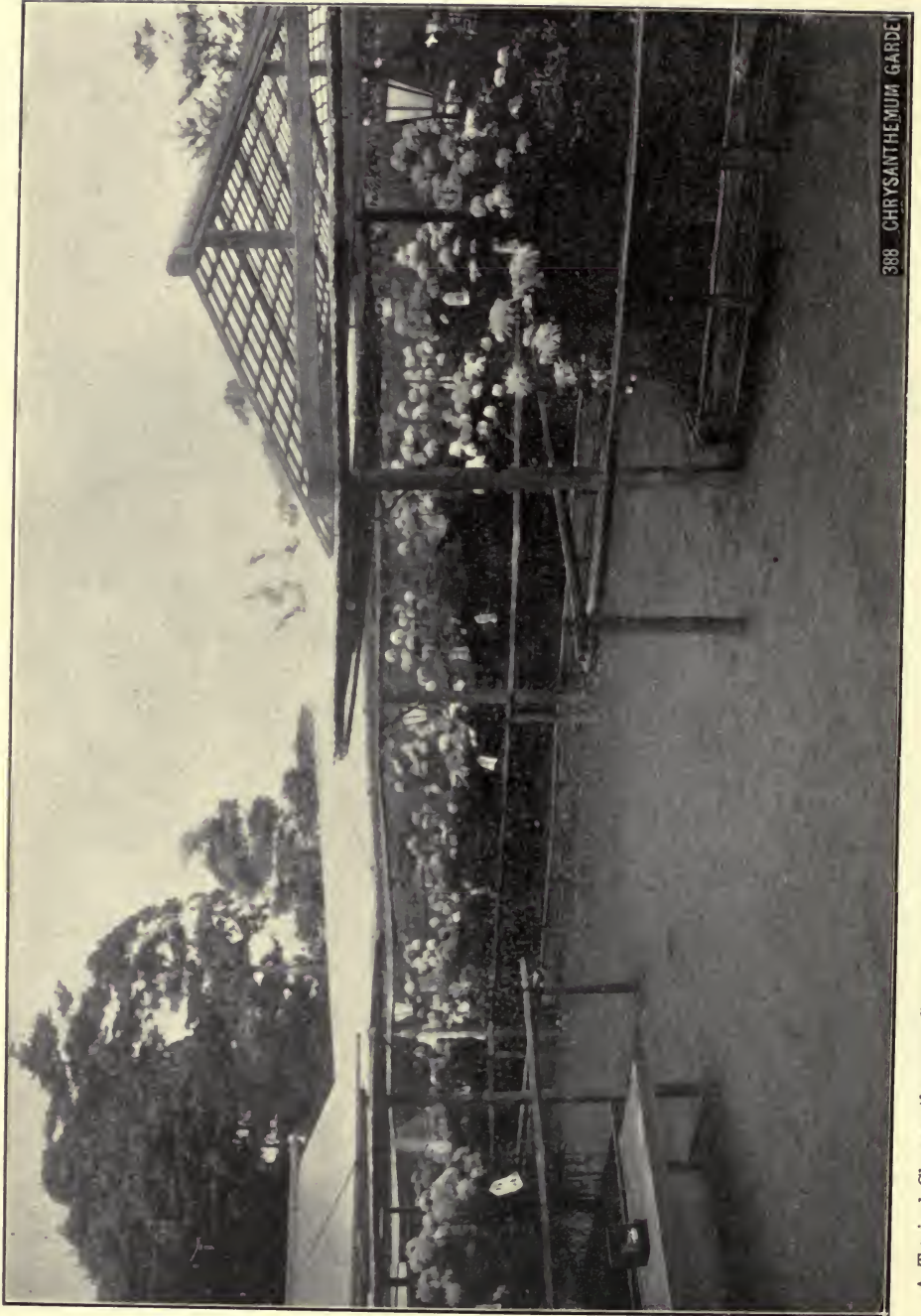


A Single Chrysanthemum Plant in the Imperial Garden Last Year.

women came forth in their pretty Frenchy costumes, and the men in full dress and silk hats, or in the uniforms and medals of their rank.

The Chinese minister and his *attache* were a noted exception to the general rule, as their official costume did not conform to the European model. It was an interesting assemblage of men and women, all having that peculiar air of culture and

fearless career in the line of reform at one time almost cost him his life; a group of foreign ministers, French, German, English, Swiss, Chinese and others, among whom we were proud to see the benevolent face of Colonel Buck; and near at hand the sturdy, resolute hero of the Cuban war, Rear-Admiral Evans, now in command of the Northern Division of the Asiatic



A Typical Chrysanthemum Garden in Japan.

fleet; and many Counts and Barons and Imperial university doctors of this and that.

To be sure, even some of the foreign guests addressed the Empress in Japanese, but how confused her dreams must have been at night, with all that polyglot ringing in her ears!

The refreshments were served by servants in gold-laced costumes at little tables scattered over the lawn, while sweet, cheerful music encouraged our appetites. At last, stealing almost unperceived at first upon consciousness, the Japanese national hymn swelled forth like a mighty anthem—rich of harmony and suggestive of an eternal round of existence. Roughly translated, it reads:

KIMI GA YO.

Japanese National Hymn.

(A Translation.)

Let Mikado's empire stand
Till a thousand years, ten thousand
years shall roll,
Till the sand in the brooklets grow
to stone,
And the moss these pebbles emeralds
make.

This is sung three times in succession. The harmony at the close requiring it to be sung as a round, makes it a symbol of eternity.

The Empress was about to pass out. We formed a cortege along the borders of the lawn under the trees, where we stood, bowing low as her Imperial Majesty, inclining her head to right and to left, graciously smiling, preceded by the master of ceremonies and followed by her ladies and gentlemen of the court, walked slowly out to the royal carriage and drove away to the sequestered Imperial Palace. And we felt that we had seen a Queen of queens.

It only remained for us to pay court to that other queen for whose honor we had been called together—upon whose whim all mortals had waited with great anxiety. For in

the open square beyond the audience pavilion, Queen Chrysanthemum held sway. Here she had entertained the Empress; here she would entertain us with the finest display of her splendid family to be seen in the world. Not only are beautiful varieties developed, each with its flower of rare tint and form solitary on its stalk, and arranged in military rows under glass awnings, a silent guard to Her Majesty; but in some cases upon a single plant five or six colors and varieties are budded, so that one may see a single root bearing yellow, red, pink, white and cream-colored blossoms. In sharp contrast with these, are immense beds of pigmy varieties, where each tiny blossom looks in shape and size, and often in color, like our little pink and white daisy often seen scattered over our grass plots; furthermore the climax of the art is reached in the court, where there were single plants bearing several hundred flowers apiece, so trained as to resemble huge cakes or mountains.

Among these, like an empress among princesses, stands the Queen of all the chrysanthemums ever produced, bearing twelve hundred and seventy-three cream-white blossoms on a single root.

We sauntered out through the royal park over artistic stone bridges that spanned water courses between lakes and lily ponds; out under the "momigi" or small-leaved maples that flared like torches to light our way among the dark trees and flowering hedges, for night comes on quickly in Japan.

As our human horses sped us along the smooth, clean streets in our jinrickishas, the air grew soft with haze; the early lights of Tokyo began to glimmer across the water of the moat below the granite wall; and above it the dark, sad pines that had apparently lost their heads in past storms, with pathetic, wide-spread arms groping blindly for light, cast their shadows.



THE CHINESE LILY

BY OLIVE DIBERT

black applied on orange, and then——”

“I don’t see anything to gush about,” he said calmly. “Walks on pegs, doesn’t she? Soaks her pig-tail in grease over night, and selects her clothes blindfolded from the ribbon counter.”

They had reached the hall above, with its general air of dejection about it. The bare floor had the look of water-logged timbers; near a door to the right hung a black cloth panel daubed with dirty white lettering; against the opposite wall an ebony chair and table rested, each as stiff and uncompromising as a block of black marble. Only a feebly gray light crept in over the soiled sash-curtain at the window.

The gaudy little Chinese maiden was immediately followed by a tall, angular American woman with a smileless mouth.

She first caught up the young girl by the elbows, as one might take a tall vase by its handles, and set her down in the room they had both come from. Then after closing the door with a loud bang, she held out a lifeless-looking hand.

“You are Mrs. Black? This is Mr. Black? And now shall I show you over the house? This is our kindergarten in here.”

She threw back a door leading into an empty room enlivened with scarlet posters and paper chains in apple-green. “The children have gone out for a walk,” she announced solemnly.

“CONSTANCE, I wish you hadn’t made arrangements to spend your mornings at the Chinese Mission,” Clifford Black said. They were mounting the long flight of grimy stairs leading up from the front door.

“But I’m so interested in the work. I don’t know a soul yet. You know the people at the boarding-house are simply impossible,” she twisted her pretty lips and glanced up at her husband.

Black looked dissatisfied. “You didn’t take to this sort of thing in the East,” he replied.

Constance shook her arm loose. “I think I know what it is. You believe all those dreadful things we’ve been reading in the papers, and you think I’ll be mixed up in some high-binder feud or perhaps catch an assassin’s bullet meant for some——”

“I confess I’d rather you’d never set foot in this filthy neighborhood. Reportorial work is an eye-opener.”

“I think it’s made you over-cautious. Oh, look, Clif! Look at the dear little China girl in royal purple trousers! See her tiny shoes—

"And the little China girl in purple trousers? Doesn't she need——"

"Oh, we never let her out of our sight. Why, she was a slave girl. Her case hasn't come up in court yet, but we're making a hard fight to get possession of her. We keep a close watch——"

"Kidnapping in broad day-light?" Black threw out, incredulously.

"Any time," the tall woman snapped with piercing eyes. "Nothing is too bare-faced or too under-handed for a Chinaman. And the snow you people have back East could never cover tracks like Chinese ingenuity."

"How horrible!" Constance cried.

Her husband took hold of her arm. "You're not going to stay?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I am!" she spoke with decision. "I'll teach and do what I can besides to protect that poor little child."

"You are right," the tall woman commented gloomily. "She is only a child. Pardon me, but there is some one coming up the back stairs. Some Chinaman—they never make any noise when they walk."

Black and Constance loitered after her.

The house was very quiet, depressingly so. A faint whirring sound from the street with a feeble wail from a Chinese flute indoors seemed only to add to the stillness of the place. A door opened for a moment, letting out a clatter of voices; Constance caught a glimpse of several child-mothers with their tightly-bundled babies.

Suddenly an angry exclamation arrested her attention. The matron was apparently having an argument with an innocent-eyed, smooth-faced Chinese man.

"How dare you lie to me like that," she threatened. "Chee Kee's father is dead; her mother's in China."

"You mix um up—'nother Chee Kee fam'ly. Father to Chee Kee

want um." The Chinese shifted his feet lightly.

The tall woman glared; her lips were compressed to the thinness of a mere line. "The court will very soon give the young girl to us, and we intend to keep her—always."

The Chinese showed no signs of having heard. He went on chop-pily: "Father to Chee Kee send um back to Hong Kong. Me take um to-day. No give? Fortune teller say me take um velly soon. You sabe?"

"Look here," the other commanded sharply. "If you or any of your clan ever set foot within these walls," her voice choked with anger, "sneaking in to steal poor little Chee Kee, I'll—I'll—Sergeant Conroy——"

Her emotion was too great for her to go on.

The Chinese muttered unintelligibly, moving his feet noiselessly and fumbling with something in his ample pockets. "Alle same," he said, sullenly, "me get um. For-chun teller say."

Then he started softly down the stairs. Half way to the lower floor he turned and looked up. The three spectators shrank back at the diabolical change in the man's face.

"I should think you would be terribly afraid of him," Constance said in a faint voice.

"He's a hatchet-man, sure!" Clifford Black exclaimed.

"He's a man to be watched," the tall woman said, with the air of one having the fullness of knowledge.

Two months had passed. Constance Black stood watching the Chinese children filing down the aisles. The drifting sun had found his way through the windows of the church basement; he lit up bravely the rainbow-hued clothes of the pupils, who scuttled out as eager for freedom as a cluster of imprisoned butterflies; they pulled each other's queues; they giggled or dropped

their heads shyly as they jostled past Constance's desk.

There was one full-grown Chinese in dark blue cloth, who looked strangely out of place in this human flower-garden. He lingered at the door while the room was emptying; then he came and stood before Constance and little Chee Kee.

"I get um," he said, smiling and showing a fine set of teeth. "Two China lilies; one for you, one for lil' Chee Kee. See! Set um in window." The Chinese drew from a capacious sleeve a bundle of crumpled newspaper, disclosing the small green swords of the Chinese lily. One plant he set on Constance's desk; the other he handed to Chee Kee, now resplendent in a primrose sahm with old rose trowsers.

The young girl's eyes shone like polished mahogany. She threw a timid glance up to Constance for approval, then bent her laughing little countenance over the shiny green plant. With taper fingers, as smooth as ivory, she squeezed each cluster of leaves. Only one bud had opened. "Five, six flower," she said, "all come out; velly goo' luck. You like China flower, Mis' Black?"

"If I didn't like China flowers and China boys and girls, I wouldn't be here, Chee Kee." Constance straightened out a bit of white bead fringe which dangled over Chee Kee's small forehead. "Thank you so much, Loy, for the lilies. There is nothing sweeter than the perfume of a flower; it's like truth and virtue and kindness in the human soul."

Constance fancied that she saw a cynical curl start up on the lips of the Chinese; but so quickly was Loy again looking up blandly into her face that she believed herself mistaken. She reached for her hat and fur boa. "Good-by, Loy," she called. "We'll have our exercise now, Chee Kee. First around the block, then over to the Mission. Take my hand. Oh—why—Clif, I didn't expect to see you this morn'ing."

Constance and her husband were facing each other in the door. "You look frightened—you are not ill, are you, Clif?" she asked anxiously.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I saw the double, just now, of that yellow-skinned cutthroat you and I and the tall woman encountered one day in the Mission.

"Nonsense, Clif," Constance laughed. "But tell me how you happened to come just now."

"Another murder to write up; this time in a Dupont street restaurant. This place breeds crime like a swamp breeds infection. Connie, when are you going to stop teaching in Chinatown?"

Presently they were walking down an almost perpendicular sidewalk, Chee Kee toddling along on the inside. Constance held the girl's hand firmly. She glanced down at the little Chinese, not as high as her shoulder—and Mrs. Black was anything but a tall woman—then up at her husband. "I'm still interested in interesting her in a dozen things outside herself. Isn't that better than wasting my mornings down at the boarding-house.

Black looked at his wife affectionately. Then he said: "But you can't always come here, can you, Connie? By Jove, there's Conroy. He's the very man I'm after—the sergeant, you know. Sorry he turned up quite so soon. Don't expect me for—"

Constance gazed at her husband as he crossed the street and disappeared in what seemed to her an endless open stairway. She turned to Chee Kee. "I'll run up with you, now, for a moment. You have your lily; set it on the bamboo stand. See! I'll take mine home with me, too."

"I wish Clif would get on an evening paper; then he wouldn't have to work at all hours," Constance yawned. It was ten minutes to twelve by the clock on the chiffonier. She went through a pile of papers and magazines. "Here," she thought, "is

what I want—'The Third Circle.' I'm in a creepy mood, anyway. I'll read it when I can appreciate it. Twelve o'clock is such a lonely hour! There are more things in San Francisco than are dreamed of in heaven and earth."

Constance drew closer to the electric drop-light and lost herself in Frank Norris' strongest short story. The realism stirred her imagination

torn from her's some day? Miss Ten Eyck was only the fancy of an over-wrought imagination; but here was real flesh and blood, perhaps soon to be drawn into the monstrous maw of Chinese depravity.

The thought of the dismal social maelstrom into which these Chinese children are often thrown filled Constance with melancholy foreboding. Small wonder that the matron at



The Little Chinese did not reach her shoulder.

—the impression with which Miss Ten Eyck's fate affected her remained with her vividly for some minutes. That charming and beautiful girl tarrying with her lover in Chinatown suddenly lost in blackest hell as a star is covered by some swift cloud! Why might not Chee Kee's tiny hand as suddenly be

the Mission seemed as gloomy as one of those murky days one sometimes wakes up to in San Francisco after a week of clear atmosphere and bright sunshine. Perhaps she had been different, once. What woman the least impressionable, could long endure the sights and smells and subtle evil influences of

this bit of heathen Asia, dragging its mire along the edge of the fairest heights of the city.

Constance Black was made of robust womanly stuff, and even as she was reminded of the penalty for working in the slums of Chinatown, which no amount of will power could possibly avoid; she yet made up her mind to remain at the school and add her mite of Anglo-Saxon leaven to that which so many unselfish women had set at work throughout the quarter.

"Seems almost hopeless," she said half aloud, "but what would Chinatown turn into if white people never went there."

Suddenly the door was thrown open. "Well, Connie, I'm sorry, but I have bad news for you," her husband called.

Constance started up in alarm; she caught at the back of a chair.

"Nothing about the people back East. I had letters this morning. They're all right. I'm very sorry, Connie, but your little protege has been kidnapped."

Constance's face paled. "I knew it would happen. I've been sitting here perfectly miserable for the last hour. Something frightful was bound to happen. But," she burst into tears, "are you perfectly sure she's gone?"

"As sure as I am that we'll never set eyes on her again—swallowed up in some underground hole—filthy, disease breeding——"

"Clif, who could have stolen her?" Constance walked to and fro, keeping her gaze anxiously on his face.

"We know that her room is empty," he replied, "those queer silk garments are there, pieces of sham jewelry, a jade bracelet was one, a Chinese lily in the window——"

"Oh, Clif! A Chinese lily in the window. A Chinese lily in the window!" She dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands. "A beautiful lily," she moaned, "symbol of purity, has dragged her back to perdition! And her feeble little soul was just beginning——"

Black groaned in sympathy. "And so the whole was a plot; a trap set for a mouse."

"But surely you can find Chee Kee sometime?" Constance pressed the tips of her fingers hard against her lips, which were trembling.

"Never," Black said, with serious finality. "We know absolutely nothing about her disappearance. Even a Chinaman could hardly climb a sheer wall of forty feet. But there are boards easily converted into chutes; ladders made of almost anything; ropes to be thrown over the edge of a shutter. I'm very sorry for you, Connie, but you must make up your mind to give her up. Don't cry any more. I must get to work at this copy. I'm very sorry for poor Chee Kee. With your information about the lily I'll have a two-column story to carry down to the office."





Hall of Mosaics.

A Trip to the Famous Mitla Ruins, Mexico.

By G. F. PAUL

MANY Americans who have come to regard the landing at Plymouth Rock as the beginning of civilization on this continent, may sometimes forget that long before this event, or even before Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to advance the spirit of discovery, there were at Mitla, Mexico, palaces to whose splendor, according to the celebrated Viollet-le-Duc, the monuments of Greece and Rome can alone be compared.

Geographically, Mitla is in the State of Oaxaca, being about 250 miles southeast of Puebla, and about two-thirds of that distance south of Vera Cruz. Owing to the difficulties and expenses attending railroad construction down through the canyons, this region has been inaccessible until within the last dozen years except by horseback. Now,

however, General Grant's road, the Mexican Southern, reaches the city of Oaxaca by climbing and sliding stupendous grades.

It is from this city that the journey is made overland to the Mitla ruins. Nothing can be more exhilarating than the ride out on good Mexican ponies. There are a sufficient number of treacherous streams and rough places to give the trip novelty, while at times long level stretches offer a chance to try the horses' wind and mettle. The motley crowd of marketers met at the city gates recalls the lines from Horatius:

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and
 sheep
 And endless herds of kine,



Hall of the Monoliths.

And endless trains of wagons
That cracked beneath their
weight
Of corn-sacks and of household
goods
Choked every roaring gate.

Copyright Steadman Y. Trager.

The road leads on through Santa
Lucia, where cock-fighting forms
the chief vocation as well as avoca-
tion of the people. Soon the big
tree of Tule looms up in the distance
—the tree under which Cortez and



Tule Tree where Cortez Camped.

his army encamped on their terrible march to Honduras nearly four hundred years ago. In the churchyard of Santa Maria del Tule stands this old tree called Sabino, an object of great veneration on the part of the natives who come from all Central America to see it. This great growth is to the ordinary tree what Philadelphia's statue of William

years, is nearly embodied in the tree.

Beyond Tule more oxen are met, big, patient fellows that cannot be otherwise than patient. Men and women alike, with broad bands pressing down on their receding foreheads, plod toward the city in single file, even trotting with their 200-pound burdens. In the pack



Oaxaca Type.

Penn is to the man of average height; planted in Trinity Churchyard it would overtop the spire; placed in an ordinary city street, it would effectually block all passage; a fifty-yard tape will not encircle it. The great Baron Humboldt placed on the east side of this giant cypress a wooden tablet which now, with the passing of one hundred

trains, the head burro has his eyes wide-open and his ears pricking up, while the others follow along sleepily, contentedly. The Indian woman with the baby at her back shows one of the infinite uses of the Mexican rebozo or shawl, which now serves as a baby carriage. The youth here miss one of babyhood's greatest delights—they cannot swing on the



Oaxaca Maid Servant.

front gate, for it's made of cactus.

The miles roll on,
And we are left galloping, Pedro
and I,
Past Tlacoahuaya, no cloud in the
sky.

Then comes Tlacolula, where a rest of half an hour and refreshments make the farewell yelps of a pack of curs enjoyable. The road leads straight on past giant pinnacles and rough boulders, a veritable Garden of the Gods. Miserable people burrow in the caves at the base of these milestones that mark the way to Mitla. At length after crossing the bed of a river which in the rainy season is a torrent, the hospitable doors of Don Felix Quero

are reached. Of this hostelry Chas. Dudley Warner wrote: "The ruins are in a desolate place not far from the brown hills, but close to them is a charming hacienda, owned by Don Felix Quero, who is a sort of feudal lord over the neighboring peons. Enclosed in high walls, with many open courts containing flowers, trees and fountains, this picturesque place is one of the most pleasing the traveler will find in Mexico." Five minutes' walk from here are the ruins. Mitla, says Bancroft, is probably the finest group in the whole Mexican territory. Here was a great religious center called Miquitlan, Mictlan or Mitla, "place of sadness," dwelling of the dead. To attempt to describe in detail these old palaces would probably result in confusion. The Hall of the Monoliths, or Columno, must, however, interest even those who care least for things archaeological. The walks are massive, five feet in thickness, and the lintels over the entrances are of solid stone weighing well up in the tons. They were put in position by some lost process of engineering. Ranged in line in the centre of the now roofless hall are six columns of porphyry that rise to a height of fourteen feet. They are very simple, substantial rather than ornamental. The builders lavished their decorations on other apartments, such as the audience chamber, and its ramifying courts and corridors. Here a well-preserved labyrinth of mosaics excites the admiration, showing as it does, the skill and art of the workmen. No mortar holds these tiles in place, so accurately are they cut.

North of the main ruins a Christian church was built some two hundred years ago. The old ruins furnished the material, for the Government hadn't taken a hand in preserving them. Two monoliths have been appropriated and transferred to more menial duties in the backyard of the church property. Even

the padre's horses can look up from time to time and see above their manger a row of fantastic hieroglyphics done in a lustrous dark red paint. Egyptian inscriptions have been deciphered; these have never been.

But what may appeal most strongly to the traveler are the precipitous heights that rise 600 feet above Mitla, so ably described by Ober. On the summit are found the remains of adobe huts, great heaps of stones for defense and thousands of fragments of pottery. Great rocks are poised near the battlements to be toppled over on a besieging foe, just as the Romans fought in ancient times. Fortifications a mile in length follow the windings of the cliffs.

What a royal battle it must have been on these Mexican Heights of Quebec when the Zapotec King grappled in war with the Miztec King for the hand of Montezuma's daughter. The Zapotec winning, returned to his royal palaces below, enjoyed his barbaric triumph and sacrificed a dozen human Miztec hecatombs to satisfy his savagery. The bodies were thrown into a large underground apartment having an entrance closed by a ponderous slab. Besides the victims of war, there were also those who consecrated themselves to the gods, when, according to Burgoa, they were led to the mouth of this necropolis by a priest, the slab was raised, and the self-devoted victim passed forever into the abode of the dead.

This high-priest, called Huiyatoo, the great sentinel, had absolute power even greater than the king's. As he was the sole mediator between man and the gods, no person of low degree could look on his face and live. Yet there was another side to these ancients who reveled in slaughter. They were also builders and mechanics. They could quarry, convey and lift in position huge stones; they had learned the

secret of tempering copper; they could and did lay out their temple walls on lines perfectly true to those of the compass.

There is plenty of work yet to be done by the archaeologist at Mitla. The things to take on such a trip would be three: time, patience, money. Whoever may journey to this out-of-the-way spot and study the ruins, will undoubtedly ask himself as have others: "How did this little valley support its thousands in the past? Was it always so barren when it teemed with renowned warriors, skillful architects and proud nobles? Where are those people now, and when did they rear



A Peon of the Better Class.

these vast palaces and tombs?" In 1900 a man with a sharp eye saw in what was then used as a corn-bin a sepulchre with elaborate interior carvings and mosaics.

Whether or not charmed with the obscure and impenetrable antiquity that veils Mitla, the visitor will find in the roomy hacienda of to-day all that can delight the eye and

variably offers the powerful liquor to his elbow friend first, and between them they slowly down the fiery drink. Now and then a woman creeps in, mutely obtains a handful of dried shrimps or a few long tapered candles and creeps out again. How quiet they are for so many! With what mute wonder they watch their pennies disappear down the



Two of the Dusky Natives of Mitla.

comfort the inner man. Evening is sure to find Don Felix Quero and his burly son behind the counter. Groups of Indians hang about the two broad door-ways, coming from time to time to invest in two cents' worth of mescal. This is carefully poured out to them in a glass with a thick bottom—the purchaser in-

slot cut in the thick counter! Grand specimens of humanity these, with hair and eyebrows that almost meet, with no higher desires than to eat and sleep, and sleep and eat—with drink ad libitum. And after their pennies have all fallen into Don Felix's bottomless pit, with a grimace and a last look they slink

off like hounds to their resting place on the cobble-stones without.

Viewed from a distance, the scene is vivid and striking—above a strip of stars and a strip of black clouds. To the left a strange, weird blaze is kindled that sets a dog to howling as if his collar would break. Now, of the crowd that huddles under the long portales, all are not besotted fathers and weak-eyed mothers. Pairs of young lovers sit cooing and laughing. A match shows for an instant three dark faces held close together round it, all eager to get

a whiff at their cigarettes. Then comes a great rustling and murmuring of innumerable leaves in the towering fig trees and clouds of dust sweep swirling down the road. Mysterious figures with packs on their backs trudge wearily up to the hacienda's portal, drop on the cobblestones and fall fast asleep. Then the wind lulls, the chirp of the cricket and the croak of the frog tick off the still hours, and the great hacienda is at rest, rest where a capital has stood, rest where a nation lies buried.

A MEXICAN MEMORY.

By JOHN MYERS O'HARA

When the band plays in the Plaza,
 'Tis twilight in Guadalajara;
 Caballeros pass with their senioritas fair,
 Juan with Juanita,
 Inez, Concha, Pepita,
 For fashion's stroll at dusk in the prado square.

When the band plays in the plaza,
 'Tis sundown at Guadalajara;
 The last rays redden Colima's cone of snow,
 Bells on the Sacra Via
 Murmur "Ave Maria,"
 As stars o'er groves of orange begin to glow.

When the band plays in the plaza,
 'Tis vesper at Guadalajara;
 The moon lifts night from the Rio Herma's breast,
 Pilfers its black mantilla,
 Whispering "cara mia,"
 Where bends the stream, a silver cimenter, west.

When the band plays in the plaza,
 'Tis love's hour in Guadalajara;
 The jasmined palms that cluster the fountain stir,
 Drooping to blend, Chiquita,
 Sighs with your sigh, Lolita,
 "No me olvidas, querida tu de sur."



The eyes of the Artist alone had been upon the adobe.



"I CAN'T understand why a soulless creature like Carmelita should have a child!" indignantly exclaimed Evelyn. "She hasn't the remotest idea of what the word motherhood means." The scorn on her face softened to a smile as she plucked a scarlet bloom from the geranium hedge and waved it down the street. "Good-bye, Juan," she called. "Bless his dear little legs, how hard they're trying to keep up! It's shameful that Carmelita should drag him so. She hasn't a particle of feeling—and you grovel at her feet like a worm."

"Do not step upon the little worm when it has been spurned—for a cage of monkeys and a brass band," laughed Nan.

"As an incident it was amusing, but as another exhibition of her irresponsible character it was tragic," declared Evelyn. "I heard the whole discussion from my window—where I could look down upon Juan's worn out shoes," she severely added.

"Senorita; the new shoes you say you give for Juan if I pose now this minute, they will keep, but the circus, it I cannot see to-morrow," quoted Nan, imitating Carmelita's pretty shrugs.

"Come," Evelyn coaxed, "since your model has deserted, let us run away to the circus parade, too."

Nan looked up at the cloudless, brilliant blue sky, then at the beckoning door of her studio. "The artistic temperament and the artistic fingers," she sighed. "The warfare between them is endless. I'd love to

bask idly in this glorious California sunshine, but I ought to begin a new canvas."

"I've an inspiration," cried Evelyn. "A fine switch to whip the naughty old boy around the stump of your conscience! The circus procession passes along Eucalyptus avenue and we can sit on some step opposite that disreputable old adobe you rave over, and you can sketch while I enjoy the tricks of the clown."

"You've the mind of a genius!" Nan roguishly laughed. "I see that my going is a stern duty now. Only wait until I gather up my pads and pencils."

A few moments later, arm in arm the artist and her chum hastened down the street. They kept up a merry chatter until they turned into Eucalyptus avenue, and came in sight of the old adobe building with its placid, cream-colored face, and ruddy shock of disheveled tiles, then an exclamation of delight from the artist interrupted her friend's gay banter.

"Evelyn, what luck! There are Carmelita and Juan standing in front of my adobe!" She eagerly led the way to the flight of steps where she could have the most artistic view of her ready-made picture. "Did you ever see so exquisite a figure, so graceful a poise of head and shoulders!" she enthusiastically cried, pointing a pencil at Carmelita, as she seated herself on a step above Evelyn.

"And an arm so vigorously shaking a poor child because he accident-

ally stepped on her trailing scarf!" retorted her companion, scathingly. "She doesn't even see that Juan's crying—she's so busy flirting with that man—listen! It's comin'! It's comin'!"

From the distance rippled gay little waves of music; from curb and sidewalk surged back tumultuous shouts of welcome. Round the bend of the road, between spare shadows cast by eucalyptus trees flashed shining brass instruments—then came the swaying gray of a line of elephants, and beyond a kaleidoscopic rainbow trailing into clouds of dust.

But Nan looked up the avenue for a moment only. After that her gaze was upon the old adobe, except for a hurried glance now and then at the sketch growing beneath her hurrying fingers. Suddenly there leaped into her eyes an expression of horror, of agony. With a shriek she bent forward, her forgotten pad and pencil falling, as her arms stretched out wildly, helplessly.

At the beat of a drum, the crowd had become a unit—one breathless, eager child spellbound by the glittering fascination of the approaching show. The eyes of the artist alone had been upon the adobe when the old broken tile had silently slipped from the roof and swiftly sped through the air over the head of little Juan. But, in the flash of the instant during its downward flight, Carmelita, impelled by a strange foreboding of evil, looked up and saw.

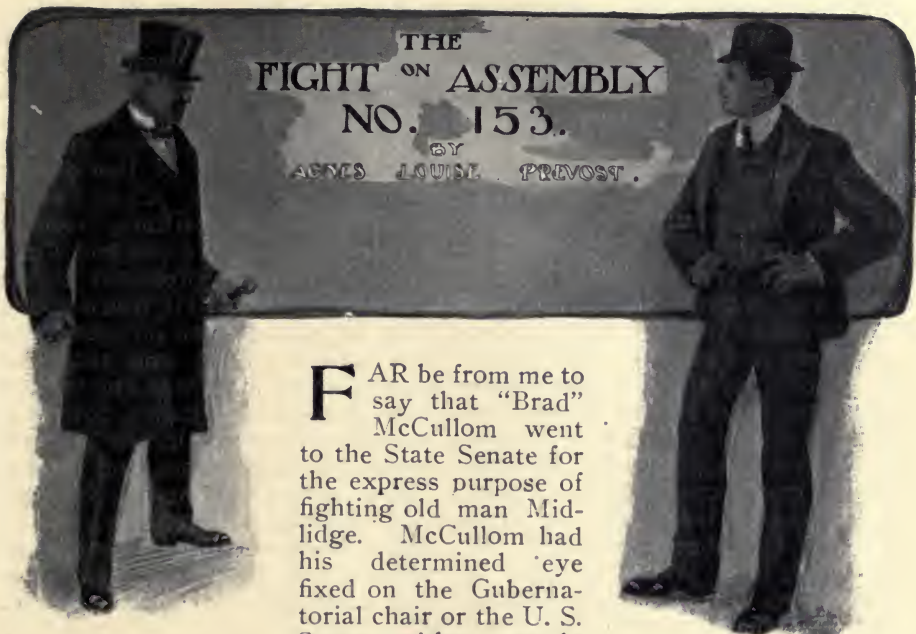
There was no time for careful



"—Fell on the woman's beautiful shoulders."

thought or planning. There was time only for a divine impulse. As her arms convulsively drew little Juan close to her skirts, Carmelita bent over, bowed so low that a loosened tress of her hair touched a little worn-out shoe. The heavy tile fell on the woman's beautiful shoulders. For a moment the noble arch that had sheltered the child in safety was motionless, then it swayed to one side, and pitying arms caught the crippled, broken ever-to-be crippled form and tenderly laid it upon a step leading to the old adobe.

"Madre mia," cried the bewildered Juan, kissing Carmelita's white cheek, "wake up, the circus is here."



THE
FIGHT ON ASSEMBLY
NO. 153.

BY
AGNES LOUISE PREVOST.

FAR be from me to say that "Brad" McCullom went to the State Senate for the express purpose of fighting old man Midlidge. McCullom had his determined eye fixed on the Gubernatorial chair or the U. S. Senate—either would

be along his line of march. Nevertheless, when at the opening of the session the news came back to Hanover County that the new member was chairman of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, there were those who smiled wisely behind their hands and whispered that the young politician was "laying for the old man."

Now, there were two distinct and separate causes for the enmity between Midlidge and "Brad" McCullom, the first being decidedly non-partisan. McCullom was a young lawyer of ambiguous ancestry and vigorous personality, who had risen from small ward politics to the city council and a term in the House of Assembly, whereas the Midlidge family tree had its roots somewhere in the Pleistocene period, and Midlidge himself was president of the street railway corporation which held practical monopoly of McCullom's native city; he was socially and financially tons heavier than the new Senator.

Yet McCullom apparently had no sense of the fitness of things. He

was running away with the notion that he would marry Miss Midlidge, nor did he evince the slightest tendency to relinquish this absurd idea when Miss Midlidge refused him, quite kindly, since he was a very convincing young man, which perhaps was part of his political training, nor when papa Midlidge, hearing of it, was so very rude as to stop McCullom on the street and irately call him a presumptuous ass.

The second casus belli was better known to the public. In another year the Traction Company's franchise would run out, and it was of the utmost importance that the representatives from Hanover at the coming legislative session should be not only friendly but complaisant. And in this year of all years, the county had elected McCullom, who was his own man, who asked nothing better than to get in a whack at the president of the Traction Company, and whose special hobby was municipal ownership!

These were the reasons why the Old Man had fought McCullom's election so bitterly, and why he

swore to himself as he looked over the bill renewing the extremely liberal charter which the Traction Company's counsel had drawn for introduction in the Senate, but which would now be handed to one of the Assemblymen from Hanover.

"Damned upstart!" muttered the Old Man, wrathfully. "If he gets his teeth in this he'll hang on like a bull dog. We'll have to spend money like water."

These indeed were the instructions of the busy and attentive gentlemen who lobbied for the Traction Company at the State House during that memorable session. The Senator from Hanover smiled when he saw him, and gave a casual tip to an avid young reporter hovering near him.

"That's Larrabee over there. If you watch him you might get a story or two. He's lobbying Assembly No. 14, that franchise steal from my town."

The young reporter took his cue promptly, and McCullom chuckled to himself that night, and old man Midlidge swore loud at the dinner table as one by one he caught sight of the scareheads in the evening papers, calling attention to the many iniquities tucked away among the legal verberosities of Assembly No. 14.

Nevertheless, the charter bill prospered in the Assembly, as the wicked sometimes may. Midlidge bought votes as votes had not been bought for many moons, and where men were not purchasable by cold cash, they were worked in other and more subtle ways. To be sure, the bill stuck a trifle in the House Committee, but it was soon pried out by the attentive gentleman attending to the company's interests.

Assembly No. 14 went to the Senate, and passed into the hands of the Committee on Railroads and Canals—and stuck. Men cajoled, threatened and beguiled, since they dared not openly bribe the obstinate chairman of that committee, but McCullom had the charter bill and no man

might say where it was, nor when it would see the light of day. Midlidge took a house at the capital city for the rest of the winter, and moved his household gods up there; yea, even unto Miss Midlidge herself, that no movement of the enemy might be lost to him. Came also at this time one Vansittart, likewise of McCullom's native city and cheek by jowl with the president of the Traction Company. He was a young man, by no means an inexperienced one, and the wise said that the heavy ventures he was engaged in were beyond one man's counting. Vansittart seemed mightily at home in the Midlidge home, and several times during the winter he brought Miss Midlidge to afternoon sessions when there were hot debates on, whereat less fortunate men eyed him enviously, speculating as to who the "stunning girl" was, and widened their eyes knowingly on being told. Miss Midlidge had shown a delightfully fresh and intelligent interest in the proceedings, and it so happened that on two of these occasions, the Senator from Hanover had taken the floor, and had made such a rushing onslaught against pending measures that some of his colleagues had stared at him in surprise, wondering what could have put the genial "Brad" in such a vicious humor.

In the meantime, while Midlidge fumed and plotted deep, dining this man and that with urbanest hospitality, and Larrabee subsidized others with less delicate circumlocution of method, a new star came peeping over the legislative horizon. It was a small star, so far as mere bulk went, but it had a sinister gleam to those versed in this branch of astronomy, and it went by the commonplace title of Assembly No. 153. There were only three sections in the whole bill, but within this space book-making was legalized in the State. Only the year before a prohibitory act had been passed,

stringent and severe, to be embodied in a constitutional amendment when the allotted time had passed, and by virtue of this all the race tracks in the State had passed from enormously profitable investments to almost worthless real estate, and property in the vicinity had taken unto itself a fearful slump. That the prohibitory statute should become a constitutional amendment was a possibility which spread dismay akin to panic in sporting circles, and among the owners of real estate within twenty miles of the tracks. Assembly No. 14, sleeping quietly in the possession of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, was lost sight of by the public in the face of this new scandal, but there was a subtle community of interest between backers of both of these bills, and consultations were not infrequent.

New faces began to appear in the State House corridors, new men took rooms in various hotels at the capital city and a heavy deposit was placed in a local bank. Assembly 153, the race track bill, was putting up the strongest lobby the State had seen for years. The papers pounced upon the new bill, denounced it, tore it to ribbons and fluttered the unseemly rags before their Legislators. Assembly No. 153 was reported upon favorably by the House Committee to which it had been referred. Citizens from all over the State came up to the capital and camped in the State House corridors, seeking audience with the Governor, and with their several representatives. Assembly No. 153 passed the House on third reading by a narrow margin of one vote, and went over to the Senate. People began to awaken to a suspicion that the backers of this bill must have had a hand in the November elections, as well as a bank account and an invincible pull at the present session.

It was at this juncture that Sena-

tor McCullom held a notable interview with one Timothy Fagan, a member of the House, who was a rotund little man, with an open palm and a persuasive tongue, and an utter inability to know when he was beaten. He was the leader of the majority in the House, and McCullom liked the genial Irishman with his shrewd little chuckle and reckless manner.

"Hello, Tim, what did you fellows in the House think you were doing when you sent 153 over to the Senate?"

"Damned if I know," said Fagan, cheerfully.

"We'd have sent it to hell if we hadn't been urged to try the Senate instead."

"At how much per urge, if I may ask?"

"A hundred to begin, and raise the ante up to a thousand, or put you up against an official or legal appointment if you're too nice to take the money. Say, they're a slick crowd, Brad! Do you know Vansittart's in it?"

"I guessed it. He's lying low."

"He can't much longer, for he's backin' it strong. Vansittart's a dude, but he's a sporty boy, and he is in all that's goin'. He's one of the Fairfield Park Racing Association, you know; they're nearly all speedy swells. They're runnin' away with the notion that this bill oughtn't to be considered disgraceful, like other gamblin' bills because there's such a tony lot of lobsters pushin' it along. Here's another point; Vansittart and Midlidge and another fellow are the quiet chaps that put up the big hotel at Fairfield Park three years ago. It wasn't even opened last year, after they abolished bookmaking, so if Assembly 153 don't pass, some people will have to cut down their champagne bills awhile. And I s'pose you've noticed that your friend Midlidge laid new tracks last year to carry his line out to the Stanbridge race track?"



"Damned if I know," said Fagan.

"M'm," said McCullom lucidly.

"You know Vansittart, don't you," Fagan continued. "Registered pedigree and all that, and a long head for cocktails. He'll be Midlidge's son-in-law some day. At least that is some of Maddock's chin-music. Told me he had an idea you were goin' to win out at Midlidge's."

Fagan's little eyes twinkled wickedly, but McCullom merely elevated his legs to the table and relit his neglected cigar.

"People get funny ideas sometimes," he commented. "Speaking of Midlidge, I think his charter bill

is mine to do just about as I please with. As for 153, I guess I can hold it up until pretty near sine die adjournment, and that's fixed for two weeks off. Public opinion is with me there."

"Damn lot of good public opinion will do you, if the gang can buy up or threaten their majority."

"The lobby hasn't seen fit to approach me." McCullom scowled at the chandelier, and then leaned over on the arm of his chair, his chin buried in his hand. "Do you know, Tim," he broke out, "sometimes I think I'm a fool to butt my head against a stone wall while other men make the most of their chances, until they could buy me out twice over and never feel it. A fellow plays the noble and incorruptible politician and the gallery howls in delight, and meantime somebody less particular gets all the plums, licks him at the polls next time, and that's the last of him."

"Does seem foolish," said Mr. Fagan sagely, and watched his companion with some surprise dawning in his keen little eyes.

"If I fight," said McCullom, slowly, but with vindictive emphasis, "I'll bring all hell down around their ears. Two-thirds of the Senate is against it in principle, if not in policy, and more than one of 'em will be glad to follow my lead. But I haven't quite decided what to do."

Mr. Fagan arose, and shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

"It's all in the game. Somebody has got to be on top. Speaking of that, my boy, you've no idea what a high roller I'm gettin' to be. I'm in for a quiet little dinner to-night with a whole bunch of swells—politics, of course. Vansittart'll be there."

"So I heard," said McCullom casually, and Fagan blinked at him for a moment, and McCullom looked steadily back at Fagan, after which they went out into the noise of the corridor. Mr. Fagan, the astute,

strolled out into the rotunda and mingled with the boys, his mouth shut tight, and his busy brain digesting the things he had heard.

McCullom meantime had paused near one of the Assembly entrances, and hailed a Senatorial colleague standing a couple of yards away.

"Hello, Nelson, will it be all right if I don't turn up to vote on your fisheries bill? I'm called home on important business and can't get back before Thursday night, but I don't want to weaken your majority."

Nelson looked surprised and called back that his majority was all right, but as McCullom strode on out, he shook his head in disapproval.

"That was a silly thing for Brad to bawl out. There's Larrabee, standing at the door of the Bill Room with his ears wide open."

McCullom returned Thursday morning, instead of evening, but the mischief was done. They greeted him in the Senate half apprehensively, expecting an outburst, and told him that not half an hour before a motion had passed by a slim majority to relieve the Committee on Railroads and Canals from the consideration of Assembly No. 14, the long retained charter bill. It was a drastic measure, but it had won. McCullom only smiled as an indignant colleague swore to him of the rank injustice which had permitted Larrabee's coup d'etat.

"I can stand it," he said calmly. "I've handed it up already. In fact, I'm not sorry it is out of the Committee. I think I have a little surprise for Mr. Larrabee."

A few days after this, young Vansittart dined informally at the Midlidge house. Vansittart was a privileged guest there. In the library after dinner, when Miss Midlidge had left the men to their cigars, Vansittart began abruptly:

"Mr. Midlidge, your charter bill is having a fight in the Senate, isn't it?"

"Yes, thanks to that damned headstrong upstart from my county. He's got a personal grudge against me. Larrabee's trick got it out of the Committee, but McCullom practically holds the Senate on this. The fool doesn't seem to care two cents for any man's influence. Oh, I've tried everything."

"Even to putting a price on him?"

"Good Lord, man, no! He'd ruin me! It would give him a handle against me, and I don't believe he is purchasable, anyhow, or I'd have had him long since."

"I think he is."

"Eh!"

The President of the Traction Company straightened up suddenly, and fixed Vansittart with an inquiring gaze. Vansittart returned it steadily, smiling as one who knows much.

"It is a straight tip, Mr. Midlidge. I got it from Fagan, of the House, who seems to be on quite confidential terms with your unpurchasable politician. Of course he referred entirely to the race track bill. I fancy McCullom's election expenses have proved too heavy for him, or possibly he has—er—social aspirations which demand money. He is a poor man, you know."

Under that steady, meaning smile Midlidge's face changed. His social aspirations, indeed! Vansittart dropped his voice to a whisper.

"As I take it—Fagan is a cautious old fox and merely hints—McCullom has been fighting 153 with a purpose, and he's dropped a hint in Fagan's ear, knowing that Fagan would put him next to it at the first chance. We have given Howland instructions to approach him. He will offer a thousand and raise the limit if necessary. Now, Mr. Midlidge, if you are ready to clip this gentleman's wings, Assembly 14 can pass in the same way."

Midlidge drew a long breath, looking at his young companion with critical admiration of his shrewd-

ness, although his eyes glittered like points of steel as he remembered McCullom's social aspirations.

"I'll tell Larrabee to see him," he said slowly, "and by the Lord, if he takes it, after that bill becomes a law I'll see that the whole State knows that he was bribed, if it kills me to do it. It'll ruin him in his own county."

Matters were beginning to look black for McCullom.

The day and the hour for sine die adjournment had arrived, 3 p. m., on March 26th. To be sure, it was now eight in the evening of that day, but the Senate clock, wise through many sessions of legislative experience, pointed innocently and fixedly at 2:35. The Senate clock was an educated clock.

There was much of the confusion which marks a rush of business, with insufficient time for accomplishing it. Some of the most important measures on the calendar had not been reached. The rest could be bundled off to an early legislative grave, under the pregnant epitaph of unfinished business.

The Senate galleries were well-filled, for to-night would be the big fight of the session. Assembly 153 had already been called, the sensational bill of the year, and Assembly 14, a close second, would be up for final passage before the Legislature adjourned. McCullom's was not the only eye which had seen Old Man Midlidge and his handsome daughter enter the ladies' gallery, with young Vansittart hovering in attendance. After wearing a look of harassed irritation for some weeks, Midlidge's countenance to-night beamed with virtuous content, the reward of hard-earned victory.

McCullom's littered desk commanded a good view of them, Midlidge's shining bald head and Vansittart's sleek black one, pleasant enough and good looking as he leaned toward Miss Midlidge and explained knotty points in the legislative game. Nothing would suit

this determined maid but that this night she should be brought to see the passage of her father's bill and hear the speeches, and she was listening to Vansittart's words with the sagest air of wisdom. Her cheeks glowed with warm color above her dark fur jacket, and a great cluster of violets, Vansittart's gift, lay heavily against one lapel.

McCullom confined his attention to the proceedings in hand. Weldon, of Stafford, was on the floor, making a flamboyant speech for Assembly 153, and cleverly ignoring all that was best ignored in that bill. McCullom found himself wondering how much he had received. As Weldon sat down, amid an audible stir of expectancy, McCullom deliberately arose to his feet. He held a few papers in one hand, and shook them now and then in a slight gesture of emphasis.

"Mr. President and gentlemen: Before the vote on this bill is taken I will ask your indulgence for a few moments. Time pressing, I will be brief.

"You know what this bill is, what it calls for, what it means; I shall say nothing of that. A short time ago I was approached on the subject of the bill, I shall not say by whom. I had expected it for some time. It was part of my policy to be doubtfully non-committal, and they took my hesitancy in their own way."

McCullom's strong voice rose suddenly until it reverberated from wall to wall, and Vansittart glanced uneasily at Midlidge. Miss Midlidge was beginning to look excited.

"Mr. President and gentlemen: Bribery is an ugly word. No law that is a decent law will have to be passed by virtue of spending money like water and buying the people's representatives like cattle in the open market. And the viler the bill—you know it! Every politician knows it! The viler the bill, the higher the price at which a man's vote is held!"



But Miss Midldge turned and held out her hand to the gentleman from Hanover

With a single contemptuous jerk he pulled an envelope from the papers in his hand, and drew a package of crisp, fresh bills from within, holding them above his head with rigid arm.

"As the result of that interview, considering that they had me, this envelope was quietly slipped on my desk this morning. Two thousand dollars, gentlemen, as the price of my political honor, one thousand dollars down for the vote of Hanover county in this Senate, and one thousand to-morrow, balance in full for the purchase of one Senator!"

He switched the greenbacks angrily through the air as he spoke, and they fluttered to the floor, twenty \$50 bills, and an astonished page stared at them stupidly as they landed almost on his feet.

"Gentlemen of the Senate," the big voice boomed warningly at them, "the vote on Assembly Bill No. 153 is about to be called. Knowing what you do, knowing what I do, I dare you to vote for this bill."

All over the Senate Chamber, from floor to galleries, there swept a sudden roar of anger, and men rushed in from the corridors in sudden alarm. Men in the galleries jumped to their feet with excitedly waving arms and howled in fury. Members on the floor, those against the bill wild with triumph, those in favor shouting above the Bedlam vigorous protest of their own innocence, added to the general pandemonium, and above it all there arose a great cheer for Brad McCullom, who had cornered the devil at his own game.

In the gallery, Vansittart was ashen, sick with humiliation and rage; Midlidge purple with his own bursting emotions. For had not Larrabee been authorized to offer the gentleman from Hanover whatever seemed best in the way of influence, preferment or cold, hard cash? And Larrabee had not been heard from. The Midlidge party would have left, but Miss Midlidge

flatly declined to go. It was just beginning to get exciting, and she was not in the least afraid of the noise. Indeed, no. In some respects, Miss Midlidge was not unlike her father, and since she obviously intended to stay until it was all over, they perforce must stay also, not daring to explain.

Midlidge paid little attention as the hubbub gradually died down, the President standing patiently waiting at his desk, weary of pounding with his unheeded gavel; he heard the rapid calling off of names, the answering ayes and noes, very few of the former, since to vote now for Assembly No. 153 was little short of indictment. He only knew that it had hopelessly failed of passage, and then the Clerk's voice called off "Assembly Bill No. 14," and McCullom was on his feet again. The gentleman from Hanover was smiling good-naturedly.

"Mr. President and gentlemen: With reference to the corporation which is asking for this renewal of charter, I wish to say that under the old charter, which is in no wise changed in this bill, no traction company in the State has given better service to the public than this. I know, because I use it every day. I held this bill up a long time, because, as you know, my hobby is municipal ownership, but I have come to the conclusion that my city is not, as yet, ready for municipal ownership, and this bill is undoubtedly the very best alternative. It will give me great pleasure to see it pass this Senate by a good majority."

And it did pass, while the man at the next desk leaned over and congratulated McCullom on his magnanimity and public spirit, and Midlidge breathed his first unimpeded breath in half an hour. McCullom glanced up casually and saw a fur jacket and a large bunch of purple violets, leaning well over in one of the gallery seats.

Twenty minutes later the Legislature was ready to adjourn. There was the sound of many feet in the corridor, and the House of Assembly surged in, that Speaker of the House and President of the Senate might exchange the customary civilities of adjournment. A workman came in with a stepladder, and mounted it to set the obedient clock at three, the President watching him with gavel upraised. Some one started a popular song, and a hundred voices carried it along: "There will be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." A humorous Assemblyman picked up a waste-basket filled with finely torn strips of paper and upturned it on the bald head of a fellow member, but McCullom, escaping from these festivities, was out in the corridor, where Fagan followed him.

"Brad, me boy, I heard you! Hur-ray! By the Lord, I thought you was in earnest, and I pulled the cork way under, and gave Vansittart the tip that very night!"

"Much obliged for your assistance. It was a rotten gallery play, Tim, but nothing but a trick like that could have saved the day. Mustn't be too squeamish in politics!"

He wriggled away from Fagan's congratulatory hand, and was standing calmly in the corridor near the gallery door as the Midlidge party came down. Vansittart ignored him, Midlidge bowed stiffly, still finding magnanimity from McCullom a hard pill to swallow. Already Larabee had slipped up to him and told him that it was all right, that he had been hanging around McCullom until the last moment, but the

fellow was so slippery that he had been unable to approach him financially from any side. "Thank God!" said Midlidge fervently. But Miss Midlidge turned and held out her hand to the gentleman from Hanover, and McCullom discovered that brown eyes and purple violets form a most effective color combination.

"I think you were splendid," she said cordially, and with a dash of defiance intended as a passing lesson for her father and Vansittart. "And it was so good of you to make them pass papa's bill. Please come around to-morrow and tell me all about it. I am so interested!"

McCullom straightened his shoulders, dropped his voice to an irritatingly low pitch, and spoke with the obstinacy of a fixed purpose:

"If I come, do you know what it means? I'm absolutely no good at taking no for an answer."

"Oh, as for that——" Miss Midlidge looked reflective, and half turned to go—"w-e-ell, don't you think you would be a very poor politician if you did?"

In the next moment she was gone. And it is told in awed tones to this day, among the Legislators of that State, that when one of the race-track lobby came along a moment later ugly with resentment and more than half drunk, pushing roughly into the gentleman from Hanover and swearing vilely at him for a clumsy brute, Senator McCullom not only did not lay him flat on the tiled floor of the corridor, and grind him to a powder then and there, but he steadied him on his feet and sent him off again, apologizing sweetly for standing in his way.





TO A CHRYSANTHEMUM.

FLORENCE JACKSON

Full many a tangled petal lies across thy deep-hid heart—thou flower of Autumn days!
Like to the lines of sorrow and of loss that Life weaves on the brows that wear her bays.



The Witherspoon Garden

By EDITH ELMER WOOD

“I AM going to plant lettuce and radishes this spring,” Mr. Witherspoon announced.

Mr. Witherspoon always had an acute attack of gardening fever in the early spring. When the sap was stirring in the trees and the new leaf-buds swelling and the birds twittering joyfully about the great business of nest-making, the longing to grub in the earth and plant things would come upon him. For several weeks he would get up at daybreak, waken his wife to tell her how much she was missing by staying in bed, and dig zealously in the back yard till breakfast time. Doubtless the fresh air and exercise were good for Mr. Witherspoon, and although the soil of the back yard was not particularly rich and was allowed to cake to flinty hardness and cover itself with a mantle of weeds as soon as his horticultural enthusiasm had spent itself, an occasional spindling vegetable would be culled from it later on and make its appearance in a very small dish amid much rejoicing at the family board. If Mr. Witherspoon neglected to say that vegetables grown in one's own garden had an entirely different flavor from those bought in the market, Mrs. Witherspoon would obligingly say it for him. The sentiment was one from which no one, looking at those particular vegetables could possibly dissent.

Mr. Witherspoon's statement of his intentions was, therefore, no surprise to Mrs. Witherspoon, who responded with as much as she could muster of the genial show of interest which she considered the proper attitude of a wife toward her husband's harmless projects. She was in bed with an attack of the grippe, and her personal sensations did not, at the moment, lend themselves readily to enthusiasm.

“By the way, dear, don't plant your things this time in the middle of the back yard where the clothes have to be hung out,” she suggested, remembering a trying feature of last year's gardening which had cost her a very admirable cook.

“No, I won't,” he assented. “I am going to plant them in the rose beds in the front yard.”

“Yes, you are!” jeered his wife. Did he think she would rise to such a fly? There was a time, perhaps, when she would have been guileless enough to do so. Her literalness had caused her many mortifications in her early married life. But she had learned at last to know when her husband was joking.

“I have bought my seeds,” he informed her the next day. “I expect we shall have some fine radishes this year. There is so much more sun in the front yard than in the back, and you've had the soil well fertilized for those roses of yours.”

"Jack," she gasped, "you are not really meaning to plant them in the rose beds?" Of course he was only teasing her, but she wished to be assured.

"I certainly am."

"Shall I have the wash clothes hung in the front yard, too?" she queried a little hysterically. "I suppose they'd dry faster because there's more sun."

"If you like," said Mr. Witherspoon haughtily. "I never interfere with any arrangements you may see fit to make."

"Jack, would you mind telling me what your object is in making a spectacle of our front yard?"

"What do you mean by a spectacle? Something different from what the people next door have? I didn't know you were such a slave to the conventionalities."

"I am not, when there is anything to be gained by defying them."

"There are large, fat, succulent heads of lettuce to be gained in this case and crisp red and white radishes."

"But we can buy them, Jack. They're very cheap."

"Can I buy the pleasure of seeing them grow? Or the glorious sense of tired muscles that comes to the honest delver in the soil?"

"If what you want is delving, Jack, the back yard is the place for you. You would really get some exercise in spading that up. But the rose beds are in good condition already. It would take you about five minutes to plant the seeds, and then your occupation would be gone."

"There would always be the watering and weeding, you know," he said, rather lamely.

All at once it occurred to Mrs. Witherspoon that she was wasting her breath and getting excited for nothing. Probably her husband had no more thought than she of planting vegetables in the rose bed. Or if he had cherished such an insane idea he would abandon it now that

he knew how she felt about it. She must not insist upon a definite statement of his intention to comply with her wishes. She had a horror of being stupid, literal, insistent or tactless. She did not know which of these dangers now confronted her, for she did not know what was going on in her husband's mind, but the only way to avoid them all was to drop the subject.

By Saturday afternoon Mrs. Witherspoon had so far recovered from the grippe as to be lying on the lounge in a tea-gown. Her husband had been reading aloud to her for a couple of hours.

"I must go out and do a bit of gardening to get the cobwebs out of my brain," he said, closing the book. "Anything I can do for you before I go?"

She stifled the impulse to ask him where he was going to plant the seeds, and said there was nothing. She had a theory that if she showed perfect confidence in his common-sense he would be likely to justify it.

"You ought never to show a man that you expect him to do something queer," she reflected. "If he didn't intend to do it, the suspicion hurts his feelings, and if he did, it only confirms him in his purpose. He thinks, 'That can't be so extraordinary, for it's just what she expected me to do.'"

Mrs. Witherspoon lay looking at the carnations her husband had brought her when he came home to lunch. They were beautiful things, long-stemmed, big-petaled, glowing with color and perfume. It was lovely of him to bring them. He really was good, and it was altogether horrid of her to keep wondering where he was planting those seeds. She might go over to the window and look, but it was still a decided effort for her to walk across the room, and it would seem rather like a want of confidence in him anyhow.

He was not gone very long. Had he possibly had time to spade up a bed in the back yard? She assumed an air of cheerful sympathy.

"How quick you've been! It was nice of you to hurry. Are they all planted now?"

"All planted," he assured her.

"And where did you decide to dig the bed?" She tried to keep the thrill of anxiety out of her voice.

"I decided not to dig it anywhere." He had detected the thrill and was having fun with her.

She felt a little impatient under the tone of banter.

"I suppose you planted the seeds in the rose beds, then?" she suggested scornfully.

"To be sure I did," he responded gaily.

"No; but really, Jack," she urged with a show of confidence that she did not feel. "I want to know where they are. I'm interested. It's so stupid being cooped up here all the time without a breath of fresh air, and I'd like a little second hand."

He melted instantly. He was the most tender-hearted of husbands. He came over and sat down beside her and stroked her hair and caressed her hand.

"Poor little girl! I wish you could come out and garden with me. It's too bad. But it won't be long. In two or three days, perhaps."

Was he trying to avoid answering her question or had he just forgotten? She did not wish to be childishly insistent, so she let it go. But she could not throw it off her mind. Two or three hours later she asked suddenly.

"Jack, where did you plant the lettuce and radishes?"

He looked at her as if she were crazy.

"Haven't I told you I planted them in the rose beds along the front of the house?" he exclaimed a trifle impatiently.

"But I thought you were joking. I didn't suppose you would really do such a thing."

"Such a thing as what? One would think I'd murdered my grandmother. Don't be ridiculous, Minnie."

She did not wish to be absurdly captious. Of course it was a small matter. But she found herself unaccountably angry.

"I suppose you understand my feelings about having those things in the rose beds?" she asked with exaggerated calm.

"I ought to," he returned good-naturedly. "You've described them enough."

She could not trust herself to speak again. Besides, there was no use. The case was hopeless. She picked up a magazine and let her unseeing eyes rest on its pages.

Her silence was more eloquent than she supposed. Mr. Witherspoon began to feel annoyed.

"I wish you would allow me the same freedom of action that I allow you," he said. "Do I interfere with your household affairs? Do I prescribe what sort of curtains you shall buy or what you shall order for dinner?"

"If I were to have dinner served in the laundry perhaps you would enter a mild protest."

"On the contrary, I should consider that your doing it made it absolutely the correct thing. I should think how clever and original it was of you to select so unique a scene for our evening repast. I wish you regarded what I do in that light instead of constantly finding fault with it. It is enough for me to propose a thing to have you down on it."

"It's too bad, dear, after you tried so hard to please me," she said quietly.

Was it lost on him or had he winced? She forebore to look and returned to the magazine. She had a wild, infantile desire to burst into tears, but that would be so obviously absurd that she managed to control it.

Mr. Witherspoon looked at her wonderingly. She wasn't often disagreeable like this. Doubtless it was the effect of her recent illness. She was not quite herself. She was weak and nervous and irritable. It was his place as the strong and hearty male to be magnanimous. So he held his peace.

Mrs. Witherspoon, on her side, registered a vow never to mention those wretched vegetables again. They would be her cross. She would bear it in dignified silence. A cross of lettuce and radishes! Of course it was ridiculous. She was quite capable of seeing that it was all ridiculous. But the serious thing was that he had not cared in the least how she felt about it. It wasn't the lettuce and radishes that was serious. It wasn't even their being in the rose bed that was serious. It was his not caring. Oh, this would never do. She was getting morbid. She must think about some of the nice things he had done lately that showed he did care. There were plenty of nice things to think about.

"My seeds are coming up," he proclaimed joyously one morning.

His tone sounded confident of sympathy. Had he forgotten?

"Yes?" she returned icily.

She felt as if she were being unkind to a child.

"Oh," he said, looking at her with troubled, innocent eyes, "you aren't still huffy about that, are you? Just wait till you see a handful of sprightly red radishes lying by your plate! One bite is warranted to cure a much worse temper than yours?"

He kissed her as he passed, and his own spirits were so high that he did not notice her lack of responsiveness.

The seeds had indeed sprouted. The rich black rose beds were full of tiny delicate green leaves. Mrs. Witherspoon watched them grow with a malevolent eye, looking en-

viciously at the trig, undesecrated rose beds of her neighbors. Mr. Witherspoon tended them lovingly. He watered and weeded them and thinned them out. He had never had such fine plants before.

"What have you here?" asked an important elderly lady, holding up her lorgnette and gazing at the rose beds.

Mrs. Witherspoon flushed.

"Don't ask me," she replied, with an attempt at nonchalance. "It's something my husband has planted—one of his experiments, you know."

"Ah, yes, something new, I suppose. Looks astonishingly like lettuce. I shall want to see it when it blooms."

Mrs. Witherspoon felt hot and cold all over. Was the important person making fun of her? If so, she was very disagreeable. If not, she would feel that Mrs. Witherspoon had been making fun of her when she came to look for blossoms and found full-blown lettuce heads.

"Jack, you'll have to take those things away before she comes again," Mrs. Witherspoon said when she told him of the incident.

"Hanged if I do," he returned. "Can't she attend to her own affairs and let us attend to ours? It's disgusting the way you all truckle to her. What makes you so afraid of her? She won't bite, will she?"

"But she'll think I deceived her."

"Well, you did, didn't you? What possessed you to make a mystery of it, anyhow? Perhaps this little lesson will teach you that honesty is the best policy."

"But, Jack, will you——"

"No, I won't!" he cried with the energy of a long-downtrodden man aroused at last to a declaration of independence.

The next two or three people who called made no reference to the vegetable garden, but Mrs. Witherspoon was constantly wondering whether they noticed it or not. At

last came a young woman more observant or more curious.

"What on earth have you got lettuce in your rose beds for, Minnie?" she exclaimed.

"Jack put it there," Mrs. Witherspoon said, resignedly.

"Oh," returned the girl more respectfully. She was a rather mature girl and had that reverence for the male sex which is sometimes found in spinsters. "I wonder what his idea was? Perhaps because the slugs——"

Mrs. Witherspoon caught at the suggestion rapturously.

"Will eat the lettuce instead of the roses! That's it exactly. It looks rather odd to mix vegetables and flowers."

"Oh, not at all," murmured the other politely.

"But it's such a comfort to have the roses protected."

There had never been a slug in the garden, but the thing sounded plausible, and Mrs. Witherspoon offered this explanation to everyone whose eyes wandered toward the rose bed. Some seemed satisfied with it and some did not, but she clung to it desperately.

"How silly I am to care!" she kept saying to herself. "There isn't any principle involved. It's a mere trifle. Why should I let it poison my life? Our wee scrap of garden is for our own pleasure, not for that of our friends and acquaintances, and if it pleases Jack to put his vegetables among the roses, why shouldn't I let him? But, oh, dear me, that's the trouble! It doesn't make a particle of difference to him whether I like it or not—not a particle. Of course there isn't anything wrong about planting vegetables in a flower bed. It's not at all as though he got drunk or made love to other women or embezzled the bank funds."

She laughed a trifle hysterically at the absurdity of the comparison. Where was her philosophy? Where

was her broad-mindedness? Where was her tolerance? Perhaps she had done ever so many things that were more objectionable to her husband than this was to her, and he had borne them in silence. The idea was impressive. She did not believe it was true, but the mere possibility was worth considering. Was she getting fussy and tyrannical? Had he humored her in his good-natured, large-hearted way till she was like a spoiled child? But why should he wish to do anything so ridiculous?

She wondered what she would do when the dreadful things were ripe and he brought them in triumphantly—a dish of radishes for breakfast, a head of lettuce for lunch. He would be so happy and sure of pleasing her. He would not have a misgiving. Was it her duty to bury her just resentment, let bygones be bygones, and meet him in the same spirit? Could it be her duty to efface herself so completely—to turn her other cheek to the smiter and say "Thank you!" for the blow? Would he really think better of her for being so mushy and characterless? And could she possibly achieve this height even if she decided it was the right thing to do? Wouldn't the blessed thing choke her if she tried to eat them? Wouldn't she, in spite of herself, let fall some little sarcastic phrase that would neutralize the effect of her sacrifice—leave her the humiliation of it and destroy its beauty? Would it not be permissible for her decline in a dignified way to partake of lettuce and radishes? It would hurt Jack's feelings, of course, but didn't he deserve to have them hurt? She doubted much, though, if he would receive the proper impression from this line of action. He would probably think she was sulking. Perish the thought! Then he would flare up and say something horrid and throw the whole collection into the ash barrel, and she would feel ashamed, not he.

But, speaking of the ash barrel—there was an idea! Why hadn't she thought of it before? Words were open to the charge of nagging, silence to that of sulking. Not that Jack would say such things, but he might think them. Nagging was undignified and ineffective. Sulking was undignified and ineffective. But action—wasn't that the solution? One of two things: either he had treated her right or he hadn't. In either case he could not complain if she emulated his example. He had not argued or fussed or sulked. He had just acted. He had paid no attention to her and gone ahead as if she hadn't existed. She would do the same.

There was not a moment to lose. She flew down stairs and out of the front door and began pulling up the young heads of lettuce and the immature radishes from the loose, rich earth. They came up easily, but there were a great many of them. She was flushed with exertion and excitement when she got through. She felt some qualms of compunction as she stuffed the whole tender green and white and red mass into the ash barrel. She was sorry for the young growing things. It was not their fault that they had been planted in the rose beds. But, personally, she felt lighter-hearted than she had for weeks.

There was still half an hour before Jack would be home to lunch. She ran upstairs and put on a gown that he was very fond of, fixed her

hair the way that he liked best, and came down with sparkling eyes and a palpitating heart to meet him. Would he be very angry?

He came in without looking toward the rose beds!

They lunched most gaily together. They had not been in such excellent spirits for an age. She kissed him good-bye and watched him from the window. He stopped. Yes—he was looking. He gave a smothered exclamation and hurried back into the house.

"Minnie, where are the lettuce and radishes?"

Her heart was flutteringly wildly, but her voice was almost steady as she answered:

"In the ash barrel."

"What?" he shouted.

"Yes, Jack"—her voice was more tremulous now—I put them there. I simply couldn't live with them any longer. Every time I saw them I kept thinking how little you cared for me, and I couldn't forgive you. Now I can. I've been just as horrid as you were, and there isn't a bit of rancor left in my heart. Can you forgive me, Jack?"

His face had been passing through all shades of bewilderment and distress as she spoke. He caught her in his arms before the last words were uttered.

"Why in thunder didn't you pull them up in the first place?" he cried. "I never dreamed you really cared."

And a great peace settled down on the Witherspoon household.



THE PRICE OF HIS FREEDOM.

By SARA ANDREWS.

DURING the morning of a day late in June a young woman stood gazing at a field where the hay lay yellowing in the hot sunshine. Her brother had done the work of plowing, sowing and cutting, while she was to have the proceeds of the sale. The hay-dealer in the town had promised to buy it at eight dollars a ton.

Helen Moore looked over the thirty acres, and calculated how much the total sum would be. It seemed like a fortune to her, as it opened the way to a wider and higher career than awaited her as teacher of the district school. This pleasant meditation stirred her fancy and transformed the little piles of hay into the various buildings of the State University. The growth of trees on the farther edge became the picturesque Berkeley oaks extending their shade as an invitation to the passing student. She saw herself sitting beneath an oak studying some difficult problem or crossing the campus to enter one of the lecture halls. She passed through the term with a brief home visit at Christmas. The field was plowed and sown, the hay was cut and sold again, and she went through the second year as successfully as she did the first.

The sharp bark of a dog broke her reverie. She passed her hand across her eyes, laughing softly to herself as she murmured: "Well, my dream was encouraging, but it was only a dream after all. I wonder if it will ever be realized." She looked wistfully at the hay that bore the same relation to her that the secretly guarded bag of nuggets bears to the miner who has greedily unearthed them.

It was Helen's ambition to take the full course at the University, but her widowed mother could not furnish the means, and her teaching brought her only a livelihood. The solution of the problem was to make the thirty-acre lot, that her mother owned, produce the means. To further this plan, Robert, her married brother, had volunteered to bring the implements from his farm and do the work. Now all was done, and Helen expected soon to receive the money necessary for her first year at the University.

Later in the day Helen was lying in her hammock reading a San Francisco daily paper. She read with keen interest the account of an outbreak at Folsom Penitentiary. Of the several convicts who had attempted to escape one had entirely eluded his pursuers, and it was suspected he was making his way south. A detailed description ended with an offer of five hundred dollars reward for his capture.

"Five hundred dollars," mused Helen; "how I should like to capture him. That sum would insure my course through the university."

The sound of excited voices suddenly stirred her to action. Springing out of the hammock she looked in the direction from which the sounds came, and saw a column of white smoke rising just across the slough, and within a hundred yards of her hay-field. The realization of what it meant made her weak and giddy, and the voices became indistinct.

A man ran up the road, shouting as he ran: "Wet sacks! Wet sacks! Get wet sacks!"

As he jumped over the fence she recognized a neighboring farmer. This aroused her. The possibility

of action gave her strength and courage, and she ran to the barn. The farmer met her as she came out carrying a hose and a bundle of sacks.

"Here, lads, come and get some wet sacks," he shouted to two boys who at that moment were climbing over the fence into the next field. The eager and excited boys were soon supplied with dripping sacks.

"Get down there along the slough lads, and try to keep the fire from Miss Moore's hay."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Moore. We'll take care of your hay," said the tallest one, with that excessive air of confidence so characteristic of boyhood.

Helen tried to smile as the three boys dashed off, each one deeming himself an invincible fire brigade. The neighbor hurried after them with two sacks, just as some men ran into the yard demanding water. Helen showed them a brimming barrel from which they filled their buckets. Soon a steady line of men and boys were coming to the barrel to fill their buckets or wet their sacks again.

A new impetus was given to the workers by the arrival of the road-sprinkler. A band of men with picks and axes made a way for it through the fences in order to get it as near as possible to a large barn that had caught fire.

Little was said, and few orders were given. Each man understood the nature of his work, and by experience had learned the most effective way of doing it. There was no need for urging. Imperiled property seemed to belong to every man and each worked as though there was no one to save it but himself.

Helen stood on a box watching the operations. Her three, vigorous young fire-fighters were guarding the slough. Black, hot and perspiring they worked with an energy equaled only by the flames, and thought they were having the sport of their lives.

Helen gave a low cry and dashing into the barn came out with two sacks, which she doused in the barrel. She climbed over the fence into her own field and ran to where a thin line of smoke showed against the trees. As she neared the spot she was relieved to find it was the stubble and not a hay-cock that was burning. Her wet sacks proved effective and the fire was soon out.

She looked anxiously over the ground. Just across the slough a large field with all the surrounding fences was burning fiercely and the wind was carrying enough sparks to fire the whole country. The fire was trending southward and the steadily increasing number of workers were fighting it there. Several farmers were out blowing fire-breaks wherever it seemed expedient to do so.

No one besides herself was in the field. She understood the reason of this. The county road lay along the northern boundary with a waste space beyond. The creek, which was like a small river at this point, edged the eastern side. If her crop burned, there was little liability of it going farther in that direction; while away to the south stretched broad fields of extensive culture and many large buildings stood in danger. Helen knew that her thirty acres would not get the same consideration as the larger fields. According to the usual custom her field would be sacrificed for the greater gain. She felt no resentment at this, knowing it to be common justice. She must accept the inevitable, and instead of the year at the University, for which she had planned and worked, she saw another dreary year of teaching with uncertainty clouding the future.

The activity of the sparks left her no time for grief. While working she was startled to see a man watching her from under a clump of willows. Helen looked at him curiously.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"The fields are burning. What are you doing there?"

"I was resting," he answered.

Helen knowing him to be a stranger, and judging him to be a tramp, eyed him angrily. "Come!" she exclaimed. "Don't shirk. Take this sack and help me. It is worthless men like you who cause this trouble and loss."

He obeyed her promptly, and she kept him busy, or more truly the sparks kept them both busy. Helen was too much excited to appreciate the service that the stranger was rendering her. Self-interest possessed her, and she looked upon him simply as a fortunate acquisition. She was beating out the smouldering stubble when a call from her assistant caused her to turn. With a sharp cry she threw down her sack in despair. She saw the south fence on fire.

"It is all gone now," she gasped. "We cannot save it."

She ran toward the fence but the flames and heat repelled her. A familiar sound reached her ear and she looked eagerly in the direction of the railroad track.

"There is the sheriff and a lot of his men coming down on a hand-car. Maybe they will help us," she cried.

"The sheriff?" gasped her companion. "I'm tired of this work. I'm going to quit."

"No, you're not," ordered Helen. "I need you now more than before. What are you afraid of?"

Helen hallooed to the men who had left the hand-car and started for the burning fields.

"Sheriff! Sheriff!" she called; "won't you send some men to put out the fence fire?"

Sheriff Brown, who knew what the ambition of the school-teacher was, waved his hand to her and spoke to the men, three of whom made a brisk run for the fence. They were fully equipped after the man-

ner of country fire-fighters, with sacks, buckets, axes and shovels.

"Toss over a couple of buckets and we will get some water," shouted Helen.

"Here," she ordered, handing the buckets to the stranger. "Go up and fill them and wet the sacks, also."

"Is the sheriff among these men?" he whispered.

"No, he isn't. You hurry and don't run away or I'll send him after you."

Helen did not realize the significance of her threat. Upon his return he worked with Helen to prevent the fire spreading in the field, while the men worked valiantly at the fence. At last, after hours of hot, exhausting work, all danger seemed past.

Helen's anxiety did not permit her to think of fatigue. But the hot work had told on her helper. With excitement and danger past Helen's natural kindness found expression. She looked at the stranger where he had thrown himself exhausted on the hay.

"This has been too hard for you; you appear very tired."

"Yes," he answered with a faint smile. "My strength is exhausted."

Helen exclaimed: "I see some of the men going into the house. Mother must be serving coffee; Come up and have some; it will do you good."

"I would rather stay here," he responded feebly.

"Indeed you must not," said Helen decidedly. "In return for what you have done for me I am going to do something for you."

She entreated and commanded until he finally consented to go with her. They started across the field, Helen dragging her weapon of conquest after her. As they went she told her companion of what she had hoped to realize by the sale of the hay. When they reached the fence he was scarcely able to climb over.

"I am sorry," Helen said, soothingly, "that I have worked you so hard."

"It is the heat," he answered, wearily. "Besides I have not had food for two days."

Helen exclaimed pityingly: "You poor fellow! Come up to the house and you shall have all you want."

"No," he answered with sudden alarm, as two men left the house.

"Let me go in here." And he dodged into the barn with such haste that Helen was puzzled. He threw himself down too weary to care where he lay. Helen looked at him with concern.

"If you come to the house and wash yourself and have some dinner you will feel much refreshed," she suggested gently.

"If it is not too much trouble, would you please bring me something to eat here?"

"I would not consider it trouble, but you would be much more comfortable at the house."

"I prefer to remain here," he answered firmly.

Helen was perplexed. She knew by his address and bearing that he was not an ordinary tramp, and his anxiety with regard to being seen aroused her suspicions. She left the barn, and soon returned bringing a basin of water, soap and towel.

The stranger rose and attempted to draw off his coat. Helen helped him and was startled to see the butt of a revolver in his pistol pocket. He turned quickly and drawing it out, slipped it into his coat which he laid carefully on the woodpile. Helen made no remark and he thought she had not seen the weapon. Tossing his hat aside he commenced to wash his hands. Helen scrutinized him, and a look of amazement came into her eyes. His hair was closely cropped. He had showed fear at the mention of the sheriff. He avoided meeting the other men, and then that revolver! She thought rapidly and acted quiet-

ly. Stepping to the other side of him she saw the scar on his neck and the tattoo on the right wrist, mentioned in the newspaper description of the escaped convict. The resemblance was perfect and she was satisfied as to the man's identity.

When he had washed his hands she took the basin and went to get clean water. She pondered on the situation. This was the most exciting incident of the day. The suppressed agitation under which she was laboring nearly suffocated her. Exhausted by the labor of the last few hours, she was not able to contend with the conflicting emotions that took possession of her now. Looking down at the field burnt in places, she thought sorrowfully of the diminished value of the hay. In spite of long waiting and well-laid plans she was no nearer the realization of her ambition than she was a year ago. Much of the fence surrounding the field would have to be replaced, and the price of the damaged hay would not be sufficient for her needs.

A feeling of bitter resentment crushed all compassion and she determined to profit by any means that might further her plans. She was convinced that the stranger now hiding in the barn was the escaped convict. He was exhausted beyond the power of resistance. A large number of men were loitering around the place, and the sheriff was within hailing distance. Five hundred dollars was the price of the convict's capture, and he was in her power. Helen went back to the barn. When she entered, the stranger was lying in the corner farthest from the door.

"I was too tired to wait," he said apologetically.

Helen did not answer, but setting down the basin picked up his coat, and darting out shut the door with a bang and slipped the heavy bolt into place.

The convict was completely off his guard, and the rapidity of Helen's actions made him a prisoner before he had the slightest intimation that she suspected him. Forgetting weakness and fatigue he sprang to the door and tried to force it open.

"Open the door! Open the door!" he cried wildly. "What do you mean by locking me in here?"

Helen stood on the outside, as excited and frightened as her prisoner.

"I know who you are! You are John Ashton, the escaped convict. I shall deliver you over to the sheriff."

"Is that the way you reward people who serve you?" he demanded, as he peered out anxiously through a wide crack in the door.

Helen winced at this allusion to her ingratitude, but she answered boldly: "There are five hundred dollars offered for your capture and I want the money."

"You want money, and for five hundred dollars you would put a man into prison for the rest of his life."

"You stole more than that, and got yourself into prison."

The prisoner dropped to the ground, and thrusting his hand through a knot-hole made a frantic clutch at Helen's skirt. She struck his hand several times to make him let go, but he held on desperately, piteously begging her to listen to him.

"I wanted money, too; wanted it as much as you do, but there was no convict handy for me to get a reward for, and as I was handling large sums that did not belong to me I was tempted and took some. That was wrong, I know, but there are worse crimes. I have never taken a human life nor forced a fellow creature to a life of hopeless misery. When you saw me hiding in the trees I did not refuse to help you. I made no attempt to escape.

I felt sorry for you in your distress and worked hard to save your hay, using up the little strength that I had. You know that I have saved your hay! You know I have! I trusted you and came up here, and now you would betray me!"

He paused in his ardent appeal, and Helen interrupted him hastily. "The fences are burned, the hay is damaged and I must have money. There is the sheriff now!" She hallooed to Sheriff Brown, who was about to depart.

Helen stood close to the barn door pinnioned there by her own prisoner. Her whole being was swayed alternately by avarice and compassion. She was a girl naturally kind and generous, but for the time being her ambition allied with a determined will so dominated her unselfish propensities that she felt equal to sacrificing any one in order to accomplish her purpose.

The prisoner, her intended victim, was equally ambitious. In a misguided moment he had stolen and had been condemned to the slow agony of twenty-five years retribution. The desire for liberty and dread of the uncompromising future gave him courage to execute, with the assistance of friends, a well-planned and successful escape. A week of courage and fear, hope and despair, liberty and starvation followed. Weakened from lack of sleep, anxiety and hunger, he had entirely exhausted himself in Helen's services. The man was desperate and determined—the woman equally so. It was ambition pitted against ambition, with the woman holding the advantage. In his extremity he was forced to a piteous appeal to the heart of the woman.

He pulled frantically at her skirt. "For God's sake, don't send me back to that wretched life; it will be harder than ever. I would lose all privileges and be in a solitary cell, with little to do but think, till I would almost go mad. Nothing to

do but curse my folly. I am young, life and liberty are sweet to me. Don't, please, give me up! To you it means only a little money; to carry out some special plan—to me it means my happiness, my life, and all that I might become! Don't rob me of this chance to redeem myself and force me back into those degenerating conditions that will only make me a hopeless criminal."

"By your own act you have made yourself a criminal. You are liable to capture at any moment, and if I get the reward it will enable me to take better care of my mother."

His voice had become strained and broken from the force of his emotions.

"I have an old mother," he moaned. "Her heart is broken and for her sake I want to be free to lead a life that shall compensate for the past. If you give me up I'll curse you! I'll think of you at the University getting your education with the price of my freedom, and I'll curse you every waking moment and haunt you every sleeping moment if you betray me!"

Helen stooped down and gently touched the hand that gripped her skirt so tightly as to almost tear the piece out.

"Let go of my skirt. The sheriff is coming and he will see your hand," she said softly.

The touch of her hand, the tone of her voice seemed to make him a promise, and he promptly released her. Tremblingly and fearfully he strained his ears to listen. Helen laid the coat on the ground and moved forward to meet the sheriff.

"Did you want to speak to me, Miss Moore?" he asked as he approached.

"Yes," replied Helen in a hard, strained voice. "I wanted to thank you and the men for the assistance that they rendered me in putting out the fire."

"Oh, no thanks are required! We would all do more than that to help

you. I am sorry you have sustained any loss."

"I am thankful that it was no worse. Please extend my thanks to the men."

"I will," he answered. "You should get some rest, Miss Moore; you seem badly shaken. Good-bye," he added, starting off.

"Good-bye, Mr. Brown."

Helen stood in deep thought for a few moments, then turned slowly and opened the door of the barn. Her prisoner, agitated and trembling with emotion stretched out his hands to her, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, you haven't done it! You haven't done it!" he sobbed. "Now you will let me go, won't you?"

Helen seated herself and looked fixedly at him. "What will be the result if I do let you go?"

He raised himself on his elbow and leaned toward her, his face strained and eager.

"I have a brother ready to help me; he sent me money so I could join him. But unfortunately I lost most of it in my flight, and that leaves me stranded."

"If you reach your brother, what then?"

"He has good prospects in South Africa and will take me there. I have had plenty of time to think and have settled on a new mode of life that shall justify my being free. I can do no good to the world or myself as a prisoner, but give me my freedom and I shall live a worthy life and make my mother happy again."

Helen sat with her elbows on her knees, and her face in her hands; she slowly nodded her head and did not speak for a few moments, while her captive watched her in suspense. Finally without looking at him, she said in a low voice.

"You shall go free; no act of mine shall deprive you of the opportunity for redemption. I will get you something to eat."

She brought him food and coffee and left him alone while he ate. Later, on her return, he greeted her with a smile.

"Do you feel refreshed?" she asked kindly.

"Thank you, yes."

"You may sleep here to-night," said Helen. "And in return for the services that you rendered me in the field to-day, I will give you this money that I had saved. I want you to know that I was induced to change my mind because of your promise to lead a better life and because of your mother. I wish you

God speed and every success. Good-bye."

A look of incredulity and amazement met Helen's offer. She laid a small purse in his hand and was gone before he could speak.

* * * *

Helen taught in the district school that fall and winter. When the winds were rustling the hay in the thirty-acre lot the next spring a registered letter from Cape Town reached her. She opened it in wonderment. A draft for five hundred dollars was folded in a sheet of paper, on which was written: "The price of my freedom."

Across the Autumn Grasses.

By ALOYSIUS COLL

Out in the twilight aureole of gold,
Come! let us walk to Day's far western door,
Sun-sentried, and Love's pass-word sing upon
The autumn grasses—mattress of the moor.

How fit for us to roam here, who have seen
So many years die down into the West,
And learn how late the blessings of the sun
Upon these withered grasses fall and rest!

Ah! love, if we but knew, above the dim
Conviction of the heart's despairing truth—
The inevitable cloud of age—still burns
The autumn sunlight of eternal youth.

Have we not looked too high, for joy? Behold!
The sun is low—and we can read his face,
Blushing from happiness! At our own feet
Sometimes we miss the joy, so low its place!

Aye, at our feet the autumn grass—dead! dead!
But wander this way, love, with me in spring—
And these sear tufts we trample then shall have
Green vigor and the thrill of birds that sing!



By EPHRAIM WEBER

DAVE bent himself over his sizzling frying-pan and whittled into it two massive potatoes. He noticed that this was wearing off the tobacco crust from the blade of his pocket-knife, and making it look much newer. A feeble air came whistling through his red moustache. In the rubbish corner of the room his wolf hound lifted his head out of the billows of a buffalo robe, and with a twitching nose greeted the browning butter. A big horse stuck in his head through the window hole, ears falling apart, eyes closing, lower lip dropping, altogether unlike a culinary critic.

Dave covered the pan with his old shingle, and took his bowl to go

milking. The cat, as usual, sat waiting on the buffalo skull to have her face milked into. She had come to enjoy the lacteal douche at her end of the squirt as much as her master at his, but this time the dart lacked something of that hissing, boring force which had so often made puss cut the most facetious capers Dave had ever seen anything cut; so she playfully pawed that white, warm, jerky jet, and swallowed it with indifferent gulps—until it dodged into her ear and made her dramatic.

The solitary milker, as he took his foaming bowl toward the shack, stopped. From far away—from the peopled coast—the evening Chinook blew rose-messaged over his bare,

shaggy head. "Oh, the wide human world!" he undersighed. As he looked out upon "the encircling vastness," he felt himself for the thousandth time, but never so unbecomingly, in the hollow heart of nowhere. North and south, east and west—endless silence and prairie: a rolling, wold-like prairie. For eleven years he had lived alone in that great Northern silence. That evening it oppressed him; he heard it. Nature at last had no solace, for her fellowship is thin, over-vast, evasive. She is everywhere and nowhere. He had for years thought her sufficient; but her love responds so drawlingly through the seasons, her face is so geographically for everybody, her soul so incapable of being taken home to the fireside, that the bosom of this one lost man would no longer be appeased. It cried out smotheredly for an essence he could talk with, shake hands with, and take with him to the shack. Could he have compiled from nature an organic femininity!—of the eternal mountains yonder for her frame, of those rosy, sunset clouds for her flesh, of the sunset itself for her lips, of that perfumed zephyr for her breath, of those gathering dew-beads for her eyes, of the purling brook down in the coulee for her voice, of his flowered grasses for her hair, of his dipping meadows for her dimples, of that June-flush for her dress, of the spirit of all these for her heart—into which, however, a reddest tide of woman-blood would have to swell. If thus from the four corners of the uplands he could have rounded up nature and corralled her in the being of a woman, how he would have dropped his bowl and mounted his fleetest broncho!

A pricking on his leg broke his reverie. The cat had licked up a blotch of milk on his boot, thence followed the white streak up his trowsers. He shook her off and entered the den with what "cow juice" he had left.

He looked into the mirror, not to admire himself, but to see a human face. Not seeing one he cared to look at, he turned and muttered something to the silence, for just then he felt hungry for "a mouthful of human speech." Instead of resuming the preparation of his supper he sat down on a box, leaned his elbows on his knees, twisting a wisp of his hair.

Suddenly he rose and took the broom. The cobwebs came down and the dust up. The said rubbish corner—skins, saddle repairs, "chaps," branding irons, liniments, Shakespeare, oil cans, rifles, shirts, violin, botanical cards, nail kegs, debris—all underwent systematization out of the rough-and-tumble. The one room of the habitation already looked so much more tolerable through the twilight of dust that it gave his purpose aesthetic momentum—which, indeed, it needed, for every time he sneezed in that rusty powder he sneezed away a few volts of his electric and bizarre intent. Hound and horse and cat wondered. The thought he was executing made a new man of him—the man he used to be. Suddenly, at thought of the childishness of it, he dropped his broom a moment, but presently went at it again, from sheer dread of inactive brooding. O God, find us always something to do against that snaky melancholy!

Down at the creek he washed off his grime and old ways. A half handful of table knives and forks went with him. These he sawed up and down in the coarse sand until, like his pocket-knife, they looked much newer, the more so for the moon's exaggeration of their iridescence. The already maimed forks lost two times more by this mode of scouring. The mosquitoes were drinking him; he fled into the den, shaved, then threw off his buckskin shirt for negligé, which he first had to iron, put on his tweed suit and best tie, and brushed up his

riding boots. All this he hid beneath a white cooking apron, which had years ago come to him through the mail anonymously, and was now being used for the first time.

The fried potatoes went to the hound. The scalloped form would better rise to the dignity of the occasion, and he spared no cream nor eggs on them. The bread crumbs he fried in brown butter before interlarding them among the potato slices; also the precious last of a jar of nutmeal, mellow with memories of his buried mother, he sprinkled into the dish, not forgetting to throw in spriglets of parsley.

First, however, he had prepared a roast of venison, which was all the more ambrosial for having been shot out of season, and when he put the potatoes into the oven, a wildish aroma suffused the purity of his apron and brought back old days, old forests, old dogs, old rifles, old faces, old happiness—when the Heart Hunter had not pierced deeply with his arrow.

The bachelor set his decrepit table, having sweetened it with the table-cloth of old newspapers. He laid two covers. Somewhere in the still night, the coyotes were yelping and yawling to announce, he knew, to all their hungry clan, a new-born calf or two. The rancher was indifferent; in his present mood his beeves were secondary. The distant hullabaloo gathered volume and passion—he wild roses. His apron, gleaming ghostly in the moon, startled a band of wild and nervous bronchos into a snorting stampede. The wolfish bacchanal grew uncommonly savage. Soon a bawling and bellowing of cattle was mingled with it—which dispelled his flower mood. He ran home with his bouquet, fed the fire copiously, and with rifle and hound rode for the ravine whence the fray seemed to issue. In the middle of a meadow his three hundred cattle were trying to defend the spring calves against a pack of tim-

ber wolves plus an auxiliary of coyotes. The bulls bellowed and bared. The cows showed them how. In the dim jumble Dave saw a yarring wolf on the horns of a bull. The hound sprang into the tangle, and like his companion before him was torn asunder. The rider fired from his horse and was bucked off. Mounting again he repeatedly fired into the thick of it, hit or miss what he might. Again and again he shot, until he concluded that if he would let the wolves eat his herd instead of shooting it, he would save his bullets. However, he laid as many wolves as cattle which enraged these but disheartened those, so that the marauders at last put for their jungles. Some calves were mangled. A portly, uninjured one, which he had shot dead he threw across his horse, and binding it with the saddle thongs, rode home, alone, houndless, absent-minded.

Approaching the lighted shack, on other nights so dark, the solitary one let this escape—but only the silence heard: "O fate, if she were in and greeted me at the door!"

But she wasn't, she didn't. Not in a story, but in the Northern Silence, did this man live, move and have his being. Not so much as a phantom, an eidolon, responded to his yearning. Yet he laid covers for two.

The fire was out. His potatoes and venison were scorched. He threw them out. Did he curse? Did he pity himself? The glory of pioneering bachelors who are "there to stay," is that they regard petty raving and self-pity the unpardonable sin of the tenderfoot. How grand is their large, unsmiling, leathery, slangy humor! As Audubon and Carlyle re-created their destroyed manuscripts, or as Emerson saw his library burn, in this spirit Dave replaced his viands, supplementing the venison with a riblet of veal. It pained him to have nothing better than cheesy, yeastless, baking-pow-

der bread. Desert on a bachelor's table, except it be some sawdust or other served with tar, is a sign and wonder. This bachelor had a luscious jar of cherries, also the gift of his sainted mother, which he had reserved from season to season for some possible great occasion—and at last it had come. Like wine the contents gurgled out—into the dipper, for the want of dishes. Likewise it had to be the milking bowl, much cleansed, in which he arranged those feminine creatures, the roses, a pink mosquito net on the center of the table acting kindly as a doily under the bowl. The venison, veal and scalloped potatoes were not pretty good, but quite good, and were now steaming on the table. The gravy was an achievement. The coffee had French perfection. Beyond the roses stood a decanter of old claret.

Wasn't it about time for something to happen?

There were two places at the table. The bachelor, in silent pathos, set his creaking arm-chair before the other place.

Who was to sit in it? Did he see a face leering in through the window? Was the feast to conquer with kindness some retributive ghost? Did he hear strange sounds? Was the shack growing necromantic?

The solitary one tiptoed a pil'ow into the arm chair. His watch ticked. The night Chinook gasped. The kettle droned dyingly. Somewhere a hound seemed moaning. Was the Black Camel on the trail?

Nothing happened. There ought to have been a rap on the door, startlingly, thrillingly gentle. She ought to have appeared. It would make the narrative interesting to place her in that cushioned chair and have him carve her portion. But

it would be a fictive sin. There are calling bosoms with no outward history that go on hearing, hearing the aching, answerless silence. Here was one. The bachelor sat down to his guestless banquet and looked into that arm-chair—looked, looked into it. Well, then, it was not bleeding Memory that sat in it, not immortal Fidelity to a lost love? Ah, the visitant was harder to face than these.

Not eating a morsel he half-filled his and her glass with wine. Holding one in each hand, he clinked them, leered dreamily into that chair and said, before draining them both:

"Here, by my lonely fireside, and in the presence of these roses, here's to you, my affianced Ideal; and herewith, God witness, I take you to wife!"

The marriage was over, the feast untouched. The bridegroom tuned his old violin for solace.

Was he demented? No more than the average man. His environment was different, so his trouble and method were different. It is vain to ask objectingly why he got himself into this environment or why he stayed in it so long. It is just as vain to ask unsympathizingly why he hadn't long ago mated with a creature of flesh and blood. There is a rock bottom reason for everything that is or isn't. Say what you will, we are creatures, not masters. Choose as it pleases you—there is something behind your volition that makes you want to will thus or so. It was necessary that this man should have this life.

The dawn, in its subtle Canadian tints, began to pencil the East, but it didn't disturb the silence.

The bachelor lit his pipe and went to bed.



Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, was born in Lancaster, Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849. Even as a child he was very fond of plants. In school he was an apt pupil, but a very bashful and retiring one. He excelled in drawing and composition. There is no doubt he would have become famous as an author had he chosen literature as a profession, as he was gifted in his power of expression.

When quite a boy he began work in the shops of the Ames Plow Co., in which his uncle, Luther Ross, was superintendent. His originality cropped out even here; he had been in the firm's employment but a short time when he made a very valuable invention in the machinery, and his wages were multiplied twenty-five times. Every inducement was made him to remain and give the company the benefit of his inventive genius, but his strong love of Nature took him outside, and he entered his chosen profession, that of plant breeding.—EDITOR.

BURBANK'S initial success was the Burbank potato, and the sale of this gave him the needed funds for the removal to California. He came to Santa Rosa in 1875, and soon built up a general nursery business, at the same time making various experiments in plant-breeding. He put in all his spare time, studying often late at night, to fit himself for his chosen work. In order to get a start he made collections of native seeds for Eastern and European seedsmen,

wrote catalogues for other nurserymen, etc.

His great industry, honesty and liberality to all his patrons built up so large a nursery business that he was no longer able to attend to it and have any time for his experimental work, which had grown dearer to him as he realized the possibilities of this great unexplored region of plant improvement. Accordingly he sold out his nursery and entered entirely into the business of plant breeding.

His announcements, "New Creations in Fruits and Flowers," the first of which appeared in 1893, produced a profound sensation throughout the horticultural world. As is usual with all pioneers of thought, he had to fight his way, and only after he had proved his point by the wondrous productions themselves were the critics able to actually believe. Ministers reproved him from the pulpit with daring to interfere with God's work, but in loving esteem for his magical results, the common people called him the "Wizard of Horticulture."

His gentle personality, his entire unselfishness, and his generosity and kindness win him hosts of friends wherever he goes, but he is a great lover of home, and only when his labors have tired him and he



Burbank's Sebastopol Experimental Farm. From fifty to five hundred different varieties of fruit are grafted onto one tree for test.

Hybrid walnut, Burbank's creation. The fastest-growing walnut tree known.

A field of Shasta daisies on Luther Burbank's farm at Santa Rosa.

must have change, does he leave the modest little cottage on Santa Rosa Avenue.

To his quiet home, where mother and sister have shared with him so many years the hopes and care of his life work, come, from all parts of the world, people distinguished in many professions to see this wonderful man, the Columbus who has opened indeed for us a new world in which but dimly as yet we realize all that his discoveries mean.

The following is a limited list of the creations of Luther Burbank, varieties of fruits that are prolific in bearing, one tree yielding as much as many trees of the older sorts:

Hardy varieties of fruits that will withstand frosts and intense heat, and grow and bear in countries that never before could produce such fruit. Varieties that by early and

late bearing prolong the fruit season three or four months.

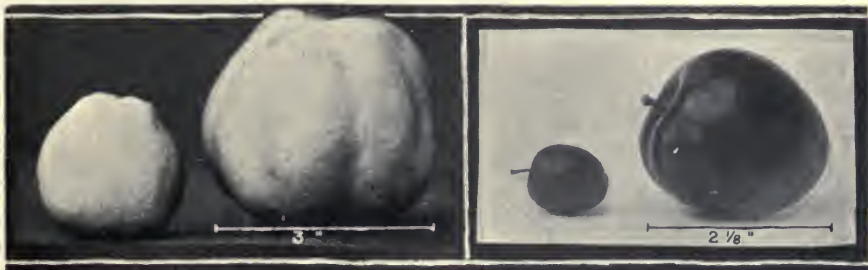
Varieties that have long-keeping qualities, and will stand shipment to great distances, yet holding their fine flavor and beauty of form and color. Early bearing varieties so that one may plant an orchard of fruits and nuts and not have to wait for his grandchildren to reap the benefit, fruit trees bearing as soon as blackberries or raspberries.

Changes in structure, fruits made larger, thorns eliminated, stones eliminated, shells made thinner, etc.

Extra fine flavors and colors and sizes, such as pineapple quince, banana plum, etc.

Entirely new fruits, as the plumcot, a cross between the plum and apricot.

Unusual colors in flowers, rare perfumes in flowers that were dis-



The Pine Apple Quince

A STUDY IN PROPORTIONS.

The old and the new.



One of Maynard's plums, the "Maynard."

The Maynard is one of the best plums for shipping. A small box was shipped across the continent in the great heat of the Eastern summer, returned to Santa Rosa, California, and on opening, found to be in perfect condition as to form, color, and flavor, their long journey seeming not to have injured them in the least. One of those who sampled them on their return, said they should have been called "The Jolly Traveler."

agreeable in odor, such as the dahlia, etc.; continuous blooming, powers of multiplication of bulbs, hardiness, so that many hot-house flowers are able to thrive in open field culture, improvements of grains and fodder plants, coffee, rice, sugar cane, cotton, etc. There seems to be hardly any plant that he has not had for



A Burbank creation, much reduced.—The Stoneless Prune

a time in his school and given the benefit of his liberal education to some extent.

But not the least of the achievements of Luther Burbank has been the inspiration he has been to the youth of the country. They have seen what he has done, and listening to his enthusiastic explanations have taken a new interest in the scientific culture of the soil and improvement in plant creation, so that in future their heroes will not be the heroes of war and destruction, but the grander heroes of peace and production, and the man who makes the



"PLUMCOT."

An entirely new fruit, cross between the plum and apricot.

world better and more beautiful to live in shall be honored accordingly.

In other words, he more than any other man perhaps, has made horticulture the fashion, and has shown us that one need not be author, painter, poet or warrior to become justly famous, but that with his trowel he can chisel the living masterpiece, and with infinite patience and skill learn the secrets of plant life, and by its improvement elevate humanity to higher levels.

Recently the King of Horticulture has been assured of the assistance of the Government, and from various sources money is forthcoming to enable him to persevere in his work on a much extended scale.

Flowers are an open book for the miracle worker. They speak to him as poetry, music, life and love. They are that which make people better, the sunshine, hope, food and medicine for the soul.

On this, his favorite subject, the master sings in a fluent key:

"I wish to tell you simply just how to proceed in the production of new types of flowers and the improvement of the older and the well-known ones. The chief work of the botanist of yesterday was the study of classification of dried, shriveled plant mummies, whose souls had fled, rather than the living, plastic forms. They thought their classified species were more fixed and unchangeable than anything in heaven or earth that we can now imagine. We have learned that they

are as plastic as clay in the hands of the potter or color on the artist's canvas, and can readily be moulded into more beautiful forms and colors than any painter or sculptor can ever hope to bring forth. There is not one weed or flower, wild or domesticated, which will not sooner or later respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection. The changes which can be wrought with the most plastic forms are simply marvelous, and only those who have seen this regeneration transpiring before their very eyes can ever be fully convinced.



LUTHER BURBANK.

His latest photograph from an artist's proof by Ross of Santa Rosa.



A branch of Imperial Peach Plums.
Branch three feet long.

"It takes time, skill and patience of course. What valuable work is accomplished otherwise. These profound changes in plants go on quietly as do all the great beneficent up-building forces of nature. No powder is burned, no great guns are fired, no martial music is heard; the wonderful forces are of nature itself, quiet, persistent and powerful.

"What occupation can be more delightful than adopting the most prominent individual from among a race of vile, neglected orphan weeds, with settled hoodlum tendencies, down-trodden and despised by all, and gradually lifting it by breeding and education to a higher sphere? To see it gradually change its sprawling habits, its coarse, ill-smelling foliage, its insignificant blossoms of dull color, to an upright

plant with handsome, glossy, fragrant leaves, flowers of every hue and with a perfume as pure and as lasting as could be desired. In the more profound study of the life and habits of plants, both domesticated and wild, we are surprised to see

bountifully for every care and attention, and make your heart glad in observing the results of your work. Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped and trampled upon, scorched by fierce heat, starved or perhaps perishing with



Miss Eschscholtzia, of the great Papaver family

how much they are like children. Study their wants, help them to what they need, be endlessly patient, be honest with them, carefully correcting each fault as it appears, and in due time they will reward you

cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests or lack of nourishing food and sunshine. Most of them have no opportunity for a blossoming out in luxurious beauty and abundance. A few are so fixed in their habits that

it is better to select an individual for adoption and improvement from a race which is more pliable; this stability of character cannot often be known except by careful trial, therefore, members from several races may be selected with advantage, and the most pliable and easily educated ones will soon make the fact manifest by showing a tendency to break or vary slightly or perhaps profoundly from the wild state.

"Any variation should be at once seized upon, and numerous seedlings raised from this individual. In the next generation, one or several even more marked variations will be certain to appear, for when a plant once wakes up to the new influences brought to bear upon it, the road is opened for endless improvement in all directions. The operator finds himself with a wealth of new forms which it is almost as difficult to select from as in the first place it was to induce the plant to vary in the least, and now comes the point where the skill of the operator is put to the severest test.

"When a wild plant has been induced to change its old habits, fixed by ages of uniform environment, it needs some one with a steady hand at the helm to guide its bark into a new and more prosperous port, and into a condition of refinement and beauty sufficient to adorn any occasion.

"Besides selection, another important factor in the production of new flowers is in the amalgamation of the best qualities of two or more species or varieties by crossing; but crossing quite as often produces plants with the faults of both parents as all their virtues. Its chief value is in breaking the fixed character of any type, then by careful selection of the best through several generations, more advancement may be made in a few years than could be made in a century if the fixed type had not been broken by the crossing of types or species.

"A certain type of the best should be kept in view, and all plants which do not closely follow the chosen type should be weeded out as soon as their vagrant character appears. Thus, in annuals fixed types may be produced, but in perennials, when a splendid type appears it can generally be multiplied to any extent by budding, grafting or from cuttings, thus avoiding the care and time required in making the character permanent as with annuals.

"We say to our Miss Golden Cup, or Miss Eschscholtzia, as the bon ton calls her: 'This beautiful dress of bright golden hue which you have worn on all occasions is very becoming to you and exceedingly appropriate to this land of perpetual sunshine, but, Miss Golden Cup, if you will sometimes adorn yourself with a dress of white, pale cream or crimson we could love you still better than we do.'

"Now, Miss Eschscholtzia, though having her family tastes thoroughly fixed, still belongs to the great Papaver race, which has often shown itself willing to adapt itself to the discipline of new conditions, even at first distasteful in the extreme.

"So after taking Miss Golden Cup into our gardens and constantly making these suggestions to her, she hesitatingly consents to don a dress a shade lighter in color and then lighter still until we have her not only in dresses of gold but in deepest orange, light and dark shades of cream, purest, snowy white or all these combined.

"We often meet Mr. Cactus or Mr. Thistle and sometimes almost lose our tempers on account of their irascible tendencies and punctilious reception, but after regaining our composure we say: Mr. Thornicuss! Ah, pardon me, Mr. Thistle, we can never enjoy your company while you wear all those tacks, pins and needles, you would look much better if you would drop those ugly thorns, they cost you too much to produce



Cherry blossoms.

and stick all over yourself peaked end out, and no doubt they make you almost as unhappy as they do your neighbors. At heart you are a splendid fellow. All the slugs, birds, bugs, and animals like you; you are good enough to eat.

"Now if we invite Mr. Thistle into our gardens and patiently and earnestly teach and thoroughly convince him that all the marauding animals shall be kept out it will not be very long before some member of his tribe will see fit to partially discard some of these exasperating pins and needles and put on a more varying individual others are produced which are absolutely spineless, to remain so as long as the marauding animals do not disturb them, often becoming useful members of our parks and gardens.

"Roses, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries can also be made as perfectly thornless as strawberries or apples and by the same education and selection. Everything we now have in fruits, flowers, vegetables or grains has been brought to its present state of perfection by the same education or selection which is only a turning of the forces of nature into new channels for the welfare of mankind. By the patient application of these educative influences the wheat, corn, rice and other plants which were once wild grasses have been induced to produce enormous quantities of nutritious eggs which when divested of

their innutritious shells or coverings furnish food for all the earth. Plant life is so common all about us that we seldom stop to think that almost every good we have on earth is produced by their silent but all powerful forces.

"The careful investigator is often amazed at the wealth of now forms, new qualities and new colors of fruits and flowers which nature seemingly showers upon all for the asking when once we know the way and apply ourselves to it. It takes, however, an intimate knowledge of the affinities of plants, a keen perception of the useful forms when produced, a sweet and abiding patience which knows no end, and to carry on extensively, the purse of a multimillionaire, but any one can take in hand any one plant and in a few years produce wonders in variation and improvement, and at the same time be gaining patience, knowledge, health, happiness and personal discipline, all of which are far above price and if a new and beautiful fruit or flower is produced which all the world wants, what a happiness has been secured not only for the author, but an added legacy of sunshine and health for all the world for all time to come. Are not these inducements enough to make one wish to help along this great work of world wide import, impelling not only the destinies of tribes and nations, but the broader destinies of mankind?"

LOST IN THE SANDS.

By JOHN F. SIMMONS

How like a little rivulet my life doth run,
 Grow ever smaller 'mid the desert sands;
 Whereas I hoped would come from highest lands
 Enough to turn, ere this, my rivulet to floods.



JULIET AND HER INTERPRETERS.

By ROBERT HUNTER

"Know'st thou the land where the pale
lemon blows?
And midst dark-glistening leaves the go'd
orange glows?"

—Heine.

EVERY actress who has risen to prominence in the English-speaking theatre since those days of old when women first dared walk the stage, has dreamed of Juliet as the ideal expression for her histrionic gifts, and sooner or later has assayed this most complex and difficult of Shakespeare's heroines.

Few who have thus rushed to the assumption have brought either the mental or physical attributes which, in a particular sense, it calls for supremely. The very atmosphere of Shakespeare's most exquisite love story, makes physical demands, which, save in rare instances, have been quite disregarded. Even beautiful Neilson and stately Mary Anderson (the best remembered Juliets of our day) were quite unsuited to physically realize the lustrous-eyed, dark-skinned maiden of fourteen—lithe, passionate, fully ma-

tured, yet ingenuous, that Shakespeare so perfectly sketched as the Juliet of Verona.

As Heine truly said: "Not Romeo and Juliet, but Love itself is the hero of this play."

Thus, first of all, the part of Juliet clamors for a woman who possesses the maximum of "temperament," or soul, and the power to express it in surpassing degree. To quote Heine again, "Juliet loves for the first time and loves with the entire strength which belongs to a healthy body and soul. She is fourteen years old, which, in Italy, is as much as seventeen years of Northern reckoning. She is a rosebud, opening in young splendor before our eyes, preparing for Romeo's embrace. She has not learned what love is from secular or religious books; the sun has told it her, and the moon has repeated it, while her own heart echoed the refrain when she believed herself alone at night."

But Romeo stood beneath the balcony and heard her speak, taking her at her word. Her love is characterized by truth and health, and the maiden breathes it forth when she says:

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak
to-night!"

Heine has best indicated in poetic but accurate sentences, something of the diversity, the strangely complex elements of Juliet's character. She is essentially pure and maidenly, possesses the very essence of truth or ingenuously truthful action, has the courage and directness to act at once as her thought dictates, and being convinced that love is law unto itself, expresses in all simplicity and generosity the extreme of passionate feeling and giving, unto willing acceptance of death itself.

William Winter counted it the

great virtue of Neilson that she brought to her rendition of this character from the moment of Juliet's first appearance on the stage something of portent, some subtle impression of impending tragedy, and thus reflected the haunting sense of melancholy that seizes all readers of the drama.

If correctly understood, it is Mr. Winter's idea that by this means Neilson built a greater climax of interpretation, founding it on such sure ground that the wonderful sacrifice of the last scene carried complete conviction. Other critics have expressed the same appreciation of Adelaide Neilson's portrayal, and for the same reason.

The part requires such extraordinary compass of emotion and technique, that it is perhaps not singular that of all the women who have played this role from 1662 until these days few stand forth prominently as exponents competent and satisfactory in all respects to the audiences of their times. The test, after all, is the judgment of the audiences, for Juliet, in common with all Shakespearean heroines, has no established canon for interpretation.

Of course, with the years, traditions have clustered thickly about the famous role, but Shakespeare himself gave no rules, doubtless for the good reason that, during his lifetime, no woman ever assayed this or any of the glorious characters his fancy created.

It is a pathetic thought that sad Ophelia, merry Rosalind, soulful Juliet, and all the other types of women fair that the master dramatist gave to the universal stage, were in his time played by impish, red-cheeked boys; that the absolutely feminine qualities, each in turn so cried for, could never have been but faintly indicated by such interpreters as Shakespeare himself looked upon.

Sydney Lee. one of the most ac-

curate and philosophical of the modern biographers, calls attention, from these premises to the entire right of each new interpreter to fill the moulds of Shakespeare's feminine characters through subtle woman's intuition, with every feminine expression possible, and thus try to impart newer and truer pictures of what the Stratford bard meant to convey.

This right of innovation is clear so long as it does not offend, and when it springs spontaneously from intuitive feminine instinct, is not only permissible, but highly welcome. Hazlitt, Hunter, Rolfe and other critics have accentuated this privilege.

"Romeo and Juliet" was Shakespeare's fourth stage work and the first of his tragedies. He was about twenty-six years of age when he wrote the play, and it was produced less than a year later. All the passion of his great soul, inspired by the acceptance and success which he had already won, were poured into Juliet and Romeo, types which his genius created to express human love and passion in their truest and highest meanings. It is not strange, therefore, that so few interpreters should have been found competent to render adequately these great characters, created at white heat by a mind so lofty, so profound.

With special reference to Juliet, it is the ancient plaint of the managers that an actress who can "look the part," never possesses the experience or ability, and one that could be deemed worthy to play it properly, cannot possibly picture the throbbing Veronese maiden of fourteen.

Enough has perhaps been said to show something of the difficulties confronting a manager who desires to produce "Romeo and Juliet" in a reverent way, and more still, the perplexities confronting an actress selected for the heroine. The man-

ager's effort is a thankless one, for he is sure, before he starts, even, of the condemnation of those who should support him most firmly. The position of ambitious young essayist of Juliet is more graceless still. Often have critics unmercifully slated commendable Shakespearean efforts of managers, while the new Juliet was referred to some phantom actress of a dead and gone past as the only model for her to study.

As has been said, the original interpreters of Juliet were boys, and this condition lasted throughout Shakespeare's life, but about 1661 Desdemona, the first Shakespearean heroine to be properly treated, received for the first time the realization that only a woman could give her. Richard Burbage was undoubtedly the Romeo when the Veronese love-tragedy was first produced in Shakespeare's day, and Will Kempe the original grave-digger, but the name of the boy who first spoke Juliet's beautiful lines is lost in the confusion of names in the roster of the Globe Theatre Company of that time.

The first woman Juliet of whom we have definite record was Miss Saunderson, afterwards Mrs. Berterton, who played the part at the Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1662, to the Mercutio of her future husband and the Romeo of Mr. Joseph Harris. It was only a year before this that actresses had appeared on the English stage, the fashion of casting women in feminine roles having been imported from France.

Pepys, attending "The Beggar's Bush" at Killigrew's Theatre, notes that then (January 3, 1661) was "the first time that ever I saw a woman come upon the stage."

Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Siddons (who was criticised as "too dignified and thoughtful to affect a maidenly love," but "impassioned, terrific, and sublime" in her tragic scenes) were two famous early

Juliets. These were in Garrick's days. Mrs. Siddons played to the Romeo of John Kemble. Charles Wingate writes:

"Around the Juliet of Julia Grimani hangs no special fame, but yet a pretty romance. Juliet was the protegee of the Countess of Suffolk and the offers of several nobles she turned aside for lack of love; but when in 1804, in spite of the efforts of her prominent friends, she adopted the stage, her coldness thawed under the ardent passion of the Romeo that acted to her Juliet, and she married Charles Mayne Young, the Greek-faced rival of dark-skinned Edmund Kean two years after."

The first Juliet of importance to reach a high rank (men like Christopher North left felicitous testimonies to her beauty as a woman and power as an actress) was a pretty Irish girl who obtained the opportunity to play Juliet and thereby make her first step to popularity, through a tantrum on the part of the leading actress of Dublin, who struck for more salary, refusing to go on with the play until her demands were granted. This was on the 6th of October, 1814, and Miss O'Neill's Juliet of that night was accorded such favor as to lead to a good salary and ultimately to the driving from town of the petted favorite who had thus left the door open for an unexpected superior. This Irish player eventually went to London, and there such wealth poured into her coffers that in 1819, when she married William W. Becher, M. P., "the generous girl was able to settle upon her family £30,000 of her legitimate savings."

Miss O'Neill's Juliet to Charles Kemble's Romeo was a combination that overawed any attempt of contemporaries, and her later performance with Macready as Romeo was the standard for many years.

Fanny Kemble, the niece of the great Siddons, made her first appearance on any stage as Juliet, and



Wherefore art thou Romeo?

inaugurated a success destined, in the very first season (1829) to save Covent Garden, the theatre of her father, from bankruptcy.

Mrs. Kemble returned to the stage after an absence of ten years to play Lady Capulet to the Juliet of her daughter.

In 1832 Fanny Kemble played Juliet in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. She won great success in this country, and to her subsequent unhappiness, a husband.

Helen Faucit then became the Juliet to attract general attention. This was in 1833, before the actress had herself reached the age of Shakespeare's heroine. She afterward became Lady Martin.

The Saddler's Wells revivals of 1845 saw as the heroine Miss Laura Addison, an actress who died in this country in 1852, in her twenty-sixth year, while making a trip from Albany to New York.

Ellen Terry's Juliet was first shown to the British public on the 8th of March, 1882, at Irving's Lyceum Theatre, and "with Adelaide Neilson's Juliet, may well be used to connect the stories of the British and American theatres." To quote Wingate: "The least of her success is the best verdict that can be given Miss Terry's Juliet, first undertaken at almost the same age (34), that Mrs. Siddons essayed the part. But Neilson's Juliet is, and ever will be, famous. Her youth and her rare beauty made the character charming; her sensitive voice thrilled the listener and her passionate enthusiasm gave to Juliet an ideal warmth and fervor. The fact that Neilson glided at once into harmony with the tragical undertone of the character, indicating with seemingly entire unconsciousness of its existence the shadow of the terrible fate that overhung, even while she was prattling to the nurse or dancing the minuet, was the secret of her successful impersonation. The actress struck at once the keynote of char-

acter in causing the prophetic doom always to be felt."

At the age of seventeen Miss Neilson made her debut in London as Capulet's daughter, and seven years later, 1872, her Juliet carried America by storm.

Preceding her on this side of the Atlantic were Mrs. Duff, Anna Cora Mowatt, Mrs. George H. Barrett, Julia Bennett Barrow, Julia Dean, Mary Devlin (Edwin Booth's first wife), and Mary McVicker. Following her have come Mary Anderson, Modjeska, Julia Marlowe and Eleanor Robson as the more notable in the line of Juliets.

The last named actress, having won success in several difficult and widely diverse parts, was honored by her managers, Liebler & Co., as the choice for Juliet in their "all-star cast" production of "Romeo and Juliet," presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, and on a brief tour of leading cities in April and May of the present year.

Her essay won such high praise from the foremost critics and she was so greatly admired by cultured audiences of all the chief American cities, that it were only fair to linger awhile over this sweet-faced, soft-voiced young aspirant for highest honors—this new Juliet.

Her success in this supreme test role was made more remarkable by reason of her youth, only 23, the youngest of the entire succession of native Juliets, and from the further fact that she was obliged to win her honors from out a cast of old Shakespearean players containing many famous names, and the most excellent in quality that "Romeo and Juliet" had ever had in this country. The presence of Kyrle Bellew in the company was a circumstance with two keen edges.

The advantage was obvious, but on the other hand, a possible dimming even unto damnation had to be faced, for America as well as England had long ranked this actor "the best Romeo of his time."



Miss Eleanor Robson as Juliet.

It is only justice to say that though Bellew brought out his best Romeo for these widely heralded appearances, the Juliet of Eleanor Robson shot to a further mark in general interest and approval. And this, in comparison with classic Bellew, is more true when the Mercutio of James O'Neill, the Friar of W. H. Thompson, the Tybalt of John Kellard, and the nurse of Mrs. W. G. Jones are considered.

Mr. Bellew and one or two of the other players may have laid their colors more surely in this performance, but none, not even Bellew and O'Neill secured so true an effect.

In illusion, in that superb sincerity that players sometimes but rarely wield, and by it sway great seas of beholders into the rhythm of the author's song or sermon, make them feel, live, believe, the mimic transcript unfolding before them to be actual and true, Miss Robson outstripped the entire great company surrounding her, and distanced all the Juliets of recent years. With her while she played this part, "The Tragical Romance of Romeo and Juliet" was a tremendous reality, and she played Juliet with such vivid, virile, transcendent life that she carried that highest test of the player's power—conviction to her every audience.

From the physical standpoint, Miss Robson was one of the most fitting Juliets who ever trod the stage of any land. With the mere letting down of her glorious hair she looked the fourteen-year-old beauty of Verona to the life. For the lustrous dark eyes, the perfect lips, the Italian coloring, the slender figure of exquisite mould, no art or artifice was needed. Intellectually considered, Miss Robson's impersonation takes rank with that of Anderson, of Modjeska and of Marlowe—the best of this day and generation, and in a critical way her effort was, perhaps, the most valuable since Neilson's in its fine self-reliance, its splendid courage. Like Neilson, Miss Robson listened to the vague reverberations of thunderous tradition, but listened more attentively to the lessons throbbed constantly by her own woman's heart.

Nursing the ambition to play Juliet since childhood, this actress, intent on creating the part for herself, had sedulously refused all temptations to witness the play, and said: "I have never seen the play of Romeo and Juliet in my life."

Therefore it was her own arrow that Miss Robson shot as Juliet, and the world knows to-day how well the bow was bent.

EDELWEISS.

By ADA PHELPS

Its white and velvet beauty loves the heights,
To fine endeavor tempts the brave and strong;
The paths that reach it lead from low-land lights
To silences above the worldly throng.

The way is rough and steep, is lone and drear;
No touch of helpful hand, no welcome tone;
And he who'd reach must purge his soul of fear
And press forever on alone—alone!

And after struggles, tears and weary sighs
Will treasure as his soul the edelweiss.



Crater of Haleakala, Kaupo Gap.

HALEAKALA, "House of the Sun."

By E. J. HAMILTON.

UNLIKE our national parent who "could not tell a lie," unlike our great humorist who "could tell a lie but wouldn't," the weird little camera not only finds it possible to tell a lie, but often finds it impossible to tell the truth. At least, no camera can portray the glories of royal, pearl-crowned Haleakala, whose vast crater, the largest in the world, with its foreground reds and distant purples, craggy outlines and velvety depths, form a landscape of marvelous outline.

You may dream of Vesuvius, and have your vision suddenly blotted out when you see Kilauea on the slopes of Mauna Loa; you may study Dimond Head and Punch Bowl and other volcanoes on the Island of Oahu, with their ash-cones and mud and lava flows, and claim acquaintance with the species,

and still Haleakala will be to you a mighty revelation. You may fear Kilauea, you may pity the volcanoes of Oahu, but you will love Haleakala.

One cool dawn, after a sultry night at sea, made dreamful by the sweet music and merry laughter that floated up from the natives in the steerage, the steamer Claudine landed us at Maalaea Bay on the Island of Maui.

A seven-mile drive to Wailuku plantation under the fading stars, the Southern Cross dragging itself over the horizon like a broken kite, revealed the architecture of the island. We rode along the sandy isthmus that was once a channel of water, a giant cathedral on each hand. On the right rose the smooth, cone-studded Romanesque dome of Haleakala; on the left the Gothic roofs of the Wailuku Mountains;

and the sea on her coral reefs made solemn music.

For several days we enjoyed the hospitality of the plantation, yearning for the great mountain that floated—now amethyst, now sapphire in the distance, above the smoke-stacks of Puunene at Spreckelsville, the largest sugar mill in the world, until in the late afternoons it would reveal itself as a mountain, after all—green and brown with deep fissures, solid, possibly attainable. The lotos air kept up the illusion that somehow all things, the mountain included, come round to him who will but wait.

But one sane morning we awoke to the truth: the mountain does not come to Mahomet; Mahomet must go to the mountain. Many plans fell through, many enthusiasts gave up the trip; obstacles higher than the alluring dome stood in our path. For now that the public places of entertainment and comfort on the route are mostly shut, and as the wind has torn the roof away, and vandals have burned up the furniture at Craigie Lea, the stone house built at the crater by residents of Maui, the traveler must depend for comfort over-night almost entirely upon the courtesy of friends who own summer residences on the mountain slope.

However, there is a way for the complete stranger to make the trip; he may take the train to Paia, stop there overnight at Fernandez's hotel, hire horses and a guide from one of the several stables, get a luncheon and a canteen of water put up at the hotel, and go to the top, a distance of twenty miles, the first day; he may freeze in Little Flea cave overnight in spite of his red blanket, see the sun rise in the morning, and make the descent to Paia the next day; or, if he have ten days to spare, he may continue his journey, spend the night in Big Flea cave, near Pele's Pig Pen in the crater, and next day, through the Kaupo Gap,

make his way out to the windward side of the island.

Are people drunk on the light air that they can stand in the Sacred Presence and invent such names? Or are they whistling to keep courage and to hold themselves together in the absorbing solitude? Or have they caught the Kanaka's spirit of levity without the finer sense of the sublime?

At last it came to pass through the courtesy of friends, that we ascended Haleakala. We took the afternoon train to Paia, stopped for the night at Sunnyside, mounted Fernandez's horses before sunrise, and with our host of Sunnyside for guide, we galloped through Makaweo, climbed over miles of red rotten lava to Olinda, the beautiful, six miles from the summit.

After a little rest, we clambered on boldly through the cattle ranges over the loose lava stone trail to the top. Just before us we could see the "battle of the clouds." Two hostile winds strove to conduct their shadowy armies across the mountain side. A retreat on both sides saved us from a drenching.

Few flowers blossomed along our path. The latana, the pretty curse of the islands, had stopped, out of breath, half way; the red ohelo berries, sacred to Pele, grew pale with fasting, and only the silver-leaved geranium, with its pure white flower cheered us on. The few kukui trees had hidden themselves in the ravines far below, and all the koa trees were dead. Female plover flew about in bachelor-maid clubs, waiting for the romance of spring, and for the next annual trip to the coast of the continent; imported California quail scuttled through the low bushes. Higher up several carcasses of wild goats lay bleaching, and one poor cow who, thirsty, lonely, terrified, had given up the ghost, kept us company.

We came, at the sky line, to a rocky gray crater wall; we peered

over a ledge, and there—and there—it took our breath away—the crater of Haleakala, two thousand feet deep, thirty miles in circumference, showing twenty cone craters within, blossomed "like a red, red rose!"

From this height at Craigie Lea, we could discern no black lava within; nearly all that has been burned redder than bricks. It has rotted, and the wind from the two gaps has blown it about, until the cones have become like velvet. Purple shadows and darker dust from the

by the wind; to the right of this rose the Wailuku Mountains, and farther still to the right, in the distance, we could trace the outlines of the Islands of Lanai, Molokai, and Oahu; on all sides the sea curved up like a vast dark blue bowl, with white "floating island" within it.

It was very still. Suddenly the yelp of a wild dog rose from the crater's depths, and was absorbed by the all-pervading silence. He would have been dangerous to meet,



Little Fiea Cave.

crater's rim or the occasional hidden black lava blended with this glowing red; the opposite walls of the crater faded like purpled mountains into the blue sky; far beyond, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, volcanoes on Hawaii, floated like blue clouds on a sea of rolling snow; we turned to look back; the map of Maui lay spread out far below; we could see, near the shore, the sandy island that is fast being blown away

for these mountain dogs are a tame breed, of bull-dog strain, run wild. No graceful white bo's'n bird, with his long, mahl-stick tail, sailed over the deep solitude, as at Kilauea. These are found, however, in the Wailuku Mountains across the isthmus.

Within the crater walls we saw the "silver-sword" clinging to the crags; this plant, with silvery leaves that form a cluster resembling the

night-blooming cereus, sends up a shaft of flowers much like the yucca found in Southern California.

Although it was cool, we knew that our eyes were bloodshot and our faces blistering; the dazzling air softly shimmered over the deep pit; green grass shone on the cones far to the southeast, and only by the laggard mists that crept in and out at the Kaupo Gap at the East, could we guess at the luxuriant tropical vegetation on that slope of the volcano. There, wild boars with curved tusks, root for kukui nuts, tear at the thick undergrowth of fern and lily, and chase and tree the stragglng traveler. Wild stories are told of moonlight nights spent in tree tops, while gleaming white tusks waited below; of lone days passed in searching for the lost trail through a wilderness of

jungle or pasture, struggling against the storm, wandering in the fog, or having one's horse's side ripped open by a resident bull.

Here at Craigie Lea, on the brink of this cold furnace, overlooking the sea ten thousand feet below, or turning to gaze into the bottom of the crater two thousand feet beneath us, we ate our luncheon. Although it was deliciously cool, the rarified atmosphere made eating and drinking an indifferent pleasure.

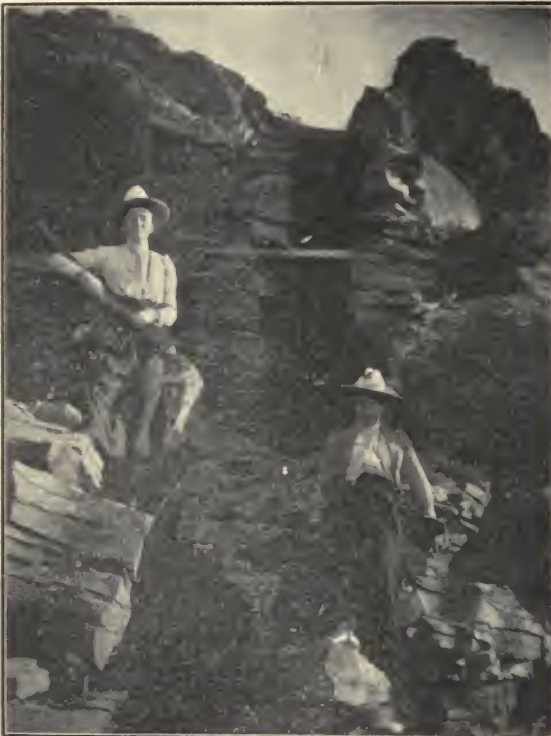
After an hour's rest we followed a blind trail around the crater rim to the right for three miles to White Hill. Here we climbed a pyramid of whitish stone, and clambered down the opposite side. At first we came to rocky fortifications or ramparts, under the stone floors of which sling stones have been found. For this is supposed to be the

scene of a battle between the last Maui chief and Kamehameha I. Strange how the Napoleon of Hawaii chased the natives over their palisades and into their mountain pits!

As we returned to Craigie Lea we dismounted to gather some of the "black diamonds," regular ten-sided black crystals that glitter in the broken-up lava, as if to impersonate their fairer brothers.

We paused at the stone house to see the sun set over the turbulent sea of snowy cloud waves. He tipped each crest in his path with gold as the moon silvers her path across the sea, and dropped suddenly from our sight.

More fortunate travelers than we have seen the broken, giant shadows of themselves upon the gray clouds that floats into the crater. One party of



White Hill Chief's Cave.

eighteen a few months recently were especially blessed. Every one of them saw himself, halo-crowned, the largest and central figure of a group of three. But was that very unnatural?

The sunset is only outdone by the sunrise. If you are enterprising and brave, you will gather dry shrubs lower down the mountain side and build a fire in "Little Flea Cave," so called because of the relics left by the wild dogs. You will roll up in your blanket, and out-gaze and out-shiver the stars that peer at you through the narrow slit through which you have crawled. Ice will form on the little rain pools, and by morning your horses will resemble furry burros. But the sun will flash out and melt the snowy cloud, or the breeze will blow it out through the great gap, and again the world will be created far below, or, rather, you will feel that you create it, so that you may return to earth—you "build a bridge from cloudland" to your home.

After the sun had set we made our way in the dark down over rolling stones and slippery clay, and in two hours were enjoying the genial glow of the hospitable fireplace at Olinda. Twenty-eight miles of boulder hurdling on horseback, with only one hour of rest in thirteen, is a hard day's work.

Next day we returned, by horses and train, to Wailuku, and were again safely housed under the spreading alligator-pear tree in the midst of a waving sugar-cane field, gazing in doubt at the dim, unreal outlines of cloud-swept Haleakala.

But why has Pele deserted her agate palace in the sky with its canopy of turquoise and pearl?

A native will tell you a story somewhat like this:

Long ago, when Pele held court in Haleakala, the goddess of Wailuku, who lived across the shallow channel, became jealous of Her Awful Majesty. She grew tired of see-



The Sweep of the Summit.

ing the haughty aristocrat indifferently holding her head in the air, or frowning down upon her own humble position. So she declared war. For a long time they hurled boulders at each other; Haleakala, with her superior resources, always had the advantage; for, not only could she throw her stones more easily and surely from her great height, but when tired she could go to sleep behind her ramparts of cloud.

Finally the goddess of a neighboring mountain offered herself a sacrifice to the noble cause. O, ye gods! What more could the God of the universe demand? Therefore the doughty rival of Haleakala cut off her devoted friend's head and hurled it at Pele.

To this day that mountain in the Wailuku range is a flat tableland.

This so frightened the haughty and distant goddess that she fled from her rose-red mansion and concealed herself in the smoky pit on the other side of Mauna Loa. Here, shielded by his superior height she safely lives.

But her pride is evidently broken, for though she has builded herself a black crystal palace, she has not adorned it with jewels that the world may see. Her modest green olivine stones decorate her most uncivilized slopes.

Now that her work as architect of the Island of Hawaii seems almost done, tidal waves, earthquakes and the deep sea fish that often migrate into the shallow coral reef havens, are her heralds proclaiming that under the sea in the southwest, beyond Hawaii, she is building another palace that in time will rise and glitter in the sun.

The Abuse of Postal Privileges.

THE abuse of Postal privileges still goes on, and as the holiday season approaches there is every likelihood that the deficit in the U. S. Postal Service will exceed that of any previous year. Innumerable catalogues, really advertisements of merchandise, are to be sent out by Eastern magazines. Railroads will abuse the privilege by sending out alleged magazines, really advertising matter for the sections traversed by the railroads, and weighing tons. These publications have no right to send premium lists through the mails. They have no right to send advertising matter in the guise of magazines. This is the worst abuse of all, because it goes on month after month without cessation. There are at least four railroad magazines that continually offend in this direction. The deficit in this line will easily cover all the thefts discovered recently in the Pos-

tal Service. The deficit for the year 1903 and for the first three months of 1904, will easily reach a million and a half dollars. Is it not about time to call a halt?

Railroad officials delight in good times to waste money in side issues not authorized by their stockholders. They adventure into the publishing business and waste thousands of dollars belonging to the shareholders.

On the other hand, they pay their contributors and artists in transportation, clearly an infraction of the Interstate Commerce Law and the Elkins Act. They use transportation as cash and then charge it on their books as advertising. With the first breath of hard times, railroad officials who are playing at magazine publishing with stockholders' funds, will be brought to a quick and permanent stop.

The Saving of Von Stralling.

By LOUIS FRANCIS STALLINGS.

“I’VE been livin’ in Happy Camp close on to fifty years,” said Mr. Thompson Bowland, “clerkin’ in the American hotel, minin’ when the gravel was good an’ keepin’ an eye on interestin’ people an’ events both in Happy Camp an’ on the outside. Now one of the most cur’ous things I’ve observed is the fac’ that no matter what happens in any other part of the world, in London or Chiny or San Francisco, the full brother of that occurrence kin be found in the hist’ry of Happy Camp; which same hist’ry ain’t yet been writ an’ ain’t likely to be. Maybe ’twon’t be a case of twins, but the resemblance ’ll be almighty strikin’.”

Mr. Bowland blew his nose defiantly and looked over his audience. No one mustered energy to dispute his assertion, and he continued:

“Course everybody knows Happy Camp ain’t near what it used to be when there was two hundred men workin’ on the Richardson bed-rock an’ the bar at the American got all their dust at the end of the week. If the Van Blunck mine was to shut down there wouldn’t be ’nough money left in town to buy a squaw-man six months’ grub, let alone terbaccer an’ not even considerin’ such luxuries as overalls an’ gum boots. Still, I’m ready to maintain that this community kin jest about produce the runnin’ mate of anythin’ that comes to the front anywhere else even if the old camp is down on the Klamath river an’ a full hunderd miles from the railroad.

“This same peculiarity of Happy Camp which I was jest a-mentionin’ was the salvation once of a man that was steadily goin’ crazy. He was a minin’ man who come into the

country to examine the U-ko-nom mine, an’ his name was Von Strallin’. Now, Von Strallin’ didn’t like Happy Camp an’ he didn’t like the hotel, an’ he didn’t like the weather, an’ he didn’t like the people, bein’ provided with a comprehensive, unpertickelerizin’ dislike, includin’ everythin’ he seen, touched, heard, et, drunk or smoked. He didn’t say much, but what he did say come straight. He was a slender man an’ wore a p’inted beard an’ a high collar, which kep’ his chin so high in the air he never was able to see the common run of Injuns an’ dark whites round these parts. Seemed like he must ’a already had all the friends he wanted, for he wasn’t a bit overjoyed when he had to speak to anybody, an’ if the talk lasted more’n a minit you could tell by his face that somethin’ was a-hurtin’ of him inside. He was one of those men that’s jest that cold an’ distant it seems like they ought to take a year off ’fore they gets too old an’ try an’ get acquainted with ’em-selves. We didn’t expect he’d ever find in Happy Camp any of his own kind of people to cheer him up an’ make him feel comfort’ble an’ satisfied, but he did ’fore very long, an’ then we seen we’d been lookin’ the wrong way fer resemblances.

“Well the comp’ny that employed Von Stallin’ seen fit to keep him in Happy Camp fer sev’ral months, an’ Von Strallin’ being hired by the year couldn’t do nothin’ but cuss privitly to hisself an’ make the best of it. He rented a room in the old hotel across the road an’ hung up a funny, bladdery kind of arrangement what he called a punchin’ bag, an’ whenever he got so desprit had off with the rage a-chokin’ up inside, he’d rush over to this room

an' punch an' thump that pore old bag fer an hour at a time. Fred Pine an' Drumm, who got closer to Von Strallin' than anybody else, seen him punchin' that thing two or three times and they both agreed that fer downright viciousness an' handiness with his fists Von Strallin' laid all over an' tucked completely round all the shoulder-strikin' Sammy Howard ever did in any of his fights. You see, he had to punch somethin' or jest simply explode. He didn't have nobody to symperthize with him, an' not bein' very intimate with hisself he couldn't confide in hisself an' talk to hisself like Van Blunck used to do. It was winter time, an' as the weather got worse, Von Strallin's case got worse, an' he took to drinkin' hot water 'fore his meals, to kinder dilute the p'ison, I s'pose.

"Time went by an' Von Strallin' kep' git-tin' gloomier an' stranger. Used to do some of the queerest things you ever heard of. Wouldn't eat nuthin' fer breakfast but soft-boiled eggs, an' used to kick 'cause they didn't bring him somethin' he called an eggholder. Finally he got to scoopin' out a hole in a biscuit an' settin' the egg in the hole on the little end an' bustin' open the big end an' eatin' out of the shell with a spoon. Funniest sight you ever saw! Men that wasn't a bit hungry used to go to the hotel and pay for their breakfasts jest to git to set at the same table with Von Strallin' an' watch him eat them eggs.

"'Twasn't long 'fore most of us

concluded as how Von Strallin's mind was slowly givin' way, an' he sure give us good reason fer thinkin' so. Why, one day he got to talkin' to Jerry Lane, the post-master, about amalgamated copper in New York. That did settle it, fer everybody knows there ain't no copper mines in New York, an' besides nobody don't ever try to amalgamate copper. Smeltin's the pro-



"Settin' there silently hatin' hisself."

cess they use on copper ores everywhere. Things begun to look kinder black fer Von Strallin'. Still, seein' as he hadn't reached the p'int where they invent new kinds of churns or rat-traps we knew there was a little hope fer him though he got queerer all the time an' never quit lookin' like he'd forgotten how to laugh.

"One day there comes into camp

a big half-breed with a reputation for all-round meanness an' gall that hadn't no ekal anywhere along the Klamath river. His name was Jim Orfield, an' he looked jest as mean as he was. He had so many scars on him he never tried to count 'em. Jim had been down the river fer sev'ral months runnin' the Golden Chariot mine fer Middleton. You see, Middleton bein' a preacher an' not knowin' anythin' to speak of 'bout minin' it was easy fer a smooth chap like Jim to talk round him an' get the job of runnin' the mine.

"That was how he got it. He couldn't never have got no recommend from anybody that ever hired him before.

"Well, Middleton had found Jim out an' fired him, an' Jim had come into Happy Camp lookin' fer a fight an' a good soakin' drunk to top off with. First he addressed the crowd in the bar, an' tells 'em how he'd found out Middleton wasn't no gentleman, an' wasn't no man to run a mine, an' how things would be sure to go to ruin at the mine now, as the best man there had been given his time, an' how the water-right was goin' down an' the gold playin' out, an' how Middleton used to preach ev'ry Sunday.

"I puts it to you, gen'l'man," says Jim, pushin' out his chest an' wavin' his hand like he'd seen the candidates do when they was speakin' at a squaw dance, 'I puts it to you as how no man, even if he is a preacher, kin run a hydraulic mine with a bible an' fourteen inches of water.'

"Course, everybody agreed with Jim, seein' as he was spendin' his money free, an' he laid in 'bout half his reg-lar load an' he managed after awhile to get some kind of a fight with an Injun what had come up from Clear Creek. Then he put in the last half of the load an' kivers it up with a big supper, prob'ly fer a kind of tampin, an' goes 'round

from one place to 'nother till finally he finds Von Strallin', who was settin' by the stove in Henry Wood's store doin' nuthin' at all but jest a-settin' there silently hatin' hisself.

"Now, Jim wasn't never much of a beauty, an' besides he was full of whiskey an' had consid'ble mud on him what he got a-wrasslin' out in the road with the Clear Creek Injun. So, knowin' Von Strallin's views concernin' half-breeds to be pretty unfav'able, everybody that was lookin' on fully expected to witness somethin' worth observin' the anniversary of. But what happened jest goes to show you can't do no cinch prophesyin' any more, leastways not in Happy Camp.

"Jim comes to a halt, and stands maybe a minute takin' a birds-eye view of Von Strallin', an' then he speaks up very smooth and perlite an' makin' a fair to middlin' bow as he does it.

"'This Mr. Von Strallin'?"

"'Yes,' says Von Strallin', lookin' at Jim as if he was a-seein' a new kind of animal fer the first time.

"'Minin' expert?' says Jim, bowin' again, more perlite nor before.

"'No,' says Von Strallin', sarcastic like, 'I'm not. I've just succeeded in makin some people think I'm an expert, that's all.'

"That answer seems to ketch Jim right where he lived. He jest grins all over and sticks out his hand.

"'Shake, pardner, shake,' he says, 'I've been makin' Middleton think the same thing 'bout me fer six months!'

"Every man in the store was holdin' his breath an' wonderin' where Jim was goin' to get it, but Von Strallin' surprised us. He jest leaned back an' laughed an' laughed. An' in a minute the rest of us sees the point, too, an' soon everybody was a-roarin' 'cept Jim, who had jest that much Injun in him he couldn't see the joke. Von Strallin' laughed till he nearly choked, an' he didn't

get a bit mad when we pounded him 'tween the shoulders to bring his breath back. He went to bed laughin', an' nex' mornin' he still had a smile on his face.

"Well, as I said afore, that was the savin' of Von Strallin'. Somethin' inside him that must 'a been drawed too tight seemed to loosen up, an' he turned out a good 'nough kind of chap, though he never got real sociable an' he staid uncom-

promisin'ly sober to the last. He wouldn't make friends with the best Injun or half-breed on the river, but he'd always shake hands with Jim Orfield, the wust that ever lived, 'cause, he said, Von Strallin' did, as how Jim was one of his own kind, havin' proved the fact plain as could be. I guess, too, Von Strallin' knew, like the rest of us, that it was Jim's comical, drunken impudence saved him from goin' plum locoed."

A COMMONSENSE VIEW OF TRUSTS.

By J. OLIVIER CURWOOD, B. A., B. PH.



Finding the newspaper discussion of the subject of trusts singularly devoid of discussion on the conservative side, Mr. J. Olivier Curwood of the Detroit Evening News Association, has been induced to take up the line of argument given in this article. He declares that "most of the matter printed concerning trusts has been for political purposes, or that economists have treated them from their own standpoint, obviously overlooking the good points on the other side of the question."

Mr. Curwood has made a special study of economics; he also gave up more than a year to the study of the race question, visiting every Southern State East of the Mississippi, gathering material for a book on this phase of economics. The Canadian Government is contemplating sending him through the Northwest to write up the conditions found there. EDITOR.

IN view of the fact that the question of trusts promises to be an interesting factor in the political campaigns of the very near future, it is almost comic to look back through the newspaper comment of the past two years and pick out the endless variety of theories and "facts" available for use by the orators of any and all parties in the furtherance of their coming political ends. Perhaps no question has

been more discussed by the American public than trusts, and as singular as it may appear, none has received more unfair treatment. All public discussions have been made with a political purpose, and have either been rabidly antagonistic or mildly favorable. That there are two sides to every question has been quietly ignored.

To one who takes an unprejudiced view of the subject it must be ac-

cepted from the start that while now the Trust is apparently safe against attacks both from without and from within, its permanence is not fully assured. It may prove a failure economically, and so its promoters may ultimately have no desire for its continued existence. What are the probabilities on this point? Does the Trust promise to be a large and permanent element in our industrial life?

Evidently most people incline to answer this question in the affirmative, and their forebodings as to the consequences are very great. Probably these forebodings are greatly exaggerated. All experience shows that the consequences of great social changes are less far-reaching than either their friends or their enemies usually anticipated. But it must be admitted that even experts are in this case inclined to the opinion that the trust has come to stay.

Assuming this, then, what shall we say of the consequences to follow? In the minds of both friends and enemies these seem very large. In recent newspaper comment, especially in those which are friendly to unionism, much stress has been placed on the throwing of people out of employment, which is an incident to the organization of trusts. Frequently presented as an evil consequence of trusts, it hardly need be said that this is one of their greatest advantages. Doubtless any industrial change which throws people out of employment is immediately to them a loss, while throwing people out of employment by making their services unnecessary is merely insuring that the sum-total of the public's wants shall be satisfied at a smaller cost. But in the face of this reduction of cost, the trust is charged with the evil of maintaining outrageously high prices. A black picture has been painted by its enemies. It is bound to take the nation by the throat and treat it as

a highway robber treats his victim. Unable to get our supplies from any other source, we shall have to pay the trust prices, however oppressive.

This picture is doubtless far too dark to correspond with the facts. In the first place, we would probably be able in most cases to take refuge in the use of substitutes. The gas monopoly, the electric monopoly, find competitors in each other, as well as in new inventions, like acetylene gas, or old friends, like kerosene. Still further, any one trust, if it push its advantage too far, will immediately stimulate competition of allied trusts. For example, there are several different industries working with iron and steel, any one of which can produce bicycles. In consequence a bicycle trust could never press its advantage very far without developing the competition of the sewing-machine trust or the reaper trust, or some other steel machine trust. Again, in the majority of cases, the success of a trust in maintaining monopoly depends on its producing on so large a scale that it can afford to sell at prices too low to be profitable for factories which work on any smaller scale. The maintenance of such a monopoly into the very distant future, therefore, depends on the continued maintenance of low prices.

On the other hand, there cannot help from being certain advantages arising from the trust. Great consolidation saves a vast amount in the utilization of materials. The great factory has so much waste of particular sorts that it pays to establish by-industries in order to utilize the waste. Again, it carries out in the completest way the principle of geographical specialization. The school furniture trust, for example, will not call upon the Boston factory to furnish a school-building in Omaha, but will rather give the order to the particular plant that is nearest to the point, thus insur-

ing a saving in transportation. Then again there is a great saving in duplication. If there are four or five book corporations, or many different furniture companies, wishing to place an order in a particular school, each one will have to have one or more men on the ground for several days canvassing the school board, spending their money freely, perhaps illegitimately; while if one great trust monopolizes the business one agent does it all in much less time and with much less expenditure.

Of course all of this is of no advantage to society unless the persons interested in the exploiting of the trust in some way share with consumers the gain due to diminished expenditures. That they are now compelled to do this in some measure is true. That they ought to do it more, and perhaps will be compelled to by some modification of existing laws, is very probable. One other advantage which the friends of the trust have promised with some show of reason is a greater freedom from industrial storms, from panics and depressions. Unrestricted competition is wasteful, and it is also dangerous to quiet, orderly progress. Man naturally has his ups and downs, his over-sanguine and then his over-pessimistic moods. These defects of our nature are undoubtedly exaggerated under a regime of competition. In a crisis there is no unity of action. It is "each man for himself," without regard for the consequences to the public at large. Gigantic combinations, especially if these are complete, naturally enough move on more steadily. They can afford to do this. They do not need to strive for larger profits during the era of prosperity; on the other hand, they need not indulge in great anxiety when depression comes. If they do not press their advantage too far, they are sure of customers in

any case. Competition is shut out. Therefore it is believed that the industrial cyclone would be much less likely in an industrial society that was largely administered by trusts, and if this should prove to be the case, and no great evils should come in as an offset, an undoubted advantage would certainly be gained.

An industrial manifestation of so very notable a sort is bound to bring forth the question: What should be done about it?

This will be asked with most earnestness by those who believe that the trust has come to stay, and that its evils far outweigh its advantages. But even those who take a more hopeful view will admit that those changes which it introduces into industrial society promise to be extremely momentous and possibly very evil. The answers to this question are naturally very different. Some people do not hesitate to say that nothing need be done about it, that the trust will take care of itself. This conclusion is natural enough for those who look on industrial consolidation as a purely temporary phenomenon growing out of temporary conditions and destined to pass away as have so many others before it. This position is perhaps equally natural for those who believe that trusts are on the whole beneficent, and that such abuses as appear in their earlier history will gradually right themselves.

A very different class of persons reaches much the same conclusion, though from quite different premises. Thorough-going socialists, who desire nothing so much as that all industry should be organized into a single trust under the management of the State, naturally welcome the process of consolidation among warring industries as a step toward their Utopia. One after another, they say, the industries of the country will be organized into

trusts, and these trusts in turn will be consolidated, until all industrial activity is united in one universal monopoly, whereupon the State will take possession of this single trust and the socialistic goal will have been attained. Even some who are very much opposed to socialism seem to fear that the evolution of things anticipated by the socialists is being wrought out through the trusts. It is pretty safe to say, however, that the hopes of the one and the fears of the other are alike chimerical.

Complete industrial centralization is perhaps as near as the millennium, but no nearer. Certainly none of us will live to test the correctness of the prediction.

The proscription, then, of those who favor letting the trust movement entirely alone, is probably not likely to be accepted. At the opposite extreme are those who desire by severely prohibitive processes absolutely to destroy the trust. This party has been powerful in the past and has triumphed in national and State legislation to a more or less degree. It is a method of treatment largely favored by some conservative elements in society. The traditions of common and statute laws are so sharply against all semblances of monopoly that the courts and lawyers have been generally arrayed against these institutions. This remedy, however, is also chimerical.

The movement toward consolidation is a rational one. It has behind it the elemental forces of nature. It is bound to triumph over artificial restrictions; in one way or another to evade any prohibitions which might be put upon it. Already it is probable, as we have seen, that all possible legal difficulties have been met by the organization of the consolidation corporations.

Thus the do-nothing policy and the do-everything policy are alike shut out. The other alternative is

to recognize the legitimacy of the trust and gradually work out a system of regulation which shall ensure the sharing of the benefits incident to its institution among the public generally. That such regulation is inevitable hardly needs argument. Precedents have been established from time immemorial that industrial corporations which from any cause take upon themselves a monopolistic character shall be looked upon as quasi-public institutions, and as such shall submit to regulations both by legislative action and through public commissions. Doubtless there will always be some protest from the classes interfered with, some plea to the time-worn plea of liberty, the right of each man to do what he will with his own, or the wisdom of the laissez-faire policy. But none of these have availed in the past, and none will in the future. The setting up of the bogey of socialism will be equally powerless. The fear that, because the State undertakes to do something which it did not do yesterday, it is therefore bound to land in socialism, is either a mere pretense or very silly.

All social action involves the balancing of opposing forces. No principle ever is, or ever ought to be, carried out with logical consistency. Life is a perpetual compromise. In the actual world no difficulty is experienced in finding reasons for distinguishing two cases—for treating one social institution on one plan and others on quite different plans. To trusts we doubtless shall apply some scheme of regulation.

Just what form such regulation of trusts will take it is hardly possible or safe to predict. As in any other concrete problem, the solution will have to be worked out slowly and patiently. It is probable that, first, a fairly sharp distinction will be made between those industrial institutions which may be left to the ordinary forces of com-

petition and those which need regulation. These latter, again, will likely fall into two classes. A few thoroughly consolidated industrial interests will probably be brought under the direct control of the public, just as the United States post-office now is.

The remainder will then be left in the hands of private individuals, but will be subjected to sharp regulation under the administration of commissions, with such degree of publicity in accounting as shall ensure the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the public.

MEN AND WOMEN

POPE LEO XIII.—The Man.

ONE of Thackeray's most famous caricatures is of King Louis Phillipe. There are three pictures: In the first the king is represented in his royal robes. It bears the superscription: "King Louis Phillipe." In the second there are the royal robes, but no man wearing them. It is entitled "The King." In the third is a decrepit old man scarcely able to stand. It is labeled "Louis Philipe." There is a world of truth in the idea suggested that the office very frequently makes the man; and that most men who are called upon to rule their fellow men owe their greatness to their position and not to themselves.

Leo XIII was one of the exceptions that only prove the rule. He was greater than his office, great as that was. The Papacy is greater and more powerful because Leo was a Pope. Of the 263 Popes before the present one, he was one of the few who, like Gregory XIV and Leo the Great, take first rank. What makes his success the more remarkable is that he had none of those accessories of physical power which usually are necessary adjuncts of political greatness. He was the only Pope in 1200 years who during his entire reign had no temporal power, yet it has been ages since a Pope had more influ-

ence and weight in the councils of nations.

With no very extensive diplomatic career, he proved himself one of the greatest diplomats of the age; with no temporal power he was treated as a reigning monarch by the most powerful monarchs of the day; the head of a religious denomination against which there is more bitter feeling than any in Christendom, he is mourned and eulogized by those most opposed to the principles he represented and the faith he professed and propagated. There is only one explanation of this phenomenon, of these apparent paradoxes, it was the MAN.

If we stop to analyze his character, the reasons of his influence and power, we will find them in himself entirely: in his wonderful foresight, in his grasp of human affairs; in his clear understanding of men and nations, even of those men and those nations whom he had never seen and whose ideas and feelings and sentiments were the furthest removed from those which he had been brought up under as it is possible to conceive.

An aristocrat by birth, breeding and association, he understood fully the feelings, ambitions, wants and requirements of the working classes. An Italian who never saw America,

he understood this country better than any European diplomat or statesman, even Gladstone. A Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, brought up from his childhood under strict church discipline, he succeeded in bringing thousands of schismatics, who had been separated from his church for centuries, under its fold, and contributed not a little to the kindly feelings of Christians for each other, if not to the eventual re-union of Christendom.

He saw more clearly than any European diplomat that the era of kings is passing, and that the era of the people is at hand. He realized that the power of the masses is growing; that the questions of to-day are social, not dynastic, and that the position for the church to take is as leader of the people in their aspirations for more liberty, better means of living, better educational advantages and greater influence in the matter of Government; accordingly he issued his celebrated encyclical on the labor question in which he says: "As effects follow their cause, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who has labored." He defends the right of laborers to combine for the bettering of their conditions. He urges that the standard for laborers' wages be not what will merely sustain life, but enough to allow workers to acquire property for their old age, to get the benefits of education, and an opportunity for moral and intellectual improvement and reasonable recreation.

When that encyclical was published, at once it was recognized that labor had found a powerful champion, and that the man who penned those lines was no ordinary statesman. The result was immediate. Catholic labor organizations were started in various parts of Europe, the most successful being at Venice, under the fostering care of the new Pope Pius X. There was a parade of workmen in New York

who sent their thanks to Leo for his words of encouragement, and everywhere the cause of labor gained strength and influence.

In line with the same idea of standing with the people, he recognized the French Republic as a permanent institution, and did all he could to strengthen and encourage it, declaring that the church cared nothing for the form of Government, if it was just and moral.

On every possible occasion he has expressed his admiration for America and Americans, praising their constitution, blessing their flag, and expressing the wish that Italy was as free as this republic. And while thus doing all he could to encourage democracy he has managed to secure and hold the good will of the most arbitrary monarchs on the earth, the Czar, the Sultan, the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of China and the Shah of Persia, all of whom are loud in their expression of admiration for his person and character.

The second great scheme to which Leo devoted himself was religious harmony. In April, 1895 he addressed a powerful appeal to the English people on Christian unity, an appeal which brought an answer from the greatest Protestant leaders in England, and a personal visit to the Pope by Lord Halifax, President of the Anglican Church Union Conference.

Another letter was addressed to the Eastern churches, followed later by a letter to Cardinal Gibbons on the same subject. Although nothing definite came out of the correspondence and appeals, they have no doubt had much to do with eliminating sectarian bitterness and unkind feelings between Catholics and Protestants.

The Pope was admired not so much for what he accomplished, as for what he tried to achieve; not so much for his successes as for his efforts. He was recognized on all

sides as a powerful influence for good, a friend of labor and the poor and oppressed; a champion of Christian unity, and a MAN who sought to make the world better and humanity kinder and more sympathetic. It is the man Leo, and not the Pope whom Protestants admire and on whose grave they are placing the tributes of their kindly feeling and sincere respect.

Archbishop Ireland is a native of Ireland. He was brought to this country when he was three years old, by his parents, who settled at St. Mary's, Michigan, but subsequently moved to St. Paul, Minnesota. At the age of twelve the future Archbishop began his ecclesiastical studies. He has never visited a theatre, to be present at a theatrical performance in his life, and has only seen such performances as are given by the Sisters and Catholic orders at the close of their school year. Some years ago it was proposed to give a theatrical performance for the benefit of some charity in St. Paul. The idea was a good one, but the Church does not approve of women and men acting together, and it was necessary to have a play with only one sex represented by the actors. No play covering these conditions being available, Thomas D. O'Brien, afterwards District Attorney of Ramsey County (in which county St. Paul is situated) undertook to write a comic opera with only male characters, the plot depending on the introduction of a number of cats on a desert isle. The Archbishop did not attend the performance, but while it was in progress he met a person who had just come from the hall where the play was in progress.

"How is the play getting along?" asked His Grace.

"Oh, very well, sir; there are

about two thousand people in the hall."

The Archbishop was very much pleased to hear of the large attendance, as he was much interested in the success of the charity to which the proceeds were to go, and asked for an explanation of the play and what the plot was about. When it was explained to him, he looked at his informant with astonishment, and then blurted out: "You don't mean to say there are two thousand fools up there spending their time watching the adventures of a cat?"

Besides being the commander of the United States ship *Marion*, Geo. W. Bauer fills an important post at the University of California.



Commander Geo. W. Bauer, Naval Militia of California, Commanding U. S. S. "*Marion*."

There the University cadets are under his tutelage, and he is known as commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association.

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY.

By F. LORENCE

CHAPTER VI.

"Humors turn with climes.—Pope."

FROM the stage depot of a little Pacific Coast lumber town the daily coach on the shore road was ready to start. Many of the population gathered to see the passengers load themselves into and upon it. The same people had watched the packing in of the freight, the express and the mails; any one of the on-lookers could have told where this or that package had been stowed, although getting everything in had been a harder task than solving a Chinese puzzle, and the whole vehicle would, it seemed, have to be emptied to allow of anything being extracted from it. There was not, however, a watcher but would have been able to dive towards the spot into which any named article had been tucked. All had silently attended to the loading undistracted by charges of "rubbering," or by the squealing signals from the boats loading at the wharf, and offering other interesting sights to the unemployed.

Only a few cared to go down to look at the steamer; she was too far out to permit a view of all the different things she carried, and the people along this part of the Pacific Coast being more landmen than seafarers, attached more importance to the departure of the overland stage than to the doings of a sea-going craft, even though the boats took their produce and the stage brought that for which they must pay. The roughness of the ocean kept away even some of the few who usually went down to see the steamer load, for to-day everything was taken on from lighters, the force of the tide for-

bidding all approach to the long dock. The roar of the waves was deafening to any one who listened to it. In Hillspport, nobody did; that is, no natives did, and there were next to no strangers passing back and forth. It was the people from neighboring towns and a few drummers who came often enough to be used to the place, that made up the traveling public.

Still, there was always an excitement as of something new doing or something new to see shown at the starting of the stage. There was the invariable amount of backing and filling; the halt called to have another package tucked under the apron; another slipped beneath the strap across the driver's seat; perhaps a rocking chair or bicycle tied on behind; the same false starts to be seen on a race track, and at last "they are off!" the horses now full eager to be under way.

Only two persons were on the driver's seat to-day, and but two inside the coach. Of the former one was a young man, scarcely more than a lad, blithe of look, with fair skin burned brown as his hair where his hat threw no shade, and strong grey eyes darkly lashed. The driver beside whom he sat showed twice the young fellow's age, but in the world of men he would be counted young still. He was a personable figure, in his wide hat, loose snuff-colored clothes, the trousers tucked into high boots, and a blue silk handkerchief knotted round his throat. No one ever saw him otherwise equipped, and it was said in Hillspport that Jason Rollins slent not only with his boots on, but with his hat on, also. No one knew the color of his hair; on his high fore-

head none was visible, and he wore his hat too far on the back of his head to allow any lock to show. He had never been known to notice a woman, so that no offense had been taken at his not tipping to the girls.

The color of his eyes was equally uncertain, for he wore blue goggles and some said he slept in them also. However, the tint of his short beard was an unmistakable brown, and that much was at least definite. He had been but a passing show in Hillspport, coming in the dusk and going in the dawn through the three years he had driven the stage from the Coast through the red-woods to the railroad whose point of connection had changed each twelve month as the line was finished to a nearer and nearer town. He had always looked the same, had always behaved in the same absorbed manner, his objective point at either terminus seemingly the only thing to be worked for, and the marvelous memory he showed concerning the details of his cargoes appeared a part of his thought for the future moment, rather than any care of the present. But with unvarying accuracy he had, in this time, deposited the proper letters and papers in the proper mail boxes set up along the road to receive them; he would fling them with such sure aim that they fell squarely into the receptacles as he drove by on a run, though at places where it had been too much trouble to provide a Post-office, box he could show equal carelessness, and would toss out missives of all sorts, to be taken and swept away by the wind, or to reach their owners by sheer good luck as happened.

Even those who frequently drove whole days with him failed to get much nearer acquaintance with Jason than had been reached in the first hours. He was no talker, but he was liked from the Coast to the State line, for an unfailing listener, and he never repeated what was

told him. People in search of sympathy could talk to Jason and win consolation from the note of self-appreciation he never contradicted in their own words; enthusiasts of scenery told him all about what his eyes saw daily and felt that his silence proved they had shown it to him as he had never seen it before. All sorts and condition of men and women became confidential to the silent man who drove them through the great forests, up and down the mighty hills, into smiling valleys and awesome wildernesses. And he listened perhaps, or perhaps heard them as he heard the wind sighing or shrieking in the tree-tops and the crunching stone under the wheels beneath him. But the talkers rambling on, felt ever that strange sense of sympathy that silence, more than speech, often gives. So the box seat with Jason was as coveted as that place could be on any stage driven, and when but one passenger went out on it, Hillspport always felt there was going to be a great waste of opportunity on that journey.

It was Stratton Wylie on the box with Jason Rollins that day. The lad had been for a week's holiday to visit his grandfather, whose lumber camp held an unceasing attraction for him as a visitor, though none at all as one of the workers thereon. Stratton knew Rollins well enough to have discovered that the stage driver was every inch a man and an individual of brains, albeit no talker. Yet the inexperienced boy had discovered, in a former time, what Jason would never have told concerning himself. There had been, last year, a singular hold up in the forest, as the road sloped to the valley on the Eastern side. The only passenger besides Stratton had asked to be set down at a forked road where a trail to a mineral spring led off through the brush. The man had a small trunk with him, and begged the driver to

help him down with it, saying he would hide it in the sand until he could bring up a cart next day from the spring. As Jason was in the act of helping to lift down the trunk the man had struck him with a heavy quirt, aiming, evidently for his skull, but missing that, the blow had disabled Jason's left arm and shoulder, and before he could seize the scoundrel, or before Stratton had discovered from the noise (it was dark at the time and neither man had spoken during the struggle), the fellow was off, lost in the shadows of the redwoods. Stratton had had to drive the stage in the remaining six miles and Jason's arm had laid him up for a month.

Of this mutual experience it was quite legitimate to talk, and as the stage rumbled out on the rocky shore road, Stratton began.

"What news, Jason?"

"Nothing new," was the laconic reply.

"And the fellow who held us up last year?" His tone was as high as it was candid; he was amazed to receive a dig in the ribs from Jason. His look and explanation were met by another dig. Then he confronted Jason with: "What is it, old man?" Jason nodded towards the interior of the stage, and Stratton subsided. Jason took up the ball; he talked as he had never done. He was jocular, hilarious, told stories by the yard, ruminated on the scenery; had forcible opinions on the outlook in the lumber camps, some of which Stratton thought, thinking of the dig to his ribs, might better not have been expressed, and as time went on and Jason's garrulousness increased, the young man could not help but think that the driver, who it was said had never been known to be intoxicated, was 'either drunk or loony.'

Within the coach the two passengers talked little and that in the lowest tones. Stratton soon forgot them when the fine scenery along

the shore claimed his attention. The road wound around bluffs that overhung the sea, forming a rocky wall for miles along the coast. Beetling crags rose above the grade, while on the sea side the cliffs dropped sharply to the patches of smooth beach that lay between jutting promontories against which the sea rolling in across the wide Pacific hurled breakers that crumbled the solid rock they dashed upon, and made of the everlasting hills, by slow but sure attack, the shifting sands that lie under the lapping waters of the sea of change. Last year the road was down yonder on that ledge, which is now scarcely a path; next year this grade may have to be deserted. The rocks crumble, the forests disappear, but the sea, inscrutable, unimprisonable, rolls on and holds its own.

Down here, in a hollow, lies another mill town, its busy whirr breaking strangely upon the slow and solemn booming of the sea. A city would grow up here; it waits only for swift transportation to become a stirring place. It turns out ten million feet of lumber every twelve months, and the train that will not come near it rolls over thousands of ties cut from the forest here. From the valley of the estuary the road rose again to the pinnacle of crags. Suddenly rounding a sharp curve an exclamation broke from one of the passengers within the coach.

"Look at that deer down there," pointing to a speck on the beach far below. "Chased down by dogs, of course. Let up, driver; I can catch up to and shoot him." Both men jumped out and clambered down the cliffs. The deer, a splendid buck, was racing along the beach, none the less terrified in this strange environment than when the dogs were pursuing. Back and forth across the strip of beach that stretched from one headland to another, he bounded frantically seeking along the rocky

wall a way to the heights above, while the incoming tide alternately flooded and drained the foothold left him below. On ran the panting creature, swimming the surf when it overtook him, hurled against the rocks as he tried to round them, struggling to his feet and bounding on again each time less ably buffering the waves, his case seemed desperately hopeless. But his keen eye had seen an outlet; up a little gorge he darted; as his pursuers, scrambling down, reached the beach, he gained a tufted ledge where a footing held. A bound over the narrow gorge, and he was among the wind-swept pines where he knew his way, dangerous though that might be.

Jason laughed grimly: "And those idiots thought they could catch up with a wild deer. Now, let's see if they can catch up with me."

"Won't you wait for them?" asked Stratton surprised.

"Not by a d— sight," said Jason; "do you know who that second chap is?" He did not wait for an answer. "The man that held me up last year."

Stratton gave a whistle. "Why don't you tackle him, Jason, and turn him in? Two could handle them both."

"I want to handle something

else," said Jason. "Do you remember what was in that trunk the fellow got me to help him with?"

"By Jove, I had forgotten that—it was rocks, wasn't it?" Jason nodded.

"And what he meant it to hold when the next stage should take him up and go on was gold."

"How do you know?" gasped the lad.

"I don't know, but I'm guessing. I've watched for him ever since and this is the first time he's turned up. He thinks the smooth shave and swagger togs is a disguise. I've been looking for him too long to be deceived. Now we've got him. My stage can't wait, you understand? I go on supposing they'll cut across and catch up. You drove in from the Forks last year. Can you do it again?" Stratton nodded. "Then I'll lay for my man at the Forks. He'll know the stage has passed, and will never suspect he's been recognized. This time I've got my man. Stage driving's over for Jason Rollins. Stand by me, my boy, and I'll give you some newspaper stuff that is worth while."

"I'll stand by you, anyhow, old man," Stratton declared, as the stage whirled from the cliff road straight into the heart of the red-woods.

(To be continued.)



CURIOUS FACTS AND STATISTICAL TRUTHS.

FEW people who handle United States Treasury notes know the peculiar history of the "Great Seal," a facsimile of which appears on every circulating note, and upon other pecuniary obligations of the general Government. It is used in official correspondence and other documents emanating from the Treasury and Sub-Treasury, and a facsimile is also cut in brass on the door knobs of the Treasury and Sub-Treasury buildings of the United States, but the



Latin inscription is omitted. The seal shows scales evenly balanced; underneath is a compass bearing thirteen stars, and below the compass is a key, representing the key of the Treasury. On each side is a wreath of ivy leaves. The motto of the seal is: "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil," which is an abbreviation of "Thesauri Americae Septentrionalis Sigillum." This literally signifies "Seal of the Treasury of North America." Why the seal should be that of the "Treasury of

North America" has long been a subject of inquiry among antiquarians and students of history. It is especially puzzling to many who know the meaning of the motto why North America should be used in this connection when it is not so used in any other. Every department of the Government has its special seal and device, and their legends read: "United States of America." The originator of this Great Seal, however, considered that there were other Americas besides the colonies then struggling for Independence, and which were known in Europe as North America. He also considered that if the States of Central and South America remained united long enough to create a seal, our seal would then more correctly express the geographical division of our part of the Americas. The United States is so designated in most European countries to-day, and Mr. Robert Morris, the designer of the seal, made it seem a proper distinction.

The wording of the seal is really not so peculiar as it seems at first thought. There has been considerable dispute as to its history, and strangely it was not created by law, but simply grew into use by custom from the fancy of its designer. This country did not have a Treasury Department until 1782. Before that time the money was furnished mostly through the counting house of Morris & Willing, at Philadelphia, the temporary treasury. The

Continental Congress granted a Charter to Robert Morris for the "Bank of North America," and thus the name was given to the Treasury Department, the name undoubtedly originating from Mr. Morris. In September, 1778, the Continental Congress passed an Act appointing a committee of three to prepare a seal for the Treasury, and also one for the navy. On this committee were Robert Morris, the banker; Richard Henry Lee, and John Witherspoon. At that time the Treasury was under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Finance or Board of the Treasury, and the navy was under the control of the Board of Admiralty.

There is no record of a report having been made by the Committee for the adoption of a seal for the Treasury, and it seems that Mr. Morris, who managed things in his own way, adopted the device on his own authority. Impressions of this seal are found on original papers in the earliest history of the Treasury of North America, and are now on file in Washington. Slight changes have been made in this seal, but the one now in use is substantially the same as that adopted by Mr. Morris. The original seal showed only twelve stars. Later, when Rhode Island was forced into the union, another star was added. It was the original intention to add a star for each State admitted into the union, but the idea was abandoned. The Committee on Seals did report recommending a device for the navy, but overlooked the Treasury.

When the Treasury got into full swing and turned out real money, the treasurer, without authority from Congress, placed the figure of a woman in the likeness of Mrs. Washington upon the coins. He intended this as a compliment to Mrs. Washington, and partly in consideration of his appointment. The design was either poorly executed

or the President did not want his wife to be advertised in that way, and in one of his gusts of passion, autocratically ordered the representation of his wife to be effaced from future coins. The Treasurer then put a cap on the head of the figure, and christened it the Goddess of Liberty.

There seems to have been little law regulating devices on coins, and the Treasurers put on them what struck their fancy. The words "In God We Trust," were first used on two-cent copper coins issued during the late war between the States. There is no law authorizing the motto. The motto was subsequently put on other coins, and in a great measure superceded the "E Pluribus Unum" inscription.

It may also be interesting for money changers to know that the words E Pluribus Unum screamed out by the eagle on some of the coins is the device of an original thinker and not placed there by law.

A few weeks after the organization of the Treasury of North America Congress authorized the establishing of a "Mint of North America," which was also suggested by Mr. Morris. A Committee of five was appointed, and Mr. Morris was authorized to strike off or coin money. But no coins were struck off for some time afterwards. The Treasurer, Mr. Morris, was officially known as the Superintendent of Finance until the organization of the Treasury Department in 1784. He was perhaps the wealthiest man in the country at that time, and loaned the tottering Government fourteen hundred thousand dollars in order to make the military campaign of 1780-1781. The country was impoverished and had no credit. This patriot virtually gave his entire fortune to the cause, and his financial aid led to the victory at Yorktown and Independence. A few years afterwards he was thrown

into jail for debt, where he languished two years, to the everlasting disgrace of an ungrateful country.



On the Tundra, North of Nome, Alaska.

After the burial of the Alaska Indian, all of his belongings are placed over his last resting place. His bidarka or boat is dismantled, the skin covering it is placed in evidence on a stout pole; his rifle is nailed hereto, and the skeleton of his sledge and boat is exhibited. Snow shoes, paddles, fish spears and poles, all the implements employed by the decedent in his life-time, are used for decorative effect.

The Kishinev Massacres.

But a limited number of people in the United States know the location of Bessarabia.

It is situated on the Dnister River,



midway on the railroad connecting Jassay and Odessa, and is separated from Austro-Hungary by the Pruth

River. It is a Russian Province and from time immemorial has been difficult to govern. Kishinev is the largest city.

While religious intolerance was used to spur the population to atrocious acts the massacre originated from the rapacity of the Jewish money lenders and capitalists. The Jews of Bessarabia are the employers of labor and in Kishinev, it is asserted by Russian writers, inflicted the greatest hardships on the peasant class.

The Tiki, or He-Tiki, is made from the greenstone, a variety of jade, sometimes called the tear stone. This is extremely hard, and the god shown in our photograph required months of labor in carving. The value of the stone, as



shown in the picture, is about \$100. The Maoris wear these stones as pendants for the ears and neck. They are extremely rare and valuable.



Children Diving for Pennies.

This photograph was taken of a group of Maori children in the Hot Lakes District, in the North Island of New Zealand. No one who has ever visited this district will ever forget the quaint little boys as they call out: "Throw a penny, throw a penny here, Pakeha. The pennies are thrown, and there is an immediate disappearance of the black heads; then up comes a little brown hand, followed by a smiling face, exhibiting white, gleaming teeth.

2¼ ounces. Walgion afterwards parted with the glittering lump and it is now owned by Daniel Kane of Anvil City, Alaska.

The Dryest Mining Camp in the World.

Tonopah is said to be the dryest mining camp in the world. It is so dry that the rattlesnake, usually so plentiful in sage brush countries, is not seen in that part of Nevada. The last Fourth of July was enlivened by the unusual presence of women.



A Celebrated Nugget—Actual Size.

John Walgion, a poor prospector, walked the beach at Anvil City, Alaska, and suddenly came upon the nugget we have pictured. He will always remember the date, November 17, 1899. It is the largest nugget found in that locality. It weighs



Seven ladies, under the chaperonage of Miss Williams, tourist guide of San Francisco, occupied a dais of canvass, the especial guests of the town and of Butler, the Mining King of Tonopah. There was a drilling contest that was of interest to the entire population.

The Industrial Development of the West

By Americans of To-day.

A Record of Personal Opinion, Experience and Achievement



R. H. Postlethwaite.

R. H. Postlethwaite, is an Englishman by birth, and has lived for a number of years in New Zealand. He attended Upham School in England and married in New Zealand. In 1896 he removed to California, and shortly thereafter became associated with the Risdon Iron Works of San Francisco. Mr. Postlethwaite is the inventor of a dredge which he has named the Risdon Gold Dredge. This is deemed indispensable to the finer forms of gold mining. Mr. Postlethwaite is a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers of London, and also belongs to the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Dredging for Gold in the Western States.

CALIFORNIA is certainly well named the Golden State, and the golden values appear almost inexhaustible. In the early fifties, millions of dollars worth of placer gold were won by the pioneer miners who worked the rich virgin gulches in the Sierras. When the cream of this class of mining had been taken, hydraulic mining came into vogue. By this process immense banks of lower grade gravel were sluiced down into the rivers, leaving a golden store in the sluice boxes of the miners. After some years the farmers in the low lands found that the large quantities of tailings from the hydraulic mines brought down by the rivers were damaging their property, and by means of legislation a stop was practically put to this class of mining. This prohibitive legislation, how-

ever, did not prevent California from turning out her regular yearly stream of gold bullion, as underlying many of the lava capped hills were found the ancient river channels, which were, and still are, being drifted into with most profitable results. From early times the numerous quartz mines, distributed throughout the hills, have been grinding out gold and keeping up the yearly output for California alone in the neighborhood of seventeen millions of dollars. When in 1897 the Risdon Iron Works of San Francisco built for the late Captain Thomas Couch the first dredge to work the gold bearing gravels along the bank of the Feather river, six miles below Oroville, another source of wealth was added to California's yield of bullion. A short description of the Oroville

dredging field will show how rapidly the dredging industry has grown, and the vast possibilities the future holds for it. The Feather river debouches from the mountains at the town of Oroville in Butte County, long celebrated as one of the best orange and fruit sections of California, and in years gone by has run in various courses or channels to a width of some two miles and in length some seven miles, forming the dredging field of Oroville. The river running on the top of the false bedrock of tufa or lava ash brought down gravel and gold from the higher country, both being comparatively fine when deposited on the flat false bedrock after their many miles of travel down the gorges of the rapid-running Feather river. Much of the gold thus deposited is as fine as gold paint, and, when thrown dry on still water, will readily float. On an average the gravel is deposited to a depth of about thirty feet over the dredging area, and all of it carries more or less gold. It is estimated that at one time during the fifties there were at least 20,000 Chinamen scattered over the field, who picked out and worked as far as possible the richest spots, but were not able to get much below water level, as their only means of mining was by windlass and wheelbarrows and man-operated China pumps. For twenty years or more, various attempts were made to dredge the river gravels, but until 1897 all such attempts proved failures, owing to the construction of the machines not being suitable for the work in hand. In spite of these failures it was well known that the values lay there, and that in order to recover them only a machine was necessary which could successfully handle the gravel in large quantities at a low cost per cubic yard. Directly the fact was established that the ground could be successfully treated by dredging at five cents per cubic

yard and the fine gold saved, great activity was shown, and now there are about thirty dredges operating on the field day and night, digging and treating at least one and one-quarter million cubic yards per month, and distributing in cash monthly some \$60,000. The capital invested in dredging machinery alone exceeds one and a half million dollars; and land which six years ago could readily be bought for \$25 per acre now sells for \$1000, and some as high as \$3000 per acre. A gold dredge consists of a wooden pontoon carrying at its front end a ladder, on which travels a string of heavy buckets which dig up the gravel and dump it into a perforator revolving screen where it is thoroughly disintegrated and



washed. The fine material, including the black sand and gold, falls through the perforations into a distributing box from whence it passes with a thin stream of water over tables on which the gold is saved. The coarse gravel is ejected at the end of the revolving screen and is stacked in immense piles behind the dredge by means of an elevator or conveyor. The whole operation is practically automatic and continuous, and is easily controlled by two men. The power used to operate the machinery is electricity, generated by waterfalls in the high Sierras. The gold after being taken from the tables and separated from the black sand with which it is mixed, is melted into bricks, and sent to the Mint, and helps materially to

swell California's output of the precious metal. While some of the dredges are in the present bed of the Feather river, many of them are operating entirely inland. These inland dredges are built in an excavation which is then filled with water pumped from the river or brought in by one of the numerous irrigation ditches; when built and once started the dredge is able to keep open its own pit and operates just as readily as if in the river. I have referred to Oroville more particularly as it was the first, and is the largest, dredging field in California; there are, however, many dredges operating successfully in most of the other Californian rivers and streams, also in Idaho, Oregon and Montana. Dredging for gold

has proved a very attractive industry in California, as with proper prospecting, by means of either shafts or a drilling machine, the value of the ground can be arrived at with greater certainty and at a comparatively small expense. This form of mining is more in the nature of a high grade and valuable investment than an ordinary speculation, and is destined in the near future to play a very important part in the world's annual production of gold. Enough prospecting work has been done to show that dredging can be successfully carried on in all the Western States, including Alaska, Mexico and most of the South American Republics, and it is now a well established industry with an assured future.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

By BEN. FRANKLIN BONNELL

Thou bold, intrepid Whitman, thou with leaves of grass
 Could Intuition's holy cause give form,
 Thy soul could rise, from leaves and flowers, and pass
 With holy rapture, through the thunder-riven storm.

Sweet Emerson, thou sum of beauty, grace and truth,
 Thy gentle spirit yet will teach the race
 To find eternal spring—perennial youth
 Within the soul—God's holy temple dwelling-place.

Blind Realism, in its lust and sensuous pride,
 Blasphemes the dignity you gave to man,
 But God, like music, in the soul abides,
 And all who feel His presence, know salvation's plan.

Ye Transcendentalists of every age and clime,
 True vanguard of pure knowledge of the soul,
 Your tune too high was pitched, your age to chime,
 But ever onward will the cadence sweetly roll.

EDITORIAL DIGEST.

SINCE our last issue, another of the Overland Monthly's famous characters has passed over the "great divide." One of California's most noted figures, of whom her most noted writer made the sort of portrait that will outlive any limned representation of man that could be made, has followed the footsteps of his chronicler and "Tennessee's Partner" is no more. Already had he "lain down the shovel and the hoe," for the age of old Chaffee had compelled the relinquishment of labor and even of the life he had shared with his "partner" for half a century. Ill, and in need of care that even Tennessee could not give him, he became an inmate of the sanitarium where he died July 29th, aged eighty years. What Bret Harte has told of Chaffee is enough to tell. It was but a phase, a single incident in a life full of incident, but it bears a lesson never more needed than at this moment, when the horrors of lynch law are freshly with us. Chaffee was the first man in California to protest against the adoption of that summary form of justice, and his influence upon the miners to whom he appealed was as strong as gentle.

The Overland Monthly has had to record within the last year the deaths of the greatest men connected with its history. With Bret Harte and Anton Roman, James Chaffee should be counted as one who, through the story Harte's genius wove round one of the greatest deeds of his life, has done a lofty service to the people who have followed in the printed page his pleadings for justice.

A Vast Increase of Tonnage.

"In the years yet remaining to you, you will see the commerce of

the Pacific Ocean rival that of the Atlantic." So spoke James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, not long ago. To the unobserving this may seem a wild prediction. To those who will take the trouble to look backward it seems but a logical conclusion. Sailing vessels were the means of communication between San Francisco and the Orient fifty years ago. Following this came the old-style paddle wheel steamer. Then came the walking-beam boats of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. The time consumed between Yokohama and San Francisco was from thirty to forty days. Commerce grew, transcontinental railroads and the mining development built it up to greater and greater proportions. Then came the establishment of a line to Australia. It remained to a San Francisco company to demonstrate the quickest carriage of mails from London to Australia, and the Spreckels Corporation, the Oceanic S. S. Co., marked a great forward step in the modernizing of Pacific Ocean steamship business.

The Pacific Mail Co., recently brought into commission the Siberia and Korea, and several large freight steamers are on the way round the Horn. The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s "Empress" boats are no longer the largest on Balboa's sea. James J. Hill has recently added several vessels to the line that is tributary to his railway system, and these are supposed to be of the largest tonnage. The Chinese Mutual Steamship Company is now building for Pacific business four 20,000 ton steamers, and Mr. Hill's prediction bids fair to be realized within a decade.

The beginning of a merchant ser-

vice upon the Pacific Coast dates back to the days of the Spanish galleons that in the time of Philip, for whom the islands were named, first opened trade between the East and the West. The new world was, singularly enough, the Eastern world to the Philippine merchants, yet they sent to its uncivilized shore the riches of the Orient, to be transferred for the most part by pack-trains across the Isthmus and re-shipped for Spain. It was in the trans-shipment that occasion came for the forty-day's fair held with elaborate feastings as already described in these editorials. But not all the luxuries brought to the Isthmus were carried Eastward to the Old World. The adventurers who settled the land Pizarro won were *grandees*; they demanded wealth of the Indies for themselves, for their families. So trade grew brisk with Peru and Colombia, and the other parts of the viceroyalties. When these dependencies became free Governments, their needs were greater; trade with them invited finer and finer returns, business ventures might be made. It was more than half a century ago that a North American, knowing the demands and possibilities offered by the Governments of Western South America, believed the time ripe for establishing a line of steamships between Europe and Valparaiso. Like a good patriot he went, with his scheme and authorities for presenting it, to New York, and sought to induce financiers to promote the plan. Not one would listen to him. Then he went to England, and the result was the establishment of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., and later other British lines, and then of the North German Lloyd fleets. And the trade of the West coast of South America is carried, but not by the ships of the United States.

"Ad Sense," one of the foremost of the magazines devoted to advertisers, has the following article in

its columns for the month of June. The Overland Monthly feels justly proud of the position taken by "Ad Sense." Our advertisers, Eastern and Western, would do well to consider this very seriously:

Pacific Coast as a Field.

In this article it is proposed to set forth from descriptive and statistical points of view the value of the Pacific Coast States as an advertising field. Many advertisers in the East and Middle West do not realize the vast and constantly growing possibilities of this section of the country along advertising lines. There is a reason for this. The development of the Pacific Coast States has been recent and phenomenal, and only within the last decade has it begun to make itself felt as a very powerful factor in the world of commerce and the East has not yet grasped the significance attached thereto.

Seattle on the north and San Francisco on the south are the two gateways of Oriental trade and with the wonderful strides which have recently been made in the commercial marine world these cities have enjoyed a corresponding growth in population and have attained enviable positions in the financial world.

The seaports of the coast have not, however, been altogether responsible for the making of the prosperity now enjoyed by the 2,500,000 people who live in the far West, but rather that prosperity, now so much in evidence in the three States above mentioned, has been the result of climatic and soil conditions that have but recently been taken advantage of, and and in this particular the end is still a long way off.

Take the State of Washington for example: During the year 1902 this State received \$83,975,000 from its lumber, grain, coal, fruit, hay, live stock, poultry and fishing industries. All this from a city that

twenty years ago was scarcely known. Oregon, a close second to Washington in lumber and fishing, excels it in farm and orchard productions. Its wheat exportation amounted to thirteen million bushels, and its hop crop yielded 11,755,000 pounds.

California, by far the richest and most productive of the three, has the United States census valuation of farms, improvements and productions of over one billion dollars, and as matters stand at present only a small proportion of its tillable land is under cultivation. California stands third among the States as an oil producer, and its fisheries yearly produce an income one-fourth more than those of the New England States. It outranks every State in the Union in wheat, hops and lumber and produces more wine raisins, plums, prunes, oranges and honey than all the rest of the United States. It has the largest trees, garden seed plantations, asparagus beds and celery fields in the world.

Together the three Pacific Coast States have over 400,000,000,000 standing feet of lumber. They cut 3,450,000 feet, or \$45,000,000; export one-half of the wheat flour by the United States; one-fourth the wheat, and produce one-third the hops. From their natural sources of wealth they receive over a quarter of a million per annum with which to buy things produced elsewhere.

California produces one-fourth of the beans of the United States. With one exception it outranks every other State in wheat, hops and lumber; with two exceptions in wool, and with four exceptions in hay. It produces more wine, raisins, plums and prunes, oranges and honey than all the rest of the union.

As a fair example of cities' rapid growth, Los Angeles, Cal., and Seat-

tle, Wash., may be taken. In the period between the years 1890 and 1900 the growth of these two cities amounted to 100 per cent, and during the past twenty years Los Angeles has outstripped in population 49 American cities, which were numerically larger in 1880. In this year it stood 135th in point of population and in 1900 this lead was increased, and at that time it stood 36th. The increase in bank deposits was 228 per cent and building permits 321 per cent. Statistics show that building returns for January, 1903, taken from 23 most prominent American cities, indicated that 11 had an average loss of 34.5 per cent, 11 had an average gain of 23 per cent, while the gain for Los Angeles was 277 per cent.

Prosperity spreads her wings from Puget Sound to the peninsula of Lower California, and nowhere in the world may be found a richer, more prosperous or more contented population than is found on the Pacific Coast. And with these salient points in view, it is hard to understand why the advertiser who has been confining himself to the East and Middle West should not go beyond the desert and find a new world with gorgeous and golden possibilities.

Let us for a moment glance at the magazine situation on the Pacific Coast. There are at present but two magazines of magnitude in that locality, but they are both worthy of serious consideration. The *Overland Monthly*, published in San Francisco, is replete with interest and offers perhaps a greater standing and bona fide circulation at reasonable rates than does any publication of like character upon the Coast. It is a representative magazine, breathing the spirit of the West, and characterized with the breeziness that makes it intensely popular with its clientele.



CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED
BY FLORENCE JACKSON -

father and take up the profession of the drama.

"The Circle," by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.50.

On the order of
**Which Shall "The Lady and the
It Be? Tiger,"** this little

story of a young man's perplexing and most fascinating experience with misfortune, success and two pretty maids, would make a captivating curtain raiser of the daintiest melo-dramatic sort. The hero (hero he must be in spite of the declaration that G. K. Chesterton makes through the pages of the "Critic," that the hero belongs more to the era of the harp and the sword than to this age wherein "the author uses him to parade his precious insight and candor") the hero is a real one. He doesn't, in the book, use a sword nor reach the time when he will strum a harp, but he fights a good fight for independence. When fortune fails him he is an Englishman, whose rank will not allow him to live among his people after losing all but a baggabelle of income. Therefore he takes up his residence in New York and seeks to make his own way. As a clerk selling photographs in a Broadway shop, he meets Miss Berkeley, an actress whose lovely face has already attracted him, the more so now because he feels he must dismiss all thoughts of another lovely face, that of the Honorable Mollie—back in England—whose hand would have been his if fate had not made him a pauper. The young man making an ideal of the

A CIRCLE, the most perfect of figures, is a difficult thing to describe. In the review of the book of that name the reviewer finds the task as difficult as the author of the story has evidently found it. Another work of very uneven quality is this story of a girl who, for the sake of self-advancement deserts her aged father, and ignores other claims of her childhood's home. It is a tale that is not only lacking in technical and literary consistency, but carries an immoral influence with it as well, excusing, as it does, the girl's despicable conduct and showing the success of her ambition to have warranted her course. Also the interesting situations and the details of the life led by the actress and her patron make a beguiling picture, one that I have heard two eager young women declare to be "just grand." Unable to perceive through what perversion of moral standard the heroine is made to work out her aim, they are fascinated by the result. In point of artistic finish the story is deficient, notably in supplying insufficient motive for the action of the woman who persuades Anna to desert her

actress, who is, in fact, a sweet character, attempts to write a play suited to her. How the play is written, how stolen, found, brought out, received, how grateful and fascinated Miss Berkeley is, how enchanted with the actress is the young playwright, all this makes very delightful reading. Then on top of success, and when the dainty actress is becoming merged in the lovable woman, the Goddess of Fortune kills off a few people in England and throws a Dukedom and all of its wealth at the hero's feet. The Hon. Mollie writes him a pathetic and alluring love letter, taking it for granted that he still loves and wants her, and the gallant fellow faces the dilemma of choosing between the old love and the new, between the ready-made life of position and affluence and the fascinating opportunities his successful play-writing has opened to him. Which he chooses the reader must guess, but in any case it is lovers' meeting that comes at "Journey's End," by Justus Miles Forman. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.50.

Keynote of Character.

Whether in beast or human the keynote of effort, and reason for endurance, may be found in pride. An incentive as powerful as the instinct for self-preservation, success is proportionate to its strength. This is one of the claims made by Jack London in the thrillingly touching story of a dog's life, which is told in "The Call of the Wild," a book of great power and of intense interest. From a life of luxury as the petted king of a rich man's kennels, a splendid St. Bernard, whose shepherd mother has given him traits of her own race to reinforce the milder strength of the sire's breed, is stolen and sent to Alaska to serve as a sledge

dog in the cold North. The tale of his life, his woes and wrongs, is pitiful and terrible. No less so are the glimpses given of the work and the nature of the humans whose will compels the tragedy of many lives. These things ring with the note of truth, and it is evident that close sympathy with creatures of the wild, as well as knowledge of them, has gone with the telling.

And yet—fortunate it is that there can be a yet—the terrible lesson the book would seem to give of the inevitableness of primitive conditions making savage even what has been trained civilization, is not properly balanced. Nothing in the story is made to show the growth out of primitive conditions, the conditions men and beasts were in at the beginning, from which they advanced. So if the primitive uncivilizes, from the primitive civilization awakes and the eternal round strikes for the universal a fair proportion. Some of the traits of the dog Buck, which are given as evident indication that his nature is harking back to his forebears of the wilds, are made unduly significant. For instance, the most petted and civilized of dogs will bay at the moon, but the call of the wild is made to appear that which wrings the midnight howl from Buck. The stress given to pride in man and beast is the truest note struck, and marks the strongest passages in the book.

It is strange that such a publisher as the house that brings out this volume should make use of the smaller economies of poorer bookmakers. The unsightliness of pages of smooth paper inserted only to carry half-tones, and those but poor, is distressing.

"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. The Macmillan Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

"How use doth breed a habit"



USE

Pears' Soap

IT'S A GOOD HABIT

WOMEN DREAD
MEN HATE
HOUSECLEANING



NO CLEANING-DAY
DREAD AND HATE IN HOMES
WHERE PEARLINE IS USED.

H
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With Soap.
-Old Fashioned Way
Hard Work-Back Ache-Bad
Temper, Imperfect and odor
of moving dirt rather than
approaching cleanliness.

with Pearlline
-Intelligent Way
Work made easy, quick
and thorough - no
discomforts - no Odor
Perfect Cleanliness
Pearline is Modern
Soap.



ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. N. Y. 5/152



Sent on
Approval

Davenport
—AND—
Bed IN **ONE**

AS A BED

The newest thing in metal beds, combining a bed and a davenport in one piece of furniture and sold by us to you direct from the factory on approval. Strongly and simply made, nothing to get out of order. More serviceable than a folding bed, fit for any room. The bedding is retained in it during the day, always ready, sanitary, clean and safe.

This is a special introductory bargain you cannot afford to overlook. Freight prepaid East of Mississippi River and North of Tenn. If not entirely satisfactory can be returned at our expense. Send for our handsome catalog of everything for the home at factory prices.

THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

To Those Whose Wish To Reach The
Tourist, Traveler and Home-seeker

should investigate our mediums

Peck's Touring California
We publish monthly an illustrated descriptive guide for tourists, sight-seers and all travelers.

Peck's Cabinet System
We distribute literature in the principal hotels and resorts of California through our extensive cabinet system.

Peck's Railway Guide for the Traveler
An official schedule for Railways, Steamship and Stage Lines containing valuable information for travelers.

Peck's Information Bureau
We operate the two largest Information Bureaus in the United States. Information Bureaus are a necessity. Ours are well known and are used extensively by the general public.

Write us for rates and full particulars
PECK'S TOURIST BUREAU COMPANY, Inc.
Free Information.

11 Montgomery Street
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410 South Broadway
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CALIFORNIA'S
BEST LAND BARGAINS

SANTA CLARA VALLEY
SACRAMENTO VALLEY
SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
COAST COUNTIES

Send Stamp for Monthly Catalogue
of Selected Properties
C. M. WOOSTER CO.
648 Market St., S. F.

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LOANS RENTS

GOOD WAGES

You can make good wages can you? Sing for the OVERLAND MONTHLY. Boys and girls can earn a man's wages. Write for blanks to subscription manager,

OVERLAND MONTHLY,

11 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

Univ Calif - Los Angeles by Microsoft®

320 Sansone Street, S. F.



**"Acts while
you take"**

**Headache,
Colds, Fatigue,
Neuralgia, "Everyday Ills."**

The Great Human Missions of

ORANGEINE

POWDERS

Prevention

Relief

Cure

accurate corrective power promptly
eradicating cause of incipient ailment and
prevents little ills from becoming serious.
chill, exposure, fatigue, excess. In
establishments it saves hours of time
suffering for employer and employee.

It almost instantly reaches the cause of
pain, all kinds of Headache, Neuralgia,
and the pain ceases. Under systematic
use it dispels even chronic cases of Head-
ache and Periodic Pain.

Advanced Colds, Grip, Dyspepsia, Indi-
gestion, Nervousness and General Debility
quickly disappear under the systematic use
of Orangeine, which corrects functional
action, increases assimilation of nourish-
ment. Builds Tissue.

Full Package Free

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

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AT LAST AT A REALLY POPULAR PRICE **\$450**

- FOR THE MOST MODERN, PRACTICAL, AND GENERALLY USEFUL VEHICLE EVER PRODUCED
- GASOLINE POWER, four horse-power.
- LIGHT WEIGHT, 350 pounds,—no more than a buggy.
- SIMPLICITY, no concealed machinery, only one place to oil, dust and water proof, starts instantly.
- EASY RIDING, very long wheel base, perfect springs.
- LUGGAGE SPACE, entire body available for parcels.
- ECONOMY, fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline.
- SPEED, thirty miles an hour.
- HILL CLIMBING, 17 degrees grade with two people.
- DISTANCE, 100 miles on a filling. Costs NOTHING when you don't use it.
- Costs VERY LITTLE when you do use it.
- Adapted for all uses, business or pleasure, city or country.
- First shipment arrives July 1st.

SUNSET AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

1814 MARKET STREET, near Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

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THE MS. IN A RED BOX

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR. **\$1.50.**

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ELEANOR DAYTON **\$1.50**

By Nathaniel Stephenson
Author of "They That Took the Sword"
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WHERE LOVE IS **\$1.50**

By William F. Locke
Author of "Idols," "Derelicts,"
"The Usurper," Etc.

BORLASE AND SON **\$1.50**

By T. Baron Russell
Author of "The Mandate";
"A Guardian of the Poor"

Write for Complete New Illustrated List to

JOHN LANE, 67 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

?
BY WILFRID S. JACKSON. **\$1.50.** ?

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

HAVE YOU READ THE HUMOROUS STORY CALLED

THREE BEAUTIFUL POSSESSIONS

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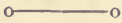
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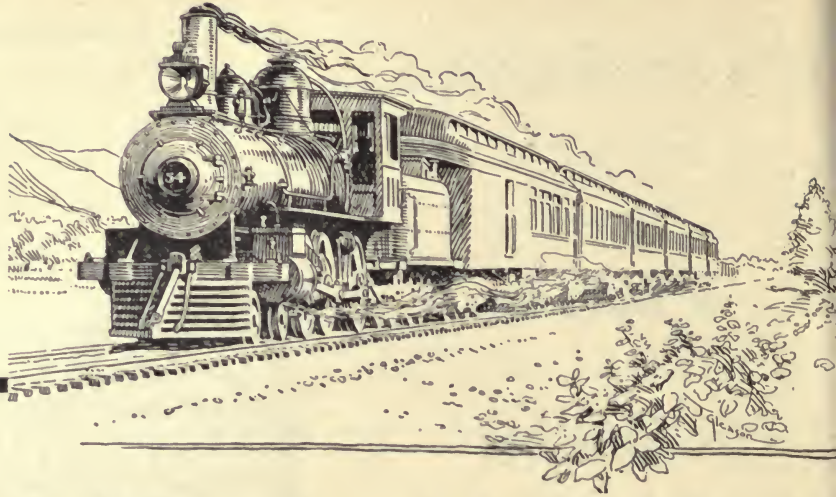
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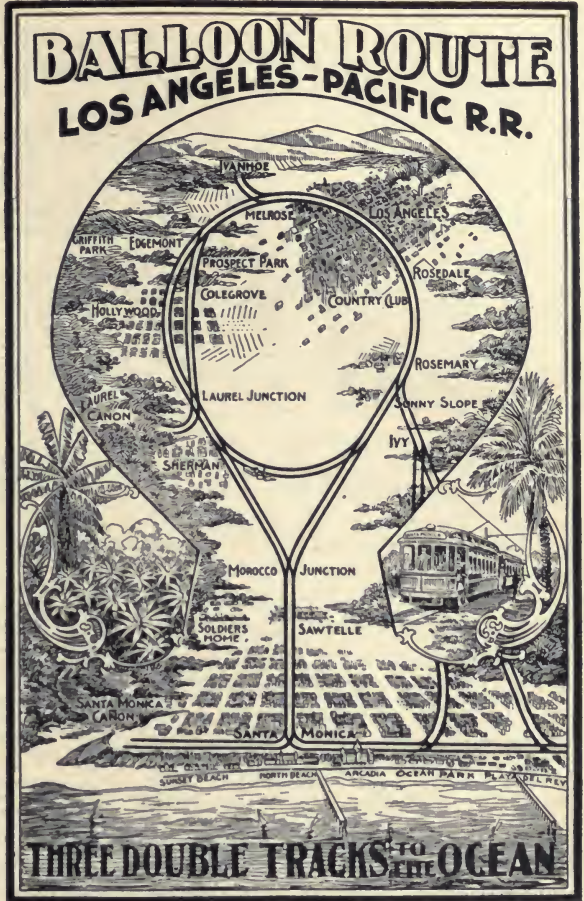
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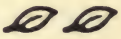
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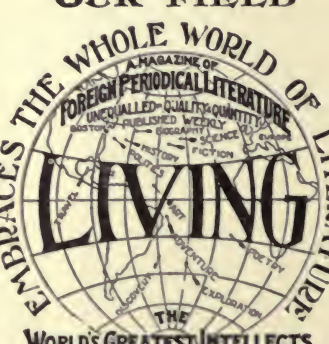

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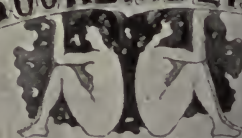
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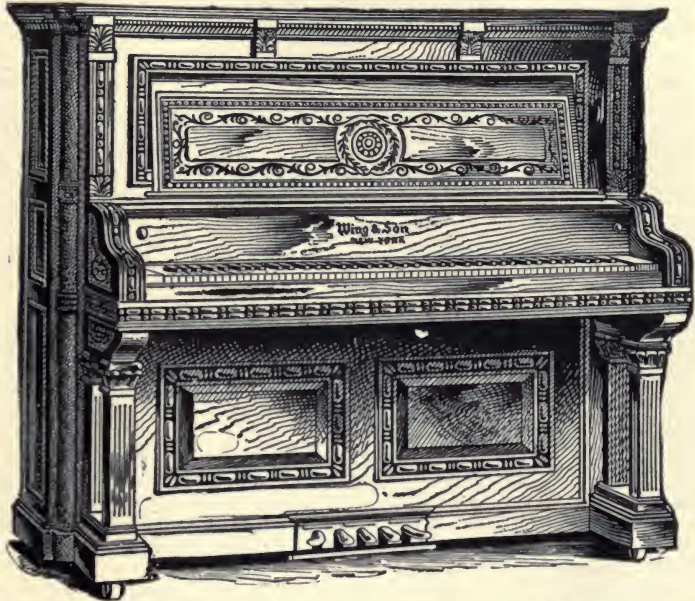
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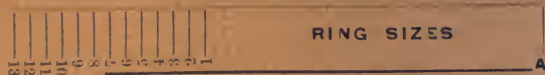
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

OCTOBER, 1903

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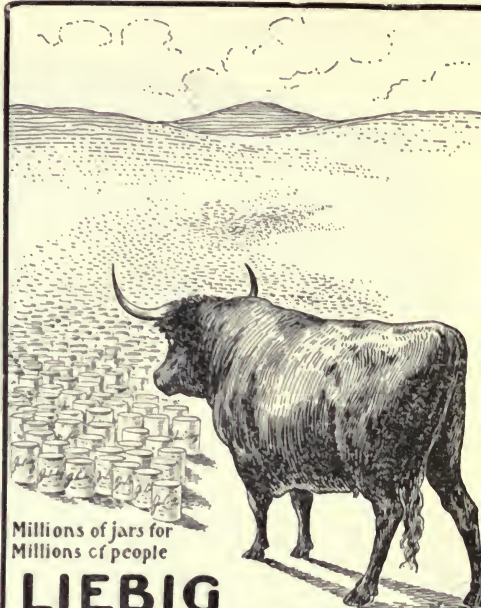
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Only the echoes from the Canyon answered him.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLII. October, 1903.

No 4.

The Native City of Shanghai and the Temple of Ages.

By EMILE DESCHAMPS.

BEHIND grey, indented walls lies the Chinese City. Here it is the Occident with an American general view in the regularity of the main streets and the shape of the stone houses; there it is the true, typical Chinese center, China, in her fifty-centuries-old and yet mysterious civilization. The impression begins at the very gate, on the wooden bridge which crosses a canal, full of black mud, encircling the city.

The temples in the Chinese city of Shanghai are not very numerous. Each of them possesses a special spiritual power, supposed to be gained through the prayers offered at their shrines. As for their architecture and ornamentation, they are with little difference very much alike. The temple of Ages is certainly one of the most interesting. From the narrow passage where its doors open, it is little conspicuous. There is the orthodox shape of edged roofs, raised corners, gilt dragons with big round eyes upheld on long, movable rods and the ordinary shining ornamentation of Buddhist temples. At the entrance the common sellers of paper "sycus" (representation of money in ingots which the Chinese use by millions

for their funerals), have disappeared, the sky threatening rain. The door passed, we find ourselves in a narrow covered niche facing the street, where stands erect on a table a high, eight-armed Buddha, half-discolored, dressed like a Chinese bravo of the old books, with a grinning, horrible face. Two of the eight hands hold a dagger, and three others have a banner, a little bell and a tomahawk. At the waist hangs a small mirror which must have been added to the god's toilet at a recent date. Squatted close by on either side lie two animals looking like a dog painted in blue, and a tiger, daubed with a fine yellow color, both having broad toad-like mouths.

I said they looked like a dog and a tiger, but I should not be astonished to hear that, in the artist's mind, they were to represent an ox, a horse, or other quadrupeds. I have often seen, in China, such representations of animals whose identification would have been impossible, even to a naturalist; the people know what they are intended for and that is enough for their artistic feelings. The eight-handed statue is the particular god of women.

Crossing a narrow passage, we



Entrance to an American Mission.

come to an interior courtyard, badly paved, where children are playing on the ground with those square-pierced copper coins of little value, we know well in this country. The children are serving their apprenticeship in gambling, which the Chinese value more than they do their gods, more than their families, and at least as much as the dreadful opium drug. Turning to the right we find ourselves in front of a temple which supports a large tiled-roof. There, under the smoky, dusty ceiling in a half obscurity, stand nearly eighty Buddhas, some half, some full life size. They stand on a large board which goes all round the chamber. Each one of those Buddhas is dedicated to a period of life. They are consecrated to the wants of people from one year of age up to eighty. There were formerly only sixty of these gods, but it happened that old people of sixty

with the desire to live a little longer and to have gods to pray to for that time, caused twenty more statues to be added to the collection. All are, or have been, gilt, but now many show only the red medium of the first coat. They are put in every possible position, standing, sitting in submissive or threatening postures, of sweet or wild expression of countenance. Some seem to be women, others men, warriors, with black, monstrous, devilish faces; these are unbearded and those have immensely long mustaches hanging from their lips. Their costumes are nearly all similar, of ancient cut, with the Chinese vest, gown and military side-aprons.

What, above all things, distinguish them from one another, aside from their handsome or ugly features, are the arms and representations of animals they hold in their hands, and also their different hair-dresses. This one has a halberd, or a dagger, a sword, a tomahawk, held in a fighting position; another carries instead a small animal, an ox, a rabbit, a pig, etc. Others, yet, hold a staff or a banner. A tall one of these gods, well-gilt, perhaps a newly adopted member of the sacred company, or a favorite of ladies, shows a kind of basket perching on something which looks like a helmet, and from the opening of the basket there comes out the head of a snake similar to the terrible Indian cobra-capello. This is the most curious of all head-dresses. Still others have bonnets, diadems, tiaras, and some wear incomprehensible ornaments, such as one I saw, a small pig stretched upon a fine coronet.

Before each one of the Buddhas is placed a thin, narrow painted board, upon which a number is written in golden Chinese characters. The bigots who come there to implore for the favor of a long existence address their prayers to the god corresponding to their own

actual age. Whilst we were moving among the on-lookers who were talking loud, laughing, or screaming as freely as if they had been in their own homes, two young fellows entered the temple and began to look for their gods. They were about to offer prayer, when they discovered me, whereupon they stopped and waited for the departure of the foreign devil, whose presence would antagonize the very powers they had come to implore.

But what is the symbolical meaning of those different animals so curiously placed in the hands or on the heads of the Chinese gods? Here is what my interpreter told me and what is commonly believed. There are twelve animals under the invocation of which every Chinaman is placed at his birth. They are the signs of their zodiac, in their immutable order: the ox, the cat, the pig, the dog, the cock, the monkey, the ram, the horse, the snake, the dragon, the hare, the tiger. Each one is called by the name of the animal following the one of the preceding year in the above series. So if the ox preside now, the tiger will follow, and so on, each one coming back every twelve years to give its name to the age of Celestials born under their star. My interpreter is 27 years of age, and he is pig; he would be rat if he had been then 26, and his answer to my question, translated from the Chinese, sounds like a joke:

"I am a pig," he would say. I could not help replying, as in earnest: "Glad to know it," but I proceeded without stopping: "And I wish you a long, prosperous life."

He was quite happy at the expression of my formula, for he is a true believer, and he often goes to the temple to pray his ill-looking god to grant him many years to live or at least time enough to see his country cleared of all the foreign devils who cause so much trouble.

All along the line of gods a barrier runs, upon which, on iron

needles, lighted candles are fixed by devotees. Several of the statues are placed under glass boxes, and at the dark extremity of the pagoda they are placed in two rows, the tallest being at the rear. On a table nearly in the middle of the chamber, are other gods under glass, large candles, boxes full of small bamboo sticks, some yellow books of prayers and red candles for sale. Above, a gigantic, square wooden lantern, and others smaller, fall from the ceiling, with also numerous branches of taper "sycees."

And all these things are blackened with age, the walls, the ground, are covered with a thick stratum of dust, never removed unless by the means of draughts or by the touch of visitors. The description would be a long one of all the strange things which these places contain. In spaces, corners, the passages, are old, broken cases piled up



Long Hoa, Pagoda—The Central Tower.

against the walls; fragments of water-jars and tin petroleum cases filled up with ashes; old shapeless pictures, baskets, wooden benches, stools, stones and heaps of sweepings.

Planted in the ground, but bent forward and tied against the barrier, two large bamboos are intended as poor-boxes, like two other huge cases, the upper parts of which are made with lathes through which offerings in copper coins are thrown. As I move these with the

sions, in its several storied towers and in its being a college for priests; in fact, in its exterior appearance only. The whole institution consists of eight or nine buildings in three successive rows in the middle of which arises the tower. This is a good specimen of Chinese art, with its seven round stories, its seven curved up roofs and its golden top. On the two sides of it are two lower towers nearly of the same shape in the right one of which hangs up a huge bell that rings under the hand



Chinese Pagoda in Native City of Shanghai.

top of my stick, all the on-lookers are very much amused and laugh freely, without stopping their incessant talk.

This temple is not the most renowned in Shanghai. The Long Hoa pagoda a dozen miles in the vicinity, close to the river, is the one which is best known to travelers. The difference between this and the others is chiefly in its larger dimen-

of the place-keeper, as the effect of a small backshish. When arriving, the traveler is generally assailed by a flock of women who offer him some of those thin, fragrant sticks, burnt everywhere in China, in the temples as well as at home or in the streets. There is another of those clerical, small towers at the entrance of a building used as an American mission.

On the way to the Temple of Ages one passes many small shops, where all the local industries are represented. There can be seen workers on ivory chiseled in small statuettes, stick and umbrella handles, cigar-tubes and swollen Buddhas. The makers of perfumed needles and wax candles; dealers in inlaid fans and painted panels, and all the other common articles of ordinary necessity.

There are sellers of small birds in cages—and of small red-eyed fish in glass globes. The love for tamed birds and small fish is an astonishing thing to find among these people. It is indicative of a sensitiveness little suspected in Celestials.

The jade market is a covered place where chiefly imitations of the precious green stone are sold, not in shops by licensed merchants, but in the open air by peddlars. The street is crowded, mostly by women, young and old. There is no exposition of goods; the place looks a little like what could be called the "jade-exchange," sellers and buyers being mixed up.

In the dress, white prevails. Jade is the most valued precious stone in China, and one would hardly find a single woman or girl in all the Empire who does not possess all of these three pieces for the toilet, genuine or not. The stone itself is the emblem of all virtues, and its name is used in the phraseology of a lover, when writing or speaking to the goat-footed girl whom he loves. He flatters her jade eyes, her jade hands, her jade feet, and calls her jade herself in estimat-

ing her qualities both moral and physical. True and fine jade is dearer than its weight in gold, I am told, and the small trinkets made of it are the most expensive affairs in a feminine Chinese toilet.

We proceeded on our way out of that chaotic city, but not without being enticed a good many times to odd and interesting spectacles.

In a large open space, bordered by a raw, wooden palisade and wretched-looking small huts, we



Long Hoa Pagoda Entrance.

come upon forty or fifty large buckets, some covered, some uncovered, and full, these of a dark liquid, those of a thick, clotty, brown or dirty grey matter, more or less dry or damp. This is nothing less than beans and bean-sauce. The last is obtained by fermentation in the open

air, and it is considered, in culinary art, a necessary adjunct of all dishes, perhaps because it is salted. I used it often when invited to Chinese festivals, and I can say it is not so bad a stuff, among so many others of unspeakable nature.

Along the streets one passes the poor restaurants established on the pavement, with the small benches, tables, cups, saucers and wooden sticks well known on this coast, and the blackish mixture of meat and vegetables which forms the ordinary diet of this class.

Near a bridge that spans a black mud-pit, so common in this city, a man is standing, a big fretting snake in his hands. He is speaking to the mob gathered around him. What is he offering them? Nothing more than a bargain; he sells the animal for food, perhaps, or perhaps for a special worship, and between that impulse that allows the adoration of monsters and the one which inspires the love of birds and helpless things, lies a world of inexplicable motives. Shall we ever understand better our Mongolian neighbors?

The Myths Concerning the Great Wall and Its Builders.

By CHARLES E. LORRIMER

THE history of the Great Wall of China, which was counted among the Seven Wonders of the world by the ancients, is wrapped about with myths and legends. Even such tangible facts as its situation and its length have been discussed and disputed about again and again. A recent newspaper article went so far as to declare its very existence impossible—a laughable error, since it may easily be visited to-day by those who care to brave a journey inland from Peking.

How the Great Wall was built of brick and granite in a region entirely destitute of clay to make the former, and bare of the latter, and where was collected the army of laborers necessary for such a gigantic work, are mysterious problems that present themselves at once to the traveler who stands and traces its course as it rambles over the steep face of the mountains, now appearing for a brief moment in

bold relief on some high crag, now winding across the face of a grassy slope, and again plunging into oblivion in some dark valley.

The Great Wall was planned and built by the illustrious Emperor, Chin Tze Wang, the same sovereign who ordered the famous Burning of Books. Believing that China was encouraged by her classical writings to turn her face backwards toward the sages instead of forward toward progress, he commanded the whole literature to be destroyed. Thus he made his name famous by two important works—one of construction, the other of destruction.

Undoubtedly the face of the country has changed since 230 B. C., when the wall was built, ostensibly as a barrier against the northern tribes, but really for an evidence of power, as it extends across many impassable ravines, gullies, and cliffs, where neither robbers nor Mongol raiders could find a foothold.

In the early centuries the country around the "Great Barrier," as the Chinese have named it, was not so bare of trees and clay as it now appears. This may be inferred from observation of any other hilly country in the interior of China, especially in the northwest.

An increasing population as it settles in the wild, remote, mountainous land begins to cultivate the fields, cuts down the trees. There is nothing then left to break the force of the winds which blow during the winter, parching the soil

known as the Taku Bar.

When this continued pulverizing and leveling of the mountain region is allowed for, one understands, without depreciating the great work, that the task of constructing it now appears a greater one than it actually was.

In spite of any facilities, however, the building of 1250 miles of wall "up hill and down dale," was a record achievement which could only have been carried into effect through the genius of such a man as Chin Tze Wang. He brought to the Her-



As the Great Wall Appears Near Koa Pei Kou.

and then pulverizing it. Neither leaf mould nor roots remain to bind it together, and the result is that the heavy floods of summer rain sweep away the good earth. The severe frosts of winter rend and tear the hills, splitting the big rocks and altering the whole face of the country, yearly increasing the tillable area in the northern province of Chihli, and yearly adding to the deposit at the mouth of the Tient-sin river,

culean labor a mind so full of energetic schemes that it compelled activity about it.

His kingdom having suffered considerably from the border raiders, he scoured his boundaries, subdued the people and levied an indemnity upon them—an indemnity not in hard cash, but in manual work—to build in the shortest time possible his wall, at once a barrier and a testimony of his might and power



The Great Wall Crossing a Mountain Range.

to the hostile tribes living along the Yesu ho (Continually Flowing River.)

From each of the tribal leaders without and within the Wanlich-angchen (literally, the Thousand Mile Long Wall), he exacted fifty thousand men, who were divided into three gangs, each gang working eight hours per diem. It was small wonder that with such an army the building made rapid progress.

When it was well begun, Chin Tze Wang, who had not only energy, but original ideas as well, determined that if he could bury deep under his foundation one million men, his great wall would not only last a million years, but the spirits of his million sacrifices would keep everlasting watch and ward against his enemies and prevent them from breaking through to his dominions.

China was already decimated by his many wars, and further to depopulate it would render his king-

dom weak. However, he found a way out of this perplexing problem by adopting one of those clever cheating schemes, which suggest themselves so readily and successfully to the Chinese mind.

He sought out a man, the characters of whose name signified "a million spirits," thinking thus to hoodwink the gods and secure in burying this unfortunate, the guardianship of the million spirits for his work.

The search discovered one called Wan Tsci Liang, fulfilling all the requirements. In addition he was betrothed to a Chinese maiden called Mun Chiang-neu, whom he intended shortly to make his bride. But the latter personal detail was quite overlooked, and when he had been buried alive near Shanhai kuan which is close to the sea, the work of completing the wall continued rapidly.

In the meantime, the unfortunate Mun Chiang-neu waited for her



A Village Street Running Through an Arch way Under the Great Wall.

love until, her patience exhausted, she went in search of him. For many days this faithful and beautiful girl wandered hither and thither following a flock of geese that she believed was conducting her to the Great Wall. The birds wandered there to collect the scraps of food thrown aside by the builders, and to her troubled mind their cries seemed the wailing of the million spirits over her sorrow.

Her beauty attracted many rich and noble lovers. Even the Emperor himself fell a victim to her

The first was that he put up a bridge at Shanhai kuan; the second that he build a temple to the memory of her lost love, thus propitiating the gods and insuring their future happiness. Her wedding day she agreed should be the day when she saw the works completed.

Accordingly when three years after all was done, the Emperor himself took her hand and led her to the bridge. When he released her fingers to point out to her the beauties of the completed temple, she seized the long-sought opportunity. With



A Corner of the Great Wall.

charms, but her steadfast answer to them all was a question about her lost lover, Wan.

The Emperor, finally becoming exasperated at her sorrow and weary of her refusals to come to him, took her and pointed out the place where her lover lay buried, whereupon she wept. But gradually her tears ceased to flow, and she agreed to marry her sovereign if he would fulfill the conditions.

a plaintive cry to her lost lover she leaped into the sea, thus ending her troubles. The temple may still be seen perched on a small island, the sea having gradually worn a channel between it and the mainland, from which it takes the name of Shan Hai Kuan, or Mountain Sea Pass.

In many places the Great Wall has fallen into decay; often enough it becomes little more than a heap

of stones and rubbish, but near Ku Pei Kou it is seen in its original glory, fifteen feet in width and twenty feet in height, with quadrilateral towers built of granite, at regular intervals. A few of these towers are in perfect condition, but others have fallen into ruin, and brambles and wild vines scramble among the loose bricks whose interstices make cozy homes for sedate ferns and nodding blue-bells.

The country is wild and fascinating, apart from the attraction of the wall itself. Range upon range of hills away into distant Mongolia

He collected the various Chinese sages and physicians, and put to them the question as to how he might prolong his days. The advice of one physician found such favor in his eyes that the imperial warrior desired to have it carried at once into effect.

The plan was no other than that three thousand boys and three thousand girls in the best health, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, should be secured and boiled alive in huge cauldrons. Their concentrated extract would produce a pill containing the vital energy of



The Great Wall in Good Condition and in Ruins.

pile one on top of another, jutting out in rocky spurs, towering in inaccessible needles, while a purple haze wraps them lovingly about.

Chin Tze Wang delighted in surveying these scenes and in personally superintending his great work, until nearly the end of his reign, when this conqueror felt old age creeping over him. Once more the idea occurred to him that he must hoodwink the gods again and receive new vigor.

six thousand lives. If the Emperor swallowed this he would live for six thousand years in the vigorous freshness of youth.

To his chagrin some time was wasted in selecting suitable specimens, and a further disappointment was in store for the conqueror when the day for the experiment of extracting life was decided upon, for an advisor of the Imperial Court suggested that the victims were pale and therefore should be sent to some

place in order to gain strength and increase the efficacy of the pill.

Some islands off the coast were ultimately chosen for the fattening pastures, where the kindly advisor undertook to look after them and make frequent reports. However, no news of the victims arrived as time passed, and the messengers whom the Emperor dispatched to call the insubordinate minister to a sense of his sins did not return.

At the time appointed for the pill ingredients to appear, none were forthcoming. Then at last the truth was discovered. The kind-hearted Minister, finding the islands unpeopled, conceived the brilliant idea of providing them with inhabitants

and paired off each youth with a maiden.

This was the beginning of a rising young nation, destined to outshine the empire whose monarch had doomed its founders to such a cruel death.

When he found his scheme thus frustrated, the Emperor fell into such a rage that he burst a blood vessel and died.

His career was one of paradox. He is remembered for burning down and for building up. When the prosperous Island Empire, the Land of the Rising Sun, testifies to his selfishness and unscrupulousness, his Great Wall bears witness to his ability and genius.

For the Sake of a Song.

By CHESTER FIRKINS

I am done with the battle of life to-day,
The cry of the losing soul,
I am freed of the curse of my mortal clay
And I sing from a lyric scroll.

Oh what care I, though Earth be sad,
Though wanton worlds go wrong!
My dream within is summer-clad
And my lips are sweet with song.

Through far and summery vales I wend,
By sleeping streamlet's brim,
Where the silver ripples blink and blend
And shadowed violets swim.

There is life and love in the boughs above,
And the waving grasses low;
There is swing of song in the drone of dove,
Where the wind-rocked tree-tops flow.

And I yield my soul in a lilting lay
To the Goddess of all things fair;
No joy but the joy of the song I pray,
And the song shall be my prayer.

Leo and Ona, the Silver Creek Panthers

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

AMONG the many denizens of the rocky steeps, the wooded mountains, and deep canyons of the Silver Creek region, Southern Oregon, Leo and Ona, a great pair of panthers, were the recognized king and queen. Their midnight cries of hunger were screams of terror and a herald of death. To them nothing moved or breathed that was not a coveted victim to gratify their murderous propensity to kill, to satisfy their taste for blood.

Skookum Ike, the lone miner and trapper who dwelt in his little cabin above Silver Creek, was better acquainted with Leo and Ona than any other man. And surely Skookum ought to have been; for no other man had seen more oft than he, those prowling monsters creep from rock to rock on the distant mountainside; or sneak through the undergrowth for the dense cover of the forest, as they ventured forth in broad day. None had heard more oft than Skookum the deep cries of the hungry brutes as they circled about his cabin in the night time. All of Skookum's goats had been sacrificed to satisfy Leo and Ona's thirst for blood, and Skookum had long since given up goat-raising in despair. "A man hain't got no business tryin' to raise goats with sech thievish varmints aroun'." Skookum had said, and undoubtedly he was right.

Skookum was a trapper and a fair hunter, but he was entirely outclassed by Leo and Ona. Such aristocratic beasts as they would not give a single sniff of their noses at the bait of a trap; and dead sheep with poison was to them an insult; as for guns and dogs they

were wise enough to keep a safe distance from the former, and the dogs in turn soon learned there were many things more pleasant than a cuff from either of the monster cats.

So matters stood when Rocky Mountain Jimmy came into Silver Creek country one early spring. He settled on a claim and built a cabin down the creek a short distance from Skookum's. Naturally the two soon became friends. Rocky Mountain Jimmy had with him a small band of goats and two "varmint" dogs which Rocky swore could "lick anything that wore hair."

Snip and Tige were the names of the two new canines. Snip was a mongrel of an almost uncertain breed. The long nose and the slender body betokened the greyhound. Rocky said she was part collie, also, but we have only Rocky's word for that. Snip was made for cutting the wind. In a scrimmage she could easily be outdone by any bob-tailed dog. Tige, on the other hand, was a warrior. He was a big bulldog with the reputation of never letting go when he once took hold. Tige's face possessed a most decisive expression, and one could easily see that he wouldn't take a joke.

One clear, star-lit night of that same particular spring, Ona patiently waited for her mate. So remote was their den from any path or trail, and steep the way leading to it, that once within their mountain lair, they were safe from men or dogs.

Like two balls of fire the old panther's eyes gazed from the gloom of the den out into the night. Far below, Silver Creek boiled through the deep and narrow canyon, the low rumbling of the waters disturb-

ing the silence of the quiet night.

Suddenly a low growl issued from thence. Ona answered it and drew father back into the den. It was Leo. In a moment he had reached their rendezvous and dropped a heavy load in the doorway. Ona bounded to his side and sniffed the object that lay prostrate at her master's feet. It was a young goat from the flock of Rocky Mountain Jim. Sweet and tender was it flesh, and warm and delicious its blood to the rapacious Leo and Ona. And there were nineteen more such goats in the pen whence this one came.

When Rocky awoke next morning and discovered his loss, he was mad. He had laughed at Skookum Ike when the latter told him Leo and Ona would make quick work of his flock. He had placed too much confidence in his mongrels. The two canines were called up, their master expecting to find them—Tige, at least—chewed into sausage meat. Neither dog had a single hair ruffled. When Rocky swore at them Snip rubbed her long nose pitifully against his legs, and Tige's sober face assumed a look of sheepish innocence.

The two dogs were led about the goat pen and made to understand that a beast had entered there and stolen a goat, and it was their duty to catch that beast. Rocky was satisfied the old panther would return again that night. He took his gun from the rack, cleaned and loaded it while his dogs stood by wagging their tails and looking pleased. When night came Rocky lay in hiding near his goat pen, with two rifles by his side and Snip and Tige doing picket duty near his flock.

All day Leo and Ona slept to awake with the growing darkness. Leo arose and stretched himself, opening wide his massive jaws with a sleepy yawn. He placed a big paw affectionately on the body of his sleeping mate. Ona awoke and the

two crept to the doorway. Nothing was to be seen but the night and the stars, and nothing could be heard but the low rumbling of Silver Creek. It was already far into the night. With a deep growl of adieu Leo left the den and disappeared into the gloom. Creeping from rock to rock, from bush to bush as he passed down the mountain the big cat was but a moving shadow. He reached the wooded hillside overlooking Rocky Mountain Jimmy's new-built home. Stealthily he drew nearer, and halting, sat back on his haunches. He opened wide his massive jaws and gave a loud growl. In a moment two dogs came rushing through the wood toward him. Leo retreated farther back up the hillside, and uttered a loud, piercing cry. Ona, lying with ears alert in the distant glen, heard the call of her master, and with a single bound was out of the lair and speeding like an arrow down the mountain. She reached Leo just as Snip and Tige approached. The old panther jumped aside and gave the dogs the trail of his mate. Quickly Ona wheeled about and led them up the mountain toward the den. Leo, alone and unmolested, stealthily crept on toward the goat pen.

Rocky had heard the growls on the hillside, had set on the dogs and heard their baying as they swept up the distant mountain. He knew his dogs would never let go the trail, and for one night at least his goats were safe. Entering his cabin he was soon lulled to sleep by the baying of the dogs from the distant mountain.

When Leo reached the goat pen all was clear. For several moments he lay crouched, then nimbly bounded over. In an instant a goat was in his jaws, and the panther was off across the canyon with his prey.

Loud were the curses of Rocky next morning when he discovered

the truth. Snip and Tige were pitiful sights to behold. Their ears were torn and bleeding, and their flanks gashed frightfully. Tige's eyes burned vengeance, but Snip had had enough. Rocky and Tige were left to fight the battle alone. While the canines nursed their wounds, Rocky kept his goats securely covered or watched over them with loaded rifles.

July came and the northwind grew hot. The rocks on the hill-sides blistered, the leaves curled up at noonday and the chaparral scorched in the sun. On the first day of July, two little strangers, soft as balls of fur and but little larger than kittens made their appearance at the panthers' den. Two prettier cubs than these were never seen. Leo and Ono would take the little fellows between their paws and affectionately lick their long, dark fur.

The cubs entered the world at a season of hard times with Leo and Ona. It was impossible to enter the goat pen with Rocky standing over it with a gun. Their only food, rabbits and small game. Leo often failed to bring in the accustomed forage, and Ona, to sustain her two young ones, was obliged to go out in search of prey.

About this time Tige got well. He had blood in his eye and hate in his heart. At once putting himself on the trail of the panthers he swore by his bulldog teeth, hide and claws that either he or a panther must die. One night, after sharpening his claws on the trunk of a madrona, and whetting his teeth on a bone, he bristled his hair and struck off across the canyon.

Leo and Ona were each abroad that night. The cubs were home alone. Hearing a slight noise at the door they raised their heads and gave a low "meow! meow!" They thought their mother had returned. Tige was standing in the doorway challenging the whole pan-

ther family. His challenge was unanswered. He was baffled. His short bull-dog nose scented panthers in the den. Why didn't they come out? Again he growled. Only the low "meow! meow!" of the kittens answered. Boldly he rushed into the den, seized one of the cubs and made off down the mountain toward the cabin.

Rocky was awakened by a loud scratching at the door. He rose got a light, and opened. Old Tige bounded into the room and dropped the cub at his feet.

"Gee-whillikens, old man, where did you get that kitten?" Rocky asked in astonishment.

The only answer Tige could give was to wag his stubby tail and jump about in delight. The cub was placed under a box in the one room of the cabin. The bulldog could not be induced to go outside. He lay down near the box and slept with one eye open, fearful lest his captive should escape.

Late in the night Ona returned to the den. In answer to her low call a weak "meow-meow!" came from inside. She sauntered in and stood for a moment over the nest of twigs and grass. Then the discovery was made. A cub was gone! In a twinkling the old cat was out of the door and bounding down the mountain, her every nerve burning with a murderous desire for revenge.

Instinct led her to Rocky's cabin. While yet many yards away she paused in her mad flight, crouched close to the ground and silently, stealthily approached the one window. There was no noise, no sound accompanying her movements. She was but a shadow approaching the cabin of Rocky Mountain Jimmy. At last she was near enough for the final spring. With her body and paws flat upon the ground, she gathered her united strength for the leap that threw the great, bulky body with a loud crash into the window.

For a moment pandemonium reigned inside the cabin. Rocky's bunk was just under the window. His first impression with the wild crash of broken glass was that an earthquake had swallowed him, cabin, cub and all. His eyes opened just in time to see the shadow of Tige flit over his head through the broken window. Accompanying this were deep growls and the loud barking of his dogs. By the time he was up the sounds were disappearing across the canyon. He went over and raised the box. The kitten was still there.

Off like the wind sped Ona, with Tige at her heels. Over the rocks, the clumps of chaparral, and the manzanita bushes the two leaped as they bounded up the precipitous mountainside. The den was reached and Ona rushed in. Here a new danger confronted the dog. Old Leo had returned home and was standing guard in the doorway. His anger was up. His eyes gleamed hatred as he gazed into the face of the bulldog.

Tige rushed up and received a sharp blow from the panther's paw. The stinging pain of the cuff awoke every vestige of his bulldog nature. Rashly, madly, blindly he set himself upon the monster cat. He succeeded in closing his jaws with a good portion of the panther's breast between his teeth. The hold of Tige was as a vice. Vainly the panther tried to tear the dog from him. Wildly fought the two madened beasts. Back and forth, and over and over, they rolled in front of the den. With his long, sharp claws the panther gashed the bulldog's flanks until the blood ran in streams. Still Tige would not let go. With his claws he tore madly at the panther's breast.

But the greater weight and the much greater strength of the panther were too much for the plucky bulldog. The big cat continued slashing at his vicious adversary. The

loss of blood soon told on Tige, and he felt himself growing weaker and weaker. He felt his strength, his breath, his life, leave him. With a last vain effort he gripped his teeth on the panther's flesh. A cry of pain escaped the old cat as he tore the dog loose. The lifeless, limp body of the brave Tige was cuffed down the mountainside. The furious cat dashed after and pounced upon it. Rocky Mountain's favorite "varmint" dog was dead.

The master waited in vain the following day for the return of his dog. When noon came and still no Tige, Rocky sadly guessed the truth. He sought his neighbor, Skookum, and told his tale of woe. Skookum advised him to put the cub outside when night time came, to avoid sharing the bulldog's fate.

The cub was chained in the yard. Rocky stationed himself inside the cabin with loaded rifle by his side. Snip curled up close to her master and the two waited patiently in silence till both fell asleep. Away in the night Rocky was awakened. Sleepily he opened his eyes and gazed through the window into the yard. The moon was up, depicting to Rocky a shadow creeping over the ground toward the chained cub. Silently, stealthily, Ona was approaching her loved one. Rocky raised his rifle, but did not fire. There was a charm in the monster cat's noiseless glide and shadow-like creeping which stayed his finger from the trigger. At last Ona reached and seized the kitten and made a bound to escape; but the chain checked her, and she dropped the cub in despair. Before she could make away, Rocky's rifle roared, a spear of flame shot from the cabin window and with a single convulsive leap the cat dropped lifeless.

The following day the old champion remained in his den. Frequently he would go to the doorway and give a loud call. Only the echoes from the deep canyon answered him,

or the distant mountain threw back his cry in vexing mockery. Ona, his devoted mate, did not return. The cub grew restless on its bed of twigs, and cried piteously for its mother. Leo would lick it tenderly with his long tongue and try to comfort it. The day passed by and darkness filled the canyons and gulches of the Silver Creek mountains. Leo stalked out into the night and crept from rock to rock, from bush to bush, over all their old and accustomed haunts. His loud, piercing cries rang from canyon to canyon, from crag to crag.

Fearlessly, carelessly, the old panther drew near Rocky's cabin. Circling about it he made hideous the lonely miner's dreams with his mournful cries. Rocky never knew how many, many times two angry, glaring eyes, like balls of fire, gazed that night through his cabin window; nor how frequently a noiseless, creeping shadow glided to and fro across his doorway.

The old panther's nose struck a trail that scented hope to his despairing heart. It was a broad track, made by some object dragged over the ground. Leo following, found

it led to a fresh mound of earth—a grave. He halted, crouched low, and circled many times about the mound, his frequent cries intermingled with deep growls of anger. Then he bounded off across the canyon and up the mountain to the den. As he entered the cub gave a pitiful cry of hunger. The old panther stroked his little one affectionately for a moment, then seized its throat between his jaws and crushed its remaining life out. Dropping the lifeless kitten to the floor, Leo passed out and sped back down the mountain to the freshly-made mound.

Again he cautiously approached, crouched low and circled about, uttering his mournful cries. He at last halted, drew his body nearer the earth, and springing high landed with all four feet on the mound. As his feet struck the shallow ground the massive jaws of four traps, concealed beneath, snapped about his feet, and Leo, the champion, was a prisoner.

When Rocky came next morning he found the great, bulky body of the old cat with its last life breath gone out, stretched over the grave of his mate.

THE REAPER.

By MAY ETHELYN BOURNE

The sun struck warm upon the leaves
 And showed a glint of gold with red,
 As yonder flaunting poppy's head
 Nodded between the gathered sheaves.
 The noontide air was hot; and through the trees
 A maiden came with lissom tread,
 Unto the resting toiler sped
 With cooling draught; which drained he to the lees.

So come, O Death! Handmaiden thou of Life,
 Before my fields lie desolate and brown,
 While yet ungathered Pleasures beckon rife
 Among the garnered sheaves, hold down
 The Cup, and smile as I drink deep;



BRET HARTE IN SWITZERLAND.

By S. H. M. BYERS

S. H. M. Byers has reserved for the *Overland Monthly* some of the most intimate accounts of the life of Bret Harte as a diplomat, and has contributed the article on the author's association with him in Switzerland. Himself a prominent member of our consular service, Mr. Byers was one of the most ardent admirers of Bret Harte, and this account of the two consuls in its Swiss setting, is given with the force of a participator in the events chronicled.

Too long to be inserted in one issue, the article will be concluded next month.

“I SUPPOSE,” said Bret Harte to me out under the apple trees at Bocken in Switzerland one morning, “that sometime when I too am gone up in smoke, you will be writing a life of me, and telling all my ridiculous fancies about this and a hundred other things.” We had just been talking a little warmly about the cremation of human bodies. It was a warm subject, for that matter. I had no thought on his “life,” however; for we were not so different in our ages, and there was no telling what Time’s whirligig might do, or undo, for either one of us. I confess, however, to the setting down that day of certain little pocket notes that now seem to revive my recollections of one of whom half the world was even then talking.

He came to us at Bocken, August 8, 1879. For many summers my wife and I had lived in the old chateau that overlooks Lake Zurich. It was a lovely spot, ten miles from the city, with a radiant view of the white Glarus Alps. A summer sunset on these walls of rock and snow and ice, looked at from the terrace of Bocken is one of the rapturous sights of this world. Even Switzerland produces little to surpass it. The chateau itself was built centuries ago as the residence of the

burgomasters of ancient Zurich. Its great, brick-floored corridor through which one looked at the far-off mountains as through a telescope; its splendid banquet hall, where reveled the knights of other days; its stained and leaded windows; its oaken casements, and old-time pictures, all recall a life forever past in Switzerland. Only the chateau and the high terrace, the green meadows about it, the blue lake below, and the sight of the snowy Alps remain just as they were in the olden time.

Quite a correspondence with the novelist had prepared us for his coming. Many letters of his, now souvenirs in my home, were of simple enough beginning. It happened one time that I was having a little foot excursion alone in the Jura mountains. I must have been an ardent admirer of the Californian even then, for among the few necessities that a foot-traveler in the Alps must carry in his knapsack, I had placed a little, green cloth-bound book. It was simply labeled “Poems by Bret Harte.” There were few even among Americans who then realized that Bret Harte, the story writer, was a poet whose humorous, often pathetic and touching verse, could rival the verse of poets of the “sounding name.” The “Heathen



A Villa on Lake Zurich.

Chinee" was regarded almost as a literary joke; too popular to be artistic, but too photographic to be forgotten. Resting under a pine tree at the roadside one day during that foot-trip I read from the little volume, and for the first time, too, read "John Burns of Gettysburg." I had been a soldier in the Civil War, and this great word picture of the old farmer with his squirrel-rifle standing there in the midst of battle, and in the midst of ridicule, suddenly turned to glory, moved me greatly. I had seen just such things in my own regiment. I had never been an autograph hunter in my life, but now I instantly sent a note in pencil to Mr. Harte, and I sent with it my little green volume, asking him to favor a countryman and simply put his name alongside the wonderful poem. The book came back promptly and a nice little letter came with it. On the margin of the leaf of the book where appears "John Burns of Gettysburg," he had written the following couplet from the poem:

"Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre cuts of Saxon speech."

"I might have added 'fellow soldier' to my inscription to you," he said in his letter, "for I, too, have been a soldier on a time." It was when regular troops were scarce in the West; and when for a whole year the poet had helped guard California from the Indians. He kindly added in his letter that never had he sent an autograph so willingly. He also wished me to know, he said, that a "knowledge of camps and troops" had helped him to write the poem understandingly. The little volume—our introduction to one another, with his autograph inscription, lies by me while I write. Days now pass by; other letters followed, and at last he came to Zurich. One bright morning I went from Bocken into the city to fetch him home with me. He had stopped at the Bellevue Hotel, together with his cousin, Miss C—, a charming young woman who was pursuing art in Europe and was now traveling with him. Mr. Harte was not yet out of bed. I waited, and soon he hurried down to insist on my staying to breakfast with him. A man of more charming manners I had never met anywhere. I thought him very handsome, too. First of all, I noticed his striking big nose, the nose of generosity and of genius. He was about five feet eight in height, strongly built, and could weigh perhaps a hundred and seventy pounds. He had a fine head, his face rather colorless but smooth, fine-featured and noticeable anywhere. His eyes were large and clear; his short-cropped hair perfectly gray. Shortly Miss C. came down and joined us, and we were immediately in the midst of a lively conversation. I had seen and talked with other noted writers in my time, but somehow, to me, here was the real literary lion straight from the foothills of California. Yet he was so docile, so kindly, one felt in a minute at perfect ease with him. In half an hour's time we

seemed intimately acquainted.

And then we went to the little steamer and started up the lake for my home. It is all like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," he exclaimed, quoting from the "Ancient Mariner." "It is almost too beautiful here to be real." And it was beautiful. One of those fresh, fair mornings on Lake Zurich when with the green hills and meadows at the shore, the quaint villages, the interminable slopes of vineyards, and the cloud-like mountains lifting themselves heavenward, mere existence on the deck of the steamer seemed a joy. Harte was at once better (for he had been indeed ill) simply to be away from what he called "the cursed Rhenish fogs of Crefeld." His cousin, too, was overjoyed with the beautiful views for she was an artist, painting such beautiful scenes.

That evening my wife and I gave Mr. Harte and his cousin a little dinner. It was out of doors on the Bocken terrace. A few Americans from Zurich, acquainted with his stories, and proud of their countrymen, were present. When the desert came, one of them raised his glass, and proposing the poet's health, began to speak. "None of that," interrupted Mr. Harte. "None of that here; let us drink everybody's health. Here no champagne is needed. Look out on this scene; it is the wine of God Almighty." We all glanced toward the green slopes around us and to the blue lake a thousand feet below. A little shower had just freshened all things; the trees, and the rose bushes, shone with water diamonds—a rainbow spanned the blue lake below. We all wished we were poets and painters; but it was enough just to look on the scene and breathe what seemed the airs of Paradise.

The old chateau of Bocken was then used as a summer pension, but there were only two or three fam-

ilies there that summer.

"Get me a nice, quiet, unobtrusive place in the mountains to live at for awhile," he had once written me from Crefeld, "and gladly getting out of this begrimed and fog-veiled city, whose rheumatic dampness pierces to the bones, I will gladly come to you." "The doctor here," he added, "yields his favorite Rigi, and thinks I may get well at Bocken; such was the power of your letters on the highest medical wisdom of Dusseldorf." "I send you another book of mine," he continued, "in return for your book on Switzerland. There is something about mountains in it, but I fear your book is the more reliable and interesting." He would have come to us earlier than he did, he had written in another letter, "had I not then been trying to assist a certain somebody who comes from the New York Customs House, and who 'wants to know, you know,' all about prices current and market prices." I wouldn't have staid for him if the weather had not been at its worst, blowing a stiff gale of forty-eight hours at a time, raining in the intervals."

Now that he had come, where were we to put his lady cousin and himself? Bocken chateau is big enough, heaven knows, and has banqueting halls where a regiment might touch glasses and drink, but there are not many bedrooms; so Mr. Harte and myself were doubled up together in a room out in the annex at the edge of the terrace. It was a plain, simple room, but the view from its lakeside window was one of the loveliest conceivable.

Those were interesting nights for me when we talked together in that little old room till two in the morning, by the light of a little oil lamp or a couple of candles, he in bed in his corner of the room, and I in bed in my corner. On the little table beside his bed sat the decanter, from which he frequently refreshed



Tell's Birthplace.

his memory during the night. Even in the later wee hours of the morning, when sleep had overcome us both, he would sometimes waken, take a sip at the decanter and turn over to his pillow and his dreams. His neuralgia, that had fast hold of him even then, forced him to try such temporary relief. He could not rest without it. It was, too, the prescription of his Rhine country doctors. Yet no one ever saw Bret Harte the worse for his "prescription." It did not even make him jolly. It simply stilled a little the dyspepsia gnawing that was his all that Bocken summer. Once I took him into the city to consult the famous Professor Q., more renowned for his medical genius, however, than for any superlative knowledge of English. He stretched Harte out on a table, thumped him all over, and pronounced his disease "nothing but one little bad extension of ze stomach." Harte did not like the extension diagnosis very much, and laughing about it was well nigh a duelling matter with him.

The pension menu naturally furnished little that a semi-invalid

could eat, and as we happened to have a cook and a kitchen of our own, Mr. Harte and his cousin now took their meals with us, at our table under a chestnut tree on the terrace. It was an ideal feasting place, and Bret Harte, when he was well enough, had conversational powers that made our dinners on the terrace things to be catalogued in life's diary as forever worth the recalling. His perfect English diction, his choice of words, his perfectly refined humor, his way of saying the right thing in the right way, all seemed amazing when I recalled that this was the poet, this the raconteur who had spent many of his years amid the roughness of camps where only dialect was spoken, and where the poetry of life seemed all rubbed out. True, with his weird pen he had reincarnated it all, and known how to picture the rude gambler of the foot-hills turned into the kindest gentleman. He was sometimes criticised for this making heroes of ruffians, and beautiful ideals of bad women, but without all this stretching of the bow, there could have been no Bret Harte stories. And, after all, the men in the camps were not so bad as they seemed, and a warm heart throbbed sometimes under a bowie-knife and revolver. It was the awful times that was to blame.

Save W. W. Story, the poet-sculptor, I never knew a man who could talk so well as Bret Harte could.

After our walks in the afternoons, when the sun set on the glorious mountains; when the twilight came, we would all go again to the little table on the terrace, and by the light of an oil lamp take supper and gleefully talk of books, and men, and things till the big brass handle on the chateau door would announce "time for children and honest folks to be a-bed." We talked some of the poets, of course, and there by the lamp on the terrace each freely praised where he pleased. Harte

thought Browning's "Bringing the Good News to Aix" the finest poem in the English language. He recited it for us with effect and feeling. Often we lingered out there long after the bell said "come in," but when we saw the lights of the last up-lake steamer passing far below us, we bade good night to each other, the ladies going to their rooms in the chateau, and Mr. Harte and I to our little annex where, with the candle burning most the night, we continued talking.

These were the only occasions when Harte would talk about himself, and many and many literary allusions or bits of personal incident and self history I might recall, related to me by the story-writer as he sat up in bed those nights entertainingly talking across the room to me, likewise sitting up in bed, or resting on my elbows, wishing the nights might last always. But I am not writing Bret Harte's life.

I often spoke of his own poem, the "Reveille," and once he told me of its interesting birth. His recital of it all to me was in itself a little midnight drama. It was in the early part of the Civil War. The loyalty of California seemed to be hanging fire. Finally an immense mass meeting was determined on in San Francisco. The patriotism of the State was to be awakened up. One of the leading movers and inspirers of the coming meeting was Thomas Starr King, the noted orator. He knew Bret Harte, a young writer, then working as a clerk in the Government Mint in the city. He hunted him up, and suggested that he prepare a poem to read at the meeting. The young man hesitated, fearing his ability to write worthy of the occasion. A day or so afterward, however, he modestly appeared before Mr. King with the poem in his hand. "It is of very little value, I am sure," said he, as he proceeded with embarrassment to read the manuscript.

"Stop!" said Starr King, "let me read that to you right. It is a great thing." King took the verses, and in his great, fine voice, read them aloud. Harte himself was moved and astonished; yet he felt there might be a mistake—a friend's literary judgment often goes wrong—besides it might be the eloquence of King's voice, not the merit of the poem, that made the verses seem so good.

The night came. The great assembly room was packed to the roof with a multitude of people. Excitement was mountain high that night. Would California be true to the Government or was she to be a traitor? Everybody in the overheated, anxious and excited mass of people waited for an answer.

Bret Harte, fearing the reception of his little poem, crept into an obscure seat in the upper gallery.

In the midst of an exciting programme, Starr King arose, and said he wanted to read a poem. It was written by a Mr. Bret Harte, a young man at the Government Mint.

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The Bocken.



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with all their self-importance, were there, and expecting to have only themselves heard. But King, the orator, commenced reading. Instantly he turned his reading to a grand recital, and when he had reached the magnificent couplet: "For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, 'Lord, we come!'" the entire audience were on their feet, cheering and in tears.

It was too much for the poet in the gallery to stay and witness. He thought he would faint. He slipped down the back stairs and out into the dark street, a famous man. Walking there alone he wondered

Harte narrated to me the troubles that hung about the first appearance of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

He was editor of the Overland Monthly magazine. When he had his little story set up in cold type it pleased him greatly, but the "directors" happened to look it over, and were shocked at the mere proposal of such a story. It wouldn't do at all. It was out of the usual way of decent stories; the public would be outraged; the magazine ruined. Harte was in the greatest embarrassment. He had not thought to write anything so bad as all that. He was in a quandary. He at last



Alpine Village of Obstalden.

at the success of the poem he had regarded as of so little value the day before.

The reading of that poem that night was one of the things that helped keep California in the union. The great question had been answered, and the drum beats of the poem sounded along the whole Pacific Coast.

At another of our two o'clock in the morning conversations, Bret

thought to himself: "I will submit the story to my wife. If she declares it proper in it goes." Mrs. Harte thought the story not only unobjectionable, but exceedingly good. "Then it shall be printed," he said to the censoring directors. They still shook their heads. "Then I resign the editorship," he exclaimed. "It shall be the story in the magazine or Bret Harte out of the magazine. The "board" met has-

tily. The story was printed, and the magazine got its first impulse toward literary success.

The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" soon had tempting offers from everywhere to write just what he pleased, the pay to be whatever he should say. "That was the only story of mine ever declined," he added.

Lucky man! Could he have laid his great name aside, and written tales for publishers in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and three and said all that, think you? There was but one Bret Harte in 1869. There are many great story tellers now. But are there any more Bret Hartes?

Within a year many of these masters of story-writing have loosed their anchors and slipped out into the Unknown. Yet all will be replaced, just as Hawthorne and Edgar Allen Poe were replaced or forgotten. Fashions change; flutists will come with new flutes, not better ones, and will play on them, and

the world will listen; for it is the world's way.

"Dickens in Camp" was another of Harte's poems that I liked. "I was camped," said he, "in the pine woods far from San Francisco. One night the news came that the novelist was dead. I sent the manager of the Overland Monthly a message to hold the magazine back a day. I would send him a poem on Dickens. My poem was barely given to the public when a letter came to me across the ocean from Dickens. Just before his death he had seen some of my stories and had written me the prized letter of his praise. Our sentiments must have crossed each other on their way. I had heard nothing of this praise by Dickens when I wrote my poem."

I wish now I had asked Bret Harte that night if the boy in the poem, who opened the book and read from Dickens to the card-players in the camp-light under the pines was not himself?

(To be Concluded.)

FRIENDSHIP.

By EDITH DE LONG

This intermittent self-revealing,
 Where intellects and feelings meet,
 Sends years on to melodic motifs
 That, recurring fluttering sweet
 From years touched, tried, and left behind,
 Awake past selves and swing them round
 Before the kinsman present self;
 But old selves to old motifs bound!
 We would not change them if we could;
 Oh, let them seem half wrong, awry,—
 Mine and the others that I learned
 In interasked "Wherefore," "Whence," "Why,"
 In strong commune of heart and brain.
 Let old selves be—let be sweet sounds,
 That diverse suit each thought and mood,
 Outmeasuring words,—relentless bounds!
 This intermittent self-revealing
 Of inmost soul to inmost soul
 Will motifs add, successive, till
 Life a symphony doth roll.



A DESULTORY day—a day made up of fragments, disconnected, unmanageable, bits of peace and pain. Before the officers' tents, the regimental roadway, white and deserted, baked beneath the unfriendly heat of the afternoon sun. The odd number of Captain Short's command of the 3d, lay beneath their shelter tents, swearing idly at the sharp ping of the enemy's bullets and the malicious hum of the busy mosquitoes. There was hoarse laughter and rollicking songs. Captain Short's company was apt to be peculiar on mail days. Fighting homesickness made the men unruly.

The Captain himself stood at his tent door, and surveyed the scene. The spirit of unrest had invaded even his, apparently, impregnable body, and he glanced at the sun, which gleamed red through the humid mist, with a frown of discontent. To the south of him lay Manila, flat and silent; to the north and west, Calocan lead down to the bay by way of Malabon; to the eastward the level plains of rice fields stretched to the line of woods about

five hundred yards away, where lurked the earthworks of the Filipino army. Suddenly he leaned forward and pulled his broad campaign hat lower to shade his eyes.

"Outposts in a skirmish, Bradley. My glasses, please." He stretched his hand back toward his Second Lieutenant, who sprang from his indolent position and was at the tent door almost before the words were spoken. The Captain's voice was deep but clear—at once forceful and pleasant. He was short and stout. He was choleric and impassive. It was said that he preferred to thrash a man first and court-martial him afterwards; but his men loved him, withal, for his intrepid courage and his loyal heart.

His junior officer, having obeyed his command, stood and leaned against the side of the tent, watching the flashes of smoke and listening to the shouts and the firing. He towered above the Captain, and like him was pale; perhaps too square was the jaw; the steady expression of his grey eyes was too stern; he was smooth-shaven; his surety of

bearing betrayed his West Point training, and his manner betokened the man of purpose and wit.

"Some one hit, Captain?" he was asking, as there came a lull in the shouts and the firing.

The Captain handed him the glasses and turned away. "Two of them," he said, "and yet we must sit here and look on. I tell you, Bradley, this inactivity is ruinous. We have four men in the guard house to-day and by to-morrow night the rest of them will be there."

Bradley's eyes swept the intense barrenness of the scene and noted the lack of shade and the dullness of the upturned clods. "I think they relish the change," he said thoughtfully. "Those shelter tents and the outlook from the flaps must be unbearably monotonous."

"Hump!" the Captain said, and then added with a twinkle, "and what becomes of our report, and our standing in the regiment for good order."

"We are not school children," was the answer, "to be rated by our folded hands and the number of times we whisper. We will make our record when we fight."

"You are right, Boy." But the Captain gave a little sigh, as he picked up the records, and read the charge of "leaving the camp without permission, drunkenness and assault on a sentry" preferred against his favorite sergeant.

"It is tough on the lads," he said to himself, "but I suppose it is a soldier's part to do his duty and not grumble; but it's devilish business." Then he signed the charges, flung down the papers with a frown and glanced up at Bradley. The young officer was not looking at the impromptu fight. His eyes were watching a figure that came towards their camp, down the uneven way from the La Loma church, and the camp on the hill. Warily the man walked, his grey hat pulled over

his eyes, his tall, slim figure swaying listlessly with every step. In his hand he carried a half-opened newspaper. Lieutenant Bradley's eyes narrowed intently.

"Bad news," he said softly.

Captain Short looked at him sharply as he entered the tent and laid the glasses on the table with the precision that would be necessary in a drawing room. "Did you speak?" he questioned crisply.

"Lieutenant Chesley is coming back from headquarters, sir."

"Oh!" The Captain walked to the doorway, turned his eyes across the dry, uneven rice fields, and ne, too, watched the unconscious figure. His frown deepened, but he turned back without a word, and seating himself on his cot, lit a cigar. Of what use were words when a million things might happen and still one must sit simmering on the edge of an island in the middle of the South Seas. Captain Short grunted, but Bradley sighed with relief as they heard Chesley's step on the roadway without. The man lifted the tent flap, and took off his broad-brimmed hat. He seemed to feel, as he came in to them, that there was no need for words. He handed the paper to the Captain, and took a seat beside him, fanning himself with his hat. Bradley looked at him curiously. Chesley's face was of the kind that seemed blighted by trouble. He was always the life of the camp. His was the voice that led the songs, the fertile brain that planned their jovial times, and though it was to Bradley that they turned first for the serious questions, it was Chesley whom they all loved. But now the usually merry brown eyes had grown dull, and even through the tan of his cheek he showed a strong pallor.

"You look a bit seedy, old chap," Bradley said, kindly.

Chesley smiled, a perfunctory twisting of his lips that was without humor.



Gazing at her father with relief in her eyes

"I do feel cut up, that's a fact," he answered. "I got hold of one of those anti-imperialist papers, up at the Pennsy's camp, and it hit me rather hard."

"How is that?" Bradley's eyebrows went up. "Surely you do not mind that sort of thing. You can hardly expect to walk through a bed of roses to glory and a Colonelcy," he said.

Chesley moved irritably. "Good Lord, Brad," he said, "you talk like a State grammar. You ought to be an automatic copy book."

Bradley grinned and bit off the end of his cigar. "I might do worse if the hero business fails. What does the paper say, Captain?"

"It says," the Captain growled, with more emphasis than good nature, "that poor Aggie is trying to rescue his people from horrible fates at our unclean hands, and that we are treating these black devils most shamefully. It says that they are lovely, good and law-abiding citizens, or would be if we did not compel them to fight. It says that the cruelties we practice are most atrocious. I guess they must be under the impression that it was our doing that landed us in this desert of iniquity. I suppose that we are in some way responsible for the butcheries they practiced on Dr. Young and that we blooed the sentry down at Binondo last night."

"And besides——" began Chesley.

Captain Short looked at him sharply. "Oh, yes, I forgot," he said. "There are some letters, too, purporting to have come from one of our officers, giving a lot of inside information. Of course that's all made up, or twisted, or something; but it looks rather nasty."

Bradley scoffed. "I hardly see what you fellows expected," he said. "They have been patting us on the back, and sending us boxes and bouquets for so long that you might have known they would turn. The American people want a sensation.

When they have exhausted all of their vocabulary in lauding us, they will exhaust themselves blaming us. Let them do their worst, and all we have to do is to remember the loyal hearts and make our record blameless."

The Captain shook his head. "Your theory is all right," he said, "but I'm a veteran fighter; I was fighting Indians when you were born, and I tell you that I'm not hardened to blame yet, especially when it is undeserved. Why, I don't know to this day whether I'm a devil or an angel. I've been painted both so many times, and with equally strong colors. It is not nice to be suffering from bullet holes and homesickness out here, while those lazy beggars at home, whose duty we are doing, make capital out of our sufferings and turn traitor."

"You are right, Cap.," Bradley said, "but we can't help it. We might, if we could, box up a few of the liveliest patriots and send them back to them. Look at that, now," he laughed, as some bullets sung through the tent, and they all dodged instinctively. "How do you suppose some of those long-whiskered scribes would enjoy that?"

"They would run," Chesley said. He got up and went to the door. "The boys have grabbed their guns and are hiking after those sharpshooters. I hope they get them." He turned back and stood thoughtful for a moment. "Comrades," he began, and his voice was hoarse, "I'm not a cad nor a fool, and I can take my share of hardship with any one; but I have been fighting for something mighty dear to me, and when that turns, I——" He hesitated, and Captain Short was on his feet in a moment, and reaching down behind piles of army coats and nondescript articles, and saying as well as possible with his shortened breath:

"Let's have a drink, boys, and I propose a toast, 'Here's to the flag we are fighting for. The soldier's first love!'"

Chesley's eyes were shining as they drank the toast in the silence, and then he lifted his glass again: "To our Captain," he said. "Here's how!"

It was like them, that after that they should have shaken hands gravely and have gone quietly about their duties.

Two nights later the Filipinos made their star attempt to get into the city of Manila. Creeping out of Malabon at dusk, they stole down the bay shore in spite of the efficient search-light that flashed at regular intervals from the Charleston. It was not difficult to discover that it was light every ten minutes, and they made good progress during the dark moments. With furious fires blazing both in the Tondo and Binondo districts inside the city, it was small wonder that they were not noticed until they were stealing up the creek on foot and in lighters and bancoes.

About eight o'clock that evening, Captain Short's command was marching in gleeful quickstep toward the city and wondering what was in store for them. It was very dark. They stumbled often in their haste, for the roads were still in a bad way from the earthworks and the trenches that the Filipinos had used against them a few weeks before. They talked but little, and the men breathed heavily—in the strange stillness of nature on that tropical night they felt, intuitively, that there was more than a mild evening's entertainment in store for them.

They were picking their way along a more than usually difficult bit of roadway, when Bradley heard a voice beside him, and recognized Chesley in the dimness.

"Hello," he said, "what's up?"

"Brad," he said, wistfully, "I want you to do something for me."

"Now, Ches," he said crossly, "none of that premonition business, if you please. It always makes me out of sorts to see a fellow around after he has told me what to do with his remains."

Chesley laughed. "I've no such cheerful request to make of you," he said. "I want you to take care of a package for me."

"I have no pocket," Brad. objected. He was trying to shake off the vague feeling of fear that had come to him with the sound of Chesley's voice. "Besides, you can tell me later. Probably nothing doing anyway."

Just then a turn in the road brought them into the full glare of the light of the apparently burning city, and they could distinctly hear volley after volley from the Mausers. By the light from the fire Bradley saw Chesley turn toward him and smile, one of his old boyish smiles that he had not seen since the advent into their camp of that most unfortunate newspaper.

"Whatever can they be doing?" he said. "It looks like fun this time, Brad. You will take that for me, won't you? You are the kind of a chap that always does the honorable thing, and will never get into a scrape on account of having too much heart."

Just then the order came to break ranks and run for it, double-quick. Bradley held out his hand. "The package—hurry," he said. Chesley pressed it into his hand, gave that hand a friendly pressure, and was lost in the hurrying crowd that stumbled on to the front.

There was more than fire down by that stream that night. Hurriedly officers and men worked side by side, throwing up a temporary shelter behind which they lay, to fire every time they saw anything move. It cheered them, after it was over, to realize how little mercy they showed the enemy and how good their aim was.

They lay there, hour after hour,

until the long darkness passed and the morning sun rose. Several times during the night in a temporary lull, the Filipinos made a rush to enter the city, but the troops on the other side of the stream drove them back to lie, cowering, in the lighters in the river bed. Gradually the sun's rays became more vertical, and the absence of breakfast made itself felt. But the unusual occupation of the night had made the boys ready for whatever was in store for them. Not one man murmured. After what seemed weeks of patient waiting, the Americans, on both sides of the stream, noticed that something was happening down below. Soon they saw, joyfully, that it was a preparation for surrender. A dirty white rag was first observed, fastened to the end of a bamboo stick. This was shoved, cautiously, out from under the hood of the lighter. Then came a black hand and a blacker head, and then the whole Filipino crawled out, and stood up, waving the emblem of peace. He was a grotesque figure, with his half-torn shirt, hanging loosely outside of his narrow-striped blue and white trowsers, which seemed to be all that was left of his soldier suit; but as he stood there, between the two forces of his enemies, knowing that he was safe so long as he held that signal, the men recognized the tribute to their honor, and cheered lustily, voicing in that cheer all the pent-up feeling of the past hours.

At the sound of that cheer there was a stir in the vicinity of Captain Short's part of the line. Chesley was on his feet, his men close behind him. He leapt to the top of the impromptu earthworks with a cry for the rest to follow. For just a second he appeared in the clear sunlight, towering above everyone in all the strength of his splendid manhood, a smile on his face and the glad light of enthusiasm in his fine eyes, and then—there was a

quick report, a cry of horror, the man with the white rag had disappeared. Chesley had fallen.

There was a scream of rage. The throats that had cheered so gladly but the moment before became hoarse with fury that knew no bounds. They waited for no signals and the thought of danger never reached them. They took no prisoners that day. Chesley's men seemed to have gone mad, for they loved him like a brother. They had never known a danger, before these moments, that he had not shared with them. Small wonder that they fought like revengeful devils, and that there was not a spar of those lighters that was untouched; small wonder that, when all was over, they should have felt that the whole of the people were not worth their one loved comrade. The bullet had pierced his heart.

Bradley was wounded, too, in the final assault. They found him kicking his good leg, and in a rage because he had lost sight of a pair of Filipino shoulder straps. They packed him on the train, along with the other wounded. Chesley rode in the first car alone. Bradley did not say much until they unloaded him at the Captain of the Port's in Manila. They carried him carefully on a stretcher. Captain Short had ridden in, and was there, and he stood with his hat in his hand, his face flushed and working, his eyes strained and tired.

"Brad.," he said, as he leaned over him, but Bradley motioned him aside and raised himself on his elbow so that he could see the stiff figure, covered wholly in an officer's cloak that they were carrying so reverently.

"Captain," he said, "is that all that is left of the Boy? Can't I make him understand that I would not have taken it if I had known?" He threw himself back on the stretcher, and sobs shook his great frame.

The men turned away; the Captain bent over him, how kindly his voice sounded in the hush of grief. "Will, my boy," he said, "I think there is nothing that we could tell the lad that he does not understand. How splendidly he went. God care for him."

Slowly they passed on, one by one, to their separate ways, and the day, too, passed to add its record with the rest. The night settled down over hospital and tent—the stars hung out on the horizon with their clear fidelity. Man's grief, though so great a thing, has not the power to stay the trembling of a leaf.

* * *

Three months later, Lieutenant Bradley, his crutches besides him, looked out over the rail of the Sherman, as she rounded proudly into San Francisco harbor. The crisp salt air rushed past him rudely. White clouds scuttled blithely across the blue sky, the waves sparkled with the sunlight. He could plainly see the tents at the Presidio. He turned and looked at Tamalpais, and marked the circular line of the railroad on its journey to the summit. The bay was alive with traffic. The graceful ferry boats plying between the great city and Sausalito caught his eye, and he laughed as he thought of the tiny boat, with a wheel on but one side, that plied between Manila and Cavite. Surely this was life and home and God's country, and yet he sighed. The bay, with its glory of light and hills faded away, and he seemed to stand once more with the hot breath of the Orient on his cheeks, and the heat of war in his blood. He clenched his hands with the fierceness of the impulse of those memories. The sharp click and ping of the rifles, the hoarse orders, the groans and silences, and all about the unfamiliar Nipa huts, with feet in the ruts of rice and paddy fields and eyes taking in the groves of mango and algeroba—the bamboo and the tam-

arinds with their feathery leafage. The call of the Orient is strong. How many who have not forgotten it but have wished to go back?

It was afternoon before the Customs House and other officials had finished with the Sherman's passengers and they were allowed to go ashore. Lieutenant Bradley leaned out of the cab window, as they rattled up Market street, wondering at the bustle and hurry. There were no figures on the edges of the sidewalks, knees to chin, wrapped fast in slumber. There were no caribou carts winding spiral fashion a-down the thoroughfare. The very air that he breathed teemed with alertness. Men dodged around corners in eager haste; women walked with their



He was well appointed as to whiskers and spectacles.

heads well back and purpose in every motion of their bodies. Ah, yes, surely this was best, and yet—He was used to paying a peseta for being dragged through the Manila streets in imminent danger of life and limb. The cabby requested one dollar as he deposited him and his belongings in the hotel rotunda. Bradley paid it, and watched the man carry his luggage into the office. He felt strangely lonely. In Manila there would have been a crowd about him by this time. In San Francisco not an eye glanced his way.

He was late for dinner and he felt unaccountably awkward in his dress suit as he entered the cafe. He eyed the candelabra and the central vase of flowers with distrust. He tried to imagine all those decorations on the old mess table at Caloocan, and then his ruminative smile was changed into a broad grin of appreciation as he noted that the waiter's hands were several shades whiter than his own sun-blackened ones. He ate his dinner with the feeling that he had been a soldier too long to enjoy civilization, and a determination to apply for orders back to the Islands the first thing in the morning. As he gazed abstractedly at the menu card he felt a touch on his arm.

"I beg pardon. Are you Lieutenant Bradley of the 3d?"

He was on his feet in a second. "I am, sir," he said. There was nothing in the man's words or voice that quite warranted the coldness of his tone. He was dressed in a correct evening suit, and was well appointed both as to whiskers and spectacles. He contemplated the point of the young officer's chin and continued, in a half-patronizing way that was wholly exasperating to his listener's war-tuned nature:

"My daughter, sir, is most desirous of receiving some news from friends of hers in the Islands, and, I believe, in your regiment. Would



He was not sure that she was beautiful.

you oblige us by joining her?"

Bradley took the card that was offered him, and read thereon "Washburton Elliot."

"I shall be pleased, Mr. Elliott," he said.

They crossed the room to the table designated by Mr. Elliott. Bradley did not look up until they had reached it and the man was formally presenting him, and then he lifted his eyes and looked at her. He was not sure that she was beautiful. Her eyes, as she looked into his, seemed to be too large and too filled with an indefinable something which vaguely troubled him. Her black gown robbed her of all

color; but her smile was wonderfully pleasing, lighting up her face with a rare tenderness.

"It is kind of you to come," she said, and her voice seemed to match her smile. "We are indebted to the register for your acquaintance. Father, we will not keep Lieutenant Bradley standing. Have you not been wounded?"

He smiled. "Sufficiently to make me rather awkward."

Mr. Elliott waved his hand. "I think I'll not join you," he said hastily. "I am tolerably familiar with the situation out there and you will enjoy your talk better uninterrupted. I shall have to write some stiff editorials at once, to counteract the effect upon the public mind of the cargo of wounded heroes that arrived to-day."

"I have no doubt," Bradley said, "that you have a better knowledge of the situation than I have." His look was inscrutable. "I could not possibly bring myself to bore you with additional information. How long were you there?"

"I—er—what?" He drew himself up stiffly. "I am from Boston, sir. It is not necessary to go to the islands to appreciate the doings there, sir."

"You are marvelous, Mr. Elliott." Bradley's voice was as even as though he were discussing the weather. "We claim omnipresence for the Almighty that He may govern with knowledge."

Elliott turned away without a word, and Bradley looked at Miss Elliott, expecting her just anger at his rudeness. Instead, he found her gazing after her father with a mixture of relief and anger in her eyes, that set him to thinking.

"I am very sorry," he began.

"Sorry for holding us both up to scorn?" she asked. "You need not be. It was quite just. Will you come to my sitting room? I cannot talk to you here."

"Certainly," he said, "but I am

very sorry that this should have happened, for all that. It is such a bad beginning for friendship!"

"It would have been." She sighed a little. "I do not think that it matters in the least." With which rather ungracious and enigmatical remark she lead the way to her private parlor.

Once there he stood in deep thought. He felt that he was going to have a bad time of it, and he could not account for the certainty. He had never seen the girl before, and he could not conceive of any reason why he should see her now. Then he turned abruptly and faced her.

"Miss Elliott, would you mind telling me what paper your father is connected with?"

"The Boston — Gazette," she replied, steadily.

Bradley's face grew stern. With a sickening sense of inevitability, he remembered Chesley's face as he had entered their tent, bowed with sorrow, his hurt soul shining through his eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I am in very great trouble, and I dare not tell you of it if you look like that."

He took the chair near by, wondering how a stranger could help her bear her trouble.

"Thank you." She met the kind look of his eyes with a little wistful smile. "I really do not know whether I can bear it any better when you are gracious." She leaned her head back wearily against the chair she had taken. "Can you imagine how a criminal must feel while waiting for a sentence?" she asked. "That is the way I feel now."

He was more than puzzled. "I beg you to speak plainly," he said. "You have me at a disadvantage."

She began at once, breathlessly. "I had once in your regiment," she said, "one who was very dear to me—some one to whom I was, also, very dear. I have always been proud of him, and proud of our

cause. I considered it the part of greater minds than mine to decide the justice of it all. It was enough for me that the flag was still floating, even in a far country, over the heads and hearts of men. And he, knowing all this, wrote to me—knowing how I love to be trusted—he trusted me, telling me every hope, every detail, every purpose. In those letters he told me so many things vital to the welfare of the country we both loved, and they—not through any fault of my own—fell into other hands. They were published, and I fear that severe blame has fallen upon him." She stood before him then, and her face flushed painfully. "Need I tell you," she went on bravely, "that I would rather have given my life than to have had that happen? To seem to be so base, so untrue, to one's country and one's lover—oh, it is terrible."

After a moment of silence, in which the clock on the mantel seemed to be pounding out tense hours, she spoke again. "I have asked you to listen to this miserable story because I am sure you loved him, and if he is suffering for this I must manage in some way to clear him. There would be a way in which I could suffer the punishment in his place, if you will only tell me something of him. Since the dreadful scene we had after I found out the theft, my father has never allowed me to see the papers. Only since we have been here, and there has been nothing there, of course."

Bradley tried to begin twice, but his voice failed in his throat. How hard his heart beat against the little package Chesley had given him the night before he died.

She looked at him, startled by his silence. "Is it that you think me wilfully treacherous?" she asked, "that you do not speak?"

"You have not told me the name," he said. He felt that anything would do to gain time and help him to col-

lect his startled thoughts.

And then, when he had spoken, he wished it unsaid for very dread of the name he should hear. But at the question her face cleared a bit.

"Ah," she cried, "if anything had happened surely you would have known of it. You would not have needed to ask me the name."

He rose then and stood by her, and he lifted his hand and thrust it inside of his coat for the little package that had never left him waking or sleeping.

"Oh," she cried, "this is awful, and yet I dare not hurry to the end that I must hear. I fear the very worst—that his faith in me was gone, and his faith in life—and then. Tell me," she faced him suddenly, "all that there is to tell of——"

She stopped; her eyes followed his hand, and she saw the little, sadly-worn bundle on the table.

"You have that?" She did not seem to understand. "I gave it to Lieutenant Chesley before he left."

"He gave it to me," he said. "It was after he had read the paper, the last night. Oh, God!" he cried, "if I had not taken it."

She went close to the table, but she did not touch it. Instead she pointed to where a sharp, incisive cut had buried the outer wrapping deeply in the little book. "That," she said, "is the mark of a bullet. It should have saved his life."

"It saved mine," he said.

The grief of it almost unmanned him. "If you only knew how we all loved him. God knows that I would have given him my life rather than that it should have been this way."

Just then the door opened and her father entered. The sight of him seemed to drive the knowledge of all it meant home to her heart. She started toward him, weakly, as though scarcely sure of her strength.

"He is dead," she said, "and you have killed him."

"Lois!" he cried. His self-pos-

session seemed to have left him. His face was white and haggard.

"Yes," she said. "And it is my soul that you have killed."

She turned back to Bradley. Great as was his grief, the hopelessness of her's staggered him. Then, before he knew it, she lay at his feet, breathing, knowing; but crushed and lifeless.

* * * *

It was some weeks after that that Bradley sat in his room at the Presidio hospital. The fever had not been dangerous, only severe enough to keep him indoors, and to leave him weak and restless.

"Enquiring for me?" he asked. "That was kind of you."

"I wish you would think so," the man said humbly. "I should like to have your good will. I have enough to atone for, God knows."

Bradley motioned him to a chair. "It is not an easy thing to live well," he said. "There is so little that we can really know, and we do so sadly because we do not know."

"Thank you," he answered simply. "The human mind is prone to run in grooves and the deeper the groove the more contented we are with ourselves. It is a bitter thing when one finds out how mis-



He saw her lift her arm and wave the flag.

"There's a gentleman to see you," said the nurse.

"All right. Show him in." Bradley was thankful for anything that would turn his thoughts from the painful happenings of past weeks. But his gratitude changed to dismay as he saw his visitor's face.

"Mr. Elliott." He rose and looked at him anxiously.

"Yes," he said, "it is I. You must pardon the intrusion, sir, but I had to come. I have been inquiring day after day to see when you would be well enough."

erably small they are." He looked old and tired. Bradley pitied him.

"I have come to-day to ask you to go to her," he said. "She has been asking for you. And be kind to her if you can. And if you would only tell her that I have sold the paper and am trying to atone, maybe she might let me see her for just a moment."

"Of course I will, and she will understand when she is better, and she will be glad, too, and you can make her forget." Bradley tried to make his voice light.

"When she was lying so like death that day," he went on, "it seemed to me that it was her mother. She was not much older than Lois when she died. Some men take to drink to drown sorrow. I tried to drown mine with work, and this is my punishment. I had no right to lose it. It should have made me better."

He got up to go, and the young officer held out his hand.

"Thank you for the confidence, and I will come to-morrow."

Bradley went daily after that, and sat an hour with the girl in her pretty parlor. He told her all about the fight, and how bravely Chesley had proved himself. At first she seemed scarcely able to listen, but gradually ceased to sob at the mention of his name and would ask hungrily for some new story of his valor, humor and unselfishness. "I think I feel like the Spartan mothers," she said one day. "I think I love to hear how splendidly he died. If only he could have still believed in me."

Then he told how he had cried out that day that he lay wounded, and of Captain Short's words of comfort. "I have always felt that Jack does know," he said. "And glad that I owe my life to him. It is in the good book, is it not, where it says, 'greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend.'"

"I am glad," she said, suddenly, "that it saved your life."

"Since it was to be," he answered, "I am glad to owe it to you, too."

Slowly he rose after that. "The last thing Chesley said to me was: 'You are the kind of a chap that always does the honorable thing, and will never get into a scrape on account of having too much heart.' I am afraid he thought I had very little, but I cherish the first part of his opinion."

"Yes?" she said.

"Your father," he said, and he

told her how he had come, and had asked him to intercede with her. "Some day we may all need forgiveness and help. Indeed, I feel that I need it now. You will see him?"

"Yes," she said, "I will see him any time that you wish."

He thanked her earnestly; and he still stood, scarcely knowing how to tell her the rest. At last she looked up at him. "You are surely going to tell me about your orders?" she asked.

"I was trying to," he said, "but how did you know?"

"I watch the papers now," she smiled. "I saw it this morning."

"We sail in a few days. I shall be almost sorry to go; and still," he added bitterly, and his voice shook, "it is all that is left to me now."

"It is a glorious all," she said. "And while you are there think and hope sometimes that I may do my duty as well here, and make my record worthy of yours—and his remembrance."

He was gone then, but not before she had pressed into his hand the package that he had brought to her. He did not see her again, but as the great transport turned for her sail down the bay to the Golden Gate, and he saw the great mass of figures move toward the city down the long pier, one slender, girlish figure clad all in black, was left standing in bold relief against the sparkling waters, and he saw her lift her arm and wave the flag.

He lifted his cap and waved it frantically, while from the soldier lads that blackened mast and deck and turret, broke forth a wild, glad cheer. It drowned Bradley's cry, and yet he called again and again, with glistening eyes:

"Good-bye, Lois, good-bye!"

* * * *

Bradley found Captain Short at Baliuag, bent over the report of the misdoings of his favorite sergeant, as usual.

"I'm glad you are back to keep

us straight," he said. "Gad, we have not taken a prisoner since you left us."

Bradley smiled appreciation. "I am not inclined to take any," he said. And that evening, when the moon hung low in the heavens, and the fireflies hovered about the trees, Bradley told the Captain all the sad story. When he had ended they smoked in silence awhile, listening to the crickets, and the songs that floated up to them from the barracks. Presently the Captain spoke:

"I'm a plain man, boy," he said, "but I've wisdom enough to know that I know next to nothing. But when I was first married, I used to watch my wife make her dresses. She would have yards of whole cloth, and then she would begin to cut it up. There would be a slash here and a cut there, and odd threads hanging in all directions, and it would be a strange-looking affair, incomprehensible to me; but when it was done there would be a

beautiful whole garment. We have not the right eyes to see Life with now. It looks jagged, and slashed, and there seems to be so many loose ends; but some day we will solve the Mystery of the Ages, and we will see the beautiful whole, and understand why."

Bradley's voice was low and tense. "If one only knew how to use one's life," he said.

"I'm thinking," the kind heart answered, "that it is not your's, lad-die. I'm thinking that it belongs first to Duty, and then to Chesley and to her."

In the soft moonlight, Bradley rose and bared his head. He stood straight now, and his eyes had lost their sorrow. "God bless you, Cap.," he said. "Whatever the future brings, it is everything to have a present hope."

"Which is more than my Sergeant has," sighed the Captain, entering the tent. "Brad., I'm going to reduce him to the ranks until the next fight."

THE BATTLE.

By JOHN C. CATLIN

The heart and the brain a battle fought;
 The body the battle-field;
 Love's cavalry charged and charged again,
 But Reason's artillery would not yield.
 The battle-field, furrowed and wrinkled and worn,
 Was the grave of the heart all mangled and torn;
 And Reason, the victor, in triumph high,
 Looked on his laurels with many a sigh.

Love, of Ambition a prisoner made,
 And bound him with a chain
 That was welded of dreams that come in a day
 And stay for awhile and are gone again.
 But after the death of the conquered heart,
 Reason tore the chain, on Ambition, apart,
 And that was the cause of the battle fought
 And of all the terrible havoc wrought.

"Imperialism," an Historical Development

By JOHN F. SIMMONS



Mr. John F. Simmons, a prominent lawyer of Boston has written for the *Overland Monthly* an historical exposition of the growth and *raison d'être* of Imperialism. Mr. Simmons's view is interesting, from the fact that he was not born to it. Of Mayflower Puritan descent (living in the house in which he and five generations of his family were born) and a Democrat until, as he says, "Bryan ran away with the party," he is not of the stock whence one would expect to see arise an expansionist. But Mr. Simmons is a thinker along many lines, as was known when he was running for Judge of the Superior Court. A Harvard man, he belonged to the class in which were graduated four of the present professors of that University: Judge Robert Grant the novelist, and the great surgeon, Dr. Richardson. All these men have done distinctive work. It was an exhaustive study of world politics that made Mr. Simmons an imperialist.

WHEN Commodore Dewey, in the darkness of that July morning, sailed into Manila Bay, no man then thought, what all thinking men now know, that he was forging the last link in a chain of historic events joining the mighty past to the still more mighty future, and completing the final preparations for a great world conflict, which is of vastly greater importance to the liberties of individual men than any that have preceded it. Yet such was the nature of what then appeared a noble act of heroism. That he sailed in, a commodore, and sailed out, an admiral, was the thing which to the man who did it was of the highest importance. In reality it was the most trivial part of the whole affair. The great wave of adulation and hero-worship, which swept over our country, was more than the transient ebullition of personal glorification. It will be known hereafter to have marked an epoch and to have been an unconscious recognition by a mighty race of one of the turning points in the flight of destiny.

For it advanced by one immense stride forward the battle which has been raging on our planet since the first Aryan invasion started westward, an advance which, after more

centuries than we can compute or history has recorded, has at length, round an entire planet, placed the contestants in line of battle, foe to foe. Before the dawn of history, the records which the tongues of mankind have kept, teach us that the races which to-day dominate those lands, inhabited by so-called civilized men, dwelt together somewhere in Asia, east of the Ural Mountains and west of the western boundaries of the present Chinese Empire. Here they spoke the same language. So far as philology can teach us, it seems certain that they were a pastoral people of a grade of intelligence and, if you please, of civilization, which far exceeded that of their neighbors, while it fell far below that of the crudest of their descendants of to-day.

Those of the most migratory nature seem to have first broken away from their Asian home and to have followed the setting sun; others in turn, feeling the impulse less strongly, went later, and so down through the centuries, detachment after detachment came westward. Some, however, drove southward and eastward into what is now India, and encompassed by the sea and the hills, have there rested. Some stayed at home, and the Per-

sians, Iranians and Arabs are their descendants.

Thus the characteristics of every migratory race since appear in the original migrations of these Aryan peoples. We can find in more modern history the counterpart of their every movement. They are apparent everywhere to-day. Some leave the home, forced out by their stronger brethren. Some go from it, having a more adventurous spirit than their brothers. Some move as fancy or need compels, while others remain in their natural environment. There still survive fragments of the peoples who populated Europe before these invasions began; but practically all, by conquest or assimilation yielded to the conquering Aryan, as the North American Indian yielded to the settling white men on our own continent; yielded and became ultimately extinct.

These Aryan invasions seem not to have included any of the so-called Mongolian races, nor were the Mongolians attacked by the Aryan hordes, so that of all earth's myriads, they and the wild denizens of African forests alone escaped extinction. Their turn is coming.

The great waves of invasion of the different parts of Europe resembled strikingly the vast movements of the tides; they swept ever westward. Slightly receding movements occurred from time to time, as the breakers on the beach advance but to recede and then advance again, each wave rising a little higher until the mighty flow has reached its height. The movement left Europe as we see it now, with certain general racial divisions of Celts or Latins; Saxons or Germans; Scandinavians or Slavs. These now occupy territorial divisions probably corresponding in a general way to the order of their leaving their Aryan home.

Out of all these struggling, seething, racial contest's of early and

medieval history, it is found that a little island off the coast of France, not so large as the State of Texas, became the theatre for those tribe mixtures which were to result in a conglomerate, masterful race, to whom the world should yield obedience, a world which, unlike the world of Alexander, or of Rome, was to include an entire planet.

What race the Celts, who first invaded the tight little island found there, is unimportant. Their conquest was short, and it faded. The Celts have ever been unable to maintain their race purity. Whomsoever they conquered their mingling with their victims has always resulted in the obliteration more largely of the characteristics of the Celt than of those vanquished by them. The same adaptability to new surroundings appears in the Celt of to-day. In Britain he left little of himself in England. He lasted in Ireland, the Welsh are his descendants. The Romans, too, in the grand division herein made, left but little impression upon the people of the island.

But when the Saxons and Scandinavians came and the Angles, the Danes and the Normans, a different contest was waged with a different result. The blood of the Normans, while it mingles with the peoples it subjugates, never yields, as does that of the Celt. The Norse blood is still seen in Normandy, as it is in Sweden and Denmark and England. The Saxon blood, too, still impregnates unmistakably English and American, Dutch and German. The Angles, when their new conquerors came over the seas to their island, showed little or nothing of the Celtic stock; but after a thousand years, the synthesis we call an Englishman, can be analyzed into Angle, Saxon and Northman, as water can be separated into oxygen and hydrogen.

These were powerful races. It seems now most probable that the

Celts were driven from their Aryan home, and were later followed by their more strenuous brothers. True it is that the decadent nations to-day are those where the Celtic blood predominates. However that may be, and however strong the blood of the Saxons and Northmen was, the world conqueror did not appear until there had commingled in Britain the blood of the Angles, Saxons and Northmen into what is now generically known as the Anglo-Saxon, a race unconquered in history, and continually and continuously conquering every opponent it has yet met.

A new movement in the westward progress of the race commences with the seventeenth century in the beginning of the development of America. It might be said that the British Islands at this period were the apex of a triangle, which is representative of the progress of colonization. One line of the triangle stretches toward America. It is this which we will consider first. Later, another line reaches out to India, and in our own day the Anglo-Saxon triangulation seems to have added to itself a base line in the African continent. The last it is not the purpose of this article to consider, except in passing. The second, or Indian line, we will briefly treat a little further on.

Great migrations, like great wars, are rarely brought about by their apparent causes. Underlying the proclaimed reasons for them, is the real, racial cause which in many cases is unperceived for centuries.

During the seventeenth century, the thirteen American colonies and Canada were settled, practically by the Anglo-Saxon race. It is interesting to note the apparent causes from the viewpoint of to-day and to note, as we shall, that one real cause underlay them all.

The Pilgrims and Puritans were driven to Massachusetts for religious reasons apparently. Virginia

and the southern group of colonies were more commercial in their outgoings. The Pilgrims were Separatists; the Puritans, non-conformists; Roger Williams, a Baptist; William Penn, a Quaker; Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic; John Smith, an adventurer; but whatever the reason of the movement driving each of these across the treacherous Atlantic, deeper and stronger than all was the force in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon (the Norse, the Angle and the Saxon commingled) with all the combined strength of his Aryan ancestry mixed and mingled in the brew of centuries which culminated in England. Here was the real cause. A restlessness, a desire to overcome all difficulties, in a word, to conquer; the restlessness which sent the Aryan across the unknown steppes and through the forests and mountains of Central Europe and which sent the Norsemen to America merely for the love of adventure, now kept up the great westward movement of the race. When, as civilization enlarged, conquest was outgrown as a motive in itself, this restlessness, which, we shall see, is but the handmaiden of destiny, seized upon the excuse of the hour as a means of venting itself. Even the sacred name of religion was invoked as a cloak to cover the seething of the blood which makes the Anglo-Saxon a conqueror, or a dead man.

And so they came, but not to rest. The Anglo-Saxons never rest. They never stop. Nothing has ever stayed their steps and nothing ever will. No wild tribe can for any length of time impede these fighters. They have always fought. When foreign enemies failed them, they fought with each other until the fittest surviving crossed the ocean for new worlds to conquer, new difficulties to overcome. To men with such a record no redman, no prairies, no forests, no mountains, no oceans can offer permanent resistance. No

sooner had the "Star of Empire" overcome the Atlantic than it sought the forests and the prairies of the interior, climbed the mountain barriers of the Pacific, and on that new strand stopped only long enough to build fitting ships to tempt its dangers and conquer its isles. "Westward ho" has rung in the ears of the Anglo-Saxon and his ancestors for centuries untold, and now its echo comes back to us on Atlantic shores, as it is shouted from the Philippines; until to-day the Anglo-Saxon branch of the Aryan race stands face to face with his Slavic brother as, in the old Aryan fastnesses before the dawn of historic knowledge, they stood tribe against tribe.

It is time now to note two exceptions to the westward racial trend on our planet.

The first has been already referred to as the second line of the Anglo-Saxon triangle; this stretches to India. It will be recalled that philology teaches us that one branch of our Aryan brothers started southeast from our old home, and having reached India, stayed there. The development of that branch has resulted in racial characteristics so different from those of the Anglo-Saxon that it furnishes a most interesting study. Perhaps they were driven out of the nest by their more strenuous brethren, and to avoid further contact with such warlike neighbors, went in the other direction. When those brethren returned to loot their storehouses of the accumulated riches of centuries and to force upon them their own Anglo-Saxon ideas and civilization, the old strenuousness was too much for the milder Indian and the paler faced relative made short work of his swarthier kin. The unconquered Anglo-Saxon conquered again.

The second exception is the eastward movement of the Slav across the frozen plains of Siberia, back toward his old home and beyond.

The Slav, arrested in his westward march by the possession of the land by his Saxon brothers who had last preceded him, early turned himself backward. The conquest was easy, and immense tracts of the earth's surface became his, more by virtue of occupation than by force of conquest. In Asia, he now holds the north, while his old antagonists, his brothers from Aryan land, with the qualities of the conqueror intensified by a sort of racial inbreeding and by the survival of the fittest, stand opposing him on the other side of China. Behind the Slav stands all Europe, and in front of him he sees, in the Philippines, the little American cloud on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand; but, behind that hand, are the mightiest nations on earth, the Anglo-Saxon Republic and the Anglo-Saxon Empire.

Thus stand to-day the forces of the world. There is but one more change before shall begin the battle of the Saxon and the Slav, which, sixty years ago, Lord Palmerston predicted, which our own Seward foresaw, and which those greater men, whose ears have been sensitive to the whisperings of destiny, have heard for years. No man who thinks back and looks at the past, as Grant looked at his million men, not as units, in detail, but comprehensively and as a whole, can be a "little American"; can fail to see in the recent on-stepping of vast world forces, in the pushing of our boundaries farther westward almost against our will, anything less than the hand of that tremendous, unknown, unsleeping, all-pervading force which we call destiny.

There is but one more change to occur before the battle is on. That is comprehended in the word China.

Shall China be with the Anglo-Saxon or with the Slav? Russian statesmen never deceive themselves although so adroit in deceiving others. There are no "little Rus-

sians." The few English statesmen whose near-sighted eyes have limited their vision to the bounds of the present empire, fortunately are now, and let us hope will be forever, out of office.

England and Russia each is quietly tasting little pieces of China and watching to see that the other fellow gets no more of the pudding before it is served than he does. It is when the serving time arrives that the battle may begin. Or it may be still longer delayed, while China is peaceably apportioned out. But sooner or later the contest between Slav and Anglo-Saxon will be on. It will be a fight to the death. We are now facing the foe and upon us will the brunt of battle fall. We must be ready. In spite of our dislike of burden bearing, it has forced itself upon our shoulders. We are Anglo-Saxons and will not shrink. We are Anglo-Saxons, and the Anglo-Saxons have never been conquered; and they never will be.

Just what form this final contest will assume, no one can prophecy.

It will probably take shape upon some issue which is not the true issue at all. Whatever form it may assume, it will, in essence be a contest for the supremacy, upon this planet, of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon, or of that of the Slav.

What does this mean? Reduced to its lowest terms, it means the government for the individual, or the individual for the Government; freedom for each man to work out his own highest good in his own way, or the tyranny and paternalism of a bureau-ridden Czar.

The Declaration of Independence crystallized, in the sentiment that "all men are born free and equal," the result of centuries of Anglo-Saxon development. The knout on the peasant's back represents the paternalism of the "great white Czar." The Declaration and the knout must fight it out before many years, and the Declaration must win. It will win; for since blood has flowed in the veins of the Anglo-Saxon he has never been overcome by man.

APHORISMS.

By LUCILE WENTWORTH McPHERSON

A dreamer has aspirations; a practical man thoughts, which he makes realizations.

Even those who leave the shades of sin, and sit in the sunlight of righteousness, are haunted by that shadow called conscience.

Determination is the seed of success, success the flower of determination.

The devil never consoles those who have taken his advice.

The bridle of will-power is a very good check for the emotions.

A MORNING GLORY

By FLORENCE JACKSON

Over the damp and frowning Patio wall,
Up to the crumbling edge of the azotea.
Clambers the slender shoots of a pale green vine,
Striving to cover, with beauty, the blankness there.



Only the sky from my
chamber door I see,
Only the sky, for the
roof of the ugly walls
That skirt the corridor
—mouldy, stained
and dark;
And over one corner,
the beautiful green
vine falls.

And a glory of morning
the vine, with its
blossom, is;
The purple cups lifting
themselves to the
balmy air;
A memory of home, in
this far and foreign
land—
A promise of hope in
something that's
ever fair.

DRAWN BY FREDERICK MILLER
—FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH—

THE PADRE'S MISCONCEPTION

By MARY ALICE KEATINGE

IN the peaceful days of the padres—the period of romance and poetry that preceded the reign of the pick and shovel in California, the stranger was warmly welcomed and readily received as a friend at the Mexican haciendas. John Patton, an American, loitered on his travels and took advantage of this hospitality to pay swift court to *Senor Estrada's* daughter, *Francesca*.

The *senorita*, unconscious of the deeper feeling that endeared Patton to her, often unwittingly upset his troublesome endeavors to see her alone. Sometimes it was a vigilant *senora*, again it was one of the *padres* that interfered.

But fortune smiles on perseverance, and now with a murmur of satisfaction, Patton carefully parted the mustard that grew at the edge of a field and looked through the yellow blossoms at the *senorita*, who sat under an oak, reading. She slowly turned the leaves of the book, which lay on a flat, square stone. Patton's observant eye discerned something peculiar about the stone: it had the appearance of having been cautiously chiseled to resemble the wild rock lying about.

The *senorita* stirred uneasily; a dainty slipper peeped from under her gown, and the *rebosa* that veiled her hair fell on the ground. She put the book aside, took up the *rebosa* and began to arrange it. Then as Patton stepped out before her, startled, she sprang to her feet.

"You frightened me, *senor*," she exclaimed, grasping the book and suddenly sitting down on the stone.

Patton noticed that, with a swift turn of her hand, she spread her

gown over the rock, hiding it completely.

"A thousand pardons, *Senorita Francesca*," Patton smiled persuasively, and approached a step or two. "I was passing through the field, the mustard is tall, and—" He scorned the futility of further invention, for he had followed the *senorita* and her companion for the last half hour. But what had become of the *senora*, and where did the *senorita* get the book? He was certain that neither she nor the *senora* had it on starting from the hacienda.

"I am waiting for my aunt, who has gone on," the girl nervously explained.

"May I wait with you, *Senorita*?" Patton daringly asked. He threw himself on the grass at her feet, without waiting for her reply.

The *senorita* smiled a little, and studied the mustard blossoms waving against the sunset.

He knew that he was trespassing on conventions, but—oh, well, the girl was enchanting in this mood; besides, there was a chance that—

"But, *Senor*," she remonstrated; then a faint smile of assent crept into her eyes. The inherent California freedom conquered. Why not waive Mexican formalities? Besides, was she not General *Estrada's* daughter? This American was ignorant of Mexican—

Patton regarded her and began: "I know that your customs—"

He broke off abruptly, for the girl colored and stood up.

"We will walk on and overtake my aunt," she said with dignity, crushing Patton's hopes.

He stooped and seized the forgot-

ten book viciously. "Social Contracts?" he asked, suppressing his annoyance.

The senorita took refuge on the stone again, and hastily settling her gown about it, extended her hand peremptorily.

"Shall I take my book?"

"You read Rousseau?" he ventured penitently.

"Sometimes, *Senor*." The book trembled in the girl's hand. "Pray," she urged anxiously, "will you walk on and overtake my aunt. She has gone to meet our people. I'll wait here."

"As you wish, *Senorita*," replied Patton, perplexedly examining the girl. Her gown had escaped from the rock, and his eyes went wide at a discovery. A long, narrow aperture gaped beside the stone; evidently the rock was meant to conceal it, and he had prevented her from adjusting it by his untimely arrival. What could be under the stone? It would have pleased him to have been sure that it was the *senora*, the girl's aunt.

The *senorita's* glance followed his, and her frightened eyes appealed to his chivalry. He looked away and carelessly asked:

"Then you bid me go, *Senorita*?"

The sound of footsteps brusing the mustard interrupted them. One of the *padres* stood on the edge of the field. He paused, his brown habit and cowl paneled against the green stems and yellow blossoms, his kindly face illumined by the sunset.

The *senorita* was dismayed.

"Arrange your gown over the stone," whispered Patton. She glanced at him gratefully.

The *padre* stood regarding the girl inquiringly.

"Father Duran," she vouchsafed uneasily, "we are waiting for aunt Anita; she has gone on to meet the Indians. They are coming from the spring with the linen.

Reassured, the *padre* lingered

and beheld the book in the *senorita's* hand. Astonishment and pain filled his face. The girl paled.

The priest took up the book. "Rousseau!" he exclaimed in great displeasure. The girl trembled. Patton stood silent, surprised. He did not know that the *senorita's* father, General Estrada, had been excommunicated because he had refused to burn his library, nor that it had been suddenly spirited away; that the vigilant search which the *padres* had made for it was bootless. He knew nothing of the agony that the girl and her mother had suffered, as they thought of the danger that this ban of the church placed on General Estrada's soul. Patton did not know that the *senorita* was now undergoing the torture of contemplating her own possible excommunication. But he saw that something was seriously amiss between the girl and the priest, and wished eagerly to adjust the trouble.

"Where did you get this book, *Francesca*?" the *padre* severely demanded.

The *senorita's* lips moved tremulously, but no answer came. She looked beseechingly at Patton. He moved a step nearer to her, his heart beating fast. But no suggestion of relief came to him other than a desire to throw the *padre* headlong into the mustard. Something told him that this would not please the *senorita*.

Again the *padre* demanded: "Where did you get it, *Francesca*?"

The girl looked searchingly at Patton.

"The *Senor* Patton loaned it to me, Father," she dared, her breath suspended.

Patton's heart bounded. "Yes, Father Duran, I loaned the book to the *senorita*," his voice fell level and cool. "When she has finished I'll be glad to let you have it—if you wish."

The *padre* stared at him sternly.

"It is not permitted my parishioners to read such books," he replied coldly.

The girl had regained her composure and her eyes danced.

"Since you do not appreciate Rousseau, I must ask you to return the book to me," said Patton with polite firmness. "It is a favorite of mine." Patton had never read the book, but his face was heroic. "Perhaps the senorita will not care to finish it, now that she knows you do not approve," he went on.

The padre looked disapprovingly at the American, and reluctantly surrendered the book. The senorita, for reasons which she did not understand, wished that Patton was not so fond of Rousseau. The padre glanced suspiciously from the girl to Patton. The senorita looked anxiously at his meditative face.

"Father Duran," she promised, "I shall not read Rousseau any more." She rose and stood shelteringly near the stone, lest the padre should make another discovery. The Indians were approaching and the music of their voices came drifting up the road.

"Shall we go and meet them?" said she, waving her hand toward the Indians.

Father Duran eagerly agreed. He felt irritated. Action would relieve his agitation. The girl walked slowly behind the two men, while Patton conciliatingly talked to the padre. Finally the senorita exclaimed: "I have left my rebosa," and had run back several paces before Patton overtook her.

"I'll get it for you," said the American, significantly. The padre waited on the road, his back to the young people.

The girl breathlessly whispered to Patton: "My father's library is hidden under the stone; put the book back. I accidentally found the books. My father does not know. The padre would burn the library if he discovered it." She looked

uneasily in the direction of the priest.

"Don't keep Father Duran waiting," said Patton aloud, as he surreptitiously pressed the girl's hand.

The senorita and the padre walked on. Patton joined them shortly and assured the girl, handing her the silken finery:

"Your troubles are ended."

"They are likely to come again," she laughed. "I am very careless." They wandered silently on. The padre was in deep thought, and glanced back at the tree and the rock.

Snatches of song floated to them from the Indian train. As the Mission bells began chiming the hour the horses, bearing great burdens of white linen and led by Indians, appeared. The attending throng slowly came into view. A hundred figures of men, women and children garbed in rich colors stood out against the tender sky of the dying day. Their dusky faces had gathered the mystery and glorified promise of the sunset. Their voices swelled melodiously, and the Ave Maria tenderly swept through the mystic gloaming to the three who waited, listening.

The padre stood apart. The faces of the two others were exalted. The stranger clasped the senorita's unresisting hand. Their hearts sang together the old, inspired song that overflows from the heart of God, as He lingers perhaps for a moment in the twilight, and softly touches the jarring cadences of humanity, weaving a melody that binds the soul of a man and a woman everlastingly.

The last note of the cortege died away. The Mission bells were silent; the stars came out above bands of gold and crimson in the after-glow. A crescent moon lighted the world for the three hushed figures. The padre sighed and spoke:

"My people love these hymns. I have done something for them—

for all of you, yet you think me hard and exacting," he complained turning to the senorita, as they retraced their steps.

"I know that you have done much for all of us, father," the girl replied with a plaintive sweetness that caught the padre's attention. The lovers spoke no word to each other. As they approached the tree the padre glanced at Patton, and wavered for an instant.

"Senor," he asked, "what has become of your book? Have you—"

"I—must——" Patton hopelessly struggled for explanations.

"Perhaps you left it near the stone," the girl unwisely suggested.

"No——" Patton stammered.

The priest looked searchingly at them, then sued on ahead. He was making straight for the rock under the tree. The senorita and Patton hurried after. The girl uttered a cry of alarm as the padre walked faster. They approached the rock. The padre flung the stone aside, disclosing a square hole large enough to admit a man. All three stared into the aperture, for the moon lighted up the entrance to the underground cavern and outlined a rude lantern hanging near the descending steps. The padre started to make a light.

"Padre," the girl murmured pathetically.

"Your father's—General Estrada's library," said the padre sternly.

"No, mine!" exclaimed Patton, savagely. "You dare not touch it!"

The girl shrank away. The two men faced each other with clenched hands.

"You come among my people," the padre said fiercely, "to sow discord and rebellion, to scatter broadcast a literature opposed to the religion that has mothered and Christianized them—to undo the good—"

"No! No!" Patton stammered, overwhelmed by the priest's indignation.

"You consider yourself wise enough to decide the class of books that shall be placed in the hands of my people? Will you answer for their souls?" the padre flung out.

Again the senorita covered back.

"You shall be driven from the Mission," the padre declared. "You shall not destroy the work——"

A low cry broke from the girl. Her face was fearless, as she laid her hand on her lover's arm, and faced the padre:

"You are wrong, Father——"

Patton seized her hand and tried to stop her.

"Senorita Francesca, your father's library is hidden here?"

She refused a reply by a wave of her hand. The priest's look pierced her. The senorita meditated. She must choose between her lover and her father. Patton took a menacing step toward the padre. A moan from the senorita brought him to her side again, and he caught her swaying figure in his arms.

The padre saw nothing now but the underground steps. He lighted the lantern and went down. The American led the girl away to the edge of the mustard. Silenced again by the mysterious song that has thrilled lovers of all ages into forgetfulness, the lovers let the padre and the library slip into insignificance.

The padre ascended the steps, lantern in hand, loaded with books. He walked a little distance away, put the lantern down, and read the names of the authors half aloud, as he threw them on the ground: Zimmermann, Smollet, Shelly, Tom Paine, Luther, Byron, Voltaire, Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock lay in an undignified, jostling heap.

The padre would save his people from these delicious draughts of wickedness. He lighted dry twigs about the books, opening the pages to hasten the havoc, then retraced his steps for another load. He left the lantern in the cavern this time;

there would be light enough outside.

The lovers heeded not. Perhaps, if they half unconsciously thought of the padre, they imagined him looking over the library, for they had seen him descend the steps. Patton released the girl. The field was illumined with the brightness of day. The girl fled toward the priest, who stood with bowed head, watching the burning pile of leather and tinsel and great men's thoughts. The flames thrust out lean, gloating tongues. The padre was thinking of his people. He would shield them; better that they should know less of life's consuming passions and be spared tumultuous pain. The light of the fire played softly over his features; he raised his head and searched the heavens for his friends, the stars; the moonlight lent a pale, spiritual radiance to the upturned, zealous face.

"How could you, padre?" The senorita startled him as she gripped his arm. "My father——" she sobbed.

The sound of an approaching horse galloping through the field checked the girl's tears, and held the two men beside the bonfire. General Estrada dashed up, looking incomprehendingly from one to the other of the three figures, then at the funeral pyre. The padre stood with one arm arrested, a book in his hand, poised to fling into the fire.

General Estrada sprang from his horse, and striding to the padre took him roughly by the arm:

"Priest though you are, how dare you——"

The girl ran to her father, white with terror.

"Remember it is sacrilege, father mia," she pleaded, clasping her hands.

The fire hissed and sputtered.

General Estrada released the padre and stood still. He coldly turned to his daughter and demanded:

"Who has betrayed me?"

She shrank away toward her lover.

Patton, holding her hand, took a step nearer her father to make self-accusation. She held him back.

"You, my daughter?" General Estrada cried.

The girl clung to her lover. "I—I could not help it. I found the books—and—and liked them. I never meant—— Don't be unkind, father." She could not tell him all. Still holding her lover's arm, she glanced at the padre.

A relenting smile crept into General Estrada's eyes. He, too, had liked the books.

Deep sorrow filled the padre's face, painted there by a tender memory that he had buried years before; it was resurrected now at sight of the lovers; he understood. He looked regretfully at the flames and again at the lovers. In his youth he had made a bitter sacrifice—but he was a priest and he could not explain.

"Forgive me, forgive the man abased before you, General Estrada." The padre pointed to the smouldering debris. "While my hands have wrought destruction,"—now his voice was gentle and mournful—"behold the work of the Master." He extended his hands toward the lovers; his words had the sadness of tears in them.

General Estrada's eyes grew misty. The padre turned away. The father, the daughter and the lover drew closer together and looked after the sombre figure of the priest merging alone into the darkness.

A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY.

By F. LORENCE

CHAPTER VII.

In the Midst of Things.

EMILY had seen her uncle, the only person in the world she had any right to depend upon, look at her without recognition as he drove away apparently to begin a journey with a woman who, for seven days her shipmate, had never intimated, as would have been natural, that she knew any one of the same name. Emily did not attempt, though, to understand why Uncle Billy should have come and be going away again without having seen her. Nor would she try to guess how Mrs. Skinner came to be his companion.

But she did begin to dimly understand why Mrs. Skinner had been good to her all along. The indefinable something that the purser had described as "not hitting it off" with that person, she had been conscious of ever since, but not that a sense of loyal gratitude had kept at bay any reflection on that consciousness. Yet she felt more at sea walking on terra firma as she pursued her way up town than she had really done on the Slavic.

It seemed that it was to be a day of encounters. At Tiffany's upper entrance she ran into Frances, who was coming round the corner with great momentum.

"Why, I've been looking for you at the Maggie Lizzie," cried Frances. "I want you to come to dine with us at the studio. Yes, you must—no, you needn't mind your gown; we are all Bohemians and shirt waist folks, and we're holding a private advance exhibit of work at Jane's rooms. You need not stay for that, if you would rather not;

the Doctor can bring you back or take you to a roof-garden show while we daubsters maunder over each other's daubs; but you just must come."

It was useless to demur. Emily did not, indeed, feel inclined to refuse except that she was very tired. Still, no one seemed to stop for anything here, least of all for fatigue, and she herself experienced an inward excitement and sense of haste, of immediate need to do whatever came next to be done that kept weariness in abeyance.

They went up town on a 'bus, Frances declaring the "L" to be too crowded at this hour and the cable quite as much so, besides squeezing you to death to get in and out, and anyway the 'bus ride gives you a chance to see the avenue."

Climbing to the top of a Fifth Avenue stage required more nimbleness than the same feat ever had on other vehicles, Emily found, but once up the exhilaration and view were worth the effort. It was a glorious September afternoon. The sunshine was of piercing brilliancy and clearness, the air cool after a somewhat warm day, had a touch of sea vigor in it. Over the great city bent a gracious and serene sky as intensely, luminously blue as any Italian heavens, and crowding upon one another's footsteps moved the sharers of this life of purpose, of activity. They went with animated look and step, each intently intent upon the doing of the next thing. The pleasant, expectant air of the hour when labor ends and recreation begins was over all, and the Babel of noise grew louder, more hurried, more anticipatory as

the time drew near when it would cease.

Emily looked eagerly at the objects of interest Frances pointed out.

"Pity you can't see the city at its best," Frances said. "Everybody is out of town now. Please understand that 'Everybody' is said in quotation marks."

"I'm glad of that," Emily declared, "else I might think you were traducing your ancestors, if not mine."

Here an old gentleman who was the third on the seat with them, leaned over and spoke suddenly: "Progenitors, you should say, madam," he said severely. "It is not allowed to the people of a democracy to have ancestors. They'll claim 'em. Oh, all these plutocrats!" he swept a thin hand towards the rows of houses on either side, "all claim ancestors, though some don't know what sort they were before the fur trade was first started or before the wheezing little boats that plied between Jersey and this tight little island were known because of their commander. And we're likely to go back to the Tower of Babel and start even with the races." He pointed to a huge structure rising skyward. "Just remember you're on the spot when the confusion of tongues strikes, and start out to be your own progenitor—then you'll know what you came from."

The girls looked after the old man as he clambered down. "Even in New York there are curios that are not imported, you see," Frances said, and Emily thought she had seen several of this sort to-day.

The new friends got themselves put down at the Plaza. Frances wanted Emily to get the effect of the brilliant scene to be found there and the girl did justice to it. "It is as fine as anything in Paris," she declared. They stood at the park entrance looking down the avenue crowded with splendid turnouts,

across the plaza at the huge hotels gay with awnings and lights, at the flashing lamps of vehicles and bicycles passing in a succession of meteor flashes. It was still light enough to see the beautiful toilets of women in the carriages and the greater detail in the rich attire of those who walked. The passing was continual. "And yet 'Everybody' is out of town," said Frances.

"I should have thought that expression of snobbishness must have become too old to be bearable," remarked Emily.

"That expression," her friend explained, "embodies the acme of an effete society's egoistic claim. You must remember this is the effete East!"

"And is it not found in the West at all—this snobbishness?"

"As to that, nous verrons ma chere. I am going back feeling as ignorant of what the Pacific Coast is like as any stranger; we can study it together. By the way, I start the day after to-morrow; it would be nice if you would go with me." Emily hoped she might, but she said nothing of the uncertainty of her plans.

The apartments in the great studio building were a-twinkle with lights as the girls mounted in the elevator to the topmost story. The thick smell of a much furnished and much lived in place was heavy in the corridors, although a special quality of odor saluted at every landing. Now it was the thin, keen, subtle smell of chemicals, chiefly those used in photography; then the sickening sweet perfumes from the parlors of a dermatologist; again the penetrating whiff of turpentine and varnish, and through it all, in spite of many windows, many air shafts, the lack of sufficient ventilation left the smell of food heavy, if not inodorous or unappetizing.

"That's not our dinner that suggests itself to you, so don't lose your taste for goodies," said Fran-

ces. "No housekeeping here; we are served from the cafe downstairs, but the presence of other cuisines is unfortunately assertive sometimes." She gave a double rat-tat on a door, turned the handle and walked in.

"I've brought her, girls," she cried, "and I hope you are ready for us. Please somebody say to me: 'Open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you something to make you wise.'"

"Suppose you first give us something to increase our wisdom," one of the group of girls said, coming forward. "But I shan't wait for you." Her right hand was extended to Emily. "I'm wise already with my eyes open, for I know this is Miss Arnot. Welcome to Strugler's Hall."

Almost immediately Emily was at ease; the other young women greeted her in a similar spirit of camaraderie, and at once she felt the effect of an atmosphere such as Frances carried wherever she went. Here all seemed to share it. Five energetic, hopeful, aspiring workers believing the world held something worth aiming for, something especially their portion to do, and doing it with a will. "That's it," thought Emily, "to do it with a will, only how is one to know what to do?" These girls had found their metier, it seemed. The room gave evidence of that. It was a huge place divided by curtains and screens into apartments, and decorated so as to preserve the harmony of the whole. Under the slope of the wall into which the long sky window was let was set the big round table laid for the waiting meal, its appointments dainty, itself the note of the feminine spirit that sings a song for home in the midst of the most strenuous form of competing industries; a note that, perhaps, hinders the speedy development of that occupation which must be a commercial industry to win recognition; a

note that nature teaches can be triumphantly sung only when nourisher and creator, the principals of life, work together.

With the exception of the table the room was a workshop and museum. The sloping walls were laden with innumerable appendages; a great fish net caught up in its pulleys, all sorts of dependent ornaments, lamps, strings of Chianti bottles, dangling Jap dolls and masks, hanging plants, bird-cages, a motley of the belongings and tastes of different personalities. On the walls that did not slope were tacked studies in crayon, pencil, wash, color both oil and water, and these, framed and unframed, overran the walls and leaned, stood, fell or were piled on tables, piano, even on and against the couches and chairs. There looked to be work enough to have been the out-put of a dozen workers for a dozen years. Little of it was finished, and much of it seemed, Emily thought, not to warrant even this much display. She wondered if one must attempt great things and fail in them before one could succeed in small ways.

"Sit by, girls, sit by!" called a voice from behind a screen; "the master spirits will be arriving, and we mustn't let them know that we really sup at this hour instead of dine."

"We do both," Frances declared, proceeding to pour tea.

"Oh, you can afford to defy unwritten laws even in the matter of dinners—you've lived beyond them."

"No one can do that." Another girl, tossing the salad she was dressing into a punch-bowl, spoke positively. "Least of all one who succeeds, for that would be cowardly."

"Do give me my tea, Frances, to brace me, before Lil's philosophy destroys my equilibrium," cried a very youthful world-worker. "I'm glad I'm an artist—if a poor one—and not a school-ma'am even to

East-siders who make one think." Then Emily knew that the girl Lil was the young woman she had heard talking across the hall at the Woman's Hotel and the day registered another encounter. This seemed to be a meeting of workers in varied arts. Lil sipped her tea with a far-away look that seemed fixed on deeds of valor, and the others made merry over the barbarity of a mixed menu combining breakfast, luncheon and tea dishes regardless of digestive effects. Lil set down her cup and brought her gaze on her companions.

"Oh, more philosophy!" groaned the youthful one. Lil turned to the head of the table.

"Jane, what sort of tea is this?"

"Tea!" Jane didn't believe Lil had spoken of tea; she couldn't have heard right. "Tea?" she repeated.

"Tea, I said," Lil repeated. "What sort is this?"

"Why—why—isn't it good?" Jane as well as the others fell to testing tea.

"I asked," Lil said in resigned tones, "what sort is it?"

"I don't know; just what we always have, perhaps a little stronger; have some hot water?"

Lil got up and wrung her hands. "Now I can sympathize with my little Hungarian," she cried. "To him I was stupid, no doubt. My dear," going close to Jane, and speaking very distinctly, "what SORT OF TEA is this; sort, you know, class, kind?" The girls looked on breathless; Jane looked frightened.

"My goodness, Lil, what do you mean?"

"Oh, for the god of humor!" Lil exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Jane, WHAT DO YOU ASK FOR WHEN YOU BUY THIS TEA? What name of black, blue, green, or——"

"O-h-!" A prolonged sigh came from all the girls, and then followed

the laugh. "To think of Lil's asking about tea, when we expect her to philosophize!"

"There's the woman of it," said Lil impatiently; "one must either be a wholly impractical being if one tries to think, or else one must be instinctively practical without taking any thought."

During the next hour Emily heard the for and against arguments of a number of occupations of women. She had never considered before the need for a woman to choose a calling as a definite and permanent thing to pursue. Music, art, literature, teaching, even domestic service were done—were they not? as momentary necessity demanded, not with the expectation of making their doing the supreme object, success therein the ultimate goal. What the ultimate goal was to be she did not consider, perhaps had never thought of. But here were a number of young women who had chosen and started well upon the carrying on of professions that must require years to develop to the point of success, and each one of them was confidently expecting to reach that success which meant that they intended to give their lives to their work. What then would become of that indefinite something, which instinctively she had felt was beyond and above the waiting for other accomplishment? What was that something? She would not answer herself and even as she refused to do so, the door, thrown open by Jane to a succession of knocks, disclosed upon the threshold the expected judges who were to pronounce upon the efforts of the tyros or complete that union of forces which, in the natural world, alone insures perfected results of effort. The face of James Heard rising above the rest, seemed to Emily to promise an answer to her puzzle.

They were not all artists who filled the studio with life and laugh-

ter that evening. Some were professionals in the musical world, some in the field of letters; more were but dilettanti in one or more, and these were generally the most brilliant. Frances was treated as a recovered treasure while the deference paid her work showed that she had modestly estimated it. The verve and brilliancy of these people was contagious. Emily began to feel that Uncle Billy's pass was not a wholly necessary thing; she, too, could enter the lists and compete in this comedy of industry.

As the Doctor took her back to the Woman's Hotel he asked as a matter of accepted humor if she had seen anything more of Uncle Billy that day. Her hesitation, for Emily scarcely knew what to tell and what to withhold, made him stop short under an electric light and look straight at her.

"Don't answer my question," he said. "It was an idle thing; don't mind it." And then she told him briefly that it was her uncle whom she had seen, and that she should know to-morrow when she was to go on.

"But I have determined what to do," she added. "Every one says New York is the only place for a worker, yet I am going to do as young Stratton Wylie has done—I'm going to work in the place of my birth; I'm going to grow up with the West."

"Good!" exclaimed the Doctor. "It is what I have come back to do. We'll grow up together then. So, it's Ho for the Land of Sunshine!"

CHAPTER VIII.

With Nature's Forces.

The thrill and shudder that go together with the venturing into new efforts came to Stratton as Jasper handed him the lines. The stage had made the long two thousand feet up-grade and was traveling the downward slope. The incline was not continuous; level road alter-

nated with it, while now and then a considerable ascent had to be made so that attention to the brakes could be occasionally suspended.

Still Stratton thrilled and shuddered when, without uttering a word or stopping the stage, Jason dropped off the box and disappeared leaving him alone. The lad had driven a thousand times over hills as steep as these, through forests as dense, but not before had he taken in sole charge the delivering of these things of supreme public value, the mails, the marvelous but perishable medium of intercourse upon which depends the joy or the woe of individuals and of nations. Thinking of the safety of his precious cargo, Stratton's heart beats quickened.

The dusk fell fast on the Eastern slope of the Coast Range. Circling the valleys, the mountain road girdled the cliffs tightly as it bored into the forest's mysteries and the shadows that enveloped nature's marvels changed to beauty what else were too primeval.

The being of the youth who pursued this pulsating way, stirred to every impulse of the hour. The controlling of the animals he drove gave to his instinct for domination, a means of immediate expression; his will and force could, through this, compel submission; his mental aspiration was answered by the majesty of the shrouded scene, the solemnity of vast reaches. Then arose an impulse towards spiritual interpretation, which came, strangely blended with fancies of a fair and gentle mortal, the complement, he felt, of himself, at thought of whom his pulses leaped with a life that belonged to the world both of sense and soul. And with this thought dawned a realization of a sacredness in his own personality, in this sharing of Nature's beautiful intimacies and an untarnished dignity enabled him to grasp the meaning of his own place as part of this

greatness, capable of inspiring as well as responding to impulses as exquisite as they were intense.

Aspiration, with its comrade, creative desire, came to bear him company; the one whispered to him of courage to dare; the other, of ability to do. All mighty aims seemed possible to reach in this wondrous region of immeasurable things. And with this ineffable sense of strength and power, of greatness where all was great, never for an instant did the dreamer lose consciousness of the actual. His hands guided as firmly, his foot was as ready on the brake, his eyes, trained to the darkness, pierced as keenly the gloom as though he were exercising only his physical faculties. The thought of Jason was not lost, but it had become sub-conscious in Stratton's mind. The forest was exerting on him that singular influence which compels intense realization of the present and permits also dreams of dreams.

When the lights of the valley began to show through the trees, he returned to full consciousness of the demands of the hour. Exactly on time he drew up the stage at the post-office of Coyote. His arms were stiff both with cold and strain. He had to swing sensation into them before he could begin to throw out the mail bags.

There was not much time before the up train was due, and must take the mails for the North. Already the bags hanging along the rails of the office were being locked. The sleepy post-master, anxious to get his work over, was impatient for the Coast post-bags; he came out to help with them. When he saw Stratton, he looked round expectantly and brought an unsatisfied glance back to the young man's face.

"Where's Rollins?" he asked, injury in his voice.

"Coming," Stratton declared, feeling sure that Jason would come

some time. It was not necessary to say that time might not be at once.

"Ain't he here now?" queried the injured one.

"Don't see him, do you?" Stratton asserted, rather than asked. "Well, he's here in the spirit any way, and his body will follow him. Watch out—here's a heavy one." The man jumped as though it were not only mail sacks he feared were to be thrown out.

"Good Lord," he protested, "you don't mean Rollins has passed out?" Stratton perceived he had struck a find. He paused to remark the man's expression; his fingers itched to sketch the look, but he had to be content with sketching it upon his memory and endeavoring to prolong it.

"Yes," he went on, "Jason went off down the road a piece. I could not tell where, it was so dark. He just dropped off and that was the end of him. I knew the mail had to come through on time, so I drove on. Good thing I was there, eh? You remember I brought in the stage for him last summer when he broke his arm."

Stratton was talking against time as he helped to empty the vehicle. He had no time to enjoy the effect his narrative had produced. The Wells & Fargo people came out and took charge of the express; then he drove the stage into its stable and hurried away. He was uncertain whether or not he ought to report at the stage office Jason's stop-over in the forest; he had no idea how long the wait would be and there was the stage to go out in the morning. Ought he to offer to take it over in Jason's place? Ought he to go to Jason's aid? Queer man the stage driver anyway; strange ability to inspire confidence and regard. Stratton wondered more and more as he walked up and down the station platform, debating upon the day's happenings. What was Jason

"laying" for? What did he mean to do? He had said: "No more stage driving," yet it was universally admitted that a stage driver never could stick to anything else. Once a stage driver always a stage driver was an old saying. "It gets in the blood, yer see," an ancient whip had once said to him. "A feller has a hankerin' for the sight of the trail stretchin' up or down, and for the smell of the dust of it an' the sound of the crunchin' er the wheels an' his fingers ache to hold the lines. But it's the freedom of the out-doors, come wind or rain or sun—an' that's jest the hull business."

And how could Jason be different from all the rest? What was the mighty story he would tell should he "catch his man?"

The up-train came puffing in while Stratton hesitated. The down on which he had meant to go drew up before the passengers who came from the other had found the 'bus that would take them to Coyote's one hotel. Engine bells tolled; the long line of coaches began to creep off in opposite directions; stragglers stepped aboard; the brakemen swung their lanterns. Stratton's hand rested on a rail of the rear platform and he walked beside the moving car, ready to swing himself upon it. The train moved faster; he was running slowly to keep his hold; faster yet, and his speed increased. The moment came when he must swing up or let go; he let go—the momentum spun him on some yards further, then he recovered himself, turned and ran after the bus that was whirling with a flourish away from the station. Clinging to the door as he stood upon its steps, he was the first of the load of passengers to enter the hotel.

It was at the last possible moment of taking the train that Stratton realized that Jason would expect to find him at the caravanserie. He made no application for a room, but

threw himself into a chair in the rotunda, and watched the entering throng. He had had no supper, though the fact had been forgotten.

There were many people. They came to Coyote to take stages for the heart of the Redwoods or the Lake County resorts, or the Sierras, and the night trade at the Alhambra Hotel was always brisk. The morning saw the departure of every one, and the quietest part of the twenty-four hours for the hotel was from early morning to this hour of the night. There was stir enough now. At the desk the clerk was saying to a lady:

"No, madam, there is no accommodation whatever, unless some lady will share a room with you." The woman, striking-looking, elegant in manner and dress, with a wonderful halo of gray hair about her pale face, turned away and walked out into the lobby. Stratton looked at, without seeing her.

Outside she stood in the shadow, gazing out on the night. "Just as well," she said, half aloud. "I could not sleep anyway. It is better to sit up and watch the dawn over the Sierras once again." Some thought softened her face and wet her eyes. "It won't do! It won't do!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Jay!" and as she said the words, as though they had been a cue to which he responded, a man, hurrying in from the darkness of the village street, came straight toward her. She recoiled, trembling; her hand went fluttering to her throat. He, too, paused, started, stared. Then the dazed expression of his face changed; in one stride he crossed the space between them, grasped her two hands, turning her to the light.

"For God sake, Frances, say it is you in the flesh, not a spirit!"

The answer was swift, the voice a soothing thrill. "It is I myself, all of me, Jay, the same I."

"You called me?" he exclaimed, crushing her hands.

"The memories, the night, forced out your name," she answered.

"Is that all? But, no, I know it is not. You've called me always, and I could never answer until this moment. Now I may, but you came of yourself. Oh, Frances!" Their faces looked what they could not say. Footsteps approaching, they dropped apart, turned and mechanically walked down the veranda.

For these two, parted for years, this meeting without expectation or design at a moment crucial to one of them, and therefore of intensest interest to the other, might well be full of meaning. To others they were a strangely contrasting pair. The woman carried the stamp of culture and of social significance in dress, bearing, expression. The man had only an indefinable look of breeding in his glance; his dress and carriage were of the rougher class of physical labor. Coatless and now hatless as he removed his driver's sombrero, he seemed of another world than hers. But the face, lighted with indomitable clear eyes, was the face of a thinker, and also of a sufferer.

As they came into the glare of the office window the man glanced down at himself. His emotion of the last moments was controlled, his voice mildly cynical when he spoke.

"I scarcely look a proper attendant for you, Frances, but," he looked straight in her eyes, "I have been always what I am at this moment—an honest man—and now, thank God, I can prove it. But until now my own consciousness of it without the proof made me proud, too proud to speak."

"It made me proud, too," said the woman. "You knew I knew, Jay."

"Yes, God bless you, I knew; but oh, my girl, how much there is to make up for these wasted years and your youth spoiled. There was Stratton, too. By Jove, I'd forgotten Stratton, and he must be waiting. You'd never guess that the

boy's been with me all day."

"My Stratton you mean?" cried Frances amazed.

"Ah, there he is now." The young man came towards them with wide, incredulous eyes on his sister; at the man who wore no disguising glasses or hat, he gave an unrecognizing glance. Frances's arms were round his neck before he fairly realized that she was a reality. Then came the questions, the marvel of it. Twenty-four hours ago each of the three was alone among strangers; each thought of the other as far distant; two regarded one another as never to be attained; over one hung the odium of a crime, the charge of theft and betrayal of trust. Unceasing efforts of years had failed to find evidence that could prove truth; unutterable longing of man and woman had been unable to bring these lovers together, and now without new effort, without design, Fate had set them face to face; had shown where proof of integrity lay and the comedy of industry that brings reward so often without strife for it, was enacting before their astonished gaze.

Stratton's amazement when Jason was revealed to him in the person of Rollins, the stage driver, was great, but he was sufficiently a newspaper man to realize the value of the story if he cared to use it.

"You may have it," said Jason; "blazon it, give it double headings and paint them red; draw the villains and their victims, but keep your sister's name out, my boy. Old Delmar gave his girl one fine trait—the shrinking from notoriety, but I guess his dead bones and his daughter may tremble now. I am sorry we shall have to distress the young lady. There's no help for it, however, but here, let's have some supper first; you must be as ravenous as I am, Stratton. Then I'll give you the tale and you can telegraph it to your paper."

Stratton had heard the last sen-

tence with horror; he shrank now from what he must hear further. Delmar and fraud were synonymous names until the moment, meaningless to him. But he saw a fair, gentle face, a shrinking, modest girl deprecating her wealth and her plain face that to him had become beautiful; he saw the pain that her eyes could hold, and the honor of getting a beat-story for his paper paled. He spoke with effort:

"I'm not a reporter, you know, Jason; my line is art, and you see——"

Frances looked at her brother, saw the change in the eagerness his countenance had shown a moment before; and, looking, she knew there was a deeper reason than the one he was giving that made him unwill-

ing to take this sensational exposition of an old fraud. She slipped a hand into an arm of each man.

"Do you know," she said coaxingly, "neither of you has asked why I came all the way up here without once stopping for so much as an hour's rest or a wait-over train? Five days from the Atlantic to the Pacific and fourteen hours to travel two hundred miles to this heart of the ancient woods. What brought me, think you, this day's journey?"

The two men looked at her shining eyes and could find no answer.

"I felt," she said solemnly, "that the two beings I love best were here and needed me. I had to come. Let us just have each other this evening."

(To be Continued.)

ALLITERATION.

To F. J.

By SADIE McCANN

I lately learned a bit of Swinburne's art
Which haply here I now to thee unfold;
You'll truly tell me if I failed the part,
If many metric lines no meaning hold?

You'll softly smile sincerely to yourself,
And wonder what wild wind has brought you this:
"Poor patient, prattling poet. On the shelf,"
You'll say, "Such sordid lines I'll never miss."

"For I have Homer's heroes haunting me,
Where troubled Troy transfigured Helen's flight;
Rossetti's rhymes revive past reverie.
And Shakespeare's sonnets ever are in sight."

"And Goethe's Faust fans forth forgotten days
When youthful yearnings burned within my breast;
Those drowsy dreams dwell deep in life's pathways,
And quickly come close at the soul's behest."

You'll think these timely thoughts while gazing round
Your queer, quaint, quiet study room about;
And whisper when the midnight hours resound:
" 'Tis time, true, trustful lamp, to put you out."



THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME

IF it had not been for the gray eyes that looked you in the face from under the big slouch hat you might have said that the sheriff's deputy was the proverbial square peg in the round hole. Every one in Putnaw Creek had wondered when Jack Farley, standing but five feet two in his leathers, with a voice like a woman's, a countenance apparently hewn out of wood, and known as the most modest and retiring man throughout four counties, had been appointed deputy to Sheriff Hart, a giant in stature and a genius at bluffing, who boasted that he was the terror of evil doers all over the State.

Since the deputy's election, now some three months cold, his duties had mainly consisted in interfering in a few cock fights, forbidden sport now, save in precincts out of reach of the law; in the keeping of an eye on the saloons along the river front, and in guiding convivial and belated wanderers gently toward the lock-up at the farther end of town. But this morning the town was astir. Big Pete, who made his home in the pine-covered mountains, descending only at long

intervals to secure the needed supplies for his cleverly concealed cabin far up some mountain trail, was wanted—and the sheriff had set out to secure him.

He had ridden into town the night before; had become involved in a hasty quarrel with a man whom he had never seen till that moment; had drawn his revolver, and shot, once—twice—and a man stretched at horrible length lay prone in the dusk, while miles away, heading toward the mountains that rose gray and grim against the sky line, rode pursuer and pursued with but a league between.

The sheriff returned the next day angry and excited. Farley rode mildly in his rear. They had ridden forty miles into the mountains only to be baffled by one of Big Pete's clever tricks. Cutting across a stream which in dry weather served as a ford, he had crossed it again half a mile farther up its bank, had discovered the hoofprints of a band of wild mustangs, and doubling on their tracks, had successfully eluded his pursuers, who, riding on in mad haste, were happily unconscious that Big Pete rode leisurely along in their rear. On the

return way they had been met by an old mountaineer who explained the ruse to them so convincingly that the sheriff vowed to return for his quarry at daybreak.

The deputy lounging carelessly outside the store, listening in silence to the questions and comments of the various groups of men, might have seemed, to a casual observer, slightly bored, but the eyes under the slouch hat were unusually bright and keen, and not a word of the heated arguments that occurred was lost on him. He sat quietly on a dilapidated cracker box, hastily up-ended for the convenience of his small stature, and appeared to be lazily chipping bits of wood from the corner of the log building. He leaned forward a little to look at the last speaker.

"What d'you say, Jim?"

An old man with grizzled hair and beard turned slowly toward the deputy.

"He's got some things cached on the mountain side. I seen him there one day. He was windin' round the place like a hawk."

"Where at?" asked Farley indifferently.

The old man leaned eagerly forward. "Say! You know that big flat-top pine up beyond the fork of the Snow river canyon? It's by the big bald bluff forty foot along the river bed."

"I wonder if Hart'll know about that place?" queried the deputy in his soft voice, rising as he spoke, and casting a keen glance about.

The old man shot a contemptuous glance at him. "I guess the sheriff will get him all right," he commented laconically, tilting his chair on its hind legs that he might have an uninterrupted view of Farley's face. "Hart's pretty keen on the scent, and he ain't no slouch when his mind's made up. I reckon we'll hear something to-morrow. If Hart can't get him, nobody can."

To this last remark Putnaw

Creek's population grunted an unqualified assent. To these rough lumbermen muscle and brawn were winning cards, and the sheriff's six feet of perfect thews and sinews appealed to the primal forces in them.

But Farley took the implied disapproval good naturedly as he had taken everything in life so far, and only smiled gently as he slid from the cracker box, and nodding to the circle of men drifted slowly up the main street.

Out of eye range his expression changed. His face lit up with an inward glow.

"Maybe I've got my chance at last," he thought grimly. "Hart won't get him. He's too cock-sure and Big Pete's too smart for him. It's my chance, I reckon." He slapped his leg and rubbed the place thoughtfully. Under this new impetus the loggers of Putnaw Creek would hardly have known their deputy. "My first and last chance in life, I reckon," he repeated deliberately, "and—I'm going to take it."

Half way up the tree-shadowed street an idea jumped into his brain. The possibilities that it held were fascinating to contemplate, and he remained half the night engaged in that task, but when the next morning dawned, with the sun a pale glimmer of fire on the Eastern horizon, Farley had mysteriously disappeared.

The forested spurs of the mountains furnished excellent sport for the hunters of that region, and many tourist Englishmen from various parts of the surrounding country, remained a day or two in the vicinity in the hope of bagging some locally famous game. So when Big Pete, sitting warily at his cabin door, a week after his night visit to town, heard the familiar crack of the shotgun, his grim brows relaxed, and he continued his work—the binding together with leather

thongs the little wooden bed that he was carefully mending.

It was such a tiny bed that the Englishman who appeared just then, rounding the other side of the big pine, stared in amazement. Tiny and daintily fashioned, its carefully planed surfaces glistening in the sun and its gilded knobs reflecting the glittering rays, it seemed an unreal object, and one likely to melt into thin air if approached too close. However the Englishman continued to stand some twenty feet away, and big Pete, with lowered brows, uttered a swift, malevolent oath.

"Hell! An Englishman!"

"Mornin'," returned the Englishman crossly. "Do you know where I am, my good man? I rather fancy," he added in a vexed undertone, "that I've lost my way."

Big Pete shot a covert glance at the speaker. He was a little man with a general air of helplessness and insufficiency about him that at any other time would have moved Pete to grim and silent mirth. As it was, he merely noted the empty game bag hanging from the stranger's shoulder, and drew his own deductions. Big Pete rose leisurely to his feet.

"Huntin'?" he briefly asked.

The stranger nodded, dejectedly unslinging his empty bag.

"Devil's luck, and I've been camping in the mountains these ten days, too."

Big Pete's look of relief was instantaneous. He resumed his seat on the rough bench and the stranger approaching, slid carelessly along the other end. He handled his gun awkwardly, and Big Pete, observing it, smiled grimly, as he drew some more deductions.

"Thar's game in these hills, ef you know whar to look fur it," he vouchsafed gruffly, as if fearful of an opening wedge.

The Englishman's eyes expressed polite attention—nothing more. They were peculiar eyes—gray, alert and steady. He kept them fasten-

ed on a near rock, and his shotgun lay carelessly across his knees. As he asked his next question, his right hand dropped lightly on the barrel.

"The nearest town on a straight trail is Putnaw Creek, eh?"

Big Pete's eyes leaped to the defensive again, but he answered the question with apparent irreverence.

"There's only one man in the hull damned outfit; that's Farley. He can ride faster, shoot straighter, and manage a boat better than any one in the county—What in hell!"

For the muzzle of the Englishman's gun lying carelessly across his knees was pointing straight at his breast, and the Englishman's eyes, dark and cold, held a glint of steel.

"I'm Farley," said the stranger softly.

Big Pete swore a little more. The end seemed unpleasantly near.

"Stand up!" ordered Farley shortly. "I've a boat this side the river. The way lies down that trail."

Strive as he would, the deputy could not keep the elation from his voice. He had succeeded where the others had failed. Luck had turned his way at last. The chance that he had waited and striven for—the chance that had been long in coming—the chance that was to show the people of his town what manner of man lay hid under the discouraging outer crust of his personality, had come, and he had jumped at it with a will. His eyes never left the outlaw's face. In his triumph he spoke unconsciously aloud.

"By God! I'm not going to lose you!"

Big Pete squared his shoulders defiantly. He ached to spring at the little man and throttle the life out of him, but the open throat of a shot-gun is a potent argument in favor of the man at the other end and Pete lounged sullenly toward the hidden trail.

"Be you a-goin' away, Pop?"

The outlaw stopped with the suddenness of an animal. Farley's watchful eyes were on him, but he, too, was disconcerted by the unexpectedness of the childish voice and its appeal. In a trice Farley grasped the situation. The little girl who just then came flying across his line of vision, was evidently the owner of the tiny bed, and the look in the outlaw's eyes told the rest.

Farley did not hesitate. He nodded brusquely to Big Pete, and the outlaw construing this as Farley intended that he should, stooped and swung the child to his shoulder. Her large serious eyes looked back uncomprehendingly at Farley, and the deputy, while knowing that Big Pete's capture was now doubly sure felt a quiver of emotion run along his nerves.

It was a strange trio that stalked in grim, dumb silence down the mountain path. Big Pete's massive head and shoulders lifting above the surrounding crags at every rise in the uneven ground, the child in his arms, with her brown curls tossed by the light, sweet mountain breeze, the oval brown of her small face already falling into lines of the repression habitual to those who live closely communing with the mountains, and Farley, stunted, active and ready, in the rear.

Big Pete plodded stolidly on. His mien was that of a captured lion, but with the child in his arms he no longer looked defiant. With half an hour's steady marching, the fork of the Snow river canyon loomed before them, and the boat, yawl-rigged and with a single pair of oars resting idly on the thwarts, lay near the rocky shore.

"In with you!" said Farley, briefly.

Big Pete placed the child carefully on the ground and was about to obey, when Farley spoke.

"The little 'un, too," he meaningfully commanded.

Big Pete swore again.

"Put her between you and me," commanded Farley furiously, noting Pete's reluctance at this last order, and guessing his scheme. "I can sail this boat with one hand, and manage a gun almighty well with the other. All you've got to do is to sit quiet. Any accident," he took a straight glance at the man in the bow, "will mean two lives—maybe three."

Big Pete, baffled and helpless, looked at the receding shore with sullen despair. If it were not for the child—she sat quietly in front, her dark eyes riveted on the sunlit water, which in her short mountain life she had never seen before. He gasped, as in fancy he saw the gray adobe walls of the prison. To exist for months within a dreary, whitewashed cell! To see the bright sunlight and feel the clear, fresh air once more—and then, swinging from the end of a stout hempen rope! The horrible vision stung his brain to madness. And as for that fool he had shot—he had heard of him since—a low, besotted wreck, but the law must take its way. And little Nance—what would become of her? She loved him—the only living thing that did! He gave an inarticulate growl. Nance looked round in wonder, and Farley's hand tightened on the trigger. The child was climbing over the seat to reach her father, when he motioned her back to her place. Big Pete, his eyes forcing Farley's, spoke:

"What's goin' to 'come o' the kid?"

"She'll be looked after," said Farley abruptly. There was something in his eyes that had not been there till now. He looked at the little brown, down-cast head, and swiftly averted his gaze to the father, sitting in mental chains, lowering, baffled, hopeless, unwilling to save his own life for fear of endangering his child; equally unwilling to resign her without a struggle, and a gleam of something like pity shot

over his mask-like features. Big Pete uttered another low, inarticulate growl. They were nearing the shore. Farley, on the alert, saw the danger signal in the outlaw's eyes, and divined what must inevitably follow. With a sudden swift twist of the tiller he drove the boat's head far up the sandy beach, at the same instant running down the sail. The yawl ground in the swirling sand, and lay, a mere chaos of slatted sails and tangled cordage, while a mighty oath was hurled from under the weight of canvas. Big Pete, heaving and struggling among the wreckage, and hearing no sound from Nance, put forth one superb effort of his immense strength—convulsive, despairing—but the twining mesh held him as in a vice. Then he saw the broad, keen knife gleaming like the silver scales of a fish among the cordage.

There was a mighty, sparkling splash, and when Farley, who was busily engaged in extricating a bad-

ly-frightened child from the mass of splintered timbers strewn along the shore, was able finally to look in that direction, only some little ripples on the surface told him that far down the river, a man was swimming, with new courage born of hope, and of remembrance that should never die.

"Yes," said Farley, laconically some days later. "He was a pretty tough customer, but I most pulled the job through. I'd like to have brought him in, but as things was, I couldn't. He's got a quarry somewhere on that peak." He pointed to where the jagged spur stood clear and blue against the snow line. Little Nance, at his knee, looked at him with comprehending intelligence, and smiled.

"I'm going up there again some day," continued Farley, musingly, returning Nance's confidential smile. Under his breath he added:

"But not as deputy."

A Pennyworth in London Town.

By G. L. WAKEMAN

IN a city where a large proportion of the population does "light housekeeping," and must economize in its way of buying, an account of how small purchases are made in the greatest city of the world may be interesting. For possibly the minimum coin of expenditure in California will not always be the nickel, and the value of the useful penny will be better understood.

Street hawkers have just as keen sense for the "go" there may be in a penny novelty as the most expert connoisseur in the highest realms of trade. They frequently are the vendors of the wares they personally manufacture in their own household in a crude way. They usually keep most vigilantly their trade

ideas, until, through the combined effort of every member of their poverty-stricken home, a sufficient quantity of the articles has been produced. They thus get the first run of custom on the curbs of the busy thoroughfares. An idea, a new idea, despite its insignificance, has value if it can be produced below sale price, even though that price is one penny.

It is remarkable the range and variety of the pennyworth, and the profit therein, for all concerned; even to the purchaser there is comforting exchange, especially in the matches—the so-called vestas—the wind vestas, that defy with equanimity the tormenting pranks of wind. Trays with shoe laces, shirt buttons,

combs, rubber bands, fastenings of all sorts, etc., supply excellent pennyworths. Penny toys of countless variety, even the monkey on the stick, catch the eye of even solemn men of business as they jostle to and from the city, and are purchased for a few moments' fun.

Useful articles for the house-keeper that make dull work lighter by their available convenience. are in demand and easily sold; Books and songs and photo-flips, a penny your choice also attract.

Then best comes the pennyworth of food that would amaze the pampered epicure, because it is good and palatable and nourishing.

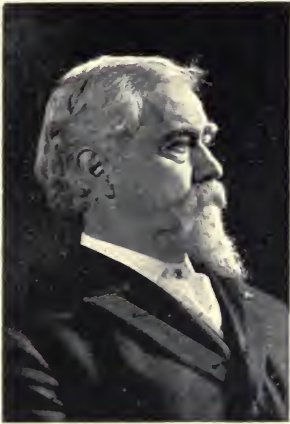
The surplus fish fried, and sold in penny lots; the meat and bread that would be wasted the next day, doled out after hours to the eager throngs who have learned that even a wolf's tooth loses its edge when biting a pennyworth. Handcarts, with fruits and sweets and nuts and ices and horrid lemonades, flourish according to the season. Who can ever forget, once having had the experience, going home from a party or elsewhere late at night; cold, perhaps wet, and spying away in the distance as you rounded a corner, the glowing coals of a little furnace on a hand carriage, containing baked and baking potatoes. Two a penny, big, hot, floury, done to a turn, always a treat for the gods, well crumpled between the hands, then burst open, with plenty of coarse salt, scraped from a huge cube tilted upon one side of the little rest on the cart, and sometimes butter. You and I may be too self-conscious to stop and eat as a plebeian, but dropping one in each pocket will find a comfortable handwarmer in transit until, under cover of home with our respectability insured against comment, we can devour the savory tuber with relish not to be despised.

Perhaps for the first time in your life, if you are bold to make the ex-

periment, you realize the gastro-nomic joy of the people by eating the "pratey" in its jacket. Before a flickering fire, your brain may conjure up some fancy as to the whys and wherefores that actually prompted the same gallant Sir Walter Raleigh who made a roadway of his scarlet cloak for Queen Bess, to patronize the lowly potato. Was it of his head, of his heart, of his stomach? In the solace of the moment your human nature inclines to the latter belief. Crowding back into your easy chair, you query to yourself: "Where is the household, equipped however well, in the wee sma' hours, could provide such a home-made treat at such a price?"

Buy experience cheap; stand as one among the rest around a potato huckster in some special quarter of London, there to witness the coming and going of all sorts of men and boys, girls and women, as they seek or leave their work, or vocation whatever that may be, at ghoulish hours. Notably among the groups see the pale-visaged, with dark circles around their eyes, who have just "clamped" the news of the world. See the youngsters, a pack of tatterdemalions that know a thing or two, who are in train to get the early distribution of the papers, or some street brawlers, and the "bobbies," those mystic guardians of law and order; it is a sight well worth robbing your head of a pillow for the night. Aye, some there are who find a place to "doss" for one penny. What must their dreams be made of?

The blunt, bold, quaint, sometimes coarse humanity that crops out; the quips and jeers, the ever-ready good and bad natured thrusts; and the women's faces, teased out of beauty by tempest-tossed lives; men self-robbed of manhood; the honest; the crafty; the reckless; the overburdened. Forsooth, the crowd is motley and too often mocks at life.



Gen. John C. Black

MEN
and
WOMEN



Warren Sanford Stone

AT the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at San Francisco, General John C. Black was elected Commander-in-Chief of the organization.

When the great war came General Black was a student at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana. His first enlistment, for three months' service, was on Sunday, April 14, 1861 (the day after the surrender of Fort Sumter) as a private in Company I, 11th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel Lew Wallace. Soon after he was promoted Sergeant-Major of the regiment. His first fight was at Romney, West Virginia, June 11, 1861. At the close of his first term of service he returned to his home in Danville, Illinois, assisted in raising a company for the 37th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was elected its Captain. Upon the organization of the regiment he was made its Major and was subsequently promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and to Colonel, and later was given the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, each promotion gained for gallant and meritorious service in battle. At Pea Ridge he was severely wounded in the right arm, and at Prairie Grove his

left arm was disabled and remains so to this day. In the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, and on other historic fields, he gallantly bore his part. His last battle was at the storming of the Blakeley Batteries in the Mobile campaign, April 9, 1865, the day of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He resigned in August, 1865, after a continuous service of four years and four months. He was never absent from his command during an active campaign or battle.

This is indeed a glorious record; from the war's beginning at Sumter to its close at Appomattox—and four months beyond—from private soldier to Brevet Brigadier General.

Warren Sanford Stone, Elden, Iowa, was elected to fill the unexpired term as Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, made vacant by the deaths of P. M. Arthur and A. B. Youngson.

This Brotherhood is one of the most conservative in the United States, and Mr. Stone will be much in the public eye for the next few years. Mr. Stone was born February 1, 1860, at Ainsworth, Iowa, and received his education at the public

schools of that city and at the Washington, Iowa Academy, and at the Eastern College, Eastern Iowa. He was a farmer by occupation until such time as he accepted a position with the Rock Island Railroad. He began as fireman on the Rock Island Road September 22, 1879, and was promoted as engineer April 14, 1884. On October 15, 1884, he married Miss Carrie E. Newell, at Agency, Iowa. In October, 1900, he was elected General Chairman of Engineers of the Rock Island system.

On May 1, 1903, he was made salaried Chairman, and later, on August 11th, 1903, elected Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

His election assures the fact that no radical change in the policy of the Brotherhood will be made. He will carry out the conservative principles advocated by the late Chief Arthur. Mr. Stone is known for his conservative principles, and is known as one of the wisest advisers of an institution national in character and essentially conservative in all its principles.

Other Kinds of Diplomats.

The first election of Senator Fred Dubois to the United States Senate was remarkable as the first and only time that any Legislature ever elected three Senators on the same day, all of whom took their seats. When Idaho and Wyoming were admitted, the Senate was so divided in the matter of the Senators' terms that it was known that of the first two Senators to reach Washington one would have a six year term and the other only four years, while of the second pair one would have four years and the other only as many months. Both States therefore tried their best to elect their Senators first, and Wyoming won out, making it certain that one of the Idaho Senators would have but a four months' term. It was then proposed to re-elect the short term Senator

for the full six years, commencing the following March. A combination was made between Dubois and the Governor, George Shoup, by which they were to be elected Senators, and Dubois was to get the short four month term and the six years term, when his first term expired. But it took twenty-seven votes to elect a Senator and Dubois and Shoup lacked several of controlling that number. Their opponents were William McConnell and J. Claggett. Claggett was their friend, and they preferred him, if they had to make a combination with a third man, but even with his votes they still lacked two of the required number, while McConnell had enough to help them out. Much against their will, therefore, they combined with McConnell, giving him the four months term, and two years later to run for Governor with their support. Dubois to have the six year term and Shoup the four years. The bargain was carried out. In joint convention on the second day of the voting, and the first day of the joint convention of the two houses, Shoup was first elected, then McConnell, then Dubois as McConnell's successor. Two years later McConnell became Governor of Idaho. Another curious feature of this Senatorial election was that Claggett claimed that Dubois had been elected by fraud, and he persuaded the Legislature to hold another election and elect him as a contestant to Dubois. He was accordingly duly elected, went to Washington, and after a long contest was allowed the extraordinary privilege of pleading his own case on the floor of the Senate, though the Senate sustained Dubois as Senator. It also allowed Claggett \$5,000 for his expenses in making the contest. The Idaho first Senatorial election was the only time in the history of the country, therefore, that three Senators were elected to the Senate on the same day,

by the same Legislature, electing four candidates to the office.

When in 1895 George C. Perkins was a candidate for election as Senator from California to succeed the late Senator Leland Stanford, his principal opponent was M. H. de Young, the famous editor. When the vote was taken in separate houses (as the law provides on the first day of the election of a Senator, Perkins had one vote less than a majority in the State Senate, though he had a clear majority in the Assembly. It was known that if he did not secure the election on the first day he was not likely to secure the place at all, as de Young had a number of votes pledged to go to him when the two houses were in joint convention, which had gone to Perkins on the first vote. Perkins' managers were therefore terribly alarmed when he showed up lacking one vote in the Senate. The State Librarian at that time was a certain Dr. Mathews, a Democrat, but one of the shrewdest politicians in the State. In the Senate there was one Democrat, Martin, who had promised to give his second vote for Perkins, but that vote would not have saved the Senator on the morrow, in the joint convention, for obvious reasons. Just as Perkins' managers were about to give up the fight. Dr. Mathews took them aside, and said: "Go in and have a second vote in the Senate now; you will get Martin's vote, and that will elect Perkins."

"But can we take two votes in separate houses on the first day?" enquired the Perkins men.

"Let the other fellow raise that point," said Mathews. The friends of Perkins rushed back to the Senate, got their friends on the floor to call for a second vote; it was taken, and by the aid of Martin's Democratic vote, Perkins was elected. For some reason de Young never raised the question of the

legality of a second vote in separate houses on the first day, although it is said to have been the only instance of the kind on record in the country.

After the close of the Civil War a number of prominent Baltimoreans who had been officers in the Southern Army, went to Washington to take the oath of allegiance, and thus avail themselves of the proclamation of amnesty of President Johnson. Among the number was a Major Winn, who was accompanied by his son, a boy of five years of age. Going down Pennsylvania avenue towards the Capitol, the boy spied the bronze statue of Liberty on the dome of that building.

"What is that, papa?" he asked, pointing to the statue.

"Why, that is the ghost of Abraham Lincoln," replied the father.

"I thought ghosts were white."

"So they are, usually," replied his father, "but don't you know that Abraham Lincoln was a black Abolitionist?"

Joaquin Miller's home on the Heights of Oakland or Fruitvale, as you please, is a great show place and the Mecca of the curious. Recently two Penobscot Bay maiden ladies, who had saved pin money for years to pay for the pleasures of a personally conducted tour from the land of Cod to the Balboa Sea, expressed a desire to visit the home of the Good Grey Poet. Joaquin was appraised of their coming long before their arrival and he was ready for them. The climb up Diamond Canyon had given them a little of the roses of California, but they were not prepared for the strenuous reception tendered them by the follower of the Sierran Muse. As they debouched into the road leading to the poet's shack he suddenly appeared before them with an armful of red rose blossoms and

pelted them in the face, crying out: "Welcome, fair women, welcome." His hospitality is proverbial. Joaquin is immediately seized with a desire to osculate, and our two prim daughters of Yankeeland could not understand why he should turn their hands palm upward and kiss them in the hollow thereof. His gallantry is as lasting as the eternal hills, and as green as the proverbial bay tree. His poetic nature teaches him to offer homage, and the cheek of one of his fair visitors was soon the recipient of a resounding smack.

Braddock's defeat was not more disastrous than that of the two visitors. After reaching a turn in the road, out of sight and hearing of all save their guide and themselves, they leaned against a dusty fence and gave vent to a simultaneous giggle; the elder gazed at the younger of the two, and said with a gasp: "I wonder what Deacon Hiram of the Corners would say to that!"

A good story is being told regarding the late G. F. Swift of Beef Trust fame. It seems that upon one of his visits to San Francisco he became deeply interested in the expenditure made by the management of the Western Meat Company, of which he was at the time chief owner. Swift was known to be frugal in the extremest sense, and could run a close race in parsimoniousness at any time in his life with Russell Sage. One morning he stepped into the office of the general manager, and spied a brand new and magnificent mahogany desk. Dennet, the secretary of the company was the nearest of the employees from whom to gather in-

formation, and calling him, in his squeaky treble the Beef King thus spoke:

"Is this desk necessary here, Mr. Dennet?"

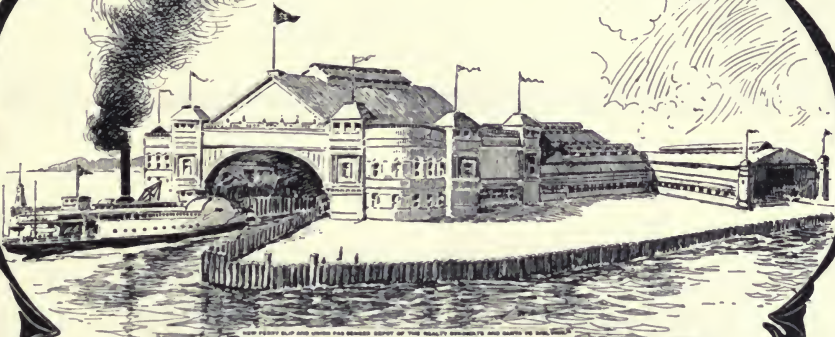
"Well, I presume so, Mr. Swift, or it wouldn't be there."

Swift immediately flew into a rage. "Presume! Presume! Mr. Dennet, you presume! a dollar and a half man may presume, sir!" he shrilled. "You, sir, ought to know, sir!"

Charles Jerome Bonapart, who has been appointed special counsel in the Post-office scandal cases for the Government, is a grand nephew of the Emperor Napoleon I. He is a grandson of the famous Miss Patterson of Baltimore, who married the Emperor's brother Jerome, and was subsequently divorced from him by the Conqueror. Madame Bonaparte lived for years in a small room on the corner of Lexington and St. Paul streets in Baltimore and always dressed in the costumes of the First Empire. She wore an immense bonnet, elaborate gowns, and carried a silk bag on her arm. She attended to all her business and was very miserly, saving her money with a view of helping her son Jerome to a throne in Europe, either by marriage or by selection by some country like Greece or Bulgaria in search of a king. Jerome, however, had none of his mother's ambition and married an American lady. His mother at first disinherited him and said he was a fool. Later she left him her money, though she still maintained he deserved the title of fool.



OAKLAND



A GREAT METROPOLIS

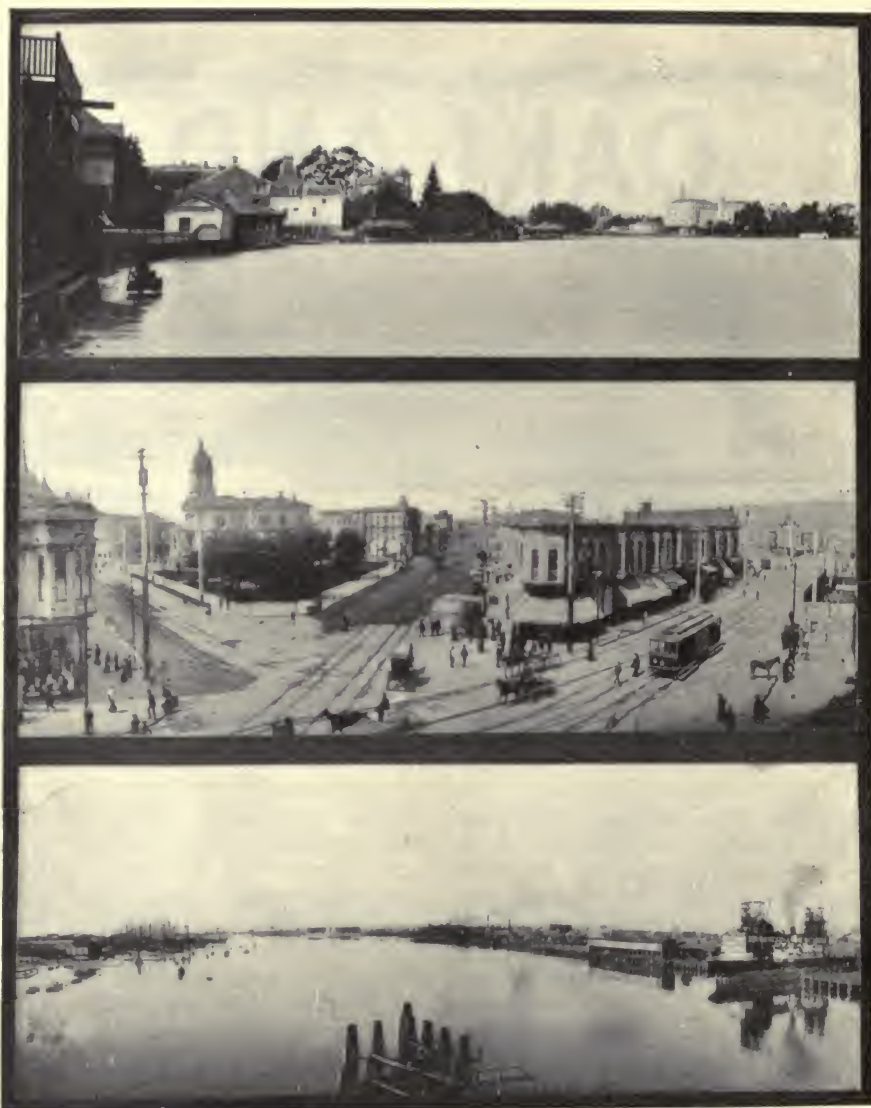
WHEN the Mission Fathers traveled northward and finally established the Dolores Mission, Fate decreed the future site of San Francisco, now the largest city on the Pacific Coast. It was not foresight or wisdom which located this city in the most inaccessible place on the bay. With the country to the eastward the Mission Fathers had no concern. All their traffic was westward, and all their means of communication by sea.

Besides this, their approach had been from the south, closely following the Coast, and the valleys that paralleled it, from San Francisco to San Diego. The uninviting sand dunes of San Francisco had no terrors for the religious enthusiasts. The tide of empire poured in from the south and from Mexico, and later in the golden days of '49 the vast majority of seekers of fortune came by sea. Had the question been decided by commerce, had the great

tide of settlement come directly from the East, there would never have been a San Francisco. Common sense would have dictated the establishment of the greatest metropolis of the Coast on the present site of Oakland. Oakland is singularly fortunate in its environment. The country immediately surrounding is most fruitful. While California is justly celebrated for its manifold productiveness there are but few of the counties of the State as productive as Alameda, of which Oakland is the county seat.

San Francisco is built on a narrow peninsula which is rapidly becoming congested and the population can find homes only to the southward, or by crossing the bay to Oakland or to one of the numerous suburbs.

Business has grown so fast of late years that its encroachments on the residence section are felt. Indeed, such a congestion of com-



A view on Lake Merritt.

A busy corner.

The Great Commercial Artery.

Frost Photo Supply Co.

merce exists as to cause a rapid increase of wharfage facilities at Oakland.

The State Harbor Commissioners control the water front of San Francisco, and the result is an excessive charge for dockage. At Oakland the constant cry of late is for more dock room, and as there is no con-

trol this is a broad field for the employment of capital and healthy individual competition.

The city of Oakland presents a field for investment seldom found in so conservative a community. With the advent of new railroads and a more liberal treatment because of the competition engendered

thereby, Oakland will at last emerge from the lethargic state imposed upon it by the congested facility of a single railroad line. In the very short period of two years, Oakland will become the terminus of three or more transcontinental railroads, and a half dozen systems of electric railroads, to the valleys of the north and south. This development is absolutely denied to San Francisco, and it is without a desire to belittle the standing or to deprecate the very evident prosperity of the largest city in California that the statement is made, but to point out a fact, which should be evident to all thoughtful people that Oakland is topographically and by right of geographical and physical position, the natural largest city on San Francisco Bay, and consequently of the Pacific Coast.

Land is now cheap at Oakland, cheaper than it will be in a year hence, much cheaper than it will be two years hence, and an investment made to-day will more than double itself in a very short time.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, in order to obtain its share of the vast passenger and

freight traffic of Oakland has built into the city. The Realty Syndicate, a corporation, which has been the greatest factor in the recent development of Oakland, has established a new ferry system in connection with the street railway lines of the Oakland Transit Company, by which the people of Oakland and Berkeley will be given a fast and comfortable means of communication with San Francisco. The Southern Pacific Company has terminal facilities in the Athens of the Pacific, the Atchison, and the Western Pacific, supposed to be the extension of the Gould lines from Salt Lake City, has numerous surveyors in the field and has secured a right of way into the city. There is great activity in all directions, and the future was never more promising than to-day.

Fifty million dollars in bonds to run thirty-five years at five per cent were voted June 28th of this year by the stockholders of the Western Pacific Railway, the new road being surveyed between Salt Lake and San Francisco. The meeting was held at the Safe Deposit Building in the office of Walter J. Barnett, who for



NEW POST OFFICE
AKR ROTUNDA



the present stands at the head of the enterprise, although public opinion credits the Gould system with the scheme for obtaining a new trans-continental route to the coast.

The especial significance of this news lies in the fact that the Western Pacific is the third trans-continental railroad to select Oakland as its Western terminal, for the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe lines already terminate here. Naturally a tri-transcontinental railroad terminal city is of some consequence in the commercial world. Oakland's

is one of bustle and activity. Great ship building firms are giving the older rivals across the bay a sharp competition, and there is a constantly increasing demand for more factory sites. Saw mills, flour mills, iron foundries, machine shops, are springing up in all directions and the hum of successful and happy industry is in the air.

There are eighteen thousand people employed in Oakland's manufacturing concerns, and to these is disbursed nearly a million and a half dollars monthly.



Postmaster T. T. Cargie and his assistant, Mr. Paul J. Schafer.

citizens realize this, for, in order to keep pace with the extraordinary business development, the municipality this year expects to issue \$3,000,000 of bonds for various public betterments.

In recent years various manufacturers, unable to meet the large rentals exacted in San Francisco, have moved to the Oakland water front, and have there established new plants.

All of these have been successful, and the scene along the front

The Oakland Transit Consolidated is the name under which is operated the Oakland Electric Street Railway System. This is controlled by the Realty Syndicate, is under one management, and fares are good by transfer over all its lines, thus giving the public the largest possible service for one fare. This comprises one hundred and forty miles of track, connecting all parts of Oakland with Fruitvale, Elmhurst, Alameda, Emeryville, Berkeley, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, and Hay-



Dorsaz Photo.

Type of new ferry boat of the Oakland Transit Company.

wards. By the time this article reaches the public, the new ferry service to San Francisco will be completed, and the extension to Haywards and San Jose will soon thereafter be in operation.

Such a thing as a bank failure has never been known in Oakland, and the city's nine banks have deposits on hand representing a per capita of \$1,375. The increases of the real estate valuation for assessment purposes is for the period of thirty years, over fifty millions of dollars.

Oakland has an estimated population of ninety thousand, and its educational facilities are so great that it has been said that more than ten thousand people cross the bay daily from San Francisco to take advantage of this fact. It is amply provided with the best public and grammar schools, and the private schools are of the very best in the United States.

It contains over eighty religious organizations. Most of these worship in their own edifices, many of which are models of architectural beauty, and possess large seating capacity.

The streets of Oakland are well paved, and there are nearly two hundred and fifty miles of well macadamized thoroughfares. There are 8 public squares or parks, of varying area, and a water park—Lake Merritt—which is one of the prettiest

sheets of water owned by any city in the Union.

The charming feature of Oakland is its private residences. A genial climate, uniform the year around, makes it especially attractive. Elegant and costly dwellings line its streets, and adorn the foothills of the northern and western part of the city, many of them commanding glorious views of the Golden Gate, its islands, and the outer Coast range beyond, and the inner Coast Range to the East. The lawns of these delightful homes are well kept and green the year around. The fire department of Oakland is well equipped, and the minimum rate of fire insurance is in force. Security to person and property is guaranteed by a splendid police force. This consists of sixty men as regulars and twelve specials, and the best police telegraphic system west of Chicago.

All these facts should be of the greatest interest to the intending settler, and when it is added that this wonderful place is supplied with the very best of water, and an adequate supply for fire protection service, it is easily seen that all municipal requirements are fulfilled.

The following table shows the growth of freight traffic in Oakland harbor since the Government began its improvements, exclusive of that transacted at the terminus of the Southern and Central Pacific Railroads, on the western shore:

Through passenger trains arriving in Oakland daily	24
Total number departing daily	23
Local passenger train movements (Oakland mole)	190
Passenger train movements Alameda mole..	100
Total number daily freights arriving (West Oakland yards)	10

Total number departing daily	11
Extra freights (daily average)	9
<hr/>	
Total train movements daily (two terminals)..	397
Carloads of freight handled at local yards, 1902, estimated	340,000
Tonnage of freight transhipped by water, 1902. (estimated)	287,000

the building of wooden ships on San Francisco Bay.

These shipyards are turning out an aggregate larger tonnage than all the ship yards on San Francisco Bay combined.

The only marine dock, for repairing and cleaning large ships, is in Oakland harbor.

The largest wooden sailing vessels ever built on the shores of San Francisco Bay have been built in Oakland harbor.



Frost Photo Supply Co.

McDonough Building, Showing Real Estate offices of Woodward, Watson & Co., Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Total number of locomotives operated (two terminals) ..	180
Total number of men employed	3,200
Amount paid out annually in wages	\$2,400,000

Oakland has the largest yards for

The largest coal bunkers in California are in Oakland harbor. The harbor is absolutely land-locked, and offers eighteen miles of flat frontage.

Vessels can enter and depart in any weather in perfect safety. Oakland harbor offers an unrivaled place for manufactories, and should in

time rival the Clyde, which it resembles, with this in favor of Oakland channel, that it has a straight and deep frontage, while that of the Clyde is tortuous and difficult of navigation.

Considered with regard to conditions bearing upon the health of its inhabitants, Oakland undoubtedly occupies an enviable position. It is only necessary to view the site of the city to appreciate the truth of that statement. Occupying the gentle slope of sandy soil which rises gradually from the eastern shore of beautiful San Francisco Bay until it meets the gentle foothills which parallel the bay shore a few miles to the East, Oakland has every desirable element for good health.

Such a sloping site insures good drainage. And in addition to this natural drainage, there is a natural feature of the system worthy of notice. The Main Lake sewer is easily flushed with a large quantity of salt water, which by a system of flood gates is impounded at will in Lake Merritt. It is a valuable feature of the city's topography that it includes no large low areas, which by collecting surface water, would become stagnant pools. This is probably the reason that there exists no "malarial district" in the city.

The climate in this locality is conducive to longevity. Its situation on the eastern shore of the bay insures protection from the raw ocean winds, while at the same time its proximity to the ocean secures the advantages of ozone in the atmosphere and of the stimulating influence of salt water air. There are no days in the year that are very cold or very hot—an even, moderate temperature being the rule throughout the year. There are but few days in the year when the sun does not shine. This is appreciated by persons of weak constitution or delicate health.

A great deal of attention has



St. Mary's College, Oakland.



Oakland High School.



The Schilling Residence.



The Christian Science Church,
Frost Photo Supply Co.

been directed toward the proper protection of the health of the school children. Oakland boasts an exemplary school department. But aside from the excellent teaching, the buildings are well constructed respecting their lighting, ventilation, heating and drains. It is the aim of the Health Department which exercises a supervision over these buildings, to have all class rooms sunny, evenly heated, well-aired and lighted from the left-hand of the pupils' desks. All schools are inspected by the Health Officer every three months, and the above points insisted upon. The school children are additionally protected by strict rules regarding the immediate exclusion of all children afflicted with contagious diseases, and also of all children living in the same house, until the disease has entirely disappeared and the fact officially certified. Especially in regard to scarlet fever and diphtheria, the authorities are very vigilant and strict, requiring in the latter disease a bacteriological examination of the throat and nose before the patient can return to school.

Although the population of Oakland has increased with remarkable rapidity during the last few years, the death rate is unusually low, being but 12.72 per 1,000 population. This is, of course, in large part due to the excellent drainage of the city's site and to the salubrity of the climate. Yet, no small credit should be accorded to the activity of the Health Officials in their efforts to control the contagious diseases.

They have kept a vigilant eye upon the water supply of the city, which comes from the high hills at the northeast. The water is abundant and pure, and comes from a natural reservoir maintained in an efficient sanitary manner. Likewise the milk inspection has been persistent and thorough. Inspectors habitually halt milk wagons as they make their rounds, take samples from the cans, examine them at the health office, and publish the reports. The cattle in this section are comparatively free from disease, and yield good, rich milk.

Other food stuffs exposed for sale in the markets are under constant supervision, the inspectors destroying all goods found to be in bad condition, and arresting parties who offer them for sale.

A large crematory for the incineration of the city's refuse is in process of construction. The Health Department maintains a bacteriological laboratory where scientific examinations are made to aid physicians in the detection and prevention of typhoid fever (which is not common in Oakland), diphtheria, tuberculosis and other ordinary contagious diseases. By the aid of this department, diseases are detected early and precautions are immediately taken to prevent the spread of the contagion. The chemical laboratory is conducted by a chemist endorsed by the State University. Well waters, foods, etc., are subjected to investigation in this laboratory.



Piedmont.

Piedmont is a beautiful suburb of Oakland, delightfully situated in the foothills. From here may be obtained a view of the bay and its cities, and the Golden Gate, forming one of the grandest of the world's pictures. The hills are dotted with splendid homes and are surrounded by a semi-tropic growth of fine trees and flowers. The climate is mild, sunny and balmy. From Piedmont one may reach Oakland in fifteen minutes, and thirty-five minutes to San Francisco via the new ferry system of the Realty Syndicate.

Piedmont Sulphur Springs Park contains seventy acres, with a profusion of native oaks and a large variety of other trees. The flowers and plants of the Park are the finest on earth, and have been arranged in such a way as to please the eye at every turn. The club-house is commodious and handsome. There are skilled caterers employed, and it has been the scene of many of society's fetes. The mineral springs are celebrated, and are an additional attraction at the Park.

Piedmont is the center around which cluster many homes of people of culture and artistic taste. This is patent to all observers and the lack of the vulgarly ostentatious is apparent. The climate of Piedmont is in vivid contrast to the winds and fogs of the nearby surrounding country.

Piedmont is reached with comfort by the cars of the Oakland Transit Company.

The future of Piedmont is not hard to predict. It is the finest suburb of a magnificent city to-day, and in time to come the beautiful hills will be dotted with the homes of refined people and these homes will be pointed out as exemplars of architectural and aesthetic beauty. This is a prediction that may as safely be made as that night follows day.



Some residences at Piedmont.

Hillside Avenue.



Courtesy Gensler-Pierce Co.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Oakland's Educational Advantages.

By P. M. FISHER

FROM the first organization of the public school system of California, Oakland has been noted for its educational advantages. The designation of "Athens of the Pacific" has long been accepted as appropriate.

Its reputation in this particular has contributed to attract a desirable population. The easy access of its people to the metropolis of the Coast and to the State University added to the character of its climate and the surpassing beauty of its environment, fit it for most desirable family residence. It is therefore pre-eminently a city of schools. To live and mingle with its people is an education in itself.

At this writing there are employed in the School Department 275 teachers, 43 of whom are in the high schools. The expense of maintaining the schools during the school year ending June 30, 1903, was \$363,118.35. The school enrollment was 12,504. Of these, 1492 are in the two high schools, probably the highest percentage of high school students in any city in the West.

The bond issue of \$400,000 some twelve years ago resulted in the building of handsome, commodious brick and stone structures of the most modern type. The prospective bond issue of the current year will furnish to growing sections attractive buildings, with ample sites for sunshine and recreation. In some instances inadequate and unsightly buildings will be replaced by new ones.

In the preparation of the course of study, every effort is made to meet educational ideals. The Oakland high school stands without a superior in the West. The Polytechnic high school is rapidly growing to meet the demand for techni-

cal instruction.

To increase facilities in this direction \$50,000 has been incorporated in the school bonding proposition. Every opportunity will then be provided for ambitious youth to prepare for college. The personnel of the teaching corps is high. The Teachers' Club, rapidly increasing in its membership, unites the teachers in common interest and contributes to the growth of a professional esprit de corps.

The system of promotion in the grades gives opportunity to the capable and hope to the slow and dull.

All the large grammar schools have ungraded classes to which teachers of acknowledged skill are assigned to make up deficiencies in pupils and bring them up to grade by sympathetic treatment. The creation of a taste for good reading and the implanting of noble and correct ideals is the care of every earnest, intelligent teacher. Books, hand skill, high examples and environment are all brought to play to make a product worthy of the place and time, and fit to cope with the future.

This is Oakland's educational task and her people respond to it cheerfully and with intelligence.

Mills' College for Women.

Mills College for Women was founded in 1865. It is the only woman's college west of the Rocky Mountains, and is thoroughly Christian but not denominational. Its graduates are received for higher degrees by all the leading universities. There are special courses in pipe organ, piano, violin and voice culture. The grounds cover 150 acres of land and there are eight buildings. The college has a faculty of twenty-five members.

In a benign climate where outdoor life is possible during every day of the year, except when the gentle rains of winter are falling, it is only reasonable that much stress should be laid on the subject of health and physical culture. To neglect to drink in the fresh air and enjoy the health-giving sunshine under moderate exertion would be to turn from the gift of the gods. Regular daily exercise in the fresh air or in the gymnasium gives that health and strength which make study a pleasure. After the concentration and effort of thorough mental application, there is the glory of the campus, where many healthful games and exercises are provided under such rules that moderation is never exceeded.

In a recent number of the United States Health Bulletin is the following under the heading, "Schools and Health":

"It seems almost beyond belief, in these days when health is considered as dependent upon proper sanitary and hygienic surroundings, that the head of a family could for a minute lose sight of these matters and send his dear ones to a place about which he knows nothing concerning the care taken to preserve the health of the residents,

when reflection will assure him that the most sedulous care is necessary.

"The United States Health Bulletin has had occasion to examine into this subject quite extensively during the past few months and if some of the facts that have come to our notice during these investigations were generally known, we believe that prospective patrons would be shocked at the unsanitary and disease-breeding conditions existing at some of the highest-priced and most fashionable schools.

"These investigations have been made without the instigation of the proprietors and generally without the knowledge, consequently they are absolutely unbiased and unprejudiced.

"Among the schools that met with the general approval of the experts investigating these matters for us, and which we have no hesitation in recommending to our readers is the Mills College, Seminary Park, Cal.

"We know nothing about the course of study at this school, for it is of no interest to us, but if the same care is taken with the mental welfare of the pupil as is shown, and plainly shown, to be taken with the physical, we feel that it deserves the support of parents and the encouragement of the public."





New Clubhouse, Piedmont Park.



Typical view in Piedmont Sulphur Springs Park

Frost Photo Supply Co.

The Water Supply of Oakland.

ANY description of a large city would be deficient in one of the great essentials if it did not contain a mention of its water supply. This is particularly apropos at the present time, as the city of Oakland is receiving vast attention from Eastern readers. Any account of the Oakland water supply, if fairly written, must redound to the credit of the Contra Costa Water Company and the gentlemen who are responsible for its achievements. Such an account would show that the energy and the capital has been rightly applied. In this day of scientific investigation, when the attention of the curious is directed to germs and microbes and when the favorite topic of those who are ever attacking the corporate interests supplying water, is to mention that absolutely necessary article as a carrier of disease, it is a great satisfaction to be able to say that nowhere in the world is there a purer or better supply than that furnished the city of Oakland.

It is a well known fact that Oakland and the surrounding country

has water within a few feet of the surface. With this body of water so near the top of the ground, wells, cess-pools, pits, etc., run together and produce a dire contamination, for germs of typhoid fever and kindred diseases live for centuries. In Switzerland a case of typhus fever occurred in the mountains, near a glacier stream of water, and for years afterwards this stream and the lakes below were infected. It was a constant source of recurrence of this fever among the people in the vicinity. On the sea level of Oakland, with the advent of city water and the consequent abandonment of shallow wells, there was a marked decrease in infectious diseases.

The death rate in Oakland, with the advent of pure water, has decreased until it is lower than that of any city in the United States of its size. Having in view the importance of a good supply of pure water for Oakland the City Council authorized the City Engineer to visit the works from time to time, and nothing was ever done without



Five miles of placid water



Boat Landing and southern end of Lake San Leandro

his sanction. This is evidenced by the reports of that official from the time the work began until the present, and through successive administrations. The plans contemplated the raising of a dam at San Leandro to the height of 150 feet as soon as the city's necessity demanded it.

Anthony Chabot, the builder of the principal dams in the State, superintended the work in person. The dam at San Leandro won him a national reputation, and this was the one work in which he seemed to have placed every resource of his mechanical and engineering skill. San Leandro dam is 484 feet long and 127 feet high, with a distance through the base of 4,000 feet. The dam backs up a lake five miles in length and one-half mile in average width, 85 feet deep and having a capacity of 6,000,000,000 gallons. The elevation above the city is 242 feet. It is capable of giving Oakland a pressure of 115 pounds, which would be too much for domestic use, and which has to be broken up by pressure breaks, giving a pressure of 60 pounds.

There are four waterways. No. 1 is constructed in solid rock and has a wasting capacity of 103,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

The lower waterway is a tunnel,

consisting of five-foot steel pipe, surrounded with masonry, and has a wasting capacity of 50,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. Waterway No. 3 consists of a tunnel ten feet in the clear and 1487 feet long, from inlet to outlet. The excavations for the work were carried to a depth of forty feet and into the mountain on either side a like distance. At the outlet of this tunnel a waterway leads to San Leandro Creek, a distance of a thousand feet.

Two years were consumed in the building of this tunnel at a cost of \$160,000. Its wasting capacity is about 3500 cubic feet per second. This is the tunnel ordinarily used in wasting water, the others mentioned being auxiliary. The capacity of these waterways may seem at first to be excessive but experience has shown that the rainfall on the watershed of the lake is at times so excessive as to require all the capacity of the wasting tunnels in order not to endanger the dam. There is at present a four years supply of water in the dam, but as the city of Oakland increases in size the capacity of the dam may be increased by raising it as intended in the original surveys. When the dam will have reached a level of 150 feet it will be shown

that a supply for ten years will be on hand and that probably by that time the full capacity of San Leandro Creek and the watershed will have been reached.

The extent of this watershed is fifty square miles, with numerous small streams and springs. The hills are well covered and shaded by primeval forests. The country not being suitable for tillage there are scattered over this immense area only about twenty-five families, and the company employs a man whose whole time is consumed in patrolling the entire water shed.

The water company owns all of the land immediately adjacent to the lake, an area of 5,500 acres. In the vicinity of the lake there are but two families, and there is no live stock to graze upon the hills. Every element that might contaminate the water is carefully eliminated. This statement brings to mind an interesting comparison of the water supply of Oakland and New York city. The area of the water shed supplying Croton Lake is about thirty square miles, which territory is dotted over with villages, small towns and hamlets, aggregating a population over a quarter of a mil-

lion. The legislature of the State of New York was compelled to pass a law condemning and destroying property adjacent to the lake in order to free its waters from contamination.

In California as elsewhere the water supply of a city is liable to more or less contamination from the growth of algae or aquatic plants, minute in character. At San Leandro a filtering plant was devised that has effectually and permanently relieved the water from the chance of carrying even the minutest particle of this matter to the consumer. This was overcome by the establishment of a battery of huge iron cylinders filled with sand and coke. A dirty filter is worse than no filter at all, and the cylinders in use at the station just described are capable of being taken apart and cleaned in a very few minutes. This work is performed for the most part automatically. All extraneous substances are thoroughly washed out. The process of filtration and aeration is carried on uninterruptedly through clean filter beds. The company owns other sources of supply beside San Leandro Lake. Temescal Lake, situated



Waste-way and tunnel number three

four miles from Oakland is also used. Its watershed is fifteen square miles. This lake is a mile in length, one quarter of a mile wide, and sixty feet deep. The dam is 680 feet long and 70 feet high. The capacity is 300,000,000 gallons. The same conditions as to cleanliness and filtration are observed as at San Leandro. This lake, 450 feet above the city's base, is in use for the higher levels of the city. The number of miles of mains laid up to date is 562 and here it is instructive to notice that Brooklyn with its millions of inhabitants requires a less length of pipe lines, though of course the size of its mains is larger. Reference has been made to the cost of water, and comparisons are constantly given with

the rates of other cities. The most important factor is that of quantity. Admitting that the former resident of Cincinnati paid \$1 where he now pays \$1.50 it must be remembered that in Oakland he gets five times the quantity and it does in no wise follow that the rate in Oakland is greater. Indeed it is much less.

In 1864, Anthony Chabot with his associates, Henry Pierce, William Pierce and Remi Chabot, after an exhaustive investigation into the possible water supplies of Alameda and other counties decided that San Leandro was the best and most available means of furnishing the town of Oakland. It was then that the Contra Costa Water Company was organized and incorporated.

KIPLING AND WOMEN

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

"For to be old and for to see,
For to admire the world so wide."

sings the poet of Imperialism, and like most globe-trotters, he has not been averse to spending some of his admiration upon the women of the various countries through which he has passed. Certain it is, that the American woman has no cause for complaint as regards his general estimate of her, for he says:

"Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant place of London; fascinating for their demureness the damsels of France; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian. But the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever; they can talk. They are original, and look you between the brows with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their

sex-right; they are superbly independent; they understand."

Kate, in Naulahka, is the only Western woman he has drawn and it cannot be claimed that the portrait is altogether flattering. Still, the inherent sweetness of her nature is developed, and reflects credit on her race. Kipling has evidently a great respect for her, and pays her the greatest compliment which a novelist can pay, that of marrying her to his hero. And he makes her the means of preaching the lesson upon the value of maternity.

Most women dislike the feminine types created by Rudyard Kipling; some are, in fact, so swayed by this dislike that they refuse to tolerate the now famous writer who is a striking, and perhaps, unique, example of an author who has gained fame and made money not only without the aid of women, but actually in spite of them.

It must be admitted in the first

place that Mr. Kipling's equipment is not the best adapted for creating a representative modern woman. He was educated apart from feminine influences and the materials placed at his disposal in his younger days in India, were hardly the ingredients from which a character could be compounded that would meet with the approval of the advanced woman of to-day. The Kipling attitude towards life is not one to render him capable of appreciating and considering the subtle influence and the indirect, as well as direct, power of women. His is a strenuous and exceedingly virile conception of things, the conception of the young man whose heart is too full of the joy of conflict to feel the necessity for the tenderness and sympathy which are implied in the very term.

He is a little impatient of women's lack of initiative and of their imitativeness. Their faith in conventionality and their innate and unshakeable affection for the respectable, he cannot away with. Such women do not strike him as being persons, and a person Kipling must have, be he officer, private, lama, or the drunken sailor of a leaking tramp steamer. Dick says in "The Light that Failed": "You must never mind what other people do. If their souls were your souls, it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work, remember, and it's waste of time to think of any one else in this battle." So saying, he condemns Maisie to be either more or less than she dreams of being. He touched her limitations and sketched her failure in that piece of advice. All or nothing is the Kipling philosophy, possibly a crude and rough philosophy, but devoid of all compromise and prevarication.

The limitations of his form of art are equally with his philosophy a bar to his proper consideration of the modern woman. The short story

gives no room for anything but definite, concrete action, clear-cut and easily defined. The woman whose actions can be thus described is not by any means the typical normal woman; she must be sought outside of the ranks of the normal, and there Kipling has generally gone to look for her.

But woman as a worker receives the tribute of Kipling's admiration equally with the working man. The mother is the recipient of unstinted praise at his hand. Work is his first great necessity for men; everything, even love itself, is secondary to that, and so with women. He pokes fun at their little pretenses and indulges in sarcasms at the expense of their coquetries, but as far as concerns what he considers women's especial work his respect is unstinted, and he accords to the mother the highest terms of praise possible to him. Kipling, then, has not, as is so frequently said, any feeling against women who work, but only against those who are inflated with the idea that they are accomplishing something when in reality they are achieving nothing beyond the satisfaction of their personal vanity.

Kipling demands from his women as from his men the power of individual and self-forgetful effort, of devotion to work, and of earnest and vigorous life. Where these qualities are absent, he regards all, men and women alike, as incumbrances and stumbling-blocks. It is against another type of woman, the class "that never could know and never could understand," that he launches his terrible poem called "The Vampire." This particular poem has a peculiar note which is not to be found in any other of the poet's works. It has a touch of the decadent and is rather suggestive of the influence of that group which finds in woman the eternal bane of existence, and instead of the joy of life, its pain and woe, a feeling which has been bet-

Kipling and Women.

ter expressed by the artists than the poets of our time.

The remarks of the poet are occasionally such as to provoke hostility on the part of women by an implied general contempt which lumps all women together under a generic term and denies them individuality and thus naturally arouses their indignation. For example, the phrase "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins" has caused much resentment. There is a leveling tendency here which is not in accord with the social opinions of the great majority, who regard it as a somewhat summary and by no means dignified dismissal of themselves. It is a little difficult to see why this expression should be regarded as obnoxious, for though it expresses a crude and probably incorrect generalization, the sentiment is so absolutely in accord with that generally prevailing that there does not appear any reason why the poet should be particularly singled out for blame in this regard. There is, moreover, in these very verses a certain distinction which escapes the notice of many of his feminine critics: "What did the Colonel's lady think?" he asks, to which he replies: "Nobody ever knew." But the Sergeant's wife, on the other hand, when asked for her opinion, tells it forthwith. Here, he implies, lies the essential distinction between the two women. The former is trained and possesses tact and control, while the latter blurts everything out irrespective of consequences.

Any notion that Kipling has a light idea of women should be dispelled when we consider the wonderful depth of his sympathy for their inevitable difficulties and sorrows. The sadness of the lot of so many women appeals to him in the strongest possible way, and the women of the zenana have no greater champion. All through his work, coupled with a strong opinion re-

garding what the poet would probably call the natural limitations of women we find a real sympathy and appreciation which is none too common among women themselves. The familiar theme of the deserted girl is treated by him with a pathos and tenderness which leave nothing to be desired even in spite of the coarseness of the language. The girl tells her story from her own point of view, not from that of the moralist; she does not conceal her hate, her fear, her self-abasement, nor yet the love which persists above and beyond all these, so that the poet is fain to utter the prayer "Mary, pity women!" as the trooper sails and the soldier goes off to perform his appointed task in the world's work.

We must give Mr. Kipling credit for his women, remembering that he is shut off from much, in that he does not and cannot appreciate the woman who is striving earnestly, and with a certain amount of success, to discover new fields of activity for herself, and to make herself of greater importance in the world than he regards as within the scope of her powers. It is here that his limitations are most apparent, but it is somewhat unfair that his failure to sympathize with what is, after all, a comparatively new propaganda, should deprive him of the consideration to which he is in all other respects fully entitled.

Kipling has an unmistakable weakness for his bad women. Even the little immorality in "The Light that Failed" is a character. She does something, even if it be something mean and treacherous. She is a creature of passion and emotion, of elementary and untrained feelings; she wants something badly, and if she cannot get it, she will at all events work her will. He hates "Tomlinsons," male or female. He cannot away with them. In the "Naulahka," it is clear that his favorite woman is Sitabhai, the gypsy

dancing girl, who has worked herself into power and is striving for still further fields to conquer. Her dash and her unconcealed villainy are delightful to him. Here he has a woman who is doing something; who is making herself felt, and he does not shrink from giving her his sympathy and the full measure of his enthusiasm. Women outside of the pale of respectability flit through his pages, inspiring sympathy for their position, as in "Without Benefit of Clergy," and wonder at the undying affection which some of them are able to win for themselves. They are occasionally not without a certain refinement, as in the case of Lalun, "The Woman on the Wall," who manages her little salon and indulged in a game of small intrigue which would not have shamed more conspicuous occidental salons. These women are all positive characters, and by virtue of their positiveness receive more sympathetic treatment at the hands of our author than do more deserving persons whose energy and individuality are not so marked. That he cannot understand or sympathize with the less obvious work of women is his drawback; he is blind except to the material.

The "work" even of society women, the intriguing and match-making, the scheming and the small politics, have a fascination for him. The type of society woman in whom he finds a satisfaction is very clearly shown in Mrs. Hauksbee. She, the arch-schemer, the good-natured, warm-hearted intriguante, is always triumphant, and all her victories are for the good of other people. She goes through the mud of that wretched British-Indian society,

nursing the sick, helping nice girls, aiding struggling, uninfluential and clever young men to realize their ambitions, and sending them on their way with a better understanding of the worth and power of a strong, capable, good woman. She is full of witty sayings charged with wisdom accumulated in her years of society-life. In the little that we see of Mrs. Hauksbee, we get glimpses of the very best type of English society woman.

Then there is the delightful old Hindoo lady in "Kim," who is carried along in her chair and is accomplished in all the tricks of dowagers from time immemorial. A deary, scold-loving, kind-hearted old woman, whose foibles remind us of those of some of our own people, and who in some ways would not have been entirely out of her element in a fashionable watering place of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Thus "West meets East, and East meets West," as Kipling passes in review the different types of women as seen through the medium of his own temperament and the opportunities, more or less restricted, which he has had for studying them.

Kipling is no moralist, no great preacher, but one must be blind who overlooks in his work real incentives to purity of life and rectitude of conduct. He talks not as an exhorter, but as a man to men, perhaps too much in the language of the smoking-room, but none the less truly and plainly. He addresses us all, men and women, in terms of good comradeship, and he shows us men and women, living and suffering, and above all, working in "a world of men."



W. H. Weilbye,
Treasurer

Theodore Gier,
President

A. Jonas,
Vice-President

Wilber Walker,
Secretary
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THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

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 A. Jonas.....Vice-President
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 Gard, N. A. Koser.

(The Merchants' Exchange of Oakland is a body of representative men, merchants and residents in the Athens of the Pacific, and a history of Oakland would be lacking in a most important particular without a mention of the pushing, energetic, active men who are responsible for its prosperity and brilliant future.—Editor.)

Section 1. The name of this Association is the Merchants' Exchange of Oakland.

OBJECTS.

First—Its objects are primarily to bring the merchants of Oakland together as an organized body, that as such, they may better protect their individual and collective interests.

Secondly—For an organized effort to promote the best interests of the City of Oakland commercially, by inducing immigration and encouraging new manufacturing industries, increased transportation facilities, and giving moral support and encouragement to the several departments of the City and County governments, whereby extensions, improvements, sanitation, morality and charity may be advanced, and our citizens mutually benefitted.

This extract from the by-laws will explain the objects of the organization. From its inception the association has not only devoted itself to the welfare and success of the merchants of Oakland, but has also found time and opportunity to assist in the development of the city of Oakland and county of Alameda.

It has given assistance to many projects which have hastened the growth of our city, and is at present busy in many ways for its welfare.



J. F. W. Sohst J. L. Champlin R. M. Briare Herman Gard
 F. J. Lea J. A. Hill Fred Sinclair N. A. Koser E. T. Muller

A brief retrospect may be of interest: During the last three years the Merchants' Exchange has assisted in locating in Oakland many factories, notably the California Flax Mills and Boole's Ship Yard.

In co-operation with other organizations it aided the coming of the Santa Fe Railroad, and was of

assistance to the new Transcontinental Railroad, which has secured terminal facilities at the foot of Magnolia street. The Merchants' Exchange has organized and carried to a successful issue the Fourth of July celebrations of 1895, 1897, 1901, 1902 and 1903.

Through its committees over



A. H. Schlueter H. C. Coward Geo. W. Arper H. G. Williams
 H. C. Capwell D. C. Brown H. M. Sanborn F. M. Farwell F. G. Elben
 Dorsaz Photo

forty thousand dollars have been raised by public subscription and expended in an honest and satisfactory manner. Much effort has been given to improving the streets of Oakland and the roads leading to Oakland. Special exertions have from time to time been put forth to stimulate home trading. In co-operation with another commercial organization committees have on several occasions secured subscriptions to publish articles descriptive of Alameda County in magazines and pamphlets.

Legislative enactments have been secured, notably the Garnishment Law, the Pure Food Law, the Contra Costa Tunnel Law and the Mutual Insurance Bill, which passed the Legislature, but unfortunately failed to secure the approval of the Governor.

Last, but by no means least, the Inter-County Wagon Road Tunnel connecting Alameda and Contra Costa Counties will forever stand as the monument of the earnest, persistent unselfish work of the Merchants' Exchange of Oakland. When in a few days it will celebrate its completion, after eight years of effort, the organization will feel that it has not existed in vain. At present the Exchange is also in charge of the Alameda County Exhibit at the State Fair, and it also expects to be of material assistance in securing a creditable exhibit of Alameda County products at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, Missouri, in May, 1904.

Such is a brief record of a few of the results attained by the Merchants' Exchange of Oakland.



Walter S. Mackay and Co., Complete Home Furnishing.

One of the Largest Furniture Houses in the West, and located in the heart of busy Oakland—whose people believe in trading at home.



View showing entrance for electric car from long trestle



Ferry slip of the Oakland Consolidated Transit Company

Dorsaz Photo



CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED
BY FLORENCE JACKSON -

It should always be remembered that the thankless task of the reviewer brings more criticism, harsh comment upon himself (neuter gender again understood) than it does upon the work reviewed; that a criticism is, after all only one person's opinion and, however honestly given is as liable to be wrong as it is certain to be contrary to that of many others, generally of the author; that criticising is not always reviewing nor reviewing criticism and that if praise is not given to the best parts, blame may have been equally erroneously applied. If, therefore, disapproval of what others have fancied is expressed, the "others" are, probably, as likely to be right (the reviewer must guard against being cornered), as is the official "we." To review without comment is easier, as it is the safer method, but it is not always a possible one to follow.

"For the Pleasure of his Company" the reader is carried through various scenes laid in San Francisco which, in that incoherent tale, passes by the name of the Misty City. If the author's aim has been to carry out the sense of indefiniteness, of

hazy atmosphere and shady doings implied in a Misty City's setting, he has not been consistent in his treatment of the idea. At times there is too much directness, again wholly unnecessary, or inexcusable shadowyness. The title of the book, attractive in itself is augmented by the sub-title "An Affair of the Misty City," but this is misleading, for one looks, led by the definite article, to expect some one thing or event as the "affair." No such is to be found. It is the story of a youth who pursues a desultory and unsatisfying existence in living on a reputation that some precocious ability has won him, and no further sustained effort increases. The tale of an Egotist, it lacks the vigor of Meredith's book of that name, and the author seems to have left behind his usual charm of style. There is no ease of diction nor is there a convincing excuse for telling the tale at all. The action is tedious, lagging, it does not give the impression of inevitableness, nor of sincerity, and this in spite of the autobiographical, or at least biographical tone. The inconsistencies are the mingling of the extremely delicate and merely suggestive imagery with the most commonplace, bald narration of extremely interesting events and people. The reader is prevented from standing, as he should do, in the place of the most important and interesting person connected with the particular thing read, the observer who is, for the time, the very doer, actor, center of all things. The unconscious demand that the people or events told of shall

be of vital significance, finds no satisfying response.

At the same time California readers cannot fail to endorse the book, since it deals with life in the State and in society that only old residents can know and appreciate. "The Pleasures of his Company," by Chas. Warren Stoddard, A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Price \$1.50.

True to their Name.

Once upon a time Edgar Fawcett wrote stories that were not only interesting but were of some literary value as well. In the latest volume from his pen the ability shown in earlier work is entirely lacking. The story of three young Western people who acquire enormous wealth and proceed to make themselves socially important, is interesting in its action, but banal in treatment. Even though it is a tale of commonplace people whose manners, speech and point of view are so far from accepted standards as to be properly termed vulgar, the telling is inexcusably amateurish and crass. Preposterous combinations of ignorance and knowledge of social usages are found in the characters of the plutocrats who as soon as wealth is secured, desert their mother as well as their friends and rush to the metropolis to become social leaders. That they are not made to succeed immediately in this is the only moderation in the treatment of his theme Mr. Fawcett has allowed himself. But the introduction of a cultivated young woman who undertakes to coach the Vulgarians in deportment and speech, supplies the burlesque element of the high-comedy sort of plot which loses even what value it might have because it takes itself most seriously. There is neither a laugh nor a groan, a tear nor a sigh forced or persuaded out of one while reading this highly improbable story of impossible people. At the

same time the book has some virtue for it makes one "want to see how it ends."

The Vulgarians, by Edgar Fawcett. The Smart Set Publishing Co., Price \$1.00.

More of War.

In contrast to some recent books whose illustrations in color have been lamentable failures, are the pictures that are found in "The Southerners," another story of the Civil War, with the action in the South and the sympathies on both sides of the great Cause. The tale too, is a pretty one, a strong one. Pathetic and stirring as it is there is always the note of hope. Mary Annan—the Southern heroine is a character whose steps one can follow to the end without loss of interest. In the analysis of her feelings when death has released her from the man whom she mourns just because of that terrible and untimely death, although she rejoices in her freedom from him, the author has done a bit of work which has no superior in describing that kind of searching self-questioning such a situation might induce. As a picture of the South during the war, perhaps no other story of that period excels this. The dedication "To the men who fought and to the women who could only wait," has an appealing and seemingly personal touch.

"The Southerners," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Heredity Not Environment.

For a book that begins with promise and whose title leads the reader to expect something worthy the use of the much-abused definite article, the story of the influence of heredity on the two principal male characters is lamely told. The sub-theme—a musical one—is treated in a more interesting way, but the story is not a pleasing one.

There are two heroes and one heroine; about three people revolves the plot. Lorrimer is a victim of drink whose nature gives way to the dominant strain, a weakness for gratifying his appetite in this respect. Thayer is a singer whose Slav mother gave him his musical temperament, but whose Puritan father endowed him with the virtues the writer makes clear in spite of the education and environment that have been his from infancy until he comes, a finished artist, to New York. It is in the scenes of social life and in the attempt at character analysis that the book lacks force. In the narration of Lorrimer's drunken follies the impossible as well as inartistic in construction reaches a climax, and when one lays down the book, when the story closes over the woman's joyous reception of her lover, who comes to her while she bends over her dead child, one experiences a moral revulsion as keen as any physically induced by the taste of unsound fruit.

"The Dominant Strain." Little, Brown & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

**Tales of the
Bridle and Rein.**

Thoroughbred is the hand that has held the lines over Horses Nine, and guided them through their interesting careers. A book that makes no pretensions to literature this record which Mr. Ford has

set down of the careers of nine good steeds and true, is captivating reading. There is the dash of pathos that all good animal stories must have, for dumb brutes' lives are like the lives of all who cannot revolt at wrong, usually crowded with instances of neglect, desertion, want and lonely old age; but there is also the verve and elan of splendid action, of intense life and honest struggle. They are separate stories, each one good from that of Skipper the gelding, pet of the police force, winner of the Blue Ribbon at the Horse Show, and then with failing health and strength the cab horse, the ash man's drudge, the junk cart's caricatured nag, rescued at last and happily restored to care and clover, to Pasha, the Southern maiden's Arab steed taken at a desperate time for a war charger and bringing home to her from the bloody field of Brandy Water her wounded lover. Of him, this milk white steed whose intelligence was the means of carrying the wounded soldier beyond chance of capture, his master says: "One half of him is Arab, the other half human."

But they are all good tales and the nine are not too much even of a horse story. Human too are many of the traits so graphically described in these histories of some of man's best friends.

Horses Nine, by Sewell Ford. Charles Scribners Sons, Publishers. Price, \$1.25.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

Six Peculiarities.

1. A larger magazine in the number of pages.
2. Beautiful illustrations, and lots of them.
3. Noted writers and artists, the best in their respective fields.
4. Two or three features every man will study once he opens the magazine.
5. Wit and humor in plenty.
6. Good stories.

The foregoing are six of the qualities or characteristics which will distinguish the November Overland Monthly. It will be far away the "best yet."

The Overland Monthly, under the new management, is not merely a picture book, an emigration document, but a magazine for the reader and thinker; it is the dearest friend of thousands of Western homes.

The Ghirardelli advertisement appearing in the Overland Monthly and in all other reputable journals on the Pacific Coast for September, should harvest an immense crop of enquiries.

The innovation of a riddle contest for the purpose of advertising chocolates is the clever production of the F. J. Cooper Advertising agency. This is the agency placing the Long Syrup advertisements, and which have resulted very successfully for all concerned.

It was just about a generation ago that illustrations first appeared in advertisements. At first, the cuts were made on wood and in the crudest form. The line or zinc plate and half-tone have done much to develop the artistic in advertising.

Great firms have done their share in giving to the public the result of work and money, but no firm has spent more money in art than the makers of Pears' Soap. Doubtless

the picture, "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais, will be remembered. We have had submitted to us a picture appearing in the August magazines which is worthy of note. The subject is the study of a head which appeals to all lovers of the beautiful and is an exquisite type of woman. No small praise is due this concern and its representatives, the Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency, who have worked mutually with the Pears' concern in the up-building of art in advertising.

The November number of the Overland Monthly will contain an article entitled "A Unionized City." The editor commends this to the careful reading of the student of the signs of the times. Any one interested in the welfare of the nation will do well to carefully read "A Unionized City."

A DESIRED INDEPENDENCE.

All the Balkan Provinces are seething in rebellion. From Trieste to Macedonia the old yearning for a Slavonian unity has found voice. In Austria the pro-German-Hungarian party is in the ascendant. Hungry eyes and covetous hands await the fading away of Francis Joseph. With the death of this aged monarch the dissolution of the Austrian Empire is at hand. Then will come the general uprising pre-
saged by the troubles in Macedonia, a unification of the sturdy Slav. Long oppressed and down trodden, these lovers of liberty will strive for a national independence. Not until this is achieved will the troubles in the Balkan provinces be stilled, for the death of the Emperor of Austria means a new map for Europe, drawn on more liberal lines and with a just regard for the rights of the people.

Baby-Skin -



NO fine lady or grown-up girl has the velvety skin like a baby—not quite.

Haven't you seen a girl or woman catch sight of a dainty baby, and, if publicity does not forbid, rush to the little stranger, and go into raptures over its pink and softness?

That's the charm of baby-skin; not of the baby.

Every woman, or man, wants, in proper measure, a baby-skin. Let them use PEARS' SOAP, which is nothing but soap; pure soap; which is nothing but PEARS'.

Most soaps but PEARS' have excessive alkali in them.

We all have a baby-skin, unless it is eaten away by alkali. Nothing but soap will find it. It may be well disguised—PEARS' SOAP will find it.

PEARS'

Brings It Back

First in Public Confidence

When advertisers seek to learn why such a powerful constituency backs the Oakland Enquirer they soon learn that it is because the Enquirer is clean, well-edited, independent and wide-awake to the best interests of the community. That is why so many people read the

OAKLAND DAILY ENQUIRER

THE OAKLAND HERALD ALL THE NEWS 40 Cts PER MONTH

F. J. Stuart, Business Manager of The Oakland Herald, being duly sworn, does hereby solemnly declare that the average circulation of The Oakland Herald for the last fifteen publication days of July, 1903, was in excess of 9,500 copies daily.

F. J. STUART,

SEAL

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of August, 1903, Oakland, California.

P. H. FELLELY,

Notary Public in and for the County of Alameda, State of California.

OF INTEREST TO ADVERTISERS

The Oakland Herald's legitimate paid circulation is in excess of that of any other paper published in Alameda County. It accepts any advertising contract on that basis.

The Oakland Herald is the only Oakland paper which offers advertisers a sworn circulation statement, or offers to submit its circulation books to expert investigation.

As a matter of fact, the paid circulation of The Oakland Herald is equal, or nearly so, to the paid circulation of all the other Oakland papers combined.

No other local paper has ever challenged this statement in its news columns. Pub. daily, except Sunday by

The Oakland Herald Publishing Co.

John C. Klein, Editor and General Manager.

THE TRIBUNE

Oakland's Greatest Newspaper

is recognized as one of the best evening newspapers west of Chicago.

THE TRIBUNE carries more paid advertising than all other Oakland dailies combined.

THE TRIBUNE is the only daily in Alameda county that publishes the Associated Press despatches.

THE TRIBUNE maintains its supremacy by securing all the news of the day by means of leased wires, special correspondents and a corps of trained reporters.

**"Advertising in Such a Medium
Gives Prestige and Makes Trade"**

W. E. Dargie, Publisher

T. T. Dargie, Secretary

OAKLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. M. ANTHONY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT

Established 1887

Has been identified with Oakland real estate for thirty years. Property bought and sold throughout California

422 TENTH STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.

T. H. RABJOHN

PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMING, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, ART NOVELTIES. FREE PUBLIC ART GALLERY

408 FOURTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

TELEPHONE RED 3610

LOUIS SCHEELINE, Merchant Tailor

404 FOURTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND, CAL. Opp. Maedonough Theater.

OAKLAND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

JEANNETTE CONNER, Principal.

Pitman and Gregg Systems. Day and evening classes

1065 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal. Tel. White 134.

ARTHUR H. BREED, President

MYRON T. HOLCOMB, Vice Pres.

HARLOW P. BANCROFT, Secretary

Holcomb, Breed & Bancroft Inc.

Successors to Heron-Holcomb Co. Est. 1877.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND DEALERS

Oakland, 1060 Broadway. Tel. Main 147.

San Francisco, Crocker Bldg. Tel. Main 1267

R. S. YOUNG SUPPLY COMPANY

—R. S. YOUNG, President—

MILL WORK, DOORS, SASH AND MOULDINGS

S. W. Cor. 4th and Washington Sts., Oakland, Cal, Tel. Red 1611

Polytechnic Business College AND SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
OAKLAND, CAL.

The largest and best equipped school of business west of Chicago. Prepares young men and women for immediate employment and secures positions for its graduates

Best Facilities. Expenses Low. Perfect Climate. Write for Free Catalogue.



OAKLAND

Terminal of two Overland Railroads. Franchise granted for a third. Ferry systems carry four teen million passengers annually. Educational center of Pacific Coast. Write for information. Come and see us. Safest City in the West for investment

JAYMANCE

Real Estate Co

—INC—
Est. twenty years. Your business solicited.
460-462 Eighth Street
OAKLAND, CAL.

GOODS YOU CAN RELY ON AT NO GREATER COS

TAFT @ PENNOYER

DRY GOODS

BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Do You Want Value?
Do You Want Climate?
Do You Want Comfort?

A better buy cannot be found than the acre lots now offering in the neighborhood of Mills College, only 1 1-2 miles from the eastern limits of Oakland.

Only \$600=Per Acre=Only \$600

For Further Particulars see

The E. P. VANDERCOOK COMPANY

Oakland Office
1016 BROADWAY

San Francisco Office
Room 32, Second Floor Mills Building

Do you know that an acre of land can be subdivided into 12 ordinary city lots, 25x100 feet each?

POCKET MONEY

Any boy or girl can make pocket money soliciting subscribers for the Overland Monthly. Write to the subscription manager.

OVERLAND MONTHLY, 320 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



GOOD BEER

*& GOOD COMPANY—SOMETHING
TO BE SOUGHT AFTER*

TRY **RAINIER**

At Your Dealers

® INNER CHICAGO.

White Advertising Bureau, Seattle.

—THE—
Northern Pacific Railway



GIANT GEYSER

is the best route to the

YELLOWSTONE

Double Daily
 Train Service

If you have not visited the famed Yellowstone Park, you have not seen the greatest wonders of the world. To alone observe Old Faithful or the Giant in eruption is well worth the trip to this famous Natural Park. Word pictures are not adequate for the occasion. You will have to see in order to be satisfied. To make this trip, you will leave Portland on the

“North Coast Limited”

arriving at the Park the second morning. The Park was opened June 1, 1903.

You will get all the comfort of home en route as the “NORTH COAST LIMITED” is one of the best

equipped trains in the world, consisting of Pullman Palace, Pullman tourist; dining and Observation cars, all vestibuled and electric lighted. The Observation car is a marvel of luxury and beauty. It is supplied with barber shop and bath, library, card and smoking rooms, in fact all the comforts one can desire while traveling.

Our rates to all Eastern points are the same as our competitors. Stop-overs allowed at Yellowstone Park. For information address

T. K. STATELER, General Agent

647 Market Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

WITH 20 SUBSCRIBERS

Canvassers will receive a splendid Fountain Pen Value \$3.00.

FREE

AND A LIBERAL COMMISSION

IN CASH

Send for Subscription Blanks.

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320 Sansome Street, S. F.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

PAPER.. Of all Kinds

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch—311 N. Main St.

A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT PAINE'S PERFECT PIPE

Makes pipe smoking a delight. ALWAYS clean and cool. Used by sportsmen and pipe lovers all over the world. Improves any tobacco a hundred fold.
FREE A handsome booklet on PIPES and HOW TO SMOKE THEM.
Two pipe cleaners free.



Franklin H. Paine
Duluth, Minn.

Government revolvers, guns, swords, military goods, new and old, auctioned to F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway N. Y. Large illustrated 15c catalog mailed 6c stamps.

I CAN SELL YOUR Real Estate

No matter where it is or what it is worth. Send description, state price and learn my wonderfully successful plan.

W. M. OSTRANDER

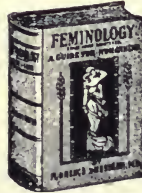
336 NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA



I GROW HAIR

ON BALD HEADS that still show fine hair or fuzz to prove the capillary Glands are not dead. Cure all diseases of the scalp and prevent baldness. (Write today.) Send 4c in stamps for question blank and full particulars. 14 years successful practice.

Prof. GEORGE A. GARLOW, Specialist.
Los Angeles, Cal.



"Feminology"

FREE—A complete table of contents and sample pages upon request.

A household necessity. A plainly told, scientific book about woman. The most descriptive, intensely interesting and valuable work ever written. It tells woman the vital things she must know about **maldehood** and **motherhood**. It treats of marriage, parental inheritance, nursing, children's diseases and their care, physical culture, personal beauty, giving information that is all important to health and happiness. Home common sense treatment for all women's ills. Saves

doctor's bills. "Feminology" has 700 pages, beautifully illustrated, and 26 colored plates.

"If some of the information contained in Feminology were more widely and timely known and heeded, endless and needless miseries might be avoided."—Chicago Tribune.

"A book of information such as a wise mother will desire to place in the hands of her daughter when the latter marries."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

C. L. DRESSLER & CO., 2211 Gladys Ave., CHICAGO, Ill.



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SPINAL CURVATURE Can be Cured.

ALSO OTHER DEFORMITIES.

Write for free information. Highest testimonials from prominent statesmen, and physicians. Consult your Family Doctor. No braces or appliances used. Treated successfully by mail. Six years' experience.

THE BLOMQUIST
Gymnastic & Orthopedic Inst.
16 to 21 Arlington Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from and cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. It has no equal. Ask for it and take no substitute.

Package of Espey's Sachet Powder Sent Free
On Receipt 2c to Pay Postage

P. B. Keys, Agt. 111 So. Center Ave., Chicago.

FAT My treatment quickly REDUCES fat and PURIFIES the BLOOD. Purely vegetable and harmless. Endorsed by physicians. Book mailed FREE in plain sealed letter. Write Mrs. E. Y. Stockham, Box 916, New York City.



Scientific System for Developing the Bust and Improving the

Complexion

including use of electricity, mechanical massage, internal and external medication, and physical culture, self-applied. Money refunded if no results. Particulars in plain envelopes.

Dept. A.
Electro Massage Company

Box 1362, Seattle, Wn

Varicocele Hydrocele



Cured to Stay Cured. No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed Cure or Money Refunded.

VARICOCELE. Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health. Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, innumerable blood and nervous diseases result from poisonous taints in the system. Varicocele and Hydrocele, if neglected will undermine physical strength, depress the mental faculties, derange the nervous system, and ultimately produce complicated results. In treating diseases of men I always cure the effect as well as the cause. I desire that every person afflicted with these or allied diseases write me so I can explain my method of cure, which is safe and permanent. My consultation will cost you nothing, and my charges for a perfect cure will be reasonable and not more than you will be willing to pay for the benefits conferred.

The Master Specialist, who Cures
Varicocele, Hydrocele, and treats
Patients Personally. Es-
tablished 1869.

Certainty of Cure is what you want. I give a legal guaranty to cure or refund your money. What I have done for others I can do for you. I can cure you at home.

Correspondence Confidential. One personal visit at my office is preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call, write me your condition fully, and you will receive in plain envelope a scientific and honest opinion of your case free of charge. My home treatment is successful. My books and lectures mailed free upon application.

STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Safe Deposit and Trust Company's Building, 701 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

"Nothing so Rare as Resting on Air"

The N. Y. YACHT CLUB

entire fleet of 25-footers, designed by **MR. CHARLES F. HERRESHOFF** 18 Broadway, New York City, and now under construction by

The **HOLMES SHIPBUILDING COMPANY**, West Mystic, Conn.

will be equipped throughout with

PNEUMATIC CUSHIONS

Pneumatics have all the qualifications of every other kind of Cushion or Mattress, with many additional recommendations of their own. We own and control every practical patented device for "staying" Pneumatic Goods. Any other that is offered you is either an infringement on our "stay," or a crude iron makeshift.

Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co.
4 A. SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

For Sale By - H.S. Skinner & Co., 801 Market St., S. F. S. F. Weeks & Co., 31 Market St., S. F.

Dr. Deimel Underwear



BEARS A LABEL WITH THIS TRADE MARK

The Dr. Deimel Underwear has made LINEN-MESH famous, wherever underwear is worn.

All who want the genuine article, the one which gives freedom, comfort and protection each and every day of the year, will look for Dr. Deimel name and Trade mark.

The Best Houses Everywhere Sell It

For catalogues and samples of the material, address

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.

111 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Or

NEW YORK,
491 Broadway.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
728 15th St., N. W.

MONTREAL, CAN.
202 St. Catherine St.

LONDON, ENG.
10 Bread St. E. C.

Varicocele Cured at Home

PAINLESSLY, RAPIDLY & PERMANENTLY

Men suffering from weakened nerve force, constant depression, gloomy forebodings, fast becoming unfitted for active business life, fail to attribute their deplorable state to the proper cause. They know they have Varicocele as they have suffered some discomfort on account of it, particularly while standing. But the evil effects due to Varicocele are so gradual that they neglect it until the entire system is undermined and they are forced to realize that something must be done to prevent them from breaking down completely. To such sufferers I say, don't fall into the hands of Quacks—don't submit to the knife—don't pay enormous sums to so-called specialists. After an exhaustive study of pelvic and nervous diseases extending through my entire medical life, I became convinced some years ago that Varicocele was the foundation of almost all nervous breakdowns among men. I then bent every energy toward the discovery of a cure for this disease, and two years ago succeeded in perfecting and patenting a simple mechanical device with which I have since cured 3621 cases, I guarantee this device to cure any case of Varicocele without inconvenience or loss of time from business.

I will send sealed my treatise on the cause, effect and cure of Varicocele, to any sufferer **FREE OF CHARGE**, or my device in a plain sealed package, prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00.

MARK M. KERR, M. D.

336 Park Building,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.



\$30,000 DIVIDEND

PAID TO SHAREHOLDERS BY

The Cripple Creek Free Gold Mining and Milling Co.

SECURITY AND BIG PROFITS

In a general way, investments may be divided into two classes: First, the investment which is for the purpose of receiving a regular income; second, the investment which is for the purpose of making great profits.

The man who buys stock usually takes one of these two positions with reference to his investment. If he has a sum of money on hand which he thinks ought to be earning something he looks about to find some stock which is a sure, safe investment, which he can dispose of without loss at any time, and which will yield him a small annual dividend. Such an investor does not expect to become rich by holding such stock, nor does he wish to risk the whole or any part of the money he has thus invested. He wants it to earn him something. He has probably paid par value or over for such security and can sell it at any time for what it cost him. In other words the purchase of such a stock is similar to buying United States bonds or to putting his money in a savings bank at three per cent interest. He does not expect his securities will be worth much more than he paid for them, and is satisfied if he gets his money back when he wants it, and has been drawing a fair income meanwhile.

It is almost impossible to find a stock which will answer these requirements of safety and security and at the same time have a chance of leaping up in value to many times what was paid for it.

On the other hand, the investor may wish to place his money in some stock selling at a low figure, and which may become worth ten times or a hundred times what he paid for it. If he buys such a stock it should be for the purpose of making big profits. There must be an element of risk and this element is always in inverse ratio to the element of security or safety. In this class are the investments in stock of mining and oil companies. Some years ago, for instance, the investor of this kind could have bought at from 10 to 50 cents a share the stocks of some of the greatest mining and oil companies now in existence, worth at the present day from \$50 to \$100 a share.

A third class of investments might be said to exist which combines to some extent the characteristics of the two kinds mentioned. This class would be, of course, the ideal investment, combining security with the chance of large profits, such an investment as stock of the Cripple Creek Free Gold Mining and Milling Co.

The location of properties, work done, capitalization, experienced and reliable management and everything of like importance considered, this is as good a mining investment as was ever offered, with large possibilities.

We have already paid \$30,000 in dividends.

Prospectus, Order Blank, Maps, etc., can be obtained by writing

THE CRIPPLE CREEK FREE GOLD MINING AND MILLING CO.

312 BOSTON BUILDING, DENVER, COLO.

NERVOUSNESS Exhausted or Debilitated Nerve Force From Any Cause

Cured by **WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL**

It contains no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, or any injurious ingredient whatever

This pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest, and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally caused. Our remedies are the best of their kind and contains only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples

Price, **ONE DOLLAR per Box**, by Sealed Mail. **No Humbug or Treatment Scheme**

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit, so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation.
Yours sincerely,
Dr. T. J. West

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility. ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise, securely sealed. **Winchester & Co., Chemists, J-611 Beekman Bldg., New York.**

FOR WEAK LUNGS USE WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES. EST. 1858.

All trains of the Michigan Central passing Niagara Falls by day stop five minutes at Falls View.

Summer Tours

Through the most picturesque parts of the United States, via **MICHIGAN CENTRAL** The Niagara Falls Route, embracing

Niagara Falls

Thousand Islands

St. Lawrence River

Adirondacks

Hudson River

Saratoga

Berkshire Hills

White Mountains

New England Coast

Mackinac Island

The Michigan Trout Streams

and the Michigan Health Resorts

Send red stamp for illustrated descriptive booklet

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A.

735 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago.

Mention Overland Monthly



Union Photo Engraving Co.

WE MAKE PRINTING PLATES AND WE MAKE
A SPECIALTY OF MAKING THEM RIGHT

142-144-146 UNION SQUARE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO

OO

WE CONSIDER
THIS ISSUE
OF THE

Overland Monthly

A MODEL
MAGAZINE

OO



What do you think about it? Send us your suggestions as to topics, we will pay for good ideas. How can we improve our advertising pages? How can we improve the reading matter.

Address: **Manager OVERLAND MONTHLY CO.,**
320 SANSOME ST., S. F.

OO

READ ALSO THE MYSTERIOUS STORY CALLED

THE MS. IN A RED BOX

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR. \$1.50. ?

NEW FALL NOVELS

ELEANOR DAYTON **\$1.50**

By **Nathaniel Stephenson**
Author of "They That Took the Sword"
"The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton"

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS **\$1.50**

By **Charles Marriott**
Author of "The Column"
"Love With Honour"

WHERE LOVE IS **\$1.50**

By **William F. Locke**
Author of "Idols," "Derelicts,"
"The Usurper," Etc.

BORLASE AND SON **\$1.50**

By **T. Baron Russell**
Author of "The Mandate"
"A Guardian of the Poor"

Write for Complete New Illustrated List to

JOHN LANE, 67 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

? BY WILFRID S. JACKSON. \$1.50. ?

HAVE YOU READ THE HUMOROUS STORY CALLED
NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

THREE BEAUTIFUL POSSESSIONS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

1 A Yearly Subscription to The International Studio costs \$3.50 and means that each month you will receive the most sumptuous Art Magazine ever published, surveying the whole field of Art and current topics, both in articles by eminent authorities, and by a profusion of magnificent illustrations of every kind. There are seldom less than eight full-page plates in colour, mezzotint, or photogravure; and in all about one hundred text cuts, including half-tones, line drawing, &c. **3.50**

THE ART PORTFOLIO

2 There are many subscribers who wish to have a representative selection of the finest plates which have appeared in the International Studio during the last seven years, to frame or to put up in their rooms. To fill this need the publisher has had an addition of handsome Portfolios made, each one containing fifteen of the most noted full-page colour or photogravure plates, mounted on card mats, ready either to hang up as they are, or to be framed. The Portfolio costs five dollars. **5.00**

THE ART ALBUM


3 New Subscribers may like to have a collection of plates from the International Studio, covering the last seven years of current Art history, or Old Subscribers may be glad to review the period at a concise glance, so to speak. For this purpose the publisher has collected 100 of the finest representative plates, bound in a handsome volume, which is issued at five dollars. **5.00**


You can purchase the above separately, or you can send in your order for


THE THREE ITEMS TOGETHER \$10.00


Write for full and free circulars, subscription blanks, &c., &c. to


JOHN LANE, Publisher, 67 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



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 THE HON. H. ASQUITH



 W.S. LILLY



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 SIR LEWIS MORRIS



 W.B. YEATS



 ANDREW LANG



 SIDNEY LEE


 HERBERT PAUL


 SIR E. ARNOLD


 EDMUND GOSSE


 SIR WEYNES REID


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 LESLIE STEPHEN

OUR FIELD

EMBRACES THE WHOLE WORLD OF LITERATURE

THE LIVING AGE

WORLD'S GREATEST INTELLECTS

ARE REPRESENTED IN ITS PAGES

All of the writers whose portraits appear in the margin of this page were represented in last year's numbers of **THE LIVING AGE**; and with them Katharine Tynan, Maxwell Gray, George Meredith, Fiona Macleod, Maurice Maeterlinck, Hilaire Belloc, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Eugene Melchior de Vogue, Paul Bourget, Henry Lawson, Arthur Christopher Benson, Max Beerbohm, Pierre de Coubertin, William Watson, Maxime Gorky, G. M. Trevelyan, Emily Lawless, Theophile Gautier, Prince Kropotkin, and many others.

THE LIVING AGE

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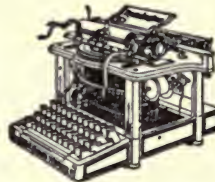
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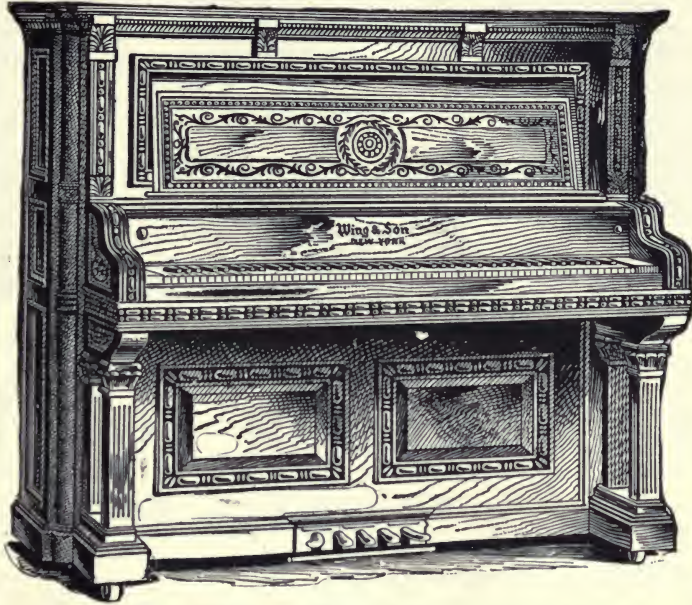
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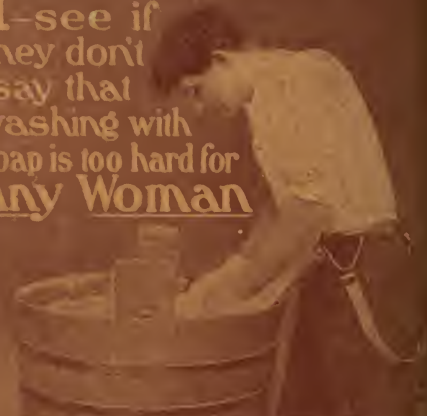


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NOVEMBER, 1903

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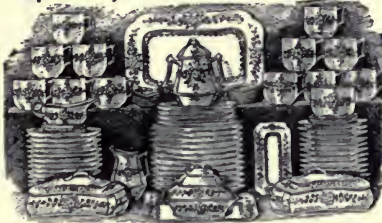
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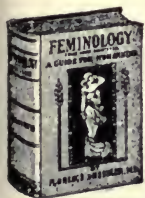
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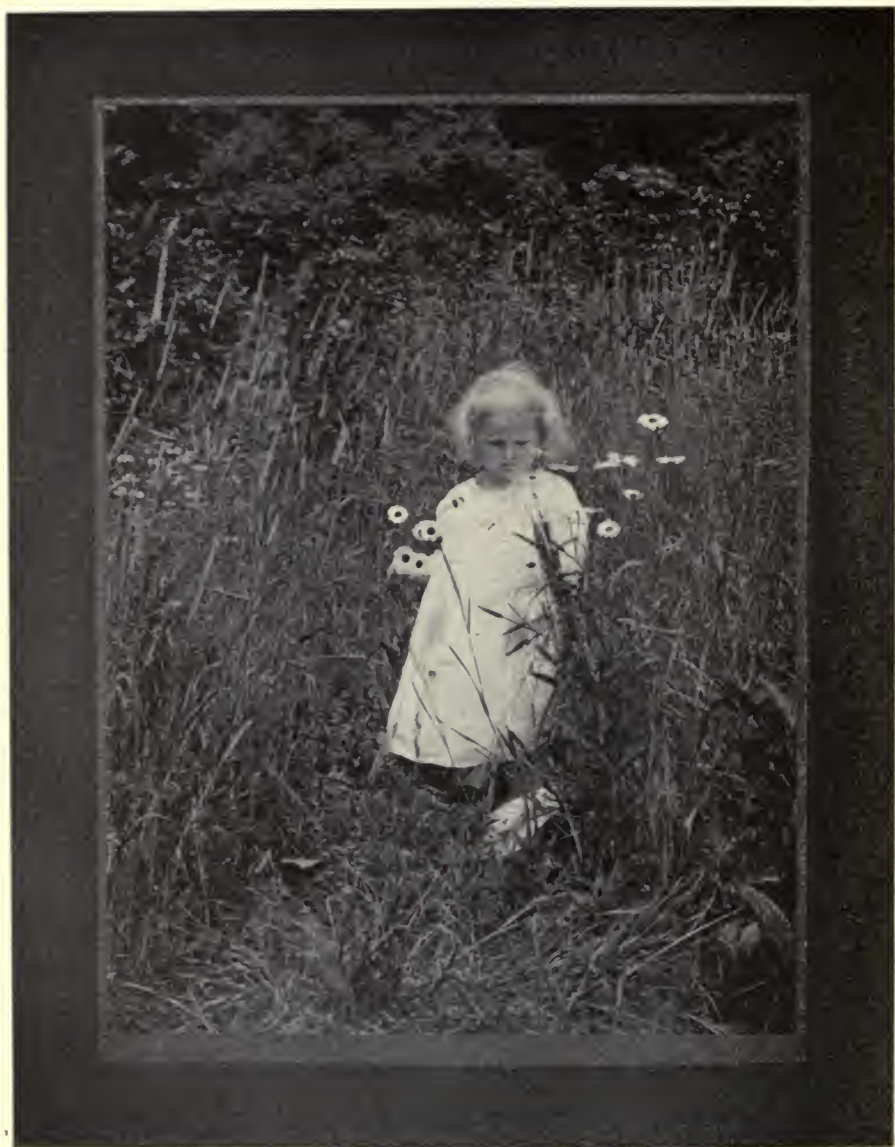
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No 5.

OUR COAST POLICE.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter Service in its Routine Work and as an Auxiliary to the Navy.

BY JOANNA R. NICHOLLS KYLE

“WHAT are the duties of the Revenue Cutter Service?” is a question asked with unblushing ignorance by many otherwise well-informed citizens of the United States; for, as children have a vague idea that the police keep order in a city and have authority to arrest persons who offend against its laws, so does the general public entertain limited views respecting the maritime constabulary of the nation. There are, in fact, no busier vessels in the United States than the little fleet belonging to the Treasury Department (most of them named in honor of Secretaries of the Treasury, whose authority they represent), which police the coast, and well deserve their chosen motto, “Semper Paratus.”

The revenue marine corps was organized in 1790 from the bravest survivors of the old continental army and entrusted with the guardianship of the commercial interests of our newly-created republic. For eight years ten small cutters, not only protected the revenue from customs and aided in its collection, but acted in every capacity as the sole naval force of the country. In 1794 they were highly instrumental in abolishing the slave trade, those stationed at Southern ports arrest-

ing a number of vessels engaged in this illicit traffic, and liberating the captive negroes. Piracy, which molested the trade of the Gulf of Mexico during the early years of the nineteenth century was also effectually broken up by vigilant cutters. Two or three of these small craft would attack a vessel many times their own size and strength, board and carry her deck in a hand to hand conflict, or chase the winged ship of prey to her bayou of resort with the persistency and fearlessness of martins in pursuit of a hawk.

Established upon a military basis, the Revenue Cutter Service has preserved its reputation for those “fighting qualities,” which originally guided the selection of its officers by Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury. In every war in which our country has been engaged for the past century, the cutters have played a distinguished part. While co-operating with the navy, in 1812, by acting as despatch boats and on guard duty at various ports, they captured the first prize of the war, the schooner Patriot, and thirteen other vessels, taking nine hundred British prisoners. Throughout the troubles with the Seminole Indians several cutters



U. S. Revenue Cutter Hamilton.

were engaged constantly on the coast of Florida, rendering assistance to the Federal forces on sea or land, as the emergency dictated, and again, during the war with Mexico, they formed a valuable auxiliary to our naval fleet. In response to the summons of the endangered union the "Harriet Lane" steamed promptly to the relief of Fort Sumpter, and at every point of danger which the ensuing four years of struggle developed the ubiquitous cutters were present.

Were it not that, after being attached to the navy, the names of cutters became so confused with those of naval vessels and other craft composing the auxiliary fleet that their corporate existence fails to be distinguished, it would hardly seem necessary to call attention to the brilliant achievements of the Service during the recent conflict with Spain. The whole country thrilled with admiration when it became known how the little "Hudson"—Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb commanding—valiantly went to the assistance of the disabled tor-

pedo boat "Winslow" in Cardenas Harbor, and won for herself a place in history.

"War," as Admiral Schley recently said, "shortens life, but it also broadens it." On this occasion it drew forth a deed which rivaled in its self-sacrifice the sinking of the "Merrimac," and proved of what mettle the officers of the Revenue Cutter Service were composed. In broad daylight, without a chance that the enshrouding darkness might cause her to be mistaken for anything but an enemy, Lieutenant Newcomb steered his insignificant-looking little boat to the rescue in the very teeth of the Spanish guns and towed the unfortunate Winslow out of range of their pitiless fire. But for his fearless persistence in throwing a line on board the entire crew of the Winslow must have shared the fate of Ensign Bagley and the five seamen who were killed. The "Hudson" is "nothing more than a big launch," as a naval officer said at the time, in commenting upon her gallant action. She measures ninety-seven feet in length by

twenty-seven feet beam, her defensive armor was about a quarter of an inch thick, and she carried only two six-pounders beside a machine gun, but Lieutenant Newcomb kept these firing so rapidly that, in the space of thirty-five minutes they had discharged one hundred and twenty rounds.

On the same day, May 12th, during the desperate battle against fearful odds to cut the cable out of Cienfuegos, the cutter *Windom*—under the command of Captain S. E. Maguire—charged the enemy's batteries, advancing to within a thousand yards before opening fire. One shot from her guns demolished the lighthouse which the Spaniards had converted into a fort and were utilizing. Under cover of the bombardment conducted by the *Marblehead* and *Nashville*, little boats were launched and the cable cut by their occupants, many of whom paid dearly for their courage. Masked batteries riddled the devoted little craft, but Captain Maguire lowered his boats and rescued the wounded men while continuing to pour a torrent of avenging shot and shell into the town. In the thick of this engagement the senior naval officer present expressed his appreciation of the cutter's fine work by signaling, "Well done, *Windom*!"

It will also never be forgotten that it was the cutter *McCulloch*, the swiftest vessel in Admiral Dewey's fleet which brought the news to Hongkong of the great Manila victory. She was a new cutter, just completed, and was on her way from the Philadelphia shipyards to the Pacific Coast to enter upon her first service when she was stopped at Hongkong and attached to the Asiatic Squadron. She was the first to be fired on at the battle of Manila, nor did her conduct lack official commendation from Admiral Dewey himself.

The Revenue Cutter service is ostensibly a civil institution; yet, true to its attitude as the nation's police to preserve peace and order, it holds itself in perpetual readiness for belligerent operations. Its vessels are armed cruisers manned by enlisted men under the command of commissioned officers, who are directed to compel obedience on the part of merchant vessels, by force if necessary, to the inspection prescribed by our maritime statutes, also to see that they observe the laws of navigation and anchorage in our crowded harbors. Incidentally, a cutter will suppress a mutiny on board some merchantman. The enforcement of neutrality is another duty devolving upon the service. In



U. S. Revenue Cutter *Woodbury*.

fact, the disturbed condition of affairs in Cuba for three years prior to our war with Spain made a constant drain upon its resources and badly crippled it for the performance of its routine work. Owing to the frequent attempts on the part of United States citizens to send illegal expeditions to help the insurgents it was found necessary to station four cutters as sentinels around the peninsula of Florida, while two others guarded the seaports between Pensacola and Wilmington, N. C.

The Revenue Cutter Service also has errands of mercy to perform, such as helping to extinguish fires. The Chicago conflagration of 1871 and the destructive fires on the cotton wharfs of Mobile in 1896 are entered upon the official chronicles as occasions calling forth the best efforts of the cutters, which happened to be stationed in those vicinities. The Bureau of Life Saving receives material assistance in its noble work by the enactment which requires revenue cutters to cruise along the coast in winter to watch and warn off vessels of commerce from approaching too near to the treacherous breakers, a task involving great personal peril to those employed; and in seasons of violent outbreaks of yellow fever the Marine Hospital Service also relies upon these overworked little vessels to aid in maintaining strict quarantine regulations. When the establishment of a military cordon around the infected region is found necessary to prevent the spread of disease the indefatigable cutters guard the water exits from the town or district under suspicion.

Truly, the Revenue Cutter Service, with its multifarious duties in the cause of justice and humanity, falls under the apostolic definition of a true self-sacrificing worker—"in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by one's own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in

the city, in perils in the wilderness." Throughout every section of our country the cutters are regarded as federal representatives, and both numerous and diverse are the claims made upon its good offices, but it is upon the Pacific Coast that the most strenuous exertions of the Service are elicited. Ever since 1895 the entire patrol of Bering Sea, to enforce the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, to suppress smuggling and the sale of liquor to the Esquimo by unscrupulous speculators, and to protect the valuable seal rookeries on the Pribilof Islands—a patrol formerly shared by the Navy—has devolved entirely upon five cutters, the most important of which is the *Bear*, a vessel that has won her spurs in Arctic navigation during Admiral Schley's gallant expedition to rescue Greely, in 1884. Advantage is taken of the annual cruise of this Bering Sea fleet to send supplies of fuel and provisions to the various mission schools, and during the past five or six years the *Bear* has been employed in transporting reindeer from the neighboring shores of Siberia to the live stock farm established at Port Clarence, Alaska. It is the intention of our Government after introducing these domestic deer into the peninsula to give them to the natives who are being trained to take care of them—a noble charity which promises to accomplish a great end, not only by supplying food to the starving Eskimo, but by converting them into a race of herdsmen and agriculturists to promote their civilization. Late in the season the *Bear* carries relief to our whaling fleet, and follows in the wake of the retreating ice pack as far as Point Barrow. The sufferings of the whalers who are so unfortunate as to become imprisoned by the closing in of ice behind their path are too horrible to contemplate. Great frozen masses rise around

them like the chilling walls of a tomb, leaving no chance of escape until the wind veers to the north-east with sufficient force to blow the ice off shore.

Frequently, after these poor men have been rescued by the arrival of the friendly cutter they commit suicide or show symptoms of insanity—a fearful witness to the mental strain they endured so long before succor reached them.

But what terms of praise are strong enough to commend the heroes who, at personal risk, go to deliver their fellow men from such a frightful predicament and take the chances of perishing with them? The difficulties of Arctic navigation even under the most favorable conditions cannot be exaggerated. The currents are capricious, being



U. S. Revenue Cutter Windom

governed by the wind and ice. Without unremitting watchfulness and skill the vessel venturing into these frozen regions will be caught in the fatal "nip" between two ice-floes and ground to pieces. Her solitary passage is often over uncharted bays, through such dense fogs that sometimes the startled cry of the birds which swarm around the rocky islands is the first intimation which the ship's crew receive of their perilous proximity to the shore. The shoalings, too, in certain sections, are exceedingly abrupt, and when to these hardships is added the darkness of an Arctic winter, the bravest heart might well shrink back appalled. Yet, under circumstances of this nature, only five years

ago the courage, fortitude and self-sacrifice displayed by officers and men of the Revenue Cutter Service through months of active struggle and passive endurance in carrying aid to a large number of our distressed whalers to Point Barrow and restoring them to civilization, turned the eyes of the whole nation upon the deed and drew from the President of the United States a special message to Congress.

When the Bering Sea patrol fleet disbanded as usual after its summer work at Unalaska, in September, 1897, it was to learn that the whaling fleet had not returned, but was probably shut in by ice at the northernmost point of Alaska, and that the 265 men composing its crews would be in danger of dying from hunger unless aid could reach them early in the spring. Great concern was felt, at headquarters in Washington, over the perilous situation of our venturesome whalers. At first the President contemplated sending a naval ship to their relief. Then the Revenue Cutter Service was asked if it had a vessel available for the purpose, and all its esprit de corps was stirred. Captain Shoemaker, Chief of the Service, answered that the Bear could be utilized as soon as she returned to the States. Next came the inquiry, "How soon could she be made ready?" "In about ten days," was the prompt response; so that it was settled that this already famous cutter should assume the honorable responsibility of effecting the rescue. She had saved General Greely's life—her good fortune might not forsake her now! She arrived at Seattle, Washington, on November 6th, and so rapidly were the preparations for her winter trip pushed forward that by the 29th of that month she was fully equipped and provisioned for one year, carrying in addition 12,000 rations as relief stores, and sailed once more for the North, under the command



U. S. Revenue Cutter Morrill

of Captain Francis Tuttle, all of her officers and a crew of fifty men having volunteered for the hazardous enterprise. It was easily recognized that it would not be practical for the ship to ram an entrance into the polar sea before the descent of the ice pack in the following July or August, hence the plan was conceived of putting an expedition ashore to transport provisions by dog teams overland, if possible, to the starving whalers, stopping en route at the Government reindeer stations to take a herd of these animals with them, as the best method of carrying a fresh meat supply was to drive it on the hoof. The prospect was indeed a grim one on December 16, 1897, when the overland expedition embarked at Cape Vancouver, Alaska—its most available point of departure—the ship having been driven back by winds and ice to the south of Nunivak Island. Before them stretched a desolate waste of country whose frozen whiteness had never before been traveled over even by dog-sleds, bare and cheerless, almost destitute of inhabitants and gleaming cold under the stars of a perpetual night. The party was led by Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis, a young officer, whose dauntless courage and unflinching devotion to duty, united to a long experience in Arctic work, promised well for the success of the project even without the able support and moral encouragement given by Second Lieutenant Ellsworth, P. Bertholf and

Dr. Samuel J. Call, who shared the hardships of that toilsome journey of 1500 miles.

But short rest was taken at the appointed reindeer stations, yet these places served as oases in the desert of ice and snow, and the "God speed" given by the officials in charge was even more refreshing. At the Cape Prince of Wales stock farm a generous re-inforcement was extended. Mr. W. T. Lopp, agent of the American Missionary Society, consented to accompany the party all the rest of the way to Point Barrow, and to take with him a trusty native guide, named Artisalook. Mr. Lopp had been in charge of the stock farm for several years, and, being thoroughly experienced in the management of reindeer, his company was invaluable when 450 of these domesticated creatures were to be conducted in safety through a totally uncivilized region; but the personal sacrifice involved by his leaving home will best be appreciated when it is realized that his family remained utterly unprotected among a half-barbarous people. To the credit of the Esquimo, however, be it commemorated that his absence was not taken advantage of by any acts of violence or misconduct.

As much as three months and twelve days were consumed by the slow mode of travel. Esquimo dogs are sturdy, long-suffering little creatures, however, whose exertions



U. S. Revenue Cutter Hudson

are partly prompted by a constant anticipation of the meagre allowance of food doled out to them by their frugal masters. A team of seven dogs has been known to make a continuous pull of twenty-one hours, dragging a burden weighing three hundred pounds, and if the moon happened to rise upon their exhausting labors, the whole pack instantly picked up their ears and as if refreshed, made a new start.

One can imagine how picturesque was that solitary tent where the travelers clustered, the glow of their own resolute hearts helping as much to keep them warm as the muffling furs—outside the herd of deer ranging about in search of tundra moss, (their natural food) but never wandering very far from the camp. Those must have been weary days of lonesome monotony, unvaried save by the ever-increasing bitter cold. At length Point Barrow was reached, and none too soon. The wretched prisoners of nature were on the verge of great privation. Assistance had been lent them by the native inhabitants of that vicinity, but when it is remembered that poverty is the universal condition of the Esquimo, the paucity of such assistance will be readily comprehended. Bad sanitary conditions also existed from a lack of proper discipline; many of the whalers were sick, and Dr. Call soon found himself actively employed. Lieutenant Jarvis at once assumed command in the name of the United States, and under the wise organization resulting a marked hygienic improvement commenced. But the members of the gallant relief expedition were fully conscious that the deliverance they brought was only temporary, that they had come to share the confinement of that icy fortress, and that only by the most discreet management could they escape a similar approach to the brink of destitution. Starvation's ghastly visage might look down upon them

all should the Bear, which was spending the winter at Unalaska, fail to reach her destined goal when the warm weather opened navigation. As it was, during the four long months of isolation waiting for her coming the food supplies were nearly exhausted. July 28, 1898, while the rejoicing shouts over the victory at Santiago de Cuba yet echoed through the nation, a bloodless triumph of American seamanship was cheered by homesick exiles in our far-off territory as the glorious Stars and Stripes waved in sight once more, and the Bear steamed proudly into Kotzebue Sound. The fresh provisions distributed by Captain Tuttle with a bountiful hand were eagerly welcomed and joyful preparations were inaugurated for the journey home.

The conduct of the Revenue Cutter Service upon this notable occasion is but an example of its habitual heroism. The officers who performed the deed for which their countrymen laud and admire them to-day are but types of the sterling manhood of which the gallant little corps is composed, yet they are among the poorest paid servants of our Government. A captain (the highest rank obtainable under present regulations) receives a salary of \$2,500 per annum. The Service has no retired list, and its members are entitled to a pension only when they become disabled while co-operating with the navy. It seems appropriate to close this brief sketch by quoting the words of President McKinley in his message recommending that a vote of thanks and gold medals of honor be bestowed upon those who had effected the rescue: "I commend this heroic deed to the grateful consideration of Congress and the American people. The year just closed (1898) has been fruitful of noble achievements in the field of war, and while I have commended to your consideration the names of heroes who have shed

lustre upon the American name, in valorous contests and battles by land and sea, it is no less my pleasure to invite your attention to a victory of peace, the results of which

cannot well be magnified. The dauntless courage of the men engaged stamps them as true heroes whose services cannot pass unrecognized."



"She Knows the Harbor, Where Her Keel Hath Lain"

The Inter-urban Trolley as a Factor in Modern Life

BY TIREY L. FORD



Tirey L. Ford.

THE memory of man need not run far into the past to recall the rattling, rumbling, swinging horse car, with apparently more lateral than forward motion, that made its uncertain way out to the terminals on the hither side of the end of the city. It is but a step back to the dusty county road that led to the suburbs, and but a short interval to the day when lads trapped wild birds in the Western Addition. We have passed through the epoch of development of urban transportation and have witnessed its marvelous effect upon adjacent, yet at that time, outlying property. Without the invention of the cable road the hilly sections of San Francisco were doomed to slow and doubtful growth, for neither steam nor electric traction could have overcome the hills or brought this section of magnificent

views within reasonable reach.

We are now about crossing the threshold of another epoch in railway and municipal development. The inter-urban trolley line is here—the line that avoids the highways, where it may, and takes to a private right of way—the line equipped with ties and rails as heavy and as expensive as those of a steam road—the line with a roadway having fills and cuts that avoid the country grade—the line that is operated by means of large and comfortable high-speed coaches, equipped with whistles and air brakes—the line that passes through adjoining villages and picks up the suburban dweller in front of his rose-embowered country home twenty miles away, and delivers him in the center of the metropolis, in front of his place of business.

Such is the latest development of the trolley that has just made its appearance here. In the East, suburban lines of this character radiate from every large city running to every point of the compass, and for strictly suburban travel have, because of cheapness, frequency of cars and convenience, supplanted the steam road.

The question is asked: What will result from the inter-urban trolley down the peninsula of San Francisco? For in that direction alone is such development possible. The San Francisco business man or working man whose fancy or whose family have taken him into the suburbs, has heretofore crossed the bay to its eastern shore, where boats and trains were reasonably frequent. As a result a large part of what is truly San Francisco's population lives across the bay. Down the San Francisco peninsula, the natural out-

let for San Francisco's overflow, land-holdings have been confined to a very few and a very rich few. The man of ordinary means could not purchase, or make his home there, except within circumscribed limits, not because the real estate was held at extravagant prices, but because it was not for sale at any price. The climatic conditions down the peninsula beyond San Bruno, where the Coast Range commences to rise to almost the dignity of mountains, is wholly different in climate from either San Francisco or the territory lying across the bay, which has a western exposure and is subject to the fog-laden breezes from the ocean. Down the peninsula there is a strip of level land running from the bay to the foothills, and then a strip of rolling land rising to the mountains, varying in width from two to seven miles, that is unparalleled by any strip of country adjacent to this city, and the equal of any in the State. The Coast Range offers a wall against the incoming of the ocean breezes and while around and about San Francisco and across the bay a dull gray fog casts a gloom over a midsummer day, and furs are common on the streets, the sun is shining in San Mateo and light apparel is the rule. This favored stretch of land has long been exclusively the home of San Francisco's richest families, and its growth has been extremely slow because the large land owners wanted no neighbors. Within the past ten years, however, as the original holders have passed away, a number of large estates have been subdivided and offered for sale in lots of varying size, opening to the world the climatic advantages hitherto held in monopoly. It is into this section that San Francisco's sole inter-urban road has laid its tracks.

The first effect of this newly-constructed line would seem to be to build up this territory at the expense of other less favored subur-

ban towns. This beyond doubt will be the result. Living in the suburbs is very largely a matter of habit. The man of the suburbs is of a kind apart, or, put in another way, there is a percentage of business men and working men who for various reasons will always go to the suburbs for their home. It may be for the sake of the children, it may be for health's sake, for love of flowers and country life, for quiet repose, it may be any one of a dozen reasons, but the man who prefers the suburb to the city—and who shall say he is not the wise man—forms a large percentage of the city's merchants, clerks and working men. The first effect of this inter-urban trolley will be to divert such men—whose ties elsewhere are not so firmly knit—down to the more promising and more desirable land just newly opened up. How far distant this development may be is merely a question of how long it will take to acquaint a given number of people with the superiority of the country in question—for that it has superiority must be conceded.

The first effect the trolley will have upon the village itself—its merchants and tradesmen—will possibly be discouraging. The novelty of the ride is likely to induce the village shoppers to seek the city for their purchases, but experience has shown that this condition does not continue long, although the village can never compete with the metropolis in some directions, but as to groceries and household supplies of all sorts, the suburban market must always control. So soon as the tide of settlement starts that way, the local merchant will be more than compensated for any temporary loss brought on by what is known in country trade circles as the "basket brigade."

The inter-urban trolley has in other localities brought about certain definite changes and these changes have largely benefitted out-

lying districts. The experience of one locality has been about identical with the experience of another, and we of the West will go contrary to the experience and general rule that prevails elsewhere if the inter-urban trolley down the peninsula does not build up San Mateo County beyond the dream of its most sanguine inhabitant. Elsewhere a retail section is maintained in prominent towns along the lines of inter-urban trolleys, and the same condition will prevail here.

To consider the inter-urban road as a moral agent is not new. The reason of it all is very clear. The rearing of children on city streets is not calculated to produce a creditable type of manhood or of womanhood. Cheap and frequent trolley transportation service to the adjacent country gives to the man of moderate means that which has hitherto been the exclusive property of the rich—namely—an opportunity to quit the congested and more or less vicious sections of the city and rear his family in surroundings pure and sweet, both morally and climatically. Temptations of a great city are no longer just outside the doorway of the home,—a better life—one of higher morality—is possible. Better children, removed from the evil influence of the crowded metropolis, are the result. Better husbands—better wives, better home life, follow naturally. As a great moral factor the inter-urban line ought to, in some measure, help out the solution of this problem. All

men of moderate means will not move to the country, but the thoughtful man with a family to rear, he who keenly feels the grave responsibilities that rest upon him in this particular, will be likely to remove that family from the zone of temptation, provided he has the ability so to do. Eventually, if one may prophecy, it seems inevitable that at least the northern portion, and perhaps the whole of San Mateo County, will become a part of greater San Francisco. It is the modern tendency for the great metropolis to absorb the territory adjoining, and take in the thousands who really and of right belong to it, and do business within its borders. From a selfish point of view San Francisco itself must be interested in developing the peninsula as against any other suburban section, for that development, whatever it may be, will some day belong to her.

A recent visitor from the East—an observing man—indeed a man whose very business is that of Observation, remarked: "Your city, it seems to me, does not cover any more territory than Minneapolis, that has a population of only 250,000. Why is it your population is so congested?" The answer is: "San Francisco is a city of boarding houses," and our visitor spoke the truth when he later declared: "You would have a healthier, happier and a more contented people if you had more homes, more gardens, more elbow room."





A Havasupai Woman Making Corn Meal Cakes.



Limestone Cave, Near Bridal Veil Falls.

Photo by F. H. Maude.

CATARACT CANYON, THE HAVASUPAIS

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

IN July of last year, as already narrated in the *Overland Monthly* of June, 1903, I visited the Grand Canyon of Arizona, my companions being Mr. L. Diamant (a member of the Sierra Club) and Mr. Julius Kahn of San Francisco.

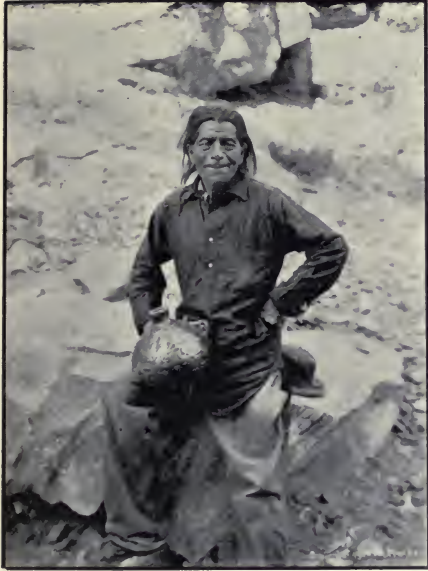
On our way by rail from Williams to Bright Angel we fell in with Mr. W. Bass, who has been described by Mr. George Wharton James as "the only real guide into the Grand Canyon of Arizona." Mr. Bass came from Indiana in search of health, and settled down on a ranch near Williams.

Some accounts which he read of the Havasupai Indians made him eager to visit the people of the Blue Waters. For such is the meaning of the full name Haha-vasu-pais, "haha" being waters, "vasu" blue, and "pais" people. His first attempt in company with a man named McKinney nearly cost him his life, but on a second attempt he met the sub-chief of the tribe and became very friendly with him and the rest of the people. Mr. Bass felt so much interest in the Havasupais that he urged the Indian Department to send a teacher to Havasu Canyon to establish a school and a farmer to instruct the people

in agriculture. In 1891 a Special Commissioner was sent to try to persuade the chiefs and heads of families of the Havasupais to send their children to the Indian school at Fort Mohave. This they refused to do, and ultimately, through Mr. Bass's efforts, they secured a school house, a teacher and a farmer in their own beautiful canyon.

Before we parted from Mr. Bass we had arranged, on our return from Grand View, to go to Bass's Camp, at the head of the Mystic Springs trail down to the Colorado river.

On July 23d we enjoyed a delightful drive from the Grand View Hotel through the forest to Bright Angel, where we took the train, leaving it at Bass's Point. In a buckboard buggy we drove some twenty-five miles through sage-brush and juniper trees to Bass's camp, which then consisted of a wooden cottage and several tents. In the afternoon we drove out to Havasupai Point, which commands one of the most superb vistas of the Grand Canyon. Dutton's Point on the northern ruin stands clearly out, and many of the principal points on the southern ruin, such as Rowe's, Bissell's, Moran's, etc., rise boldly to view. As the sun dropped in the



A Havasupai Indian.

Photo by W. H. Simpson.

west, the lowest portions of the mighty gorge became dark, while the tops and easterly faces of the great mountain-peaks in the canyon gleamed with golden and rosy splendor. Gradually the brighter colors faded to violet and indigo, until the rising morn lent a new and strange beauty to the scene.

Next day we were up at five o'clock in the morning, making preparations for our journey to Cataract Canyon. Horses and burros had to be caught, the shoes of the saddle and pack animals looked to, provisions sorted out, and many other things done. Our party consisted of seven persons—Mr. Geo. Wharton James, the well-known traveler, lecturer and writer; his brother, Mr. Duncan James; two young ladies, Mr. L. Diamant, Mr. Julius Kahn, and myself. Mr. Bass drove us out along a road that wound through a grove of cedar, juniper and pinon to a spot where some spreading trees on a little knoll suggested luncheon and rest. Here our pack animals were loaded and each of us was provided with

a saddle-animal. Mine was a chestnut Arizona-bred horse, whose patience, sure-footedness and good temper made our four days' association very pleasant. A few miles from the place where we had rested we came to the head of the Topocobya Trail, and from a height of a thousand feet or thereabouts looked down into Cataract Canyon.

Down this steep, rough and dangerous trail we began cautiously to wind our way. The cliff is almost perpendicular, and its face is strewn with boulders and stones. Dismounting, we proceed ahead of our horses, zigzagging down, here and there over steps cut out of the rock. A little before reaching the bottom we make a turn to the left and find a level semi-circular spot large enough for all of us, horses and burros included, to stand upon. In a corner at the base of a great rocky precipice is the Topocobya Spring. But, alas, though there is a pool there is no drinkable water. Shortly before our arrival several Indian



Blind and Aged Havasupai Woman.

Photo by W. H. Simpson.



Mooney Falls, Cataract Canyon.

Photo by F. H. Maude.

ponies had been at the spring and had trampled it so that many hours' of quiet and subsidence would be necessary before the pool would be fit for use again. The name Topocobyia is applied by the Indians to this spot because its conformation resembles the curve between the thumb and the forefinger.

In a little while we find ourselves at the foot of the great declivity and in the dry, stony bed of a stream. The trail, however, often takes us along smooth rocks above the bed of the canyon, and as these slope downward it is safer to dismount and lead one's horse. We are in Topocobyia Canyon, whose great walls of limestone and sandstone tower threateningly above us. After proceeding for a mile or so we turn off to the left into Rattlesnake Canyon, where the trail leads us along ledges of smooth rock that need some care to traverse safely. We descend from the terrace by a rude stairway of the living rock, and enter the main Cataract Canyon. By this time darkness has overtaken us, but the serious difficulties of the journey are over. We can

ride the rest of the way to the village of the Havasupais, and though the trail is merely the rock-strewn bed of a mountain torrent, our animals pick their way safely. After awhile we come into a grove of cottonwood trees and hear the welcome sound of running water. Here are the springs of Havasu Creek, which has hitherto flowed underground, but from this point to its junction fifteen or twenty miles lower down with the Colorado River flows above ground, as an honest river should.

We soon hear dogs barking and dimly perceive a fence of barbed wire surrounding a building of some kind. This is the school-house, which we discover next day to be a substantial stone structure. As we grop along, Mr. James calls out "Chick-a-pan-agi, Chick-a-pan-agi," this being the name of a friendly Indian in whose allotment he wished to camp. But no reply comes. We do, however, fall in with an Indian acquaintance of Mr. G. W. James, and make arrange-



Nearing Head of Topocodya Trail.

Photo by W. H. Simpson.



A Maiden of the Havasupai.

Photo W. H. Simpson



Havasupai Summer Home.

Photo W. H. Simpson

ments to camp on his ground. We splash through a little stream and down a narrow path between two fences, and find ourselves in a small enclosure. Here our horses and pack animals are relieved of their burdens, fed and watered. We ourselves have eaten nothing for eleven hours, and have drunk nothing but a little hot water from our canteens. After a hasty meal we sleep on the ground in the open air.

Next morning we perceive that we are on the level floor of Havasu or Cataract Canyon, the ancestral home of the Havasupais. We are in the heart of a magnificent gorge, which corresponds much more nearly to the common notion of a canyon than does the Grand Canyon. Cataract Canyon is nowhere more than a quarter of a mile wide, and in several places it is much narrower. On either side are perpen-



Havasupai Indian School Boys on a Frolic.

Photo W. H. Simpson

dicular cliffs of dark red sandstone from 1000 to 2000 feet high. Here and there on ledges are cliff-dwellings or stone-houses of the Indians. A few feet from us rush the swift waters of the Havasu, in which it was a delight to paddle and splash, for at this point they are not deep enough for swimming. Having breakfasted, we felt disposed to enjoy a rest after our long journey of the previous day.

But the Indian agent, Mr. Shelton, who had heard of our arrival on the evening before, sent down a

Canyon we accept the company of Vasna, the policeman. So we established our camp in the little grove of cottonwoods through which we had passed the night before under the shadow of a great rock upon which were painted the names of General McCook and other officers of the United States army who had visited Cataract Canyon many years ago.

The village of the Havasupais begins at the schoolhouse and occupies the whole floor of the Canyon for three miles nearly to Bridal Veil



In Havasu Canyon.

Photo F. H. Maude

Havasupai policeman, named Vasna, to ask us to call upon him. We found him considerably annoyed at our visit and at our having camped right in the village. When we had explained that we were tourists and had no ulterior purpose in visiting the Canyon, he asked that we move our camp just outside the village above the school house; and also that in our wanderings down the

Falls. The stream flows very rapidly, but here and there a dam forms a pool where delightful swimming may be enjoyed. The banks of the stream are thickly green with cottonwoods, mesquite bushes, willows and other green trees. Corn, peaches and many fruits and vegetables grow abundantly. The prevailing hue of the mighty walls that hem in the Canyon is dark red,

though here and there strata of lighter color are seen. Few more lovely spots can be found anywhere.

A good part of our afternoon was spent in making arrangements for a "to-hol-woh," or Indian sweat bath. A beehive-shaped wicker frame is erected over a circular space large enough to seat four or five people closely, leaving a little room for the stones which have been heated to a red heat in a fire near the frame. Willow-leaves are strewn on the floor of the little hut, which is covered with heavy Navajo blankets. The men, entirely nude, crouch on the leaves, a corner of the blankets is raised, and several of the red-hot stones put in. The blankets are then drawn closely over the frame. As may be imagined, the heat soon becomes intense, and perspiration breaks out at every pore. An Indian who was with us in the to-hol-woh huts chanted a weird song, of which I understood that there were to be four stanzas. It seemed as though it would be impossible, after enduring the first stanza, to live through three more of them, but we did. The most trying ordeal comes last. A bowl is pushed under the blankets and water is thrown upon the red-hot stones. At once a furiously hot steam arises, which makes the nose and eyes tingle. After that we demanded release, and running down to the creek, plunged head-long into its cooling waters. That evening we had as guest at our supper Man-a-ka-cha, the Kohot or Chief of the Havasupais. He was dressed in ordinary American clothes, and seemed familiar with the various foods that constituted the meal. We had soup, canned meat and fruit, tea and corn on the cob baked for us by an Indian woman at our open fire.

On the Saturday morning, in company with Vasna, our Indian policeman, we set out to explore the canyon as far as it was possible to

go. On the way down we passed two noble pillars of red sandstone, which are named Wig-li-i-wa and revered as gods. About three miles below the schoolhouse, Havasu Creek gushes over the rock, and forms the Havasupai Falls. A little further down are the Navaho Falls, after passing which we came out upon a rugged stony place, where the sun beats fiercely down upon us as we wind our way up and down the trail. When the rocks become too shelving and dangerous for further riding, we dismount and tie our horses to the scanty bushes, or, from lack of these, to blocks of stone. There we leave them out in the pitiless sun to wait patiently for our return. Down the rocks from shelf to shelf we make our way, coming soon to a densely shaded pathway, over which springs trickled. The banks at our side were thickly covered with ferns. We emerge into a sort of open meadow, and find ourselves at the foot of Bridal Veil Falls. The stream here extends across the canyon, and is interrupted in many places by clumps of cottonwood trees, bushes and rocks. Parted into many rills by these obstacles, it dashes over the edge of the cliff, which is possibly two hundred feet high, in the delicate veil-like form which suggested its name. Behind it from the massive, overwhelming cliffs of red sandstone, nearly two thousand feet in height, and above all is the rich blue sky of Arizona.

After luncheon we crossed the creek and clambered up into the wonderful limestone caves formed by the deposit of the silicates with which the blue waters of the creek are heavily charged. By putting our feet and hands into footholds in the face of the cliff, and here and there crawling through little chambers, we got up to the top of the Falls. The walls of the chambers have been covered with fantastic ornamentation by the constant drip-



Man-Ka-Cha-Wa—Havasupai Chief.

Photo W. H. Simpson



In Topocoby Canyon.

Photo F. H. Maude

ping of the lime-laden water, which once flowed here but has changed its course as centuries have rolled on. Climbing down the face of the cliff was more ticklish work than climbing up, but all accomplished the descent safely.

Lower down, the canyon narrows greatly, and the high frowning walls nearly close it in altogether. The creek confines itself to a narrow bed and rushes rapidly on its course. After a while we hear the sound of falling waters, and know that we are nearing Mooney Falls, so named from a prospector who lost his life there. The cliff ends abruptly, and we look over a sheer precipice of a hundred feet or so to the rocks beneath. As it was im-

possible to descend without a rope ladder, we retrace our steps, loth to leave so beautiful a scene, but delighted to have laid up a recollection which will never fade. Though the Little Canyon of the Blue Water is on no small scale, it possesses a more intimate and appealing beauty than the Grand Canyon, which appalls by its vastness and repels by its isolation. The Grand Canyon is marvelous, stupendous, but crushes by its immensity. The Havasu Canyon, though well-nigh inaccessible, is not too vast to be beautiful. It is certainly the loveliest home of any Indians on the Continent and is one of the beauty spots of the world.

THEIR LAST TRAIL

BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY

IF it is true that cutting off the hands of a Baxter street clothier deprives him of all power of speech, what argument can a cowboy be expected to enforce if you take away his arms? The "short, sharp bark" of his pistol, always at hand, quick, faithful and vicious as a watch-dog, is the colleague of his disputation. It is the italics, the exclamation point, the conclusion of his syllogistic premises, and the umpire of his debate. This, at least, is the case with the very newest and roughest western settlements.

Rapid City (the "city" being the star at which the townspeople aimed, rather than an index of population)—Rapid City was an extreme example of these picturesque but unwholesome communities. The alarming death-rate, indeed, managed to secure the town a certain amount of free advertising, but even this was of a sort that tended to induce less immigration than emigration.

The realization of this latter unpoetic truth compelled the local marshal to issue a reluctant edict forbidding man, woman, child or broncho to "pack a gun" in the vague limits of the city. He was not blind to the heroic poetry of staking a life on a tiny bullet, or the dramatic justice of an appeal to arms; but he was there primarily to serve the municipal advantage. So he nailed up his manifesto—with the revolutionary effect of Luther's thesis.

Now the present incumbent of the marshalsy of Rapid City had won his exalted position solely because no one could recall a time when he had been either dilatory for a fatal moment, or inaccurate for an effective hair's-breadth, in his manipulation of that product of

the American desire for quick results.

So the cow-punchers took out their revenge in oaths and threats against the next election, and from the very day after the edict the place of the pistol knew it no more.

Men had a half-clad look and a naked, defenseless feeling without their customary armament. Many a hand went back to an unresponsive belt, and quarrels went tame and all unsatisfactory. How was a man to prove his ownership of an over-boiling "jack-pot" with only empty hands to verify his claim? How set the tenderfoot to hopping in Terpsichorean terror? How avenge the lie direct without artillery? For fists are undignified weapons on the frontier, and for use only in unimportant squabbles, and as an introduction to the higher court procedure of the revolver.

Rapid City had managed to survive about a week of this uncomfortable, negative virtue, when Jesse Bolande, Esquire, rode into town at about four of the afternoon. He had been on his ranch all week, and as he stood at the unmirrored bar of "Keno Jim's Place" he listened to the new state of affairs with many an oath of incredulous amaze. At his right side, hammer to the front, swung his far-famed .44 extra long revolver. To demand it of him would be calling on Hector to yield up his lance and count himself tamed.

So Bolande stood, lounging in relaxed might across the grimy little bar and throwing into his unsealed throat glassfuls of liquid fire—that uncongealed lava of a western distillery-volcano. Suddenly those at the window began to evince genuine excitement, a thing unusual in the

more than socially blase cow-punchers, whom a mortal combat hardly galvanizes.

One of them blurted out, smacking his lips Valkyrie-wise in anticipation of a magnificent battle: "Watch out, Bolande, the Marshal's comin'."

Bolande shrugged his huge frame in contemptuous indifference. Quick upon this heralding came the Marshal's august self. He paused just inside the door and blinked his eyes, in introduction to the dusk of the low-browed room. In the twilight he did not impose an heroic figure. His colossally impressive power saluted you only when the full day brought you a glimpse of a jaw that was not square and phlegmatic, but yet gaunt and nervously firm; of eyes that did not waste their ferocious steel in a set fierceness, and yet gave a hint of lurking demons. The Marshal was hardly above medium height, and rather below medium weight. His light bones were wrapped with steel wire rather than with ponderous muscles whose bulk is their own chief hindrance. The Marshal wore a pistol at his side, *ex officio*. His duty demanded it, and no man feared its abuse in the dove-like gentleness of his unoffensive moods.

The Marshal and Bolande were old friends. They had once moiled on a ragged claim upon the mountains together; they had stood back to back in skirmishes with yelling savages in a howling wilderness. And now their youthful mistress, Adventure, had lost charm for them and they had drawn into the shell that a man in his forties will protect with his life from any encroachment, though he has no desire to make it the base of excursions into other men's preserves. But Bolande and the Marshal were still good friends, bonded with the golden link of mutual reminiscence.

When the Marshal entered the

room, he did not, at first, see Bolande's revolver, and there was an unrestrained cordiality in the "How!" with which he greeted him, while the warmth of Bolande's answer strove with a pacificatory uneasiness.

When finally the glint of Bolande's dingy weapon struggled through the smoke of the room to the Marshal's eye, he said quietly, that others might not hear: "Jesse, stick your gun behind the bar till you're leaving town. Can't let you tote your gun in this man's town now."

Perhaps there was too much of the city official and too little of the friend in his tone, for Bolande's look took on a hint of rigor, and there was a twang of defiance in his tone as he tried to laugh out his "Owning this place now, are you, Marshal?"

There was too little subtlety in Bolande's intonation to deceive the Marshal in its portent, and he flung back a sharp reply: "Any skin off you, if I do?"

And Bolande calmed before the other's frank resentment and shrugging himself again, murmured: "Nope. But thar'll be some off the man that tries to take my gun away."

Almost pleadingly the quiescent Marshal answered: "Jesse. I'll give you till six to put up your gun, or pull your freight out of this."

Still more unassumingly, but still more firmly, Bolande answered: "You'll find me right here at six. Bring your nerve with you, Marshal. Have a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do, Jesse. Here's how!" and they drained the martyrdom with unflinching gusto. Then the Marshal turned to leave, and Bolande sang out, with no whit of banter in his voice:

"So long, Marshal! Six o'clock, is it?"

"Six, Jesse," he answered, with as much of tender appeal in his voice

as was possible in a throat made brass with the raw western air, and a heart grown flinty with years of concealed, repressed and thereby little-known emotion. "Better think it over, Jesse."

Bolande only answered half apologetically: "I'm not heavy on the think," and retrieved himself from tenderness with a blunt, "but I'll be here, six foot two in my socks." The outer day had swallowed the Marshal.

The cynosure of all the eyes ambushed behind heavy eye-brows and low-brimmed hats was Bolande, who was again at the bar, rigid and erect as a tower. One hand played a tattoo with his half-emptied glass, the other hovered at the butt of his pistol. He was stolid, alert, grim, deadly.

The whizz and boom of the striking clock startled every one in the almost noiseless room. The fights of frontiersmen are generally the sudden promptings of an unforeseen rage. Formal, punctual duello is rare. Even Bolande was a little nervous and gulped not infrequent stimulants to whet his nerve and anger to the nicety of a razor. With knowledge born of life-long experience, he had equally refrained from drinking himself past the best form.

The Marshal evidently thought it only right to give his old friend three minutes of grace, for it was a little after the hour when his step was heard on the board walk outside. His lean, strong figure was clad in his best broadcloth—he would fight like a gentleman, ready for grave or triumph. That his ready-made suit was much too loose hardly marred the untheatric sublimity of his erect, stern, stubborn, Anglo-Saxon courage. In very modesty he pulled his broad-brimmed hat over the panther blaze of his ruthless glare.

When the Marshal entered the saloon, Bolande waited calmly for his eyes to learn the denser twilight

of the room. His hand drew a little nearer his revolver, but forebore to draw it or even clutch its handle.

As the Marshal's searching look made out Bolande's form, and hunting further, found his pistol unde-throned, his teeth set hard upon the last plea of friendship, and with a perfectly level voice he said, inquisitorially calm: "You're still here, I see."

"I'm here," came an answer of equal phlegm.

And though there was a cry of iron in his voice, yet it was quiet, as the Marshal declared war thus: "Then, by God, look out for yourself!"

With epic equality and speed the weapons leaped into position. The spectators, knowing no shots would be wasted, kept only from the immediate neighborhood of the fight. Two semi-circles of faint glamour marked the path of the revolvers as they flashed from hip to aim. A spitting of quick fire—two sharp smacks of noise, so twined that neither eye nor ear could name the earlier, and the revolvers had spoken. Neither in vain.

Bolande fought with his arm swinging free, his whole body exposed. The Marshal's first bullet hit him in the depth of his chest and whirled him completely around. The next shot lunged into his unwounded side and thrust clean through him.

The Marshal, a little cooler, a little readier for battle, had crooked his left arm into a shield for his heart and lungs, and in its elbow rested his busy revolver. Bolande's first shot went high and seizing on his chin, carried away the flesh of half his jaw. The second missile, flung low and nipped at his right elbow, shattering the joint and shaking the six-shooter from his grasp. As he bent in fierce haste to seize it with his left hand, Bolande shot him through the top of

the shoulder, breaking his spine and paralyzing the lower part of him. But even as he quivered to the floor he grasped his revolver, and, agonizing into a quick aim, fired again at Bolande.

The bullet fastened on Bolande's left leg and brought the giant thunderously down. And now the desperate Marshal is crying in rabid impotence, "Raise me up, some of you! Raise me up, damn you, and give me another try at the ——!"

But Bolande had gathered himself into superb position, prone on the floor, in the old fashion of Indian fighting. His pistol covered his frenzied adversary, and he said, with a paternal quietude of victory:

"Marshal, I think we've hit our last trail. Neither of us is worth any more lead. Is it quits?"

Then the lust of killing died out

of each heart, out of the heart of one in his honorable failure to sustain the sovereignty of the law, out of the heart of the other in his failure to survive trespass on his personal monarchy. And when the savage strength of resolve that supported their wrecked and shattered hulks died out, it left them swooning and unconscious as fainting women.

So they died, stern in wrath, stern in love, with no puny cry of contrition, no wild appeal for mercy beyond the Mystery; each content, rather than proud, that he—and his friend had died game. They were Americans. With all their faults and all their virtues, both necessary to the uprighteous wrenching of a continent away from its unworthy owners. Of such were the builders of the West.



When Allah Made Thee

BY PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY

From the Persian of Kai Kavus Khan.

When Allah made thee, little one,
 He used a rose of Iran and a bulbul's trill,
 The warm, strong passion of the sun,
 And the soft rippling of a mountain rill.

EL LLANO ESTACADO

An Idyl of Thanksgiving

BY FRED A. HUNT

A VAST, limitless expanse of vivid green, untracked, unrecognizable, whose lush luxuriance, as toyed with by the breeze, made verdant ripples like those on a spacious lake. Overhead the deep blue, fleckless sky, whose vast ubiquity never seems more measureless than upon the Staked Plain. Not a sound disturbed the immensity of the space—the space whose undefinable maelstrom had swallowed up so many hundreds of travelers and thousands of cattle. To prevent other victims from falling into the vortex, stakes, outlining the trail, had been driven, which gave to this wonder of fertility and scope its name, El Llano Estacado, or the Staked Plain.

Knee-deep in its succulent redundancy stood a buffalo, only a poor, old bull buffalo, who had once been the monarch of the herd, but as old age and decrepitude stole upon him he became more inept until at last ingloriously defeated by one of the younger aspirants he was thenceforth excommunicated, an Ishmaelite, a compulsory recluse of the Thebaid. Once, facile princeps, whose will was law and whose signal enforced the most implicit obedience; the vanguard of the band as it traveled to the watercourses or lagunas, or meandered to new grazing grounds; the pilot whose dictum was absolute as to the route and the movement, now an outcast; he, than whom none was prouder or more dauntless; he, the autocrat, the chief warrior, whose shaggy mane, ponderous bulk, powerful frame, glittering and malevolent eyes inspired such fear, deference and submission! How many times

in the mad onrush of the challenge, in the impetuous charge, in the crash of battle had his massive head with its staunch horns sent the opponent reeling to the earth. Then he had triumphantly and mercilessly gored his defeated combatant that his wicked, scintillant eyes might be gratified at the sight of blood. Truly, many a time had he made crimson scores on the flanks of his conquered foe just to satisfy his lust for power, the while tossing his proud head disdainfully in the air as if he were invulnerable to defeat, and age and infirmity were impotent to harm him. Now, a Belisarius, ostracized and a leper.

So he wandered dejectedly about on the beautiful plain, a misogynist, and, as it is not infrequently the case with higher than brute animals, became careless of his appearance and then unkempt and then absolutely slouchy—he, who had been the beau and pride of the herd, and whose magnificent hide had been coveted by many a hunter for the excellency of the robe it would make, after being tanned and painted by the deft and cunning hands of the squaw. But time and recklessness had metamorphosed all that, and in place of the hirsute and handsome coat that had once been the emprise of the Nimrods, he was eminently and irredeemably disreputable. His coat had become mangy and neutral in color and the erstwhile czar had changed to the veriest chiffonnier.

He knew it! He thoroughly appreciated his marooned and banal condition. At first he was keenly alive to the degradation he could not avoid, but custom staled the

pregnancy of his regrets and he shambled himself into a stolid insouciance. But every now and again, as he recalled his premiership his little, malevolent, fiery red eyes would glow under the pent thatch of his heavy forelock like lambent coals, and he would with utter content have fought one of his younger supplinters to the death, happily yielding up his own life in the successful or futile attempt to kill his antagonist. But heroism is denied to senility and he well knew that his appearance in the herd would only result in a combined and resistless attack on him by the young bulls, who would batter, gore and trample him to death ere he could inflict any valid hurt on his assailants. So the sanguinary glow would die out of his eyes, and he would shoulder his way over the sweet gamma grass, pursuing a nomadic, uneventful life to which would recur less and less frequently (and when they did come of inferior intensity) these gleams of reminiscence and fury until he degenerated into a hopeless vagabond. *Facilis descensus Averni!*

One day when he was thus straggling along a wandering hunter took a shot at him and the merciless bullet struck him on the backbone, just below the anterior to his hindquarters, paralyzing his hind-legs (termed in Western parlance creasing him) and bringing his huge carcass on to the prairie with his posterior parts utterly helpless and inert. The vandal who had shot him rode away, for in those days of an amplitude of buffalo, no hunter burdened himself with a maverick.

At the first impact of the bullet and the sharp, knife-like pain that followed, he lowered his mighty head, and the old bloodthirsty gleam came into his eyes. But as he tried to charge after his assailant he found that his hind limbs were impotent, and he fell, helpless, shaking the earth as he struck it—like one

of the Homeric heroes. Then he realized that if he were in bad case before, he was utterly disabled now. He tried to move himself, but the only advance he could make was by painfully, agonizingly dragging his inutile limbs after him, when he had crawled a little way with his fore-legs in a tedious way. When he discovered this, he became paroxysmal in his madness. He tore the yielding and fragrant turf with his hoofs, he gnashed his teeth, he drove his horns into the earth and blew blood-flecked foam from his lips. Again and again, with recurrent strength, he would heave his titanic form only to have it fall, more prone and helpless. Then despair would alternate with his convulsions.

Now in the pure and shimmering air appear some black specks. Gradually increasing in size they come lazily, unerringly, directly toward the fallen monarch; relentlessly they approach, and as they arrive nearly overhead they veer and quietly, gracefully circling, drop to the ground, and then look at their quarry. In a circle about the poor creature the buzzards stand, calmly, critically contemplative; their dead-black plumage and their high-shouldered wings, together with their unwinking regard of their prey, making them a ludicrous reminder of a corps of undertakers carefully measuring the body and estimating the requisite accessories for its seemly sepulchre, or a body of physicians, holding a consultation on a patient in extremis. Or what would be more readily suggested by the conclave about the central figure, they might have been the inquisidores in the torture-chamber— inexorably condemning the catechumen to the rack, or boiling oil, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

In this horrent circle these obscene birds stayed, remorselessly waiting for weakness or starvation to debilitate their victim, when



they would advance on him, and plucking out his eyes (while he was still living) commence tearing his flesh with their rapacious beaks and lacerating claws until their repeated and aggregate onslaughts would kill by inches the unfortunate creature. Prometheus' vultures have had many a prototype on the hills and plains of the western country.

The buffalo is fully cognizant of the fate that awaits him. Every wild animal on the prairies recognizes the buzzard as the animated sarcophagus of its species, and the hapless buffalo had seen too many of his compeers undergoing the fate whereto he was doomed, not to be aware of the Nemesis confronting him.

Recognizing it, and with every nerve quivering with tense horror and futile rage, the poor brute makes a last despairing and herculean effort to move his deadened thews and sinews and elude the torturing death-in-life awaiting him. It is useless, and with a hollow bellow of anguish he, who was king of his tribe, summons his stoicism to his aid and defiantly looks at his circle of executioners.

They, with placid, unwinking, judicial gaze, look upon him as already dead; then deem his struggles to be in quite bad taste, but pityingly condone them. The creatures of the prairie always estimate that to harry a dying animal makes its meat more tender. So the scavengers wait with serene patience the appropriate time when, without infringing on etiquette, they can commence their repast, their *dejeuner a la fourchette*.

Solemnly, dreadfully they wait, with the patience and the undivertible purpose of the Eumenides, through the calm evening hours. Apart from the tragedy thus being pitilessly enacted, the scene was one of abundant peace and of Edenic placidity. In the immensity of the silence, the indiscernible vistas, the magnificent sunset with its riotous abandon and prodigality of coloring, all might have been one of the opening scenes of creation when, unmarred by sin and unstained by crime, "in native work and honor clad," the beautiful earth was born. But as crime speedily seamed its guileless condition and deformed its unsophisticated purity, the calamity under description made a bloody rift in the Arcadian scene and a discord in the bucolic paean. On through the beautiful starlit night when the voiceless eloquence of the time speaks peace to the weary world and soothes its perturbed inhabitants; on toward the gray dawn of promise of the freshened morning when nature, rejuvenated by rest,

awakens at the embrace of the life-giving sun and sings a hymn of praise for the ineffable boon of existence!

During this pastoral many, many times had the miserable victim dragged himself painfully a few feet while the circumspect and ceaseless watchers would quietly hop forward or backward as the movements of the buffalo and the maintenance of their relative positions necessitated. As ever, they persisted in the vigil of their quarry with their unflagging anticipatory patience. At each reminder of his doom he would make one more futile effort to escape.

At sunrise, when the whole landscape was suffused by the rosy rays of the sun, the miniature day was vibrant with the songs of the meadow-larks and the shimmering air vital with the arousing to renewed activity of great nature, the patience of the waiting birds became dilapidated. Two of the senior buzzards sprang into the air, wheeled about to gain momentum and then hurled themselves at the unfortunate creature's eyes, biting, tearing, clawing and gouging them out. With a strident bellow of heart-broken agony the demented animal rolled over in a vain effort to rid himself of his executioners, who were re-enforced by the rest of the flock, and they, without any more apparent emotion than a woodpecker displays in drilling an old tree, commenced their carnivorous feast. In vain were all the sufferer's struggles, his contortions only baffled his murderers for the moment, while his roars and bellows of mortal anguish seemed to the buzzards a pleasing cadenza to their repast and summoned other participants.

In response came the indistinct pit-a-pat of velvet footfalls and a number of lithe, leaping figures appeared upon the arena of slaughter. The coyotes scarcely seemed to

touch the ground, so buoyant were their bounds and so elastic their steely sinews. They hurtled themselves at the buffalo, snarling, snapping at each other in their insensate jealousy lest their neighbors should have a more efficacious locality to gorge himself, their querulous staccato yelps notifying the undone animal that a horde of additional enemies had arrived.

Thenceforward it was simply an orgie of carnage. The coyotes and buzzards jostled and fought each other for *bonne bouches*, smeared with blood and redolent of filth and the victim was one tremulous mass of acute and distraught misery, while to his assailants it was a saturnalia of butchery, a riotous abattoir. After a short time the coyotes penetrated to his intestines, and in disemboweling him they seized his heart and the vast bulk became quiescent, then lifeless, a most fortunate surcease to the physical and sentient agony he had endured for so long. To the feast of Lucullus other guests had arrived, the prairie crows and the carcass became a seething mass of blood-thirsty and sarcophagus activity, which rapidly reduced the bulk of the dead animal, while filling to repletion

some of the gourmands. These retired to the outskirts of the Lupericalia, and there, with dulled eye and distended mouth or beak stertorously panted, while the horrid and foetid exhalations from their filthy lungs reeked on the air. Of all disgusting objects in the fauna of the West a gourmandized buzzard is perhaps the most repellent.

Their hunger and its satiation lasted until the noontime; other buzzards, crows and coyotes having joined the banquet, gluttonously gorged themselves to torpidity and then they, too, allied themselves with the spectators who, like satyrs, gazed enviously at the bestial scene in which they were, because of over-indulgence, unable to participate. By nightfall the fragments of hide, the dislocated bones and horns alone remained to annotate the savage and bloody carousal, and the passing of another buffalo to the happy hunting ground.

At eventide "Cayuse Jack" loped by on his pinto pony, and seeing the fresh debris tossed about, remarked: "Well, here's where I took a shot at that maverick buffler; I guess that the buzzards had a swell Thanksgiving dinner!"

They had.



GEORGIANA'S CONSCIENCE

BY ELIZABETH GRISWOLD ROWE

AFTER Georgiana Pettigrew left college, she looked about her for something to do. It was not that she needed to earn her living or intended to do so. Her father had ample means, and Georgiana had pronounced ideas about such things. There were plenty of poor girls anxious to make their living by the work that she might do. She could not crowd them out. Nevertheless, she felt the necessity of work.

She was already secretary of a society for foreign missions and president of a Shakespeare club. But these were not enough. She had an abundance of energy that must expend itself.

About this time she was asked to be president of a Young Woman' to act in the capacity of president of a Young Woman's Guild. She saw her duty and accepted. She also went on the board of a free kindergarten. She began to have many-sided interests. She felt that she was broadening. This made her intollerant of those who were not doing likewise. The principal objection she had to her quiet friend and distant admirer, Doctor Alfred Squires, was that he was so narrow. He bent all his energies to his profession and had little interest in outside things. Still, he found plenty of time to call on Georgiana, and it must be confessed that his interest in her was not lacking. He admired her and wondered at her scope of mind, but he did not try to keep up with her. He was sometimes rather overwhelmed by her knowledge along many lines. Nevertheless it was this very trait in her character that attracted him. His own work was so confined to narrow grooves that the contrast was a relief.

"What a pity, Dr. Squires," she

said to him when he was calling one evening, "that you have so little time for the new books. I have joined a 'Latest Literature Club,' and we are going to read all the new books as they come out."

"You have considerable work before you," he answered.

"Yes," she admitted, "but one must keep up. I am so afraid I'll fall into a rut."

"There is really no danger," smilingly answered the doctor, who knew Georgiana's disposition.

"I don't want to stop studying just because I've finished college," she went on conscientiously. "I am going to join a Browning club, too."

"I suppose your conscience tells you that it is your duty," he suggested, and they both laughed.

Georgiana's conscience was a standing joke in her family. It was of the most sensitive order and drove her relentlessly at times.

"At any rate," he continued, "I am glad that you feel some responsibility. So many young women I know seem to be perfectly irresponsible."

"I can't understand such a condition," she answered emphatically. "I should think anyone would feel certain obligations."

After he left Dr. Squires remembered her words and wished that these obligations might extend toward himself.

He found Georgiana charming. He admired her energy, her strength of character, her broadness of mind. He called one evening with the express intention of telling her all this and more; of setting forth his loneliness and hard lot; of enlisting her sympathy and interest. He trusted that her conscience would help his cause. But his courage failed him and his intention disappeared during the first

five minutes of his visit. Georgiana was all engrossed in a new subject. She had made up her mind that women ought to know something about politics, and to that end had joined a class for the study of social economics. With Georgiana to decide was to act.

It is a long way from politics to sentiment, and the doctor could not cover the distance. He left early with a rather vanquished air. He had never been specially interested in and knew little of the theory of politics.

In the morning he made a firm resolution—he would propose to Miss Pettigrew before the day was out. To give himself plenty of opportunity, he determined to see her that very forenoon. If circumstances intervened, he would still have most of the day before him.

He hurried with his calls and drove up to Georgiana's home a little before eleven to ask her to take a ride that beautiful, bright morning.

"I should love to go," she answered. "But I must not put pleasure before duty."

"You are nothing if not conscientious," he remarked dryly.

"If you will drive me over to the Lakeview Club, I should be very glad," she added. "I have to attend an important committee meeting there at eleven."

Now, the distance to the Lakeview Club from the Pettigrew home is very short, and the doctor concluded that circumstances did intervene.

"I have still the afternoon and evening," he thought, determinedly.

"I have to drive to the country this afternoon. Can't you go—about four o'clock?"

"I'm so sorry," Georgiana announced. "But our Browning class meets and I have to read a paper."

Dr. Squires was disappointed. Fate and Georgiana's clubs seemed to be against him.

"Are you going to be busy this evening?" he ventured as a last hope.

"Mother and I are going to the Symphony Concert. We have season tickets, you know. I consider it part of one's education."

"Oh, yes, of course," he assented, helplessly. He could not deny it. Neither could he forbid her going, although he felt like it.

The next day was no better. So it went on. Georgiana worked under a nervous strain as she tried conscientiously to leave nothing undone. She gave freely of her time and attention to everything and everybody. Dr. Squires wondered when his turn would come. It came when he least expected it.

One morning about a week after this Georgiana jumped from her bed and consulted her calendar and her memorandum book. She read an imposing array of duties and engagements.

"Write letter of acceptance to Social Settlement."

"Write note to ask Professor Brown to speak to Social Economics class."

"Attend meeting of Young Woman's Guild at ten o'clock."

"Answer toast at luncheon of Lakeview Club at one."

"Committee meeting at four."

"Read paper at Shakespeare Club at eight—not finished."

She hurried through her breakfast and hastily wrote the two letters. She wanted to work a few minutes on the unfinished paper. But the letters ought to go with the first mail. It was about time for the postman. If she could give them to him it would save her going to the letter-box. She glanced out of the window and caught a glimpse of gray. For once he was going past without stopping. She snatched a stamp for her last letter and tried to put it on as she ran down the steps. The mail-carrier looked toward her and she waved the letters

frantically, then—a sudden twinge and poor Georgiana collapsed in a pitiful heap on the lowest step.

They helped her into the house and to a lounge. She was white with the effort but insisted that it was nothing.

"I just twisted my ankle," she explained. "I was hurrying and—"

"You are always hurrying," her mother interposed. "I've been expecting something would happen. I am going to telephone for Dr. Squires."

"Oh, mother, don't," Georgiana pleaded. "He may forbid my going out, and I have so many things on hand—the Guild at ten, the luncheon at one, the committee——" she broke off with a groan.

"I guess they can manage," her mother answered grimly, and straightway marched to the telephone.

So it was that Dr. Squires' turn came. Georgiana proved to have a severe sprain. Perfect quiet was prescribed. For the first time in many months, she had an opportunity for meditation and reflection. She felt the strength of the doctor's quiet nature. He was so kind and gentle and patient. She realized that she had never had time to get acquainted with him before. She finally resolved that she would give up a few of her interests in various lines in order to leave herself some time for other things.

"One ought to have a little leisure to give one's friends," she concluded.

And as for the doctor—he saw another side to her many-sided character and was more charmed than ever.

Georgiana found to her surprise that everything went on about the same as usual without her. It was a revelation to her. It may have touched her pride a little, but it

was also a relief to know that such was the case. Then it was that the doctor made another firm resolution, and this time he carried it out.

"I don't want you to think that I am taking advantage of you now that you must remain stationary," he began. "But I want to improve this opportunity, not knowing when another may come. I have loved you so long and for many weeks I have wanted to tell you so but have not found a convenient time—I mean that you haven't—at least I mean——"

Georgiana forgot the seriousness of the occasion and broke into a nervous little laugh.

"I beg your pardon," she hastily added, "for laughing and—for not finding a convenient time. But," she continued in a lower tone, "I won't run away now if you want to tell me."

So the convenient time finally came and—it was the doctor's turn.

When Georgiana learned what the situation had been for a long time she was astonished. She did not realize before how engrossed she had become in her various interests. She was very thoughtful for a few moments. Then her conscience urged her to a noble sacrifice. Georgiana never did anything by halves. She announced resolutely:

"Do you want to know what I will do? I will give them all up."

The doctor gasped. Such sweeping changes were almost too much for him to follow."

"Please don't," he pleaded. "Not on my account. I would advise dropping part of them, but keep some interests for an outlet of your surplus energy. Why, Georgiana," he added, whimsically, "you would not be the girl I fell in love with at all if you made yourself all over like that."



A UNIONIZED CITY

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

NO thorough student of economics nor careful student of history will undertake to deny the right of labor to combine for its own protection or advancement. There is nothing new in unionism but the name. There were labor unions when the pyramids were building; and Free Masonry claims to have originated it among the builders of Solomon's temple. The guilds of the Middle Ages were labor unions, and did not differ so radically as might be supposed in their demands from those made by our unions to-day.

It will be admitted, too, by all impartial thinkers and writers that combinations have benefited labor, have greatly improved the conditions of the wage earner, shortening his hours of labor and increasing his wages; and every economist knows that that country is most happy and prosperous which contains the greatest number of prosperous and happy workers. The strength of the United States lies not in its natural resources, its isolation or its immense territory, so much as in the prosperous condition, intellectual development and enterprise of the people. But the very admission of these facts only emphasizes the importance of the laboring element in the community making no mistakes, at least as few as possible. It is then a question of vital importance to the whole country to consider the plans and programmes of the labor union leaders, to see wherein they are wise and

wherein they are faulty. In that spirit of impartial criticism let us approach the subject.

It is evident at first glance that the principal aims of the union leaders so far have been to limit the number of hours of work and increase wages. Any effort to improve the wage-earner intellectually or morally seems to have been entirely neglected.

To accomplish the object sought, the right of the individual to labor as he chooses has been curtailed in various ways. Thus, a man must not work more hours than his neighbor. The number of apprentices is limited; production in many cases is sought to be limited; union men only are to be allowed to work; and the right of the employer to discharge unsatisfactory help is denied.

It does not seem to have occurred to those who are responsible for those demands that most of them are calculated to adversely affect the employee rather than the employer. Thus, to limit the number of apprentices is a positive denial to American boys and girls of the right to earn their daily bread honestly; and if unionism becomes universal, it would mean the forcing of thousands and even millions into pauperism and crime. Certainly an American should have the right to earn his living by any honest occupation he may choose; yet under union rules a master brick-mason, for instance, can have only one apprentice, and he must be installed

on or before he is seventeen years of age, and must serve four full years before another boy can be taken on. That means that no brick-layer can have the advantage of a high-school education, unless he can get through high school before he is seventeen. Among the carpenters the rule is even worse, as a builder cannot take an apprentice at all, for no one can work who is not a member of the union, and no one can join the union until he is twenty-one years of age; and then he must be a journeyman carpenter. Plasterers cannot take apprentices at all; and painters can have only one to every eight journeymen. A plumber can have an apprentice to each journeyman, but the apprentice must not use the tools, which means that he must not study his trade. Stone cutters can have an apprentice to every thirteen men. Lathers, like plasterers, will not allow any one to learn their trade, and electricians may only have half as many apprentices as journeymen. The rule is the same in concrete workers. But it is unnecessary to continue the list. The fact is that in every trade the American is discriminated against, and it is proposed to keep up the supply of all labor from the foreign immigrants. These join the union as soon as they land. If the masons, the carpenters and the other mechanics mentioned above have as large families as the average American, one thousand of them would have a net increase of nine male children per annum. There are, according to the last census, 149,191 masons in the United States and they would consequently be the parents annually of 2,682 male children, or in four years of 10,728. The statistics of the census do not show how many master masons there are, but if every mason was a master mason there would clearly be more children of masons than possible apprentices under the union rules. The plasterers and lathers, of course,

must have no children who would follow their fathers' occupations; and in every trade the birth rate must be materially decreased if the boys are to be allowed to follow their fathers' trade. The American mechanics are being deliberately decreased by the unions, and the demand for laborers is being met by immigrants from abroad. Thus the American is being discriminated against in America in favor of foreigners.

The same idea which leads the union to oppose apprentices, causes them to oppose trade schools, and instead of doing all they can to make intelligent American mechanics; to educate their boys and girls to be expert workmen, they do all they can to keep them ignorant of expert work; and thus have the peculiar condition of affairs that the wealthier classes are educated in the professions at the expense of the State, while the poorer classes cannot learn the methods by which they can make a living because they themselves are fighting against the intellectual advancement of their own children in the interests of foreigners. The foreigner, ignorant of our language, our Government and our principles, can vote and earn a living the moment he lands, but the American born must wait twenty-one years to do the former and can never learn to do the latter under union rules. In most States only the juvenile criminal is taught a trade. The honest poor boy must get his industrial education without State help, owing to union opposition to trade schools.

The union proposes to allow only union members to work. Such a principle is as un-American as the plan of limiting apprentices. Unions are but societies, and there is no difference between the spirit that would ostracize a man because he held certain religious or political views and that which would prevent him from working because he

does not belong to a union. Especially is the effort to be condemned which endeavors to force union rules on the public service. All classes pay taxes, and all tax payers have a right to share in the emoluments of public office. It is not creditable to unionism that it is against all progress in public institutions; that our Federal and State printing offices, for instance, are behind petty country newspaper offices in their equipment, because the unions have stood in the way of the introduction of modern appliances, such as typesetting machines and improved presses. The result has been to make the cost of the public work from one hundred to one thousand per cent more than the same work can be done in private establishments. Why should not State printing be as much a matter of free competition as food, or clothing, furnished to State institutions? The unions, by their short-sightedness and unpatriotic conduct, have added immeasurably to the burden of the tax-payer; and public corruption in office. If, as they claim, the poor man is really the taxpayer, they have greatly increased his load.

While the unions as organizations have not indorsed riots and outrages, on the other hand they have not used their influence as they should to stop such illegal and unlawful proceedings. The union men should be the first to discover, condemn and punish miscreants; but instead, they oppose all efforts of the public authorities to preserve order, and by an extreme act of folly—absolutely inexplicable—prohibit their members to join the militia, thus forcing by their own acts all their enemies on the side of the Government with arms in hand to oppose them if need be. With incredible folly they have attempted to boycott the United States army and army bands, endeavoring to make it appear a disgrace to wear the uniform of the nation to which

they profess allegiance, an act little short of treason, for the step is not far from hatred of the uniform to hatred of the flag that flies above it.

The leaders, with a few notable exceptions, like John Mitchell, Powderly and Sargeant, are continually harping on class distinction; and endeavoring to separate the employee from the employer by talks and writings and pictures in which the "Common People," the "Proletariat," and similar expressions are used; although the facts are that labor should be the first to insist that under our Constitution we are all "Common People," and every man from the President down is a plebeian.

What is the cause? and what are certain to be the results of the un-Americanism in unionism? The cause lies in the fact that the unions are managed and controlled by foreigners, men who do not understand the spirit of the Constitution, and know nothing of the principles on which the Republic was founded and can be alone perpetuated. No American would oppose an American boy learning a trade, proposing to supply the place he should take with a foreigner; no American who, understanding the principles of Americanism, would deny the right of every man to earn his living as he chose. But the head of nearly every union from National President Gompers down are foreigners. In California, as in the East, the labor leaders are all foreigners, and their aims and regulations are imported like themselves from the Old World. They are not broad enough to understand that there is a limit above which wages cannot go; and a limit below which hours of toil cannot fall, without shutting up the factory and closing down the shop. They do not want the laborer to be educated, and frankly say so, because the educated man is independent; and the educated American will brook no foreign ruler. In all the

strikes and riots it is the laborer who suffers. In New York City, 75,000 children cannot go to school this winter because the continual strikes in that city have interfered with the erection of the needed new buildings. Building operations have been enormously decreased owing to the continued agitation in the building unions. Business is being drawn away from the large cities to escape labor troubles; in a word, labor under its present managers "is killing the goose that laid the golden egg." It is time that American principles should prevail, if unionism is to continue a power; and that Americans should lead. Labor should not confine itself exclusively to the questions of wages and hours. It should use its immense power to shut out the present undesirable foreign immigration as it has shut out the Chinese. The European cheap labor is far more dangerous to the American workman than the Asiatic. It should use its immense power all over the Union to advance industrial education. It should insist on the establishment of trade schools and colleges; it should encourage the American boy to become an intelligent mechanic. We have universities to turn out all the lawyers, doctors and professional men we need; let us give more attention to the education and their means of living of our farmers and mechanics. Let us not teach the American people that some of them are "common," and presumably the rest "uncommon," but let them learn that labor is a badge of honor, not

of dishonor; that enterprise, not slowness is to be commended; that the most intelligent mechanic is to be praised and imitated, not the man who works as little as possible; that contentment and pride in labor is to be sought, not discontent and dissatisfaction, and that it is the duty of laborers to elevate, to educate, to ennoble the cause of labor by making the wage-earner a thoroughly educated, broad, liberal, independent, patriotic man, not, as so many labor union leaders are now striving to do, an ignorant, narrow, servile, idle enemy of the country and the flag. Union labor badly needs a revival of Americanism in its ranks. Its platform should be:

Give the American mechanic every educational advantage possible in learning his trade as well as in the ordinary sciences.

Give every American boy the first and best chance to get work at his chosen trade.

Exclude pauper, criminal and ignorant immigration from all parts of the world.

Give every man the right to get the best living for himself and his family that his ability makes it possible for him to gain.

Teach every wage-earner to love the country and the flag, because they are his, and their perpetuation means his liberty, his freedom and his prosperity.

Frown down and discourage all talk of class distinction, remembering that as a people, we must all fall or all progress together.



The Postmistress of Circle City

BY ELIZABETH FLORENCE GRAY

BEFORE a table, upon which lay an open letter, sat Eleanor Van Dyke, her chin resting in her hand and her eyes gleaming with amusement. Her brow was slightly wrinkled, but the light in her face indicated that the problem to be solved was a humorous one. Again her eyes sought the note.

"My dear Mr. Van Dyke," it ran, "the photograph of Chief Kadisham sent in care of the postmaster of Circle City has been received and delivered to the Indian. The old fellow was greatly pleased and grunted his satisfaction when I told him it came from a gentleman living in San Francisco. I have many snap-shots of the chief, but none of them represent him, as does yours, patriotically draped in the Stars and Stripes in celebration of the Fourth of July. I should therefore consider it a favor if you would send me a copy of the photograph to add to my collection.

Yours truly,
CAROL H. MORGAN."

With the envelope was a card bearing the words, "Miss Morgan, Circle City, Alaska." Evidently the postmaster of this northern town was a woman, and she had inclosed ten cents in payment for the picture. Eleanor gazed at the coin whimsically, and wondered whether it would be better to send it back or have it framed. She rather inclined toward the latter, for money which she had herself earned would be a curiosity to show her friends. As she turned the coin over it seemed to convey some thought, for she dropped it with an amused laugh, and exchanged the dainty monogram paper for a plain sheet of

larger dimensions, upon which she wrote in a bold, angular hand:

"My Dear Miss Morgan:

Your letter at hand. Enclosed you will find the coveted photograph of the old chief and several pictures of the Klondike which I hope may be of interest to you. I trust you will pardon me, however, if I return this coin, for I could not think of accepting money from a lady, especially one whose handwriting has taken so great a hold upon my fancy. Some claim that the soul is revealed in the face, others in the voice, but it seems to me that yours has crept out through your finger tips. May I not see more of it?"

"Hello, Sis., what are you doing?" asked a youthful voice from the door.

"I am playing the part of a man, in a comedy," replied the girl, "and I——" A merry laugh broke into her sentence.

"Now, I'd advise you——"

"That's just like you, Harold. Always ready to give advice. Perhaps if you read these, your opinion will have more weight." She handed her brother the two letters.

"Well, this is amusing," he said, as he read the first note. "What do you suppose made her think you were a man? Your handwriting?"

"No, I don't believe it was my handwriting. I suppose few women visit Circle City, and besides, I enclosed the photograph in a business envelope of father's, because mine were all too small."

"A few more letters such as this one will open her eyes," replied the girl's brother, glancing over the reply she had written. "I'll bet a box of candy to a pair of gloves that the postmistress either doesn't answer

your letter at all or discovers you're a girl before the Yukon freezes."

Long before an answer could possibly be received, Eleanor began to watch for the reply. She wondered if the postmistress would be offended by her bold declaration, or if any word or phrase had betrayed her sex. At last the letter arrived, and her heart gave a glad bound when she saw that it was addressed to Mr. E. B. Van Dyke.

"You see, I am taking it for granted that you are a man," it began, "because it did not contradict the assumption in my last letter, but what a joke it would be if you should prove to be a spinster school ma'am visiting Alaska on your summer vacation."

Eleanor had been brought up with puritanical rigidity, and had she lived in the time of martyrs would have gone to the stake rather than tell a falsehood. But her desire to win the wager had somewhat clouded her moral vision, and a white lie and a black lie seemed hardly akin. In her twentieth year she certainly had not reached the age of spinsterhood, and she had never taught school; so she could see no wrong in denying this charge.

For the next week she buried herself in the library, where she delved into dusty, dog-eared books and brought forth nuggets of wisdom which she stowed away in her memory for future use.

One morning she startled her father by presenting him with five dollars and demanding a share in his Dawson mine. He mildly protested, but her persuasion won, and she received the deed.

Eleanor's appearance that evening gave one the impression that she was writing a learned thesis. With flushed cheeks and hair charmingly disheveled, she eagerly studied the pieces of paper with which the table was strewn. Some contained mining terms and statistics, while

others were finely written with phrases and even sentences cribbed from various men's letters.

The girl felt re-paid, however, when the next note arrived from the postmistress. The writer wondered how she had ever doubted that her correspondent was a man. "You must have laughed heartily over my mistake," she continued, "but your knowledge of mining and your ownership in a Dawson claim have convinced me that you are a broad-shouldered, bronze-faced miner."

Eleanor showed this letter with great pride to her brother, and informed him that she preferred chocolate creams, while he reminded her that the Yukon was not yet frozen.

Frequent letters passed between the San Francisco girl and the postmistress of Circle City during the succeeding months. At times Eleanor's conscience gave uncomfortable twinges, for her enjoyment in this practical joke had gradually been merged in a keen interest in this fearless frontier woman.

"If it weren't for losing the wager," she confessed to her brother on their way to a dinner three months after the sending of the first letter, "I would write to her that I am only a mere slip of a girl and not the six-footer she imagines me. The postmistress is coming out this winter, and——"

"My gloves are rather shabby," remarked the man, "but I guess they'll last until——"

"Oh, don't count on my giving up at this eleventh hour," interrupted his sister, "and there is no chance of the postmistress discovering my identity, for she is convinced that I am a young Hercules, calls me her 'big Californian,' and I fear she is becoming very fond of me, Harold."

"Take care," warned her brother, "or you will have a breach of promise suit against you."

At the dinner table Eleanor found herself seated beside her hostess's nephew, a sturdy Alaskan miner, who had recently returned from the Klondike. In the hurried introduction she had not understood his name. Of course he should have devoted himself to the young woman on his right, but the light in Eleanor's eyes as she spoke of the beauty of his fosterland, together with her sweetness, held him, and the girl herself found it difficult to turn her attention from this face, in which were welded physical courage and intellectual ability. Besides she had discovered that the young man had spent much time at Circle City, and thought he might know the postmistress. Here was her opportunity to discover more about her delightful correspondent. Salad had been served before the girl managed to turn the conversation to the subject. The man glanced up quickly. "What do you know about the postmistress of Circle City?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

"Oh, I know a great deal about her. At least—I mean—I—I have never met her, but——" Eleanor was becoming hopelessly entangled in the meshes of her own deception. "I have seen some letters that she has written to an acquaintance of mine," she declared, desperately, "and I think she is the most remarkable woman I have ever heard of. She has endured the perils and hardships of that northern life with the courage of a man, and her description of the trip over the Chilcoot Pass and through the White Horse Rapids fills one with admiration for her bravery."

"You are a bold champion to espouse the cause of one whom you have never met," declared the man.

"But I know her very well, through the letters she has written to—to my friend. Her moral courage is equal to her physical. Not an atom of bitterness or discontent has entered into her description of

the months she has spent on her mining claim, and yet I can read between the lines that it was a desolate life. I hope some day I shall meet this woman, and yet I am almost afraid to, because—I can't explain—but——"

"You may well pity any one obliged to live on an Alaskan claim," said the man. "It is an isolated life, and the only glimpse one has of the outside world is through letters. These are read and re-read until they are worn in shreds."

Eleanor's practical joke assumed a different appearance. She had crept into this woman's life in the dress of a masquerader. How would the postmistress feel when she discovered she had been duped? To be sure, the interest expressed had been genuine, but the belief that the letters were written by a man must have magnified its importance.

There was a dull pain in her heart and her eyes were moist as she exclaimed:

"Do letters really mean so much in the far north? I didn't know, or I wouldn't have—I admire the woman so much, you know. If she were a man I believe I should say I was in love with her, and——"

"What are you people so busily talking about? Won't you give the rest of us the benefit of your Alaskan experience?" exclaimed one of the party, addressing the Klondiker.

"How much longer will the Yukon River be open?" interrupted Harold Van Dyke.

"Winter has surprised the Alaskans by appearing a month ahead of the usual time," was the reply. "The Yukon has been frozen for a fortnight."

Eleanor shot a triumphant glance at her brother.

"Tell us about your trip through the White Horse Rapids, Mr. Morgan," said the girl opposite. "It must have been a terrible experience."

"Well, it is not a ride one would

care to take more than once in a life time," acknowledged the man. "And yet, it's very peril gives it a charm. I made the run in the fall of ninety-eight with two companions. As I knew nothing about managing a boat, I suggested that I walk along the shore and meet the scow further down the river, but my proposition was received with indignant protest. The provisions were to be carried around the rapids, my companions declared, but I must lie down in the boat as ballast, because if the scow turned over the beans would surely go to the bottom, whereas I might possibly swim ashore."

An uncanny feeling crept over Eleanor. Where had she heard this tale before? Had she suddenly received the gift of second sight, or had she met this man sometime in the dim, forgotten past? Every word, every phrase, was foreseen by her before they had slipped from his mouth. Suddenly the girl's cheeks flamed, and she dropped her eyes in confusion. In vivid words he pictured his wild ride through the canyon, and the frail craft's battle with the angry, churning flood. A breathless silence reigned

when he had ceased; then the hostess arose and the guests pushed back their chairs from the table.

The man turned to the girl at his side. She had risen and stood with her head drooping slightly and her cheeks burning.

"Your letters were a great pleasure to me while in Alaska, but since I have known their author their value has increased many times," he said, gently.

Eleanor did not raise her eyes from the floor.

"You have taken an unkind advantage. You have known all this evening and I—I never dreamed that— Why did you say you were a woman?" she demanded.

"I didn't," protested the man. "My sister must have slipped a card into my letter mistaking it for one she had written. I can't help feeling, however, that what appears to be an accident is really fate. Are you very much disappointed in the postmistress of Circle City?" He bent nearer and tried to read the answer that lay behind the long lashes.

"I—I'll have to become accustomed to the fact that she is a man, and then perhaps—"

A DREAM

BY MAIDE CASTELHUN

Ah, love, if thou wert here,
 How would the heavy pain be lifted from my life,—
 The weary toil, the shadows black, the haunting fear,
 The sordid, bitter strife.

How would my spirit soar,—
 How would each fettered, struggling passion soon
 be free!
 How would life's mystery be solved forever more,
 If I were loved by thee!

The Mystery of a Gold Brick

A True Story

BY FRED BENNION

PERCY GRAHAM, a young Canadian of 25 summers, sat at his desk in the office of the Development Company one lazy summer afternoon in June, 1889. In Ensenada, Baja California, it is always summer, the seasons being distinguishable only to the very oldest residents of this sun-girt land. This particular afternoon office duties seemed more than usually irksome to Percy, and his thoughts wandered far from the dry ledger pages. A door opening in the inner office reminded him of the fact that Mr. Elder, the General Manager of the company was on the alert and presently the sound of voices in animated conversation claimed Percy's attention.

"Well, I am sure we should lose no time in securing that land of Armando's, and I will sign an agreement now that you purchase his 4,000 acres adjoining the company's section in San Quentin." These words, addressed to Mr. Elder by the President of the Development Company, who was at this time on a rare visit of inspection to Ensenada, were distinctly heard by Percy Graham, but beyond wondering why the company was buying so much of this waste and barren land he gave no heed.

Carmillo's saloon, a favorite resort of all lovers of Bourbon and Scotch, was crowded this evening with the usual mixture of Americans, British and the better class of Mexicans. Specimens of gold-bearing quartz were handed from one to the other—the recent finds at Jacalitos were discussed, and the probability of the Development Company building a railroad that would open up the new fields was

mysteriously hinted at by one or two. Graham, standing alone at the saloon bar, listened with interest to the "jargon of money making," which all present seemed to be indulging in—every one was going to be rich; the gold fever had surely caught all alike in this little town of Ensenada. "Como esta Vd, esta noche? Senor Graham, are you also on the road to fortune like all the others here?" It was Armando, the owner of the block of land at San Quentin who spoke.

"No," said Percy, "I am not in on any of their gold ventures yet, and I think a safer way to fortune is to buy land and hold on until the price is high."

"Why not buy my land at San Quentin? I will sell it to you cheap. A better piece of land is not to be found on the Peninsula—adjoins the company's land."

"Oh, yes; that reminds me of something I heard to-day. Well, Armando, come around to the office in the morning and we'll have a talk about that land."

Graham's idea was to further the company's interests by bringing Armando and Mr. Elder together as soon as possible, but the fever of making money, so prevalent in Ensenada at this time, had seized him, and late that night he had about resolved to use his \$600 balance in Godfrey's Bank and buy Armando's land himself. From what he had overheard he judged that the company had to purchase the land and he would hold out for a good figure. Graham's first step next morning was to declare his intention of becoming a citizen, a preliminary that must be gone through before any alien of the Republic can own land

in Mexico, and before noon that day a transfer of Armando's land to Graham had been made, and Godfrey's Bank was poorer by \$600.

A few evenings later the young Mexican mensagero in the company's employ, came to Graham's room in the Iturbide Hotel with a long official looking envelope containing a letter of curt dismissal from the employment of the Development Company, and enclosing a check in payment of salary to the end of the current month. Graham tried to sell the San Quentin land to the company, but Mr. Elder would not entertain the idea for a moment, and gave him a severe reprimand for "having been guilty of such gross breach of faith," etc.

After hanging around Ensenada for a week, Graham took passage in the Carlos Pacheco for the North, and left the impression with his most intimate friends that he intended going to Canada, and in his native town would form a syndicate to purchase the San Quentin block.

Months rolled by, and the little community of Ensenada had almost forgotten Percy Graham; the gold excitement faded away gradually; a rush of miners from California had taken place, but one and all agreed that the Alamo, Jacalitos and other mining districts were not for the poor man. The projected railroad scheme of the Development Company was shelved, and land could be bought for a mere song. It was at this time that Graham suddenly reappeared in Ensenada, bringing life and good cheer with him. He had "money to burn," as Carmillo, the vendor of Scotch and Bourbon remarked to Godfrey the banker. "His people in Canada must be rich," said Godfrey. "He has sold the San Quentin block at a big price," conjectured Carmillo.

Graham rented a cozy cottage on the beach, and after he had furnished it on comfortable bachelor

lines, made it an open house for all his white friends. He entertained lavishly; card parties, dinner parties and such like being of nightly occurrence. In response to a cordial and pressing request, Johnson, the only clerk and assistant of Godfrey the banker, moved his belongings from the Iturbide Hotel to Graham's quarters, and soon afterwards Shields, the fidus achates of one Robledo, shipping agent and general merchant, was persuaded to permanently locate in the cottage. These three became great friends, and outside of office hours were inseparable. Later, a holiday trip for all three to San Diego and probably to Los Angeles and San Francisco was proposed by Graham. The question of money only prevented the immediate acquiescence of Johnson and Shields; they both could get their yearly two weeks' holiday from their employers and the idea of going North with the affluent Graham was certainly a very great inducement. How to get the necessary money was the question discussed many times by Johnson and Shields during the succeeding days. At dinner one evening Graham insisted on all taking the trip North, and after Johnson had made a vague hint as to the cause of hesitancy, offered to lend both a sufficient amount of money to defray expenses. Shields forthwith declared he knew of a way he could manage without borrowing money from his friend, and the matter being considered settled a jolly good time was indulged in. All three went to bed at a late hour, and two of the party at least had consumed more Scotch than was good for them. Next morning a fierce and loud altercation in the outer room caused the three friends to jump out of bed and dress hastily.

"What's that fellow saying about Godfrey's Bank and a brick of gold," exclaimed Johnson. "I must rush away; old Godfrey will be wanting

me if anything has gone wrong at the bank."

No more time for conjecture was allowed; the door of the bedroom being violently opened, and in rushed three "Oficiales de Policia," who excitedly placed Graham, Johnson and Shields under arrest, and without listening to protests or inquiries, marched them up to the "Casa de Ayuntamiento," or Customs House, where the friends learned for the first time that they were charged with having robbed Godfrey's Bank of a sum of money estimated at \$1500, and Robledo, the shipping agent's safe of a gold brick valued at \$13,000. It seemed that the Carlos Pacheco had brought this gold brick from the southern portion of the Peninsula consigned to a San Diego bank, and the purser thinking it would be more secure, had placed it in Robledo's safe. No violence had been used on either of the safes, and no clue as to who the robber was could be found.

"Godfrey would not rob his own bank—his clerk, Johnson, is the only one cognizant of the safe combination; therefore, Johnson must have robbed Godfrey. Again, the same thief must have been implicated in the gold brick robbery, but the only one knowing the combination of Robledo's safe, outside of Robledo himself, is Shields; consequently he must be guilty. Graham, a great friend of both culprits, occupying the same house, and so on, must have known all about it, and he must be guilty, too!"

Thus spoke the mighty propounders of the law in Ensenada, and without more ado Johnson was sentenced to eight years imprisonment, Graham and Shields being held over pending the pleasure of "La Corte" and for further evidence which the wily "Policia" promised to produce shortly.

The whole community was wildly excited and the most absurd rumors spread like lightning. The jail was

crowded with visitors who jostled each other in their efforts to get a glimpse of and speak with the now notorious trio. Next day Graham and Shields appeared before the Alcalde, but no further evidence was adduced by the "Policia," and much to the court's astonishment, neither the gold brick or the \$1500 had been discovered, although the belongings of the three unfortunates had been literally turned inside out; every foot of ground in the garden around the cottage had been turned over and over, and every possible search had been made inside the cottage.

Robledo promised to make good the \$13,000 gold brick if given a little time, and after being delayed one day the Carlos Pacheco sailed north. No passengers were permitted to travel on her, though, and the officers, sailors and firemen were all carefully searched before the steamer's departure.

The English speaking portion of Ensenada were curious to know why Johnson had received a sentence of eight years so quickly and the other two had been simply held. The evidence seemed to be equally strong, or perhaps it would be better to say weak, against all three and the officials would say nothing except that Johnson was a British subject, while Graham and Shields were both Mexican citizens and could be dealt with differently.

Mr. Elder wrote to the Development Company's directorate in London full particulars of the extraordinary robbery and pleaded their influence on behalf of Johnson. One of the directors was a personal friend of the British Minister in the City of Mexico, and this is how the case was brought before the notice of the President, Diaz. As a result, the Governor of Baja California received a telegram instructing him to immediately pardon Johnson. Nothing, however, in this direction could be done for Graham and Shields; they were remanded from

time to time and languished in the miserable jail. Once a week all their old friends visited them for an hour or two and brought them many welcome gifts in the shape of fruits and other delicacies, at the same time cheering them with consoling hopes and bitterly denouncing the Mexican authorities.

Robledo mortgaged his property to the fullest extent and managed to pay the value of the gold brick to the rightful owner. The newspapers throughout the United States took up the case. Many leading articles reviling Mexican justice and sympathizing with Graham and Shields appeared.

Month after month passed without anything being done—no trace of the brick or money could be found. Graham tried to escape one day whilst being taken for his weekly airing, and this resulted in harsher treatment and fewer privileges being extended. The anniversary of their incarceration passed without any trial having been held. It was given out that the officials were sure of the guilt of Graham and Shields, but the "Policia" were unable to secure any further evidence on which to convict. Just 15 months from the morning on which the three had been arrested and cast into a Mexican jail, two emaciated creatures, greatly reduced by sickness and confinement, were brought before "La Corte," and the Alcalde ordered Graham and Shields released for "lack of evidence," as the records show, this being the nearest that a Mexican court would approach to a verdict which really was "Not guilty."

Congratulations met the two unfortunates at every step they took on returning to the cottage and no one could do enough for them.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Johnson, who had long ago resumed his position at the bank. Shields replied: "I am going to San Francisco as quickly as I can sell a

few things and get money enough to pay my fare with, and Graham says he is going to Canada."

"You bet I am," said Graham, "and this cursed country will never see me again. After visiting Canada, I shall settle in the United States, but immediately I put foot in San Diego I intend to renounce my allegiance to the Grand Republic of Mexico and declare my intention of becoming a citizen of the United States."

"What an honor for the United States, Senor. Excuse me, but before you go my father would like to speak with you and Senor Shields."

It was Robledo's son who spoke—he had entered the room without attracting anyone's attention.

"Tell your father to go to the devil. We have had enough trouble over him and his infernal gold brick," exclaimed Shields. "And allow me to inform you that when we wish to see you again, Mr. Robledo, we will send for you," shouted Graham as Robledo, Jr., quietly withdrew.

In due time Shields and Graham went North on the Carlos Pacheco, and the same day that the little steamer puffed out of the harbor of Ensenada de Todos Santos, young Robledo, on the fastest horse he could select, started overland for San Diego. It is a long and hard trip from Ensenada to San Diego by land, and only the best of horses can cover the distance in less than two full days' travel; but on this occasion Robledo, Jr., managed to get a fresh horse when half the distance had been accomplished and arrived in San Diego on the evening of the same day on which the Carlos Pacheco arrived.

Graham and Shields were the recipients of many congratulations, and were the heroes of the hour. Every one had heard about the famous gold-brick robbery, and knew of the hardships these two had un-

dergone. To a reporter of the "Union," they related their trying experiences in a Mexican jail and announced their intention of leaving on the morrow—one for San Francisco and the other for Canada.

Robledo, Jr., looking tired and dejected, was at the Santa Fe station when the train bearing Graham and Shields pulled out; he had been there long before the time of the train's departure, and had watched every movement that was made by the departing friends. He seemed disappointed, and was slowly turning from a last view of the disappearing train as the ticket agent walked along the now deserted platform. "Lucky fellows to get out of that scrape at last," the latter remarked, and added, "I suppose that's the last we shall ever see of them. I wonder why Graham only took a ticket as far as Los Angeles. I thought he was going to Canada."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Robledo. "Well, I ought to be, considering it is only a few minutes since I sold him his ticket," replied the agent.

Robledo, Jr., then and there made up his mind to follow Graham on the next train. He went to Los Angeles that evening, and after luckily meeting the conductor of the morning train learned that Graham had got off at Santa Ana, but that Shields had unquestionably gone right through to San Francisco. In the meantime, Graham had left Santa Ana for Newport, an adjacent seaport town. Here he entered into negotiations with the captain of a small schooner. The proposition made to the captain was so strange and surprising that it took some time to close a bargain; but one was evidently made, for that night the schooner hired by Graham for two weeks in return for a large cash payment in advance, hove anchor and put to sea.

Robledo, Jr., rushed to Santa

Ana; then to Newport; and by dint of endless inquiries learned that Graham had gone to sea in a small schooner. The train that brought Robledo back to San Diego seemed to crawl along, so great was his desire to be in time to catch the Carlos Pacheco for Ensenada.

A telegram to the captain of the steamer asking him to delay starting until the arrival of the train, enabled him to reach Ensenada next morning, and after a conference with his father and the Mexican officials, a detachment of Rurales and Policia were stationed at intervals for several miles along the beach.

These were told to watch for a sailing schooner and to arrest without fail any one who attempted to land.

After two days of rolling and tossing about in the little schooner the captain informed his mysterious charterer that they were now within a few miles of Ensenada, and it was decided to reduce canvass and lay to until darkness came on. About midnight Graham, disguised and masked, jumped into a boat towing from the schooner's stern and quietly rowed for the shore. He evidently knew exactly where he wanted to land, for he took the bearings of a prominent point on the north side of the town of Ensenada and he neither hesitated nor ceased rowing until the keel of the boat grated on the beach. Then he made fast the boat's painter to a point of rock, and carefully putting a revolver and long knife in his belt rapidly ran along the beach towards the town. Around the point before mentioned is a beautiful bay, an ideal spot for a good swim, and as such is the favorite resort of all who care for a dip in the briny. The shore is rocky even at high water, but there is one flat, smooth rock, known as the dressing rock, on which bathers stand to dress and undress. Graham made straight for this rock,

crouched behind it, and quickly pulled from a leather case the joints of a crow-bar, which he screwed together. He pried the rock on one side and blocked it up with some small pieces; quickly putting his hand underneath the rock he extracted a leather sack containing a lot of money, and then using both hands pulled out a large brick. "At last, at last, and now for the boat." He started to pick up the sack, when the muzzles of three revolvers were thrust against his face. "Hands up," demanded the Mexican officers. Graham, taken by surprise, complied with the order. "Tie his arms and legs," said El Capitan. The gold brick and the sack of coin were immediately picked up by another officer.

"Five minutes in which to confess everything or we kill you." "Don't shoot—I'll confess," said Graham, now disarmed and completely at their mercy.

"I opened Robledo's and Godfrey's safe, stole the brick and the money, hid them here, and no one else knew anything about it." Without further questioning he was dragged to the old familiar jail and thrown on the floor of a cell, where he remained until brought before the court, and once more charged with his crime.

The Governor, knowing full well that Graham could not be convicted

of a crime of which he had already been acquitted, sent a long telegram to the City of Mexico explanatory of the state of affairs and asking for advice.

The mystery of the stolen brick was apparently cleared now—that is, if Graham's confession was to be believed, and whilst waiting for an answer from the City of Mexico the Governor determined to experiment a little for his own satisfaction. Graham was taken to the Governor's residence and told to open the safe. In less than two minutes he had struck the combination; still another test was decided upon, and he was taken to the Aduana, where to the amazement of all he opened the large safe in exactly three and a half minutes.

"Discharge Graham from prison, but see that he leaves the country," the reply from the City of Mexico read.

Fifteen minutes' start was all that two Rurales allowed Percy Graham to reach Tia Juana and get across the line. Neither of the Rurales would ever say anything about that furious ride they took, or what was the result, but needless to say, Graham was never seen again, and one thing was sure, he never reached the California line.

Where Percy Graham's knowledge of safe opening had been acquired is a mystery to this day.





A COVENANT REDEEMED

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

THE last hop team emerged from a cloud of dust and splashed into the river. It creaked up the opposite bank, its horses dripping to their middles, and wound its way through the stubble to the dark outlines of the kilns. Women and children, grimy with hop-stain, filed across the foot-log and faced towards the battalion of tents on the camp ground. The day's picking was done. In the fields, festoons of scented burrs were left to be gathered in the dusk.

Cardick, the section-boss, came down the road alone. His neck seemed sunken between his shoulders; there was a plodding hopelessness in the droop of his big body. Suddenly he paused, looked behind him, and began counting aloud the rows from the stake.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen," he repeated. "Twenty, twen—" He stopped, shielded his eyes, and looked toward the crimsoning West.

Midway down the row, a small

feminine object was crouched on a pile of burlap. Cardick's brows contracted. He measured the distance between the sacking and the road in strides.

The girl sprang to her feet as he neared her, her head raised defiantly. "No, I'm not crying, John Cardick!" she said, answering the accusation in his eyes. "For once you're mistaken!" She tucked her dampened handkerchief in her bosom as she spoke.

The man stood silent, a conflict of love and pity in his face.

"I've heard the talk," she went on, "and do you s'pose I believe it?" Her chin quivered. "I tell you, Martin Kelly is as honorable!"

Cardick bent abruptly over a hop-bin, picked up a straggling burr or two, and rubbed them with his big fore-finger into the palm of his hand. She could not see the twitching of his face. "They're a little green yet," he said, attempting to divert her. "And there's too many pickers on. We're going to ship off a

gang of men in the morning on the 4:30 train from town."

The girl did not answer. She had re-seated herself upon the burlap; her sunbonnet was pushed back; her troubled eyes looked past him down the aisles of swaying leaves.

Cardick watched her, his face growing wistful. At length he sauntered over and sat down. "Molly," he said, "it's been—let's see—five seasons that we've picked together in the yards."

She nodded.

"You was a mite of a girl—that first year," he went on, "but you took the medal for weighing up the most!" There was a pause. When Cardick continued, his voice was a trifle unsteady. "It was sort of lonesome, picking with the shadows in the rows, before the daylight came," he said. "But the dew—was heavy in the hops, and how you used to laugh when you'd come down and find your sacks most full."

A half-born smile lighted the girl's face. "You were always good to me, John," she said.

"N-o. Not over much." After a moment he went on again. "The next year—I was poling vines. Do you remember? I used to come a-running when I'd hear you call! Do it again, Molly. Won't you?"

For answer, she made a trumpet of her hand; her voice rose in the field cry, "Hop po-le!"

"Yes, like that!" he said.

They sat in silence for a time. The crimson of the sunset faded into amber. Above them, one silver star hung in the azure sky.

Cardick aroused himself. "The next season was my first turn on the team," he mused. "The kiln boys said my load was always late. They didn't know I waited 'cause you liked to be on, when the horses splashed through the river. Then up at the hoister——"

The girl impulsively put out her hand; her eyes smiled at him through a mist. "You've always

been my big brother, haven't you, John?" she asked.

The amber light was paling. A band of cloud lay gray at the horizon, and Cardick's face reflected its color.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Your—brother."

Molly broke the silence that followed. "And when—he came to work at the commissary," she said, "and we were—friends, I didn't even need to tell you, John, because—you knew! Do you remember that Sunday that you found us down in the orchard?"

Cardick nodded. The tightened lines of his lips was firm.

"And when I promised," she went softly on, "to be——" The sentence was unfinished. They sat quietly on the sacking after that, the man and the woman, each intent on memory.

A breeze stirred in the hop vines and set a thousand tassels swinging. Suddenly the voice of the supper-horn rang out for the kiln men. Molly sprang to her feet. "It's almost dark," she cried, "and to-night he's going to take me to the dance." She imploringly stretched out her hands. "Oh, John, you don't believe that Martin took that money from the commissary till! You don't believe it, do you, John?"

He did not answer.

"Say you don't believe it!" she urged. "Tell me it isn't true!" She had come close to him. As he bent towards her, the wind blew a tendril of her hair against his cheek.

"And if it were?" he slowly asked. "You'd love him just the same?"

"Yes," she whispered shivering. "Oh, yes, no matter what he'd done."

Involuntarily he drew her to the shelter of his arms; his flannel shirt filled with the heaving of his chest. The office of the commissary rose in his fancy—the grave, questioning faces of the men, and he, John Cardick, had stood among them, self-

accused to repay the money taken from the till!

In the fields, the burrs shook their perfume into the falling dew. The girl raised her face from his shoulder, her eyes looked into his. "If anything should be wrong," she asked trustingly, "you'd keep him safe, John? You'd find a way?"

"Yes, little sister," he answered huskily, "I'd find a way?"

* * * *

The long, red-brown buildings of the works sprawled on the rising ground behind the yards, and Car-

"If he's here, we'll root him out, that's all!"

Cardick, his hands in his pockets, passed on. "Some poor devil, hounded by a special," he sighed as he climbed the stairway to the kiln. He crossed the stretch of trestle to the cooler, and swung himself down the ladder to the floor beneath. A pyramid of hops rose towards the platform of the track. The huge rakes of the balers protruded at irregular intervals from its base.

Cardick paced the room, the girl's words ringing in his ears:



"She could not see the twitching of his face."

dick took the road towards them, through the stubble.

By the cord-wood, he came unexpectedly upon a group of men. It consisted of McFadden, the company overseer, the sheriff and a thickset stranger. The section-boss unconsciously slackened his pace.

"And that's a felony," MacFadden was saying. "In a crew of three hundred men——"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders. His voice was quick, metallic.

"You'll find a way—you'll find a way." He smiled, remembering that Kelly's debt had been canceled.

* * * *

The big hall over the commissary department was bright with burning kerosene and tin reflectors. Hop vines swung from the rafters, with here and there a colored lantern dangling between. The benches along the wall were filled. On the platform the accordion and the banjo had long ago "tuned up."

Cardick, peering through an open window from the balcony, saw the stranger lounging with the men near the entrance. His voice was modulated to friendliness; the narrowed gleam of his eyes was keen.

Kelly whirled by with Molly smiling in his arms. His face went bending close above the girl's. By a sudden impulse he raised it, and gave a swift look towards the door. His eyes met those of the stranger, and drooped again. On the balcony the sheriff smoked a cigar.

The intermission was called and ended. The two musicians emerged from behind the red curtain at the end of the hall, wiping their lips as they came. The floor-manager changed the placard that announced the dance.

When it was well under way Cardick felt a tug at his coat sleeve. He wheeled abruptly. "Molly!" he said in surprise. "You!"

A soft laugh answered him. "I wanted to come out in the darkness, John," she said; "I wanted to talk with you. I'm so happy."

He drew her hand through his arm and they paced on together.

"Martin is good—so good!" she began, an odd little catch in her voice. "You don't mind if I tell you about it, do you?"

"No," he answered, steadily, "I don't mind."

"I knew you wouldn't," she continued. "Oh, John, to think I could have doubted that he was—honorable, even for a moment. I'm not half worthy of his love!"

They were passing the door, and Cardick loosened her fingers and shook them roughly from his arm. "It's cold," he said. His tones were harsh. "You'd better go in!"

The accordion seemed running ahead of time; the "pink-punk" of the banjo tripped in its effort to keep up. The stranger was Kelly's opposite in a quadrille, and on the balcony the sheriff still smoked his cigar.

Ten minutes later the section-boss climbed the stairway, again to the kiln, and wearily threw himself on the sacks outside by the hoister. The men in the drying-room were changing the hops. He could hear the rythmical sound of the scrapers and the rumble of the car as it carried its steaming, sulphurous load across to the cooler.

* * * *

The lights, one at a time, went out in the hall. The groups of returning dancers grew fewer on the road. The tents became illumined triangles, then dark again. An hour passed. At the horizon, a lurid, yellow glow showed where the harvest moon was creeping up.

All at once a sound from the direction of the commissary department brought Cardick to his feet. There was a spit of flame. By its glare he saw a figure drop from the back of the lower balcony. The clerks slept at that end—Kelly's room was there!

Another shot followed. Cardick started forward, hesitated, then crouched to the sacks again, flattened himself and watched.

The first shaft of moonlight was whitening the stubble. Across it scudded a figure. Cardick's mind reverted to the words of the stranger: "If he's here, we'll root him out."

God! Could they mean Kelly! Was this man, whose debt he had vicariously cancelled, a felon after all!

Another bullet sped its way. The figure lunged forward, and righted itself. Voices echoed from the commissary department; the men from the adjoining bunk-house were astir. A wind cloud drifted across the moon; the stubble was dark again. Cardick, straining his ears, caught the crackle of footsteps through it. It was lagging, uneven, approaching.

There was no refuge on the open stretch of the field but the kiln; the

section-boss was sure of his ground. He thrust out his arms and caught at a batten and drew his big body cautiously along to the rear of the building.

The outer staircase creaked with a weight upon it—there was a sound of labored, irregular breathing. Someone, he knew well who it was, had reached the platform. Cardick could almost touch him with outstretched hand.

A man with a swinging lantern came out from the furnace-room below. The field-boss rose instantly. His towering height made his iden-

The edges of the cloud became silvery, then a deep copper. The moon was coming out. The man returned to his furnaces. Cardick leaned idly upon the sacks, but his ears were intent upon the slow, dragging step along the track.

The chimneys of the kiln began to throw shadows. The door at the end of the trestle yawned like a giant mouth. Kelly reached it, paused, and clung unsteadily to the siding. An overpowering perfume enveloped him from the hops below. The rails shone like white ribbons to the edge of the dump. He



A Typical Hop Field Crowd.

tity unmistakable.

"Hello, John!" the man called. "Say, what was the racket up at the commissary? Wasn't there some firing?"

Cardick stretched himself. "Yes," he sleepily answered. "Coyote, I guess. The boys said to-day they were laying for one."

A figure swayed in the shade of the platform. There was no safety in the kiln—no option but the black stretch of the trestle to the cooler.

staggered and went on. The section boss followed. This skulker from the law had been his undoing. Cardick's claims for requital were clamoring to be satisfied.

The air in the cooler was heavy, nauseous. Kelly, half way to the ladder leading to the floor, veered to one side, righted himself, and then—Cardick darted forward, but his extended hand grasped at nothingness.

There was a sound like the crush-

ing of dry leaves, a shivering among the hop burrs, as they closed over the opening. The moonlight, flooding through the door above, fell again on a placid golden pyramid.

The section-boss stood silent on the track. His head swam in a tide of conflicting emotions. A few minutes—not over five—and the sulphur and the pollen in the hops! The balers in the morning— No! The road was too easy! He, John Cardick, had tasted of the hemlock. He would not drain the glass alone! For this man's misdemeanor he had stood self-charged: for this man's felony he would be the scourge!

Instantly he let himself drop by his arms from the trestle, swung clear of the burrs, and landed beside them. He knew a surer revenge than death—a more damning one. He would save Kelly to wear the stripes before the world—before her.

Grasping a rake, he fell to work. The hop dust rose, a silver mist in the light. Through it he saw a rippling avalanche of burrs, slipping, sliding, shelving. He was making no headway. Every rakeful was replaced by two—and the time! In desperation he stripped off his coat—dropped on his knees—began to burrow.

The hops stul held the heat from the drying room; they closed about him with every move. The loose sulphur crept in with his breath; his lungs seemed on fire. His eyes, his throat, his nose, his ears smarted, stung like a million needles. The sweat, oozing from every pore, caught up the pollen from the hops—plastered it into a mask, gummy, scorching. In a frenzy, he tried to cry out, but dry, burning particles of dust crowded into his mouth, and stopped the utterance. He tried to retreat, but the weight above pinioned him. He forced his arms wide. One hand came into contact with a resisting substance. It was Kelly. In his own agony he had for the moment forgotten his enemy.

The touch of the motionless, human thing re-kindled the hatred within him. He would not be baffled in his purpose.

Gathering his fast-ebbing strength, he shoved his hand along Kelly's arm to the shoulder, and grasped his collar band. Inch by inch, Cardick's huge bulk fought its way backward. Inch by inch he dragged the inanimate form behind.

The pressure on top was growing lighter. He could raise his head a trifle. The surface of the pile was shelving; he could feel it again. And the air! It was filtering in between the burrs.

* * * *

The full white light of the harvest moon fell upon Kelly's distorted face. Cardick, burning to the stomach-pit, gave not a thought to himself. He ripped open Kelly's waistcoat, and thrust his hand in against the heart. Satisfied, he began to work the arms—the legs. He chafed the limp hands, raised the body and shook it vigorously. The eyes un-closed.

Suddenly the section-boss threw back his head to listen. There were voices outside. He could hear the sheriff, and he fancied the clink of handcuffs. There was another voice in his memory. It came in the breath of the hops. "You'll keep him safe, John? You'll find a way." To his imagination the air seemed teeming with the words.

The sheriff and his men were below now in the baling room. He could hear them. Cardick sprang to his feet. He would not be shackled by a promise to a girl. Retribution was near. He would tell them—

"Find a way——" called the voice he remembered. "A wa-y." How faint her tones had grown!

The men had reached the staircase by the press. Some one was whistling. They were—— That was the third step that creaked! It was broken.

A puff of wind floated in. The re-

frain seemed borne on it: "Way—a wa-y!"

Cardick knelt abruptly and raised Kelly's form across his shoulders. The ladder to the track was left to them, and outside the trestle wound its black trail on ahead!

* * * *

Bugle taps sounded from a corner of the camp ground; the discharged gang were being awakened for the early train. Breakfast fires sprang into life. Voices called to each other. Here and there were dark, moving figures; the men were cording their blankets to start. There was the noise of hop teams; two broad, flat wagons trundled up from the barn.

It was but a shade of a chance—it was the only one, and Cardick took it. Everybody knew him—that was a point in his favor. As the first team passed the cooler he stepped fearlessly into the road.

"Here, Grady," he called to the driver. "Get down and lend us a hand. It's one of the boys," he explained, "and he's in for a fever. Steady! Make way there, men!"

The road wound between stretches of whitened stubble, and the dark outline of unstripped fields. Occasional sections of skeleton poles

showed where the harvest had been gleaned. The team took a steady jog. The men sat relaxed upon their luggage.

The sleepy station agent roused himself when Cardick spoke to him. "Overland on time?" he repeated.

"Yes, she's almost——"

A long, reverberating whistle rent the air. The baggage man rolled trucks across the platform. A headlight swung around a curve; the track hummed with the approaching train.

Cardick knew the messenger of the through express. When the man opened the door to his car, the section-boss lifted Kelly, swung him clear of the threshold, showed his ticket, and climbed in himself.

The train was under full speed before the messenger finished checking up his run, and turned to his companions. "Sick man, eh?" he questioned. "What the deuce!"

Cardick was bending to catch the rhythm of the wheels: "Find a way—a way—a way," he quoted. "How fast she says it!" He looked up into the messenger's face, his eyes irrationally bright. "She'll know I did find a way," he whispered. "Won't she?"

Morning and Evening A Fragment

BY SUSIE H. BREWER

Give me a lupine-crowned hill
The yellow dunes among,
And the blue bay beneath the thrill
Of the dew-drunken sun,
While far away the city wakes
With murmurous hum.

Give me the turquoise-tinted light
Across the mountains dun,
With Alcatraz an opal bright
In the red-slipping sun,
While near at hand the city nods
With slumbrous hum.



With never a rest they race to the West,
To the Orient's rim do they run,
By the berg and the floe of the Northland they go
And away to the isles of the sun.

With the froth on their lips they follow the ships
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Set loose by the Hand of the King of their Band
They know but the rush of the race.

They wail at the moon from the desolate dune
Till the air has grown dim with their breath;
From the treacherous bars they snarl at the stars
And go down in a fight to the death.

The craft haven-bound they all rally around
And lap their lithe tongues in the gale;
They pounce on each spar, on each swarthy old tar,
And seize the last shred of a sail.

They grapple and bite in a keen mad delight,
As they feed on the bosom of Grief;
And one steals away to a cove with his prey
And one to the rocks of the reef.

From dusk until dawn they are hurrying on,
With the four winds of heaven they flee,
From morn until eve they plunder and thief—
The hungry, white wolves of the sea!

BRET HARTE IN SWITZERLAND

(Concluded.)

BY S. H. M. BYERS

MANY years ago a United States Senator, talking with me about Bret Harte, declared that "he himself had lived for years in California and Nevada mining camps, and had never witnessed the kind of things Bret Harte talked of in his novels." They were nevertheless there. The Senator simply had not had the eyes to see them. Bret Harte did see them. That was his genius. And possibly that is all there is to genius, anyway, having eyes to see, seeing.

What Bret Harte did not see well he reported poorly. He simply had to see things; he embellished them a little, exaggerated a trifle; sometimes just for fun he had us look through the wrong end of the telescope; but in some form or other, the thing he told about was there, and his immortal story was a picture of it.

A thousand writers thought they saw Harte's trick of doing the thing and tried to imitate him. They failed only because they had not seen what he had seen. Only one reaped temporary success in the trying. It was John Hay, whose Pike County ballads, whose "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe" set people to wondering if another Bret Harte were already in the mountains of California.

Harte told me of Colonel Hay's once writing to him. "You see, Harte, I have been trying to imitate you in a small way."

Imitation or no imitation, had John Hay's eyes seen what Bret Harte's eyes saw, one more American poet and story-teller would have been enchanting his country now.

Harte's own stories were worked out with such care as miniature artists put in their pictures. All this

was to be added to his having seen things. He was painstaking and fastidious to the last mark in the punctuation. It all meant work.

As to fastidiousness, Bret Harte was fastidious in everything, dress, food, work, surroundings. "I cannot write you a letter to-day," he once said in a P. S. to me; "this scrawl is written with the hotel pen; and I can write nothing, absolutely nothing, unless I have my own pen and my own paper, and my own place." In person he was this fastidiousness personified; in dress he bordered on being an exquisite; all his tastes were extravagant. He brought suits enough with him to our simple country place for a respectable-sized gentleman's furnishing shop. "What new clothes has B. H. got into this afternoon," was often the laughing query of the "pension" wag on seeing the poet appear daily in something stylish, if not stunning.

Of course, Harte was a man of impulses; notably and generously so with his money. Although not living with his family (Mrs. Harte was in America), he sent her all his salary as a consul, some \$2,500 a year, and lived himself from the proceeds of his pen. Many a time that summer, wandering about with him, have I seen him giving to the poor in a generous, if often foolish, way. His sympathies were easily aroused. He could not witness distress without lamenting it, and if possible, aiding it. One summer day a street porter in Zurich carried a little luggage to the depot for our party. He accepted gladly the usual fee for his services, wiped the sweat from his face and started back into the city. We all sat down on a bench and waited for the train.

"What is the matter with you, Bret?" said his cousin, Miss C——, suddenly. "Why so pensive there in your corner?"

"I was thinking of that poor, half-paid, melting porter," said the poet.

"Why," replied Miss C——, "did you not give him a franc? That's twice what he always gets."

"Yes," said Harte, "but what's a franc? It is not half enough. Did you see his poor red face? I'll follow him and give him more."

"But he's half way to town now," Miss C—— continued.

"No matter; he must have more." And away Mr. Harte went through the hot sun seeking his porter. At last he returned, worse heated, ten times over, than was the porter himself and all of us almost missed the train by his delaying us. "No matter," he said, trying to get his breath. "There would have been other trains and I would be ashamed to let a man work that way for me in the sun for nothing."

"You overtook him, then," said Miss C——.

"Yes, and I gave him two francs more. He took it and smiled. I guess, on thinking of it now, he thought I was a fool."

We, too, smiled, but did not tell him just what we thought. The incident, however, showed something of the man's heart, even if it showed the kindly foolish way he sometimes had of doing things. After all the best thing I can remember of Bret Harte was his kindness to the poor.

Of money, as money, he seemed to have no realization whatever. He was as ignorant as a baby of its value. Men said he borrowed money all his life and never paid. Likely enough, for he simply forgot or did not know it was usual to pay back. He also gave and lent money all his life, and never asked to have it back; he forgot that also. In money matters he was as easily imposed upon as a little boy. His

naivete could in such things, too, lead to imposition on others. One funny incident suffices to explain. At Bocken we all amused ourselves at the table on the terrace one evening after supper by guessing dates on coins. Every pocket was soon emptied out on the table. It happened that a dozen golden Napoleons had been paid to me for something that day. These shining fellows also were soon in a row on the table. When the guessing was over each put his money back into his pocket. Bret Harte not only put his own money away, but also raked in all my gold Napoleons as well. I saw it, but thinking he was trying to joke me a little, said nothing, and we all went off for the night. I waited next morning for him to give them back, but not a word of them from Harte.

"Where are those Napoleons of mine, old fellow?" I said along about noontime.

"Napoleons?" answered Harte in total surprise, and I feared almost in offense. "Napoleons! What do you mean?"

The situation was very embarrassing. I told him, easily as I could, of the night before, of his raking the gold off the table. Now he was annoyed. It was impossible, he said. "IMPOSSIBLE."

"Well," said I, at that, not exactly caring to lose my Napoleons, "impossible or not impossible, I haven't got the money, and I am out of my mind if I didn't see you put every bit of it in your pocket last night." His wrath (he could be wrathful) was beginning to rise. On a pinch I, too, could be wrathful. The ladies who heard it all, were beginning to get excited. "If I had your money, it would be in my clothes. You see, it isn't," and he madly turned all his pockets wrong side out. "I'll take my clothes off and be searched, if you say so," he continued.

"Now, Brettit, look here," said his cousin, Miss C——, "you know you

do forget such things. Mr. B— would not say you took that money off unless you did. Now, where is it? Hunt for it; you've got it somewhere."

"Then you'd better search me," he answered, irritated, yet trying to smile at her.

"Brettit, you wore your overcoat last night, didn't you?" cried his cousin. "Where is it? The money may be there."

I began to wish I never had heard of the Napoleons.

"Oh, yes," he answered, almost madder than before, "of course there's where a man in his common senses would be very likely to carry a lot of gold; right in a big, loose overcoat pocket—of course. You'd better go and look," he continued sardonically (he could be sardonic, too.) "It is in the annex hall."

"Yes, I will, exactly," cried Miss C—, "exactly," and she bounded toward the annex.

In a moment she returned. The twelve Napoleons were shining in her hand. A wicked laugh was in her eye.

"Well, Brettit, it seems a man of

common sense is liable to flip other people's Napoleons into his overcoat pocket." Mr. Harte tried to laugh, too. We all laughed.

There was a bottle of Extra Dry on our little table at dinner on the terrace that evening. Mr. Harte insisted on the uncorking and the pouring himself. "It is my treat all round," said he, "or, rather," chimed in Miss C—, laughing, "your re-treat, wasn't it, Brettit? The retreat of the Napoleons, you know!"

Bret Harte was not always the ray of beaming sunshine people thought him. Spite of the delightful humor of his books, and the sparkle of his conversation, he had his moods of moroseness and grim dissatisfaction with all about him. Perhaps it was only the demon of bad health. Then it was his cousin who proved his sunshine and angel. A mature, yet youthful woman, of health, beauty and goodness, she devoted herself to rousing his spirits and cheering him by her amiable presence. With the ways of a delightful woman, she edged many a cloud for Bret Harte with sunshine.



On the Way to the Right



The Summit of the Rigi.

She called him "Brettit," his real baptismal name. "Now, Brettit, just stop your grumbling," she was wont to say. "You know what you say is not so. Everything is going well. Look at the pretty cloud above the mountain there. Do cheer up. Take something and be happy," all followed by a gracious smile.

"Take something?" answered the morose one. "Take something? Certainly; and let it be Zinfandler, cobwebbed and bearded, out on the terrace."

The pretty Swiss waitress uncorks the bottle, wishes monsieur and madame and all the rest "Gesundheit," the silver lining tips the cloud—Bret Harte is himself again.

"Let's read from Browning," says the poet, now. The book is brought, the sun dazzles on the blue lake below, the tops of the snowy Glarus Alps come out, the neuralgia slinks away. So the summer days at Bocken.

Sometimes this angel of the poet's stoops to be his confidential amanuensis, to whom as he paces up and down the floor of the little annex, where both are living now, he dictates parts of new stories, or amend-

ments to the old.

Just then he was preparing short stories for a cheap newspaper in Berlin. "It helps keep the pot boiling," he said. I did not like it, for I thought it beneath his character and fame.

The proofs of "The Twins of Table Mountain" were also coming to him from the London publishers. He asked me to help go over the sheets. It was a pleasant task, as we both swung in hammocks out under the pear trees, with nature smiling all around us. I cared little for the story, though. To me, the situations all seemed artificial and strained. There were few signs that he himself had wasted any enthusiasm on the tale.

Occasionally during the Bocken visit, Mr. Harte would go with us on little excursions to the higher mountains. He had written to me time and again of his wish for some perfect Alpine "simplicity." At last he got it. Obstalden, a mere hamlet several thousand feet above the Wallensee, was a favorite outing spot of ours. Here everything was simplicity itself. I had now learned enough of Mr. Harte to know that

Obstalden would never be to the story writer's taste. I tried to dissuade him from going. But no! the more the dissuading, the stronger his desire to go. We had funny enough times up there in the sky-high village of the mountains. The little inn had no room for all of us. The landlord kindly vacated his office room in favor of Mr. Harte's cousin and my wife. As for Mr. Harte and myself, we were invited to accommodate ourselves in the hay-loft of a goat stable. There was a thunder storm threatening among the mountain tops. Shelter we must have quickly, so we made the best we could of the situation. An old peasant held a lantern below for us, while we climbed some pegs that led to our place of slumber. An old quilt or two was tossed up to us and we turned in for the night.

I was used to mountaineering, and liked it. But there was no sleep for either of us. Mr. Harte in his stunning new clothes in the hay-loft was simply mad enough to have out-done the proverbial wet hen in pure fussing. At last he quieted down. Strange things were going on outside now. The storm had passed around us, but in the midnight stillness, we heard occasionally in the distance the thunder of falling avalanches. They were strange, romantic noises for the poet ear, and he listened. Up and down the little street of the hamlet, a solitary watchman with a lantern walked in the darkness and cried out in a solemn voice the hours of the night. "Somebody has been doing that for a hundred years," we said to one another. A mile, and almost straight down, below us lay the deep and silent lake. Right behind us and about us were tall spires of mountains, standing like ghosts in the midnight. It was no wonder that we two there in the hay-mow did not sleep. There was too much in the surroundings to think and talk about. But it was not litera-

ture. Once Harte's mind went back to Shasta and the Sierras, "with their minarets of snow," in far-off California. Once the storm threatened again, and we both feared the wind might blow our little wooden habitation over the awful precipice into the lake, forgetting that it had probably stood the storms of a century.

The earliest light of day witnessed Harte climbing down the pegs and trying to get away. The peasants who were astir early looked with surprise at this city exquisite trying to get the hayseed out of his hair and the creases back to his pantaloons.

A running brook and a tin cup furnished us the only means for our early toilet. The ladies we found at their breakfast, and we joined them in the delicious bread and coffee and mountain honey. For once in his life Mr. Harte had an appetite for what was set before him. "If we are all to sleep like bears, why shouldn't we eat like bears?" he laughingly exclaimed, and then complained that the landlord's bill for such "glorious eating" was far too small. One night of "perfect Alpine simplicity," as he had wished it, was enough for him, and we descended to a little inn down at the border of the lake. When Harte went to his room that day, what was his surprise to see on his table copies of his own books in German. That was really fame of the most delicate and surpassing flavor, and I am sure I never saw Harte so delighted in my life.

The time was coming now to say good-bye. It was his birthday, too, and no one knew it but himself. He was forty-two. The thought seemed to make him low-spirited and almost bitter. "If all of you have forgotten it, I will celebrate it then by myself," he said. But that was not allowed, and after some good wine and a good dinner, even the adven-

ture in the haymow was laughed at or forgotten.

I suggested that he write a story of the Swiss Alps, and directed his attention to some incidents. He reflected long, and then answered: "It is no go—I cannot write on themes suggested by others."

We went with him to the Falls of the Rhine, and watched his train disappear into the Black Forest of Germany.

From his Crefeld home he soon sent us this brief letter:

My dear Mr. Byers: We arrived here safely last night. Of course

teau Laufen cook up a route for you.

"Our ride through the Black Forest was a delicious revelation. I should say it was an overture to Switzerland, had I entered Switzerland from its borders, but coming from Switzerland, I could not but think it was really finer than the Alps in everything that makes the picturesque, and that Switzerland would have been a disappointment afterwards. It is very like the California foothills in the Sierra mountain ranges, and the long dashes of red soil and red road—so unlike the glare and dazzle of the white Swiss turnpikes—were very



The Wallensee.

the railways did not connect as you said they would, and of course we did not go where you promised we should, but we got to Dusseldorf within twelve hours of the schedule time set, and are thankful. Only let me beg you to post yourself a little on Swiss railroads before you travel yourself. Your knowledge does well enough for a guide to old experienced travelers like us. But it won't do for a simple, guileless, believing nature like your own. And don't let the landlord of the Cha-

effective. I wanted much to stop at Freiberg, still more at a certain ruined castle and pension called Hombeck, which was as picturesque as Castle Laufen, minus the noise of factory wheels and fulling mills from these awful rapids. Heidelberg was a sensation, with its castle that quite dwarfs the Rhine river (as all things do by comparison when one travels) and we could have stayed here two or three days and enjoyed ourselves.

"Tell Mrs. Byers to stop this

shooting of Parthian arrows from Obstallden. I am not so very particular, but if we travel in Italy together, we must certainly have more than one bedroom for us three. I know I'm fastidious as to location, but I'd let that go. I'd stick out for two bedrooms, if we had to telegraph a week ahead. If Mrs. Byers and myself are to quarrel in this way, we must have separate apartments and two wash-bowls.

Yours truly,

BRET HARTE."

We had proposed a trip together to Italy, but circumstances at last altered our plans.

When next I saw Bret Harte I was in London at the Langham Hotel. Again he entered a hotel breakfast room just as on that morning when we had first met in Zurich. It was the same Bret Harte with the kindly smile and agreeable ways. Yet there had been a change; his hair was long now, and even grayer than before. Some way, somehow, he seemed another man.

Bret Harte's best stories will live as long as California mining life that gave them birth, shall be remembered. But that may not be forever. Forever, when we think of it, is quite a spell of time.



BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

IN a secluded creek hollow, off the road in a Santa Clara County town, I once spent a June afternoon with two of our most interesting California birds: the long-tailed chat and the russet-backed thrush.

The thrush is not a shy bird, but he is reserved in his manner of appearing to one. His sombre coloring, so like the brown shade spaces between bushy twigs, conceals him, often perhaps when he is watching you with wide, serene eyes.

The chat is really shy. He is often heard, but seldom seen. His characteristic tricks and manners are nearly always performed at a

wary distance. His calls are startling, ringing out at you, from some woody depths. He whistles, barks, hellos in a very unbird-like way. His song is wonderfully sweet when he deigns to sing.

These two birds seemed to be the ruling spirit of the glen that summer afternoon, and two birds of greater contrast could hardly be found among the smaller song-birds. One flaunting in color, grotesque in flight, jerky-mannered, satirical, wiry, excitable, egotistical.

The other, gracefully winged, quietly colored, tranquil and well-bred, looking upon the rest of his

feathered kind, it seems to me, with a tolerant sympathy and benevolence.

I entered their domain in as straightforward and unobtrusive a way as possible, for bird lovers soon learn that a stealthy, as well as boisterous approach, will put these keen little observers of humanity at once on their guard.

As I seated myself on the grass, the chat flew suddenly high in the air, from some bush beyond, dangling his legs and calling out "Quit, quit, quit!" in a voice suited to three times his size.

I hadn't done anything, so I remained where I was, taking his scolding with an unmoved front.

I became conscious soon that a troubled twitter of conversation was going on near me. A bright little yellow and black gold-finch flew to a branch directly in front of me and began to sing (as if he had rehearsed it) his plaintive twittering song. As he sang, he dipped nervously this way and that, his wings alert for any movement of mine. Still he finished his little plea bravely, and I understood he was begging me not to disturb his mate and young in the elder-blossom tree close at hand. I assured him I wouldn't, and he flew away.

All this time the chat was turning wild antics in the air over my head, and I began to suspect that perhaps I was sitting on his nest. A peculiar rustling of thinly feathered wings, and a small flopping sound in the bush at my back made me prick up my ears.

I turned carefully and slowly around, and sought for those baby chats. I knew they were there. I could almost hear the sound of their small bills, and I did so want to see them. But they were taught well, those chats, and although my fingers were rustling almost in their home, not a feather did I see. When their parent's "Quit, quit, chee, quit there, quit" came nearer my head,

I covered my eyes and fled. This time I had been prying.

When the little ones had presumably been led to a safer spot, the chat flew to the top of a tall tree and scolded and mocked at me unmercifully.

"All right," I called back at him, "quit yourself. I didn't touch them."

He seemed astonished, and not a little interested, standing high on his slim legs, and called back again. When my response came, he ducked down his head, and called loudly: "Ha, ha, quit there! Oh, quit! oh, quit!"

We mocked each other with much enjoyment, the bird varying his performance by leaping into the air at intervals.

In the midst of our noise I met the disconcerting, astonished gaze of a thrush. With its elusive flight it had flown into the tree below the chat, and was listening with mild amazement. I went on calling at the chat; I could see its yellow and black body elongate. It seemed to raise the marking over its eyes sometimes, as if in sarcasm. I watched it hurriedly straighten a feather once, as if not to miss my call.

All this time the thrush slipped into the tree below, and stole away, when I gave it my attention. Still, it could not keep away. Every time I looked back there was the thrush, listening and watching, in a sort of unwilling fascination.

When the shadows grew longer, the chat grew tired, gave a last "quit," and flew away to family duties.

The song of the chat is warbling and amorous, a song of the earth and sunlight, of pride and pleasure in its young and its mate. But the song of the thrush no words can more than partly describe. He sings over and above his mating and nest building, touching and vibrating down to earth, the very spirit of melody. Although he must have

been sorely tried that afternoon, as he loves the quiet, his song, when the setting sun turned the leaves to bronze-green thrilled in its ascent as serene as ever.

There is something in the song of the thrush that makes you pause in listening, as he pauses in singing.

Like all great artists, his sweep of expression is simple. He makes the soul fill the spaces between his notes. The imagination is caught and lifted.

Go and find him sometime, singing in the woodland.

A THANKSGIVING

BY EDNAH ROBINSON

For that supreme beneficence,
 Mysterious creation;
 (When we might still be part of the All-in-All,
 That need not respond to the stern roll-call.)
 For individual consequence
 Men join in celebration:
 (Instead of the Never-to-Live-at-All,
 Without ear to heed th' inexorable call:)
 We give most humble thanks.

For accident; inheritance;
 Our unique obligation;
 (When we might have been crushed by a down-
 turned thumb,
 And we might have been blind where we're only
 dumb.)
 For curious significance
 That marks our reservation:
 (Which averts for an hour the down-turned thumb,
 Making other men blind where we're only dumb!)
 We give most humble thanks!

For our especial heritage
 Of goading aspiration;
 (When we might have been born as other men are,
 Too content with their crust to yearn for a star.)
 For all this complex equipage
 Ironic complication:
 (When we might have been willing, as other men are,
 To feast on the crust and not die for a star!)
 We give most humble thanks!

EXTERMINATING OF THE FUR SEAL

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

ON the edge of that far North zone of mists and mysteries, where days and nights outlast weeks and months, where barren wastes yield fabulous wealth, is the home of a strange animal, all things connected with which are like the land of its birth—full of surprises and contradictions.

In the first place, the fur seal is not a seal at all; Linnaeus, the first great naturalist to classify him, called him a sea-bear, and in the opinion of the experts of to-day that is a far more correct and significant designation. In line with his name and his clime, all things connected with the mis-called fur seal, as every student of the animal will know, are subjects to incongruous metaphors and misleading nomenclature. These seals are mammals, but are subject to fisheries legislation; they live, when on land, in "rookeries," and the "cow," strictly guarded in a "harem," gives birth to a "pup," which if a male is known in babyhood as a "bachelor." So misleading is all this that one might suspect the fur seal to have been first exploited by that celebrated Irish Statesman who, on the occasion of suspecting a conspiracy, declared in Parliament: "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat! I think I hear him even now buzzing in the air. But mark you, Mr. Speaker, I shall yet nip him in the bud!"

Now, all this eccentricity and misnomer are paralleled by strange and unique facts concerning the animal, its habits, ways, organism. Scarcely any creature is so interesting from so many points of view. It presents new problems to the evolutionist and biologist; the value of its fur has enlisted the devoted attention of commerce and fashion. Its far

sea marches have made it a theme of international politics; and the romance, adventure and mystery of its life cannot fail to appeal to everybody.

In the past large herds of fur seals were found in both the Arctic and Antarctic seas. The breeding colonies in the Southern ocean were immense, but the work of capture and wholesale slaughter which began at the close of the eighteenth century was mercilessly pushed by a policy of British greed which was bent only upon wringing present revenue from all things, regardless of the future. Later this policy was ably seconded by adventurous Yankee sea traders, until to-day the seal fisheries of the south are of small value, and the once large, widely-spread colonies almost exterminated. So wasteful, so without foresight and so tremendous were the early captures from the many herds, that skins, now so valuable, were at one time marketed in London at a dollar. The same lamentable state of things long ago existed to some extent in the North seas, but partly owing to intermittent Russian protection, and the fact that the more bountiful supply to the South led these early sealers to those regions, the Northern herds were not so rapidly depleted.

Among the many singular facts about the Northern fur seal is this: that beside possessing a homing instinct not less marked than that of certain species of pigeons, each colony or herd constitutes by itself a distinct species. The variety found in the South Seas differ strongly from those in the North seas; indeed, their development is thought to have been along distinct lines of evolution. So far as known

there were never any fur seals in the north Atlantic, and to-day there exist but three herds in the North found in the South seas differed very Pacific. The members of these three herds are strongly differentiated in physical structure. They do not mingle; they possess different breeding and feeding grounds; they follow different migratory routes; they in fact constitute different species. It is almost as if all the robins in the world flocked together and nested in one place, and all the bluebirds were likewise in one colony.

Now, of these different varieties, the Northern animals supply fur which is much superior to that of the Southern animals, and of the three remaining herds of Northern animals—two of which have not declined to such an extent as to be commercially valueless—the fur of the largest, or Pribilof Islands group is the superior. These islands and this herd passed from Russia to the United States with the purchase of Alaska in 1867, and as the herd of second importance—a Russian herd—is now reduced to such an extent as to be only a small factor in the production of seal fur, our attention may be wholly given to the American animal. The Pribilof Islands are in Bering Sea. They are something over 200 miles north of the Aleutian chain of islands. They number five in all. The two largest, St. Paul and St. George, each about 12 or 13 miles long, are about 40 miles apart, and are the land home and the breeding ground of the American herd of seals. These island haunts are not exactly poetic Arcadias; they are rocky upheavals in the midst of the bleak sea, shrouded in gray mists, beat upon by cold rains almost continuously during the summer months. Yet among the coarse grass that covers the more fertile tracts a variety of showy flowers blooms. The blue fox and the sea lion thrive there; millions of sea birds breed upon the precipices;

a few land birds are seen, and even the familiar robin has been noted.

When the Pribilof herd passed to the United States it contained, according to the best estimates, over 3,000,000 seals. It was then possible to take from it by land killing in proper time and by proper means considerably over 100,000 young males each year without interfering in the least with the natural increase of the herd. Three years ago, according to the report of the American Commissioners, the herd had been decreased by means of causes to be noticed further on, to less than 395,000 all told.

And now we may glance for a moment at the habits and ways of life of these singular and interesting animals. They are, as we have said, migratory, and they are also polygamous. At the approach of winter, guided by that mysterious sense of direction that baffles science, the females journey as far south as the latitude of Santa Barbara, California. The males, or bulls, as they are called, do not go so far, but keep for the most part near the Alaskan gulf. Neither, so far as known, ever land upon the mainland of the continent. In the spring, as soon as the ice permits, they return to the Pribilof Islands; the adult males begin to arrive about the first of May; they come gradually and take their places in the various rookeries, there to remain for a period averaging four months, never leaving their places, but fasting all through the mating season. When they arrive they are very plump and fat with blubber; when they leave, they are, of course, much reduced. The range of the oldest bulls is less southerly than that of the younger males, and it is supposed that in the spring they arrive at the islands by a sort of seniority.

By the middle of June substantially all the adult males are on shore ready to form their harems when the cows arrive. The males

are much larger and stronger than the females. They sometimes measure over eight feet in length and weigh as much as 500 pounds, but the weight of the females is never above 100, and scarcely ever reaches 90 pounds. Upon the arrival, the strongest and most courageous of the bulls, having as a rule the most advantageous positions, gather large harems. According to some authorities there is fierce fighting among the males at this time, but this is denied by the latest reports of Government Commissioners, who state that sanguinary disputes do not take place until the harems are formed. The cows arrive heavy with young as a result of the mating of the previous season, and from the time of their arrival until the birth of the pup, the master of the harem guards his mates with a jealousy and fierceness which is astonishing. The whiskered old Turks crowd the cows together in small compass and brow-beat and abuse and even murder them in a way that would have suited Bluebeard. Until after impregnation no cow is allowed to leave the harem, but afterwards she goes to sea to wash and swim, traveling sometimes a distance of 200 miles from the island, for the purpose of feeding, returning at regular intervals to suckle her young, toward which she is said to display little affection.

During the breeding season the community is rigorously divided into distinct classes. Around the breeding grounds within the area of which are the bulls, cows and pups are what is known as the hauling grounds. Here the bachelors and the idle bulls are compelled to stay. There are many adult bulls in the herd lacking the strength and the courage to form harems in the first instance, and these hang around the breeding grounds, attempting to steal mates and sometimes succeeding. The harems are very closely massed formations, the old bulls

rounding up the cows and guarding them with sleepless vigilance. The harems number from one to fifty cows, and sometimes as many as 200 or even 300. In the height of the breeding season the fighting of the bulls is fierce and bloody. Bull meets bull in the attempt to steal or procure mates; combats are fought, tremendous blows are struck with their great flippers; they roar and snarl and snap and inflict deep wounds with their teeth as they fight; the females bleat, the young are trampled on and killed by hundreds, the reserve bulls rush in and carry off inmates of another's harem. Bulls, usually docile and easily driven, will at this season attack a man fiercely if approached too closely, but although they can move with some speed and agility a man may easily outstrip them.

Nearly all the time when not fighting, harem masters are scolding and disciplining their mates. A restless or recalcitrant cow is beaten and bitten without mercy; is sometimes grabbed in the teeth of the bull and thrown over his head, to teach obedience; occasionally she is killed outright. In these various onslaughts the seals are terribly wounded and lacerated, but they seem to pay little attention to their injuries. The grounds of the rookeries when the season is over are strewn with dead. The young pups are the chief sufferers. One season as many as 10,000 dead pups were counted when the seals had departed.

The valuable fur comes from the bachelors from two to four years old. The young males are driven from the hauling grounds to the killing grounds some distance away, and then knocked on the head with clubs. They are then stabbed to the heart and immediately skinned. Practically all the fur is dyed and prepared in London for sale and wear.

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As winter approaches the seals gradually leave the islands. The cows and pups go first, the males

linger sometimes as late as December.

When the Pribilof Islands came into the possession of the United States, the killing of seals was done by natives. An agent of the Government was in charge to see that all females were protected. As the seals are polygamous, it is obvious that the vast majority of bachelors could be spared without interfering with the normal growth of the herd. In 1874 it was deemed advisable to lease the islands to the Alaska Fur Co., and under the lease 100,000 young male seals were to be taken, the Government to receive, besides an annual rental of \$55,000 a tax of \$2.62½ on each skin. On the expiration of this lease a new contract was entered into, more advantageous to the Government. This was with the American Fur Company. The rental was now raised to \$60,000, and a tax of \$9.62½ was levied on each skin; but almost as soon as the new company had entered into arrangements it was discovered that the herd had suddenly decreased to such an alarming extent that it was impossible to take the 100,000 young seals allowed.

Now, this decline was wholly due to what is known as pelagic sealing the taking of seals indiscriminately in the open seas. Though the practice was an old one the increase in the value of the furs had caused it to grow enormously in the early '80's. A fleet of vessels, almost wholly Canadian, sailed the sealing waters, taking the animals wherever found, both during migration in the spring and when in the summer they were about the islands feeding. No regard was paid to age or sex. In a period of a little over ten years it is estimated that over 1,000,000 seals were thus taken. At this rate the early extinction of the herd was certain. The Government of the United States claimed the seals as its property, and seized certain American and Canadian vessels.

This action led to a dispute with Great Britain, and arbitration was agreed to. In the complex question of the rights of the two Governments and the political status of seals, there is not space to enter here. Suffice it to say that the contention of the American Government was that females largely predominated in the pelagic catch, "that when killed in the spring they were gravid and when killed on their feeding excursions in Bering Sea they were nursing and left dependent pups to starve to death on the islands."

This contention scientific investigation has proven to be true, but for some inexplicable reason the British contention that the female catch was unimportant, that pelagic sealing was the right of Canadians, and that land killing by Americans was the cause of the decline of the herd, was substantially upheld by the Paris award in 1893. Some checks were imposed upon pelagic sealing by the arbitrators, but they were not of much importance, and wholly inefficacious in arresting the decline of the herd. While this misled tribunal declared that the regulations were to remain in force until abolished or modified by agreement of both Governments, yet the last article of their award provided that the regulations should be submitted every five years to a new examination so as to enable both Governments to consider whether there was need for any modification. After the Paris award our Government proposed to Great Britain an immediate revision of the manifestly unjust decision. To this Great Britain would not consent, but instead proposed that each Government should appoint a commission of experts to thoroughly investigate the whole subject, "the result of such investigation to form the basis of a reconsideration of the regulation at the end of the specified period of five years.

These commissions were accordingly appointed in 1896. The American commissioners, at the head of whom was David Starr Jordan, published in 1896, 1897 and 1898 four large volumes, establishing, with much evidence, the justice of the early American contention; but while the British report was in accord with the American as to many facts, it still maintained the substantial justice of the Paris award. There were strictly party and partial findings, as there always are in such cases. The report of the American commissioners declared among other things "that the regulations of the Paris award have proved ineffective to protect and preserve the herd. They have not prevented its decline, which has continued and must continue in spite of them. They cannot bring about a restoration of the herd, as they permit the killing of females in numbers vastly in excess of their natural increase." And again the report says: "In a word, there is no remedy for the present decline of the herd nor hope for its restoration and preservation except in the absolute and permanent prohibition of pelagic sealing."

And yet it was, of course, a foregone conclusion that there could be no revision of the lamentably unjust award when reports of the different commissions were so diverse. Nor can America repudiate the findings, though her commissioners could refuse to sign them. Our Government has ever stood among nations as the foremost champion of arbitration, and in a spirit of consistency, if nothing else, will abide by the award, unless Great Britain consents to its revision. But so long as Great Britain considers her money

interests to be on the side of pelagic sealing, any report adverse to it was scarcely hoped for from her commissioners, so thoroughly does interest warp the judgment of nations as well as individuals. Dr. Jordan has shown conclusively that England's advantage in the fur trade, and even the interests of Canadian vessel owners, demand a finding in accord with American claims, and now demands a revision of the inequitable findings, but all in vain.

Pelagic sealing, under slight restrictions, still goes on. A most valuable and most interesting animal seems all but doomed to extinction. Yet even injustice sometimes brings its own reward. To show the rate of decline it may be stated that the pelagic catch of Canadian vessels was approximately 70,000 in 1895; the next year was 55,000; and the next year 30,000. The American Government no longer allows pelagic sealing on the part of our citizens. The practice is almost wholly restricted to Canadians now, for this year of 1903 many of the fleets engaged in this atrocious work have returned with a large pecuniary balance on the wrong side in spite of the high price of skins. Rough weather and the scarcity of seals have used up some of the unholy profits of the past.

Because of its superior warmth, beauty, softness, fineness, etc., seal fur must continue to be fashionable until no more is to be had. As it grows rarer it must of course grow more valuable. Those who possess handsome pieces of it may show them at no very distant day much as they would now show a blue diamond.

The Hermit of Marin Shore

BY D. MARIN

ON the larger of the Marin Islands in San Francisco Bay, opposite the Marin shore—the one which was called long before the Americans came Isletta de la Santissima Trinidad, but which now is nameless—there has dwelt all alone for a number of years an aged, wizened man, a Spaniard. From the decks of the trim, white yachts that on Sundays and holidays furrow the water off Point San Pedro, the curious pleasure-seeker could catch a glimpse of his hovel—a jumble of weather-washed driftwood nestling against the cliff on the western side of the island. Perhaps, if fate favors, the hermit himself might be descried digging—always digging—with pick-axe or crowbar or shovel, on the apex of the rocky bluff above his cabin or in the little stony mesa to the east of it.

The infrequent duck-hunter and bass fisherman gazed and wondered what harvest the patient toiler hoped to reap from this rock-ribbed and wind-swept desert. The Portuguese rancher at Point San Quentin, whither the old man rows each week to have his barrel filled with fresh water—for there are no springs on his island—plied him with questions. When, once in a long while he appeared in the streets of San Rafael with fifty or sixty pounds of freshly caught striped bass to barter for flour, coffee and tobacco, the loungers asked him mockingly how his gold mine is getting on, and whether he has struck "pay gravel" yet. To these he was only "that crazy old Greaser who lives out at the islands," and his closely guarded secret is but some vagary of a diseased brain; but to the older Spanish inhabitants—the Peraltas, the Saises, the Pachecos and the

like—he was something far different. They recognized in him Don Juan Ygnacio de Solis y Ramirez, the last living representative of a family whose pedigree traced through half a dozen of the proudest of the Mexican Conquistadores, has its origin among the hidalgos of the bluest blood of old Castile. They knew him when all the land northward indefinitely from Sir Francis Drake's Bay to the mouth of the Gualala, was his, and he counted his cattle and his Indian herdsmen by the thousands. And more: they have, or, at least, those of them who are well advanced in years have, an inkling why Ramirez lived alone on the Isle of the Most Holy Trinity and dug unceasingly; for Indian nurses were as all other nurses have been since the world began and amid the clatter around the charcoal braziers in the patio, when the tortillas and frijoles were a-cooking, strange stories were whispered in the long-ago about a wrecked ship and buried treasure—stories which their charges heard with awe and long remembered. Some, too, recall that in the later '50's or early '60's, before, at all events, Ramirez was divested of his ultimate acres, he made extensive excavations and personally supervised the work until Uncle Sam who had reserved all the islands in the bay for military purposes, peremptorily stopped him. So much may be learned about the hermit by patient inquiry.

As the rounded keel grated on the shingle before the cabin, the old man recognized the visitor and came forth to meet him. Gnarled and bent and weather beaten like a Monterey cypress he stood, yet in his greeting there was a wealth of that high-bred courtesy that invests even the humblest Spaniard as with a robe-

of honor, when he receives a guest. A closer glance showed that Ramirez was troubled. His eye had lost something of its fire, his thrice-kindled pipe refused to burn to his satisfaction and he sat for some time silent, gazing abstractedly across the water at the blue line of Point Pinole in the distance. When he spoke, it was in Spanish:

"Senor, do you think that it is possible for fate to pursue a guiltless man all his life long, with never a change, never a respite?"

"Possible, perhaps; but most improbable. It is a long lane that has no turning!"

"That is well said, Senor,"—and then, after a pause: "yet, I have had naught but ill luck all my life, and now I have failed miserably for the twenty-third time and must begin my work anew."

"What work?"

"My digging"; and he relapsed into silence.

It was many minutes before he spoke again, and the sun was glinting athwart the summit of Tamalpais far to the westward before he concluded.

"Senor, I am going to tell you a story—a very strange story. I heard it first when I was a little boy—a child scarcely as tall as this chair—and now that I am old and gray and wrinkled, it still haunts me. It has ridden me throughout my life, as the night hag rides us in our dreams. I heard it first from the lips of my uncle, my mother's only brother, as he lay upon his deathbed in his house upon the coast, north of what the Americans now call Dillon's Beach, and no other ear than mine heard it, save the priest's who shrived him, and his lips were sealed by his vows. It was the winter of 1842 that he died. I can remember—it seems like yesterday—how the house servants awakened me and dressed me hurriedly and brought me to his bedside in the great room

where many candles were burning and how the old priest patted my cheek and blessed me, and then stole out into the darkness, leaving me alone with him. My uncle raised himself upon one arm and regarded me fixedly for some moments—a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, though sadly wasted by illness. 'Little one,' he said, for so he always called me; 'there are only the two of us left in this world and I am going fast. To-morrow perhaps will see the end of me. Nay, dry your eyes and listen! I promised my dear sister before she left us that I would care for you as if you were my own son, and I have striven to do it. It needed small striving, little one, for I loved you as if you were in truth my very own. What slender store of learning the good padre has, that has he imparted to you, and I have taught you to ride and to handle weapons as becomes a cavalier. Also some worldly wisdom—deference to superiors, courtesy to equals, kindness to inferiors and homage to all women. I have made you by my will my universal heir, and to you will belong this property and the cattle, and the gold and silver here in my strong box, as well as my property in Yerba Buena and the moneys there in the hands of my factor realized from the sale of hides. All this was arranged long ago and you will have no trouble about it! Here my uncle caressed me, and when he spoke again there was a tone of pleading eagerness in his voice.

"'Little one, you are old beyond your years. Have you ever thought why I, by no means an old man nor a friendless one, preferred to dwell in this solitude, surrounded by half-savage Indians, seeing no white face save yours and the Padres, year after year? A life-time is a long while—mine has spanned almost fifty years—and in it a man may do many evil deeds, and when the blood surges quickly through his

veins and he smarts under a cruel wrong, and earth and sky and sea swim before him in a crimson mist, he may do one—God help him!—so terrible, so atrocious, that the recollection of it sears as hot iron!

“Think of a cavalier in the hey-day of his youth, rich, not ill to look upon, of a lineage as proud as any in all Spain, a soldier, too, robbed of the love of the one woman on earth whom he adored, of the love of his affianced wife and spurned and buffeted by one who robbed him. What vengeance, think you, would such a one take, the opportunity being granted? But peace! I have confessed and have been shriven, and I must compose my soul for its long journey!

“Many years ago, long before you were born, this property where we now live was granted to me by the Crown for military services. I was then a Captain attached to the Presidio, and with the aid of my company I quickly reduced the Indians to subjection and built this house—at that time the only house inhabited by a white man north of Yerba Buena. Still, I was accustomed to spend half of every year at the Presidio, although I could have been excused from my duties there, had I desired it. The Colonel of the forces, Don Ramon de Velasco, had an only daughter, the Lady Inez and I loved her—devotedly, passionately. God help me, I love her still, though the death fires dance before my eyes, and though she was laid away in the little cemetery at the Mission fully twenty years ago! And she loved me then—by Heaven, I can swear it—and our troth was plighted, and thus in tender dalliance, in many a walk beneath the magnolias in the Presidio garden, the duenna lagging, in fond words murmured in the twilight on the broad veranda while the Colonel puffed his cigarro; in fonder glances, in love tokens, a rose, a glossy curl, a thousand pre-

vious trifles, the days sped all too rapidly; summer waned and winter brought the hour of my departure. Trustfully, blithely even, I set forth on my long journey across the bay and through the trackless wilderness, for had I not her promise and her father's. I remember well the month, the day and year of my return. It was May 3d, 1816, and the blue bay smiled a welcome, and there at anchor near the further shore, rode a vessel flying a foreign flag. It was a Danish frigate. My first visit was to the Presidio. The Colonel greeted me heartily, as one soldier greets another; but his face was clouded. Inez was indisposed, he said. The next day and the next the self-same story. I gnawed my heart and waited. One day, the fifth after my coming, in passing the Presidio garden I heard voices—it was Inez, and with her was Proling, the Captain of the Danish frigate, tall, yellow-haired and blue-eyed. I had met him twice before and had thought him a pleasant-spoken man enough, but now as I stood there in the shadow of the rose hedge, I dug my finger-nails into my palms until they bled to keep from killing him. Frenzied I flew, I knew not whither, and two nights later I sought her out at a masquerade at the Presidio and demanded the truth from her. Weeping she confessed that she no longer loved me, that her father had pleaded his pledged word in vain, that she would never marry me. In what wild words I released her from her promise I know not, but I did release her, and as she sat there sobbing and I leaned over her, a hand clutched my shoulder, and I was thrown backwards, reeling against the balustrade of the veranda. It was the Danish Captain. He had spurned me. Sword in hand I threw myself upon him. Inez screamed. The merry-makers surged about us and separated us.

At daybreak we met on a grassy

plot among the sand dunes, and at the first assault, as I sprang at him, mad with rage and jealousy, he ran me through the sword arm. I demanded that we change swords to the left hand and continue the combat. Both seconds demurred. 'You are losing blood too rapidly,' they said. 'What matters that,' I cried. 'He struck me last night, I tell you, he struck me!' Prolling advanced and said: 'Don Luis, I was in the wrong last night. I was very hasty—I did not understand the situation. Pray accept my sincere apology!' 'Your corpse shall serve me as an apology, coward!' I cried, and fainted.

"My wound healed slowly, and then the fever seized me, and two months passed before, wan and trembling, I could totter from my quarters to the Presidio. One glance told the Colonel that I was in no case for further fighting. I asked to be relieved from active service, as I wished to retire to my rancho. 'On one condition, my dear young friend,' he answered. 'You know all about the tides and currents of the bay. Now Prolling—Yes, I know there was some trouble between you, but that is all past—now Prolling, I say, has been waiting here a week or more, while I have hunted high and low for a pilot to take the frigate safely through the gate. If you will pilot her out she will tow your boat, and you can cut loose when you get opposite your rancho.' He would have it so, and I consented.

A southern gale howled through our rigging when I steered the frigate out, and my little boat danced in her wake like a cork in a mill stream. Captain Prolling watched me weather the northern point.

"You have run us safe through the gate, Don Luis."

"For that much, my word was pledged to my Colonel, Senor Captain."

"An ominous reservation," he

said, shrugging his shoulders, and went below.

"At daybreak the frigate struck and was shivered on Point Reyes reef. Not a soul reached shore alive save I—may heaven have mercy upon them and me! I was in my skiff when she struck and gained the inner bay beyond the bar through the breakers, half dead. I landed on my own ranch. At low tide, my Indians visited the wreck, and I looked upon his dead face. He was drowned in his cabin like a rat. The frigate had heeled over and was fast breaking up, but we lowered into our whale boat two massive oak chests, iron bound and very heavy, before the encroaching water warned us to abandon her. That night the storm broke out anew and raged for days, destroying every vestige of the wreck, but this I did not know then, for the fever held me in its grip and I was delirious. When I was able I opened the chests. They were full of gold—minted coins; ducats and English guineas chiefly—packed in bags, they weighed all told 476 Spanish pounds. I am growing weaker—come closer—I must hasten to tell it all. I did not want this money. It was accursed. We—twelve trusty Indians and I—bore the treasure chests across the peninsula and buried them on the Isle of the Most Holy Trinity—deep—this writing will show you where—but, Little One—I charge you, dig not, unless you need the gold! And, so speaking, my uncle, Don Luis Manuel de Solis, passed away.

"The remainder of my story, Senor, is soon told; nay, you can imagine it. The Americanos came; and first my money went, then my cattle, finally my lands. By 1864 I found myself poor—not as poor as I am now, Senor—but 'hard-up,' you call it. I bethought me of the treasure—and with twenty laborers I camped upon the island and we dug and blasted for weeks, until

the soldiers came and bade us go away under pain of imprisonment. Since then, I have returned here many, many times, and have dug and sometimes I have had others to help me, but now I am too poor for that, and for three years I have dug here all alone. My twenty-third plan has just failed, and yet it was a good plan. I divided the island into square plots sixty feet by sixty—and dug in every one of them; but I am not as strong as I once was. Perhaps I did not dig deep enough. Quien sabe?"

"But the writing your uncle gave you. Did that tell you nothing?"

"Worse than nothing, Senor. That writing begins thus: 'From the landing place go 20 paces due north; then go north-east 40 paces,'

and so on and so on. But that landing place, Senor; ah, where may it have been? No living man can tell. The landing place changes almost every month—surely every year. Tides and storms heap up gravel here to-day and sweep it bare to-morrow. Freshets from the Sacramento river build banks of mud along the eastern shore, until now there is only one small beach upon that shore where a boat can land, and that grows smaller daily. Cliffs topple into the sea, obliterating beaches. The very shape of the island has changed since I first saw it."

Such is the story of old Ramirez, the treasure seeker as he told it. Will he find the gold? As he himself would say: "Quien sabe?"

The Frenchman and the Rattler

A Story of the Old West

BY ANDREW MELONEY

OLD Joe Howard was in a reminiscent mood, when he came to town the other night, and among the many good stories he told at Casserly's, was this one. It was brought out by a discussion as to what "nerve" really was:

"You fellers may talk about nerve," he said, "but about the nerviest thing I ever see anyone do occurred back in the latter part of the fifties. I was trapping up in Northern Wisconsin, and in the party was two Frenchmen, a feller named Joe Le Duc, and the other we called Pinchon. We were on our way back into the Sioux country, when one morning we dumped our kits out on a Macinac boat cover to dry. It had rained a whole ocean the night before, and things were kind of damp like. After spreading the canvass

out we made a fire to get something warm into our stomachs and it was while we were eating that a great big rattler worked himself out of the grass to sun himself on the cover. Le Duc and Pinchon discovered the snake, and Joe was for killing it. He picked up a stick to do so, when Pinchon caught him by the arm in a hard grip.

"Joe Le Duc,' he says, 'we are called brave men. Now, will you try which of us is entitled to be called that way more than the other.'

"Le Duc imagined that Pinchon wanted to fight with him, and said if that was the case he would let him call himself what he pleased and just as brave as he pleased. He would rather take a drink with him than do anything else.

"No, no, it is not fight,' Pinchon

says. "But do you dare take that snake in your bare hands?"

"Never," says Joe. "I will fight Indians with you every time, all the time and as long as you please, but I will not touch that snake. I will not fight an enemy like that."

"Well, then," says Pinchon, "nobody will ever say that I feared man or beast. If you, Joe Le Duc, will not catch this snake, I will."

"We were all, six of us, gathered around the men by this time, and we told Pinchon he was crazy. One man tried to stop him and he told him that he would not be fooled with. Then we saw it was no use to say anything and we sat around in a circle and waited and looked at Pinchon and the snake. Everybody expected to see him stung to death. He rolled his sleeves up and laid himself down within three feet of the varmint. Then he moved his hand toward the snake as slowly as the hands of a clock, while it raised its head and looked him steadily in the eye, without making the slightest move to strike.

"When Pinchon had advanced his right hand within six inches of the reptile, he snatched it up by the neck as quick as you can say 'Napstick,' and sprung to his feet holding it at

arm's length. The rattler, after a few revolutions of the tail, fixed it around Pinchon's neck with a tight grip and began to contract its body.

"Though the Frenchman was very strong, we saw his arm commence to bend, and we could see the muscles stand out and quiver like they were palsied. His face was just the same except his eyes was hard like. In a few minutes he reached out with his left hand and caught the right wrist and struggled to keep the snake away from his face, but it was too strong for him.

"At last we saw the head about six inches from his face, and I knew it was getting ready to strike. The sweat was pouring out all over me, but I could not have said a word to save my soul. Suddenly Pinchon cried out to Le Duc to save him. His nerve had failed, and he commenced to shake. Joe ran to him and with one whack of his knife cut the varmint in two pieces, and just in time. Pinchon fell to the ground, holding the snake's head in his hand and he looked just like a dead man.

"That was what I call real nerve. That rattler was just seven foot long and had thirty-two rattles."

THE LOVE OF GOD

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

Love in the sunrise purpling distant hills,
 Love in the song of birds, the hum of bees,
 And in the whispering wind and rippling rills,
 In mighty mountains and in sunlit seas,—
 But Love, too, it may be, in sordid task,
 That else one could not do; in noble strife
 For worthy ends—in righteous wrath . . . A mask
 Each is for Love—thus Love inheres in Life.

The Pupils of Cecil Rhodes

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

Calvin Dill Wilson. Born in Baltimore, Md. Grew up in Canonsburg, Washington County, Pa. Graduated at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., and at the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa. Author of "The Story of the Cid," "The Child's Don Quixote." Founded "Men's Club" at Franklin, Ohio, a secular and purely democratic club that has proved to be a social force and has been written about and modeled after as a means of uniting the men of communities without regard to class or creed distinctions. Has contributed numerous articles and stories to magazines and newspapers, "The Cosmopolitan," "Lippincotts," "The New England Magazine," "The Chautauquan," "The New York Sun," "The St. Louis Globe-Democrat," etc. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Glendale, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati.

ON the morning of June 15, 1950, a messenger emerged from the telegraphic room of the British iron-clad *Arion*, and hastily handed a dispatch to the commander of the vessel. The *Arion* was steaming into the Bosphorus, in company with a fleet of forty war-vessels belonging to various nations of Europe. The order had been given to bombard Constantinople, and every ship had guns in position and gunners at attention for the command to fire.

Sir George Barnes glanced hurriedly at the message that had been placed in his hands, stool stock still, and then read aloud as if he would take in the full import of what was written there: "Stop where you are. Do not fire a gun. Edward 8th, for the Powers."

Sir George knitted his brows. "What does it mean?" he said. Then suddenly he realized that he must act at once. "Here, Captain," he cried. "Signal all ships to an-

chor. Fire not a gun. Be quick."

The Captain knew from the Commander's tone and manner that something unusual had occurred, and the signals were given without delay, and in a moment answers came from all the ships, and the great vessels reversed engines, slowed down, cast anchor, and the fleet was motionless, save for the tossing of the waves.

The threatening monsters had suddenly been chained like fierce dogs, and they chafed at their anchors as the beasts spring to break the links that fasten them.

Boats were lowered speedily, uniformed officers leaped into them, the men bent to their oars, and soon were alongside the *Arion*. When these officers had touched the deck of the *Arion*, the question burst from all at once: "Sir George, what does this mean?"

"I know no more than you," Sir George replied, wiping his forehead. "A wireless message from the King of England was taken by our operator. Here it is. It says: 'Stop where you are. Do not fire a gun!'"

The group of officers stood amazed. They had orders from their Governments to take Constantinople. For this they had come to avenge their dead comrades and insulted flags. Turkey was to be wiped from the earth.

Now, at the moment of beginning their attack, the command had come to the chief officer of the fleet forbidding action. The mystery was too dark for them. They could not even guess at its meaning. Their expedition was brought to nothing. Their ships swung idly at anchor, and the great guns were silent.

* * * *

"Try the Idea. Test the Foun-

der's judgment. Face the kings, and compel them to see their duty to the world." The determined face of the Speaker, Sydney Stanton, would have been oppressive to men of less might than those in the extraordinary conclave of "The Saxons." Energy, intellectual, moral, physical, was stamped and carved upon all in that group of one hundred Americans, Englishmen and Germans.

"Provocation to war is, according to old ideas, serious," Stanton continued. "The flags of Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany, America, England, have been insulted by the Turks; citizens of these nations have been killed. But to plunge the commerce of the earth into chaos, to slaughter soldiers, sink ships, trample harvests, to cut, burn, sink, wound, desolate, kill, will remedy no evil. Try the Founder's plan. Bring the Idea to bear on the rulers. We have organized. We have our men over all the world. Ten thousand of us will act together. We sway one hundred thousand leaders in many countries. The press is with us. The conscience of mankind is with us. We have a billion dollars in our treasury, 'battalions of pounds sterling.' Let us act together now and keep the world's peace."

"We are agreed," rolled out the deep-voiced German, Van Tyle. "Touch the button. Let 'The Saxons' act for the Peace of Mankind."

One by one, the strong-faced, powerful men hurled forth their decisive, business-like sentences, expressing the voice of Commerce against War. The plan of Cecil Rhodes had been carried out; picked men from America, the British Colonies and Germany had now for many years been brought together for their course at Oxford. These hundreds had become knitted together as friends with common ideals. The further suggestion of

Rhodes for the formation of a world-wide society, somewhat after the pattern of the Jesuits, had been realized. Then fortunes of Baron Hirsch and many other millionaires had been willed to this organization, for the maintenance of universal peace; and their society had been named "The Saxons."

The ideals of "The Saxons" were developments of those of Rhodes; for the Happiness, Peace and Prosperity of mankind. The only point of resemblance between this order and that of the Jesuits was in fact that both were world-wide societies scattered among the nations, all the members of which acted together for an ideal end. Of this organization, Stanton, an American, was president. The Committee of One Hundred, composed entirely of Oxford graduates under Rhodes' plan, had been called together at Oxford in view of the threatened descent upon the Turkish Empire, by the injured nations whose flags and citizens the Turks had recently insulted. "The Saxons" foresaw in this imminent war a general European struggle. Their work had thus far been preparatory. The hour had now come for them to act.

The insulted nations had declared war on June 10th, 1915. Their navies had been sent to the Bosphorus.

At the hour when war was declared, the decision of the Committee of "The Saxons," in session at Oxford, England, was sent to all its members throughout the world.

In an hour the machinery of "The Saxons" was at work to stop the war.

* * * *

"Your Majesty, 'The Saxons,' in the name of commerce," said Stanton to the King of England and his cabinet, "urge that this declaration of war be withdrawn."

Stanton and his committee had been granted special audience, as they had presented a strong plea.

Their continental members were at the same hour in conference with the other powers concerned on the same errand.

"Sir, your request," replied the King, "is a strange one. You presume to interfere in the operation of justice. Our flag has been dishonored, and our citizens slain. Turkey must suffer the consequences of her deeds."

"Your Majesty," said Stanton, "it should not seem a strange request to ask for peace instead of war, to ask that lives be spared and property be kept from destruction, that treasure be saved for its natural uses."

"You speak in vain," continued the King. "War has been declared after great provocation, and it will be pressed to a conclusion."

"But what conclusion, sire?" said Stanton. "Let me picture it. When Constantinople has fallen the armies of several European nations will take possession of Turkey. A division will be called for. Jealousies will arise. A general European war lasting many years will follow. Stay before you precipitate such a result."

"It is too late," said the King. "You foresee results more dire than will come. Turkey must be punished. Honor demands it."

"Then, sire," said Stanton, rising, "it shall not be done. You must forbid this war."

"Ah!" said the King, angrily. "What is this? Who are you, sir, to speak thus?"

"I, sire," said Stanton, with great

dignity and calmness, "represent a society that controls the commerce of the world. 'The Saxons' forbid this war in the name of humanity, peace and commerce. Unless this declaration of war is withdrawn, 'The Saxons' will boycott your country and every country that takes part in this war. We will forbid trade with you in every part of the world. You cannot buy nor sell outside your island."

"What? What, sir? Gentlemen, what does the man say? Can this be done? Are 'The Saxons' so strong, so powerful as this?" cried the King.

"Sire," said the King's counsellor, Lord Baron, "I am convinced that 'The Saxons' can do what this man threatens, if they wish to do so. Nearly all the capitalists of the world are members of their organization. They want peace. They foresee that the dismemberment of Turkey might mean a general European war, lasting indefinitely. They can and will do what he says."

The King arose and walked back and forth. "So commerce has us in its power. There are no Kings or Governments any more. We are helpless. Very well, sir, if it must be, it must. Tell your 'Saxons' there will be no war."

"Where are the ships?" asked Stanton.

"They are in the Mediterranean now. We can send messages to stop them," said the King.

Thus the sudden halting of the united fleet in the Bosphorus was explained.



A COMEDY OF INDUSTRY.

By F. LORENCE

CHAPTER IX.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.—Hamlet.

BUT Frances could not keep quite to herself even for this first evening of reunion the minds of the two men nearest to her. She could not divert Jason's aim. Too deeply was he stirred to make possible the putting from him this thought of his deliverance.

"To think, Frances, that it should be I—I, who can be clean and whole, body, mind and soul, before myself, and the world. Do you suppose a villain is a villain with greater ease to his conscience when he can wear clean clothes and inhabit a clean abode during his villainy? I don't know myself, but when I look at this room in the barest approach to luxury—it's clean and comfortable—when I see you sitting there, you, you, Frances, in the flesh and not the mere spirit of my dreams, when I touch your robe or hold your hand—I am ready to cry out with the wonder that it can be I who may take the comfort, I who am not a villain, a blackguard, a wretch of no place or use, and holding a good woman's love only through her infinite pity. Can you wonder that I am not willing to give up my revenge? For revenge must come with the claim for self-justification; a dead man's memory must pay forfeit for the deeds of his life."

Jason's pride, gloating over the vindication of his honor, colored his perceptions. He gave himself up to consolation and glorying in the presence and love of the woman who had loved him through his shame, but to whom his pride would not let him give the comfort of his care and presence. A divine elimination of pride is forever being ac-

cepted of woman; no sacrifice of pride, either divine or devilish, does man often make for her sake.

Jason proceeded to relate how Delmar had stripped him of his name; how for a paltry gain of a score of thousands of dollars (a debt entered on the books as uncollectable, in the conveyance, with outstanding bills, of a mine the millionaire had sold) being paid after the sale was accomplished had been appropriated by Delmar; how he, Jason, acting as secretary, had receipted for the money which was paid in coin, much of which he had noted and shown to Delmar as having ear-marks; how the new firm, finding that the supposed uncollectable debt had been paid, demanded it of Delmar; how the rich man, having despatched it to his house by a messenger, denied having seen the gold; how, search being made, marked coins found in Jason's belongings, fixed accusation on him; how the messenger having disappeared with his burden, Delmar was unable to pursue, lest he incriminate himself, and was compelled to pay the sum for which his secretary had receipted; how this had further incensed the avaricious millionaire, and his innocent victim had been prosecuted with the greater venom; how in spite of this, Jason had been acquitted, but his innocence had not been established, and how the death of Delmar had made him despair of ever being set straight until he discovered, in one of his stage passengers, the man who had carried the gold away from the mine.

How it was found, marvelously preserved, less only the few marked coins that his enemy had secreted on Jason. Fearful of using the money at the time it was acquired, the undiscovered thief had waited,

then had been convicted of a lesser crime, and remanded for the period that had elapsed since Jason's trial, and only freed the previous summer. That ride on the stage had been the convict's first taste of liberty, a short one. For Jason had recognized, in the trunk he was asked to help the passenger with, the chest which Delmar had lifted to the messenger's shoulder. A smothered word in the dark had inadvertently revealed himself to the man; the blow, the struggle, the escape had followed. Since then Jason had watched the forest incessantly, now fearing that the man would appear no more, then believing that he had carried away the gold that Jason felt sure was to have been the cargo to take the place of that first load of rocks. Many as were the trails through that region, all of them had been under surveillance; he knew that whatever had been secreted in the neighborhood of the Forks a year ago, was there still, and so he watched, and the man had been surprised and taken red-handed. He was Jason's prisoner now, bound and gagged in the stage itself, where Jason had left him until he should consult with Stratton upon what it were best to do.

"Did you take to stage-driving to play detective, Jason?" asked Stratton, when his old play-fellow patron had made clear his identity.

"First I took to it for the chance to collect myself. When a man's had such a throw-down as I had, he's puzzled what to do next. In the redwoods I believed I might think it out. Then, I had nothing to make a start with elsewhere. Not that the pay of a stage-driver would enable a man to hoard. Once the pay wasn't bad; now \$20 a month is the average up here; some old drivers get \$25 or \$30, but they are few, and fifteen to eighteen hours is the length of a day's work. No wonder most drivers get so shaped to their course that they couldn't do anything else if they would. I meant to

haunt this region five years. If I had found nothing in that time to prove my case——"

"And you've stood it three," cried Frances. "Oh, let us take that thief to quick account." She got up, excitedly, then her eyes fell on Stratton. He was ghastly white, and he stood perfectly straight with his fists doubled hard, his arms thrust down at his sides as though he were shoving something with all his might. Again Frances perceived that her brother had a strong personal interest in holding back Jason's story. She divined the truth, and in an instant she had thought for two, her lover's and her brother's honor.

"Boys," she cried, "justice without mercy is a poor thing. The man who has done the greatest injury in this thing is dead; if his name is brought out now it cannot hurt him, but—the young daughter——"

"Stop!" commanded Jason sternly. "Do not bid me relinquish the duty of self-vindication, even though a——"

"A girl's life be spoiled?" Stratton hissed, springing towards Jason, with clenched fist raised.

"What is the girl to you?" demanded the other, fiercely.

"A woman I would defend as I would my sister," panted the lad.

Jason's face suddenly relaxed. "Shake, old man!" He held out an open hand. "That answer must disarm injustice if injustice to the girl were intended. But it is not. If you know her as I do, you know she is conscious that her father wronged many people. Where possible, she would have the wrong righted, else some other woman than herself might suffer; this time the woman would have been your sister."

For a second the two men stood gazing strangely at each other; Jason's hand was still extended; Stratton's fist still raised. Not a line of determination in either face gave way; nothing was asked by either,

but into the eyes of both there came a promise, an assurance. Then the hands met as a little laugh from Frances came through the sound of tears.

* * * *

The horses were hobbled short while four riders stopped their fast night ride that one of them, the woman, might gather her strength a little and be warmed by a fire hastily built for her. For three hours they had been riding in the dark and at full speed, but Frances had suddenly swayed in the saddle; her numbed limbs and hands could no longer hold her in her seat.

"Ride on without me!" she begged, for she would not have the men miss the morning train at Ukiah; there would be none from Coyote before the following night, and twenty-four hours might lose Jason the counsel of the man who had acquitted him.

But to leave her at dawn in the edge of the forest was impossible. They had come to a wild trail. Now it led through the densest belt of trees; then they picked their way over railway lines to make short cuts; once they took to a tunnel which would save them a steep climb, and the drip, drip of wet walls splashing loud above hoof beats, had made an uncanny sound.

A line in the newspaper that Frances nervously plucked as they talked had drawn attention: "The ill-health of Judge Clews has determined him to seek retirement from the bench."

Judge Clews had tried Jason's case; if these later discovered facts were laid before him would not his openly made assertion that proof, not conviction alone, have established Jason's innocence, carry weight? Could the Judge be reached before his retirement was effected? Then came Jason's determination to catch the morning train taking the prisoner with him.

The man was held, unknown to himself, without warrant for arrest.

Jason had flourished a paper and a revolver when he had stepped out from the shadow and held up the man who had reached the Forks by trail soon after the stage had passed. No companion was with the fellow, and he had immediately recognized the inevitable. He led, as Jason's emphasizing revolver commanded, to the hiding place where the coin was stored. Jason knew what he risked should the fellow have confederates about. He bade the man make a light; stood over him and saw him count the money, exactly the sum, less only the coins that had been used to incriminate an innocent person; demanded some of the marked pieces; was ready for him when the thief cautiously attempted an old maneuver, and a cold ring on the temple made the wretch protest and abjectly obey. Then convinced that here was safely stored all the proof he needed, Jason marched away with the quaking tool of a rich man's greed. The treasure he had to leave, trusting to what the man swore, that no human knew of its being there.

Into town they had come quickly, thanks to a timely lift, and so, not long after, Stratton had arrived. And now the thief rode with them on this night raid closely watched, his horse's leading rein fastened to Frances's saddle, for his captors and her protectors should be left free.

At command, when they stopped in the forest, he had gathered twigs, built the fire and blown it into blaze. As Frances warmed her stiff fingers and watched him, she could not keep from her face the pity his condition inspired. In passing her the man glanced down, saw her look, straightened himself, then bowed low:

"A cap and bells! Yes, madam, now for me, then for another, who next? *Quien sabe?*"

Through the sharp air of early morning they moved on again. The heavy, damp smell of decaying

leaves and dropping trees blew through the forest; the odor of the clean earth rose from the fields, pungent perfumes from eucalyptus and chaparral and scents of flowering things came from hedges and gardens as they neared the town. The shadowy indefiniteness and strangeness of the night were done; day was come, and with it reality, the reason why they were here.

They dismounted at a livery stable, leaving the horses to be sent back to Coyote as agreed. Frances and Stratton, Jason despatched to a hotel; into a third-class restaurant, as being a place more appropriate for their condition, physical and moral, he took his man. On the train, too, Jason avoided the others, and sat with his prisoner in the smoking car. There was more need to be watchful where opportunities to escape increased. Stratton came to relieve him, but he would not resign his place.

"Birds of a feather, you see," he muttered to the lad; "I'm one with my pal till proved a better, and the three years I've been in the wilderness makes all this seem about as strange as most dreams are. Queer to be going back to civilization this way. I say," with a quick change of tone and a lighting of eye, "there are some dizzy people in these parts, eh? This town has grown with the railroad, it seems." This as a trio of girls, gorgeously panoplied for morning outing, passing on the platform, threw into the window glances that might mean many things. A movement of his prisoner brought Jason's eyes away from "dizzy people."

"Go back and look after Frances," he said sharply to Stratton. "Tell her I'm not fit to come near her; she can't know me now. Beastly dirty all this—go back."

The long day's ride tired many people's muscles and some people's nerves. To Jason, riding toward freedom, the hours dragged terribly; then he forgot to think of gain-

ing the long years' aim in the longing for the freedom of the forest those years had given him. Now and again he would stretch his foot to take the break or lengthen his arms for the strong resting pull on the lines. Then, too, the absence of the blue goggles made the day's glare, untempered by the shading trees overhead, a torment to his eyes.

"Ruined my sight, I suppose," he reflected. "It had to equal my other prospects."

To Frances and Stratton the tedium of the journey was different. He was distracted with thoughts of what must come to Claude. Of her he told his sister with the reserve of early manhood and with the openness of a life custom with his greatest confidant. And hearing him, her apprehension grew at what could be the outcome of this business to one or the other of the two who made life for her.

But in time the hours and the train brought them to their journey's end, and the next day they were given private audience by Judge Clews. Jason conducted his prisoners, and the two men, alike rough and soiled of dress, stood together before the magistrate. Passing Frances, Jason had whispered:

"Pardon once again, dear. I'll cease to look a tramp when this is over. Seems not just fair to get into decent togs while the other fellow must be out of it. We must both show up as we have been."

The investigation proceeded. There could be no difficulty when the man made a complete confession. He declared that he had not known the chest he was given to carry to Delmar's house contained money until Delmar called him back to his private office and took from the chest a number of coins. "Strange, imprudent action," said some one.

"Oh, bosses are always doing that sort of thing," the prisoner asserted.

"They'll do a thing that 'll sure kill 'em if it's known, and they just trust to luck that nobody seeing 'em is going to tell."

The man went on to show how the confusion of the day had diverted attention from himself, and how he had got away to the place where he could hide the gold. Yes, the report of marked coins had made him at first fear to spend any, and later he had got run in for a considerable time; then since he came out he had been busy dodging this man who had found him when he was on the way to bring the gold from its hiding place. Yes, he knew Atwater, the secretary, had been accused, but he got off; there was no law looking for him, so why couldn't he let another alone? No, it wasn't his money, of course, but it seemed like Delmar was the first thief, and goodness knows he could not use it now, and had left enough behind him besides.

"But he was a thief right enough. It's good to call back sometimes what's called you," the man said, glowering at the door which was opening slowly. At this the Judge called out sharply:

"I'm not in to any one, Jones—admit no one."

But some one was already admitted; some one who had heard the prisoner's last sentences.

"I must come in now, Judge Clews," said Claude Delmar. She came swiftly up to the group in a soft rustle of dainty garments. "I heard my father called by a terrible name. I, only, can defend him, his name. Any one who has charges to make should make them to me."

At the silence that answered, she caught her breath, looking round appealingly. Her eyes rested on Stratton and relief came with recognition in her look; she made an eager step forward, her eyes questioning. He advanced diffidently, but when she held out her hand his own met it quickly. What he said might have fitly come from the Judge:

"Business men may have reasons for doing things that they cannot explain to every one."

The girl made a gesture of dissent. "Tell me why this accusation is made," she demanded of the Judge. And he told her.

"Then this man," she said, indicating the prisoner, "was the robber of my father's money, not yours, sir." She looked at Jason. He assented, looking miserable enough. She went on: "And my father falsely accused you?" He bowed, flushing deeply. "I am my father's heir, yet what you have lost I cannot restore to you?" The voice was full of tears.

"Oh, my dear," cried Frances, putting an arm around the trembling girl, "it is not your fault." Claude held to this new friend as she turned to the Judge:

"If it might be, I should like this man," looking at the prisoner, "to be allowed to go unprosecuted," she said, "and the money that he took—to be given—will you tell me where it might be given?" she asked of Frances.

CHAPTER X.

What the girl, who would right her father's wrong deeds felt, as she set about the effort, could only be guessed; she did not express herself. But the young man who had made a brave and charitable attempt to cover the guilt of the dead, found that her gratitude was a lovely thing to have won, and he watched her, lavishly giving away her wealth, with a satisfaction that showed a singular lack of appreciation of the rewards of an acquisitive disposition.

Everything was made as easy for Claude as possible. The settlement of Jason's matter was managed without greatly involving Delmar's name. Stratton supplied the "Illuminator" with an "authorized" interview with Judge Clews, in which was said everything that could restore him in the opinion of those

who had doubted the justice of his acquittal.

To his rather scornful delight and Frances's joy, an avalanche of good wishes and friendly remembrances were showered upon him, and some substantial business offers made him feel again that the world was not all injustice.

Frances herself found she had become a personage. More, she declared, because of the sensation her announced engagement made, than through appreciation of the work people came to see in her studio. She was a novelty and therefore she was famous, "all without effort of mine; so it doesn't count," she laughed. The women's clubs entertained her rapturously, and even the men's "Painter's Club" made her a guest of honor at their annual banquet, with, of course, the usual expectation that she would pay for her dinner with a speech. Naturally, too, American art outside of America would be the only acceptable theme. She was further complimented by the reporters who waited to take down every two out of a dozen words she would speak, and who immediately thereafter left as if nothing further that might occur on that occasion would be of interest to their papers.

Frances's neighbor at table, an ex-alderman or councilman, who had a fad for buying all the startling posters the "Painter's Club" could supply, vociferously applauded as Frances sat down.

"Don't you feel very much elated?" he asked, keeping up the general racket.

"Yes, I'm doing my best," she declared. Her voice was hysterical. "Your best, I should think so—doing your best!"

"Yes, not to shout with the rest."

And afterwards there went forth from a man who had sat opposite these two and had heard their remarks, the gentle rumor that "Miss Wylie, the artist, is just puffed up with conceit. Why, she says her-

self that she wants to shout when she hears people praising her work." But as there was no Department of Humor among the "Painters," neither this man nor Frances was offered the portfolio for it.

* * * *

"What have you done to yourself—have you found the fountain of youth?" asked Dr. Heard, appearing in the city and at her studio almost simultaneously.

Frances's welcome was so joyful he might have supposed himself the favored of men if he had not known certain things about Frances as well as his own hopes.

"I am just happy," she answered him, and then she told everything to this old friend. He was not looking over-well, she said when he had increased her happiness by the measure of his sympathy.

"It is a long journey across the continent," he answered, "one tires of it." Then as he was leaving he asked: "Do you hear anything of our steamer friend, Miss Arnot?"

Frances had not heard, but that night she wrote to Jane and Lil for news of Emily.

* * * *

Meantime, Emily's native land had not seemed very gracious to her. The promised letter was not at the Cosmopolitan when she called at that hotel for it the day after seeing her uncle and Mrs. Skinner drive away. It became presently a puzzle what she should do for funds while this waiting continued. She offered some embroideries, beautiful work that she had learned to do in France, to the Exchange Work Department of the Women's Hotel, but it had to be inspected by a committee before it could be presented to the board of lady managers, for the collective and individual approval of that body, and the exhibition of it for sale would, after that, have to wait upon other delaying forms as well as the ten thousand, more or less, articles already in the case, so that a chance to real-

ize anything that might buy her daily bread seemed somewhat remote.

Then it was that Emily began to find it very wonderful to watch the expenditure of money so lavishly made in the shopping districts of the city. Fifty cents a day is not a great deal for a lodging, but it was so much the greater part of Emily's daily proportion of income that she found meals a doubtful addition to her luxuries. Time must be spent somehow, so she wandered in the shops with many other idle ones. She would have liked to become a shop-girl if thereby this uncertainty of what and how she was to live could be met. It was in the shops she saw the reckless outpouring of dollars whose number in pennies would have solved her problem. Where did the money come from? And everywhere with this abundance went a terrible poverty beside which her own seemed affluence, and she was made ashamed to find herself wishing for aught.

But the habits of years have a way of putting in uncomfortable demands. When it has been the custom to eat three times a day two meals seem slim fare; yet, when one of these has to be dropped, the memory of the two makes them appear as having been a perpetual feast. Even one hearty daily meal can be remembered as satisfying when the allowance of food is reduced to a few crackers washed down with cold water.

Emily reached this point presently, and then she was mortified at her inability to pass restaurants and bakeries without an impulse to go in and demand food. Her humiliation reached its limit when she found one day that she had been standing for some time watching with the utmost intentness the efforts of a child to extract, through an area railing, some bread that could be seen in the garbage can within. Her breath of sympathetic relief when the youngster secured

a piece, brought her to herself with a shudder. Yet why be ashamed to take what was wasted? And oh, the food that was wasted every day while many went hungry!

The next beggar she met appealed to her so strongly she gave him the few pennies she had in her purse, but she had no sooner parted with them than the fear of want attacked her so fiercely, her impulse was to snatch them back. A swift appreciation of humor in the situation came in time to prevent her doing so. She laughed.

"Pennies aren't wanted in California—only big money for the West. I'd have to get a nickel's worth of food there," she thought, and for a block or two she went smiling.

Yes, it was certainly funny, this starving in a land of plenty and in good clothes. Not a bad way out of life either. Why on earth did people do dreadful things with gas and carbolic acid when it was so easy not to eat. Oh, dear, yes, very easy indeed! Emily was surprised that anything had seemed hard or tragic a while ago, now the droll side was so evident. If her head hadn't felt rather light and queer she would have been quite sure she was enjoying herself to-day in this great rich city.

It was not quite so funny when the time came for her to make her daily inquiry for a letter. The hotel clerks had a singular manner when they said: "Nothing madam." And it was strange they could be so sure without looking. And now the very last half dollar was in her hand; it would pay for this night's lodging. What then? To be sure, there were her clothes and some pieces of jewelry, and there were pawn shops of which she had heard much and knew nothing; she feared them more than she did hunger.

Of course, in all this time she had tried to find work. Two of her few dollars had gone to pay for registration in the Employment Depart-

ment, but she had so many limitations that nothing was found for her. She had no certificates or diplomas of teaching; she had no references; yes, she had taught music, but she had no "method"; yes, she spoke French fluently, but she had learned it under no one's system; yes, she could do housework, but she couldn't cook; besides, no one wanted a houseworker for only a few days, and she must start for California when the tickets came. Ah! there was a call for temporary workers as nurses and dressmakers. But she knew nothing about nursing—except the common things, and though she could sew she could not cut and fit.

These limitations made her case a difficult one to meet. She thought of the studio girls, and their ability acquired through years of preparation, and in this land of special and trained workers, she felt herself to be only a useless gentlewoman with old world culture and accomplishments that valued little when applied to the new world requirements. The superintendent of the employment department saw her distress, when on this morning the list of help wanted again contained nothing that would suit Emily. The woman looked sympathetically at the girl a moment, and then burst out with:

"My dear, you ought to get married—that's the situation you are sure to be fitted for."

Then Emily went out and pawned her watch, thinking hard.

She got ten dollars for the watch, a jeweled Geneva toy that had cost a hundred. Ten dollars to last an indefinite time, must be spent with caution. Emily had had fifteen when she landed four weeks ago. How recklessly she had spent, at first, a dollar and a half, even two dollars a day. No wonder the money went so soon. She would do better now. To-morrow she would leave the Woman's Hotel and get a room she had seen—not a desirable one,

it is true, still a room, for \$2 a week, and now she knew how to live richly on twenty cents a day. But Rip Van Winkle like, she would, as "this was the first time" for feasting in many days, begin to-day by paying all of the twenty cents for one full meal. And if Uncle Billy continued silent, when this money was gone she would take a situation.

When she asked for a letter on the following day, an assurance, inspired, no doubt, by the consciousness of lessened need, won her more attention than usual. Or was it the fact that there was a letter? One? Why there were two, no, three! The clerk handed them out most politely. Not till she reached her room could she open them, then—

One, postmarked Sacramento, not Jersey City, was from Uncle Billy. It contained passes over connecting lines of railway from New York to San Francisco, a perplexing maze of printed slips and rolls, signed and countersigned and stamped all over. There were a few scribbled lines on a bit of paper that wrapped up a check for a hundred dollars, and these told Emily to proceed Westward as directed and she would find something satisfactory at the journey's end; signed "Uncle Billy." Not a word of his having been in New York, not a word of Mrs. Skinner.

The other two letters were from San Francisco. "Miss Wylie, and Doc—" Emily hesitated between the larger and the smaller of the two envelopes, then opened the latter and read:

"My Dear Stranger Cousin:

"I have just heard from Miss Wylie of your having come back to America, and that you will return to California. Though I have never seen you, I know a good deal of you, and I hope you know something of me, for I think when we are just two women alone and akin, we

ought, in some way to be quite near to each other. Do you not think so, too, and will you not come to visit me in my home on your first arrival here? Uncle Billy—whose cousin my father was—has been telling me his plans for you, and I have coaxed him to lend you to me for as long as you will give me. Please come, though I am only a plain girl and very quiet, I greatly wish, as a kinswoman, to be the first to welcome you back to our dear State.

With affection that hopes for return, your cousin,

CLAUDE DELMAR."

Presto, change! Emily had been used to this in the old days when a day, an hour, sometimes, made the difference between poverty and comfort, or even affluence. She had forgotten, in the twelve calm years spent abroad, how these things were. Now, all at once, she was in it again, and it did not stir her unpleasantly; she was ready to meet it; it was the thing she was born to. As she opened the other letter it occurred to her that the tragedy of living is the not getting from life all it has given one reason to expect, and that living becomes a comedy when good, that has never been looked for, comes one's way.

"Who would have thought this morning that I should play in this sort of comedy?" and her lips were smiling as she began to read the third letter. It ran:

"My Dear Miss Arnot:

"Just a line to remind you, if you are still lingering in the East, that the West is all here and waiting for its own, though, unfortunately, it cannot go to fetch the East. Some of its sons, I find, would like to bring hither some of the daughters who linger too long away, and, is it impossible, think you, that the spirit of the East and the spirit of the West should find interest in many of the same things?

May I know when you mean to come, and where you may be seen when you are here?

Faithfully yours,

JAMES HEARD."

* * * *

But when the continent had been crossed, and the new little cousin had welcomed and made much of her, when poverty was forgotten in continued luxury and old friends that had ceased to know her remembered her again, while those who had not forgotten were true as ever and some new ones seemed strangely near, Emily found that she was wrong—that an acquaintance can speedily feel he has become a friend and that a friend can very quickly become a lover, and that the sight of other lovers, both the young ones and those not—well, not so young—creates a singular longing to have and to hold for one's self.

Still, lest she should take a man's love, and care, and best years and give him less than he gave to her, lest—having suffered starvation for a little and guessing what the real struggle for bread must be—she should let the curse of women, the fear of working for their own living, persuade her to make that sort of marriage which is not a step above the sales of the market place—because of all this, she hesitated even after the happy months of autumn had been followed by a glorious winter, and an abounding spring, and the man who sought her had become a kind of need in her life. Then she said to him:

"Let me go out into the world and work, really work for awhile, as one ought to work who has nothing but what is given her. Let me learn the spirit of the West—industry that accomplishes—so that I shall not shirk if a task were mine to do. For a little while I want to labor as the masses have to labor—as my father did in the early days, as Claude's father did, as Frances and many women do now. Let me learn not to be one to merely take and not

give—then I think, I think, I shall know how to love you.”

And though Uncle Billy would have provided for her, and Claude begged her to wait for awhile, Emily knew it was labor only that would teach her what she needed to know, and James Heard also believed and waited. So she found and entered upon that which, when she needed it, eluded her but which she must grasp and conquer that she might

realize more richly other things.

* * * *

So plays ever the comedy of industry about the world. Beginning in the region civilization first made for it in the East, it moves ever in its development to the confines of advancing and enduring effort. Here, then, on the Western boundary, we leave the actors in this little play, to work for themselves ever greater destinies.

THE END.

CURIOUS FACTS

The canning industry of San Francisco is valued at \$1,500,000 a year, and that of the northwest at about the same figures. In San Francisco all kinds of cans are made, but in the northwest the industry is mostly limited to cans for packing fishes and fruits. The tin is brought from the East, and is imported from China and Australia, China being the best market. Until five or six years ago “scrap” tin, or the remnants that could not be made into cans, was sold to the mines at \$1 a ton for fluxing purposes. But the scraps are now shipped East to a new industry which “works over” old cans, something on the style of working over an old dress. The shippers receive \$8 or \$9 a ton for this “scrap tin.” A similar industry for utilizing scrap-tin and melting old tin cans has recently been established in this city. These reduction works are employing the process used by a similar establishment in New York, and as it becomes more fully developed, all of the scrap-tin and old cans in this State and perhaps on the Coast will find a market in San Francisco. Hundreds of cans are daily thrown away and are hauled to the graveyard of

refuse material in South San Francisco. Scavengers gather these cans and melt off the solder and sell it to the canneries. Solder is an equal mixture of tin and lead, and was the only part of the old can worth saving until the discovery of this new process of “restoring” old cans in the East and the establishment of such reduction works in this city.

There is now no longer a mystery as to what becomes of the old cans. They are rescued from the city dumps. A small percentage of raw material is necessarily combined in the process of working over in order to give the substance additional strength. The principal part of the product of the foundry is used for window-sash weights, ballast for boats, and balance-weights for elevators. When made into castings the weights are very hard, and when struck with a hammer, ring like steel. The spurs and fins are removed, the hammer being used for this work, as the cold chisel or file will not suffice. The fracture of the round sash-weights is smooth, and shows crystals radiating from the center like spokes of a wheel. On delivery at the reduction works the cans are first piled into a large iron

grating, which is directly situated under a sheet-iron hood, which ends in a smoke-stack. The cans are then sprinkled liberally with crude oil, which is set on fire. This process burns off the labels, loosens the dirt, and melts the solder, which falls through the grating. It is then collected, washed and melted, cast into ingots, and sold to be used again. But some of the old cans, which are poorly made, and are merely lapped and soldered joints, melt apart entirely. These are sorted out, and the sheets forming the shell are straightened and bound into bundles and sold to trunk-makers, who utilize them for protecting the corners of the trunk against baggage smashers. Button manufacturers also use them; they stamp from them the disks used in cloth-covered buttons. The remaining portion of the cans, being machine-made, do not yield to the heating process, or come apart. These are then loaded into large carts, taken to the charging-floor on an elevator, and dumped into the cupola. Sometimes, an old wash-boiler or bundle of tin-roofing is used, but old cans form the bulk of the material. Most of the cans are so light that they are blown out of the stock by the force of the blast, and a large screen is placed over the top to prevent the flying pieces from falling on the roof.

This is a new industry in the East, and especially in this city, and its success and development will be watched with much interest by the manufacturers of cans, and by those who now find profit in gathering old cans from the city dump, vacant lots and elsewhere. There is a large and new field for dealers in this waste material, and owing to the increased and increasing demand for cans, weights, etc., old cans have now a commercial value.

Among the many relics of England's naval heroes enshrined in that stately and appropriate repository,

Greenwich Hospital—a noble building dedicated to a nobler purpose—few are more interesting, few attract more attention — the astrolabe, or instrument for taking the altitude of the sun or stars, once belonging to the famous Drake.

This instrument, constructed for Sir Francis when Captain Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiquities belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented in 1783 by the Right Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, on his quitting England as Ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Rev. Francis Bigsby, A. M., of Stanton Manor, Derbyshire, who had in the preceding year married the Hon. Frances Stanhope, widow, his Lordship's stepmother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a large blood-vessel, in anticipation of approaching death gave it as a token of affection to his younger brother, Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Sion-hill House, Nottinghamshire, the father of whom had the honor of presenting it to King William IV, by whom it was bestowed upon the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.



One of the every-day incidents on a Petaluma chicken ranch, but a curious fact to the world at large. The picture represents a wagon load of egg shells from an incubator at Petaluma, the great California chicken raising town.



BOOK LORE

THE EDITOR

Chester Bailey Fernald belongs to the West, belongs to San Francisco, and the many admirers of his strong style will be pleased to learn of his new book, "Under the Jack Staff."

Mr. Fernald is one of the very best of short story writers. His charming style is possessed by few. In this new book of tales of the sea there is power and mystery.

The chapter titles are catchy and hold the reader at first sight. In the "Yellow Burgee" is this bit:

"Brawney Thompson, with his beautiful nasal voice, would sing words to music spliced by Brawney himself, while laying awake to think of Madeleine, like:

'The first I knew I had me tears, I
found me eyes afloat,
To see the Stars and Stripes at
Guan-ta-na-mo;
The first I knew I had me heart,
I found it in me throat,
To see the Stars and Stripes at
Guan-ta-na-Mo,

which would start with the stamp-

ing of feet and end with silence; for all the rhymes that Brawney wrote would finish sad."

And again:

"What name sir?" says the marine, polite as a dancing-master, and aching to push him in the countenance with his pipe.

"What name?" says the knee-breeches, "Aint me face been printed enough, with me biography? Don't ye read? I'm Ruhllamar," says he, with a pause to let it sink home—"Kuhlamar, the War Critic of the 'Daily Flash,' says he, staring at the rifle, and ignoring the cold eye in the white breeches behind it. 'I never met such a crazy devil at the door of the Pope!' says he.

"And says the marine, stiff as St. Peter: 'Tell the deck one of them reporters——' 'Reporters!' says the knee-breeches. 'What brand of laughing stock are ye? Don't ye know I'm the Special Envoy of the 'Daily Flash!'"

Guardedly the author of "Typical Elders" says that the Elders and Deacons of the present day novel are held up to contempt and ridicule. They are supposed to emerge from the pages of the latter-day literature as fools or scoundrels. The book is supposed to repudiate a baseless accusation on a respectable element in all communities.

It is well to remark that the brilliant writer does not deem it necessary to defend any one but the Protestant semi-cleric. The book deals with personal reminiscences of heroism and self-sacrifice. The pictures are all life-like and any one

may read the story of "Typical Elders and Deacons" with profit and pleasure. There is the least suspicion of cant, but not enough to be objectionable.

James M. Campbell. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London. \$1.00.

"**The Being** with the Upturned Face" is a series of essays. The title suggests the morgue and the eleven chapters of the book, couched in the best of English, have no sequence or beginning. The chapters are headed: "The Great Ellipsoid," "The Immense Shadow of a Man," "Savages in Training for Angels," but the chapters have only a bowing acquaintance with their titles. This volume reminds the reviewer of a man who purchased a job lot of buildings at a world's fair, and then, selecting the best examples of national architecture, built for himself a house from the debris. This would be highly satisfactory to the man making the purchase, but scarcely in good taste and not likely to please any one with a fair regard for the technically correct.

John Alfred Woods, Brownell, Silver & Co., New York. \$1.00.

"**The Yellow Van**" treats of the rural districts of England. Richard Whiteing has not given anything to the public since writing his "No. 5 John St." and the reading public will appreciate the "Yellow Van" the more because of this fact. His style is easy and this volume is full of comedy and pleasant bits of human interest.

The book has a purpose, which is more than can be said for nine-tenths of the books that come to the reviewer. It will set men to thinking—and debating. The contrast between the life of the great real estate owners of England and that of their tenants in the country districts, is the motive of this clever book.

Richard Whiteing. The Century Co., \$1.50.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has written a novel entitled "The Boss." Mr. Lewis is a versatile writer, and his description of the minor workings of the great political parties in New York brings out their crimes and corruptions in a bright calcium effect. This story, which offers obvious opportunities for the unexpected and dramatic, is meeting with an unprecedented sale, according to the reports received from the publishers. The reviewer found it of great interest, and Mr. Lewis is to be congratulated on this book, and on the fact that he seems to have effectively broken away from the leading strings of the Hearst coterie.

Seumas Mac Manus has made his name a household one in the United States and in fact in all English speaking communities, and all readers will receive his new book, "The Red Poocher," with a keen pleasure.

Certainly no Aryan or Greek minstrel ever told of the exploits of a primitive marauder with more unconscious admiration of bold and ingenious rascality than does Mr. MacManus' companion. And we, too, see the Red Poocher through the eyes of the game keeper. He is a diverting rascal, chiefly because Tomas is a diverting victim. The latter's good humor is pure Celtic, so irrepressible that it has aided in causing his dismissal from his position. He could not follow the maxim "that a madman and an Englishman is two who shouldn't be joked with." "The Red Poocher," who is masquerading as a gentleman, boldly excuses the acts of the supposedly absent outlaw on the ground that his victims are too "easy." "It is the know nothin' amadans of Englishmen who take the shootin's here that is the cause of all the poochin'." MacManus ranks with Lover and Lever, and

were it not for the continual presence of the dialect he would be just as enjoyable to all readers.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, 75c.

For Young People.

Winthrop Packard adds one to the many stories for the holiday season. Many a youthful eye will brighten at the tale of the "Young Ice Whalers," and this book should be of paramount interest to the young people of the Pacific Coast, as it deals especially with the perils of navigation in our own Northern Ocean. And it is not all peril, but the author has cleverly woven in a vast amount of pleasure in this well illustrated volume.

Besides having an exciting time shifting for themselves the hero and his friend, two Massachusetts boys, learn a great deal in a very practical way about the whaling industry and the habits of the whales, the life of the Eskimo and the Indian of Alaska, the ways of animals, and the character of the country, and the Northern Seas. There are numerous good illustrations.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.20.

Breaking Out of Pollard.

"Lingo Dan" is the story of a college-bred burglar, tramp, thief and philosopher. It is a pipe dream. It is put up on a most comprehensive "echafaudage," and will interest the reader from cover to cover. Pollard is clever, but it was not a clever thing to dedicate the book to the has-been satyrist, Ambrose Bierce. Time was when such a dedication might have caused a ripple of inquiry. Bierce has passed from the arena. He belongs to those unburied things that cry aloud for the undertaker. Many San Franciscans will remember "Lingo Dan" as an old friend. Pollard first ventured him on the public as far back as 1894 in the Argonaut.

The Neale Publishing Company.

Une Femme Arrive.

"Lesley Chilton's" advanced opinions do not prevent her falling in love with a man of opposite ideas. She never gives these up, however, even when she finds it necessary to give up her personal independence. The book is a love story, and the author has proven herself the master of the art of writing natural conversation. The story is located almost entirely in New England, with an excursion to New York. There is an abundance of humor in the story of Lesley Chilton.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.

Florestane the Troubadour.

This has the charm of an old friend, Aucassin and Nicolette, except that it is not told in the "language" of the "jongleurs." Yet it is a quaint and a sweet tale, and it has the particular sparkle of old vintage. It is full of the phrasing of the olden time it describes, and the reader is taken on a trip to Florence, where he meets with Dante and Sor-tello, his friend and mentor. But the main tale is in Bellefranche and relates to the loves of Florestane and Biatriz. There is none of the song-story so cleverly told into English by Andrew Lang in "Aucassin," and yet the whole story is very like a song.

"The song," said I, smiling, and, withal, pleased that I was thus able to whet his appetite the more, "was writ by a girl; a troubadour maid, Biatriz of Bellefranche, of the Court of the Princess Melicendra, who is so famous a poet, in spite of her tender years that there is no man living who could add or take away one word from what she writes."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is the same. I knew it could be no other. Songs of hers have been sung here before now, have they not?"

And this is the way that Florestane des Baux sought for informa-

mation regarding Biatrix.

"You know her?" he asked.

"Verily do I," I replied; "for she and I are of the same town, and many of her songs have I sung in many places."

"Master Jongleur," said the youth somewhat slower and a little shamefaced, "I am of a mind to go with you to your town of Bellefranche, if you propose returning there soon."

And then I looked closer at the handsome youth.

By Julia Addison de Wolf. Dana Estes & Co.

This little book, **Conversations as its title indicates, is based upon the similarity in sound and in signification of the principal words used in the sentences. That this will aid the memory is undeniable. Cannot a person remember a word in a foreign language which sounds like one in his own and which means the same thing, more easily than he can one which sounds differently?**

The conversations are arranged under different headings: Saluta-

tion, The Time, The Weather, The News, etc. Also covering the various situations and emergencies of travel: Before Sailing On Board a Steamboat, Landing, at an Inn, Taking Furnished Rooms, Traveling by Railway, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea and Supper, Interviews with a Tailor, Shoemaker, Physician, Bookseller, etc—in all thirty-one headings. Also cardinal and ordinal numbers and divisions of time are given, whether homophonic or not.

C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

"Andy Barr" deals with the lives of two boys up to the time when they fight for their country in the Civil War, and woo and win their sweethearts. The highly original and home-spun figure of "Uncle Andy" will alone make this a remarkable book. The quaint sayings of Andy will be relished by every reader, while the plot, leading to the revelation of the history of this wise old cobbler, will closely hold the attention.

Lothrop Publishing Company,

under different headings: Saluta-\$1.50.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Russian Bear is about to enjoy the feast of chrysanthemums. A San Francisco editor creates an epigram: "It seems as though Fate had come around from the North to foreclose on the hopes of the world." Isn't it pretty? When this editor writes it is for personal consumption, for no one else would be gullible enough to believe that the continued occupation of China by the Chinese is the "hopes of the world," on which there seems to be a mortgage.

The editor of the Overland Monthly is optimistic enough to believe firmly that every step taken

in China by Russia is a step for civilization. He believes that Dalny, the free town of Manchuria, is the epitome of twentieth century business ability, and that it marks an immense stride in advance of all other nations in the Orient. Russia has placed every one on the same footing in the new city. Its stone buildings, its street railways, its docks, its magnificent residences only await its inhabitants. It is a city, the Queen of the Orient, waiting the pulse of life. And life will come, and under the protection of the most autocratic government in the world, the freest city in the

world will operate. From within its walls and from its government the Celestial is forever barred.

It would pay the most advanced New Zealander or American to study the government of Dalny.

And while we are upon Oriental subjects, let us quote from the same editor:

"General J. P. Sanger, chief of the Philippine census, says that Uncle Sam has acquired 7,000,000 civilized subjects and 600,000 uncivilized in the islands of the southern seas. It would be interesting and possibly instructive to discover how he made the distinction. To everybody else who has traveled to our new possessions all Filipinos look alike, and if they are civilized it must be a new brand."

How does an editorial, such as we have quoted, serve?

Is it supposed to be wit to say insulting things regarding the Filipino? Is it the intention of this editor to advance his theory of a lack of civilization among the Filipinos as a truth? That is not possible, for all travelers know that there is a large percentage of well-educated and civilized people in the Philippines.

Granting that the figures of Mr. Sanger are an exaggeration: is it good policy to contemptuously libel a super-sensitive population? The same writer was lauding the same people as the most civilized of all Orientals some years ago.

The Filipino has given proof of his civilization. Manila enjoys less crime than San Francisco, with about the same population. The islands are at peace. A long-misgoverned people is at last seeing a faint glimmer of the light of prosperity and national happiness ahead.

The machine shops are humming with industry, the export business is nearly trebled, the judiciary is in the hands of the native-born. The executive arm of the civil govern-

ment is all native. The civil officers and office holders are seven-tenths native, and above all, the people are happy: happier than for three centuries? Why call them all uncivilized?

The *Sunday Magazine*, that misnamed adjunct of the Sunday paper, is becoming more and more degenerate. The public looks at it askance. Poor printing, bad drawing, vile typography, and worse literature, is in fact telling its own story.

The *Sunday Magazine* is now as unpopular as once it was popular. There was a time when it amused, but never instructed. To-day it is openly criticised, and by the very people who showered favors upon it. It is now objectionable to the owners themselves. The garish color work and poor drawings are proper prey for the unenlightened. It has had its day, and we can only regret that, no matter how bad and improper, it is an institution, and, therefore, will last some time before we can pronounce the "requiescat in pace."

OAKLAND—CALIFORNIA

The October number of the *Overland Monthly* containing the article on Oakland, a great metropolis, has been copied far and wide. The people of Oakland testified to the efficiency of the magazine's efforts, by purchasing this number as rapidly as it could be delivered to the news agents.

The December number will contain a fine half-tone of the interior of the new ferry building, taken by flashlight, showing the thousands of people who enjoyed the ball given by the Carmen's Social and Benevolent Society at the opening. This picture was taken expressly for the *Overland Monthly*.



CAPTAIN C. F. SHOEMAKER

Chief of United States Revenue Cutter Service.

CAPTAIN J. W. COLLINS

Engineer in Chief United States Revenue Cutter Service.

(See "Our Coast Police," page 371.)

Social-Political Status of a President's Wife.

There is a question of international etiquette that sooner or later will have to be settled. It is the position in public functions of the Presidents' wives. With two of the greatest nations of the earth republics; with the exchange of visits by the rulers of the earth becoming daily more frequent, it cannot much longer be delayed. It is a matter in which there is very little precedent, because Presidents are a modern invention.

The Republics of the Ancient

World and the Middle Ages had no such office, unless the Doge of Venice is considered a medieval prototype; but if there is no precedent to guide the rulers of to-day, on this very important subject, common sense and analogy will furnish a solution of the problem.

Although the rulers of France and the United States are called Presidents, while those of England and Germany are known as King and Emperor, there is no question that Loubet and Roosevelt are both po-

litically and socially the equal of Edward and William, and should the former visit the latter they would be received on just the same footing of equality as though Edward had called on William, or the Czar had visited the King of Italy. So long as they are in office Presidents are fully equal to monarchs. When they are no longer in office, they are, of course, only private citizens, although Disraeli directed that General Grant, when he visited England at the close of his term as President, should be treated and given precedent as though he were an ex-monarch.

If a President while he is in office is to be treated as a monarch or ruler his wife should, by analogy, be treated as a queen consort. Queens have no real power, unless they rule in their own right or as regents. True, they are crowned at the same time as their husbands, but that ceremony is simply a recognition of the fact that they are the wives of monarchs. The coronation has to-day at least no political meaning or importance. Caroline was as much Queen-consort after George IV slammed the door of Westminster Abbey in her face and forbade her attending the coronation ceremony as though she had participated in it. If the Queen-consort's position is due entirely, as it undoubtedly is, to the fact of her being the ruler's wife, and a President is the equal of a king, and is so treated by his fellow rulers, it is evident that Mrs. President should be treated exactly on public occasions as a Queen or Empress.

When the Czar visited Paris some years ago, the Czarina, it is understood, refused to ride with Mrs. Loubet or to treat her as an equal. Other monarchs when visiting Paris, avoided the difficulty by leav-

ing their wives at home; and Mrs. Loubet did not accompany her husband on his visits to either the Czar or King Edward for the same reason. While we are not likely to have any royal visits to this country very shortly, yet undoubtedly they will sooner or later occur, still there is no question but that the American people will expect and demand that the wife of their President shall be treated in every respect as the perfect equal of any royal female visitors. They would not brook any claims of superiority on the part of the foreign ruler over their President; and they would not allow any difference in treatment or precedent between the wives of the two rulers. France should take the same position, and demand that her "First lady of the land" should not be considered as inferior to the wife of any monarch in the world. As a matter of fact, President's wives average far higher as women of morality and wifely virtue than many Queens who might be mentioned in the history of any European country.

The Decay in Newspaper Art was never more evident than in the recent exhibition in San Francisco. There was a large attendance, and the public was generally satisfied. The exhibition was not what it should have been. While much excellent work was shown, there was much that was very, very poor.

There was plenty of evidence of the imitative quality among artists. Why should plagiarism and downright theft be tolerated in an artist any more than in a writer?

A writer would be ostracized who stole an article or who plagiarized a poem, and yet the artist, pampered public pet, is not only tolerated, but praised when he exhibits thinly veiled copies.

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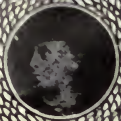
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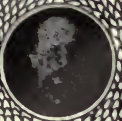
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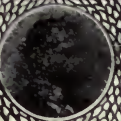
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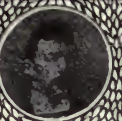
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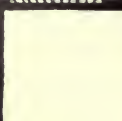


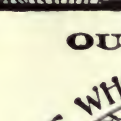
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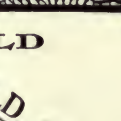
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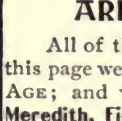

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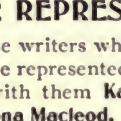

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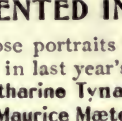

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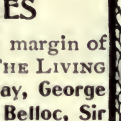

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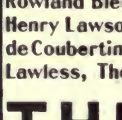

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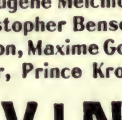

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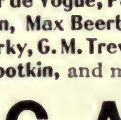

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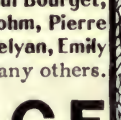

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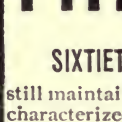

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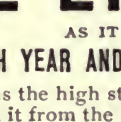

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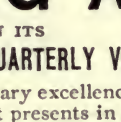

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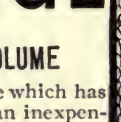

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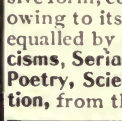

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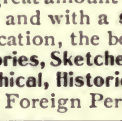

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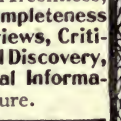

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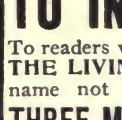

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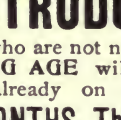

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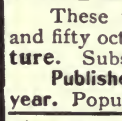

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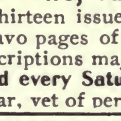

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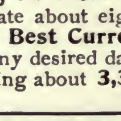

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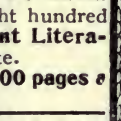

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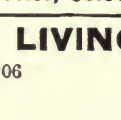

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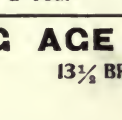

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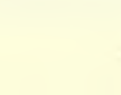

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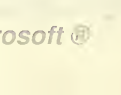

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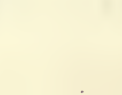

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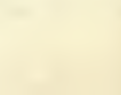

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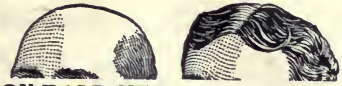
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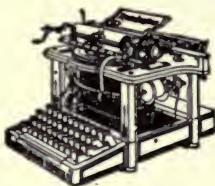
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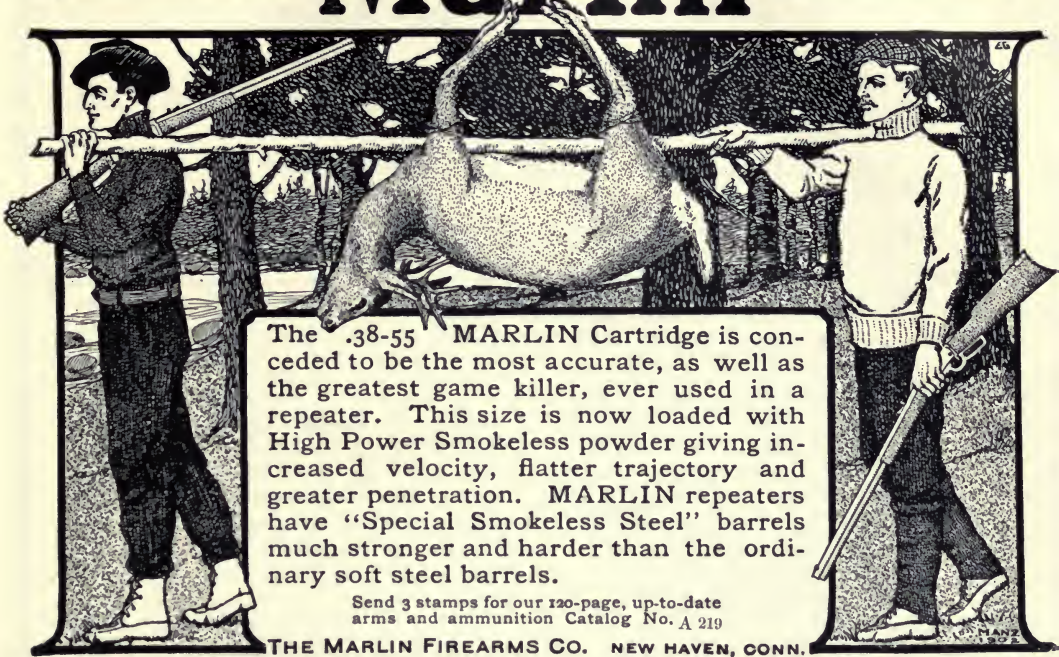
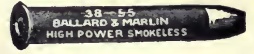
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The man who buys stock usually takes one of these two positions with reference to his investment. If he has a sum of money on hand which he thinks ought to be earning something he looks about to find some stock which is a sure, safe investment, which he can dispose of without loss at any time, and which will yield him a small annual dividend. Such an investor does not expect to become rich by holding such stock, nor does he wish to risk the whole or any part of the money he has thus invested. He wants it to earn him something. He has probably paid par value or over for such security and can sell it at any time for what it cost him. In other words the purchase of such a stock is similar to buying United States bonds or to putting his money in a savings bank at three per cent interest. He does not expect his securities will be worth much more than he paid for them, and is satisfied if he gets his money back when he wants it, and has been drawing a fair income meanwhile.

It is almost impossible to find a stock which will answer these requirements of safety and security and at the same time have a chance of leaping up in value to many times what was paid for it.

On the other hand, the investor may wish to place his money in some stock selling at a low figure, and which may become worth ten times or a hundred times what he paid for it. If he buys such a stock it should be for the purpose of making big profits. There must be an element of risk and this element is always in inverse ratio to the element of security or safety. In this class are the investments in stock of mining and oil companies. Some years ago, for instance, the investor of this kind could have bought at from 10 to 50 cents a share the stocks of some of the greatest mining and oil companies now in existence, worth at the present day from \$50 to \$100 a share.

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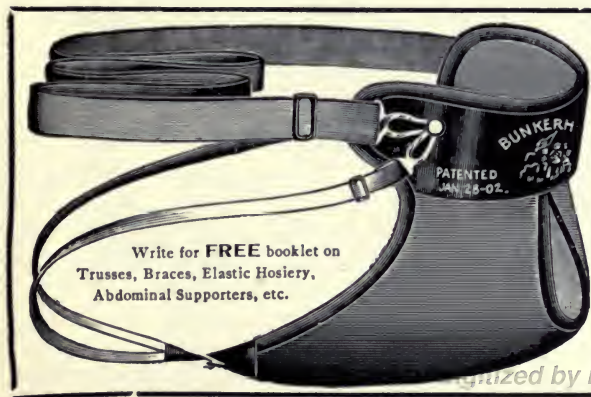
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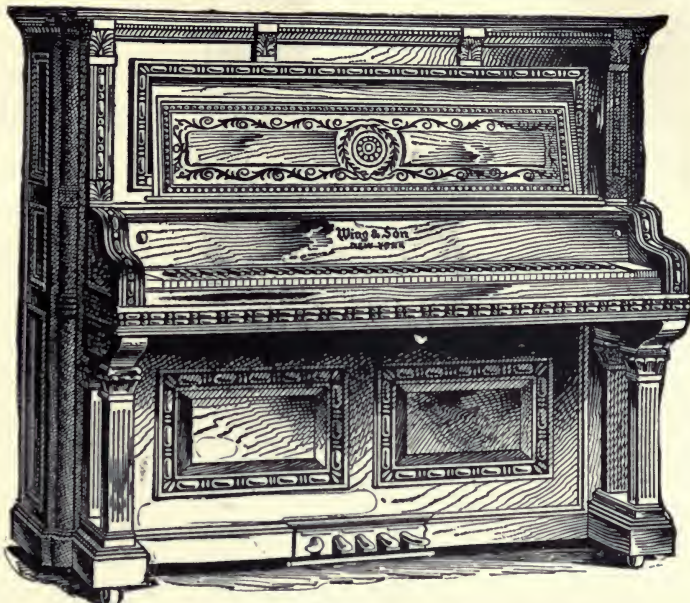
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

DECEMBER, 1903

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ASSETS.

Loans	\$14,223,638.54
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	2,683,397.15
Real Estate	1,898,623.86
Miscellaneous Assets	4,632.94
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,572,353.51
Cash	3,173,843.00

\$23,556,459.00

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Capital, paid up	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
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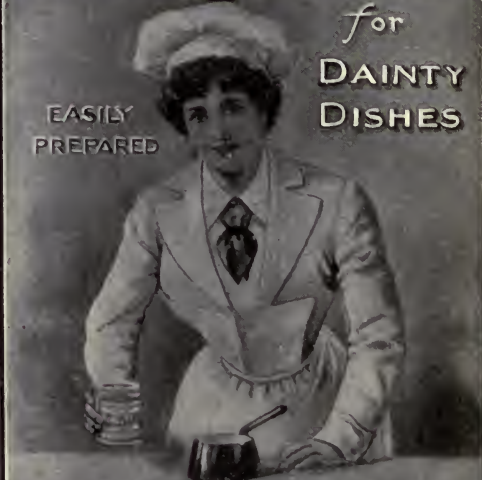
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Overland Monthly

Vol. XLII. December, 1903.

No. 6.



BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

Colombia owes to Americans the prompt ending of the civil strife which devastated that unhappy country for the three years prior to last winter, but the Colombians are not eager to publish the fact to the world. During this long period of bloodshed, loot and general turmoil, the rebel Liberals stood in a fair way to win their obstinate struggle, largely owing to the fact that they had acquired the command of the sea coast on the Pacific side, where was most of the fighting, and thus prevented the Government forces from succoring their outlying garrisons, or transporting troops from place to place.

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The name of the improvised cruiser was changed from *Jessie Banning* to *Bogota*, after the nation's capital. The experiences of those upon her shed much light upon the peculiar nature of the people with whom the United States has been negotiating for an isthmian canal.

[Editor.]

THE Bogota, with her crew of trained American man-of-war-men, has the honor of having ended the war which for three years devastated the Colombian republic. This has been conceded by Colombians, of both high and low station on each side of the conflict.

At no time after the Bogota's arrival in Panama, the latter part of October, 1902, did the dreaded Padilla and her consorts approach within 85 miles of the city. They had previously kept Panama in constant terror, often approaching within gunshot.

Peace was declared as soon as the Bogota, after several unsuccessful searches, finally located the revolutionary vessels and held them blockaded in the narrow, tortuous, well-defended San Pedro river, in the far-off province of Chiriqui, where they had taken refuge at a little place called Pedregal, ten miles from the river's mouth. For five days the Bogota kept watch, shelling the trenches at the entrance and forcibly making her presence known. The British cruiser Phaeton ended the blockade by bringing official news of the declaration of peace and orders to return to Panama.

Probably for the first time in history was the news of peace received with groans and curses. Robbed of the quarry they had so longed to meet, so diligently sought and so exultantly trapped at last, the Yankee tars muttered curses loud and deep. They were euhred out of their confidently expected victory, glory and prize-money. The receipt of their promised prize-money, from their subsequent experiences, many of them now regard as problematic.

Beginning with enthusiasm, eclat and promise, the cruise of the doughty little Bogota ended in a sickly fizzle.

The vessel's purchase, rapid fitting out at San Francisco, with a

carefully picked and excellent crew, and her proud sailing on October 7th, have been often and fully described. Much has been written about her history; how she was built in England for the Rajah of Cutch, who lost her in a poker game; of her employment in the Alaskan trade; of her sinking in a fog on a treacherous reef, and her subsequent recovery and repair; of her purchase by the Colombian Government for the express purpose of destroying the revolutionary cruiser Padilla, which had been the foremost factor in prolonging the war. The men with histories who composed the Bogota's crew have been pictured and written up many times.

But the vessel has a hitherto unpublished history. In the first place the methods of her acquisition by Colombia, and many incidents of her fitting out, are of marked interest. They are characteristic of Colombian methods and mental processes, which make revolutions in that country possible and of long duration.

A vessel was wanted, and a young American naval officer, on duty at Seattle, overwhelmed with his legitimate duties to the United States, was asked to select a suitable craft. In spite of his busy days he did so, and his selection was a good one. All the vessel needed was to be properly altered and refitted, so as to make her an efficient warship. Of a knowledge of the details of this process the higher officials of the Colombian Government were as innocent as a babe unborn. The Colombian Government had not a single trained, experienced naval officer in its employ. The management of Colombia's navy is in the hands of a civilian minister and two American lawyers, in the United States, and of several soldiers in Panama. The doings of these worthy folk would have been exceedingly humorous, had they not been so calamitous. The little vessel's

luck, and the efficiency and hard work of her crew were all that saved her from disaster. In the first place, less than half of her full battery was put aboard at San Francisco. It had been sagely determined to put the rest on in Panama, after her expected encounter with the Padilla and the other hostile vessels. That she got to Panama without an encounter has been attributed to the fact that some mystery was maintained regarding her battery, and that before leaving San Francisco a big, formidable looking "long Tom" was mounted in her bow. It was built of a spare gaff, artfully posed on some meat boxes, the whole affair covered with canvas and painted war-color.

All the shell for the four real guns the Bogota did take from San Francisco were armor-piercing—the kind that explodes by going through armor. The Padilla carries no armor. These shells, accordingly, could not explode against her, except by accident, unless they struck the few pieces of heavy metal in her machinery. It was not until the arrival in Panama that common shell were procured. There, too, she received four more 6-pounders, a 14-pounder, two excellent Vickers-Maxim machine guns, and a fine little 12-pounder Krupp field piece, giving her a very venomous battery for a vessel of her size.

The commander of the vessel was an agreeable, elderly gentleman, whose qualifications for the office consisted of his having served as a youngster in the Confederate navy during the brief period of the Civil War, leaving the Naval Academy before graduating. He had not been to sea for 37 years. His knowledge of sailors, of a ship's organization, of a ship's nomenclature, was meagre. Of seamanship, navigation and latter-day naval warfare, his knowledge was nil. Only two of her other officers were experienced, trained seafaring men, with licenses

to act as ship's officers. The remainder were excellent gunners, electricians and mechanics, but they had never before been officers anywhere, never stood a deck watch, and it is doubtful if they knew the rules of the road at sea. Still, they were chosen to act as watch and divisional officers of a sea-going man-of-war. It must be said, though, and cheerfully, that they were under all circumstances, courageous and daring.

Referring to licenses, it may be said here that the Bogota, despite her incomplete battery, might have been safely sent to Panama under the American flag, there delivered to Colombia, and the Colombian flag hoisted. But no! an American vessel can be commanded only by a licensed officer, hence one of the two licensed officers would have had to assume command and clear her from San Francisco, and this would have hurt her captain's pride, for he held no license, as well as being a reflection on the judgment of the Colombian minister in his selection of a captain. Hence the Colombian colors were hoisted on San Francisco bay the day after her arrival, and she was sent to Panama weakly armed, her safe arrival seriously hazarded, to gratify personal pride and to justify the peculiar policy of Minister Concha, who, by the way, was in constant mental ferment, because he could not understand why a newly-bought ship could not sail instant. Neither had he any knowledge of such things as ship's stores, of which she was bare; of living quarters, which were scanty; an armory, a dispensary, and a score of other necessities for a war-vessel which seemingly never suggested themselves to him or his associates.

The ship started on her long voyage, had target practice all the way down the coast, and reached Panama in good order. As soon as she received the rest of her battery she went forth in search of the enemy.



GROUP OF OFFICERS.—Beginning from left of picture: Lieutenant Charles Mitchell (died of yellow fever); Lieutenant J. J. Mentges; Colonel James Gregory (Colombian Army); Captain H. H. Marmaduke; Lieutenant A. H. Dutton; Lieutenant J. J. Meany; Surgeon W. F. Graham.

In the meantime, many quaint things happened. Scarcely a day or a night passed that a frantic alarm was not sent off to the ship from the nervous officials on shore to the effect that the Padilla was coming. The fear the Padilla inspired was comical. She was a household bug-a-boo. Every vessel that appeared in the offing was at once set down as the terrible Padilla. One night an urgent message was sent to the Bogota that two mysterious lights were coming in, and they must be on the Padilla or the Boyaca. The lights belonged to two tiny fishing smacks, which the Bogota's lookouts had made out two hours before.

At another time a water-boat sent to Taboga Island for drinking water came flying back empty, with the terrified announcement: "Padilla at Taboga, coming in!" The supposed Padilla this time was H. M. S. Phaeton, as big as four Padillas.

Of course the Bogota, being hailed as a bulwark against the hostile

fleet, nothing was too good for her or her people. It was different after the war ended. Underneath the plausible surface, the scrutinizing eye could easily discern a hatred for all Americans, even those who were called in, from sheer necessity, to defeat a foe.

At one time, when the Americans were holding the railroad wharf, a clash occurred between them and a crowd of slovenly Colombian soldiers, including some officers. The Colombians were promptly and ignominiously repulsed, but they left, vowing that they would return with large reinforcements and would drive the Americans from the wharf. It is a fact that, had any such attempt been made, the Bogota, which was anchored close to the wharf, would have lowered the Colombian colors, hoisted the American, and supported the United States marines by shelling those attacking them. The Colombians thought better of their project, however, and thus had

the first of their narrow escapes from the ire of the Bogota's American crew.

We all thought that the extremely glad hand would be extended to us at all times, but it was not. Instead of being regarded as allies, we seemed to be contemplated with suspicion, and certainly we were looked upon with jealousy, for the Bogota's guns were clean, her crew was thoroughly drilled, every man an expert in his particular line, and the way her gun pointers would shoot was a revelation to the Colombians. The day before sailing on the first "Padilla hunt," at General Perdomo's request, he and Governor Salazar, with a numerous staff of all sorts and conditions of men, were taken aboard, and the ship went to Taboga Island for target practice. It was the first experience the visitors had had with American marksmanship. When they left the ship, though, instead of looking gratified, they wore an air of humiliation. The contrast between our shooting and theirs was mortifying to them.

The first two searches for the Padilla—"Pat Daily," as the Bogota's

men called her—was entirely fruitless. She was not to be found in any of her accustomed haunts. Meanwhile, the skirmishes around Parita Bay—in one of which we suffered our only loss, Gunner's Mate Richard Kane, killed, and three wounded—had taken place, and the enemy suffered considerably from the marksmanship of our excellent gunners. Peace negotiations were then commenced.

It was the third search which revealed the hiding place of the hostile flotilla. After looking into every likely corner and cranny on the way, the province of Chiriqui was reached. Up the San Pedro river, which is close to the Costa Rican border, were the towns of Pedrigal and David, strongholds of the rebels. This river is extremely narrow and tortuous, its approach beset with rocks, shoals and other dangers to navigation. As the Bogota neared the entrance, some soldiers were seen on the beach and a small entrenchment was discovered. Fire was at once opened upon the latter. After a feeble, harmless reply, the shore battery was silenced, but two



Starboard Watch, Bogota's American Crew.

masked guns continued to fire on the Bogota without effect. They were soon located and quickly put out of business by a few well-aimed shots.

A reconnoissance failed to reveal any signs of the enemy's vessels. Towards evening a small sloop was sighted making for the river, and evidently mistaking the Bogota, in the twilight, for a rebel steamer. A couple of shots over her bow brought her to, and she proved to be manned by rebel soldiers, in charge of a lieutenant, who carried letters showing that the whole rebel squadron was up the river at Pedrigal.

This news brought joy to everyone. The much-sought-for prey was at bay at last. It was impracticable for the Bogota, without a pilot, to get up the well-defended river; its banks were lined with ambushed riflemen, with entrenched field-pieces at every turn, and it was felt certain that our mere presence at the mouth would bring the numerically superior enemy, particularly the doughty Padilla, out to meet us.

They did not move from their moorings. The hours and days passed, the Bogota settled down to a rigid blockade of the river's mouth as close to the breakers as was prudent. The guns' crews always slept at their guns, the men of the powder division over the magazine hatches, and the ship's bugler, his bugle by his side, remained day and night by the bridge, ready at an instant's notice, to sound the sprightly call to "general quarters" at the first suspicious sign.

There was no such sign until, on the morning of the fifth day, smoke was reported, not in the river, but in the offing. Here was indeed a surprise. No steamer save those of the enemy ever came to this remote spot. The only solution of the problem was that all of the enemy's ships were not at Pedrigal, or that one of them might have eluded our vigilance, escaping by night, and attempting to surprise us by returning

to attack us from an unexpected direction. The last note of the bugle had not died away before every man was at his post, and the whole vessel in readiness for what appeared a certain conflict. The Bogota, with forced draft, quickly put on, headed straight for the approaching steamer. The coolness of her crew, the silent eagerness with which they adjusted their sights, was beautiful to see.

The prey they looked for did not appear. Again the steamer was H. M. S. Phaeton, bringing dispatches announcing peace and ordering the Bogota's return to Panama.

The men sullenly secured their guns and bade adieu in their minds to the opportunity of engaging the foe they had trapped at last.

With peace declared, our real troubles began. Hitherto we had been left to ourselves, and were happy. As long as conflict with the Padilla was probable, no Colombian accompanied the ship out of port. When this probability was gone they overran the ship and converted her from an orderly man-of-war into a chaotic transport, a veritable cattle-ship. Without inquiry as to her accommodations, they bundled generals, colonels, and all manner of lesser fry on board of her. Thereafter cleanliness and order were out of the question. They knew absolutely nothing about a ship, and one of the first things they did was to order her up a narrow river, the mouth of which was a nest of treacherous sand bars. They never inquired how much water she drew, how manageable she was, or how her engines responded to the bridge signals. In spite of the utmost care she grounded a couple of times, the first time as the tide ebbed, listing over considerably. The visitors took comical alarm. As the listing increased, they thought all was lost, and the way they chattered and screamed reminded one of a menagerie. These were the gallant "generals" and others whose prowess

was loudly proclaimed by their own people. The ship was in no danger whatever, being on a soft sand bar, and it required but the waiting for the next flood tide to float her. No assurances to that effect availed. While the Americans laughed or went quietly to bed and slept soundly, the Colombians passed a sleepless night of terror. The next day the Bogota floated off and went to sea.

During the early days of our experiences with our Colombian passengers, it became evident that they distrusted us. They always went armed, and it looked for a time as if they might have a clash at any moment with our people. To provide for such an emergency, the "barge's call," a lively air, was to be "riot call," which meant that our second and third gun divisions were at once to seize rifles, revolvers and cutlasses, and go to certain designated stations, while the first division should man the two machine guns, and train them on the quarter deck, where the Colombians camped out. Every one of our officers and men knew just what to do and where to go if the riot call were sounded, and if the Colombians had at any time attempted any overt act, they would have been the most surprised lot of human beings in the world. We were ready to abolish them all in a few minutes. Fortunately for them they did not occasion the sounding of the call.

While most of the rebels acquiesced in the surrender, a few did not. Among them were two colonels who were captured, taken to Panama and there flogged to death. Another was General Lorenzo, a full-blooded Indian, who commanded a hard-fighting band of his own race in the mountains back of San Carlos, some 70 miles from Panama. Lorenzo was to the Government forces on land what the Padilla was to them on water. They dreaded him. His capture was finally accomplished through strategy by General Her-

raera himself, and he was brought on board the Bogota, where terrible tales regarding his ferocity had preceded him. He was a false alarm. There never was a more docile prisoner. Yet, after repeated warning that he must be kept closely confined, that he must be watched day and night, and not even a box of matches allowed him, his captors permitted him to keep his loaded revolver and cartridge belt. He meekly surrendered these to the first American who saw them.

They tried hard to make Lorenzo give in and sign the oath of allegiance, but he persistently refused. "They may shoot me," he said, "but I will never surrender."

And he never did. He had more nerve and downright courage than all the rest put together. Our people learned to respect and even to like him, and he plainly reciprocated these sentiments. He was finally executed several months after his capture.

After this first expedition, the Bogota was engaged in the intensely disagreeable work of transporting troops, refugees of both sexes, and a motley rabble generally, from place to place. The agonies of this work to cleanly, orderly Americans were something awful. At one time the Bogota carried on her decks nearly 500 men, women and children. They were a filthy lot, and gave forth a disgusting stench. Their personal habits were revolting; modesty and decency were wholly unknown to them. They defiled the decks, herded together, and acted generally like so many low-bred animals. Their officers, when called upon to put into effect some regulations of a sanitary nature, seemed surprised at the request, and their efforts to comply were perfunctory. Their own personal habits were little better, although four out of the scores we had on board took occasional baths.

Yet the authorities in Panama,

when the Bogota's people demanded their discharges when their terms expired, seemed surprised. They wondered what the sources of complaint were. Poor food, work of a nature never anticipated, high officials whose nautical ignorance was

colossal, and, as one of our officers termed it, "a monkey government," generally, disgusted all of the clean, civilized American crew of a ship that promptly ended a long war, and received no thanks for it.

LA NOCHE BUENA

Christmas Time in Mexico

BY A. MATHEW

GENTLY, softly, slowly, as all things happen on Aztec soil, a village of booths, an ephemeral holiday town of canvas, matting and poles, rises at the Zocalo in Mexico City about a fortnight before Christmas.

The pinatas make a fine showing. These are earthenware jars, decorated with tissue paper, ready to be filled with sweets and then broken. Hundreds are fashioned in grotesque imitation of humanity dangling gaily, as though enjoying themselves, at a hangman's paper carnival. Others simulate lyres, harps, flowers, ships or almost anything the planet affords as a model.

On the outskirts of this "Noche Buena" village are displayed the larger decorations, moss, pampas plumes and evergreens used more in the churches than in the homes though German and American residents may be seen here buying a Christmas tree in order to give their children just such a good time as their far-away cousins are having in Fatherland or "the States."

Most interesting of all are the wares for the "posadas," or Christmas parties, semi-religious in nature, which take place consecutively for nine nights, closing with a particularly imposing affair on Christmas Eve. Improvised altars in the homes

are arranged to picture the scenes at Bethlehem. Here in the booths are the component elements awaiting only the gathering hand and the shaping imagination. Here are waxen figures of Mary, St. Joseph, Christchild and Magi, taverns resembling doll-houses, tin stars of Bethlehem, sheep, oxen and straw-filled mangers, all conceived with childlike, reverent simplicity.

"The Mexican Longfellow," Juan de Dios Peza, has given an exquisite description of what transpires after the merry cavalcade of children return from the Zocalo with their basket of religious toys for the decoration of the Christmas altar.

"Bring the wool and moss, place the gate here, the ox and ass so,—that is good, very good.

"Put the Christchild to bed, poor little thing. How cold! how cold! Here, cover him.

"Set the star of Bethlehem on high and scatter the white frost about. Fetch the sun, moon and comet, the sheep and the tavern itself.

"Here a cascade, there a pine tree. Make a road with pebbles and let the shepherd take his place.

"Prop that tottering mountain; this dish will make a charming lake. Behold original sin, I mean Adam and Eve.



The vendors of fancy pottery.

Photo Waite, Mexico City.

"How fine Moses appears with his tablets and the Three Kings before the gates!

"Close by the Christchild stands the sweet-faced Virgin, with her husband, the worthy San Jose.

"A few more stars, another sprinkling of white frost and all is done. Come, children, and sing your Christmas lullaby to the infant Savior.

"'A la rorro nino, a la rorro.'"

Perhaps, while the children's voices are still lingering over the quaint old melody, the relatives and friends begin to arrive for the posada. When all are assembled, favors in the shape of Christmas candies contained in quaint receptacles are distributed. Then a procession is formed of guests, family and servants, all bearing candles and chant-



Christmas Day on the Calle San Juan de Dios.

Photo Waite, Mexico City.



The sale of decorations.



Peanuts, candles and sweets.

Photo by Walte, Mexico City.

ing "ora pro nobis" as they make a circuit of the house led by a litter supporting small images of the Virgin and St. Joseph traveling to Bethlehem.

The company divide, part ensconcing themselves behind a closed door in the room with the altar. Those without chant the beautiful plea for shelter; those within deny it over and over. The keepers of the inn yield at last; the doors are thrown open, and the pilgrim images are placed upon the shrine.

The next act takes place in the

"patio," where, one after another, the pinatas are suspended to be broken with a heavy stick. Each person in turn, old or young, is blindfolded, given the stick, whirled about three times, and turned loose to charge the pinata. The attack is wild enough, and it is a wonder that some heads are not broken. At last some one brings jar and contents crashing to the floor and there is a scramble for the dulces. The posada closes with a dance.

"Noche alegre! Noche hermosa!"
Noche Santa! Noche Buena!"

A PRIZE

(Won from my Sweet-Heart)

BY JOSEPH CROSBY

Oft hath this dainty silver bowl
 Been filled with ruby wine,
Warming my willing heart with love,
 For once the cup was thine.

Borrowing brightness from thine eyes,
 Its pretty rim doth shine,
And sweetness left from thy dear lips
 Hath made each draught divine.

A CALIPOSA CHRISTMAS GOOSE

A Practical Joke in the Sierras

BY HENRY M. HOYT

THE population of Caliposa was made up of lazy Mexicans, lazy Missourians and scattering representatives of various States and countries, but all lazy. In fact, after a brief stay in this balmy Southern atmosphere one unconsciously drifted into a life of ease. Ambition of any sort was seen to be incongruous and absurd. It was more than enough trouble for one to provide the passing necessities of life, without concerning oneself about the future. The gravel bars below the village, while not rich enough in mineral to thus far attract capital as a business enterprise, still yielded enough gold by the primitive methods employed, to furnish garments, food and whiskey to the shiftless idlers who owned the claims.

Now and then a stranger would come that way and perhaps stay, perhaps pass on. Whether he stayed or went was a matter of indifference to the rest. If he remained, he was treated by the others with a sleepy tolerance, devoid of curiosity. His society was neither sought nor avoided. No attempt was made to classify him as good or bad. The community, in fact, preserved a passive and judicial apathy which seemed to suggest to any fresh aspirant for its favor that he need not hope to excite interest. The most he could expect was that he might in time come to enjoy the people's good or bad opinion, provided a verdict could be reached based solely upon observation of his conduct, without involving the exercise of mental effort. This attitude of open-minded but suspended judgment was unstudied and unconscious, and deserved neither praise nor blame.

It was simply a matter of climate and environment.

It is doubtful whether any of the residents of Caliposa knew where Pedro, the Portuguese, came from. All they knew was that he casually took up his abode among them, located a placer claim upon a singularly unpromising-looking piece of ground, built a small cabin close to the creek in the village, and daily passed down the gulch and back between his cabin and his claim. Occasionally he was known to visit Holbrook's store, and after somewhat stupidly attending to his small wants, disappear again in the direction of his shanty. Now and then, one or another of the less comatose citizens would make a feeble effort to engage Pedro in conversation, but the man's simple stupidity, added to the indolence-breeding atmosphere of the lower Sierras, was quite enough to discourage these tentative manifestations of idle interest. He was too obviously dull, too hopelessly stupid, for these drowsy do-nothings to bother their weary heads about. Pursuant to the deliberate custom of the place, Pedro, in the course of time, eventually came to be voted a simpleton. He dropped quietly into his proper place in the village economy, and it came to be recognized that his lonely life was the only one for which he was fitted or for which he cared.

And Pedro was a simpleton; from his people he had inherited a thick, strong body and a mind devoid of any but the most elemental thoughts and emotions. He had no friends, no family and no pleasures, but his neighbors thought none the less of him on that account. It was his own affair, not theirs.

One day, after Pedro had completed his cabin and made things fairly comfortable, it occurred to him that the pool in the creek at his door was just the place for ducks and geese, so before very long he had contrived to raise a fine brood. Among these geese was one that seemed somehow different from the rest. Bettina, as he called her, even in infancy waddled about, following in his footsteps wherever he went in attending to his various tasks about the cabin. She had no fear of him at all and never missed a chance to show that she preferred his society to that of her own brothers and sisters. At first Pedro took small notice, but as time went by and the goose grew larger her devotion became evident, even to his dull mind. Never before in his recollection had any living thing cared for him. She was his first affection. It was with pure and simple joy that Pedro found the goose responsive to his clumsy caresses. He took her at once and without question into his hungry heart.

Bettina soon grew to be a beauty, and her glossy neck and snowy plumage made simple Pedro blissfully unmindful of her hoarse voice and graceless gait. Never once did it occur to him that a goose was an unheard-of pet or in any way unworthy of his love. When Bettina grew to maturity she made it a part of her daily programme to escort Pedro to the diggings. She would trudge laboriously along the trail, and when, despite her best efforts, her short legs could not keep up, she would utter a rasping raucous note and fly ahead, there to await Pedro with her long, snake-like neck outstretched in loving greeting. After seeing for herself that he was settled to his work for the day, she would make her way back to the cabin and there patiently watch for his home coming.

Pedro thus unwittingly became a prominent character in the camp.

Not that he gained friends—he still moved and lived apart from the others—but the spectacle of Bettina's devotion began to attract attention. It mattered not to Pedro whether the people admired or scoffed. He felt some faint annoyance when compelled to notice the astonishment caused by Bettina's strange behavior, but on the whole his happiness in his new-found love left no room in his breast for bitterness over trifles.

The inhabitants of Caliposa, in the leisurely style characteristic of the place, took plenty of time considering the doings of this eccentric goose, and many a long discussion was held at Holbrook's as to whether the whole affair deserved their ridicule or approbation. Many drinks of very bad whiskey were consumed in a painstaking effort to do exact justice to the weighty question. In fact, for the first time in the history of Caliposa, the placid temper of the place came near being ruffled by this unusual phenomenon.

At first public opinion inclined to the view that Bettina's conduct was absurd, but when the cultured mind of Judge Whipple of Arkansas pronounced the case to be "an uncommonly marvelous instance of animal sagacity," the tide of popular approval commenced to set in Bettina's direction. When long months passed by, with no wavering or inconstancy in the bird's devotion, she gradually came to be the wonder of that part of the world—the one thing to which the people pointed with civic pride. Her triumph was complete, and all but a very small minority enrolled themselves beneath her banner.

This minority, though small, could not truthfully be called insignificant in view of the tragic events which remain to be recorded. It consisted of only three men, but they were alike reckoned "no good," even under the slack and easy code of con-

duct which prevailed. One of them had seen better days—had in fact at one time sat in his State Legislature, in recognition of which he was appropriately called "The Senator." He had descended from his former high station to his present low condition in life by the alcohol route, and seldom drew a sober breath. The Senator and his two drinking mates lived along the trail, and therefore daily saw Pedro and the goose pass by. They liked Pedro well enough in a way, but having chosen to dissent from the views of the popular majority on the goose question, it was perhaps only natural for them to conceive the rude practical joke which to their sodden, drunken minds seemed very droll.

On Christmas eve, so perfect that the very air seemed made of human kindness, Pedro came down the trail in company with Bettina as usual. When he reached the Senator's shanty that noble statesman sauntered down to the trail, and to the great surprise of Pedro, said: "Drop in on your way home, Pedro. We want you to take dinner with us and we'll have something good for you to eat."

No one had ever before suggested such a thing as this to Pedro. He had gone his lonely way without complaint, with only the goose for company, but in his blind simplicity he felt distinctly flattered by this sudden show of cordiality. He had no personal knowledge of the Senator or his friends, and so he readily accepted. Bettina, in her clumsy fashion, after seeing him safe at the diggings started off cheerfully toward home.

The dinner party at the Senator's was not altogether to Pedro's taste. To be sure there was plenty to eat and plenty to drink. But one kind of food was to Pedro much the same as another, and while he did ample justice to the provender, its quality was to him a matter of indifference. Then, too, Pedro was not much of

a drinking man. Though diligently plied throughout the meal with urgent invitations to "liquor up," he early found that his hosts had gone so far beyond his powers in this direction that they hardly seemed to even notice his abstemiousness. It therefore fell to his hard lot to be the one sober man in the party, which is a trying situation at the best. As the rough meal progressed he found himself assailed from all sides with reiterated questions as to how he was enjoying himself, and though he knew not why, these silly queries never failed to evoke tumultuous applause. He was gaily admonished again and again to make the most of the occasion, as so rare a feast could be had but once in a lifetime. A vague feeling of bewilderment and depression settled down upon Pedro's dull spirit as the hilarity of his entertainers rose. He knew that there was a great joke in the air which somehow was at his expense, but he could get no inkling of the true cause of his companions' glee.

Now even the best of us have at one time or another found that the zest of a joke is lost if the object of it cannot see the point. It gets to be poor sport when we see that the shafts of our wit, however keenly pointed, fail to penetrate. So it was with the Senator and his friends. They began to realize that Pedro lacked even that small measure of intelligence which they had ascribed to him. Something had to be done to drive the joke home, so the Senator rose unsteadily to his feet and said:

"Don't you see, my boy? Didn't we tell you that we'd have something good to eat? Well, then, there is nothing better to eat than roast goose—at least you seemed to enjoy it—and surely we thought you'd recognize your dear Bettina, even in that disguise."

This was the signal for a loud guffaw of drunken laughter. But,

alas! these gentle jokers had once more made a miscalculation, for though Pedro had at last caught the point, he had no sense of humor and the joke itself was lost. For one brief moment the sorrow of bereavement sat upon his brow till the peals of coarse laughter broke in upon his senses and shifted his attention to the authors of his woe. Then for once he awoke to life and action. His slow pulse swiftly rose to racing speed, and surging through his distended veins in a twinkling suffused his muddy countenance with good red blood. The man of peace had suddenly become a raging beast. With a quick spring he seized the

carving knife and fell upon the Senator. That merry gentleman's joking days were over. Bettina was avenged.

Some months later Pedro was called to the witness stand to testify in his own defense to the charge of murder. In his dull fashion he told the simple truth about the matter. In the course of his testimony he artlessly explained that his tears were for the goose and not the Senator. The jury consisted mostly of his fellow townsmen, and it took them but a few moments to prepare and return a verdict of acquittal upon the ground that it was a plain case of justifiable homicide.

UNSATISFIED

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

I think that man would die of weariness
 Were there no seas too deep for him to wade,
 No wastes of sky to make his thought afraid,
 No unclimbed peaks with pure snow passionless,
 No still receding aim above success,
 No depths of joy and grief, of light and shade,
 But all things equable and smooth and staid,
 Nor mighty overmuch to curse or bless.
 We must have mysteries too great for us,
 And hear strange feet on paths by men untrod,
 Whose sound in music thrilled with joyful pain.
 Ah, let life never not be marvelous,
 For love, like him of Judah sent by God,
 Dies if he goes by the old ways again.

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS, GRAND CANYON OF THE FEATHER RIVER

BY S. S. BOYNTON

THE greatest problem that confronts the engineer when he seeks to build a railroad into California from the East is the mighty chain of the Sierras that stretches for seventy miles in width and five hundred miles in length, along the eastern borders of the State.

The altitude varies from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, but at a few places there are passes where the altitude is considerably lower, and Beckwith Pass, now so prominently before the public, is one of these.

The main system of the Sierras in that part of the State is divided into three chains, the pass above named occupying the most easterly one. The other two chains are cut completely in twain by Feather River, which rises in parts of Plumas County, one branch, the Middle Fork, having its source near Beckwith Pass.

The altitude of this pass is 5,220 feet, but as it lies practically within the Great Basin it is beyond the region of deep snowfall. The two chains lying further to the west, receive the heavy storms of the Sierras, and the clouds that cross the summits reach the pass comparatively dry and moistureless. Thus this pass, while it is the highest point in altitude between the Sacramento Valley and the great Basin on the Feather river route, has no snow to interfere with railroad traffic.

The two chains of the Sierras where the snow fall is heavy during the winter season are cut so deeply by the great canyon of the Feather that a railroad can be built up that stream and be comparatively free

from snow its entire length.

Surveys have been made up the Feather several times during the past twenty-five years, and it has long been anticipated that a railroad would ultimately be built. These hopes have so far been disappointed, but the present surveys being made indicate that at length a railroad is to be constructed through this mighty gorge of the Sierras.

The great advantage that this route possesses, aside from its low altitude and freedom from snow, is the distance from Oroville on the edge of the Sacramento Valley to Beckwith Pass. This distance is about one hundred and thirty miles, and as the altitude of Oroville is only 200 feet, it leaves the 5,020 feet to be divided by the 130 miles of distance to get the average grade which gives less than forty feet to the mile.

The steepest grade to be encountered would be 78 feet to the mile, and this would occur only in two places, one near Barteas Bar in Butte County and the other in the Delaney Canyon close to the old Beckwith place.

Along this river route there would be no snowsheds, no tunnels, no steep grades, no high and expensive trestles, and no shutting out of the grand and magnificent scenery of the whole river canyon. The road would follow the windings of the river and be within one hundred and fifty feet of high water mark. The traveler would ever be within sight of the roaring, rushing, foaming stream. The mountains rise high on either side to an altitude of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, and are covered

with magnificent forests. Streams of large size, white with foam and cold as ice, precipitate themselves from the mountain summits to the river below, affording innumerable beautiful and attractive views, and will furnish sites for many lovely summer resorts for people from the great hot valley of the Sacramento.

Coming from the East one would leave the sandy and treeless regions of Nevada, and after crossing the highest point on the road at Beckwith Pass, would immediately descend two or three hundred feet into a broad valley. Streams meander through this valley, bright, clear and cold. Fishing is excellent and affords rare sport. The pasturage cannot be excelled, dairy-

sive, covering 70,000 acres in Plumas and large areas in the Sierras. The altitude is nearly 5,000 feet, which is a trifle high for fruit culture. The towns in the valley are Summit, Beckwith, Sierraville and Loyalton.

The valley is almost level and the grade of the road here would be a perfect one. In the southern part of the valley is the former home of that noted pioneer, trapper and scout, James P. Beckwith. No man ever lived who could tell a more thrilling tale of Indian life and tired and worn-out immigrants would sit by his campfire till after midnight listening to his stories of adventure among the Crows, Sioux and Blackfeet.



Up and down the Feather River.



Photo M. C. Phares, Oroville.

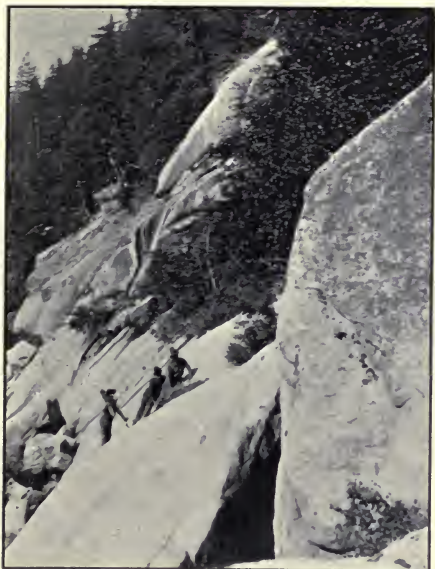
ing is carried on extensively, and the broad fields of clover and timothy show rank and luxuriant growth.

This region is famous for its butter and cheese, and with eastern railroad facilities for shipping products, these industries will rapidly increase. The timber belts on three sides of the valley, east, west and south, are extensive, and at Loyalton there are numerous saw mills and box factories for using the timber. These mills give employment to many men, and are rapidly building up the town of Loyalton, which is the center of this industry.

Beckwith Valley is quite exten-

Soon after passing his old home, the traveler begins to descend a stream. The waters from Last Chance, Squaw Queen, Grizzly, Clover and Beckwith valleys here unite and form the Middle Fork of Feather River. It is a lovely stream, clear and cold, alive with fish, and shaded with cottonwoods, alders and oaks.

From this point to Oroville, over a hundred miles, there is not a rod of the distance that does not have some picturesque spot, some attractive feature, some interesting sight. The mountains rise high on either side, often being capped with snow, the stream sparkles and



Granite rocks in the Canyon. Surveyors making a difficult climb.

flashes over the riffles or forms deep, dark and well shaded pools where the speckled trout loves to hide during the heat of the day. There are little green vales, luxuriant woods, and a thousand beauties of valley, forest and stream that enchant the eye and make the trip a pleasure.

A few miles brings us to Mohawk Valley, one of the most charming spots in all California, so bright, so green, and presenting such vivid contrasts between the turf-like expanse of the valley and the shade of the pine forests on the slopes of the mountain. Such rugged hills, such bold cliffs, such bright and foaming creeks, that rush, bound, leap and fall into spray as they descend from the snow-capped mountains.

Here are springs of the brightest, clearest and coldest water, side by side with springs of soda and sulphur, the latter warm enough for baths and curative of many diseases.

The valley is more sheltered than the Beckwith, the altitude lower, the climate somewhat

warmer. Five hundred feet of descent since leaving Beckwith and nearly nine hundred since leaving the Pass, helps to moderate the cold of winter. We are now in a mining region, and on either side are placer and quartz mines. One of the latter, known as the Plumas Eureka, has been continuously worked for over half a century, and has poured forth a stream of golden treasure during that long period. Apples and pears and all the berries flourish here, and garden vegetables are luxuriant.

From this point we follow the windings of the stream for some miles, but the surveyed route for the new railway does not go down the Middle Fork of the Feather from Mohawk. Instead of that it swings to the right and crosses a strip of country some ten or fifteen miles, or until a branch of the North Fork is reached, and it then follows that branch to Oroville. The object is to lengthen the distance so



Rapids of the West Branch of the Feather River.

as to obtain an easier grade. The region we traverse is through a canyon with bold mountains on either side and high rugged cliffs that now and then rise almost from the roadside. The forests are dense and the underbrush close and compact.

Now and then a green swale or a little valley is crossed, a stream brawls down over the rocks; a deer springs up the side of the mountain or a bevy of quail seeks the cover of the bushes by the wayside.

We pass Little Long Valley and reach Spring Garden, where there are fields of waving grass, a stream of bright, pure water, and a grand sweep of forests. This locality in former years was noted for the abundance of its bears, cinnamon and grizzly, and here numerous old log traps can be found in the woods.

A few miles further on we drop down into American Valley, where the altitude is only 3,350 feet. Forests everywhere cover the mountain side, bold peaks rise in the distance, most of the year capped with snow. Gushing springs and pelucid rivulets are often seen. The valley is as green as a well-kept lawn, dotted with fat cattle and sleek dairy cows. Well-cared-for grounds, handsome farm buildings and well tilled grain fields are characteristic of this region.

Mineral springs are never lacking

in these hills and valleys, and as we come down from Beckwith we pass in succession springs of soda, sulphur and iron. Fruit does remarkably well in the lower valleys of Plumas, and apples, pears, plums, cherries and all the berries thrive in profusion.

The land is redolent with the perfume of flowers, for they bloom in the valley, adorn the ravines, and cover the lower slopes of the mountains. White and tiger lilies, the wild rose, poppies of various kinds, the johnny-jump-up, violets and many other blossoms are seen.

We leave the valley and once more enter the canyon where the same bold cliffs, only upon a larger and grander scale, now mark the way. We are in the heart of the Sierras, and the mountains rise to a great height; the canyon is deeper and grander and the scenery is more impressive than any we have so far viewed.

We turn and twist around a hundred projecting points and each turn presents new and grander views. We catch a glimpse of half a dozen spurs or ranges of snow-capped mountains. Now we are shut in by cliffs that seem to rise like the steps of a giant stairway. We pass a sparkling waterfall and then get a glimpse up a long, dark, and well-wooded canyon. There is no sameness in this mighty gorge;



Typical scenes on the Feather River, where the duties of a surveyor are followed with difficulty.



Where Canyon Creek flows into the Middle Fork.



Middle Fork of Feather River, near Junction with North Fork.

no two views are alike. We note the shades of moss on the bark of the pine, oak and cedar, the wonderful diversity in the shapes of the forest giants. There is the broad-leaved and long-armed maple, the wide-spreading oak, the tapering fir and towering pine, all combining to adorn a cliff, a level spot or the slope of the grand old mountains. Even the shades of rock as shown in limestone, granite, marble, slate and sandstone appear to have been fitted in by the master painter, who formed these wonderful views.

There are thickets of alder, choke cherries, elderberries, wild plums, willows and manzanitas. There are flowers of every hue and masses of bloom covering large areas. The number and variety of birds in these sylvan solitudes gives a concert almost every hour of the day. Black-birds twitter upon the boughs, wrens chirp amid the bushes, the wild canary glides through the air like a gleam of yellow light, and the blue bird flits from bush to bush or bough to bough, the oriole swings from a pendant branch, while the linnet and mocking-bird sing from the foliage of oak, maple or fir.

This giant canyon is not without its history and its tragedies. Rich Bar, now almost entirely abandoned, once was a most noted mining locality. The acts, crimes and

tragedies that have been enacted within a few miles of this place since gold was discovered on the Feather would fill volumes. Murders, suicides and lynchings were not uncommon affairs in the early mining period, and the robberies of expressmen and of stages have been accompanied by bloody tragedies.

This great canyon through the heart of the giant mountains carries one back far in the history of the world. The magnificent pines that crown the summits are fully five hundred years old. Before Columbus set sail from Spain, before Magellan rounded the Cape of Good Hope, before Peter the Great founded the splendid city that bears his name, before any vessel had circumnavigated the globe, these grand old trees were living, tall and green.

When once these magnificent forests are swept down by the lumberman never again will we see these mountains clothed as they are now. Trees will take their place, but by the time they are fifteen or twenty inches in diameter they will be cut for lumber, and the timber that now covers the Sierras will not be seen except it be in localities protected by the Government.

When the Sacramento Valley was an inland sea, when the summits of the Sierras in Butte and Plumas were crowned by a hundred active

volcanoes, when from these great craters was sent forth ashes and lava, the waters from these mountains sought a passage to the west. As the subterranean forces lifted the Sierras higher above the sea of waters, the streams from the mountains began to cut down this gorge. Year after year, century after century, the erosion continued. It went on and on for hundreds of years. Near Nelson Point on the Middle Fork the waters of the stream have cut down through three thousand feet of solid rock.

East of Gravel Range the North Fork has cut down through more than four thousand feet of granite and slate, porphyry and limestone.

This mighty canyon is now almost a solitude. Take out of it the hundred men engaged in railroad surveys, and a paltry dozen will be all that will be left of human life in this stretch of seventy miles along Feather river.

Several of the streams in the tributary canyons are almost rivers, unfordable to a horse much of the

year. Most of them contain an abundance of trout. At the famous fishing grounds of Bartees Bar, there is a fall, alive parts of the year with salmon. Other varieties of fish are found up and down the stream, giving plenty of sport for the man who loves the rod and line.

As we drop down the river we find a warmer climate, and the productions that belong to it. Grapes grow upon the hills, large, luscious and plentiful. Peaches there are in great abundance. Pears, prunes, plums, cherries, berries of every kind grow in profusion. Still lower and we reach the warm foothills near Oroville where the olive, fig, orange and lemon add to the beauty of the landscape and enrich the producer.

Not until you reach Oroville are you out of the canyon, and then at once the great Valley of the Sacramento is before you. The time is not far distant when this will be a favorite route for the tourist from the East.

REST

After a Sunset on Mt. St Helena

BY ELISABETH BURNS-HOWELL

Behind the crest of yonder purpling hill
 Low sinks the splendor-glowing Western sun;
 The odorous air, profoundly, sweetly still,
 Proclaims with silent voice that day is done.

Upon the breast of Night, in sweet repose,
 The wearied Earth reclines her grateful head;
 Forgotten all her sins and griefs and woes,
 She dreams Love reigns and Pain forever fled.

THE NYMPH OF LOTTA'S FOUNTAIN

A San Francisco Christmas Story

BY ELLA M. SEXTON

WHERE the very heart of San Francisco pulses strongest, as gay crowds surge by or swirl excitedly round the bulletin-boards of three great dailies, this gilded drinking-fountain is set. From its "coign of vantage" one surveys a rushing stream of humanity ceaselessly flowing up and down Market and Kearny streets, those main arteries of our city. Thousands pass here daily, while pretty maids and matrons pause, like resting birds of passage, to heave a sigh of relief after escaping the perils of adjacent crossings.

Glowing carnations and vivid scarlet Christmas berries at "Flowersellers' Row," hard by, lend color to this spot, made still more picturesque by long perspectives of diverging streets and towering buildings. Here, too, the four winds of heaven meet and hold strenuous sessions, and it is the especial abode these December evenings of chill and biting blasts encountered nowhere else.

On such vagrant wind rebuffed by Milady's sealskin coat, and Miss Dimple's roses takes a spiteful revenge with the snowy curls and poor black bonnet of a woman, bent and old, who stands waiting for her share of the evening papers brought to Lotta's fountain for distribution. The driver of the paper-cart called good naturedly "Ladies first," as he handed her a bunch of damp journals over the heads of pushing, crowding newsboys clamoring loudly round him for their desired number of copies. In two minutes each light-footed Mercury had scampered to his wonted corner, while the "lady," taking her accustomed seat on one of the stone posts encircling

the fountain, meekly proffered a paper to each indifferent passer-by. Eager winds tugged at her thin and forlorn cape, and ruffled the silver curls, but still her patient, kindly face smiled at the hurrying throng, and the pitiful, work-worn hand held out her stock in trade. Only a "news-lady" (as the boys call her) trying to earn her scanty bread, while a maelstrom of busy, careless people sweeps unheeded around her. Few notice Mistress Nelly and her mute appeal, for the homeward rush has begun, and people are intent on getting a seat in the cars. Hers, alas! depends solely upon the humor of the crowds.

"For if I'm not lucky, I don't have meat—just tea and butter-cakes," she says cheerfully, watching every face, and shivering as she talks, since these golden winter days, caressed by a sun low in the south, grow cold at five o'clock, when the winds rally their forces for an all-night siege. Fast and faster sets the current of travel, and many anxious looks are cast at the great clock overhead. There is a deafening, incessant clatter of car-gongs and of trucks clattering westward. The six horses drawing those heavy, iron-bound wheels know they are homeward bound, and travel gaily with tossing heads and a joyous jingle of brass-bound harness.

Later it grows, a rosy flush lingering over Twin Peaks and a young moon looks down at countless silvery orbs of electric light sprung to sudden life. Small, dark-eyed Antonios and Miguels thrust wilted remnants of their flower-sales despairingly at belated shoppers, and violets drop to a nickel a

bunch. Nelly is despairing, too, for she has had no luck, and her arms are full of unsold papers which she cries in a quavering, high-pitched "Evenin' papers, please."

And the nymph of the fountain? Well, it was Paul Trevor who at this late hour discovered, and involuntarily christened her so, as he watched the tall, fair-haired girl leave her group of gay young friends to buy a paper and chat a moment or two with old Nelly. Fresh from a sojourn abroad, and a last visit to that famous Roman fountain where one drops pennies into the sparkling depths to insure a speedy return, Dr. Trevor thought at once of the graceful divinities, the Hebes and Vestas of the old sculptors, as this girl bent her lithe figure to the white-haired "news-lady."

No Hebe ever wore a bewitching "poke-bonnet" piled with tossing plumes, however, nor tucked a dewy purple bunch of California violets into her furs, and under such a sweet, dimpled chin. Yet there were the curves of a slim young goddess, nay, the very attitude, finger on lip and head turned of the nymph in the Vatican gardens, thought this art and beauty lover. Presently she joined her friends in answer to an impatient "Do come along, Nell," from those young ladies anxiously awaiting their homeward car, and regretfully Dr. Trevor saw his nymph vanish. Then he turned quickly to the old woman, who, limping painfully, seemed about to depart, also.

"That young lady?" she answered him, cheerily. "It's the darlin', sweet girl she is, sir. Always ready to stop, sir, and give me the kind word that's better and more than her silver, bless her pretty face and warm heart. And thank you kindly, sir, but it's not a name I know for her; just Nell I hear the young girls call her as they used to call me, sir, long, long ago. And you'd

never think it, but I'll be 80 years old soon, and I remember when some one called me 'pretty Nell,' too. Yes, sir, I'm cold these bitter evenings, and almost frozen in the dark mornings at six o'clock, sir, but I sell a few papers, and—and I can't go to the House—the—the House for the Poor, sir, you know. There's so many poor creatures there, and they ask me questions, and—oh, I like my little room to myself, sir."

She did not whine, nor beg, but took the young man's bounty gratefully with none of the professional's fulsome blessings. Dr. Trevor went his lonely way with a certain piece of silver (still warm, he fancied, from the fingers of his fountain-nymph), nestling into a certain waistcoat pocket, and a tender, rosy face sweet with divine pity shrined in a hitherto untouched heart. Only an etching for memory's gallery, he believed, this brief and fleeting vision to be, yet the name and face haunted him. Evening after evening thereafter he timed his office departure to buy a paper from the old "news-lady," who, garrulous, and thankful, often spoke of the girl, whose spell had forever bewitched that golden fountain.

Once Fortune favored him (as that fickle jade will occasionally smile on true love), and at a charity function Paul had his opportunity of being formally presented to Miss Eleanor Wentworth. More a young goddess than ever in her white gown clouded with chiffon, she seemed more unapproachable, too; far, far remote in proud beauty from the slave who would worship at her feet. Her gracious smiles were but to dispose of the quaint and costly wares heaped before her. Trevor saw that he was merely one of the throng, tolerated long enough to pour golden pieces galore into the outstretched hand of charity. Five minutes of businesslike conversation, and behold, his precious

interval was gone. For farther and farther down the "primrose path of dalliance," Trevor's heart unconsciously hurried him since retreat after starting upon that vexed yet delectable journey is usually impossible. A solitary man, almost alone in the world, he "thought of her all day and dreamed of her all night," as the old song phrases it. He wrote verses with a rhyming dictionary open at his elbow; he wore the bit of silver on his watch chain, and a photograph of Ariadne in his letter-case since deciding that the Greek maiden of Naxos was like Miss Wentworth, though less beautiful.

Old Nelly seemed to him a link, the only finished link in the chain he hoped to forge for this divinity, and the news-lady had a regular five o'clock customer, who listened patiently to her flood of reminiscences, unmindful of well-bred stares at the strange protege he had adopted. It was his fate to just miss the young lady, until Christmas week, when coming one happy evening to the fountain, there stood Miss Nelly, anxiously looking at the vacant post where old Nelly had been wont to sit. After their recognition she spoke at once of the absent woman, whom she seemed to assume was Dr. Trevor's special charge as well as her own.

"Poor creature," she said, "I fear she is ill, laid up with that rheumatism again. I hope she is not at that dreaded Almshouse—she had such a horror of it—and at Christmas, too, when no one should be unhappy or alone, or poor if I could but help them." The girl's voice trembled; tears sparkled on her long lashes.

"Will you try to find her, and let me know where she is, before Christmas," she begged. "I could not enjoy that blessed day and think the poor soul was suffering and alone. You will help her, too, I am sure—ah, you see, Nelly has

been confiding to me your recent kindness, Dr. Trevor," and Paul stammered and actually blushed in helpless confusion at this sudden betrayal of his charities.

Still he had presence of mind enough to take the same car, and though their talk was mainly of the old newspaper-seller, and of the lovely, sunny Christmas weather, Miss Wentworth was in a sympathetic mood (a holiday mood, Paul told himself later on) that seemed to include him in the immediate circle of her friends. After he had left her at her own door, with the sweet promise of a call when old Nelly should be located, the young man's heart kept repeating her tender words over and over until the refrain: "No one should be unhappy or alone at Christmas—or alone at Christmas"—beat itself into his brain, and lulled him to happy dreams.

And in all the mad rush of the morrow when caught up in the holiday whirl, and fevered with the universal "spirit of giving" stamped on the faces of good-natured, smiling crowds, Trevor joined the buyers, he remembered old friends with a lavish hand, for none should be unhappy—vowed he—whom he could help this merry Christmas tide. "Roses for the rose I hope to win." And he ordered great American beauties glowing with her own brilliant color and splendid joy of living and blossoming, till even the stolid florist stared at the gentleman who was so particular yet forgot his change.

And afterwards to a fireless room in a dreary lodging house he traced Mistress Nelly. There, shivering like the last leaf on a tree, tortured with rheumatism, and huddled, purple with cold, on the comfortless bed, her bright blue eyes still smiled bravely up at him, and her old voice, cheery yet, greeted him. "Is it you, doctor, dear? I knew well it was you or Miss Nell would find me.

my two friends, my only friends, established, Dame Fortune smiled
sir." once more.

To get her food and warmth, to move her from that cheerless nook of a hall bedroom to one where a glowing fire and the brilliant sun tried to outshine each other—how easy was all this, and how grateful the old lady for this consoling kindness in her time of winter! To assure her she should not be sent to that much-feared almshouse proved a harder task. The doctor accomplished this the next day, with the aid of Miss Wentworth and her mother, with Christmas cheer and kindest words of promised care and comfort.

Miss Eleanor's stately mamma, rather astonished to find the young people already friends, discovered soon that she had known Paul's mother. "What, the Trevors of Rincoln Hill in early days? And you are Margaret's son? Well, well, the world is a narrow one, for she was my dearest friend at Madame Ziska's school!" So with the young doctor's family-tree thus properly

And it happened that Dr. Trevor walked the crowded streets homeward in the early dusk with the dear hand of the girl he loved resting on his arm, while from the old cathedral near by the mellow Christmas chimes rang out. And their burden was ever to him, "Not unhappy or alone at Christmas—or alone at Christmas."

For in Eleanor's brown eyes he had surprised a look, brief, yet certain, a look of sweet sympathy, of warm interest not intended for the poor creature by whom their lives had been closely linked.

So Love and Hope, blessed twin angels of human life, fluttered on rosy wings at the young man's side as silent in that deep and precious silence of two hearts, bound yet free, Paul and Eleanor listened to the chimes of Christmas Eve, and knew that "joy on earth, peace and good will to men" would come on the morrow.

THE CONQUEROR

BY HILTON R. GREER

One reared about his heart a mighty wall;
Thick-moated, bastioned, ample-based and tall,

And laughed, secure, at Love's first bugle blast;
Scoffed at the next; but, at the third and last,

The thick wall trembled, crashed and fell;
Love leaped the breach and stormed the citadel!



FROM THE PROVERBS OF JAPAN

BY GEO. WYCHERLY KIRKMAN

In thy perfumed presence, Best Beloved,
The parted lips are silence-bound:
In adoration rapt, the heart
No fitting words of love hath found.

Ten oxen stout, tense straining 'gainst
The yellow yoke, can never stir
That which fair woman's single shimmering hair
Can draw from palm-tree to the polar fir.



Maxine Elliott.

Madge Drew.

Mary Mannerling

Minnie Ashley.

Photos by Morrison—Rockwood—Morrison—Falk.

BEAUTY AND THE FOOTLIGHTS

BY LEIGH GORDAN GILTNER

IF, as William Shakespeare hath it, "beauty is bought by judgment of the eye," then the aggregate of feminine loveliness before the footlights varies always in direct ratio with the number and variety of optics theatrically inclined.

Fortunately, tastes, individual, collective, general and local differ in respect to personal pulchritude. The face which appeals to the eye of the artist, oftentimes fails to touch the crasser sensibilities of the multitude, while the type which delights the aesthetic sense of a given nationality is, not infrequently, in direct antithesis to the standards of another. The actress who pleases the provinces may be voted a guy by metropolitan playgoers, and—mark ye this, my masters!—vice-versa. Incredible as it may seem, the judgment of a metropolitan press and public has been known to be reversed—a reversal subsequently sustained by the self-same judges who rendered the original verdict. In the days not so long gone, when as Miss Marlowe herself phrased it, New York "would not have her," the provinces (and to the New Yorker all is provincial that is not of New York—Greek and Boeotian

still!) had for years recognized her histrionic gift and her peculiar magnetic charm. To-day Miss Marlowe plays to phenomenal business in the city which once closed its gates to her and the critics who once condemned her, either outright or with the faintest of faint praise, are now practically unanimous in their acclaim. On the other hand, though this is more rarely the case, New York and London successes have occasionally failed of endorsement in the provinces.

"Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, not uttered by base sale of chapman's tongues." Evidently the methods of the press-agent (to whom prophetic reference might almost seem to have been made) were embryonic in Shakespeare's time. Nothing could be truer than that the world accepts the individual at his or her own estimate. Let but a woman, whether of society or the stage, persistently assume the attitude of a beauty, let her cause herself to be loudly heralded as such, let her be duly photographed and "written up" and advertised (and the methods used nowadays in advertising feminine charms differ little from those employed in booming

a cereal food, cosmetic or a dentrice), and in the end the world will, outwardly at least, recognize her claim. Men, after all, are much like sheep—one follows where another leads. Let but one courtier hail a woman queen, and a dozen subjects will spring up to do her homage, even though in their secret souls they know their sovereign a lay figure, wearing a pasteboard crown and clothed upon with the shimmering robes of illusion. The favor of a personage of high degree or the dictum of a noted critic has more than once availed to establish as a reigning stage beauty an actress whose much-heralded charms would suffer by contrast with those of some humble village belle. The beauty which satisfies the heart is bought only by judgment of the individual eye. Each must discover it for himself.

Beauty, in the last analysis, is largely a matter of taste, particularly in our cosmopolitan country, where there is no distinctively national type, and where often coloring, expression and mobility of feature outrank classic contours and precision of outline. The Greeks and Romans had certain fixed standards of masculine and feminine perfection, which were applied alike in their judgments of individual charm and to their conceptions in art; while that which we of to-day term beauty is often something less—or more—than flawlessness of feature, a something subtle, impalpable, indefinable yet none the less potent. There are, however, certain women whose beauty is so patent, so transcendent, so compelling, that all men (and even all women) must admit its existence. Mary Anderson was one of these.

The same standards can scarcely be applied to the beauty of society and the beauty of the stage. As the tone adapted to the drawing-room would scarcely carry across the footlights, so must the conventional manner, gesture and costume of so-

ciety be accentuated, even exaggerated, in order to be effective on the stage, just as the scene painter must paint with a broader brush and more vivid colors than the artist whose canvasses are destined for closer and more critical scrutiny. The reflections in the mirror which the players hold up to nature are of heroic proportions. The stage demands strong contrasts, bold outlines, broad effects. Many a recruit from the drawing room seeking to exploit her charms upon the stage, finds her gestures and movements tame and ineffectual, while her beauty, which she has not learned the art of making the most of, pales before the radiance of some stage favorite, who may be far plainer in real life, like feeble beams of a candle in the luminous glow of the incandescent. Coloring and complexion go for little before the footlights—these are matters for the make-up box.

It is chiefly contour and feature that catch the managerial eye, which in time acquires the faculty of selecting from a bevy of pretty faces those which will make up well, and those which to fresco with kohl and carmine were, in truth, to "paint the lily." No one could claim for Mme. Modjeska surpassing beauty off the stage, yet equally could no one deny that in character, whether as Rosalind or Beatrice or Ophelia, she fills the eye and delights the artistic sense. Given good outlines and features well-defined, even if something rugged—coiffeur, costumer and make-up artist will do the rest. Though the modern tendency toward realism in stage effects has extended even to the personalities of the players, who are rather less artificial than of yore, a certain amount of make-up is absolutely essential and the actor or actress who essays to appear without a touch of rouge to counteract the deadening effect of the footlights simply detracts from the ensemble to a cer-

tain extent. It has been claimed that Mary Anderson never made up except for pronounced character parts. This is an error, though it is true she displayed a moderation in the use of grease paint which some of our vaudeville performers would do well to emulate.

Beauty, without doubt, is an incalculable aid to an actress in that it enlists for her the managerial interest and the patience and consideration of her audiences during the days of her apprenticeship, as well as enables her to adequately embody the conceptions of the playwright and realize the ideals of the playgoer. The woman without any particular charm of face or figure

positive plainness to potential beauty; Bernhardt exhibits, in lieu of perfection of feature, a sinuous grace, a perfect poise of body and a knowledge of composition and grouping so accurate that she is always a harmonious, though striking, element in a stage picture; Minnie Maddern Fiske's beauty is more that of the spirit than the flesh; Maud Adams is pleasing rather than pretty, and Clara Morris frankly characterized one of her literary creations, easily identified with herself, as "having escaped being a beauty so easily that one could not help feeling that she had never been in danger."

On the other hand, Sarah Siddons



Gladys Wallis.

Emma Eames.

Julia Marlowe.

Photos by Falk—Aime Dupont—Morrison.

who adopts the stage as a profession, will find herself heavily handicapped from the beginning to the end of her career. Yet that beauty is not absolutely essential to success upon the stage, a glance at the foremost feminine exponents of the drama will prove. The great Rachel was not a beauty, strictly speaking; the face of Fanny Kemble was marred by the ravages of smallpox. Charlotte Cushman was of rather a masculine type; Duse's countenance is intellectual rather than beautiful; Ellen Terry runs the gamut from

was a woman of surpassing beauty and commanding presence; Peg Woffington was reckoned lovely in her day; Mary Anderson's classic countenance, judged even by the rigid standards of the ancients, was faultless, except for a very slight defect in the contour of the cheek; Fanny Davenport in her prime was a splendid specimen of physical perfection; Emma Eames has a face to delight a sculptor, as indeed it has done; Maxine Elliot and Julia Arthur are regally beautiful women; Viola Allen has not only beauty of

feature, but a rarer beauty of expression; the charm of Julia Marlowe's face is not without relation to a piquant profile and a dimpled chin; Odette Tyler is even prettier in private life than in the glare of the footlights; Mary Mannering is admittedly a beauty, and the loveliness of Lillian Russell, despite the encroachments of advancing years and adipose tissue, remains perennially seraphic.

It were invidious to attempt to determine to which of the many lovely women of our modern stage the golden apple should be awarded, and rash indeed would be the critic who should essay the role of Paris—the bold youth who was, beyond a doubt, chief of the heroes of antiquity. The doughty deeds of Achilles and Agamemnon fade into insignificance beside the courage of the son of Priam, who dared make choice between the charms of three divinities, each dowered with an inconvenient omnipotence. Surely, though the gallantry of Paris was sadly at fault, his intrepidity deserved a better recompense than the gift of a second-hand charmer whose possession but served to plunge him into unpleasant complications. Even to-day, frankness—especially in respect to feminine charms—remains

one of the virtues which is its own (sole) reward, as any man who has essayed it can testify.

Personal beauty is recognized the world over as a power, but nowhere is it more potent than on the stage. The actress, realizing this, sets about making the most and best of her charms and concealing or modifying her defects. To this end she invokes all the known laws of beauty and hygiene, as well as the adventitious aid of coiffeur, manicurer, dermatologist, masseur and modiste—all of whom are artists in their line. The result is that in spite of hard work, long rehearsals, late hours and constant travel, the actress of forty is apparently in her prime, while the farmwife or village matron of the same age looks twenty years her senior. It is not work, if that work be congenial, which ages women, but the dull routine, the helpless drudgery, the monotonous dead level of a life unbroken by change or incident. The actress' life, hard though it is, is one of infinite variety, and women of the stage, as a rule, retain their youth and beauty far longer than their sisters who have preferred the glow of the domestic hearth to the glare of the footlights.

Brodiea. laxa.





BY UNITED STATES SENATOR ADDISON G. FOSTER

FROM twenty to twenty-five per cent of the entire area of Washington and Oregon has been covered with a Forest Reserve blanket. Originally this "blanket" was spread indiscriminately over a number of Western States regardless of the settlements and communities. As a result a number of thriving towns were included in the vast area, and some of these communities narrowly escaped being smothered to death under the sweeping executive order.

It has been the policy of the Government, however, to gradually eliminate settlements where the Forest Reserve blanket has been thrown over them, and in every instance, by the provisions of an enactment of Congress, settlers are entitled to the land. As a rule, it is not possible to secure satisfactory lieu land selections, as most of the desirable locations have already been appropriated.

In the State of Washington, where I am familiar with the existing conditions, there are eight million acres of Forest Reserve. It is proposed by the Secretary of the Interior to increase this vast area by over three million acres, making a total of over eleven millions of

acres in the State of Washington.

The three million acres referred to are included in what is known as "Temporary Reserves," which are not to be considered as being necessarily permanent.

A thorough examination has been made into existing conditions by the Geological Survey, and the Honorable Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Bureau of Forestry of the Agricultural Department has also examined into the areas with a view to determining whether or not these temporary selections should be made permanent.

As the chief industry of the Pacific Northwest, and particularly Washington, is lumbering, the Forest Reserve blanket becomes one of the greatest importance. Under existing rules promulgated by the Interior Department it is not practicable to carry on lumbering in the Government Forest Reserves. It is Mr. Pinchot's policy, and he has given the subject almost lifelong consideration, to make the Forest Reserve not only beneficial to the State, and to the residents thereof, but in particular to make it practicable to carry on lumbering within its borders as well as to permit of the freest use of mineral rights,

together with the appropriation of water properties and grazing privileges.

Conditions similar to those existing in the State of Washington do not obtain elsewhere in the United States, I believe, so far as Forest Reserves are concerned. Therefore, it is desirable, and indeed necessary, that such regulations as are promulgated for the State of Washington be prepared with a view to meeting the peculiar conditions. For instance, one of the regulations for the taking of logs out of Forest Reserves, approved by the Interior Department, is in effect that all tops and limbs must be removed. No logger or lumber man would undertake the task of removing timber from Forest Reserves under such conditions.

There is another act of Congress which provides that timber taken from any Reserve in any State cannot be sold outside of the State line. This law will have to be changed in order to induce lumbermen to co-operate with the Government in the removal of mature timber from Forest Reserves, and in co-operating in a practical way with the administration of the Forest Reserves as outlined and planned by Mr. Pinchot.

It is a curious fact that while the Forest Reserves come directly under the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Pinchot, who is at the head of the Bureau of the Agricultural Department, exercises more influence perhaps than any other Federal officer on the question of Forest Reserve administration. Mr. Pinchot enjoys the confidence of the President, and feels that in defining the policy of Forest Reserve administration he cannot do better than quote the chief executive in the statement that the Forest Reserve primarily is intended for the benefit of the commonwealth. There is a well established feeling in the Pacific Northwest, nevertheless, that in

many instances the settler does not enjoy the benefits which it is intended by the laws of the United States should be meted out to him.

In many instances the settler has found himself suddenly surrounded by Forest Reserves, shut off from the advantages of sloughs and road facilities, and given the choice of remaining thus isolated or selecting lieu lands elsewhere. In many instances, also, there would be little inducement to a hardy settler to take up a homestead in a timbered country unless there was a prospect of disposing of the timber on the land.

From this fact has grown the question as to what are agricultural and what are timber lands, but when it can be shown that the settlement is bona fide and the settler intends to carve out of the forest a home for himself and family, the question of what he may derive from the sale of his timber is not at this time given serious consideration, so far as the people of the Pacific Northwest are concerned, as a rule. It may be that the policy of the Government is to take a like view of the case, and to aid the homesteader and in every way encourage him in his worthy work of home-building.

For a time it was held by some of the chief officials of the Geological Survey that where the cost of removing the timber from lands was greater than the value of the land for agricultural purposes after the timber was removed then such lands could not be considered as being agricultural for homesteading purposes. This theory has been somewhat shattered by the evidence of settlers themselves, who show that they do not count their time of any great value and that they burn and slash at convenient intervals, and in addition to this the money derived from the sale of the timber on their land is also considered in connection with the ul-

timate settlement of their property and the creation of farming areas.

Recently one of the now prosperous counties of the State of Washington was threatened with bankruptcy because of the fact that the Forest Reserve blanket was stretched over large agricultural areas, which had been given taxable values, and which had been considered when the county was bonded. The removal of these areas from the market and the shutting out of further settlement reduced the taxable area of this county to such an extent that bankruptcy seemed to be inevitable. I am happy to state that a vigorous presentation of all the pertinent facts in this case resulted in the elimination of over three hundred thousand acres of Forest Reserve lands in this particular county, and that since then a large number of settlers have come in and occupied these lands, and the county is now in a thriving condition.

There is another county in the State of Washington, that of Whatcom, which continues to be prosperous regardless of the fact that over half of its area is in Forest Reserve. During the last session of Congress, when it was proposed by the advocates of the Forest Reserve policy to include still additional tracts of Whatcom county inside of the Reserve blanket, a very vigorous protest went up from all of the people of that part of the State of Washington, and it is believed that the presentation of the case to those who have made an examination of the conditions will result in a withdrawal of the temporary reserve in most instances.

It is probable that a great extent of the forests of the Pacific Northwest have been burned over from time to time and by the process of nature reforestation has followed. It is claimed that the Indians frequently burned the forests to pro-

vide hunting grounds or to drive the game into certain localities. As a rule, however, under the present system of patrolling the forest areas and guarding them against fires as far as possible, fires are not so numerous, and campers, having been warned not to permit fires to spread act in a measure as assistants to the Government officials.

Nevertheless, during the summer of 1892 more timber in the State of Washington was destroyed by fire than by the axe and the saw. During the present season numerous heavy rainfalls at fortunate intervals have served to prevent the spread of fires and there has been very little loss.

There are areas on the surface of the globe which have been covered with forests in ages past and which to-day are about as inviting as the Mojave desert. It can be shown that this has resulted from the indiscriminate devastation of the forests and the removal of all vegetation. This, of course, should be guarded against and is guarded against by the Forest Reserve administration under Mr. Pinchot.

The Forest Reserve, in addition to the preservation of forests and the re-forestation of denuded areas, also serves to conserve and control the waters, which is of considerable importance, not only because it prevents damage from floods, but also that it conserves the water for irrigation purposes.

These are important questions of interest not only to the present generation but to the future generation.

Practical lumbermen of the State of Washington, however, are almost a unit in asserting that the Government in carrying on the policy of Forest Reserve extension, cannot do better than to busy itself with the reclamation of logged off areas and in this way giving the people a practical lesson in reforestation.

SEVENTEEN DAYS IN JOURNALISM

Candid Confession of a Crowded Conscience

BY E. J. EVANS

I HAD buffeted the waves of uncertain law practice from the shores of San Diego Bay to the mining camps of Shasta. The gleams of hope led my fancy of wealth and fame from the towers of Raja Yoga to the Buttes of Siskiyou. I had carried up solid delegations to conventions of my party and dumped them into the laps of bosses, from Bill Higgins to Dan Burns. My love of the political game had not been nurtured by the hope nor enjoyment of office, but rather amusement in the sport, a habit which had become chronic. For thirty years scarcely a national convention had failed to add some experience to the flame, which, once lighted, burns out the life and substance of the man in politics, who helps make the other fellow an office holder. I had carried one end of a rail in Lincoln's campaign, landed my first angry blow upon the jaw of a "Butternut" who said "it served him right," when the news of Booth's awful crime flashed over the wires, and aided in riding the traitor out of town on a rail, covered with a coat of tar and feathers. I had heard the great Ingersoll nominate the Plumed Knight in Cincinnati. Sat in rapturous enjoyment in that greatest of all political conventions, when Conkling named Grant and Garfield nominate Sherman, and by his speech made himself President. In short, it was not strange that politics had eaten a cankerous sore into my professional success, and left me without clients. The only extenuation for alluding to all these distracting excursions out of my sphere, is in the hope that the folly of my last trip

away from the business of a lifetime, may be mitigated.

I had not tried a newspaper "stunt" in detail. True, I had "done" a couple of national conventions in gossipy stuff, written editorials on political and economic subjects, sunk not a few dollars in letting some blithering idiots run newspapers for me, and had reported a session of the California Legislature on a five hundred word telegraphic limit, and by mail, and by lucky guessing kept pace with the big dailies and their unlimited wire privileges. I had found the writings of idle moments saleable, at a song, piped upon weakly reeds in magazines and weeklies. Hence my sudden plunge of seventeen tempestuous days into San Francisco newspaper life was not *prima facie* evidence of incurable insanity. To carry added weight to my own excuse for thinking I could do anything anybody else could, I had learned that one cannot do two things at the same time, so I abandoned the law office and the plunge into regular detail occurred. The two big dailies of my party faith were owned by men with whom I had played the political game, and who owed me unpaid debts for party services. Pride kept me from seeking a job of my debtors, so I waltzed up to the office of an evening paper, whose editor I had known long enough and well enough to call Jim, about ten o'clock one morning. He had "just gone to the bank," so said the youth who acted as screen between him and the heat of an admiring public's gaze. I overtook my friend, and said: "Hello, Jim—was just up to see you." He pushed

his load of perplexity and doubt as to what the bank would say up under his hat. I had "been there," and knew the movement; besides everybody knew he was making a better paper than the cash receipts warranted. However, he came up smiling and said, "Come along. I am just going up against the bank; we'll talk on the way over." I was also trying to go up against a few shekels; fellow-feeling was not only kind to him, but acted as a sort of lukewarm and emollient cataplasm for my own wounded pride.

"Well, my story is short," said I; "fact is, the clients are distressingly slow in coming forward, and I want a job at anything from selling papers to squelching your rival, and I want it now," I added, feeling the relief afforded by having asked for the first job since I was a boy. It's a picturesque sensation, this murder of pride and asking for something to do. Try it sometime, you who have been helping the other fellow all your life, you who have wielded some political power, and have stamped conventions, just for the fun of the chase and to win for your man. But it was a relief to get it out, and the editor promptly said: "Say, do you know, I was just wondering who we could get to do politics for us. Fact is, Smith, who has been doing it for us, has fallen under the thumb of Boss Kelly, and won't do." Just then we met the Honorable Bill Jones, the perennial candidate for United States Senator, Governor, Mayor or any other good thing where he could be in the public eye. Jim had the nose for news, and as we all shook hands, said: "Say, Bill, you are just the man I want to see. I want an interview out of you on the Governorship. We are going to boom you for Governor—come up to the office and let the city editor interview you." That was enough; we all returned to the office, went into the private room, and the editor said to me: "Get

some paper and write up Bill; have him thrusting the crown away, but give him a column." My backbone quaked. I protested: "No! that's too sudden to try me on; let some more experienced man tackle Bill." Jim would not have it that way. He sent for the city editor, introduced him to me, called me out and took me into a dark hole where they stow those fiendish black things they print as pictures of noted people, and said: "I'll put you on at twenty-five dollars per week to do political gossip. We are for such and such men and their policy. We work twenty-four hours a day, want the news, and bring in anything you see that looks like news; report to Walker, the city editor," and my story began. It was then ten forty-five, as well as I could see by my watch down at my "uncle's." The Governor, we were then and there to make, was on the chopping block, and I began to carve him up. He was a glib talker and he had found a new reporter, friendly and green. The notes I took were gems of choicest rhetoric from his many splendid orations. As for running for Governor, he was nominated and making his speech of acceptance before he got through helping me interview him. However, he finally ran down, and I started to write my story. I had written about five hundred words when it occurred to me that an evening paper went to press the same day. I rushed into the editorial rooms, my first visit, asked Mr. Walker how soon he must have the interview. He looked at the clock and said: "Ought to have it in twenty minutes." It was now one-forty. I returned to the twenty sheets of hastily written notes, and began to boil it down. At last I had the mass digested and down to the few gems of thought and literary pearls, when in rushed the city editor. "Can't wait any longer; give me what you have written." The interview appeared under big

head-lines, and was as much of a success as the importance of the man's action warranted.

My entrance into detail work was accomplished. I had a job and one end of the stage, with the lime light of a blue pencil and a cold-blooded city editor's eyes. Walker was really the managing editor, although my friend Jim had his name at the head of the sheet as publisher. I did not know this until sixteen days later. After the paper had gone to press I went to Walker, as I had been referred to him by the boss who hired me, and frankly said: "I am raw at this business, so tell me what to do, and how you want it done—once will do—and I will try and do it." He kindly assented to my suggestion that "I realized the job I had tackled, and knew how hard it was to pick up another man's trade, but I would try it." He gave me a desk, introduced me to an eccentric Englishman I had met before, and who had made a brilliant escape from the trials and troubles of an orange grower in Southern California. To all the others, ten or twelve of them, I was unknown, and my sport began, for it was amusing, hard work. The memory of the Tribune when Horace Greeley made it great, and the World when Manton Marble made it a classic, flashed before me. Here was the chance to write of politics as I saw it. I had read "Practical Journalism," and knew that the newspaper of to-day is made by legs, instead of brains. I knew that a daily paper was printed by rule, but I had never been a cog in the wheel.

The first day afforded me little experience other than learning that bringing in everything you see meant crossing some other reporter's detail and getting yourself disliked. I telephoned to the city editor after that. I was expected to cover all political meetings, which took until twelve or one o'clock every night, do five leading hotels

for prominent citizens, and watch steamers that no foreign greatness might smuggle his fame into town without seeing him. The second morning Walker assigned me a desk between the chap who wrote prize fights with five ounce literary gloves on, and a seven dollar a week kid who fished for items among the heroes at the Presidio. The paper had undergone an operation for an unnecessary baseball reporter, having only two now. The severed member of the staff had scratched his furrowed brow on this particular desk, and I found "scores" pasted all over it. Walker handed me a bundle of press clippings from morning and country papers. A primary election was just coming on, and I was told to "run 'em through and boil 'em down." I did, making about two columns of the pile. All the letters to the "Political Editor" were dumped on my desk. While engaged in this "few minutes' work," as Walker said it would take me, the Englishman had his regular fit. The copy boys, three frisky young devils, destined to be editors, were cursed, boxed and thrown out of the room by this copy reader, telegraph, assistant city editor and boy bouncer. I liked this chap—he knew so much, and his cock-sureness on all subjects that didn't seem to concern him was invigorating. If he happened to write a "story," it pleased him immensely, and when the first edition came down we all had to listen to it, and his laugh over his own wit. The "Labor Editor" took a smash at him with his verbal hammer, and called him a "d—— fool" behind his back, but I gave him his own way and resolved to say it to his face the moment he jumped me, as he did everybody else. The seventeen days were not enough for him to find occasion, and to this day he does not know how much I concur in the labor man's opinion. But I learned more the second day. They all broke out in

a free-for-all match against the boss, my friend Jim, and I wondered how they could let him stay on the paper. It is really wonderful what fools bosses are in the editorial rooms of the modern newspaper. Every chap on this paper seemed to feel his special fitness for the job. However, my day's work began; I interviewed the leading political bosses for news, was filled up with commonplace plans, which none but a chump would credit, until I concluded they were excellent foundations for personal booms, but empty as to news. One said: "Oh, I am Jim's attorney; he knows what I want printed." Another said, as he proffered the usual drink given the new reporter: "Oh, we have the whole works; there is no opposition." Another, one of those brow-beating lawyers who know it all, proceeded to "string" me. I wrote a few things which I already knew and which each one had evaded or denied. The paper came out. On my evening rounds I found the three bosses closeted, laying plans and cursing the paper. "Say," said the chief manipulator and attorney for my employer, "did you write the politics in to-day's paper?" "Some of it," said I; "what's the matter with it? Isn't it true?" "But I'll see Jim to-morrow. Tell him I want to see him," said the attorney. "I am not a messenger boy, and I see Mr. Publisher only when he sends for me," said I. They fumed, stormed and told me what to write the next day. The city editor seemed pleased with the stuff, and wanted more. My "string," the matter cut and pasted for the publisher's knowledge every day, showed about five columns.

That evening there was a great mass meeting. The other reporters I met said: "What are you taking notes for an evening paper for? Why don't you crib it from the morning papers?" I knew the coloring given by each morning paper and wanted the facts. My report

was not to their liking. I again called on the bosses in their Chamber of Destiny. They were not disposed to be sociable, kicked at my report of the meeting and estimates of the strength of factions until I concluded to have an understanding. I said: "You gentlemen may enjoy trying to fill me up with taffy and rot, which my paper would discharge me for writing, but it won't go. Now, if you will talk squarely and tell me the truth, I will print it if it is news, and if you do not care to do that, I'll print it from other sources." They concluded to be frank, and the day before the primary election I printed the estimated vote almost as it was counted. Then nothing was too good for me. The newsboys were boycotting all the evening papers, and they subscribed for or sent up to the office for copies. The paper had made a hit.

I wrote a lot of gossipy personals which caught the publisher's fancy. The English copy reader exercised his orange pruning habits on some of the stuff, killed a few items favorably mentioning prominent people he did not like, but the next day enough had slipped through his slimy fingers to enthuse the boss again, and the city editor said the next morning: "The boss is stuck on the personal column; say, make two columns of it," and I did.

Up to this time I had not found time any day for lunch. Primary election was over. A national gathering of a famous body of distinguished men came on. I was detailed to interview candidates for office, and visiting statesmen.

One morning Walker said: "Do you think you can get an interview on the Governorship out of Brown and the Mayor?" "I guess so," I replied, and going to the telephone girl, said: "Call up Brown." She got him at the phone. I said: "Hello, Brown; this is Evans" (that will do for my name) "I am doing poli-

tics on the paper. We want an interview out of you. Can I come over and talk to you? or will you tell me whether you are a candidate for Governor?" "Why, come over any time or take it now," and I had a talk which ended the gossip about his candidacy. So with the Mayor. He telephoned me anything I wanted to know, while the Englishman worked his face into seams about "the nerve" of interviewing big guns by telephone.

The ambition to do all the work on the paper began to wane, and I learned how to grab a bite of lunch. I was thrown onto courts, and a sensational trial, and escaped the big fire when everybody else was sent out. They did not make me chase dog fights or police courts, but I ran onto some good stuff about the new Pope the day he was elected. Asked Walker if he wanted the story. He did not care for it. I did not tell him how I had worked my social friends to reach the details of a rare acquaintance and friendship in Venice with the new Pope; how I had worked until two in the morning to get the story, and do my politics. Later, a morning paper paid several times my weekly salary for half the story, and the better part was written for an Eastern magazine.

The days jogged along with varying degrees of uncertainty as to the treatment of the political factions. One day I would be told to boom the end manipulated by the attorney for the publishers; the next to give "the news," which seemed to mean that the wires were down between the editorial and business offices. We were an "organ" one day, and waiting for somebody to turn up something the next. The Englishman continued to pester the boys, the sporting writers yelled out "How do you spell society?" The society reporter wrote sweet things about her acquaintances and cribbed the leading items about the Four

Hundred. The "water-front" man had to look sharp, or the Englishman would steal his credit for an item, and palm it off on the City Editor as his own.

My seventeen-days' term was drawing to an end. The job had not pleased me, and I had not pleased the jobbers on the paper. Only once had I spoken to the publisher who hired me. He never came into the editorial rooms and I had no business with him. Meeting him in the street a day or so before my third week closed, I said: "Mr. Publisher, I doubt my ability to stand this work. It is not satisfactory to me nor to Mr. Walker; so when you agree with me that I have tried it long enough, say so." On the Saturday following, at about three o'clock, I landed a sensational story about the plans of a Presidential scheme, which had filled columns of all the papers for a week, rushed back to the office, up to the press-room and reported it to Walker. The press was stopped and the item was hastily run in under scare heads on the first page. I went down to my desk and wrote the stuff in my notes for the following day, and there found a note, written by Walker, in kindly words letting me out. I breathed a sigh of relief. My pluck and determination to "make good" kept me from actually quitting, but I was glad to get out of it. Walker and the "water-front man" had been pleasant and sociable. They were the only men on the staff I met. I made courteous overtures toward the social side of several others, but met with no genial response. The Englishman, evidently, had concluded I was not in his class, and he was correct.

It was an experience I would not take twice the pay for. I had learned in that greatest of all schools, experience and observation, how a modern afternoon paper is made up. I knew how politics were changed and fluctuated like the stock market.

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That evening there was a great mass meeting. The other reporters I met said: "What are you taking notes for an evening paper for? Why don't you crib it from the morning papers?" I knew the coloring given by each morning paper and wanted the facts. My report

was not to their liking. I again called on the bosses in their Chamber of Destiny. They were not disposed to be sociable, kicked at my report of the meeting and estimates of the strength of factions until I concluded to have an understanding. I said: "You gentlemen may enjoy trying to fill me up with taffy and rot, which my paper would discharge me for writing, but it won't go. Now, if you will talk squarely and tell me the truth, I will print it if it is news, and if you do not care to do that, I'll print it from other sources." They concluded to be frank, and the day before the primary election I printed the estimated vote almost as it was counted. Then nothing was too good for me. The newsboys were boycotting all the evening papers, and they subscribed for or sent up to the office for copies. The paper had made a hit.

I wrote a lot of gossipy personals which caught the publisher's fancy. The English copy reader exercised his orange pruning habits on some of the stuff, killed a few items favorably mentioning prominent people he did not like, but the next day enough had slipped through his slimy fingers to enthuse the boss again, and the city editor said the next morning: "The boss is stuck on the personal column; say, make two columns of it," and I did.

Up to this time I had not found time any day for lunch. Primary election was over. A national gathering of a famous body of distinguished men came on. I was detailed to interview candidates for office, and visiting statesmen.

One morning Walker said: "Do you think you can get an interview on the Governorship out of Brown and the Mayor?" "I guess so," I replied, and going to the telephone girl, said: "Call up Brown." She got him at the phone. I said: "Hello, Brown; this is Evans" (that will do for my name) "I am doing poli-

tics on the paper. We want an interview out of you. Can I come over and talk to you? or will you tell me whether you are a candidate for Governor?" "Why, come over any time or take it now," and I had a talk which ended the gossip about his candidacy. So with the Mayor. He telephoned me anything I wanted to know, while the Englishman worked his face into seams about "the nerve" of interviewing big guns by telephone.

The ambition to do all the work on the paper began to wane, and I learned how to grab a bite of lunch. I was thrown onto courts, and a sensational trial, and escaped the big fire when everybody else was sent out. They did not make me chase dog fights or police courts, but I ran onto some good stuff about the new Pope the day he was elected. Asked Walker if he wanted the story. He did not care for it. I did not tell him how I had worked my social friends to reach the details of a rare acquaintance and friendship in Venice with the new Pope; how I had worked until two in the morning to get the story, and do my politics. Later, a morning paper paid several times my weekly salary for half the story, and the better part was written for an Eastern magazine.

The days jogged along with varying degrees of uncertainty as to the treatment of the political factions. One day I would be told to boom the end manipulated by the attorney for the publishers; the next to give "the news," which seemed to mean that the wires were down between the editorial and business offices. We were an "organ" one day, and waiting for somebody to turn up something the next. The Englishman continued to pester the boys, the sporting writers yelled out "How do you spell society?" The society reporter wrote sweet things about her acquaintances and cribbed the leading items about the Four

Hundred. The "water-front" man had to look sharp, or the Englishman would steal his credit for an item, and palm it off on the City Editor as his own.

My seventeen-days' term was drawing to an end. The job had not pleased me, and I had not pleased the jobbers on the paper. Only once had I spoken to the publisher who hired me. He never came into the editorial rooms and I had no business with him. Meeting him in the street a day or so before my third week closed, I said: "Mr. Publisher, I doubt my ability to stand this work. It is not satisfactory to me nor to Mr. Walker; so when you agree with me that I have tried it long enough, say so." On the Saturday following, at about three o'clock, I landed a sensational story about the plans of a Presidential scheme, which had filled columns of all the papers for a week, rushed back to the office, up to the press-room and reported it to Walker. The press was stopped and the item was hastily run in under scare heads on the first page. I went down to my desk and wrote the stuff in my notes for the following day, and there found a note, written by Walker, in kindly words letting me out. I breathed a sigh of relief. My pluck and determination to "make good" kept me from actually quitting, but I was glad to get out of it. Walker and the "water-front man" had been pleasant and sociable. They were the only men on the staff I met. I made courteous overtures toward the social side of several others, but met with no genial response. The Englishman, evidently, had concluded I was not in his class, and he was correct.

It was an experience I would not take twice the pay for. I had learned in that greatest of all schools, experience and observation, how a modern afternoon paper is made up. I knew how politics were changed and fluctuated like the stock market.

That headlines, rather than head-work, constituted the laurels of a newspaper man's success. That the publisher had very little to do or say, except to grasp the best-paying policy. Editorials were written by a lawyer who had graduated from newspaper work. That the weather-vane of political policy was oiled to catch the least breath of

air to bring an odor of business profit.

Rumors were abroad as to dissatisfied stockholders, and future changes in management. My seventeen days in newspaper work were ended. My wonder at the success of the San Francisco newspapers grew less and my amazement at the gullibility of the public greater.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

BY DR. E. SPENCE DE PUE

ALTHOUGH Dr. Lambert was, to use his own expression, up to his neck in work, and had to steal what few hours he devoted to the preparation of his new text book on "Theory and Practice," he received me with even greater cordiality than usual.

"I don't know why it hasn't occurred to me before," he said, "to relate this incident to you. Possibly you may be able to make a story out of it. I'll give you the facts; they may place somewhat of a strain upon your credulity, but you shall judge whether or not you can make use of them.

"You probably know Morgan as well as I do. As Coroner he comes across some very strange things. So, when he sent me a message that I was to call upon him at my earliest convenience, I felt almost certain that there was something of unusual importance on hand. Fortunately I had no very pressing engagements and was at liberty to go down to the Morgue at once. I found Morgan in the office. He was walking restlessly about and chewing viciously at the end of an unlighted cigar. Now, as you know, Morgan is not naturally a restless

sort of a fellow, and these indications of mental disturbance partially prepared me for what followed. But only partially, mind you. After the shortest of greetings he said in that abrupt way he has:

"An unknown was brought in last night, and in one of his pockets this book was found. If I hadn't been upstairs myself I'd put it down as so much bosh. Read it, and tell me what you think!"

Lambert rummaged through the pigeon holes of his desk a moment, and produced an ordinary memorandum book. The following is what he read me. I present it without revision:

"Ah, to breathe again, to laugh for very joy at the mere sensation of feeling the air rush into my lungs and to delight that it flows out again. What man was there ever before who ever reveled in the mere possession of life, who derived an indescribable pleasure from merely watching the expansion and contraction of his chest! No drunkard, mad for just one more drink, could obtain from its acquisition a thousandth part of the pleasure that the taste of common air gives to me.

But no man, other than myself, has ever so felt the want of air before.

"A dozen, yes, ten dozen times a day have I laid a finger on my pulse merely for the thrill which it gives me to study its steady rythm. Yet, here am I, penniless, so why should I take all this pleasure in life? When this question comes to me I could with pleasure make way with the man to whom I owe my existence. But I dare not. Not merely because he is my own brother, but because upon his lease of life depends in a large measure my own. I hate him, hate him with an undying and unquenchable hatred.

"This leads me to set down for my own satisfaction the details of the affair which have placed me in my present condition. I shall place them in the order of their sequence, for there may come a time when my memory is not so good as now.

"By means which he did not suspect I gained possession of the family wealth, for it was of more use to me than it could have been to him. What pleasure could he have extracted from life with the money? He would have wasted it in the foolish betterment of those he calls the poor. Buying them bread they did not earn; buying—but, bah! I digress. It is too despicable a trait of character to dwell upon.

"By my acquisition of the money I did him a double injury, for then he could not marry the woman he loved, and who subsequently became my wife. Was it an injury, though? He could never have loved her with a passion such as mine. Yes, and I won her, too—by means which he would have called dishonorable. The world, however, agrees with me that in love all things are fair. Soft fool that he was, he almost starved himself to a shadow, and when his needs for sustaining an existence became too pressing, he plunged viciously into the study of medicine."

Here followed some pages of irrelevant matter.

"—and my marriage was not all that I had dreamed; my wife saying that she had found me out, and she applied harsh names to me—names that do not sound well when issuing from the lips of a pretty woman. It is strange that there are some commonsense things which you can never make a woman understand.

"Then came my sickness. It had seemed to me that for a long time I had been breathing with increasing difficulty, and after awhile there was no doubt about it. I sent for him, for I knew that he had knowledge, even though he lacked wisdom.

"He was tender; he was solicitous, and I can't tolerate that sort of softness. He told me that I must die, that human skill could do nothing for me. I had guessed as much myself. Well, after he had got through breaking the matter to me, he let me know that he was aware of the injuries I had done him. Let me know that he might have the satisfaction of radiating forgiveness upon me. What miserable hypocrisy!"

Skipping a number of pages, mostly made up of bitter inveighings against his brother we come to this:

"With what torture, with what mighty strength did I labor for those last few breaths! How slowly they came, and with what agonizing effort! Then, again, how they rushed upon me in little quick spurts, till at length I knew no more. After this there was a space of time of which I hardly dare think, much less commit to paper. Suffice it that I know that I was dead. How long I do not know. Later there was a rush of air into my lungs which it seemed would last so long, and fill me so full, that I should be rent asunder from the inward pressure. Then millions of pains. I came back to life. It was he who brought me back. I shall have always to wear this thing, this

mechanical contrivance which is such a mystery to me. All I know about it is that upon it depends my every breath, and that so long as I charge it at regular intervals it will do the work. He is really more cunning than I had ever imagined.

"At first I had thought that I should take my place in the world again. But upon this point he was firm. The sole condition he imposed upon me was that I should never make myself known. I did not agree to this readily—it is a big price to pay, but—I remembered that time when I had no place here, and agreed, though with the secret resolve to change my mind. I have for obvious reasons abandoned this latter thought.

"The sense of loneliness and isolation was at first intolerable. But I have stood it thus far, and barring accidents, will in all probability live for a long time. Yes, that was a good reservation—barring accidents—for the most perfect of machinery is liable to misfortune, and after all, I am only the part of a machine."

Following this there were a number of pages of irrelevant matter. When Dr. Lambert had finished the reading, he continued the narrative as follows:

"When Morgan saw that I had come to the end, he said: 'Well, what do you make of it?'

"I simply smiled incredulously.

"'Very well,' he said; 'come upstairs with me. I am perfectly willing that you should form your opinions without bias.'

"The autopsy room is well lighted, and I am glad to say a well ventilated apartment. A few moments sufficed for our preparations, and we approached the table upon which the cadaver was prepared for examination. "Now," Lambert said, interrupting himself, "if this part of the story is distasteful to you, say so, and I will leave a part of it out."

"Oh, no," I hastened to assure him, "let me have the whole thing."

"Very well, I shall give you the essential points at least. There were contusions upon several portions of the body. When I walked around to the opposite side of the table I noticed about a yard of electric-light cord hanging over the edge. I took hold of this to throw it one side, discovering as I did so that it offered resistance. You may judge of my surprise upon finding that it was attached to the body—to the interior of the body in some way. I looked at Morgan; his face was a study. Of course there was no surprise written upon it, for he had seen this thing before sending for me, but there were enough different kinds of curiosity written there to require considerable time for analyzation had I been so disposed. He nodded me to proceed with my examination, and I did so. Further inspection disclosed a fistulous opening just above the hip, and it was from this that the cord emerged.

"I feel free to admit that I was fully aroused. I couldn't blame Morgan for his attitude of subdued excitement, and mutually agreeing to waste no time in vain speculation we proceeded to lay open the thorax and abdomen in the usual manner.

"At the very lowest part of the abdomen, and firmly attached to the hip bone there was some sort of a foreign body, and it was to one end of this that the lamp cord was attached; from the other end there emerged two very fine thread-like wires which were thoroughly insulated. These latter had no apparent exit from the body; in fact, they were carried above the abdominal muscles that lay between them and the skin. Careful dissection disclosed the fact that one of them terminated at the lower border of the breast-bone and was attached to an aluminum disk; the other, after being carried up as far as the neck,

passed through the body of one of the muscles, and its termination was imbedded in the sheath of the phrenic nerve.

"It had taken some time to trace these little wires, and now that it was done we turned our attention to the foreign body. It was firmly attached to the iliacus muscle by an investing membrane or capsule. Breaking up these adhesions we removed the thing. It was very light and not much larger than a good-sized pear. You won't care to have me repeat the conversation that took place between us, though it is only fair to state that for men who pride themselves upon the fact that they are never astonished and never give way to curiosity, we did not exhibit that stoicism which might have been expected of us.

"A magnifying glass soon revealed the fact that this strange thing was screwed together at its center. The lamp cord and the smaller wires were connected with the things we found within, which consisted of five sealed tubes and a little cog-wheel mechanism of which neither of us could determine the use. At one end of the interior there was a softish protuberance which seemed to have no vital connection with the rest of the affair and which turned out to be a wad of thin paper wrapped in gutta percha tissue. It was covered with fine writing.

"Now, if you will be patient for a moment I will find the case and you may examine it for yourself, and also read what we read that day in the autopsy room."

I shall never forget the sensation I experienced when Dr. Lambert placed that thing in my hands. It was not fear I felt, neither was it repugnance; for to the eye it was only a peculiarly shaped metallic object of a whitish color. But a strange warmth crept up my back, followed by a little chill, and I remember thinking that I held a human life in my hands, if such a thing is imaginable. It was only the pass-

ing fancy of a moment, perhaps, but while it lasted it was very real. Lambert's quiet voice steadied me, as he said:

"If you wish to read the paper, here it is."

Now, much that was written thereon was very technical, and I shall not set it down here. But Lambert assured me that whatever figures there were showed that they had been worked out with the greatest care and precision. This is how it read:

"Should these lines ever see the light the first to read them will be a surgeon. I, who write them, am a surgeon. As I write I am laboring under great mental stress, for the man who shall carry this with him is my own brother.

"I wish at the same time to impart to the profession, through the reader, without doubt a great medical discovery, and in the same brief space, to offer some explanation in justification of my seeming cruelty in throwing the wearer of this upon his own resources in the world. This man is a pervert, and what is more, a rascal. To the discerning mind I think that will be found sufficient excuse. If further is needed I add that his degeneracy is of a malignant and irreclaimable character.

"Originally possessed of a fine constitution, he undermined it through various excesses, and in his extremity came to me for help. It was too late, and I saw that the end was at no great distance. His respiration was labored, and daily became more so. A careful examination revealed the fact that he was suffering from an ascending degeneration of the Phrenic nerve, the disease having its origin in the terminal filaments supplied to the under surface of the diaphragm. It is evident that so soon as the nerve supply to this organ should become insufficient, respiration would cease; the blood, being deprived of its necessary oxygen, would carry the waste products back into the sys-

tem, and the heart muscles, not receiving the necessary stimulus, would cease to beat. Then would occur the phenomenon called death. It will be noted that in this particular case the cessation of the heart is secondary to that of respiration.

"So far as I could determine, after an exhaustive study of the case, I was powerless to interfere. The end occurred in the exact manner I had foreseen. Though I was powerless; though there was no particular good this creature could accomplish upon the earth, I could not forget the tie which connected us, neither could I forget my strong professional obligations. I merely mention this that it may be known that my contemplation of the end was by no means passive.

"As I have said, the end came. But after it was all over, when he had been legally declared dead, I could not prevent my mind from reverting to the case, from wondering over and over whether there had been a thing I had left undone. And then—it seemed I had. An idea, at once so audacious and uncommon, leaped complete in all of its details into my mind. The plan was apparently so absolutely perfect that I dared not refrain from putting it to the proof. Certainly sufficient time had not yet elapsed to permit of marked chemical changes having taken place in the tissues, and if not, they might yet be restored to renewed activity.

The base upon which my plan was constructed was that although the nerve supply might be insufficient for the purposes of carrying on respiration unaided, it did not follow that all of the terminal filaments were destroyed. Muscles may be stimulated to contraction by the use of the galvanic current long after they have ceased to re-act to the will or to the controlling centers in the brain and spinal cord, and continued stimulation prevents further degeneration.

"The difficulties involved in per-

fecting the preparations will readily be appreciated; however, everything was in readiness sooner than might be thought possible. I made the necessary connections. (The technique was set forth at some length, but it is not necessary to repeat it here.) I then pressed the key and closed the circuit. There was a strong uplifting of the thorax and abdomen, and it was evident that I had used too much current, but there had been a rush of air into the lungs—and one of my points was carried. I removed my finger from the key; the contracting tissue relaxed and the air was expelled. Having cut down the current somewhat, I again completed the circuit and once more the diaphragm contracted—this time almost normally, and when I opened the key a complete respiration had taken place. I continued the process faithfully for a long time.

"A great weariness had come upon me, but I persisted. Air was being pumped into the lungs by this proceeding, and what blood there was there was certainly well aerated by this time. But it did not flow. Could I only persuade the heart to give one or two contractions, I felt that I would have succeeded in my enterprise.

"I can barely refrain from recounting my own sensations at this time; the mental disturbances which I experienced at this critical period, but as it can be of no particular interest to others than myself, I refrain. A strong faradic current passed from breast to back, and directly through the heart, accomplished the desired result. There was a great bound, then a succession of feeble, rapid, fluttery contractions. The heart was beating. To the ear it sounded like the faint ticking of a watch under a pillow. But with that steady rush of air imparting its oxygen to the blood the heart was bound to pick up; that is, provided the respirations were maintained at that steady rate of

eighteen a minute. There was life, but not yet consciousness.

"Of course, it was not possible for me to keep on pressing that key indefinitely, nor was it necessary for me to be there all the time. Finally I hit upon the expedient of having a pendulum do the work, and having strapped the subject to the table that there might be no chance of the connections being disturbed during my absence, I retired for a much-needed rest.

"This might properly conclude my statement of the case. When I returned, the eyes were open; he recognized me, and I discovered a new difficulty. What use would life be to a man if he must spend it upon an operating table and connected with a battery weighing over a hundred pounds?

"Not to enter too deeply into details, I finally arranged a portable dry-cell battery and several other cumbersome instruments in such a manner that he could move about, the whole weighing about fifteen pounds. The final result was that I invented, and had constructed, the apparatus which is to hold this record. The case is an aluminum bronze. (A mass of figures, concerning the amperage and voltage, and such technical matters, followed here.) The storage battery must run twenty-four hours, but as it will be drawn upon only during inspiration the time of actual use will be cut to twelve hours. The completed instrument weighs a little over one and a half pounds. That it may be of as little inconvenience as possible, I will, according to well known technique of surgery, imbed it in live animal membrane and place it in the abdominal cavity, where it will be securely fastened to the false pelvis.

"The connections are to be carried beneath the skin, for any foreign body will, if aseptic, become encisted. After closing the external wounds, and after convalescence has taken place, I shall consider that

my responsibility is ended. I cannot regard this creature as my brother, for now he is of an even more base disposition than before. I have done my duty to the best of my ability. The last condition which I shall lay upon him is that as he values his life he shall once in every twenty-four hours recharge these cells from a one hundred and ten volt light circuit." Here the manuscript ended.

As I laid the paper upon the edge of Lambert's desk, I hardly knew what comment to make.

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it?"

"That's the very question Dr. Morgan asked me. To go back a step, it appears that the night before our examination this unknown was brought in by a patrolman. It was a bright moonlight night, and the officer saw some one at the top of a feeder-pole of the Ellis street electric line. Suddenly the man threw up his hands and fell to the pavement; he was dead when the officer reached the spot."

"But who was this physician? What did the man die of?" I persisted, anxious for all the facts obtainable.

"To your first question I cannot reply, though I have a suspicion. To the second, though the solution was not immediately apparent to me, it came later. Let us say that the man, knowing that his storage cells must be recharged before a certain hour, which was probably close at hand, and being some distance from his usual source of supply, decided to take desperate chances and tap a live wire on the street. He didn't appreciate the fact that the currents supplied to street-car lines are about five times more powerful than he was accustomed to using. The results of such a mistake are evident. However, I would suggest that if you intend making a story of this, you may easily invent some ending more mysterious or more dramatic."

THE PALM OF VICTORY

BY EMILY L. ROBERSON

MR. Timothy Burge always came up from the city to the church teas given in Ingleside. He was a lavish patron of the booths and tents, took a polite and remunerative interest in the raffles, and was an appreciative auditor at the musical and literary exercises. The "ladies under whose auspices" the affairs were generally given, and who naturally never failed to notify Mr. Burge beforehand, thought he liked society in Ingleside, and enjoyed their free and informal mode of entertainment. "Such a relief from the monotony of society in the city," they would explain to one another. But workers in the church are too absorbed to be students of human nature.

Tilly was not a worker in the church. She was a devout worshiper on Sundays, and a zealous enthusiast on Mondays and other days, but while the brilliancy of her enthusiasm blinded her toiling comrades to the fact that she lacked practical application, her perceptive faculties remained unimpaired.

Tilly, therefore, knew that Mr. Burge disliked church teas. She knew also that he would accept the invitation of the president of the guild and come to the May Day fete. He had come to that annual festival three years before, invited by the rector and urged by his own curiosity to behold his college classmate in his new surroundings. Mr. Burge, surveying the situation, found his friend occupying the usual exalted position of the eligible divine and enjoying life to the fullest as arbiter to parochial society. There was the inevitable feminine circle for which he must be the hub, the oft-recurring dissensions which he must endeavor to smooth—games of

battledore and shuttlecock which, but for his existence, would never have arisen. Mr. Burge noted the implacability of the women, the submissiveness of their husbands, and the pertinacity of the maids. He gave a sigh for his friend's future, wondered at his own curiosity in coming here, and began to wish himself out of this turmoil of striving Christianity.

But at this point his fancy was arrested by a mote in the celestial ray. Tillie flitted before the two men, and she had on a blue gown. Mr. Burge was fond of blue, and his eyes brightened at the sight of the pretty picture. He looked at the rector. That worthy man was gazing ardently in the same direction, his heaven-accustomed orbs also seeming to take delight in the azure radiance of the gown. Mr. Burge looked again at the departing maiden and then at the scene around him with a new interest. It was, after all, a pretty bit of life.

In the summer Mr. Burge again visited his clerical friend, and after this his visits became more frequent. "Village life is undoubtedly interesting," he would say to the rector, "and affords glimpses of human nature unnoticed in the busy whirl of the town."

"Yes; one can often get a more concise impression of a view with the eye pressed to a crack in a wall than when standing in the open," was the rector's philosophical rejoinder.

So Mr. Burge came to the tea. He saw Tillie, received a smile and bow from her in passing, and felt thankful for the same. He had not been in Ingleside for several weeks, it is true, but then he did not expect the lapse of time to be noticed by a

young person whose whole life is like a summer day. So he permitted a group of excited matrons to annex him and lead him off to their respective centers of attraction. He took the time to observe, however, that Tilly had on a gown of a pink description. Though not a close observer of feminine apparel by nature, experience had taught him that it was a wise plan on occasions of this kind to determine the exact bar in the rainbow in which Tilly moved.

During his rounds of obedience to the demands of charity Timothy frequently noticed the rector standing aloof and dejected, or with a cheerfulness too apparently forced participating in the amusements of the fete. Timothy made watchful observation of Tilly, in the midst of the usual throng, cheerful and unconcerned. This diversity of mood in two persons usually friendly gave rise to reflection on Timothy's part. Inspiration for sermons was not wont to seize the rector in this way. A casual study of men and things had not quickened Timothy's perceptions in vain, and a ray of hope cheered his soul.

* * * *

Tilly was naturally of a penitent disposition. A vision of pink presently appeared before Timothy. "I am simply famished for an ice," said she, "and as you are the only man here who has not seen fit to use me as a means of materially aiding the church——"

Timothy broke in considerably at this point. "As there is no unwritten law that I know of," he said meekly, "which limits a young lady to only seven male attendants at a church tea, I admit that I might have made the eighth humble servitor."

"Well, you needn't apologize," said Tilly graciously—"at least not in that heavy judicial tone—and there is a nice shady table waiting for us."

As Tilly's remark seemed to the point, they both seated themselves and gravely turned their attention to the strawberry ices. A heavy silence ensued. Tilly stood it as long as she could. "If there is anything on your mind, Timothy, don't hesitate," she ventured at last timidly.

Timothy finally relented. "I was just thinking," he said, "going back to your opening remark, what a soothing feeling it must be to a person of your habits and inclinations to realize that by merely existing and lending your presence to an occasion of this kind, you can be of such solid financial benefit to the church and mankind, provided, of course; there is the requisite number of the latter.

Tillie was all polite attention. "Now, there is Miss Hawks," Timothy went on. "She, I've no doubt, has been working hard and faithfully over this affair for the last forty-eight hours, and yet I doubt——"

There was a rising spark in Tilly's eyes, and Timothy's discourse was here interrupted. "How you always do season anything nice you might happen to say with a remark that takes all the nice out of it! I don't object to being made a subject of contrasts——"

"There is no reason why you should," was the civil assertion.

"But when it comes to being made an object of comparison——" Tilly waived his remark, with a sweeping look past him to Miss Hawks, who presided at the Wheel of Fortune. "Miss Maria is a most worthy and energetic person—but then she ought to be. When I am fifty-five——"

"You will not be an old maid." Tilly stopped and raised her eyes inquiringly at the interruption.

"I merely meant," Timothy hastened to explain, "that the day of old maids is past. An unmarried woman of any age now has her charms recognized and appreciated."

"What a very dogmatic frame of mind you are in," said Tilly resignedly, looking critically at the arrangement of a tent on the other side of the lawn.

"A suitable one to the picture your last letter called forth, isn't it, Tilly?" There was an ominous tone in Timothy's voice. Tilly was bowing and smiling at some friends settling down at a table across the way.

"Quite a clever letter it was, too, Tilly," we went on in his former light tone. "Of course that dissertation on your fitness for single blessedness might have raised a doubt in the minds of the skeptical, but——"

"I assure you I was quite sincere." Tilly's brown eyes looked threateningly at their gray opponents, and having met them showed surprising agility at retreat.

"But then your reasons were certainly convincing, even to the uninitiated. That absence of the quality of sovereign loyalty in your disposition, as you expressed it, was such a reliable concession for you to make—in fact—it was altogether irresistible."

Tilly began to smile now, and the smile was quite sweet and meaningless. "You know, Timothy," she said, "in letter writing I have a great tendency towards verbosity. In actual conversation I might have condensed my views. I merely meant that at present I was enjoying an interregnum." She rose from the table and laughed with great amiability.

"Which accounts for the anarchy," he returned with easy grace.

Timothy knew of a rose avenue on the grounds, and thither he led the way with determined strides. The spot was deserted, shadowy, sweet and inspiring, but Timothy was depressed. He saw in the distance the dejected figure of the rector, but that former wave of exultation which had swelled his bosom ceased to trouble his conscience with pangs

of pity for his unhappy friend. He could have killed the rector, he thought, or disposed of other rivals, but what could he do with a chimera in the girl's mind in the shape of a fixed resolve of spinsterhood? Timothy was calm, and silently invoked his gods.

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"Oh, Tilly!" called out a maiden in a sky-blue gown. "Our palmist is a great success. She tells the cleverest things. Do have your palm read, and take Mr. Burge," was the arch suggestion.

Tilly clapped her hands. "I had almost forgotten about that," she exclaimed, "and I was saving it for you, Timothy. I thought it would be such fun," she kept on, not giving Timothy a chance to protest. "For you know I believe in palmistry firmly," she declared as they reached the fantastic tent. As Timothy lifted the curtain for her to pass under, she hesitated slightly. "Of course, I only came here to learn about you. However, I suppose it is but fair that you should hear my palm." She stepped in, laughing, and seating herself on the low stool, spread her hands out on the pillow.

It would not have taken a professional palmist to read the dainty, tapering hand and know that it belonged to Tilly, and to all her little mannerisms. Timothy, for instance, thought if he but had the chance he might develop psychic powers. But this particular fortune teller was conscientious. She believed in detail.

"The long, pointed fingers," she began, "denote quick intuitions, yet withal a sensitive, responsive nature. Born under Venus, you are luxury-loving, idle"—and launching forth in a professional strain the palmist laid bare Tilly's character with an analysis and nicety of detail worthy a disciple of Henry James.

Tilly inwardly fretted. "Absurd," she thought, "and Timothy sitting

there with omnivorous credulity." She was proud of her shortcomings and was fond of making a frank avowal of them, but this cold-blooded arraignment of her weaknesses was a new sensation to her.

However, they were soon and easily disposed of, but the palmist was relentless.

"Very prominent," she declared, "is the marriage line, as is natural in a hand of this kind. For when the total lack of self-confidence shown by the meeting of the head and life lines is combined with the sensitiveness of the finger-tips, it indicates a nature wholly dependent on others, and in a woman utter reliance on masculine strength and companionship."

The slightly tolerant look on Tilly's face became an expression of bored indulgence. Timothy and the palmist might have been in Jericho, so abstracted was her gaze. However she was very patient. "It is always just as well to indulge these people," was plainly written on every feature.

The palmist, having delivered herself of this very suitable exordium, set forth on a scientific discourse anent Tilly's marital possibilities. If under such auspicious circumstances as the present it was not proper to dwell on the marriage line in a pretty girl's hand, pray when could palmistry be useful?

As Tilly was waiting to hear that they all lived happily ever after, which seemed a natural conclusion, she was rather surprised when the palmist told her that was all. However, she thanked her politely and thought it was all very interesting, but didn't Timothy find the tent

rather too warm to remain for his palm?

Timothy thought he did; however, the palmist received due remuneration for her trouble, and rather undue thanks, it seemed to Tilly.

"What a bore all these things are," she sighed, as they stepped out to the cool and almost deserted lawn.

Timothy made no open comment, but was glad that Emerson decided "that a foolish consistency was the hobgoblin of little minds."

"And such frauds," she added in a more persistent tone. Timothy's silence was sometimes annoying.

"Oh, if it comes to that," said Timothy in a matter-of-fact tone, "I have heard it somewhere said that 'Things said false and never meant do oft prove true by accident.'

Tilly was silent, being busily engaged in opening and closing her parasol, as she again walked with Timothy to the rose avenue. Then she looked up at Timothy, and it must have been the setting sun behind him that reflected such a glow on her cheeks. "And if it comes to that," she repeated, turning quickly away, and gazing in the opposite direction, "I have heard it somewhere said that 'Men reflect more strictly upon the wit of others than their own.'"

A short time later, when the wearied palmist was wending her way homeward, she smiled as she caught a glimpse of Tilly and Timothy in the shadow of a Marechal Neil rose bush, and saw that the palm she had so recently read was receiving an addendum from Timothy.

THE FOLLY OF THE RICH (SEQUEL TO "A UNIONIZED CITY.")

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

WHEN the daughter of Marie Teresa inquired why the French people did not eat cake if they could get no bread, she unwittingly contributed her share to the movement that was to hurl her family from the throne, and lead her husband and herself to the scaffold. Marie Antoinette, no doubt, was perfectly innocent of all malice in her inquiry, for she had been, from her birth, so completely surrounded by ease and luxury that she found it impossible to believe that there were people who really lacked bread, and whose life was a daily struggle for the mere necessities of life. But her ignorance did not absolve her, and she was forced to pay a terrible price for her folly.

If there is any one lesson that history teaches, it is that it is the folly of the rich, and not the violence of the poor, that leads to the destruction of governments. It was the wealthy aristocrats of Rome that undermined her power by their extravagances and follies: as 1500 years later their French successors destroyed the monarchy in that country by practicing the same vices.

It is not the labor unions nor the industrial millions who are a menace to this Republic, but the gilded millionaires at Newport, with their monkey dinners and their Lucullian feasts; and the William Rockefellers with their enormous parks, and ef-

forts at exclusiveness. Anarchy, it is true, only flames up when it touches the foundations of society, but it always originates under the social rafters.

It is an extraordinary thing that so many of our American millionaires have learned nothing from the pages of History. No man is more interested in every man owning his own home; having money in the bank; and investment of some kind, howsoever small, than the millionaire. It is not the man who has something, but the man who has nothing, who believes in shooting the great and wealthy; and a country in which every man owned property of some kind would be a country without Anarchists or social revolutionists of a violent type. It was the fact that millions of Americans had money in the bank and investments of some kind to their credit that defeated Bryan in 1896 and gave McKinley his immense majority. "Free silver will mean that your bank deposits and property will lose half its value," said the Republicans, and the voters who had deposits in the bank and property in their names, resolved to take no chances and therefore voted for McKinley. I am not saying the statement was correct or incorrect—I am only maintaining that hundreds of thousands of voters believed it, and voted accordingly. The proof of my statement is the fact that McKin-

ley's largest vote was in those States which had the most savings bank depositors. New York has 2,129,790 depositors, and gave McKinley 268,469 plurality, or 57 per cent of the total vote cast to Bryan's 38 per cent. Massachusetts has 1,535,009 depositors, and gave McKinley even a larger percentage of her vote over his opponent than New York; and Illinois, with 258,916 savings bank depositors, gave the Republican nominee 142,990 plurality. It was only the Southern States which altogether have only 74,261 depositors, that Bryan carried. Whatever else may be said of the election of 1896 it furnished incontestible proof that the immense majority of American voters are financially interested in the welfare of the country.

During the last few years, however, especially since the Spanish war, there has been such an era of marvelous prosperity that the very wealthy are developing a class that not only apes the aristocracy of Europe in dress but seeks to emulate it in its exclusiveness and hauteur, and is endeavoring to implant on this continent the idea that the few with long purses should enjoy advantages, and possess privileges, that are denied the many with short ones. Already the signs of the social and political storm that will result from this folly may be discerned on the horizon.

We have, for instance, a Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, declaring in an elaborate interview that, if quoted correctly, "There will always be classes in this country. WE are coming more and more to have an aristocracy and common people. I do not believe in being too democratic."

Mrs. Fish's views would, of course, be as unimportant as she is herself, were it not that she represents a class of the foolish rich, who, unfortunately, are always seeking notoriety in the newspapers, and

who, consequently, are looked upon by the great mass of their poorer fellow citizens as typical of the wealthy classes; just as the frequenters of the Paris salons before the Revolution and the French court at that time were looked upon as typical of all French aristocrats. Their folly and excesses created such a hatred of the aristocratic classes in the hearts of the bourgeoisie and peasants that when once aroused, the latter swept to destruction all the nobility, regardless of the personal worth of many of them. They beheaded the mild Louis XVI for the sins of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The masses are apt to forget the generosity of a Peter Cooper, a Peabody, or a Carnegie when they read of the doings at the Bradey Martin balls, or the destruction of villages and towns to make pleasure parks and hunting grounds for a William Rockefeller.

It is not envy of the rich, simply because they have much, while the masses have but little, that creates this antagonism. It is not because they ride in carriages, while the majority of their fellow citizens walk; that they are employers while the millions are employees; that they live in better houses, wear better clothes, eat better food that they excite the antagonism of those less fortunate than themselves; it is because they are not satisfied with the good things given them, but want a monopoly of everything; it is because they are not content to let the poor man enjoy in peace the little he has, that they have to surround themselves with guards. They are building up a sentiment very dangerous to their class among the masses in this Republic to-day, as their prototypes have done in other countries in the past.

We have, for instance, the millionaire who fences in a lake so that his poorer neighbors cannot reach it to get the water, the use of which they and their ancestors have en-

joyed without question for years. There is another extremely wealthy man who buys immense tracts of land and forces the holder of a few lots to sell to him at his price, that they may be added to his vast domain, which is intended for a deer park or a pleasure ground. We have the millionaire who ostentatiously spends vast sums in diamonds and jewelry; in parties and balls; in palaces and furniture, while thousands need bread; and millions ask for work. We have the rich man who owns tenement houses that he never seeks to improve; and that are the breeding houses of enemies of him and his kind. The rich man, as well as the poor man, is interested in the latter being comfortable and reasonably happy. Only recently, in New York State, we had the case of a murder of a rich man, who had been busily engaged in utilizing his wealth to persecute his poorer neighbors, until one of them turned upon him and slew him. In the same locality another multimillionaire was obliged to cut short his vacation and fly from his summer home with his family and friends because he had been destroying the homes of his poorer neighbors while seeking to create a monopoly of land.

We have the corporations that pay their men in orders on the company's stores, where inferior goods are sold at enormous profits; so that the laborer literally receives nothing for his labor. Who has forgotten the revelations through the investigations into the lives of the coal miners by the Arbitration Commission? The story of mere children who have to work when they should be in school; the cruel ejections for trivial causes of the miners from their hovel-homes; the underweighing and overloading; and the dozen petty schemes for cutting down the wages of the miners to a smaller pittance than they now earn. Is it any wonder that inhumanity in the employer breeds inhumanity in the

employee; and that the weak use of dynamite to resist the strong? Is it not incredible folly that leads the heads of corporations to pursue a policy that of necessity breeds discontent and anarchy among their men? There never was a strike on the Philadelphia Ledger while George William Childs controlled it. Yet he was a millionaire and made his millions out of that paper. But he was one of the wise, not the foolish rich. In the midst of a strike, one of the bitterest on record, the private car of Mrs. Stanford was allowed to pass over the Southern Pacific Railroad by the strikers, when all other traffic was suspended; yet Stanford was richer than Huntington, but the treatment of the former's widow was an evidence of the high regard in which he was held by his employees, the same men who hated Huntington, his successor in the Presidency of the railroad. Few doubt that had Stanford been President of the road a strike would have occurred. The difference in the feeling towards the two Presidents by the employees of the road was due to their difference in the treatment of their men. The primary cause of the strike the treatment of the Pullman employees by that company is another evidence of the folly of the rich and their blindness to their true interests. True the strike was suppressed but the sentiments, ideas and antagonisms then engendered are far from having disappeared. The evil done by the folly of the Pullman Company at that time is simply incalculable.

The growth of socialism not only in this country but in Europe, is due to the folly of those on top. In Germany the arrogance, cruelty and insolence of the officers in the army is clearly the cause of the immense strength developed by a movement that to-day casts its shadow across the throne. In the United States the actions of the companies controlling public utilities, such as gas,

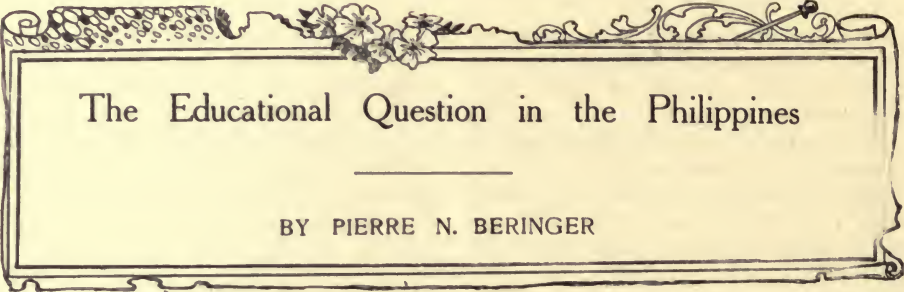
water, street cars, etc., have created an ever increasing demand that the State assume control of them; and let it not be imagined for a moment that when the public become accustomed to the ownership and management of local utilities that they will stop there; no, they will expand their demands until the Federal Government takes charge of the railroads, the telegraphs and the telephones, at least. It is the folly of the managers of those interests in charging excessive freight rates and tolls that is preparing public opinion for the absorption of their property by the State.

It is their desire for gain; in their struggle to become millionaires and then billionaires, the rich have committed the inexcusable folly, even from a business standpoint, of debauching politicians on the one hand and keeping out of politics on the other. It is the millionaires and great corporations of New York that made Tammany's power possible. They preferred a government from which they could buy franchises and special privileges to one that would honestly protect the public's interests. What is true of New York is true of Chicago, of St. Louis, of Minneapolis, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, of every large city in the country; and to the folly of the rich is to be charged all the mass of corruption in municipal and State politics that has deluged the country since the Civil War. It is a fact, brought out by a recent writer on municipal corruption, that the wealthy business man is the most bitter opponent Reform has to encounter.

It is the wealthy man in politics who has bought his way into the Senate by debauching legislatures. It is the wealthy man at the head of great enterprises and corporations who has sought to own blocks of votes in those bodies. In their effort to earn the earth the rich have committed the folly of undermining the purity of the Republic.

But while they were willing to debauch they were not willing to be debauched, so they have remained out of politics, leaving to the ignorant and less intellectual the task of representing the people and guiding the ship of State. To all these follies has been added that of race suicide, of which it is only necessary to say that it means the disappearance of the American if not shortly arrested.

Is there no bright side to the dark picture of the folly of the rich? Yes, it lies in the fact that side by side with the foolish millionaire is his wiser brother, who utilizes his riches for the benefit of the masses by founding schools, libraries, hospitals and in general improvement of the condition of "the people." In that direction the United States leads the world, and indeed all the rest of the world can show no such list of public benefactors as this country. It lies also in the fact that the wealthy are seeing their folly and are, in many instances, moderating their demands; and it lies in the awakening interest which wealthy men are taking in politics to the extent of becoming candidates for office, even those of aldermen and city officials. It is rapidly becoming fashionable for the rich to seek public positions that require the direct vote of the people. All these facts are most encouraging for the future of the Republic, because the more rich men realize that they are simply the stewards of what they claim to possess, and not the absolute owners of it, responsible to neither the nation or the individual, for the use they make of their wealth, but that the world was intended for all mankind and not for the few; and that all have the right to life and the enjoyment of happiness, the more rapidly will we advance to that splendid ideal of a great fraternity of all mankind, in which kindness, charity and wisdom will take the place of the Folly of the Rich.



The Educational Question in the Philippines

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

THE return of Professor Bernard Moses from the Philippine Islands, after an absence of about three years and a half, recalls the fact that the special work for which President McKinley appointed the United States Philippine Commission is practically completed. The Commissioners left San Francisco on the 17th of April, 1900. It was the President's wish that they should have several months for investigating the condition of affairs before assuming the power which they were ultimately to exercise. This preliminary period of observation and investigation extended to the 1st of September, 1900, when that part of the power of Government in the Philippine Islands, which is of a legislative nature," devolved upon them. This power included the making of rules and orders, having the effect of law, for the raising of revenue by taxes, customs duties, and imposts; the appropriation and expenditures of public funds of the islands; the establishment of an educational system throughout the islands; the establishment of a system to secure an efficient civil service; the organization and establishment of courts; the organization and establishment of municipal and departmental governments, and all other matters of a civil nature for which the military Governor had been competent to provide by rules or orders of a legislative character. They had also power to appoint certain officers under the judicial, educational and civil service systems. At this time

the Commission acted as a unit. The four executive departments were created later, after the President of the Commission had been made civil governor. For this first period the several members took certain special fields of inquiry. The subjects referred to Commissioner Moses, which demanded immediate attention, were those relating to the revenue and the schools.

The graduated head-tax, which, under Spanish rule, had produced annually something more than seven million pesos, had been abolished by the military authorities before any steps had been taken to establish civil government, and there was a loud demand for a reformation of the laws relating to customs duties. After mature deliberation and inquiry the existing tariff law was enacted. This law received more or less attention from all members of the Commission.

The schools and the numerous questions connected with the organization of the system of public instruction were the particular case of Professor Moses, and he appears to have had at all times a profound conviction that a strong educational policy would contribute very largely to the social and political results desired. The results already achieved transcend the most generous expectations, and the person particularly concerned in the organization is entitled to the satisfaction of having seen a system of public instruction grow to efficiency under his hand.

Besides this bureau of education

there were certain other bureaus placed under the Secretary of Public Instruction. Among these were the bureau of public printing, the bureau of archives, the bureau of the census, the bureau of statistics, the bureau of public records, the bureau of public charities, public libraries and museums, and the bureau of architecture and construction of public buildings. In addition to the work of organizing and directing the affairs of the bureaus in his de-

partment, each of the four secretaries, after the establishment of these departments, had the further task of examining critically the numerous projects for legislation relating to the affairs of the other departments, or proceeding from the other members of the commission. It appears, therefore, that no part of the work of the commission is the work of any one man, but that every part is the work of all.

"NOT WITHOUT WITNESS"

A Christmas Story

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

THE plum brush was budding when Ruth Langford took her school at the Divide. Before its sweetness had wasted, Tom Driston, the biggest man in the camp, and foreman at the works of the "Mountain Pride," had discovered two things. First, that the road which led past the school house was the pleasantest road in the county. Second, that the substitute teacher belonged to a species of her own.

Once, Driston had had no use for women. He had watched the advent of this one with marked disapproval. On the day after her arrival he was lounging with a friend on the steps of the office, watching the snowy mantles of the Buttes turn rose-hued in the sunset. Suddenly the door of the boarding-house opened, and Ruth came out—a trim, brown figure with a hat pulled over her eyes. The foreman's brow contracted. He saw her button her gloves, take inventory of the country and start up trail towards the deserted shaft of the mine.

"Just like a fool woman," growled Driston. "Don't she know that that rock's shelving? You'd think she'd have more sense!"

The figure curved forward, and began mounting the trail with light springy steps. Driston watched till it vanished in a cloud of azalea bloom.

"She'll slip her ankle and have to be packed down, most likely," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

He got up and took an uneasy turn or two on the little porch of the office. "Morgan," he began, turning to his friend. "You'd better go up there and see!"

Morgan stretched himself. "N-o," he answered lazily, "I'm on the night shift. I can't."

"Oh, of course," snapped Driston. "You always are when you're wanted!" After a moment, he continued, "I'd rather do all the work for a day in a twenty-stamp mill," he said, "than run up against that woman! But a duty's got to be faced."

Shadows were crowding the trail, and the foreman, half way to the shaft, came to a sudden stop. He listened, went a step or two, and listened again.

Some one was singing. Driston had a fondness for music, and at the Divide there was only an accordeon, two harmonicas and a guitar. He began cautiously moving forward—now peering around a ledge of rock, now crouching behind a bunch of wild plum, that showered its scented petals on his head.

Yes, it was the substitute teacher. She was just in front of him, mounted on a big gray boulder. Her hat was off, and her ripples of hair caught the last glow of light from the Buttes. Her hands were clasped loosely about her knees as she sang.

Tom Driston squatted into the shadows. He liked her voice; he wished he could catch the words. A tamarac was towering directly ahead. He got himself into line with its trunk, and edged carefully along, so as not to dislodge the shelving rock. He reached his fortress, and stopped on the outer edge of the trail.

"What if Morgan——" he asked himself. "What if the men at the camp should see me like that? What if——"

The remnant of pink had faded from the summit; the faces of the Buttes were turning gray. The girl, unconscious of an auditor, stood up. She stretched out her arms; her voice arose in a crescendo of good-night.

The movement took her out of Driston's range of vision, and he swung himself around the tamarac, without remembering the treacherous rock. There was a slip, and the sound of a big body crashing through the underbrush—then the trickle of gravel that filtered its way into the ravine below.

Driston lay still. There was a sharp pain in his arm, a blackness before his eyes. "At any rate," he

thought, "I am out of the sight of that girl."

"Hel-lo!" It was the voice of the substitute teacher.

The foreman with difficulty raised his head. She was half-sitting, half-crouching on the uncertain edge of the trail.

"Hello, down there!" she called again. "Are you hurt?"

Driston struggled to rise. "No, I'm not!" he retorted sarcastically. "I'm doing this—for fun!" Then the pain in his arm overcame him.

"Don't!" said the voice. This time it was soothing, but the man in the underbrush writhed. He was certain that it was followed by a half-suppressed bubble of mirth.

There was a moment's silence, then the teacher spoke again. "I'm coming down," she said.

A drizzle of gravel and the crackle of broken brush—a flutter of brown and a figure sliding with its feet pressed close together. Driston through his half-shut eyes saw it all.

In a moment she was beside him, panting with the exercise. He turned his head abruptly from her; he wished—a dozen things.

The girl gently placed her hand on his shoulder. "Tell me," she said, "where is it—the hurt?"

Shadows were darkening in the ravine, but the foreman saw the oval of a sympathetic face, framed in a fluff of hair.

"It's—my arm," he answered shortly.

The teacher bent over it. "Try to sit up!" she recommended. "There!" Her manner had become coolly professional. "Now we must take the coat off," she went on. "This sleeve first, please."

Driston winced with the pain. The darkness was coming again; she saw it, and rested him back against her.

"We'll have to bandage this arm," she said. "Where's your handkerchief?"

A stream of melted snow was rushing through the lap of the ravine, and Ruth Langford abruptly rose, and peered toward it.

"You're not going down there?" cried Driston. There was a ring of authority in his voice.

"No?" asked the girl. "Are you in command of the emergency corps?"

Driston caught her by the frock.

"Look here," he began, "that bank's too slippery for anything but a water-dog! I tell you it's a climb for a hunter, and you're——"

"Yes, I know I am," she nodded. "But a woman—even a substitute teacher—is resourceful. I am going down!"

The foreman watched with mingled emotions, the little brown figure slide out of sight, then the pain and the faintness overpowered him.

When he revived, there was the rush of the wind in his ears, and a leaf of wet saxifrage lay on his forehead.

"You're better," remarked the substitute teacher.

The journey to the trail was long. Above the jaws of the ravine hung a silver thread of a moon; the dark plumes of the tamaracs stood out against the sky.

Half way up Driston stopped, exhausted. "There's no use," he said. "I can't make it! I guess my head's gone wrong." He sagged forward, his feet slowly slipping in the shelving rock.

The girl gave a wistful look at the scar on the mountain's breast which marked the trail. The lights of the camp lay half a mile away. If she could leave him——

Driston groaned. The hazel-bush against which he rested, creaked, as though to snap; it was a straight slope to the frothing stream below. There was only one road, and the teacher clenched her hands behind her for courage.

"It's strange," she said, irreverently, "that the biggest apples are generally the least account!"

Dristons' eyes were closed; his face seemed pinched with the pain. The girl, watching, bit her lips to keep them firm.

"The biggest oaks," she went on, "are most always hollow in the trunk. They blow down easily."

Still Driston did not respond.

Ruth Langford gave a mocking laugh, but there were tears in it. "Two hundred pounds of sinew and bone," she said, turning full upon him, "ought to make—a man. Sometimes—it makes a coward."

Driston struggled to his feet. "Don't!" he gasped. "Don't!" With infinite effort he dragged himself towards the trail. The sweat oozed from every pore; his breath was labored, uneven.

They reached it at last. The girl started, and bent her head sideways to listen. "There is!" she cried, "oh, there's somebody coming!"

Suddenly she put out her hand. "I didn't want to say it, that other!" she pleaded. "And besides, it isn't true. The big things are the best things! I think so!" Then she vanished among the plum bloom just as the repentant Morgan came up the trail.

* * * *

The days lagged by. To Tom Driston, on duty again, they passed alike, except the two when he had caught a distant glimpse of the teacher. He had written her a score of letters—he had destroyed a score of letters, too. At last he met her coming from the stage office.

The blood flamed its danger signal in her cheeks, but her eyes were demure. She would have passed him, but he caught her sleeve.

"You—you haven't forgotten?" he faltered. "Aren't we—friends?"

The girl's forehead puckered in a meditative frown. "Professionally, yes," she answered. "Conventionally—no!"

Driston stared at her.

"You see, it's this way," she went on. "You were wounded on—scout duty, and I—was the emergency

corps, that's all. That doesn't count as—friends!"

"Oh," said the foreman. "They told you, then, that I went after you up the trail?"

She nodded.

"Well," he continued, lamely, "I did." He was walking beside her toward the camp. "Let's begin all over again," he said suddenly. "Let's be introduced."

It was about that time that Driston concluded he had something more to say to the teacher.

* * * *

The dust crept into the mountains—the choke-berries bobbed on their stem.

"Look!" said Ruth Langford one Sunday. She held a wild ripe plum to the light; its cheeks were dappled. "They're almost ripe," she said. "When they are—my school will be done."

"The pedagogue is coming back?" asked Driston.

"Yes—I am the substitute," she said.

Driston moistened his lips. He felt that the time to say that "something" had come. He had tried to tell her often; he had written it out—had declaimed it alone in the tunnel. Morgan knew what it was. Every man in the camp—every child in her school knew what it was. He felt certain of it, and yet—he could not say the words!

"Do you know," said the girl, "on my last Friday I'm going to give the children a plum-tree! Yes, a plum-tree!" she repeated. "You see, it's like this. If I were to be here at Christmas I should give them a Christmas tree. I'm not. I love the plum brush, and a plum tree's the best I can do." She looked away towards the row of summits purpling in the summer mist. "I want the children to—remember," she added softly.

Driston cleared his throat with an effort; his eyes were dim. "I can't

say it!" he burst out. "Oh, hang me, I can't!"

* * * *

The last Friday came, and with it came a smack of autumn in the air. On petition, the works had been shut down for a half holiday and the little school-house was filled. The children had caught the spirit of giving. The parents felt it, too, and homocky parcels protruded beneath the sheet that covered the plum tree.

Seventeen eager little faces peered from the first row of seats. Behind them ranged the mothers. The circuit preacher was there, and three grimy-handed school trustees, sitting against the wall.

Morgan arrived. He motioned to a man in the rear of the school-room, who rose and went out. After a moment, they re-appeared, staggering under a heavy burlaped roll between them. They placed it by Ruth's desk. On the card it was scrawled: "For the teacher. To be opened alone."

Still the exercises were delayed. Ruth went uneasily to the door. On the road there was only the crimsoning trail of the sumac, and a freight team rounding the bend.

"Nobody else is coming," whispered Morgan at her elbow.

The programme began. To one—the songs and recitations seemed endless; she faintly heard the periodical applause. Why had Driston stayed away, she asked herself, when she was going on the morning stage?

At last the plum tree was unveiled, its slim branches bending with their weight of gifts. Morgan helped her light the candles. The children were in ecstasies.

Everybody in the camp had sent something for the substitute teacher—but one. On her desk was an assortment of nuggets, and jars of choke-cherry jam—of tidies and pictures and nick-nacks, and a ringlet of baby hair. To Ruth they were all

alike—even the huge burlapped roll failed to interest her. But Driston—why had he not come?

The last of the candy had been passed along the benches. The audience was growing restless. At a signal, the circuit preacher came forward. He lifted his hands as if in benediction, and his people rose. The children, in expectation, reverently squeezed their eyes.

"Dear friends," he began, "in closing——"

Just then a shrill cry echoed through the school-room. "It's alive—it's alive—it's alive!" shouted a small boy, pointing to the burlap. "I saw her wriggle! It's alive!"

Confusion reigned.

"Don't pinch, mommer!" wailed the urchin. "I tell you, I saw her joggle when the prayers began!"

The circuit preacher took the matter into his own hands. "Brethren," he called slowly, "there are some things which require the steady hand of the right! Will the trustees come forward!"

The three men willingly pushed their way to the front.

"It's alive, sure enough!" said one of them, feeling of the burlap. "Give me your knife, Doxey. Catch hold there, men!"

Women screamed; young girls were on tip-toe; children scrambled

to the desks. The substitute teacher stood white and still.

There was the cutting of ropes. "Keep the women folks back!" shouted someone. He carefully lifted the covers. "Gosh!" he exclaimed.

A flushed face was lifted from the burlap, and Driston struggled to his feet. "Well," he said, looking around. "I hope you're satisfied!"

Nobody answered.

The foreman crossed over and stood beside the trembling girl. "I've got something to say to this young lady," he began. "That's what I'm here for, and if you all want to listen, why, you can."

There was an uneasy movement in the room. It subsided.

"We're going to stand by you, partner," grinned a school trustee.

Dristons' glance flashed, but he turned to his companion. "I'm not much worth the having," he blurted "but I'm a present, nevertheless—a Christmas present come ahead of time." He bent over till his pleading eyes were on a level with her own. "You—you'll keep me, won't you, Ruth?" he asked. "You won't make me an 'Injun giver'?"

And the substitute teacher, oblivious of them all, held out her hands.



THE OLD CEDAR CHEST

BY FLORENCE HARDIMAN MILLER

MISTRESS TALBOTT looked up at me from the doorway where she was standing, an anxious expression upon her face. I sat on my mare Jinnie, my leg thrown carelessly over the saddle-tree, aimlessly flicking my riding whip in the sunshine.

Strange, strange, how scenes enacted long years ago come forth sometimes without volition on our part. I recall, as if it were yesterday, the stone steps of the manor house and the soft green of the trees that shaded it, the dark curls of my cousin which clustered about her brow that morning and the white lock amongst them which caused so much vexation of spirit to the vain young woman.

"Philip, be very secret about it," and a white finger was placed across her red lips as if to seal my silence.

"Aye, aye, sweet cousin," and I gave her a reassuring look. In truth I would have gone farther than the twenty miles to Richmond town for one of Chloe's smiles. I set myself squarely in the saddle, pressed my knees close to the mare's side and off we flew.

Chloe's husband, John Talbott, was a grave man of correct deportment. He was highly connected in Philadelphia, from which city he had come. As for me, I was only madcap companion and first cousin to the young wife. If I could ever have been reconciled to Chloe's belonging to any one but to me it would have been to John Talbott. What use to repine now? They have both long since gone to their reward and I am left, the last leaf upon the tree, to reveal in my garrulous old age, a scene that is deeply graved upon my memory. Was it

not enough, even then, for a graceless youth to cast up accounts, to gallop across country for Chloe after the latest stitch in tatting, or to take a hand at whist in the long evenings?

When Chloe nestled close to the side of her tall husband and looked up at him with an expression in her eyes that only comes when one deeply loves, I would turn away and my mood grow sad. Sometimes noting this, she would come and place her white hand upon my arm and ask: "Why so pensive, cousin Philip?" I would dissemble and smile and say, though a trifle wistfully:

"It is the thought of the widow Browne and her brood of half orphans."

"You are a good man, cousin, and God will requite thee," she would answer, looking at me in a puzzled way. Then I would slip away into a corner and kiss the coat sleeve where her hand had rested.

As Jinnie galloped away with me to the town that morning something of the sweetness of life at twenty, and the beauty of nature, entered into my spirit, and I sang aloud.

It was not long until I drew rein at the sign of the Mortar and Pestle. The odor of jalap, of calomel and what-not vile concoctions met me at the door. I asked indifferently for equal portions of lime and litharge, as my cousin had directed me. The old doctor, who had bled and blistered and knew the annals of every family for miles about, did not ask me meddlesome questions, but offered me a pinch of snuff and remarked on the beauty of the day.

I paid eighteen pence for the neatly wrapped packages, then rode to the house of the Laidlaws and spent an hour or more chatting with

the young ladies. I mentioned that John was in Philadelphia at a Wister party, where he was expected to make an address, but would be home soon. The family extolled the virtues of my cousin's husband, while I mentally compared these young ladies, with their mountains of craped hair and their brocaded gowns with the more simple beauty of my cousin Chloe.

As I cantered homeward my thoughts were running beside me after this manner: If Chloe had not gone to Boston to visit her uncle, the sea-captain, she would never have met this solemn-visaged husband. And if she had not met him? Fie, fie, young man, the Book specially prohibits the coveting of anything that is thy neighbor's or thy kinsman's. Would I could have kept my thoughts in leash, for I must concede more religion than most Virginians possessed to this man, stiff, unbending Quaker that he was. He held the lightsome nature of my cousin in his affections strongly, though his manner was cold, even repellant, to me.

Chloe had gone the previous autumn to visit relations in the city of Boston. There she first met John Talbott, who was at the seaboard on business, and the stiff-backed young man succumbed at once to the charms of our beautiful Virginia girl. I never understood what attracted her to this exemplar of the Puritan virtues. She left her heart in his keeping, and after she returned home, went sighing about the house after the manner of lovesick maidens. She was often in the doldrums those days, and would neither ride horseback nor walk in the garden with me. I noticed, however, that her mood became extravagantly gay as often as she received a letter by post-chaise.

That winter my uncle died. My aunt, in enfeebled health, could scarce manage the estate with its broad acres and five hundred slaves.

No one dreamed of placing responsibility upon me, a harum-scarum youth not yet reached his majority, and who found his greatest pleasure in wrestling, horse-racing or in sport with rod and gun. So, when John came, there was a wedding and the stranger became a part of our household and Chloe became Mistress Talbott.

John's austere virtues often came into conflict with our pleasure-loving ways, but he adjusted the neglected business matters and looked carefully after the slaves. Soon after the wedding I left my aunt's house, which had been my asylum since boyhood, and remained absent for a space of time covering weeks. I dared not admit to myself that I could not endure the sight of the endearments and great happiness of the young pair.

After awhile I became somewhat reconciled to the change and longed for a sight of the familiar haunts. It was at twilight on a spring day when I rode up the bridle path and dismounted at the door. The air was fragrant from the blossoms of the locust and syringas. John and Chloe were walking in the flower plot like a latter-day Adam and Eve to whom the earth and its fullness belonged. Chloe had pinned a camelia on her curls and its glossy leaves and brilliant hue set off her dark beauty well. She was bare-headed, and her hands were locked on the arm of her husband, who bent his brown head tenderly toward her. Again the old pain stirred in my heart, but I put it resolutely away, and went forth to greet them. Chloe, artlessly glad of my return, took both my hands in hers and gently chided me for my long absence. I soon slipped into my old place, kept accounts for my cousin's husband and counted myself happy to obey Chloe's slightest whim.

But to return to the small packages from the apothecary's, which I was privately conveying to Mis-

tress Talbott. My errand came about in this wise. I have told you how, among the glossy black curls of my cousin, there was one white lock (a strange freak of nature), directly in front and at the parting. It became her fresh young face well, but hurt her vanity sorely and caused her much uneasiness of mind.

As we walked in the garden one morning after anise seed, she showed me in great confidence a little volume lent to her, called "Artifices of Handsomeness," full of recipes for "pargeting, painting and sleeking with oymntment and drugs from the apothecary's." Chloe put one slim, white finger on a paragraph which was called "To Disguise Grey Locks," and together we spelled out the words whose substance I shall never forget even if I carry not their arrangement correctly in my mind:

"Take equal parts of lime and litharge the bighth of a walnut. Put them in a sixpence worth of Damask rose water. Tie a small sponge to a fine comb and wet the roots of the hair at sundown, binding the head securely in cabbage leaves. In the morning the hair will have assumed its natural dark hue."

"Philip, you will get the drugs for me now while John is at Philadelphia," commanded my cousin.

"But, Chloe," I answered, "your hair is lovelier as it is. That white lock among the black strands quite fascinates me."

"La! La! Would you have me an old woman at nineteen?" she coaxed.

"But John will be displeased." I protested, for I knew that, bred in Quaker simplicity, frivolity and vanity were peculiarly distasteful to him.

A shadow clouded her face. "He will not know it, Philip. I will try the recipe while he is gone. Now, cousin, promise that you will help me." She stood with clasped hands and upcast eyes before me. I could not withstand her pleading look, for

this winsome creature could ever wind me about her fingers. I gave my word to help her, even to the smuggling of the cabbage leaves into her room, though what virtue resided in their tough substance I could not understand. My aunt was too feeble to trouble herself about affairs in the house and Mistress Talbott was quite free to have her way in this matter.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached home from my gallop, for the road was rough and the streams swollen from the spring rains. Chloe was waiting my return at the gate, and when she heard the sharp click of Jinnie's hoofs against the roadbed she ran out a little way to meet me.

"Quick, quick!" she called, and I tossed the little package which I had purchased, also a box of sweets, into the outstretched skirt of her dress. She disappeared in the gay parterre of the flowers, while I rode leisurely up the driveway and flung my bridle rein to Sombre, the gaunt negro in waiting. I passed through the kitchen, where much mixing and cooking was being done in preparation for John's return, to my aunt's chamber, where I regaled her with the crumbs of gossip I had gathered in the town.

When I descended to the living room, Chloe was there visiting with Mistress Hopkinson, who had ridden over from a neighboring estate. It was she who had lent the mischievous little book to Chloe. I stood in the doorway looking at her overdressed person. She wore a green habit over a lilac lute-string skirt, and her hair plastered with cosmetics was strained over a crape cushion. Chloe's sweet tones were plainly audible as I stood an undecided and unintentional listener. She was telling Mistress Hopkinson how she longed for her husband's return, and was quite unhappy during his absence. There was a brilliant flush on her cheeks, and the light of anticipation shone in her

eyes. I turned on my heel abruptly, made search for my lines and hooks and went fishing at the Deep Pool. I knew well no fish would bite at this time of day, but I was miserable in spirit, and stretched out flat in this quiet nook beneath the spreading boughs of a tree, I lay quietly until dark. I called myself a knave, a poltroon, a disturber of other men's happiness. After a sharp battle with my worse self, peace came and I rose and walked swiftly to the house.

There was a game of whist that evening, and I had Chloe for a partner. She looked fair and girlish in the glow from the fire-place, for the evenings of spring are ever chilly. The light from the sconces shone full upon her soft hair, and I noticed how the lock of white was folded back against her curls like the wing of a bird. She said "good night" early, dissembling a severe headache. As she took her candle-stick from the table she gave me a rogueish glance as if to remind me of our common secret; for it must be conceded that I was an accessory to her vain act.

I tossed restlessly upon my bed, until the small hours of morning, and had scarcely fallen into light slumber, when there arose a tumult of the barking of dogs and neighing of horses, from the yard below. It was John who, with postillion riders, had reached home eighteen hours before he was expected. I threw on my clothes hurriedly, and went down to greet him. He had a kinsman with him, but he scarcely took time to make us acquainted before he inquired for his wife.

When he heard that she had been usually well during his absence, but had retired that night complaining of a pain in her head, he divested himself of his great top-coat and hurried to her chamber. At sight of the head swathed in bandages, upon the pillow, he was filled with apprehension and came running down

stairs to know if the leech had been called to bleed Mistress Talbott. I stuffed my handkerchief in my mouth lest he should see me laugh. He was exceeding wroth that nothing had been done, and commanded that I ride at once to Richmond for aid.

I protested on the plea that the ride would be a fearsome one, the darkness was the deepest just before dawn and the streams swollen. Well I knew that, while Chloe might deceive my aunt and even her husband, the man of physic would penetrate her secret.

John's anger was extreme. After the manner of his kind he said little, but grew suddenly white. He hurriedly drew on his riding boots and threw his arms into his top-coat, preparing to go out into the night again for medical assistance. I blocked his way, when he raised his riding whip as if to strike me. I warded off his blow as best I might, but he dropped his whip suddenly upon the floor. He was frightfully pale, and though his words came quietly there was a sting in them that lashed my spirit more than the whip would have scourged my body. He said he had intrusted his wife to my keeping, and I had permitted her to go without proper care when she was ill. I retorted hotly that a man who would absent himself from home for weeks could scarcely expect another to plan for his family's welfare. My blood was heated, and I said things, as men do at such times, that I did not mean, for God knew that I would protect Mistress Talbott with my life.

Just then, aroused by the sound of voices and the scuffling, Chloe came down the broad stairway. She had thrown a crimson jacket over her cambric gown, but her feet were bare and looked white and shapely on the polished wood. She seemed to comprehend at once the bone of our contention, for she ran between

us, one hand outreached toward me, the other clinging to John's coat.

"Dear, dear John," she murmured, quite oblivious of the stranger guest who saw her in this plight for the first time. "Sweetheart, husband, blame not Philip, for I am alone at fault. I am not ill; it is only my silly vanity that has led me to try to change the color of my hair." She pulled off the bandages and threw them on the floor. Her hair, loosed from the bands, curled about her neck, her face was flushed, her eyes dewy. No wonder I stammered awkwardly and retreated in confusion. The vision was too beautiful for unsanctified eyes.

What passed between the two at the dawning of that chill morning I never knew. We did not meet again until lunch time. Chloe was pale and spiritless. The white lock of hair, through some mistake in the quantity or the preparing of the ingredients, had turned to a coppery hue much less pleasing to the eyes. John permitted us to see that Mistress Talbott had fallen beneath his displeasure, and that his own dignity had suffered. He talked gravely to his kinsman on many topics, but did not once address his wife during the meal. As for me, I felt so unkindly toward him that I dared not trust myself to speak at all.

Two weeks had passed, and still John showed no disposition to relent from the severity of his judgment. No doubt his Quaker training had much to do with his censorious manner, but my heart ached for the young wife who had grown thin and lost her gay spirits. She was left much to her own devices, while John was absent riding over the estate by day or sitting with his book, coldly indifferent to her in the evening at the fireside. Outside the garden plot flaunted peonies and lilacs, but within chill winter reigned. Chloe no longer ran to the door to greet John Talbott, lifting the latch, then catching playfully at his sleeve.

The last time that she did this he had brushed her fingers away as if they had been pestiferous insects. Chloe put her hand to her heart as if a sudden pain had caught her and walked slowly away from him. No one saw but me and my righteous indignation was aroused. What did a man of his phlegm know of love? As for his vaunted piety, I damned it then. To read from the Book, to make long prayers and then set himself up as a pitiless judge of his young wife's vanity seemed not at all consistent.

So it came about that Chloe and I returned to our old childhood companionship. She turned to me as if to find solace from her growing trouble, and I did what I could to divert her mind, for I knew that she was suffering deeply. There was no overt act on her husband's part to destroy her happiness, but a deathly coldness that seemed to freeze the very marrow. To do John justice, I knew he loved his wife fondly, but he felt that she had made him ridiculous, and his self-esteem was wounded. Guests came and went, but there was no return to the old happy days.

At this time I vexed my brain to arrange small surprises for her. I brought game for the table and scoured the woods for Spring Beauties, with which she might smart herself. We took long rides over the roads, fragrant from the Judas trees flowering, and I was foolishly happy, for our association was more like that we knew before she met her husband. She burst into tears one day when I brought Jinnie home laden with wild roots and ferns for her flower plot.

"What matters anything to me, cousin, now I have fallen under the weight of my husband's displeasure?"

Strange creatures are women!

While Chloe and I had resumed our old rambles about the place, John sat gloomily in the library cast-

ing up accounts or writing letters in his elegant script. One day I went to him on an errand. He had been summoned away, and had laid his quill down hastily on an open book. In the "profit and loss" column the name "Chloe" had been written over and over, as if his mind was more intent on her than on his figures.

I have not mentioned the unused wing of the manor house. Since I can remember, it had been given over to dust and the bats, and used only as a receptacle for pieces of discarded furniture. As children, Chloe and I used to run through the long rooms, raising a cloud of dust and shouting to hear the echo of our own voices, or scampering and screaming at sight of our shadows on the wall.

One day when the skies were overcast and the rain falling—a day I never can forget for the horror of it is marked on the calendar of my life—we went into the disused wing. We took a peep into each musty room, and with our handkerchiefs rubbed clean spots on the window glass, covered with cobwebs and grime, that we might look out upon the dreary landscape. Finally, among the pieces of furniture relegated to the oblivion of dust and decay, Chloe spied a cedar chest. It had been sent by the sea captain to his favorite sister, and out of its fragrant depths had come the fineries with which women love to deck themselves. The soft laces, rare embroideries and rich silks which the old sea dog had traded for on his voyage to the Orient had long since been used for the adornment of Chloe's mother. We threw back the heavy lid and looked down into its capacious depths. The pungent odor of the wood greeted our nostrils. Chloe traced with her fingers the quaint carvings, and I noted the strongly built frame. Something shone in the bottom of the chest. It was the key to the intricate lock.

"The chest is as long and broad as a man. Lie in it, cousin," said Chloe daringly.

I stood beside her, halting, half afraid at the awful suggestiveness of that coffin-like box. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, as if to shame my cowardice, Chloe clambered in and curled herself up in one corner. I stooped to rebuke her, when something, it might have been the jar of my movement, the brushing of my coat, and the ponderous lid fell with a resounding crash, and the bolt of the lock sunk into its socket. Even then I had no fear. I thought it would be but a moment's work to lift the top and help Mistress Talbott out. The momentary fright she had experienced would be a rebuke to her daring spirit. I tugged at the lid, but it held fast; I beat upon the lock, but it would not yield. My body broke out in a profuse perspiration and my eyes stared wildly. The moments were passing. I remember that I tried to compute the length of time before the air would be exhausted in the chest and the beautiful body within lifeless.

When I had well-nigh spent the vestige of my strength that remained calling to Chloe to keep up her courage, that help would speedily come, I ran, wild-eyed and pale, to John. I found him pouring over his accounts in the office.

"John, John, come quickly!" I shouted. "Mistress Talbott is locked in the old cedar chest."

He sprang up quickly and followed me, the dazed expression upon his face at my announcement giving place to a look of acute agony. We ran together through the garden to the deserted rooms. The dust raised by our hurrying feet almost choked us as we flew. I explained to him in disconnected sentences how it had happened, and the great peril to which the young wife was exposed. He tore unavailingly at the cover of the strong chest with his

strong hands until blood issued from his finger tips. How I hated the devilish ingenuity which had dove-tailed the wood and fitted the joints of the heavy timbers so accurately.

"Where is the key?" he shouted peremptorily. My face must have shown my distress.

"At the bottom of the chest."

He groaned mightily and fell on his knees before the box in which his fair young wife was entombed. He glued his lips to the keyhole.

"It is John, your husband, dearest. Don't lose courage."

He remained on his knees calling out every moment or two words of confidence and love to the dear one. He ordered me to summon the smith with his tools, and to bring Sombre and the broadaxe. I flew away, dispatching the servants here and there to perform these tasks, frightening all with whom I came in contact by my disheveled appearance and hoarse tones.

Back again to the wing I hurried, but I halted abruptly at the threshold of the door. John was crying out to his imprisoned wife. I could see the gray anguish of his face and the hunted expression of his eyes. I felt like an eavesdropper listening to the holiest expression of a repentant soul.

"Chloe, darling wife, I have been cold and indifferent," he agonized. "Only God knows how I love you, Chloe. Live, dear one, and I will atone for my neglect by a lifetime of tenderness toward you. I have been cruel—I do not deserve my pure, sweet wife"—his voice broke and he sobbed as strong men do, pitifully, convulsively.

Awed at this revelation of love from a man whom I believed to lack the finer sentiments, I became for the first time distrustful of my weak judgment and ashamed of my own lawless heart. The moisture gathered in my eyes as I stood on tip-toe listening intently for a response to his outpourings. No sound issued

from the chest; no doubt his words had fallen on deafened ears.

A crowd of servants, agog at the disaster, began to gather in the room. John, roused by their presence, paced the floor watch in hand. With every tick, the gold chronometer was relentlessly cutting off our hopes for the prolongation of the dear young life, when Sombre, the herculean overseer, came running with the broadaxe in his hands. John made as if he would take the axe and strike the blows himself that would release his wife. He faltered; he was trembling. There must be a sure hand and I saw that he distrusted his own strength.

"Strike, but for the dear Lord's sake, strike carefully," he moaned, and his face was bloodless, his eyes sunken.

I saw the black Titan with glistening skin and arm poised for the blow. I hid my face. I was sickened with apprehension. What if that broad, shining blade should penetrate to the fragile figure within? My mind's eye saw already the mutilation of that engaging form. What if it were already too late? A vision came to me of a distorted face and hands beating frightfully for a breath of air. I heard the crash of splintering wood and I swooned.

When I came to myself, John was tearing away the fragments of wood like a madman. At the bottom of the chest lay Chloe with limbs relaxed and eyes closed. Her face wore a peaceful expression, as if she were reposing on her own soft bed. The broadaxe had not touched her body, but it had cleft one curl from her freed locks, and it lay beside her. The heart was still beating and John gathered her tenderly in his arms and hurried with her to their room. Restoratives were applied, feathers were burned under her nostrils, and the marvel of it! In a few moments she opened her eyes and spoke gently to us, but her

hand was feebly outstretched to her husband. John went down on his knees by the bedside and began to pray. The spirit of renunciation took possession of me then, and a peace which must have come from

God stole into my restless soul. I crept softly out of the room, for it was a holy place in which the sacrament of love was that day renewed.

ODE TO THE WOOD-GOD.

BY PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY

Blow, Pan, thy pipes,
 And we will dance
 Under the hoary green-wood trees,
 On a carpet of fallen leaves,
 Whilst the woods resound
 To the echo of thy piping.

Blow, Pan, thy pipes,
 Till the gliding snake i' th' rushes
 Lifts crested head to listen;
 Till the fox comes from his lair;
 Till the birds cease their matins
 To list to thy wond'rous piping.

Blow, Pan, thy pipes,
 Whilst thy horned head wags
 To the burden of the merry tune;
 And whiles we dance, with laugh,
 With shout and merry cry,
 Loud in Pannic revelry.

CURIOUS FACTS AND STATISTICAL TRUTHS

THE ABALONES

BY SAM WARE

ON the coast of Mendocino County, California, a few miles south of the quaint little hamlet of Mendocino, in a deep gorge near the margin of the ocean so narrow and gloomy as to merit its appellation, Dark Gulch is a queer little group of cabins which reminds one of pictures of the Flowery Kingdom. It is a camp of Japanese fishermen, who have lately introduced a novel method of abalone deep-water fishing by means of a diver. The colony consists of fourteen men and one woman, eight of whom attend to the fishing part of the business while the remainder stay at home to dry the mollusks and prepare them for shipment, a process which covers a period of three months.

The capitalist of the settlement, whose distinction from the rest is a pair of canvas shoes, a luxury in which none of the rest indulge, is a short, rather corpulent little Japanese of a pleasant and courteous disposition. He sports a gold watch and rusty steel chain with a tin buck-saw as charm. He is very communicative, but equally as hard to understand. After a tedious discussion the fact was gleaned from him that the abalones were shipped to a Chinese firm in San Francisco, which re-shipped them to China, where they are highly prized as a delicacy. In San Francisco they

bring from \$5 to \$6 per cental. An average abalone dried weighs about two ounces. The average catch of the eight fishermen is about 2,300 abalones a day.

As the boat approached shore in the evening, laden with a day's catch, the little proprietor assured me that the vessel was "a boat Japan style, Japan style, Japan style."

This boat is nearly forty feet long, the sides being constructed of two-inch planks. Five timbers, about four by four inches in size, one secured transversely over the deck, protruding about three feet beyond the gunwale. Upon these are rested the huge sculls by which the boat is propelled. These sculls, eight in number, are about thirty feet in length, being composed of two pieces of timber so joined that the upper end, about nine feet long, will work horizontally while the lower end is immersed. The whole crew at these sculls, aided by a square sail when the weather is favorable, make the vessel travel at the astonishing rate of three miles an hour. The stern of the vessel is set in about two feet from the ends of the side pieces, giving the boat an appearance of being entirely open at one end. This craft, though of crude workmanship, has some ornamentation. On the ends of the planks which protrude behind the

stern of the boat are little diamond-shaped daubs of white paint, forming a contrast with the black color of the vessel. Everything, in fact, in connection with the settlement, shows some primitive attempt at art.

The fishermen have a cheap diving suit, with a galvanized helmet, and the air is supplied by a two-cylinder pump. The diver—only one dares to go down—takes to the water at nine, comes up at twelve, is down again from one until four. He takes down with him a net-like basket, which he sends up in about twenty minutes, another being sent down while it is emptied. This holds about all four men can lift into the boat. At about four o'clock the diver comes up, and they set sail for the camp, a voyage of about two hours. Arriving there, they arouse the whole settlement, who turn out en masse to man the huge windlass by which the boat is pulled up a rude skid-way built for that purpose. The abalones are weighed, shells and all, as they are taken from the boat, to determine what the boatmen shall receive for their day's labor. Two Japanese, armed with chisels, then attack the sluggish mass of animal life and proceed to divert them of their shells. The slimy mollusks are then thrown into the salt tubs, thence to be transported to a vat where they lay in salt over night.

The next morning they are washed and thrown into boiling water to remove the slime and a layer of dark pigment around the edges. After another washing in cold water they are placed in trays constructed of wire netting, such as is used for fencing in poultry yards, and deposited in a little dry-house situated on the hillside.

When all moisture has dripped off, the trays are taken outside and exposed to the sun, though returned to the dry-house on foggy days and every night.

When all suspicion of dampness has disappeared, the abalones are placed upon mats and laid upon the beach. Every night these mats are gathered up and piled in a stack, the whole being covered by a large sheet of canvas.

When sufficiently dried they are packed in burlap sacks, weighing about two hundred pounds to the sack. The shipper cannot set his own figure and what he receives depends upon the caprice of the Chinese commission merchant.

This colony has been in operation about four months, and many old settlers have apprehensions that the abalone crop will soon become extinct.

This product of the ocean has been for years the chief food staple of the Indians of the coast, and is



The abalone boat.



Abalone drying.

regarded as a luxury by white residents, whose only method of obtaining them has been by prying them off the rocks at low tide by means of an iron bar, at the expense of wet feet and an occasional fall on the slippery rocks.

There was an appeal to the Board of Supervisors of the county who declared it illegal to capture abalones for the market without a county license which costs \$100 per quarter. This met with some disfavor, and at a later meeting of the Board the Japanese were let off with a license of \$25 per quarter, which they paid without complaint. The Japanese fishing boat, with its queer looking sculls and odd-appearing occupants, has become a part, as it were, of the Mendocino scenery.

Every one who reads the daily papers knows that there is an inevitable struggle between the Japanese and the Russians for the possession of Corea. Any information in relation to the Hermit Kingdom at this time is most interesting. The Overland Monthly is, therefore, very fortunate in being able to offer its



His Majesty the Emperor of Corea.

readers this month a series of unique pictures of scenes in Corea, including a portrait of the Emperor, whose diminutive stature and general appearance will at once suggest the affiliation between his race and the Japanese. In fact, the Island Empire was originally settled from the peninsula, so that in annexing Corea the Japanese will be only returning to the land of their ancestors.

It is of interest, in connection with the portrait of the Emperor, to recall that a Hawaiian lady is the only woman not a Corean who ever saw the Emperor and talked to him. It happened in this way: Hubert Voss, the artist who married a daughter of Princess Haleala, went to Asia with the idea of painting a number of composite pictures, giving the leading and striking characteristics of each Asiatic race. While in Corea he was invited to paint the portrait of the Emperor. During the sittings for the picture, someone told His Majesty that Mrs. Voss was a woman of extraordinary beauty, and so enthusiastically pictured her charms that the Emperor asked the artist to present the lady to him, a request which, of course, was at once complied with. Voss' portrait was exhibited at the last Paris exhibition, and was greatly admired.



The Prime Minister of Corea and suite.

The picture of the Corean Prime Minister shows the striking contrast between the present and the past

in Corea. There you have the Minister with his Oriental dress and his big-hatted attendants and the police and soldiers wearing the uniforms of French gendarmes in one group.



Gang shovel.

The picture of the group of men engaged in "gang spading" illustrates very forcibly how cheap is labor in the East. Here we have five men engaged in working one shovel that does not remove in a day as much soil, as a result of their joint labor, as a steam excavator will dig in one or two shovelful. No wonder there are no railroads or good roads in a country where the mechanical contrivances to assist labor are so primitive.

Though they have electric street cars in Seoul, many Coreans prefer the means of locomotion used by



A public conveyance for afternoon calls.

their ancestors a thousand years ago. Undoubtedly, methods of traveling, like bills of fare, are largely matters of taste.



A mourning bonnet.

"The widow's bonnet" that appears to be fashionable in Corea, is almost large enough for an entire suit, and like a snuffer, completely extinguishes the wearer.



Chinese Fishermen on the Feather River.—The Chinese fishermen of the Feather River, California, have devised a curious means of depopulating the streams of its inhabitants. This is, as our picture shows, as effective as it is unsportsmanlike.



Balace Rock.—This rock is 80 ft.

high and is situated on Glacier Point Trail on the Merced Route to the Yosemite. It is a bold landmark, and can be seen for miles around.

A walrus skull house at Cape Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. The



Eskimo dug-out is built of logs and drift wood, and is decorated with the skulls of defunct walrusses. In order to secure warmth, the house is built for some distance underground.



A Successful Dirigible Balloon.

Photo Backus

The photograph represents the Greth airship, which recently navigated the air above the city of San Francisco. The picture was taken expressly for the Overland Monthly, when making an abrupt turn in the air, at a height of 1,450 feet above the city.

THE PASSING OF "TENNESSEE" AND HIS PARTNER

BY FRED M. STOCKING

CHAMBERLAIN and Chaffee, the two old mining partners who lived in the little cabin by the wayside on the Yosemite road, have passed over the Great Divide.

In late years they were wont to speak occasionally of the parting which must come, and the one thought which seemed to reconcile them was they would not be long separated. They were single-minded on that point, failing to see how the one could get along without the other, their lives being so closely united. They recognized the fact that they were old and nearly worn out, and soon would be unable to care for themselves or each other. So they rested and waited.

This fact was borne in on them more forcibly on Thanksgiving Day. Hailing from New England, they revered that one, of all the days in the year, and inaugurated the custom in the old camp at Second Garte in 1856 by preparing a real Thanksgiving dinner and inviting the whole camp to join them. Chamberlain built an oven and made the tables and seats, and Chaffee, who was always the domestic partner, cooked and prepared the food, which by force of circumstances, differed somewhat in material from the standard of New England, but was nevertheless the best the country afforded, and they engaged the wife of a neighbor miner to superintend the general arrangement. The original number at table was twenty-seven; seventeen of whom had for the past year been partners with them in working a mining claim in Table Mountain. The memory of that first dinner under

the big oaks served as a pleasant topic for many a gathering afterward.

Each succeeding year the two old men invited as many of the original number as were living to celebrate with them. After the first year they had the dinner at the hotel either in Groveland or Big Oak Flat, and the last few years at Priest's. The old miners made special effort to be present to revive memories of the past, and learn of the welfare of each other. On one occasion an old miner who had met with poor luck, walked forty-five miles in order to be on hand. Three years ago only eleven met at Priest's; the next year, Priest and Ballantyne having died, only four sat at table at Groveland, and while they made every effort to appear cheerful for old time's sake, the empty chairs spoke too strongly of friends departed, and the occasion was more sad than joyful. To an old friend Chamberlain wrote in December last: "Dear Old Pard—I will say that the day set apart by our President and Governor for Thanksgiving has come and gone. We observed it quietly at home. We are truly grateful to the Giver of all good for the very many blessings we enjoy, and are thankful all the time."

For more than half a century the two had lived their quiet lives as mining partners in the cabin by the roadside, share and share alike in all things, each following his own bent, with never a question of difference of opinion as to what was best.

During the early years they worked together placer mining, but later divided their work. Chamber-



'Chamberlain' Tennessee

lain said he was tired of being underground so much. He wanted see the sun; "that was what the sun was for—to be seen of men." They were not making much—he guessed they could make more by having two strings to their bow; he would have a ranch and raise garden truck to supply campers going to Yosemite, and Chaffee would continue mining. So they agreed and both were suited.

Chaffee was a typical miner, ranking as one of the best prospectors in the country, and up to the day of his death he believed he would "strike it rich" some day, and in that belief he lived and worked. Even the week before he passed away he sent word to Chamberlain to put a man on in his place and continue the tunnel he had been running the past year, for he said: "It's there, sure, and he may strike it any day now"—the watchword of the true miner.

His luck was proverbial, even in that camp, deserted long ago by all the others as "worked out." He continued prospecting, and at times would strike a "pocket" and pan out several ounces in a day. He was

proud of his success, and loved to show visitors around the "diggings," pointing out the several places where he had found gold and telling of the amount taken from each; for he had a good memory and could name the number of ounces taken from each pocket and show the exact location.

But after all, in the later years, working alone, he made slow progress, for he toiled fewer hours and the ounces lessened in number each year, till toward the last their united labors did not serve to meet their small expense of living, and they gradually drew on the little capital laid by in more prosperous years, until it was all gone and poverty stared them in the face.

Chamberlain was in his element on the ranch. He studied the wants of the campers bound for Yosemite, and in time Chamberlain and Chaffee's became the noted resting and supply camp of the Big Oak Flat route, and travelers made it a point to stop with them. It was a real treat to visit with



"Chaffee"—"Tennessee's Partner"

them and sit by the fire evenings listening to their stories of camp life in the mines; for they were good entertainers, and in a residence of fifty-four years on the Coast they had acquired a rich fund of mining lore, together with a quaint way of

admiring look of Chaffee's blue eye and his smile would be sufficient endorsement of its correctness.

They made many friends, numbering among them people in every walk of life and from nearly every country on the globe; and this, be-



"At Home"

Photo by Van Praag

telling a story, investing it with marvelous interest in the relating. Chamberlain was generally spokesman, and at the close of a story would turn to Chaffee and say: "Wa'nt that so, Pard?" If it needed correction it would be made and the

fore Bret Harte brought them into prominence as the original characters in his famous story of "Tennessee's Partner"—for the story was founded on an incident which occurred in their camp, in which both men took active part.

Above the average in intelligence, well-read—for friends kept them supplied with books and the literature of the day, they were always up to date in their knowledge of affairs in the outside world. It must be remembered that for more than fifty years they never left their camp, except in the one instance, where Chaffee was obliged to go to the city for a week; but the strain of separation and fear that his partner would suffer in his absence caused a speedy return.,

As the years passed, the camp was abandoned by the miners,

Till four score years had passed over their heads and the many infirmities incident to old age attacked them, they had provided for themselves. They numbered acquaintances by the thousand, but intimate friends only by units. Still those few, realizing the situation, did what they could.

An effort was made to dispose of their mining claims and realize, if possible, sufficient means to provide for their needs in the future, but before any arrangement could be made the Angel on the Gray Horse called them.



After dinner—Thanksgiving Day, November, 1888

nearly all their old friends and neighbors had passed away, and only the two old partners who survived them were left; hence it became a question among their most intimate friends who had gained a knowledge of their circumstances and condition—for they were slow to make it known—as to what provision could be made for them in their old age.

Chaffee passed away peacefully in his sleep on the 31st of July last, and according to his wish, the body was cremated and the ashes placed in an urn.

Chamberlain, alone in the cabin under the oaks, refused to be comforted, though true friends tried by every means in their power to console and relieve him. In reply to an old correspondent, a friend of

early days in the camp, who had written him a letter of sympathy, he said, "As to being alone, there is none that can fill the place left vacant by Chaffee." Old, infirm,

alone and stricken with disease beyond relief, is it wonder that he passed away by a short route to meet his life-long mate and partner?



(Suggestion for a monument, by Robert L. Aitken, for the Bohemian Club)

"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."—Extract from "Tennessee's Partner."

DEATH AND LIFE

BY HARRY T. LEE

What is Death, the question steals
Through each wasting year,
Truth the sphinx's lips unseals—
Death is only Fear.

What is Life—its wond'rous aim
Hurled from might above?
Truth again declares its name—
Life is only Love.



Mrs. Stanford



Benj. Ide Wheeler



Mrs. Phoebe Hearst



David Starr Jordan

MEN and WOMEN



Senator Stanford

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, has a fondness for his professional life that is reflected in every department of the institution, and greatly to every department's advantage. The wonder is how he finds time to acquaint himself with the details of every branch, and nook and corner, as a senior puts it. But somehow or someway he is so familiar with the university and all of its belongings and interests that one wonders if the most unimportant detail could escape him without knowing it immediately. When Mr. Wheeler came to take charge of the institution, people were amazed to see that he was at least a theoretical expert at every athletic game. Nor is Mr. Wheeler, like many university presidents, given to satire or sarcasm, but he came close to it on one occasion. As the story runs: A young man approached President Wheeler in a self-sufficient sort of a way and said: "I propose to enter your university and I shall ex-

pect you to send me forth into the world in due time a wise and forceful man." "You may rely upon us to do our best to not disappoint you," observed Mr. Wheeler, "but you must remember that it is not the province of the university to do more than instruct. It does not undertake to supply gray matter or mentality to students." But the joke was on President Wheeler, for the young man never saw or felt the stinging reply to his idiotic "expect."

"You are not babies or children, but young gentlemen, and I shall expect only such conduct and attention as becomes young gentlemen," is a standard work by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, as one of the boys puts it.

Had young Leland Stanford's law library not burned, he probably would have remained in Wisconsin and practiced law. A man of such energy, good judgment and force of character would have pushed his

way to the front, no matter where placed or in what business engaged, but it is not likely that he would have accumulated such a large fortune in practicing law as in building railroads. He had confidence in his enterprise when almost every one else doubted. A sad incident is related in the Governor's life which cast a shadow of grief over his remaining days. His only son, Leland, Jr., was the pride of his life, and to him he hoped to transmit his large wealth as his successor. It is related that while the young man lay stricken with typhoid fever at Florence his anxious father was at his bedside day and night. One night, overcome by weariness and watching, Governor Stanford fell asleep, and dreamed that his son said to him: "Father, do not say you have nothing to live for. You have everything—a great deal to live for—live for humanity." At this moment Governor Stanford awoke, realized that it was a dream and at that moment his son breathed his last. Governor Stanford then decided to "live for humanity" and fulfill the dream as if his son had really enjoined it upon him. The magnificent university, bearing his son's name, with an endowment of about \$20,000,000, if this story be true, is the result of a dream.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's identification with the University of California is a tower of strength and encouragement to the co-eds. Her enthusiasm, for she is enthusiastic in the mighty and love-lit work to which she voluntarily committed herself long ago, carries with it to the hearts of those with whom she comes in contact, that spirit of heroism which inspires youth to strive for moral and intellectual worth and nobility of character. But, in fact, Mrs. Hearst's greatest power for good is exercised in the silent and confidential realm of her every-day life. Many is the young woman

who, finding that it was becoming difficult to maintain herself, was enabled to continue her course by an unseen hand. Not a few have been cared for throughout by the same unknown and unseen hand of a glorious womanhood. But Mrs. Hearst's power for good has many avenues of expression. She is fond of giving little entertainments to the young ladies, not only for their own enjoyment, but to give them opportunity for expression in the truest and purest social life. At times young gentlemen are invited to these entertainments that they, too, may tarry awhile in the same atmosphere of gladness and lofty ideals. "Strive for the heights of mighty manhood and for the heights of true womanhood" is Mrs. Hearst's injunction to all her young university friends, and her own generous heart responds as does her every-day life to that sentiment. An educator—a professor at the University, indeed—said this awhile ago: "Sometime ago I thought Mrs. Hearst had reached the heights of her power for good, but her heart found heights beyond and still beyond."



GOVERNOR TAFT.
TRIBUTE TO TAFT.

Judge Taft, first as president of the commission and then as Civil Governor, was the central figure in the work of making a government



Professor B. Moses.

the official leader by virtue of his for the Philippine Islands. He was appointment by the President. He was the real leader by virtue of his intellectual power. His own way was marked out for him by his strong sense of justice and his faith in human nature, and he was supported from first to last by the complete loyalty of his associates.—From a Speech by Professor Moses.

As the greatest problem at the present time before the nation is the Philippines, and as the War Department is best qualified to deal with the question, Judge Taft's appointment as Secretary of War will meet with approval by all.

The whirligig of time has worked many changes in political circles. Senator Marcus A. Hanna, once looked upon as the arch-enemy of labor, is now exponent and arbitrator for a vast constituency of labor. His methods and his principles are endorsed, and Tom Johnson, his opponent, is buried in an avalanche of votes, and his embryo boom for the Presidency with him. The picture furnished with this article was presented to the editor of the Overland

Monthly by Senator Hanna some time ago, and is the latest taken of the great political leader.

C. P. Huntington was genial and pleasant, and very easy to approach, and full of humanity. He possessed a broad vein of humor, and was fond of telling a joke, even if it was a little ancient. A newspaper man of San Francisco drifted to New Orleans several years ago, and was doing "space" letter writing for a San Francisco daily. About this time Mr. Huntington visited the Crescent City to purchase a small road upon which the Southern Pacific entered New Orleans. The correspondent called at the hotel, and being pleasantly received by the magnate, found courage to state his business.

"I'm a correspondent for the San Francisco Daily —, and I desire to return to San Francisco, and—"

"That is a — blackmailing paper!" said Mr. Huntington, quickly.

The correspondent soon rallied,



United States Senator Marcus A. Hanna.
(From his latest photograph.)

however, and said that he was merely writing letters and had nothing to do with the editorial policy of the paper.

"Oh, I have no reference to you, young man! I merely mentioned it." And his features assumed a serious tone, as if he were recalling the sum he paid to "cave down the bank" the sheet he so forcibly denounced.

The correspondent thought the moment had arrived, and asked for a pass to San Francisco. This represented about \$100, and the Secretary looked at the newspaper man in amazement.

"Well, I am only a director; the road is not making much money, and I guess you had better chip in and help us out a little!" said Mr. Huntington, slowly.

The correspondent showed no agitation, but he felt it all over. A bright idea flashed upon him, and he said with apparent indifference: "I see Mr. Huntington, by a local paper, that you have just bought a branch road for \$4,000,000. If the report is correct, I should like further particulars, as I shall telegraph to the paper I represent."

"That is old news. I bought the road six months ago, and have just made the last payment—that is all."

"I did not know that," replied the

correspondent.

"And you intended sending that report to that — paper?"

"Yes, sir. This is the first time I have heard of it."

"That reminds me of the Irishman and the Jew. Did you ever hear that joke?"

"No, sir!" said the correspondent, restraining his laughter.

Mr. Huntington then slowly and with much emphasis, told of the raw Irishman who was told of the Crucifixion while crossing the ocean and knocked down the first Jew he met after landing. On being remonstrated with the Irishman apologized, saying that he had just heard the occurrence and thought it had just happened.

Mr. Huntington led off in a broad-gauge laugh, the correspondent laughed as loud as he could, and the secretary had to laugh. Fearing that the correspondent did not enjoy it sufficiently, the magnate retold it, and the correspondent laughed as loudly as before, so did Mr. Huntington, and of course the secretary suffered likewise.

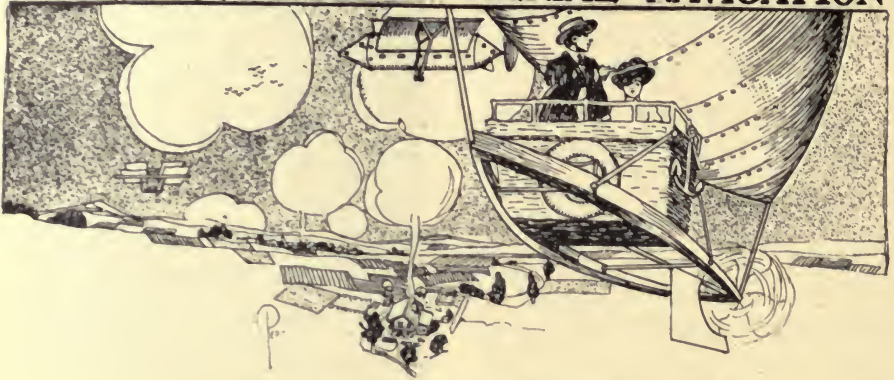
Not being able to laugh any more the correspondent arose to take his leave. The highly-amused magnate turned to his secretary, saying: "Make out a pass for Mr. — from New Orleans to San Francisco."

THEN AND NOW

Boy and girl we romped together,
Neither of us aged yet ten.
You cried whene'er I stole a kiss:
I remember it—since then

As man and wife we've walked through life
For years that are two times ten.
You sob when I don't kiss you now
As you cried when I did—then.

SOME SEQUENCES OF AERIAL NAVIGATION



BY HENRY BAILEY SARGENT

WHEN the flying machine is perfected, and aerial transit becomes an accomplished fact, a host of new problems in its successful practice will suddenly appear, problems which have doubtless not yet suggested themselves to the average man, or even to the mariner, although the latter, as soon as they are suggested, will certainly be the first to appreciate fully their vital importance, for, as a navigator of the sea, he will immediately recognize the new conditions which will confront the coming navigator of the air.

Of course, the mere passage through the air for short distances, assuming that the mechanical difficulties have been overcome, will present no greater difficulties than a short coasting or river trip between easily intervisible or usually recognizable points by a steamboat.

It is when long aerial voyages are to be made, at varying heights, and under varying atmospheric conditions, that the new problem will be met. So, limiting aerial navigation to the restricted definition of the art of setting courses and determining positions, as in the case of marine navigation proper, it will be found that the former will involve all the details of the latter and many perplexing ones besides.

Beginning with the shaping of courses, it is evident that the airship must depend, like the water-ship, upon the mariner's compass for the determination of horizontal courses, but in addition, there must be a means also of determining all other courses at angles between the vertical and the horizontal, for the airship will of course not always travel horizontally. It must rise and descend at different angles, and to gauge this course in the vertical plane some new instrument must be devised. Whether it be called a gonoscope, or a gonometer, or a vertical compass is immaterial, as long as it serves its purpose, and its reliability and use will depend upon the ingenuity of the inventor and the intelligence of the aerial navigator. It may be based upon the principle of the spirit level, or of the gyroscope, or of the magnetic dipping circle, suitably graduated and adapted to the purpose, or it may be the application of some other mechanical principle. It is obvious that the navigator of the air-ship must know not only that his course is, say, "North 70 degrees West," but that it is, for instance, "Ten degrees plus (or minus)" according as it is above or below the horizontal. In other words, where plane geometry suffices for marine navigation, aerial

navigation must have recourse to solid geometry.

In marine navigation, the deviation of the compass, due to the magnetic properties of the iron or steel in the ship herself, is a vast subject, a most complex problem. In aerial navigation its vastness and complexity, provided any iron or steel is used in the air-ship's construction, will be at least doubled, for, while in a watership the deviation changes with every heading of the ship in the horizontal plane, in the airship it will change for every heading in the vertical plane as well. Baffling as the subject is to the mariner of the seas, it will be far more so to the sailor of the air. New practical methods must be found for determining the various deviations and for compensating for them. The more the present day mariner contemplates this, the deeper the labyrinth he enters.

Again, new compass difficulties will be met in the effect of "variation," due to the non-agreement of the geographic and magnetic poles of the earth. The lines of variation for the surface of the earth are sufficiently well determined now for the purposes of ordinary marine navigation, but their nature for the different strata of the atmosphere is another thing. This opens up another field for investigation.

Nor is the compass problem the only one by any means. As even the landsman knows, a ship's position at sea is found by two methods (1) "dead reckoning," which is based on the course and distance made since the last determination of position, and (2) by astronomical observations, based on the time and the altitude of heavenly bodies.

Granting that the difficulties of determining accurately the course through space have been overcome, the problem of determining the distance made along that course presents itself. There are several efficient devices for measuring a ves-

sel's speed and distance through water, but none at present visible for measuring air-ship's speed and distance through the lighter medium of air. Of course, the aerial navigator who loses his bearings while sailing over known lands has the advantage of being able to descend, locate himself and proceed again. But if sailing over a trackless sea or desert this remedy fails him. Besides, even where possible it would be a clumsy method, analogous to heading a ship in the direction of some land, identifying it, and then going on.

With a clear sky, astronomical observations could be taken, of course, as usual at sea, but there would be some important modifications. For instance, a large correction must be applied to the observed altitude of a heavenly body for the "dip" of the sea horizon caused by the height of the observer's eye above the level of the sea. In water-ships this usually varies from 10 to 40 feet, and is vitally important. How much more important, then, must it be in the case of the aerial navigator, whose eye might be 400 or 4,000 feet, maybe two miles above the level! And here, again, is the problem of determining with needed accuracy the airship's height above the surface. The barometer cannot be relied upon, for it is not accurate enough without simultaneous observations at the surface or at some lower known height, which are impracticable in this case. Observations of the angle subtended by known terrestrial distances would answer, but these are not always visible. Over the sea they are out of the question.

Some sort of artificial horizon, adapted for airships in such cases, might overcome this difficulty, but it is yet to be devised, as those now in use on land are not suitable.

The currents of the sea often throw the marine navigator considerably off his course and behind or ahead of his distance, but these are

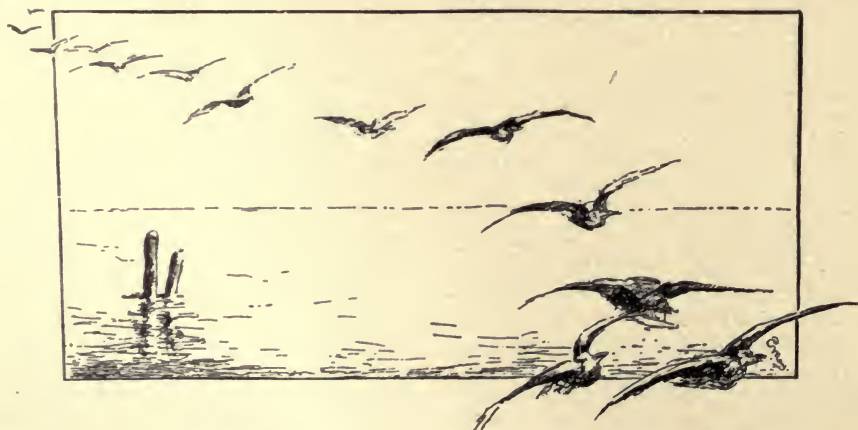
ridiculously insignificant compared with the currents of the air. Ocean currents rarely exceed four knots in velocity, and their direction varies less than their velocity. Air currents, on the contrary, may come from almost any quarter without warning, and their velocity may exceed a hundred miles an hour. The reliance to be placed on "dead reckoning" under such circumstances, unaided by views of known land beneath, is thus woefully slight. Astronomical observations are the thing, and here it may be said that the aerial navigator will have an advantage over his marine brother in being able in cloudy weather to rise above the intervening clouds, and with the proper artificial horizon, take his observations, literally rising superior to any kind of weather.

These are only the new problems in navigation that, upon first reflection, will seem to beset the air-sailor. They are enough in themselves though to inaugurate a new navigation, with its schools and methods, its instruments and tables. The marine navigator, who has learned the theory of his art as well as its practice, will quickly grasp and master its requirements, while he who has learned merely by rule-of-thumb will have to begin almost all over again if he wishes to navigate the new element.

There will also be necessary, when aerial navigation becomes general, entire new systems of lighthouses, beacons and other aids to navigation the entire world over. There must be easily recognized lights, not only at prominent havens, but on prominent mountain ranges and conspicuous isolated peaks, not only as guides to the aerial navigator, but as warnings of the proximity of danger, for the impact of a delicate airship, moving at high speed against a terrestrial object, would be even more disastrous than that of a marine ship against a reef. These lighthouses would have to possess large surfaces—of arcs—of visibility, and in many cases be equipped with fog signals to be heeded in thick weather, such as fogs, rain and clouds.

Perhaps certain highways might be delineated in the air, like channels in the water, and instead of buoys, captive balloons anchored in fixed places, mark the appropriate spots, as well as to offer temporary moorings for passing airships, which might send telegraphic messages through them down to earth.

The flotation and propulsion of the airship are the first problems only in extensive aerial navigation. There are others to come later, and in their solution numberless "uninvented inventions" must appear.





GABE

BY CORINNE McCARTHY

Dat's my boy Gabe, an' he am twelve yeah ole,
But a poo' excuse, if de truf wah tole.
De sleepines' niggah I ebah know!
De Lawd doan jublicate he lak befo'.

Now, I nachully has a tu'n fo' wuk—
Dough I quit long 'go 'caze I had no luck;
But Gabe's not de 'dustrious kind, yuh see,
An' in dem respec's is nottin' lak me.

I histez him out long befo' day-break
T' cook de bacon an' brown de hoe-cake;
An' I see dat he do a trifle mo'—
Lak washin' dishes an' scrubbin' de floo'.

Gwine attar de cows, an' milkin' um, too,
An' tend t' de feedin' dey is t' do.
He totes all de watah an' wood an' such—
But 'ceptin' dese few cho'es he doan do much.

I mek sho' he plow f'om de ea'ly mawn,
Dat big fiel' ovah dah, uv growin' cawn;
An' w'en he come in I see dat he wuk
'Twell da'k, wiv de hoe, in de gyahden truck.

Den he c-r-o-p-e-t' de house an' say he tahd—
An' de way he act, yo'd think he wuked ha'd;
Dis gives him de 'scusement uv gwine ter baid,
An' he lay dah all night! de sleepy haid!

An' I lets him sleep an' lazy erwhile—
Fo' yuh see dat he's ma onlies' chile;
Dat's why I's easyfied, moan some mout be,
Wiv a no 'count niggah as Gabe's t' me.



BOOK LORE

THE EDITOR

A Story of France.

Whether "Monsigny" was written before "Journey's End," or the latter book first, it remains a surprise that the same hand should have turned out both. There is nothing in common in them but the beautiful illustrations. These are finer in "Monsigny" than in "Journey's End," and are lonely bits of graceful outline and dainty coloring. Unfortunately the text does not match them. In "Journey's End," Mr. Forman told a capital and very pretty story, as has been already said in these columns, but in "Monsigny," the reader is made to accept a dime novel sort of thing of the past generation type. It is a story one might excuse in "The Fireside Companion," and then one would smile at it, and expect even the house maid to take it indulgently. Possibly Mr. Forman has been reading Arthur Sherburne Hardy's story, "His Daughter First," as it came out in the Atlantic, and believed that singular young woman was a possible one, and her papa as a middle-aged lover, interesting

enough to serve as a pattern. Then with an abnormally strong man or two thrown in, the scheming woman, whose one mistake in life makes her blacker than the blackest man villain, the besmirched hero who is yet considered worthy of the uncontaminated maiden heiress, the dramatis personae of a sea-side dime novel are all supplied. But the book, printed on heavy paper, wide margined and many paragraphed, and adorned with the lonely illustrations, becomes a very different piece of book-making. It is so attractive in form that it will make an excellent Christmas gift for Bridget or Gretchen, or Hannah, who cannot possibly be demoralized by a story that deals with Lords and Ladies and castles and mansions such as

"They never can know and never can understand."

It is a tale that strikes straight home with its touch on real life, real motives, real human nature that hurts or helps the reader. The sensational written-as-a-pot-boiler story has its little band of admirers and then its ephemeral life is done, without harm to any. It is safe to buy these books and—to give them away.

"Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman. Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

Happily there is a land that is fairer than that of "Monsigny," not in France, but in that region where

some one has told us—"if you build castles in the air your labor will not be lost—that is where they should be—now put foundations under them." And the place where such foundations are laid, "In the Land of Joy" is the college life of Harvard University. Not exciting nor profound is this story of four or five young men and a couple of girls, but it is an evenly, happily written account of aims, ambitions, trials, and triumphs that move and surround the ordinarily placed student in a great university. The author, who became known through his stories, "The Half-Back" and "For the Honor of the School," has in his last book tried to create an inter-State interest by introducing a Southern lad as one of the leading characters. The love affairs of the Southern youth and a Boston girl, and of the Southerner's sister and a New York man, supply what may be called the non-professional side of the story. But when Mr. Barbour makes a Southerner say "he wanted that I should go"—Shades of Poe! (We are just having it dinned into us that there's been no Southern literature and no Southern writer excepting Poe) can such things be? However we will forgive him—since he made them "all happy ever afterwards," and the land of joy is made to look a veritable place.

"The Land of Joy," by Ralph Henry Barbour. Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

Still Another Promised Land.

When "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" was running as a serial some of the most deeply interested of its readers were young lads who followed Chad's every adventure with the greatest earnestness. Many of these have wanted to re-read the story since it came out in book form, and it is not a short tale. There are over four hundred closely printed

pages, and but few illustrations to break them. Chad, a homeless lad among the Cumberland Mountains, is the little shepherd of a strange kingdom, a kingdom that is yet to come, although it has been so loudly trumpeted as having been found when first the Puritan Fathers set foot upon the New World shores. The Kingdom of Liberty is what Chad goes in search of from the time he is left a lonely child in a mountain home, until after having grown to manhood and served in the strife for his country's great Cause, he goes across the continent to carry his ideals to the shores of the Western Sea. How he carries them thither is not told, for the story deals with that strange mountain life, with the feuds of clans, the fever of war. Its opening chapters are reminiscent of Darrell of the Blessed Isles, but the stories are in no way similar. If one wearies now and then of the slow movement of events, or finds attention wandering in the multiplicity of characters, or feels that the story is being told, not telling itself, or now and then grows impatient of unnecessary detail—these are impressions that pass, and the strength of the tale remains, giving it bracing freshness.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr. Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price, \$1.50.

—FLORENCE JACKSON.

The author of
Laura E. Richards. "The Golden Window" is the third daughter of the late Samuel G. Howe, who devoted the best of his life to teaching the blind, and of Julia Ward Howe, the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," who celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday last May.

"Captain January" made Miss Richard's name famous; "In My Nursery," a lot of nonsense in verse for children, has enthused the little

tots. "The Golden Window," her latest production, is a delightful holiday book. Her daughter, Julia Ward Richards, designed the cover of the book and provided the decorations, while another daughter has shown great skill as a writer of short stories. And yet there are men and women who advance ponderous opinions to the effect that there is nothing in heredity.

"The New York Stock Exchange" is the title of fine India-proof photogravure and on its surface is represented a vast amount of wealth and a greater number of pre-eminent American financiers than has ever been grouped together on a single sheet. As a setting around a fine engraving of the building are the portraits of the kings of finance—Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and others of their type—men whose operations in recent years have astonished the entire world and permanently impressed its history.

Moses King, Publisher, 225 Fourth avenue, New York. \$5.00.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is one of those delightful stories dealing deeply in human interest. It is a Southern story, and has seen the light of day in Scribner's Magazine previous to appearing in book form. The faithful services of "Chad" to his old master are brought out in a

semi-humorous and pathetic style that captivates the reader. The author cleverly shows the difference between the negro of ante-bellum days and the "new coon, Jeems." The love of the Colonel for the child Katie Clutchem is beautiful to look upon. "Colonel Carter's Christmas" will while away a delightful hour for any reader. The illustrations are in three colors, and the letterpress on thick India paper and rough-edged. The artist is F. C. Yohn.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

During the past year the "Pa Gladden" stories have been entertaining features of the Century. The readers of that periodical will be glad to know that these sketches have now been gathered up and published in book form by the Century Company. Humor, pathos and homely philosophy are combined in these stories in happy proportions, and they are entirely worthy of preservation in book form.

"In the making of tender and beautiful stories," says one critic, "no one has so magical a touch as John Luther Long." One remembers these words many times in reading "Sixty Jane." In typography and make-up the book is unusually attractive, the cover in wine colored cloth is stamped with gold.

The Century Co., New York. Price, \$1.25. P. N. B.



EDITORIAL NOTES

A QUESTION OF FACT

The following is written with a full knowledge that it is a departure from the hard and fast rules of magazine ethics. At a recent high jinks, held by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, one of the members delivered himself, it is reported, of a statement to this effect: "The 'Luck of Roaring Camp' was not first published in the Overland Monthly, but in the Atlantic Monthly."

For the benefit of this gentleman member of the Bohemian Club, the editor of the Overland Monthly "rises to remark and my language is plain" that the compositor who set up Mr. Harte's copy is still alive, and that he did not do the work for the Atlantic Monthly, but for the Overland Monthly. The proof-reader who read these "galleys" is still alive, and her testimony is in my hands. This lady was on the salary list of the Overland Monthly at the time, and will readily testify as to handling the original copy. Lastly, the editor of the Atlantic and the archives of that standard old magazine will prove that there is nothing in the utterances made at the Bohemian Club high jinks.

The editor of the Overland Monthly does not for one moment hope that this statement will affect the bearer of false witness; rather is it made for the benefit of the circle of cultured gentlemen who may have been temporarily misled by the airy vaporings of an individual who shines in literary circles by reason of reflected light.

The Republic of Panama has arisen as a necessity in a difficult situation, and the readers of the Overland Monthly can readily appreciate the problems involved in dealing with the Colombian Government after reading Mr. Dutton's article in this number of the magazine.

Totally unreliable, bombastic and dishonest, the Colombian Government has simply complied with the law which applies to all things, animate or inanimate, the survival of the fittest.

The United States Government should apply the principles of a protectorate, similar to that in force in the Philippines, and the great isthmian route should be kept open at all hazards.

Drawing in the Public Schools has become a bone of contention in

the School Board of San Francisco. The little teacher who heroically made a stand against the Superintendent of Drawing and the whole assembled board should be given a medal by the Government at Washington. She is fighting a national fight, and the heart-felt thanks of a multitude of parents will go out to her, and the sympathy of all who do not believe in the waste of school study hours will be extended.

Drawing is no doubt a necessary study but it is not a useful study under the present system. Let it not be understood that these remarks are leveled at any one teacher, system or city. The "faddists" in drawing are a national, not a local, evil.

The continual expense entailed by study changes is bringing about a united opposition. Parents do not care to have their children draw

colored butterflies or Christmas cards at an additional expense for each butterfly or card.

Many are in favor of lengthening the time given to drawing and limiting the time thus taken to a simple study of the rudiments of drawing and nothing else. Under the present system the public schools will never turn out a Peter Paul Rubens or a C. D. Gibson.

Having acquired the rudimentary knowledge of drawing in the grammar grades, a general school of drawing and painting should be established, to which children, desiring to pursue a higher course in free-hand or mechanical drawing,

might be graduated. This High School of Drawing should be in charge of men and women of acknowledged ability.

Action such as we have outlined will liberate the parents from continual expense and the children from the unwelcome bamboo brushes and cheap colored paints and crayons that form part of an unwelcome study.

And O! the teachers, they that dwell in the school houses, what a hosanna of thanks! From them will be lifted the burden of teaching that which they do not understand and the blind will stop leading the blind!



A Remarkable Photograph Taken Expressly for the Overland Monthly

The faces in the picture are looking at the Overland Monthly photographer on the opening night of the "Key Route" Ferry Depot at Oakland. The officers of the company tendered the use of the building and the cars of the system to the Car-men's Social and Benevolent So-

ciety. The building was lighted by forty arc lights and five hundred incandescent globes. This depot is situated at the end of the longest pier on the Pacific Coast. It is said to be the first time a successful photograph has been taken of 2,500 people by flashlight.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

July--December 1903

Volume XLII



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO.

320 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

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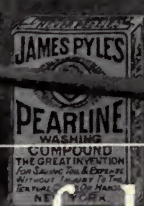
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Articles on the various fields of Turner's activity are contributed by the well-known and eminent critics, M. Robert de la Sizeranne, Mr. C. F. Bell and Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Illustrations:

Reproductions in color form an important feature of the book, and the editor has been fortunate enough to obtain from private collections and other sources a number of hitherto unpublished works of great beauty and interest, which effectively demonstrate the artist's extraordinary versatility. In addition to the colored reproductions, the black-and-white illustrations are numerous and attractive.

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It is almost impossible to find a stock which will answer these requirements of safety and security and at the same time have a chance of leaping up in value to many times what was paid for it.

On the other hand, the investor may wish to place his money in some stock selling at a low figure, and which may become worth ten times or a hundred times what he paid for it. If he buys such a stock it should be for the purpose of making big profits. There must be an element of risk and this element is always in inverse ratio to the element of security or safety. In this class are the investments in stock of mining and oil companies. Some years ago, for instance, the investor of this kind could have bought at from 10 to 50 cents a share the stocks of some of the greatest mining and oil companies now in existence, worth at the present day from \$50 to \$100 a share.

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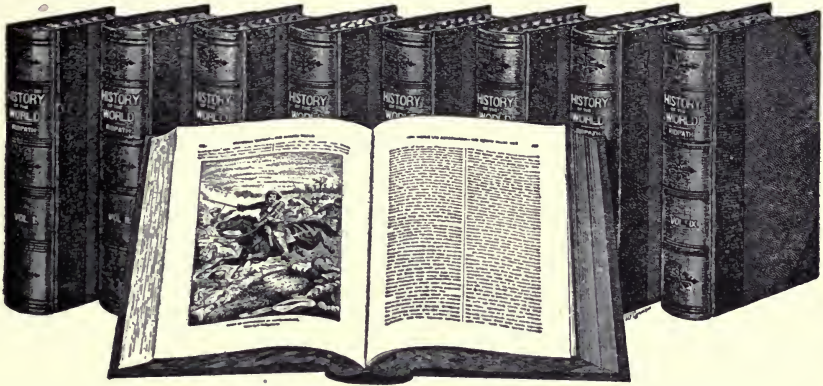
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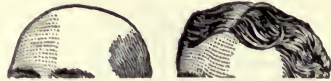
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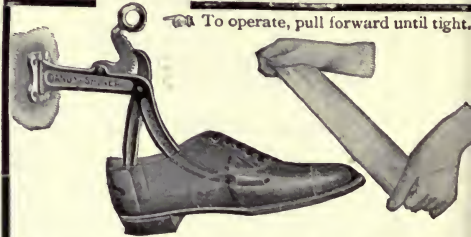
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can swap the old ark for a "boat"
at New Orleans.

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tree brought this, isn't it? Milly
exclaimed. "I hope you will
not let the crew spend any of
those barrels on the trip down,
Marion. It is getting Jimmy
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a mill on the Ohio!"

"And so it is!" answered the young man,
heavily. "And so does every decent man
on the river, and so when I believe
makes more trouble, breeds more fights
and wrecks more boats than everything
else put together."

"What a funny thing you will have to
look after!" sighed the girl. "I am
astonished to see to know all by asking you
to keep an eye to know. But you will,
I'm sure, Marion? He is my brother,
you know, and mother and I both think
you young to go. Favor him a little
if you can, and give him a word of
advice now and then - he is such a head-
banger!"

"That I will, and for your sake, Milly,
be an other."

"And Lewis Hoy's mother has begged
me to ask you to look after him, too," Milly
continued. "She is afraid he will get into
trouble with other boys and be 'grogged,'
for his name is such a name."

"Lewis must take his chance with the
others," said Marion, smiling.

"But Marion, there is another who
would cry her eyes out if anything befell
Lewis," said Milly, in some kind of coaxing.

"Who?" asked Marion, curiously.

"A girl you have not noticed?"

"Not Milly, not my little sister?" asked
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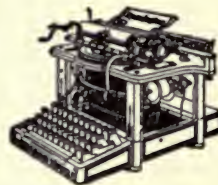
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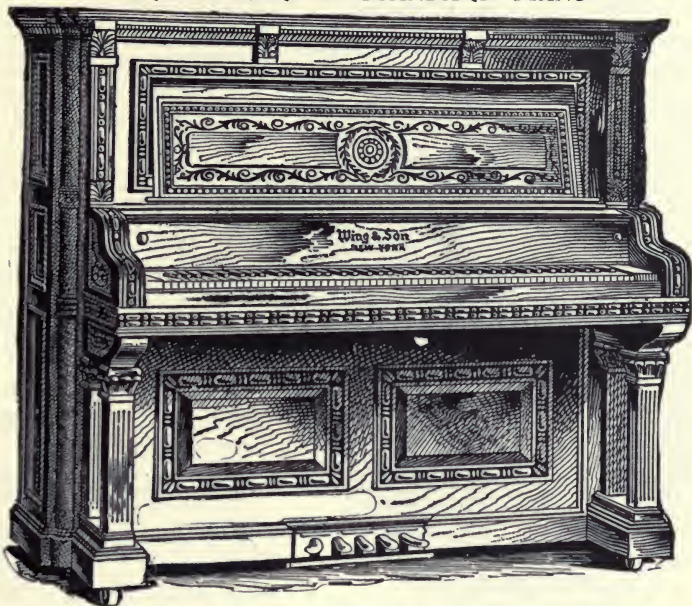
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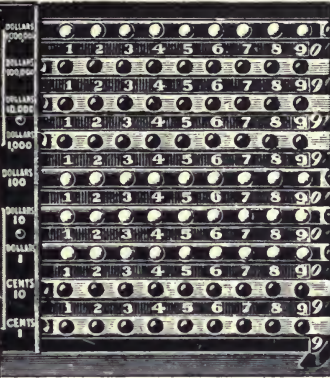
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