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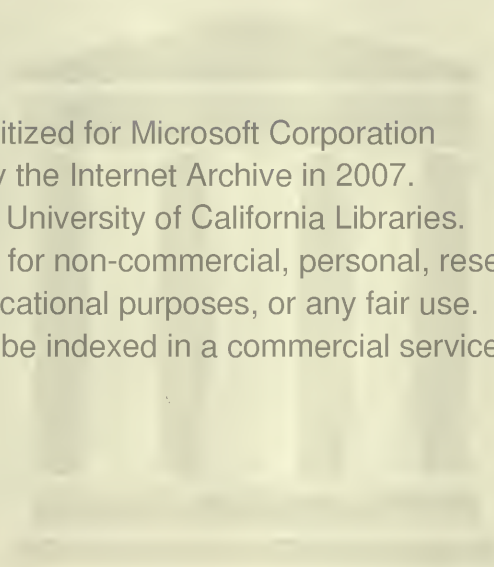
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HERLOCK HOLMES IN REAL LIFE..... *Stud. N.S.*
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Overland Monthly



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OVERLAND MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1905

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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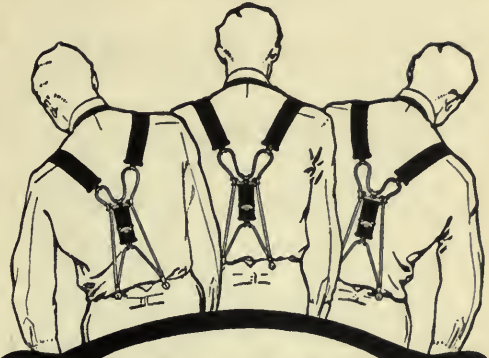
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Vol. XLV January, 1905

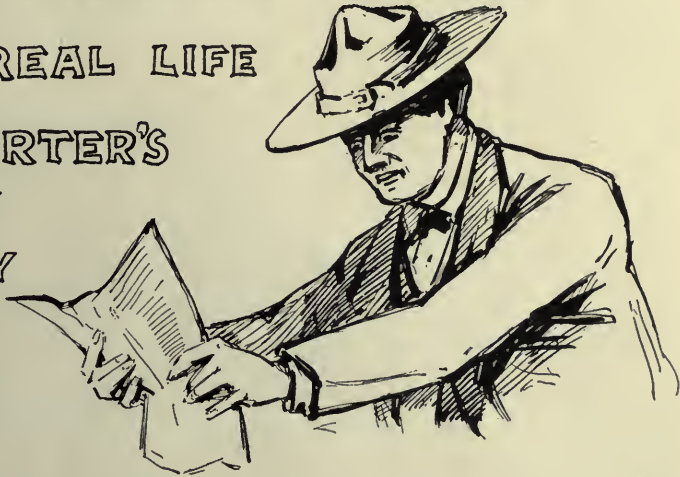
No. 1

SHERLOCK HOLMES

IN REAL LIFE

A REPORTER'S
DAILY
DIARY

PART I.



“DEAD man found at the base of Russian Hill.”

This laconic statement scrawled in chalk on the blackboard at the Coroner's office greeted my eye as I entered the room on my morning detail. The morning, wet with an overnight mist and heavy with a dense, chilly fog, coupled with the fact that Russian Hill was a desolate, dreary spot, a jagged pile of rocks, half of which had paid tribute to the advance of civilization, seemed to foreshadow a mystery dark and dreadful.

Still, to reporters accustomed to the Morgue, and its daily retinue of shadowed mysteries, the intelligence excited by a passing curiosity. I examined the death register, examined one or two unknown dead bodies which had found their way to a slab during the night, and stepped across the way to the police department.

There I was told that a detective had been detailed on the case, but as yet no report had been made from him as to the conditions at the scene of death. After notifying my office of the circumstance, I decided to abide my time and await developments.

With the clanging of the tower clock in the Hall of Justice at nine, there was a patter of horse hoofs on the cobblestones below, and I stepped down through the alleyway to the Morgue entrance. The usual crowd of morbid curiosity-mongers had assembled and stood gaping at the black wagon of death as the deputies, Charles Mehan and Brown lifted the willow casket. The doors were closed and a few scribes, detectives and one or two policemen stood about the casket. The lid was raised, and we beheld a man whose right arm was folded over in such a manner as to hide his face.

F850
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ser. 2
V. 45

The remains were evidently those of a foreigner. This I judged from the peculiar cut of his garments, and his light blue eyes and general contour of his face. The features were clouded with blood and grime, the clothing of cheap material was comparatively new, and was torn in many places. The pockets of the trousers were turned inside out, the lapel torn, leaving two of the buttons hanging by a thread. The shoes heavy, of the brogan type, were black, lace-crusted with a dark yellow mud, which was still damp—and the hat, a black Fedora, was crushed and torn.

The palms of the hands were caloused, and both tightly clenched, and a gaping wound in the neck directly under the chin, extending from left to right, indicated the manner of death, or at least the cause of death.

It was decided not to search the body until the Chief of Detectives inspected the remains; he was sent for, and in the interim speculation as to the cause of death, his nationality and occupation were freely indulged in. The general opinion seemed to favor the theory that the man met death while intoxicated, and had rolled from the top of the hill to the street below. This was upset by Mehan, who said:

"There were marks on the rocks at the top of the cliff, as if there had been a struggle. I plainly saw finger marks traced in blood on a projecting rock."

Captain Martin arrived at this juncture, and in a few minutes stated that the man was evidently drunk, and had fallen from the hill, and his explanation was accepted by most of those present. Still, the scoffers at the theory of foul play were puzzled by the fact that the pockets were turned inside out, and that the clothing bore the traces of a struggle.

The wound in the neck appeared too clean cut to have been caused

by a sharp rock, and the fact just stated that the clothing bore indications of a struggle made me hesitate to accept the accident theory. A letter was found in his coat pocket which bore the address, "Leon Soeder, 927 Jackson street." The natural conclusion was that this was the dead man's name. I called Mehan to one side.

"Were there any rocks where the body was found?"

"No; I think not."

Putting together the facts narrated, aided with that indefinable sense of intuition, I concluded that I should notify my paper, which I did, stating that it was a murder pure and simple.

My city editor replied:

"I understand that it was an accident; police say so. Write about 800 words and be brief."

"I will send up a note on this at once."

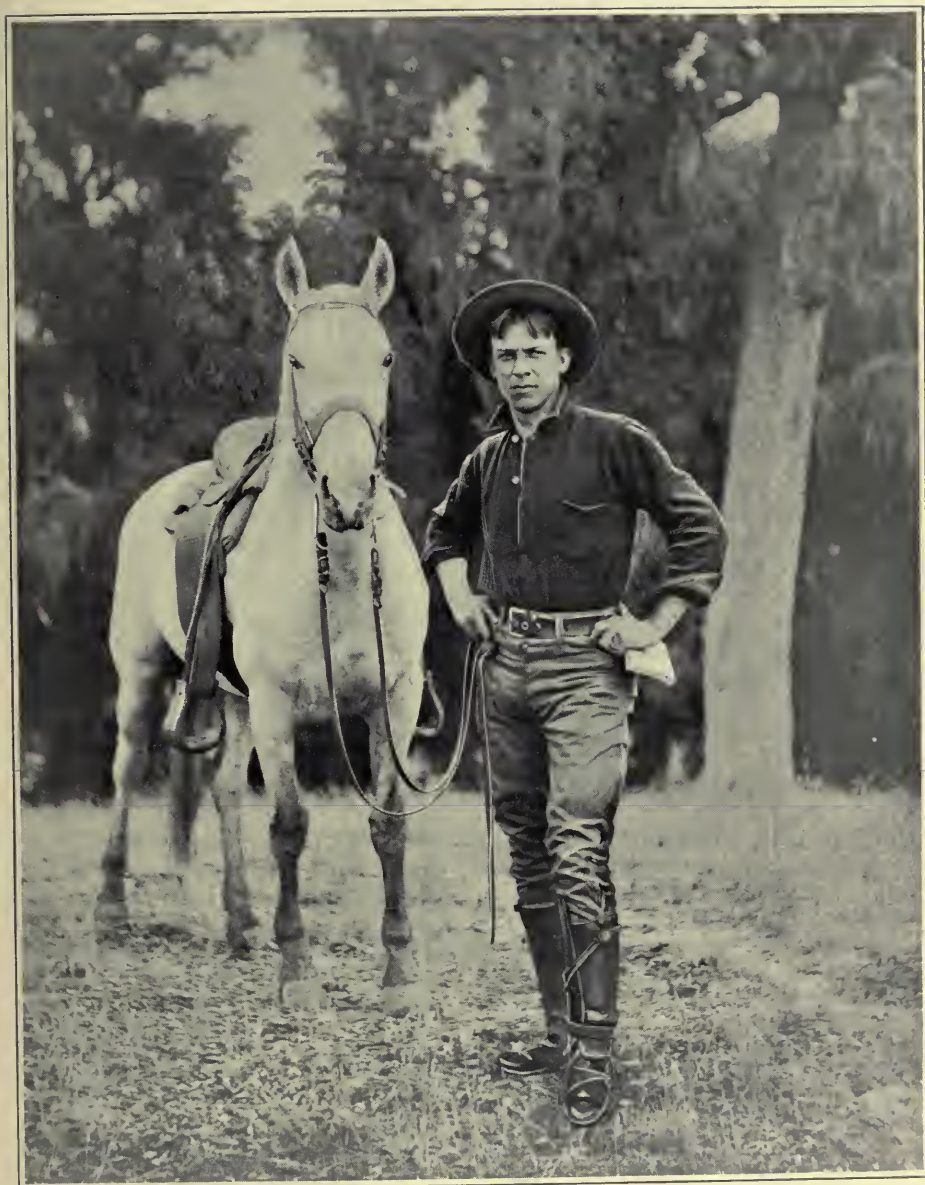
This I did, explaining that I needed assistance, and would stake my position on my judgment. In a few minutes my assistant arrived, and I despatched him to the address given on the envelope. In the meantime Autopsy Surgeon Bacigalupi entered the Morgue and made a quick examination, discovering further that there were two sharp cuts on the back of the dead man's head. The hum of voices of those gathered about the corpse, detectives, newspaper men, and deputies, murmured but one explanation—that of accident. Twenty minutes elapsed, and my assistant did not arrive, so, watching for an opportunity, I slipped away from the Morgue and speeded to the address, 927 Jackson street. On the way, I revolved these facts in my mind:

1—Pockets turned inside out—motive, robbery.

2—Clothing torn, showing struggle.

3—Sharp cut in throat, caused by knife—murder.

And upon these points I began to



The Newspaper Man

E. W. Winch, the author

theorize. In a few minutes I reached the house and knocked. The landlord answered the bell.

"Does Leon Soeder live here?"

"Yes."

"When was he here last?"

"About two hours ago."

I was stunned, but added: "Who else rooms here?"

"Soeder's brother-in-law, a man by the name of Blaise."

"I would like to see him."

"Blaise is not in; he went out for a walk last night, and did not return, and his brother-in-law is out looking for him now."

I told Nieblas, the landlord, what had happened, and asked to be shown the room occupied by the men. He ushered me in, and went to find his wife, who was visiting a friend next door. I made a quick survey of the room and its contents. It was located in the front of the house, and had two windows set low above the ground and faced the street. To one side in the rear there was a folding bed turned up; by its side two baskets were strapped. A pipe, a small lamp, a sealed letter, and an English-German text book were lying on a small marble top table, which set between the two windows. In the five minutes in which I was alone in the room, I peeped behind every picture on the wall, glanced through the text book, looked at the brand of tobacco lying in a package near the pipe, noted that the pipe was but half-full, and that one burnt match was thrown at the foot of the table. On the fly-leaf of the note book was written in poor characters: "Joseph Blaise."

My mission had been fruitful so far, inasmuch as I had established the following points:

1—That the dead man was a German; that he had been over in this country but a short time; that neither he or his relative had his smoke interrupted; that neither had been in the room after dark the night before.

2. The German text book, the half-filled pipe and the lamp which contained a wick that had not been lighted, and the unused bed were my source of information along these lines.

A few minutes later a detective and another local reporter entered the room; the former asked a few perfunctory questions, made no examination of the room, asked about the brother-in-law and made his departure, leaving instructions to have the latter call at the police department upon his return. I dashed off my story, and in an hour the newsboys were crying "All about the murder."

It was safe to reason that the man was a German studying our language, and safe again to believe therefore that he had not been long in this country. Then it followed easily that a foreigner who does not speak our tongue would hardly consort with any but his own nationality. What could be more natural, then, than to presume that the murderer or murderers were foreigners of his own race. The fact that he was killed in a desolate spot indicated that the deed was done by one who was familiar with the place.

So far reason seems logical, but here comes the mystery. If it were a murder, there must have been some kind of a struggle, but close inspection of the spot failed to reveal any footprints or broken ground. On the other hand, there were no rocks found at the base of the hill that could have caused such a wound. The torn clothing indicated a struggle, and absence of valuables confirmed the robbery theory. The death wound, however, was such that in the event of a struggle the blood would have been spattered for many feet on the ground, and the fact that there were two sharp wounds in the back of the head opened another avenue of thought. Why could it not have

been that the victim was suddenly seized from behind, thrown to the ground, the death blow struck, and the body stay in one position. This was the theory suggested by the facts that the hat was not cut and would have been had it been worn at the time the wounds in the head were inflicted, and furthermore by the fact that the blood seeped down in a small pool directly beneath where Blaise was found.

That afternoon Soeder called at the Coroner's office, and made a frank statement before about twenty people. He mentioned that he and Blaise had just returned from Europe, that they were seeking work, that on the way over both had their lives insured, that the night before Blaise left him about five o'clock, stating that he was going to take a little walk, that he waited until dark for him to return, so that they could go to dinner together; that when he did not return he (Soeder) started out to look for him, and spent the night thus making enquiries; that he feared Blaise was robbed and murdered, as he had about \$90 on his person.

At half-past one I was again in the Morgue alone, standing in the presence of death, of murder, horrible and startling. Twenty minutes were spent in going over the clothes of the body of the decedent, and a careful examination of the wound. Dr. Bacigalupi, the autopsy surgeon, entered soon after. I assisted at the autopsy, and when the stomach was removed we came a step nearer in the mystery. From the contents of the stomach the surgeon ascertained that death had come within two hours after dinner, and further that he had eaten dinner at a Mexican or Spanish restaurant. The undigested kernels of food plainly told of this, for there were particles of red pepper, tripe Spanish, chili sauce and enchiladas. But as there are several hundred such places in this city, the fact for

a time did not represent much of a clew. It occurred to me a minute after, however, that I had noted a peculiar reddish mud on the shoes of the dead man, and in the same thought I recalled that there was no mud on the way to the scene of the crime, going in a straight direction up Jackson street to Taylor and over to Russian Hill. I made a note of this, and watched the progress of the autopsy. Nothing further was developed, however, and I left for the office above. I remained there but a minute, and started out for the scene of the murder. I walked up Jackson, over Taylor, and down to Lombard street without seeing any mud. A block further down, in the crossing I found the mud several inches deep. I walked through it on purpose for later comparison, and turning the corner I noticed a Mexican restaurant in which I stopped. Making enquiries, and detailing a description of Blaise, I soon found that he, in company with another man, had eaten dinner there the night before and had left the restaurant about 6:45.

It was soon after that we received word that a woman had heard a scream about nine o'clock in the vicinity near Russian Hill. This set the time of death almost to the minute. The night though raw with fog, had not allowed the body to become cold on account of the sheltered cove where it was found the next morning by a passer-by on his way to work.

At half past two, Detective Abe Anthony entered the Coroner's office, accompanied by Leon Soeder, the brother-in-law, who was sobbing piteously and begged to see his brother-in-law. He told a straightforward story, narrated that his brother-in-law and himself had returned from the old country a few weeks before; that Blaise was a baker by trade, that they were seeking employment, and that they both had their lives insured, naming the com-

pany; that the night before he and his brother-in-law had taken a short walk after eating dinner at a Mexican restaurant on Broadway street, that he had gone home and Blaise for a little stroll; that as the latter did not return he became anxious and left his room at midnight to look for him; he told of the places he had gone in search, and the conversation ended with his walking out of the office. Two men who were present had their suspicions, but said nothing; the rest expressed sympathy for Soeder in his bereavement. At four o'clock that afternoon I was sent for by one of the detectives, and we had a long talk; he wanted me to explain certain features of my story that hinted strongly at Soeder's guilt. I read from this note book the facts narrated, and went home. At nine o'clock that night Leon Soeder was arrested and charged with the murder of Joseph Blaise.

(Soeder is sentenced to hang for the crime.)

ASSIGNMENT NO. 2.

"March 15.

"At five o'clock this morning, the well-dressed body of an unknown man was found dead on Corbett Road, near Ingleside. Property consisted of an empty bottle which had contained carbolic acid, a tin cup, a flask of whiskey, a gold close face watch and three keys on a ring with a brass check marked with the letter 'W.' Above report made by Coroner's Deputy.

When I went into the Morgue I found the dead man still lying dressed on the slab. His clothing was damp, of fine texture; his shoes neatly laced, underclothing clean. He was a man about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches tall, had a small, sandy mustache, brown gold hair recently trimmed, regular features and a front tooth crowned with gold. Nothing on the clothing would throw a light on the identity. The laundry marks had been cut

out, the maker's name of the garments were missing and even the shoes inside were mutilated so as to baffle identification. I looked over the missing reports on file, but none tallied with the dead man. Next I took up the property. The first thing to attract my eye were the keys, and the brass check "W" might stand for Winchester Hotel, and as the larger key appeared to be to some room, I 'phoned over there, described the key, and received word that it was not their's. The flask of whiskey bore the name of a firm on 5th and Mission streets. One of the bartenders recalled having sold it to the man I described, but could not place him. Next I tried the tin cup. There was a number, perhaps a trade sign on its bottom which looked like an M|5. I enquired from the stores at and about 5th and Mission streets, but none had sold the cup.

Figuring that the most probable route taken by the decedent to his place of death would be out Mission street to the end and over that to Ingleside, I took a car at 5th street and noted the different general merchandise stores en route. After looking over the ground well at Ingleside, I returned to the Morgue, and 'phoned to twenty-seven places of business, described the chalk marked cup to each, and found at the end of an hour and fifty minutes that I had learned nothing. Late in the afternoon, one of the detectives returned who had been working on the case, and reported failure in his endeavor to identify the remains. From him I secured the watch and empty bottle.

The bottle was about three inches high, one and a half wide and bore the remains of a scratched label. Upon the latter only two things were discernible. The skull and cross bones such as is used on all packages containing poison, and three letters. I append an exact description of the latter.

I took my magnifying glass and endeavored to make out the name which, with the exception noted, was entirely erased. From the directory under the heading of druggists I secured the names of seventy-five firms. I could make out enough of the label to make me believe that the drug was purchased in this city, but beyond that there was no clue. Of the names thus secured I tried to fit one in the space that was scratched. Twenty-five would fit, so to these I 'phoned, giving a description of the dead man and the bottle, but nothing resulted. Then turning to the directory again I took the names of the different manufactures of druggists' sundries, and from these the names of those who made labels were selected. I then routed them in order that I could call with as little waste of time as possible, and took the bottle and the watch home with me for further investigation.

"March 16th.

Spent three hours this morning in calling upon label makers scattered in every part of the city. With just ten more to see, I dropped in at Wempe Brothers, on Mission St. They identified the label as one coming from their house. I explained what my mission was and secured permission to run through their recent shipments to locate the buyer of that label. Four druggists within the past ten months had ordered from this same lot, and to these four I started. The first place I called was on Howard street near 14th. The clerk there immediately recognized the bottle and the label. And then with a hint or two from me recalled the man who had purchased it. He turned to his register of sales and finally decided that "Thomas Brown, 547 Grove street" was the man to whom the bottle was sold.

At this address I was told that no such party ever lived there. I satisfied myself as to the truth of this

statement, and returned to the Morgue with but only one clew to work upon, that of the watch.

Taking my glass I examined the rim of the watch carefully twice and failed to discover any marking such as are made by jewelers or pawn brokers. A sudden ray of light struck the rim, and I was surprised to find a number faintly scratched in the rim. It was four letters and read "8767." I decided to try the jewelers first, and turning again to the directory, selected all the names there, and then securing the telephone numbers began on what seemed to be an endless task. The day was spent, and I had fully fifty-five more to 'phone asking each if his series of numbers ran that high. Some had letters as marks, some numbers, and some characters, but none approached the number that I desired. These numbers are put in a watch for the purpose of the jewelers or pawnbrokers keeping a record of all time-pieces that pass through their hands.

I interviewed the detective who was on the case; he told me it was hopeless. Explained that I found the drugstore where the acid was sold, and he started out on the clew, reporting back the next noon with the information that he could not trace the matter further than that.

The first jeweler that I 'phoned to in the morning was James Wilson on Mission street near Fifth. It was his number, and without stating my business I hurried over to his store. He looked over the books and soon located the name of the decedent; at least there was no name, but an address. To the address given I proceeded, only to find that he had moved from there about a month previous. I was just leaving when the landlady who merely knew him as John —, recalled that he went to a hotel on Mason street, but could not recall the number, but thought it was in the 200 block. After two hours up one side and down

the other, I finally located the hotel in the six hundred block, and found a valise that had been left by a man tallying with his description. The clerk did not know the man's name as none had been given, and as he paid his room rent in advance none was asked.

A small valise was the only property that had been left, and securing the proper authority from the officials, I took the grip to the Morgue where I made an examination. The contents consisted of a pair of shoes almost new, three pairs of socks, five neckties, a pipe, one blue shirt, a soft hat, two clean handkerchiefs and a small photograph of three men.

On one of the handkerchiefs was the laundry mark X with the initials J. W. S., and on the photograph was written in red ink the following: "To our best of friends and comrades from yours, Fred W. Jennings." The blue shirt, soft hat, and shoes made me believe that the dead man had been at one time in the army, and as the shirt looked old, I presumed that he might have been recently released. On the bottom of the photo was the name of a photographer in Philadelphia, to whom I inscribed the following.

"Dear Sir: I enclose photo taken by you some time ago, with the request that you look over your books and find the address of one Fred W. Jennings, who may be in your city. Wire me such address at once at my expense. I have news that will interest Mr. Jennings."

In due time the address was received, and the letter I sent to Jen-

nings brought back the following answer, which is appended:

Philadelphia.

"Dear Sir: Your letter received to-day, and I hasten to answer. From the description sent to me I can positively identify the man who committed suicide in your city as John Walter Sommers, a retired sergeant of Co. H, 33d Infantry, U. S. A. He left here on January 3d, for San Francisco, in quest of employment. I was a comrade of his through the Spanish war and knew him well. So far as I know he has no relatives living, but if you will direct me how to go about it, I will see some of our old comrades and raise enough money to give Jack a decent burial. I thank you for letting me know about his death and hope that it was no trouble for you to write.

Yours sincerely,

F. W. JENNINGS."

The next day the following article appeared in the paper:

Unknown Man Was Spanish War Veteran.

John W. Sommers, who was found a few days ago near Ingleside dead from the effects of carbolic acid taken with suicidal intent, was a soldier during the late Spanish war. It is believed that ill-health impelled him to his rash deed. At the time of death all traces of his identity had been destroyed, and it was not until to-day that his name was learned. Eastern friends have been communicated with and they will attend to the burial."



THE RAVENS AND THE POTLATCH

An Alaska Christmas in the Early Days

BY HAL HOFFMAN

TWO events in particular made the Christmas a strenuous one in the Auk village at the mouth of Gold Creek. The village stood there long before gold was discovered in the sand and gravel. Its population was considerably increased by scores of quartz miners and prospectors, who, attracted by the placer finds, had come in boats, singly, and in flocks, from their camps along the lovely estuaries of the sea, which intersect the islands and divide them from the mainland of Southwestern Alaska. On the lowlands, the snow often melts as soon as it falls, and year in and year out the grass is green. Wild flowers bloom and wild berries grow luxuriantly. The islands, in frames of blue water, are white and green in winter with snow and cedar and fir, and green and white in summer with the same foliage and great mountains and castles and towns, and col-

umns and ramparts and pinnacles of bare white rock, through all of which runs streaks and seams, ledges, veins and pockets of quartz.

The bronzed adventurers built cabins, stored them with "grub" brought from Port Wrangel 140 miles south, and from Sitka, 180 miles to the westward, and settled lazily down for the winter. Some of the more industrious chopped wood, shoveled away the snow, thawed out the gravel of the creek's bed or banks, and panned for colors and pay streaks. Colors of gold can be found in nearly every river or creek emptying into the sea in Southeastern Alaska, but Gold Creek is the only stream west of the divide in which the precious metal has been discovered in paying quantities. This is an apparent paradox for which practical miners, assayers and geologists are unable to account satisfactorily, as the forma-

tion and the rock is about the same on all the creeks.

Among the whites who came that winter to the village of the Auks was one Joseph Juneau, a leading spirit and a French-Canadian. He built a cabin about a quarter of a mile down the beach, and from that solitary shack the present city of Juneau was named and builded up. "Joe" Juneau's grave may yet be seen high up on the hill, surrounded by a weather stained picket fence and overgrown with blackberry vines. "Joe" Juneau took a peck or two of nuggets out of Gold Creek, but being a French-Canadian of frontier characteristics, he left little behind him, for wherever there is gold there also are blandishments. The Hon. Mr. Juneau used to say: "Gold is where you find it."

The strenuous Christmas on Gold Creek began with the wedding of Girard Pelletier on Christmas eve. "Joe" Juneau was best man at the festivities, for of ceremony there was none worthy of the name. Mr. Pelletier took to wife Bird-in-the-Hand, a fat-cheeked young squaw, the belle of the village. He won her through the all-powerful influence of \$100 worth of variegated blankets and odds and ends presented in due form to her parents, according to the Indian custom. The bride receives none of these, and must accept whatever little thing her husband chooses to give her.

The blankets being examined and accepted, Prospector Pelletier took Bird-in-the-Hand by the hand and led her, with down-cast eyes but smiling, to his hut.

Then "the boys" were invited in, and there was "something doing" in the liquid line. Later on, bucks and squaws came, and there was further distribution of fluid and music and dancing until the same "late hour" that obtains in modern society. From that time until the first pale streaks of the coming Christmas day shot over the Eastern

divide, the cabin was quiet and dark. Then something happened.

The Alaska winter log cabin has a roof of cedar shakes. It is watertight, thin and resonant. It will respond to a thump like a drum.

"The boys" passed the remainder of the night in other cabins, amusing themselves, and as Girard, or Jerry as he was more commonly called, was a square man, a good fellow and a lucky miner, after due deliberation, the boys decided to honor him and finish off his nuptials with a "charivari."

A charivari following an Alaska wedding of this kind would be as much of an innovation in the States as a whale in Arizona. There are no tin cans and sticks, no strident horns or horse-fiddles, no hollow boxes and clubs in it. The active agent in an Alaska discord of this sort is the Alaska raven and a ham bone. He is not the kind of a raven that taps on a chamber door, nuptial or otherwise, and quoths "nevermore." He is tireless, and belongs to the tribe of the "Neverquits." To the Indian he is a sacred bird, and is never killed by them. In many clans he is the family god. The natives say he lives to be a century old. He is big, black and glossy. Some are as large as young turkeys. Though slow in flight, they are powerful in beak, neck and wing. Many are in such prime condition and so deeply black that they show flashes of burnished purple and copper in the sunshine. They feed along the beaches of the sea and shores of the creeks in flocks and colonies numbering thousands.

The Alaska raven is a wise old bird. He does his own thinking and he is never fooled for long or more than once. If shot at with a rifle at long range he will dodge the bullet. A shot gun will kill him if he doesn't see the shooter first.

Ham for mankind and ham bones for ravens were delicacies in the days of Gold Creek, which, long ago, gave

up its \$5,000,000 in yellow metal, with the tailings still there. All the ham, flour, beans, bacon, sugar, coffee, and all provisions, whether delicacies or staples, were shipped up from San Francisco, two thousand miles.

On this particular Christmas, everybody, native or miner, who had ham, lowered it from the rafters and carved it deep. Early in the Christmas festivities the situation, accordingly, became one of a minimum of ham and a maximum of ham bones, with a little meat and gristle remaining on each bone.

"Joe" Juneau furnished the idea for the occasion, "Pungle-up Pete" gathered up an armful of ham bones from behind the cabins, and "Wet Moccasins" Williams, the village trader, produced the string necessary for the celebration.

Being soft of foot, "Wet Moccasins" climbed upon the roof of the bridal chamber, while "Joe" and "Pungle-up" tied one end of a string to each ham bone. The other ends of the strings were passed up to "Wet Moccasins," who, with the bones swinging from his shoulder, climbed up the roof, and made the ends fast at the ridge to a particularly strong shake and distributed the bones over the surface. The "the boys" fled and waited for what was sure to follow.

They did not have to wait long for the denouement. As soon as it got light enough to see things distinctly, the ravens were heard in the rocks and trees talking about breakfast. One big, old bird with about three score and ten years of age and experience to his credit, alert and quick of eye, spied the ham bones on the roof as he winged his way to the beach. He swooped down, grabbed and made off with a bone. Other ravens followed suit. When the birds flew the length of the string the bones were jerked from their mouths and fell heavily on the roof.

It was then that the fun and the "charivari" began. At times the bones fell regularly, and in order with a loud whack. Next they struck the roof three or four at a time, and next they descended with the crack, crack, crack of Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns, with only the fraction of a second between them. As fast as the bones fell to the roof, they were picked up again by other eager ravens, and the clatter on the roof became a fusillade.

While the racket on the outside was loud enough to rouse nearly the whole village, the din must have resembled "thunder and repeat" to the couple inside cooing in the first elysiums of a Christmas honeymoon. Pretty soon, Jerry stepped out of the cabin door, looked up, saw the circling, angry, struggling birds, and dropping bones.

"Well, boys," he said, with a grin. "I guess it's on me again. Come in and have some more."

Just about the time the bungstarter got busy again, "Old Methuselah," the ancient raven leader, thought out a solution of the puzzle. He severed a string with the powerful forceps of his bill and flew away with a ham bone breakfast, and all the other lucky ravens who had ham bones, cawed and did likewise.

* * * *

Many of the natives acquired Russian names from the Slavs who first explored some of the Aleutian Islands and portions of Alaska nearly 200 years ago. These names have stuck to them through generations. This circumstance partly gave the name of Georgevich Ravenhof to the big chief of the Auk village. The other part originated in the fact that his was the raven family from which tribal tradition says he was descended.

Chief Ravenhof resided in the most imposing mansion on Gold Creek Flat. An immense wooden raven, with outstretched wings, was

nailed over the front door. It is not uncommon for chiefs and other rich men of Alaska tribes to occupy two-story houses 50 by 20 and 60 by 40 feet in dimensions. The interior of these large houses is frequently subdivided into not more than three rooms, and the ground floor is usually one large room, only with a huge stove, or fireplace, in the center. A raised platform, usually about waist-high, runs around the four walls. On this platform the family sleeps and stores its portable property. The platform is covered with native mats made of different colored or painted grasses and barks, and there is always a display of vari-colored blankets for both use and ornamentation, blankets being among the most valued of native possessions. Polygamy is still secretly practiced among them, though forbidden by law. The Alaska Indian now dresses a la mode, like his pale face brother. He may be seen on the streets of Juneau, Skagway or Sitka in a laundered shirt, a high collar, frock, cut-away or sack suit of hand-me-downs, and his wife or sweetheart is likely to be over-dressed in silks or a tailor-made. Some of the chiefs, the old men in particular, wear silk hats when in town. An Alaska chief is never properly dressed unless crowned by a silk hat, usually four or five seasons out of date.

After long deliberation, Chief Ravenhof decided to give a grand potlatch in his own two-story tepee on Christmas night. He caused it to be known that it would be the greatest potlatch that ever happened. He prepared for it months ahead. The miners in the village that winter estimated that it cost him not less than \$500. If there is any surprise in the reader at these figures, it should be understood that many Alaska natives are well-to-do, particularly the chiefs and medicine men. They make their money in

furs, by chopping wood for stamp mills, by contract, by exacting tribute from weaker tribes, by fishing and packing. During the Klondike rush many of the more able-bodied Indians made from \$5 to \$20 per day packing goods over the trails.

There was method and sagacity in this extravagance of Chief Ravenhof. One of the raven family had killed a buck of the bear family while on a hunting expedition. "Life for a life" is an unwritten and immutable law among Alaska natives. Ravenhof feared that himself, or some other male member of his numerous family of ravens, was marked for slaughter.

The traditional object of the potlatch is to increase official position or personal importance and esteem. Impoverishment and self-denial are two great factors. The more that is given away and the greater the impoverishment, the greater the prestige and honor. The givers of potlatches have been known to part with all their earthly possessions, even to their houses and clothing. If the hero of a potlatch desires to show his utter contempt for wealth he rips or cuts to pieces or otherwise destroys the value of the things he gives away, but as a rule the presents are made intact. Ravenhof desired to placate the bears as well as to rise higher in the estimation of the tribe.

Piled high on the platform on Christmas night, at the farther end of the big room, were the gifts.

Chief Ravenhof sat in their midst, his body bent forward, and his face hidden in his hands. A smoky kerosene lamp, with a reflector behind it, dimly lit up the interior. A guard stood at the front door. The room was crowded with squaws squatting on the floor, and bucks standing along the wall platforms. On one side, however, three rows of Indian maidens stood motionless, with black scarfs over their heads and faces partly concealed. Near

the center of the crowd an old man slowly thumped a tom-tom. Beside him crouched two others; one with a hoarse instrument made of sinews, and the other with three bones between the fingers of each hand. Except for the beating of the tom-tom, intense, impressive silence prevailed.

An ominous growl was heard outside the door—and the potlatch was on.

Ravenhof raised his head slightly and peeped through his fingers. All eyes were turned toward the door.

"Ha!" suddenly exclaimed the guard, flinging the door wide open.

A moment of suspense, and then from the outer darkness of the night jumped an awful thing, with horns. All the Indians in their excitement grunted a "Ho!" or "Ha!"

The apparition paused upright on the threshold and growled horribly. It was snowy white and resembled a bear.

The rows of maidens began to chant, swing their bodies back and forth to a shuffling of their feet on the floor in perfect time.

Growling more and more fiercely, the horrid thing dropped on all-fours and came on, leaping down the aisle in front of the singing, swaying girls. The tom-tom beat faster, the hoarse instrument squeaked and the bones rattled. Between leaps, the apparition shook itself violently, and flying fur, feathers and cotton settled on the dancing girls, the bucks and the recumbent squaws.

"He-yah, hi-yah, he-yah, hi-yah, ho-ho-ho!" more loudly chanted the maidens, shuffling their feet in quicker time.

The bear leaped up and down, cavorted and contorted more violently, while the feathers, fur and cotton flew.

"Ha!" shouted the guardian again.

A second apparition appeared in the doorway, framed in a foreground of light and a background of dark-

ness. It was a mountain cat, spotted and yellow. Its jaws glared red and its eyes flashed fire.

"Ho-yah, how-yah, he-ya-ho!" screamed the maidens, changing the swing of their bodies to right and left and covering their faces with their hands. The squaws on the floor exclaimed, "Oo-oo-oo!" The cougar ran down the aisle and joined the bear in its contortions.

A third apparition came out of the night and went down the aisle with splendid bounds. It was a deer with antlers sharp and high. Then followed, in rapid succession, a yellow fox, a moose with broad and lofty horns, a gigantic black eagle, other frightful shapes never seen before on earth, and last, a wriggling seal and otter, all uttering simultaneously the cries peculiar to their kind. All danced and wriggled together, the tom-tom boomed, the bones clanked more rapidly, the hoarse instrument shrieked in horror, and the maidens danced and chanted hysterically. Young bucks became restless, pounded themselves on the chest, and shouted. Excitement ran high. It was pandemonium.

Suddenly silence descended as quickly as the crack of a gun. It was so deep and instantaneous as to cause a momentary thrill of fear. Chief Ravenhof had straightened up and raised his hand.

Apparitions and dancers sank in exhaustion to the floor. The former partly and proudly threw aside their disguises so that the chief and people could identify them.

About a dozen boys and girls ranged themselves before the chief as gift-bearers. Ravenhof called aloud a name, and a present was carried to the individual mentioned. Before speaking a name, the chief scrutinized the crowd and was careful in selecting the presents. The list of presents included blankets of many colors, shawls, jewelry, hats, hoods, brilliant scarfs, silver watches, clocks, dress-skirts, waists,

neck-ties, muslins, cloths of many colors, under-clothes, coats, trousers, vests, whole suits of clothes, pictures, guns, revolvers, knives, ammunition, fishing tackle and nets, furs of bear and yellow fox, and two otter skins, shoes, rubber boots, highly ornamented canoe paddles, made by himself, sweetmeats for the children, a score or more of beads and crucifixes for those who had been taught by the Roman Catholic missionaries, and many other articles for use or personal adornment. Not a man, woman or child was overlooked. Each received his gift with no other sign than silence. They showed neither pleasure nor disappointment.

When the last gift had been distributed, the people left the room without speaking a word to the chief. He was left alone in the big room, now bare, for it was yet to be decided whether the potlatch was a success or not. In this the squaws have little voice. If the majority were dissatisfied with their gifts, the potlatch would be voted a failure. In that event the chief would sink lower, instead of rising higher, in the estimation of the people. It might also be considered a matter of life and death to him in view of the feeling of revenge nursed by the bears. For more than an hour the fate and the future of Ravenhof hung in the balance.

The old chief sat down by the fire and gazed stolidly into it. No one better understood the crisis than he. He turned out the lamps and sat in the shadows for what seemed to him a very long time. When red man or white man sits in suspense, Time flies on leaden wings.

Meanwhile, most of the bucks had gone in canoes across the Narrows of Gastineaux Channel for a pow-wow on the farther shore over the potlatch. There were a few dissatisfied and greedily ambitious ones among them. These included, in particular, the chief second in

rank, who coveted old Ravenhof's big house, with his youngest daughter thrown in as a *douceur*. But when Ravenhof's love for his people and his valor in war and chase had been eloquently recounted to him, he gave in and voted with the large majority.

Ravenhof was walking the floor from wall to wall. At the last turn when near the door he stopped quickly. He took from his breast a crucifix, which hung from his neck by a string, and kissed its feet. Then he raised his face upward and quit the house. Like all Indians, he was superstitious, and now he feared "bad medicine." He turned into the trail behind the village and went up, like one seeking a shrine for an omen, to the dead-house of his favorite wife on the hill.

Dead houses are common to all long-established Indian villages. They are but little larger than an upright piano box, and usually have several or an entire front of glass windows, and a door. The dead are placed there in the most expensive coffins that can be afforded, and all the deceased's earthly belongings that can be got inside are deposited in the house. They are sacred and secure from spoilation, except from tourists hunting curios.

Ravenhof took out a key and let himself into the last earthly resting place of Lenonah, the bride of his youth. He threw himself prostrate on the fancifully painted box enclosing her casket, and for a long time remained motionless in communion with her. Then in his native tongue and low tones full of emotion, he said:

"Lenonah, Lenonah, and the Boston man's God, I, Ravenhof, chief of the Auks, have given a potlatch this Christmas night. I am nearing the winter of life, Lenonah. I hear bad medicine in the air. Oh, send me a star of hope like that which came to the old men of Beth-

lehem, when the earth was young. And thine, Lenonah in the white man's heaven, shall be the glory forever, and Jesus, too."

At that moment he heard glad hurrahs across the Narrows. Ravenhof sprang to his feet, kissed the casket, and ran from the shrine. The cheers were the harbingers of success for his potlatch, and he knew it well. They found him standing alone in the firelight with a glad smile on his stern old face. He took his place at their head and

led them to the three days' feast he had provided.

When Ravenhof heard, at the feast, of the "bad medicine," that Brave Bear alone held out, he called it "good medicine." He took his youngest daughter by the hand, beckoned to Brave Bear. When they arrived at the House of the Raven, he placed her hand in his, closed the door upon them, and turned to go. But Brave Bear ran rapidly after Ravenhof and took him in.



The Picturesque West—A Double Rooted Cactus on the Arizona Desert

Putman & Valentine Photo



In the Lime Light—H. I. H. Prince Fushimi of Japan, Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE VACATION

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

MR. Russell Sage managed to add to the already overpowering popularity which he enjoys by an attack this year upon the fast-developing institution of summer vacation. He had never had any, declared the strenuous old man, and therefore, with all the fanatical self-assurance of the total abstainer of every sort, he declared them to be unnecessary. But the growing disinclination on the part of a population which is for the most part a wage-earning population, to spend existence in the making of profits for single individuals, however distinguished, manifested itself in the tone of the Press. This, forthwith, bristled with arguments in favor of the holiday, and indulged itself in paeans in celebration of rustic delights, which, it may be noted, the editor on his part was careful to eschew.

Apart, however, from the generally accepted belief that a certain amount of vacation is now necessary to the man who lives a sedentary life, whose physical energies are for the most part directed to the keeping of books and the taking of orders, there is more than a modicum of truth in the statement of the old capitalist that cessation from work of every sort, the dissipation which is in the minds of most people associated with the word "vacation," is in many cases actually detrimental, and not infrequently a more or less extended period is required in order to restore the genial holiday maker to the same condition of body and mind with which he started forth on his quest for recuperation after a year of strenuous toil. As a matter of fact, very few men of any mental discipline can afford to relax their minds to the ex-

tent which an ordinary vacation implies. Just as a week's absence from exercise will place the athlete in a position below the point to which he has trained himself, when he ceased his exercises, so the mind of the carefully trained student will become relaxed and even enervated by even a temporary abstention from mental discipline. Gladstone, whose powers of work were prodigious, and who indulged in the most continuous and onerous mental labors of any public man of recent years, could not afford to take what is generally termed a vacation, but even during his holidays spent three hours a day faithfully in such strenuous mental discipline as would suffice the vast majority of us for a full day's work. It is a question whether this constant and unceasing drill did not contribute more than any other factor to the preservation of the remarkable mental agility and intellectual versatility for which he was famous. The old Roman statesmen and soldiers whose authority was so dependent upon the impression which they made on the populace were persistent in their exercises and trained unceasingly. There is, indeed, every little doubt that a vacation may easily become a source of actual weakness, and that in many cases it does so become.

If this effect is produced upon mature men with settled habits, whose minds are with difficulty divorced from their ordinary routine, it is clear that the disturbance must be much greater in the case of the young, who, when separated from their regular tasks, have but little with which to occupy their minds, and whose very physical vigor, dissociated from discipline is likely to

be a source of weakness and to lead them into mischief. Indeed, the experience of those who have spent their lives in teaching tends to the conclusion that short holidays, at all events, have a very disturbing effect upon intellectual accomplishment, and that it takes considerable time and much effort to restore the mass of the pupils to the standard of mental effort and discipline prevailing before the holidays. This is more noticeable as the effect of a short, rather than of a long vacation because boys possessed of any individuality and energy have, in the course of a long vacation, generally discovered for themselves some form of work with which by its regularity and consequent discipline has prevented any relapse on their part. Thus a vacation may be a great aid or a complete detriment to progress—it all depends on how it is spent.

We are familiar with the old rhyme of the Latin Grammar which informs us that "vacare" means "to have leisure," and that is the sense in which its derivative is very liberally rendered by teacher, parent and pupil. But leisure is precisely the very thing the danger of which the elders are themselves well aware. The teacher avoids the mischief by attending summer school, indulging in travel, and in a hundred other ways, not the least useful being the prosecution of some hobby, the enjoyment of which is curtailed by the regular work of the school term. The parent, who grudgingly takes a week or two off, fishes or hunts or finds some hobby with whose aid he staves off ennui, and keeps his body and mind alert and vigorous. But no provision is made in most cases for the boy, particularly among the well-to-do classes. Yet idleness is impartial in its results, and ill-spent vacations have probably been more productive of misery than any other factor of school life.

Our modern industrial life, with the development of the city, is re-

sponsible for adding greatly to the difficulties of the vacation question. To the farmer's son the coming of the holiday generally meant merely a change of toil. He exchanged the instruction of books and teacher for infinitely more valuable instruction in actual affairs, for contact with nature and his fellows in toil, and above all for the learning which can come alone from actual manual work. To the son of the landed proprietor of lofty social position the change was no less beneficial, for in the holidays unconventional association with those of his own age and sex was exchanged for social intercourse with older men and women. In the vacation were learned those lessons of refinement which are a necessary part of the equipment of all civilized beings. But the life of the city is more dangerous, and vacation spent in the city is fraught with much greater temptation and risk of evil than has hitherto been the case. For these reasons, therefore, the question of provision for the sane and profitable spending of vacations has become much more important than hitherto.

In this matter, as in not a few others, the well-to-do will probably profit by the experiences of the poorer classes. The evil of a lazy holiday becomes so apparent in a large city that it is impossible to ignore the results. These appear in the startlingly unpleasant guise of increased numbers of juvenile offenders, and conspicuous additions to such offenses against the law as may be properly ascribed to the love of mischief and inventiveness wrongly applied. Such a condition should have been foreseen in the very nature of things, but who ever foresees anything? We have to learn by experience even when we might by the exercise of ordinary sagacity avoid the pain. Thus, hundreds of young boys in every city have been sent to prison and practically destroyed because their el-

ders have not been wise enough to see that to turn a number of energetic and vigorous children into the streets of our cities, which we, with all the wisdom of our peculiar civilization, have first made traps of vice and homes of crime, is to put them on the high road to those institutions in which we hide the results of our social infamy, the reformatory and the house of detention. Even now the lesson is not by any means thoroughly learned, and society is so slow to recognize that the most valuable assets of humanity are human beings, that a great fraction of the nation, or what, twenty years from now will be the nation, is spending its vacation under conditions which might conceivably suit a Hottentot, if a Hottentot were in reality a disgustingly degraded creature, but which are absolutely unfitted for the greatest, and, as we are fervently taught to believe, the most progressive people in the world. But the attention of the community having at last been directed to the fact that the prevalence of idleness and lack of discipline during vacation are bad for the poor, this will in all probability be in the course of time apparent to those who have in their care the future of the comparatively well-to-do, and they will see that it is by no means healthy for them either.

We all know what it is to have a boy home for the holidays. For the first few days, if he is at all tolerable, he is a positive delight. The family re-union, the renewal of acquaintance with his friends, the little festivities which have been planned in his honor, combined with the good resolutions which he has brought back from school with him, all unite to make everything very comfortable. But as soon as this first period is blithely over, there comes re-action. He seeks amusement, and will find it just where his nature leads him to look for it, and as the boy-nature, unless well-controlled by discipline and occupation,

is content with anything which furnishes excitement, some naughtiness and a little risk, he ventured into strange and uncanny places the nature of which he does not divulge to his parents. But the traces of his voyagings remain upon him, and those responsible for his welfare, amid their gloomy ponderings over his subsequent lack of success, never take into account the probability that the influence which undermined him, and made an extravagant and worthless nincompoop out of a promising and energetic lad were at work under their very nose, in his home, at a time when, according to the notion and fond belief of his dear mamma, the coarse tendencies of school life were being counteracted by home influence. More boys go wrong at home during vacation than in all the schools and colleges combined.

To meet the needs of the poorer city boy the vacation school has sprung up. Newark was the first city in this country to adopt it as part of the regular public school system in 1883, since which time almost every city in the country with a population of a hundred thousand or more has made some experiment in the same direction, and there is very little doubt that very shortly it will be considered a necessary part of every satisfactory system of education. Moreover, it will be generally admitted by those at all acquainted with the facts, that the small town and the large village are really more dangerous places than the large city. In every city of any size there are always opportunities for the reasonable spending of vacation time profitably. But the country town is a stagnant place, where ennui rules, and where the boy may look in vain for any natural outlet for his energies or any means of spending what is euphemistically termed a holiday, but which may, in fact, be nothing but a period of drowsy inaction. It remains, there-

fore, to extend the scope of such institutions, and this is being done more or less successfully. On the other hand, the proper extension of the system requires a considerable increase in local expenditure upon educational facilities, and our people have not yet arrived at the conclusion that the future of their own children is a profitable form of investment.

Above all things, the vacation school must be practical. There is no opportunity at this time to point out that our views on education are for the most part entirely one-sided and that neglect to cultivate some of the most necessary social faculties is not only a grave drawback to the boy, but an actual source of weakness to the community. In vacation at least the tastes of the boy should be consulted. Now, the vast majority of boys like to make something, or at least to do something, which can be actually seen and which will serve as an objective proof of his dexterity and perseverance. The desire of creation which lies at the foundation of all the crude and clumsy efforts put forward by him in the construction of a boat, in amateur carpentry, in the application of electric devices, should be sedulously, if unostentatiously cultivated, for in it lies the germ not only of the progress of the individual boy but of the happiness and stability of society. The provision which social necessity has required on behalf of the children of the poorer districts should be carefully studied by all those who have in their care the destiny of the young, for, from the experiments of these skilled instructors will spring scores of suggestions all tending to the better development of the boy and the satisfactory solution of the education question.

A hobby is one of the most necessary of all possessions. It is an outlet for a man's energies directed according to his own personal preferences, and upon it is lavished all the

diligence and devotion which we are accustomed to shower on the things which we love. Without a hobby a life is incomplete, because the vast majority are compelled to follow occupations which they would never of their own volition have chosen, but into which the imperious demands of economic necessity have driven them. Unless we are able to devote at least a portion of our energies to work which we merely love and which brings us but little in the way of pecuniary gain (if it brings none at all it is so much the dearer to us), we are but half alive. This value of the hobby has been much obscured in this country owing to the preaching alike of moralists and of actual economic facts. Concentration of all energies on one object and specialization have been insisted upon so rigorously, and reward for successful specialization have been so great that complete devotion to a single end has become a fixed rule of life. It may be noted, however, that economically sound as such doctrine may perhaps be, though it must be confessed that doubts are now arising with regard even to this, it is absolutely destructive of all true culture, and as a result of its preaching we are now waking up to the fact that successful as we are upon the field of material endeavor, we are so devoid of culture as a people that nations whom we have grown into the habit of considering our inferiors are, in this respect, above and beyond us. The vacation gives the boy an opportunity to discover his hobby, and he should be encouraged to discover and to pursue it. Moreover, the teaching and assistance of masters in the subject which he has taken up, as an amateur, should be furnished him. The work of education will thus proceed, even during his leisure, to the accompaniment of that happiness and joy in creation, which takes all the sting out of toil.

Vacation then does not imply cessation from industry, for such cessation is dangerous and immoral,

it rather signifies choice of industry, the opportunity to indulge one's self for the time being, in that which one prefers to do. When the stress of life brings its obligations and the necessity incumbent upon all responsible persons of wresting a living from the world by the most effective and convenient means, this is possi-

ble only to a few. It should, however, be possible to youth, and the vacation makes it so.

Should this view of the vacation be comprehended and intelligently applied, that time which is too often a period of ennui and actual risk may be made productive of present benefits and pleasant memories.



A Happy New Year

THE COMPLETE MELODY

BY ETHEL L. PREBLE

“A H! How beautiful! How beautiful!” sighed Elverda, as she leaned far out of the open window to drink in the beauties of Lake Washington. The setting sun was dealing lavishly in brilliant colors, and proud old Mt. Rainier blushed a rosy red as it viewed with aloofness the sun’s extravagance.

“I know I can finish it here!”

“Finish what, my dear?” queried a gentle voice behind her.

“Only one of my melodies, Nanta dear,” Elverda replied, rising to greet the white-haired, sweet-faced lady who had spoken. “One that has long refused to be completed. I can get just so far with it, and then—well, it baffles me. It is in my mind, but the moment I attempt to put it into tangible sound it is gone. For nearly three years now that illusive theme has played ‘will-o’-the-wisp’ with me. It haunts me in my dreams, and yet I cannot complete it. But I feel now that somehow I am going to get it.

“But, Nanta! Here I have been boring you with my silly fancies, and not saying one word of appreciation about this beautiful room you have given me. And such a glorious view! But sit down, dear, and tell me about your other guests. You know you said you expected a house full. I want to know all about each one. Are any of them musical? Really musical, you know—not the kind that sing coon songs and play rag-time, and all that kind of trash, and enjoy it.”

“My dear niece,” interrupted Madame Trenton, “if you will give me but half a chance I will try to answer a few of your questions.”

“I’ll be good,” meekly interrupted Elverda.

“Well,” said Madame, “they have not all arrived yet; but there is Virgie Burns, of the old New York Burns family, you know. Her mother was a Merton. Lovely family, but poor. Virgie——”

“Skip her,” interposed Elverda. “Cousin Sadie told me all about her. Next!”

“Then there is her cousin, Merton Treadwell, a fine young man. He is musical, so I suppose that is recommendation enough for him.” And she looked slyly at her niece.

“Well,” said Elverda, slowly, as if considering the subject deeply, “there are other things to be considered—in a man. Is he good looking, and is he tall?”

“Yes, my dear,” replied Madame, “he is everything that a young man should be. He is over six feet, and perfectly proportioned. Handsome as a picture. Has fine principles, and lives up to them. Plays the violin divinely, and composes many of the things he plays. Any further information on that subject?”

“Gracious! Such perfection with musical talent thrown in! He must be a seven-days’ wonder,” exclaimed Elverda, mockingly.

A knock at the door interrupted them.

“A lady to see Madame,” said the maid.

“You had better dress for dinner, dear. I will tell you about the other guests, later,” said Madame as she left the room.

As soon as the door closed upon her, Elverda’s light mood disappeared. “A musician,” she said, softly to herself, “and tall, and handsome, and lovely. My Dream Hero to a certainty, if—his eyes are a deep, dark blue. Nanta didn’t say whether

he were dark or light. But he must be blonde to suit all his other attributes. But what a silly girl I am," she said, as she went to her dressing table. "No girl ever yet found her ideal man, and why should I expect to?"

She looked at herself critically in the mirror, as she slowly pulled the hair-pins out of her hair, and let it fall over her shoulders in rippling masses of dark, glowing auburn. The face which confronted her was not pretty in the generally accepted term. But there was an indescribable charm about it that made one turn and look again to see if the large, sparkling eyes were gray, or brown, or black. Her mouth, a trifle large, perhaps, was beautifully curved over even white teeth, and showed red against the clear, pale skin. And her nose, although not of perfect Grecian type, could stand the test of a profile view. But her eyes, like a magnet, drew one's wandering gaze back in a vain attempt to discover their color behind the long, dark lashes. And gazing there, one realized the beautiful soul that looked out through them.

After hastily completing her preparations for dinner, Elverda stepped out onto the wide veranda, and leaned against a vine-clad pillar, letting her mind wander in sweet day-dreams. Suddenly, through the still air there sounded a soft, clear tone, like the sighing of the wind through the trees. As it died away, another tone of deeper intensity followed, and then a perfect burst of glorious music swirled around her.

Elverda looked about her in astonishment, and it was some seconds before she realized that it was a violin, a violin in the hands of a master.

She stood entranced, her musical soul reveling in the rich melody that poured forth, when the sharp clang of the dinner bell, wielded by the unmusical but well-trained butler, broke the spell.

Elverda gasped as if she had sud-

denly received a douse of cold water. The music stopped abruptly with a discordant splutter, as if the bow had suddenly dropped on to the strings from the hand which was still poised above the violin.

"It must be he!" murmured Elverda to herself, as she ran down the long hall to the dining-room. "No one but my Dream Hero could possibly play such music."

* * * *

"Whither so fast, my pretty maid?" sang a pleasant voice, as her Uncle Trenton reached out a detaining arm across the hall-way. "Do you think the bogie-man is after you?"

"Oh, Uncle Arthur!" gasped Elverda, struggling to release herself, "who was playing the violin a moment ago? Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?"

"Why, yes, it was pretty fine," answered he, marching her rapidly toward the dining-room. "Must have been Merton. He's always sawing away at his fiddle."

"Sawing, indeed!" exclaimed Elverda in great disgust. "Don't you know good music when you hear it! Why, I never heard a violin handled like that before."

"Well, my dear child, you probably never heard Blind Tom. Now, there was a man who could make the fiddle talk, yes actually talk. Now, that was music worth listening to. You got music and conversation all thrown in a bunch, and all for one price, too."

"Blind Tom!" interrupted Elverda. "Why, he didn't play the violin—he played the——" But a sudden gleam of mischief that escaped from her uncle's eyes gave Elverda the clue. "He played the bagpipes, don't you remember?" she continued. "You must have gotten him mixed up with Mark Twain; he was the one who played the violin so well."

Mr. Trenton shot a glance at his niece's face, which reflected nothing

but the most child-like innocence.

"You'll do," he laughed. "You're equal to me."

* * * *

"Where is Merton?" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Trenton, as he unfolded his napkin.

"Why, did I not tell you?" answered his wife. "He received a telegram from his sister just before dinner, saying that she would arrive on the Umatilla this evening. So he has to go and meet her. There he goes now," she exclaimed.

"Bring Ethel right out here, Merton," she called to him. "We will have some supper for you both."

"All right," he answered, pausing a second in the open doorway, "but please, Mrs. Trenton, don't go to any trouble for us, will you? Good-bye, good people. I must run.

At the sound of his voice, Elverda, who sat with her back to the doorway, turned slightly in her chair and looked straight into a pair of deep, dark blue eyes. Her heart bounded into her throat. Her eyelids fluttered, and then closed for the fraction of a second. When she opened them again, Merton was gone.

The remainder of the dinner she was very quiet, hardly realizing what she was eating, for a persistent but confused vision of a tall young god, with a dazzling smile, golden hair and deep, dark blue eyes, kept her brain in a whirl.

As the ladies left the dining-room Elverda laid a detaining hand on her aunt's arm.

"Just a moment, Nanta," she whispered. "I want to ask you not to mention to any one that I am a musician. I must have a few days' complete rest from the piano," she explained in answer to Madame's unspoken question. "And if any one knows that I can play—you know how it is!"

"But, my dear," said Madame, "I was hoping that you would play for us to-night with Merton. I know you would enjoy playing with him."

"Not for a few days, Nanta, please. I must rest. After that, I will play anything you want."

"Alright, dear girl, just as you say."

So Elverda felt safe in her sudden resolve to disclaim any knowledge of music beyond her intense enjoyment in hearing others play or sing.

As for Merton Treadwell, his blood pounded through his veins with a strange, sweet thrill, as he walked rapidly down the broad avenue to the car.

"Where have I seen her face before?" he queried to himself. "Such eyes! Are they black or brown or grey, I wonder. They seemed to be all three in the short time I looked into them."

And all the way down to the boat he saw nothing but a pale, beautiful face, with a glory of dark, bronze hair like a halo around it, and eyes, first grey, then brown, then black, which seemed to look through him to his very soul.

When he returned with his sister he looked in vain for one face among the merry crowd of young folks on the wide veranda. A feeling of keen disappointment swept over him.

"Where is cousin Elverda?" said Sadie, suddenly.

"I saw her going into the library with your mother, just a moment ago," answered Richard Fulton, looking up from the clover chain he was making for Virgie Burns.

"So her name is Elverda," thought Merton to himself. And he turned and walked rapidly toward the library, pulling a small package from his pocket as he did so.

"Pardon me for intruding," he said, entering within the radius of the softly-shaded lamp, "but the captain of the Umatilla requested me to place this package in Madame Trenton's hands."

"Oh, thank you, Merton," exclaimed Madame. "I want you to meet my niece, Miss Elverda Trenton—Mr. Merton Treadwell."

Merton took the shapely white hand which was extended to him in a firm grasp, saying as he did so, "This is a pleasure that I have hoped for. You see," releasing her hand, and pointing to the mantle, "I have known you through that picture for the last three days."

Elverda's gaze rested on a photograph of herself in a tableau costume representing the Angel of Peace "I am afraid, then," she said, laughing, "that your opinion of me will have to be altered considerably, for I assure you that I am not the angel that I look in that."

"Believe me, Miss Trenton," he answered, sincerely, "when I say the picture does not do you justice."

A jesting answer was on her lips, when a glance from his eyes disarmed her. A quick blush dyed her cheeks, and she raised her hand, which still tingled from his grasp, to her throat, grasping a little carved ivory cross which rested there. With Elverda this gesture always accompanied a sudden rush of emotion, and Merton remembered it when he knew her better.

"Just see what my dear brother sent to me from San Francisco," exclaimed Madame Trenton. She held up to their view a beautiful brooch, set with diamonds and opals. "But I must show it to Arthur and Sadie." And she left the room hastily.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Treadwell?" said Elverda.

"I want to thank you," she said, quite simply, when they were seated, "for your music this afternoon. It was a revelation to me in the art of violin playing."

It was Merton's turn to flush. "I am glad that it gave you pleasure, but I was simply trying a new theme that I have just completed in the rough. When it is properly worked out it may be presentable. I did not know that any one was near enough to hear it."

"Do not change it! Not one note! It is perfect as it is." And she

leaned forward in her earnestness, her eyes black with excitement, entirely forgetting her resolve not to talk music to any one.

"First the long sigh of the wind through the trees; then the rustle of the leaves; then the rain, gentle at first, then fierce and faster. The wind rising to a shriek; the lull; another burst—and the storm is over! It was glorious! Don't change it," she pleaded. "It is wild and free, straight from the soul."

"It meant all that to you?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "You could see it all? Ah! then I have succeeded better than I had dreamed. No, I will not change it. It has sent its message to one soul; that is enough!"

"But——" He stopped abruptly. His trembling lips had almost let her name "Elverda," escape him. His mind rebelled suddenly against conventionalities. Her soul had met his in his music, and he longed to reach out and take her in his arms, and tell her how he loved her. Yes, he realized it now. She was not a stranger to him. She had dwelt in his heart as the one woman in all the world for him! He had known her for ages!

She moved suddenly, and his senses came back with a sharp swing. He passed his hand over his brow, and smiled at the girl opposite him. He was in full possession of his faculties now.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are a musician yourself, are you not? Do you play the violin?"

Elverda realized with a start the dangerous turn the conversation had taken if she were to keep her resolve, so she ignored the first question. "No, I am sorry to say I do not. I wish I could play the violin," she said, wistfully.

"Let me teach you," he said, eagerly. "I should love to do so. For you have the true love of music."

"Maybe, sometime I shall let you," she answered. "But I hope you will have more success with me than a

friend who undertook to teach me the art of flute-playing." She laughed. "I managed to get two tones out of it. Sometimes they came separately, and sometimes they came together. When that happened there was not an uncovered ear in the room. So my friend gave it up as hopeless."

In this way Elverda led the conversation around to safer topics, and when Madame Trenton came into the library an hour later, she found her niece and Merton engaged in a lively discussion of psychological experiments.

The next few days passed by in rapid succession, each day filled to the brim with some new form of entertainment. A picnic one day, a trip to Tacoma the next. A garden party at the Trenton home, with a dance in the evening. And so on for a week. Somehow, Merton always succeeded in becoming Elverda's companion. They had several pleasant musical evenings when Merton played and Virgie Burns and Jack Van Dorn sang, Sadie playing the accompaniments. But Elverda had not offered to touch the piano.

The incomplete melody had been haunting her all day, and she felt that she must get to the piano and work it out, for fragments of the illusive ending had become formulated in her mind.

Her whole soul hungered for an hour or two alone with her old friend the piano. So when she heard Madame Trenton planning a moonlight sail on the lake that evening, she made up her mind not to be included in it.

When the time came to go, Elverda pleaded some letters that must be written, as an excuse for remaining behind, alone. She watched the merry crowd go down the moonlit path to the lake. At the last turn, Merton, with Madame on his arm, turned and waved his hand to the lonely figure on the veranda.

She entered the long, dim music

room, lighted only by the bright moon-beams, and gliding quickly to the piano, let her fingers rest lovingly on the keys. She was soon lost in reverie, her fingers wandering through bits of improvisation. Suddenly she drew a long breath, straightened up, and her hands fell with a firm touch on the first chord of her composition. Slowly came the minor strains, growing more and more intense with each measure, like the yearning cry of a soul for its mate. Then the climax chord! Her hands faltered, and fell into her lap. She had reached the division point, and could go no further.

Suddenly, before the last chord had ceased its vibrations, the next tone of the melody sounded clear and sweet, followed by others in quick succession. It was the answer to the yearning. It completed the melody, note for note, as she had vainly tried to do. Elverda sat spell-bound until the last note died away. Where did it come from? Was it music of the other world? She stood up, her brain reeling. A wave of terror swept over her, and she stretched out her arms. "Merton!" she called wildly.

The next moment she felt herself lifted in a pair of strong arms, while a voice whispered in her ear, "I am here, my darling, my own love! Do not be frightened, dear. It is I, Merton."

"Merton," she demanded, "was it you who completed my melody for me? How did you know it, how could you! I have never been able to do it."

"The same way that you knew the first part, sweetheart. You have completed my melody for me. I have never been able to do it. I never could get the first part. I knew it must be there, but I could not work it out. Don't you see, dear love," he said, releasing her, "we each had a half, and together we have completed the melody."

"But I thought you had gone with

the others. Why did you come back?" exclaimed Elverda, wonderingly.

"I could not bear to think of you here all alone. My love drew me back to you. I felt that I must come."

"Elverda," he said, holding out his arms, "will you make life a 'complete melody' for me?"

She hesitated a second, then placed her hands in his with perfect trust. He drew her to him, and his lips met hers in the first, long sweet kiss. Her arms stole around his neck, and a sudden tremor of delight seized him.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," he said, reverently, as he drew her closer.

LOVE'S INVITATION

BY HERMAN E. KITREDGE

Come dwell with me, fair Phillis:
'Tis vain to speak.

The sweetest words are sighs,
Far sweeter melting eyes,
And sweeter still the damask of thy cheek.

Come dwell with me, fair Phillis:
We want not food.

Our souls together, dear,
Could drown a fiercer fear
Than ever had its birth in hunger's mood.

Come dwell with me, fair Phillis:
We want not drink.

Is Aphrodite's sea
Not drink for thee and me?
What lips could thirst while touching heaven's brink?

Come dwell with me, fair Phillis:
We want not sleep.

For sleep would only tire
Such strangers to desire,
Or change their laughing dreams to dreams that weep



THE CLOSE OF DAY
BY SARAH PALMER BYRNES

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH;
BY ELOISE J. ROORBACK

The Close of Day

By Sarah Palmer Byrnes



From out the purple twilight shaded east,
Enveloped in the misty folds of night,
Arose the hunters' moon serenely bright;
While in the west, a glorious after glow,
Illuminated high the heavens and below,
Retouched with crimson flame the evening
sky.

His daily mission ended, at the close,
What splendid memory has the sunken sun
To leave the darkened earth when day is
done!

Would any action light our darkened sky
With after glow of loving memory,
If you or I should die?

STUDENT LIFE AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

BY FOLKSTOM WALLACE

THE charm and character of student life at Stanford University arises from many things, but first and chiefly from the "Quad." The university gathers its buildings on a campus apart, a mile from anywhere else, not cheek by jowl with the life of a great city, nor in the outskirts of an academic village. Stanford, with its living halls and lecture rooms, its laboratories, libraries and museum, its club houses and fraternity homes, is a community of, by and for itself, and the unification of its college spirit, fostered by this withdrawal, is further increased by the happy arrangement of its quarters. The dignity of separate departmental buildings at Stanford has been sacrificed to one overmastering idea, the concentration of the quadrangles. There is a "history building" and a "zoology building" and a "civil engineering building," and so on, but each and all of them are under one roof, placed in an inner and an outer square and joined together by long, open, arch-supported corridors. Through these arcades, as through the veins and arteries of a living being, flows the life of Stanford. The students passing from lecture to recitation or from the library to their clubs and halls, go through these familiar ways. On election days, when student body and class officers are chosen; on rally days when yell leaders and glee club and band and rooters and student body go pell-mell into the Assembly Hall, on the prom nights when everybody is called to cease grinding and join the students out in the Quad, on the last night of the college year when in its niches and courts the different social organizations have their lighted booths and "at homes,"

the college of the quadrangle surges through the arcades, and so it happens that, despite Lagunita, where the boating men practice and the "queeners" go rowing, the oval where the football, baseball and track men meet and the struggles with U. C. are held, Encina Hall, the Rows, and Roble, where the students are at home, the spot that lingers longest in the Stanford man's memory, is the Quad, the place of work and play, of college strife and college re-union.

Another thing which adds to the charm of existence at Stanford is the variety of its interests and life. Here are thirteen hundred students gathered from every section of the United States and from half a score of foreign countries, pursuing lives for four years side by side, but bound into half a dozen different callings and destined to be scattered, mainly, of course, through the Golden State, but largely, more generally perhaps than the graduates of any other school, to the ends of the earth. Stanford men come from the Orient and from Europe, from the Middle West, from New England, and the South, as well as from the Pacific States and territories, and her graduates are to be found in San Francisco and Hong Kong, New York, London and Cape Town, still remembering their Alma Mater with fond affection.

But the graduate is another story. It is the Stanford man at Stanford that is our theme. He is more interesting in his hours of play than in his hours of work, for even if all work does not make Jack a dull boy—and the college man universally is reputed to hedge sufficiently against any such catastrophe—this work around the world is a

pretty prosaic business. But it conditions things, nevertheless, and first let us see the Stanford man at work, for that consumes most of his time and effort.

In the good old days of set courses and degrees the college man's duty was simple—he was to get out of all the work he could (so much clear gain), and do just what he had to (the price he paid for graduating a "college man.") Nowadays, in a modern school like Stanford, even the Freshman is met on the threshold of his four years with the free choice of work, and having chosen mathematics or geology or literature or some one of twenty other subjects for his "major," the idea is impressed upon him that, as it is his own doing, it is now up to him to work willingly. He has shipped for a long voyage, but under no compulsion and his port and his captain are of his own choosing.

Around his major subject as a center, the student groups his other studies, so that they will have some bearing toward it. Thus, if the student is specializing in American history, one-fourth of all the work he does in each of his four years will be directly in that subject. Enough modern and ancient European history will be done to make the single subject of history fully one-third of all his college work. The other two-thirds he can freely distribute among the other departments, taking, for example, law, social science, literature, one or more languages, perhaps two years of science, and filling in his schedule with some lecture courses which he fondly imagines will not consume much of his energy and hours. Some of these lecture courses, colloquially known as "snaps," are among the best given in the university, but their "snapiness" is a quality chameleon, illusive and evanescent. A regular student carrying full work, takes "fifteen hours a week," that is, three daily lectures or recitations

from Monday to Friday. Each hour in the lecture room is supposed to presume two hours of preparation—or this is the tradition among "freshmen profs"—and the laboratory courses do require three hours of work a day at the desk for one hour of university "credit." The student, therefore, is supposed to put in forty-five hours a week of intellectual exercise, or nine hours a day during the five working days. Some do. It may be doubted whether our common human nature is usually capable of nine hours per day of steady, clear, independent thinking. Of course, in the laboratories there are microscopes to mount and clean, test tubes and retorts to wash, etc., and in the library books to be drawn out, papers to be turned over, and more or less running to and fro to be done. Nevertheless, the candid undergraduate opinion is that nine hours a day is a long time to spend glued to the unresponsive pages of a book's black and white, and they found a somewhat unexpected but welcome confirmation in their faith to this heresy in a remark of the vice-president that it was a very easy thing for a professor to load his students down with reading books and then load them down again with writing papers, never to be read—much easier than teaching.

Let no one imagine that Stanford is a place where the way of the loafer is made straight or his path smooth. At the end of the first semester in December comes a day of judgment, and all of the incapables and all of the indifferent ones are rather mercilessly pruned away, an average of fifty or sixty students being requested each year with some urgency, not to return the next semester, all on account of their poor scholarship. This student mortality at New Year's and in May, is the one dark cloud on the wide horizon of the college year, and the Christmas season of "flunks" safely passed, the student breathes eas-

ily again until the mid-semester examinations in March and April, when "smoke-up" cards, as they are called, again go out to warn lagging students that a Nemesis may overtake them in May if they don't watch out.

Turning from these inquisitorial matters, let us see the Stanford man at play; "when he loafs and invites his soul"; in his rollicking hours of ease. There are a good many of them. Talks between classes on the Quad; before breakfast walks to the hills, to Frenchman's Lake, to Lagunita, to the basaltic columns, or to the Searsville dam; waiting for the mail and the eternal feminine at the post-office, twilight strolls down Eucalyptus avenue (sometimes known as Lover's Lane); these are just the odd moments and small change of the students' off-time allowance. They slip by and are scarcely remembered in the lazy sum total of their hours of idleness and ease. But the high days in the students' calendar—when Greek meets Greek on San Francisco ground in the annual football struggle with U. C.; the day the "Quad" comes out, the year book of the Juniors, the literary, artistic, social, and athletic record of the college twelve-month; junior day, when the under-upper-classmen come to their own; the days of the final baseball game with California, the tennis meet, the intercollegiate track meet, the Carnot and 'Varsity debates; and senior week—these are the times that thrill the students' souls and are not soon forgotten.

Quite aside from the organization which the faculty and the grouping by departments gives the University, is the student-body organization, with its subdivisions of classes, and its smaller units of action, the permanent committees and periodical boards, teams, clubs, societies, frats., etc. From the student-body down, these are independent to faculty control or supervision save that by a recent ruling the

general organizations, as a class, must make a monthly financial report of receipts and expenditures. The "classes" at Stanford—Freshman, sophomore, junior, senior—are survivals, voluntary, social affairs, cognomens for something without official existence. In the books of the recording spirit at the registrar's office a student is not known, as, for instance, a "junior," but as having, say, 67 or 73 "hours toward graduation." He has passed that many units toward that minimum goal of 120 "credits," which—the work of his own department satisfactorily rounded out—entitles him to "be set apart with the pure in heart" who bear the mystical A. B., graduates by decree of the University. The "class" a man belongs to are the fellows who enter college "freshmen" with him. Together they have their initiatory trials, and together they share whatever triumphs may come after. The entrant, or freshman, of September, 1904, will belong to the "Class of '08," for those of his company who have neither the riches of class honors, glee club trips, membership in the athletic teams, in short, Quad-prominence, nor the poverty of flunk outs (enforced absence for a semester), will graduate in the spring of that year. A man may fall behind by accident, sickness, misfortune, whatnot, and be put back by the registrar's office, but he is never abandoned by his fellows. Though only forty (in a needed one hundred and five) credits may be emblazoned after his name in his fourth year in the printed Directory (profanely known as the "Bawl-out") still he may wear the senior sombrero unabashed and win half-miles in the interclass field meet amid the plaudits of his countrymen. "Once a classmate, always a class-mate and let the gods go hang."

The distinctions between classes at Stanford are in the fact of a social, half-humorous, non-strenuous sort. The place is yet small enough



"Grosvenor" and "Patience"

"Grosvenor"—Mr. E. May, '05

"Patience"—Miss Geraldine Brown, '04

—thirteen hundred students—and young enough—its traditions in the gristle—that the new student upon his arrival is not quite utterly lost in the established order of things. Such anomalies, in an Eastern university point of view, as freshmen on the 'varsity football team, or even a sophomore on the 'varsity debating team, sometimes happen; and it was only recently that a really needed and advantageous change toward upperclassman and particularly senior control of student body affairs has shown itself. The Stanford undergraduates form a democratic community, where, so far as the general elections are concerned, a freshman's vote counts the same as a senior's, a "dig's" vote the same as that of a college man. The result is rather better than the system—leaders do lead—but the movement toward upperclassmen control will in the future prevent repetitions of some of the political misfits of the past.

Student life at Stanford is centered on the campus—if the class dances do sometimes have to go to a San Jose hotel for shelter—and almost everybody that counts manages in one way or another to live in the somewhat limited quarters of the campus. The men are divided into two main divisions, the "Encina men," hall men, and the "fraternity men." There never has been any deadly political feud between the two sections. For one thing, the fraternities at Stanford have rarely connoted social exclusiveness, display of wealth, or that aloofness from general college concerns with which in some places these smaller and closely knit organizations are sometimes taxed. There are plenty of wealthy men who send sons to Stanford, and most of these sons are in fraternities, but very few of these young men make any inordinate display of wealth, and some of the wealthiest of the fraternities are among

the most democratic and hospitable.

Again, the non-fraternity men at Stanford, unlike the "barbs" of many other colleges, where they are likely to find themselves without organization, scattered into forlorn eating houses, meeting nowhere but in their recitation rooms and at street corner clubs, have in this young university of the West a home of their own, a rallying point, Encinal Hall, with all the good cheer of numbers, social fellowship, a club, and elbow companionship of older college men. The consequence is that the young freshman in his first term at Stanford does not have that feeling of being left out of the world until he is bidden into some of the fraternity organizations with their upperclassmen, traditions, social acquaintance, and jolly evening firesides; and many men of force prefer the more open and general life of the Hall, and make it their home during their four years, looking back upon Encina, with its stag dances and "rough houses" and midnight parties with as fond regret as the fraternity man gives to the initiations and at homes and meetings of his chapter house.

One of the most picturesque features of college life at Stanford is no more. Formerly there were the Hall men and the fraternity men and the men of "The Camp." "The Camp," a quadrangle of white-washed buildings where the workmen who built the university had lived, was seized upon by some enterprising, self-dependent students and converted into the third estate of student-bodydom. Whereas, room and board in the Hall or in the fraternity houses amounted to about twenty-five dollars a month, a room could be had at the "camp" for two dollars, and as most of the boys there "bached," their living expenses for the month could be reduced to ten or twelve dollars. Here most of the men in college who were making their own living concen-

trated, and as their class was bound to include men of force and experience, it was here that the university in early days found far more than an average percentage of its student leadership. The "Camp" is now cleared away, swept off by the advance of the quadrangles, but it lasted long enough to mark Stanford annals, and to it many well known Stanford men look back upon their log-cabin student days.

But the student who is earning his own way always has been, and always will be, a part of the life at Stanford. He is encouraged by the ideals, the practice and the circumstances of the place. It is a workaday university. By the will of the founders and the influence of the faculty it remains a place where modest expenditure is encouraged in those students who may have bountiful means at their command and is made possible to those students whose resources are not so plentiful. This for the double purpose of making Stanford a school where personal character, rather than social prestige, should count and a school where plain living should conduct to vigorous thinking.

The honors of college are as open and rather more likely to be captured by the youth who waits on table or works in the library or does some one of twenty other things to earn money than by the fellow with a hundred a month. The right sum (a generous estimate) to bring to college at Stanford is about fifty dollars monthly, of which half will go for "living expenses"—room and board—and the other half for the things that make living pleasant, social and profitable. Of course the student who spends three or four hours each day satisfying the demands of the butcher, the baker and the chamber bed-maker doesn't have that time to put in in "mixing up" or that energy to put into study, but probably his more fortunate companion loses nearly as much time

without knowing what he gets for it.

Co-education has always been, and continues, the policy of Stanford University. The women students, now numbering nearly five hundred or about one-third of the student body, are on equal terms with the men in university privileges, and they may also share in the activities of the general student organization, the Associated Students. They, too—those living on the campus—are divided into two main groups, the "Roble women," one hundred or more, who live in the girls' dormitory, and the "fraternity women," of whom there are now six chapters at Stanford, each with its chapter house near the University. Besides these, there are nearly one hundred women students who live in professor's homes and private club houses on the Rows, and perhaps an equal number in Palo Alto. The men's dormitory, accommodating three hundred, the eleven men's fraternities, etc., give sufficient room for all the men who wish to live near the university, but Roble Hall, accommodating only about one hundred and twenty-five, makes it necessary each year for a good many women, who would prefer quarters, to go to Palo Alto, a mile distant.

The presence of women gives the tone to the social life and atmosphere of the place. Smoking, by common consent, is a luxury banished from the quadrangles. The men and the women attend the same lectures and seminars, sit in the same recitations, and study side by side in the general library. By another unwritten law, "queening" on the Quad is frowned upon. "Queening" is a good word. It is current in the colleges and perhaps nowhere else. Not so serious as courting, nor so frivolous as flirting, it is used to describe the natural social intercourse and comradeship which may and does exist between men and women students at a place like Stan-

ford. "Platonic friendships" are proverbially skittish animals, likely to run away with themselves without warning; but men and women attending the university meet each other, not on a ground of illusion, as in "society," but in true, frank and self-respecting relations. The weddings which have taken place between Stanford couples have almost uniformly led to happy unions, for they are founded upon mutual intimate knowledge and companionship under real, not artificial, conditions. The experience at Stanford is,—far from co-education being a serious marplot or distraction to the students—that the number of marriages originating there is rather surprisingly small. But while "queening" as a fine and as a gentle relaxation from strenuous college pursuits, meets with no disfavor at Stanford, the disposition to pass too much time in the company of ladies, to becoming "queening majors," in short, is stamped with disapproval. "Queening" is recognized as a just and reasonable avocation of men, but the "queeners" are reminded that to glorify women and to enjoy her forever is not the chief end of man.

Stanford University is well situated for those little excursions afield, which, breaking into the week's round of lectures and recitations, freshen the soul by contact with the outer world and send one back with new zest to books and microscopes. The foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains roll down to the very edge of the campus, and "King's" on the crest of the range, a point where one can view both the ocean and the bay and the evening lights of San Francisco away to the north is a favorite rendezvous for college parties. San Francisco itself is only an hour's journey distant, with varied attractions and interests, some of them more honored in the breach than in the observance. Santa Clara Valley, with all its beauty and fruitage, lies immedi-

ately south of the university, and beginning at Menlo Park, a mile to the north, the peninsula stretches out toward San Francisco, covered with the stately country homes of its wealthy citizens. Easily seen from the campus, rising from the foot of the bay, and some twenty miles distant, Mt. Hamilton lifts its head above the orchards and vineyards of the valley, and crowning its summit, the dome of Lick Observatory stands, flashing back the afternoon sunlight. In a valley of beauty, surrounded by the mountains close by the bay, and fanned by the salt breezes of a near-by ocean, Stanford University sits among the foothills blessing her children.

Through four-fifths of the college year the benignant California sun makes perpetual May and June for the students, weather too lovely to be lost in study if there were not so much of it. Now and then in the winter months come the rains, blotting out the hilltops and the distant scene for a few hours and drenching the thirsty earth till the mountains turn green to their summits and the procession of the blossoms begin in the foothill and valley orchards.

Athletics at Stanford is conditioned by this all the year round outdoorness. The three hundred and more young men who take gymnasium work, in every month and almost every day, have field exercises mixed with their apparatus work and floor practice. Cross country runs for the strong, basket ball, base-ball and running on the track are very welcome change from dumb-bell drills and wand exercises. But of course the great interest in athletics at Stanford centers round the teams, the men who play the University of California in the annual football, baseball, tennis and track meets. The football game comes in November and the track, baseball, and tennis meets in April. You may say what you will about the intellectual superiority of the Greeks,

but the only part of their civilization ever attempted to be restored in toto is their Olympian games. We think all the more of Plato and his Dialogues because he is said to have taken a prize for his native city in one of those contests. For football, at Stanford, the college songs are sung, and nightly hundreds of students watch fifty odd heroes struggling in the sawdust of the Oval till darkness closes on the mountains and puts an end to practice for the day. Football inspires the rooters' chorus and brings out the band. Finally, on the great day of the game, the Stanford Special, bedecked as for a carnival of victory, moves on the city with all Stanford aboard from freshmen, sophomores and small boys to major profs.

There on Richmond Field the cohorts of California are ready to meet them, and while twenty-two young men pant and throb and struggle as they never struggled before, nearly twenty-two thousand spectators cheer on the combatants. College sport is the only sport that is never bought. And you may depend upon it, a college team, beaten or victorious, will always fight until the last call of the whistle. Of recent years, happily, a friendlier feeling than the former intolerance is growing up between the rival collegians of Stanford and California, and it is more than suggested that "when the game is done," they should join in jollity instead of in the "prep school" hat-snatching of the past.

No one of the athletic contests of the spring equals football in the boundless enthusiasm it awakens, but taken together the baseball series of three games, the tennis meet, and the track and field day more than balances the great event. Of them all, the track meet—being one having the greatest number of contestants, the least chance for flukes, and the longest and hardest struggle—is held first in honor.

One baseball game is played on the Stanford campus, one on the Ber-

keley campus, and then the deciding game, when necessary, on neutral ground, generally San Francisco. Baseball is every American's game, and college baseball does not differ from others save in the number and whole-souled devotion of each team's supporters.

In this year of the Louisiana Exposition, when the best amateur athletes of the world will meet in contest at St. Louis, Stanford and California will enter a number of men on the field and track. At least two of them have already broken world's records. Rose, the young giant of Healdsburg, who, however, has registered in that eclectic college of the athletes, the University of Michigan, and Norman Dole, of the famous Stanford Dole family, who repeatedly has pole-vaulted over 12 feet, and in the last Pacific Amateur Athletic meet in San Francisco made the new world's record of 12 feet 1.6 inches.

After ten years of constant defeat, the Stanford track team barely surpassed their U. C. rivals on Berkeley ground in 1903 in a hard-fought and the cleanest athletic meet up to that time held between the two colleges. From start to finish, the treatment accorded the visitors by the entertaining collegians was sportsmanlike and friendly, the U. C. athletes giving the Stanford men the best tent and taking their own defeat gamely and well. The contest last spring also was marked by sportsmanlike conduct so far as almost everybody on the two teams were concerned, and here's hoping that such interrelations will continue in the future.

The year at Stanford closes with Commencement week in May. From Thursday night, when the close of the rule of the faculty and the end of the recitations is celebrated by the seniors in their annual class farce, to the following Wednesday morning when the registrar at last formally surrenders his position of withholding those coveted degrees, and at the Commencement,



The Senior Opera "Patience"

Principals and Chorus, Dragons, Dragoons and Maidens

gives to each of the seniors by law as well as by courtesy his A. B. and the blessing of his alma mater, the spirit of friendship, re-union and satisfaction in work well done reigns. From all over California and sometimes from farther States, the friends of the graduates gather and alumni return to their alma mater. Next year, 1905, is planned the grand re-union of all the classes since the pioneers went out in 1895. It will last for two weeks, and in this young university will bring together most of the graduates who have gone out from its walls. But every year, to the senior just departing, commencement week is a momentous time. On the last night before Commencement, when the Quad has been lighted up for the "prom," and the most characteristic and pleasant of all Stanford's festivals is over, he feels just as the pioneers did when "Carolus Ager," Charles K. Field, Stanford, '95, wrote "Senior's Last Good-bye":

"The music is hushed in the night,
 boy,
 The crowds from the booths are gone,
 The moon on the canvas is white,
 boy,
 We stand in the Quad alone;
 The lanterns that pointed the eaves,
 boy,
 Catch fire, blaze a moment, and die.
 For it's now that the Pioneer leaves,
 boy,
 He has come to his last good-bye.
 "I welcomed the fairly-like change,
 boy,
 For somehow it made me feel
 Relieved that the place should seem
 strange, boy,
 The heartache was all too real;
 For a man cannot help feeling
 shame, boy,
 And yet I'd have had to cry
 If the old Quad had looked just the
 same, boy,
 When we came to our last good-bye.

THE AWAKENING

A Problem Story

BY E. PATTERSON SPEAR

THE little country settlement of Glendowie was in a state bordering upon excitement, for John Burley, or rather John Burley's wife, had decided to transfer the interests of herself and husband from Canada to the great State of Washington. She was a fine-looking young woman, with a shining head of hair which was neither brown nor blonde, but which held rich tints all its own in its tawny lengths. You would have sworn it was brown when the shadows fell upon her, but it turned into threads of yellow gold beneath the

sun's rays. And her eyes, were they beautiful? They were wide and lustrous, and gray in color, but they held glints like the yellow strands of her hair when it shone beneath the sun. And at times, when the slow stolidity of her husband's nature refused to spring into vigorous lines of action at her bidding, for the simple reason that it could not, the yellow flashed a warning light and deepened itself into an ominous green.

Already the little farm had been sold, and the great slow oxen, which Marion Burley in a fit of impatience

so often likened to her husband in disposition, were transferred to the pastures of a neighbor. The three pretty cows, Star, June and Nell, were milked for the last time by their shining-haired mistress, and followed the oxen. The household furniture went this way and that, and the home of the Burley's in the deep woods of Canada was no more. They had traversed the thirty miles of green forest road to the railway station in a lumber wagon behind neighbor Thompson's fine bays, and now, dressed in their best, Marion and John Burley sat in a luxurious palace car (for Marion declared she would travel first-class or not at all) and sped westward. John sat in his new suit of coarse gray texture, unconscious that it did not take kindly to the few slight angles of his heavy figure. He was speculating in a vague sort of way (for his imagination was not vivid), as to the possible conditions of the new home in Washington.

Marion shot a swift glance from one end of the car to the other, and that glance brought with it understanding and determination. She saw that these people were very unlike herself and John. Hitherto she had had no opportunity for comparison. In all her twenty-eight years she had never been outside the little settlement of Glendowie but once, and that was five years before. They had driven with a neighbor's horse and wagon the long thirty miles to the little station of Kent, to buy their household furniture, and this had been their wedding trip. The people of Glendowie, like themselves, were simple and unpretentious, knowing little of the great world beyond, and caring less, but this—Marion Burley drew a deep breath—this was a revelation.

After that first, swift glance, Marion looked or seemed to look no more, but again and again she took in every detail of the smartly man-tailored gowns of the women, the

chic little traveling hats, the neatly gloved hands, the dainty polished boots, and rustle of silk petticoats as the ladies moved freely about with their traveling companions at the little stations. The brown wool dress trimmed with green fringe which she wore, and in which she had always felt the complacent confidence of a well-dressed woman, suddenly became an abomination in her sight. The yellow lights in her eyes deepened, as with seeming indifference she noted the careless elegance of the men's attire and then glanced at John's stiff, cheap suit of ready-made clothing, and his great hands, seamed and creased with labor, for which there seemed to be no room. Above the steady rumbling of the train, she heard the clear, high-bred tones and easy syllabbling of words which, for the people of Glendowie, existed only in the dictionary. The seats were turned together, and their occupants laughed and chatted with graceful familiarity, and at length the conversation turned to graver themes; and Marion heard with a wild ambition thronging her pulses the voices of the women in earnest debate and logical argument.

In Glendowie (again the staid ways of the old settlement rose magnified before her), the men did the talking and thinking, too, upon matters of importance, and frowned into silence any speech of their women. She wondered what John thought of this. She gave him a furtive look, but he sat stiffly in his new clothes, looking straight before him with that entire lack of expression so common to the untutored when in a state of physical inaction. It was a speech of one of the ladies that particularly struck Marion:

"Every year sees the thinking world taking added interest in psychological research," the woman said. "We are awakening to the absolute knowledge that the unseen alone is the real, and that all about us lies an invisible, mysterious

realm of law and order." There was a moment of meditative thought, broken at last by one of the gentlemen, a man of massive build, and not unlike John in face and figure, save for that nameless something which bespoke a disciplined character, a life time given to attainment, a persistent following of certain lines, which had called into action the highest and best in the soul of the man.

"And to woman," he said, "the world owes much; she it is who largely holds the gift of spiritual intuition, and where she does not, she trusts, ever leading man through the love he bears her, into communion with all that is high and holy. Slow indeed would be man's spiritual progression without woman."

What were these strange things of which these people spoke? Marion wondered with an intense longing to grasp this high, fine knowledge. And when an hour later the conversation was resumed, and the growing commerce of Japan was discussed ably by the women of the party, the changing colors of her eyes leaped like tiny flames, and she said within herself that come what would, their new home in the West should be furnished with books and papers, which should be their messengers from the great throbbing world of action, not like the little home in Canada, where, on winter evenings or Sunday afternoons in summer time she read the four page weekly to John, and awaited his slow approval or adverse criticism of county affairs. But now, with this new awakening came a fierce resolution. John should bear her company on the upward path which she already felt destined to pursue. She would drag him, push him, compel him, force him upward; "but more, **he must and shall,**" she breathed with a little compression of the thin, scarlet lips, and a quickened rush of the blood, which deepened the flush on her cheeks.

Marion Burley was not the woman to allow her resolutions to wear themselves out with the waning of the day, but with all her latent energy aroused, she sped them on to fullest fruition.

A square log cabin, with a wide battened door and deep windows, a superb growth of wild sweet brier covering the south side to the eaves—on a small plot in front, sweet Canadian flowers reblossomed in the moist Washington air. This was the Burleys' home. Within, there were only three rooms, but all bearing evidence of Marion's energy. The shake floors were as clean as the day they were cleft asunder, from the cedar logs and the four-paned windows draped in their white, fluttering curtains, shone like crystal. In the low-raftered sitting room a large square table covered with bright chintz, held copies of the latest magazines and prominent dailies. There was a spelling book and a geography and a dictionary, while a United States history lay upon the table, face downward, open at the battle of Monmouth. Marion's advantages for education had been meagre enough, but she had suddenly set about remedying that! With an ambition which soared above the environments of a life-time, coupled with an admirable energy, she bent every faculty of her being to the one end of developing her mind to the uttermost. The results were crude enough to be sure. The adorning she gave her mind was only a sort of fig-leaf makeshift for the present, but she was advancing. She learned things, and pondered them in her heart. She made an inflexible rule that no sun should set without finding her the possessor of a new and wonderful bit of knowledge.

John did not notice. He went about the felling of his trees and the burning of his stumps with calm stolidity. As soon as the land was in fit condition, acting upon Ma-

rior's judgment, he put out ten acres of fruit, including three acres of small fruit, from which he was soon reaping a fair income. Marion helped to plant the ground herself and worked early and late in berry season getting the fruit ready for the market. The newly purchased cattle were named after those on the Canadian farm. The long winter evenings were spent in reading aloud, and an attempted discussion on Marion's part of the subjects treated. Altogether there was a curious blending of the atmosphere of the Canadian home so many miles away, and the new regime which ruled in the Western home, in the evergreen woods of Washington. There were times when Marion, tried almost beyond endurance by John's utter lack of desire to progress, could hardly keep her hands off him. She wanted to box his ears; she would like to have shaken him until his slow-moving blood bounded like her own, but instead, she coaxed him, telling him in story form and in a fashion suited to his slow understanding, little sketches of history and biography in which he took not the slightest interest. The advanced spirits of Olympia had organized a Chataqua Circle, and in this Marion took the keenest pleasure. The five miles of green walled road, crossed and re-crossed by innumerable skidways, which separated the Burley ranch from the little town of Olympia, she counted as naught, but once a week, the long winter through, she walked the entire distance, remaining overnight at the hotel, and returning early the following day. She urged John to accompany her.

"We can get Mr. Dunn (referring to a neighbor) to attend to the chores, and it will do you good, John; indeed it will; it is all so new and wonderful."

It was nothing that thousands of students before her had stood on the heights and thrilled at mighty sights and sounds. She heard for

the first time of the sweet strains of Mendelssohn and Handel, and closed her eyes and tried to dream of that sublime conception, "The Messiah," meeting and blending among the stars, with the heaven-born notes of "The Elijah." She leaped into a higher life and set her feet firmly on a new rung of the ladder of progression, as with a dim realization she dwelt with the masters of the Old World, while the "fruitful centuries" opened up the store houses of their treasures to her. Her whole soul was alive to the one end of mental attainment, and she was capable of attaining.

Few women possess the clear brain and steady nerves of this aspiring woman, whose early life had been belated amidst a sluggish sea of souls apathetically content with existing conditions. Not one woman in a thousand but would have been willing to have forever bent the head and lowered the eyes if by so doing she could have lifted her husband into the lowliest companionship with herself. But Marion Burley was not a faint-hearted, super-sensitive woman, living only to lay her heart's best upon the domestic altar. With her soul asleep she had married John and loved him, too, as those love who see not above the low plane of sense. But as she flamed beneath the touch of desire, she lifted her eyes, and seeing, knew that she stood alone. Yet despite this sudden knowledge and her boundless ambition as untrained as a wild steed, if John had only tried to measure his footsteps to her own sprinting pace, the finale as it was would never have been.

The twentieth of July, the tenth anniversary of John and Marion's wedding day, came with a flood of golden sunshine. It sent a sheen over the waters of the Sound like unto a heaving, tossing waste of splendid, limpid jewels. It touched the snowy peaks of the grand old mountains, and behold, they shone with a diamond setting. It bright-

ened the sombre green of the dark Washington woods into life and beauty. The rough battened door of the Burley shack stood wide open, and a sea of sunshine lay from wall to wall. A baking of bread fresh and hot and smoking lay within the thick folds of its wrapping cloth upon the table. Out in the small workshop adjoining the fruit house, John stood at the work bench awkwardly fitting bows into a new ox yoke.

Within doors, the sewing machine flew round the circuit of its bearings like lightning. Ten o'clock; Marion arose, entered the small bed room, folded the finished shirt and placed it in perfect order within the drawer which held John's raiment. The yellow gleams in her eyes had deepened and changed with the passing hours of the morning, until now the danger signal showed itself in unmistakable green flashes. John raised his eyes as his wife's shadow fell athwart the sunshine at his feet. She was dressed for walking, and carried a small traveling bag in her hand. He was about to say: "Goin' to town?" but Marion hurled a glance at him that made him dumb. He waited, staring at her: "John Burley," her voice was suppressed as though she were holding back a wild volley of sound. She fixed him with her eyes, those eyes just touched with yellow or green, which is it? that tells you the woman who owns them is ruled by the head rather than the heart. He began to fumble in the pockets of his overalls. "Stand still!" imperatively. "John Burley, I have tried to be a good wife to you. If I have failed in aught, accuse me now. I have not been a drag upon you. All that you have and all that you are is because of me. I have tried to awaken you, but you will not; you are happy as you are, but I—I am dying here. What is the strength of my soul for? It is in vain. Do what you will with this." The wave of her hand

swept the tilled fields and rude buildings. "I go to save myself."

Slow of understanding as he was, Marion had no need to repeat her words. A gray pallor overspread the man's face, and as she turned, he fell prostrate, clutching wildly at her skirts. He tried to articulate her name; he strove to implore her to stay for the love he bore her, and the years they had been together; for the new years of life in the old home in Canada, like a drowning man, the past came before him in instantaneous memory. And quickened by despair, he knew himself for the instant, as he was. Marion heard a moan as he lay in the bright sunshine. A moan that might have touched to pity a heart of stone, but she felt no compassion. Every feeling was made dormant by the knowledge (by her unquestioned, and absolute) that the crucial moment in her existence had arrived. That a mile-stone had been suddenly set up in her existence (although it had been long in the hewing), when she must choose between duty and desire. The knowledge stirred into a thousand fold activity the boundless energy of her being, and she made her choice without one throb of pain. John's suffering was nothing to her; she even felt a sort of contempt for him that he did not rise up and bid her go. "Stay, Marion," he sobbed, with his head against her feet. "I'll do it all, the figgers, 'n the spellin', 'n all." She answered him a little softly: "I cannot if I would; you have made your choice, and I take mine." She pulled her skirts from his grasp, half gently, and turned down the road toward Olympia. She passed beyond the small fields green with berry plants and growing fruit trees. The overhanging foliage slipped in flecking shadows from the shining gold of her hair, to her garment's hem. The twining branches touched her caressingly, and clung across her way

as though loth to make a pathway for her.

* * * *

The evidence of Marion's care and influence did not vanish with her. John tried to keep things in order, though without woman, man naturally turns his back upon the little refinements of civilized life, with a strong tendency to retrace the path of evolution. The bed room door stood open, and the bed showed plainly, revealing the same disposal of the blankets as when it had been left in the morning—overalls lay upon the floor in company with a pair of heavy socks. Beside the stove, the wood and shavings for the morning's fire, made an untidy pile. John's supper dishes were pushed to one side amidst a small litter of onion tops and egg shells. John sat beside the kitchen table in

the early evening, a spelling book lay open before him; he leaned his elbows on the table and rested his chin in his hands.

"S-o-r-r-o-w," he spelled slowly; his eyes grew misty, but there was an air of determination about him, which was vastly becoming to his large proportions. A certain grave dignity sat upon him, born of his loneliness and pathetic grief. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and re-adjusted his elbows on the table. There was a strong undercurrent of latent energy within the man, beginning to stir to life beneath this first touch of sorrow.

"I'll do it," he said with a new strength showing in the sudden uplifting of the head, and a slow compression of the lips. "I'll do it if it kills me—and when I've done it, I'll find Marion."

EAST WALL NO. 46

BY JOSEPHINE COAN

THE man and the boy advanced slowly into the room, the man glancing around with the eye of a critic, the boy with a gaze of awed delight. The room was quite full of pictures, and an interested and critical crowd viewed them from morn to night. The exhibitions of the Pastel Club were always well-attended, and this exhibition was no exception to the rule.

The man picked his way through the crowd to a cushioned seat placed in the center of the room, and drawing the boy to him, sat down: "Which one is it, Mr. Stanton; won't you tell me, or will I have to hunt through this fearfully long catalogue for it?"

"I'd rather you'd look around for it. See if you would recognize my work without a signature. Besides,

it's hardly fair to have you thinking so much of my poor attempt when you know there are several of Wybrant's water-colors here, a landscape by De La Cuyn, two of Mrs. Brabant's best portraits, and hosts of famous things to be seen for the looking."

"Well, maybe so, but then I know you and I don't know one of those people whom you've been talking about, except that I've seen their names in an art journal."

"All right; I'll go and look the picture up, but I do wish you'd tell me which it is," said the boy; but seeing no signs of relenting in the man's face, he started off.

When the man was left alone, he sank into the easy cushions which formed the back of the seat, and began a careful study of a portrait on

the wall in front of him. The portrait was one of a tall, slim girl in a much-beflouted skirt, such as were fashionable twenty-five years ago. Her slender chin rested on a caressing hand, and she stared in seeming displeasure at a long, white dusty road. As he looked carefully at the portrait, one could notice him at leisure; he was a very tall, lean man, his height being accentuated by his slender proportions. His hair was thin and of a faded tawny yellow, his eyes a light blue, and his face thin and wrinkled in appearance. For twenty long years he had supervised a famous school of art in New York, his talents were highly commended, and to be one of Stanton's pupils was in itself a recommendation. But twenty years of arduous toil, even beneath the shadow of the Ideal, is tiring work, and Stanton was beginning to feel old and care-worn. He was not a great artist, and unknowing ones, on visiting his school and seeing his work, were wont to exclaim: "He a teacher of art! One of his own pupils can outrank him." He was great in that he did not paint his masterpieces with his brush, but with men. He could bring out all the latent possibilities in a student and discover new worlds for him and then teach him how to conquer them. So wrapt up was he in his pursuits of discovering genius that the world said he had no time for society, and his art was, to him, family and home, and even love itself.

The world has been known to err in its judgment of men and things, but if it erred in this sage piece of reasoning concerning Stanton and his affairs, he took no heed in setting it to rights.

He was very fond of young men and liked nothing better than to have a crowd of youths around him, laughing with them, never at them, and incidentally exhibiting those rare bits of mirth and sarcasm of which he was so perfect a master,

and which his acquaintances so delighted in hearing. Ever since young Copley had entered the school he had shown a preference for him, and those of the school were not at all surprised to see them attending the private view of the Pastel Club in each other's society.

As Stanton sat regarding the picture, now with a calmly critical face, now with the joy of one who has created a thing and knows that it is good, a woman entered the room, gazed around in an evident search for some one or something, and, her eyes lighting on Stanton, she walked over to him and sat down beside him. He moved over to make room for her on the seat, but said nothing. She waited a moment, as if expecting him to speak, and when she saw that he evidently had no wish to break the silence she said, without looking at him: "It is well done, only you have made the mouth a trifle hard." He looked at her in a slightly inquiring way, as if to question her authority to criticise. She repeated her remark: "You have made the mouth a trifle hard."

He leaned back as if to get a better view of the criticised mouth, and asked: "Have I made it hard?"

She considered awhile and then said: "It was utterly out of all reason and judgment."

"So you told me at the time."

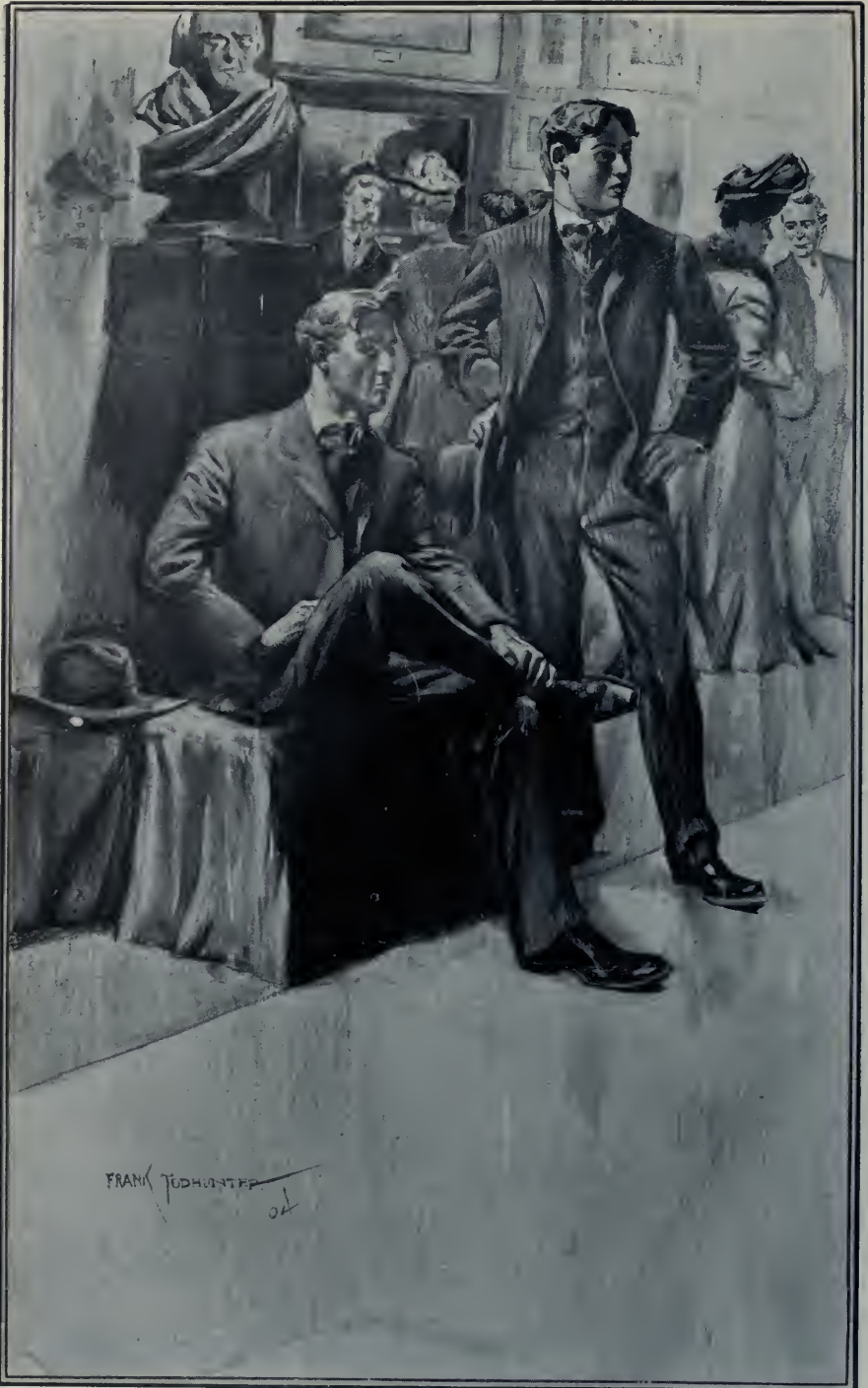
"The flesh tones are good, and I like the composition, but it seems to me that a profile would have been a little better."

"I was tired of profiles," he said. "This was my picture and I made it to please myself."

She bit her lip and resumed the conversation in another tone: "Is Robert here? Has he seen it?"

"Robert came with me, and has gone off to look at another—that is, he is looking for a picture of mine which I am exhibiting. Have you seen it?"

"I was on the hanging committee. It is very nice and soft, the



"The Artist has signed himself James Nel on and no one knows anything about him."

color is good. I wonder how it is you can get such softness out of oil. Your press notice is to be very flattering. Mr. Carlton told me about it."

"Thank you, and, well—I'd like to say the very nicest thing possible in return for such a testimonial—and from you," he continued, half-sarcastically.

"How is Robert doing?" she inquired, neglecting to take offense at his last remark.

"Better than Nellie Bradman could have done. Why, the boy actually likes me."

"Will you be kind just one moment? I'm going now, and that is, I'm going to the art club reception this evening, and I—I hope you'll be there. Good-afternoon."

He sat staring at her as she left the room, and a short sigh escaped him. He was tired—a short vacation was what he needed, but a vacation in January was out of the question—he must stand it till June, and then—"

Robert Copley came to him with joy and surprise in his boyish face: "Well, sir, it's great! I never thought—that is, I mean to say what a splendid thing it is; everyone is just wild about it. Oh, how forgetful of me to leave you here alone. Have you had a very stupid time?"

"Well, rather," assented his teacher as he rose to go.

"And, Mr. Stanton, there's just

one picture here I want to ask about. It's No. 46 in the catalogue, there on the east wall; you've been looking right at it; everybody's talking about it. They say the color and drawing are splendid, but that it must be copied from some old picture; that the paint is old, fully twenty-five years old, and they're afraid some one has been trying a trick on them. The artist has signed himself James Nelson, and no one knows anything about him."

A slight flush rose to the cheek of the teacher, as wending his way to the door he discoursed on No. 46 to his favorite pupil.

* * * *

Some days after this the world delivered itself of another piece of wisdom in regard to the eminent Mr. Stanton. After all these years of single blessedness that designing widow, Mrs. Copley, had managed to catch the luckless man. Of course, Mrs. Copley had money, and that was something, in fact that might have been the real reason why, Mr. Stanton, the impossible, had been so neatly caught, and that by a widow of five and forty at least, and some of her dearest friends were willing to aver that she will never see fifty. However that may be, the wedding was duly solemnized, and among the presents to the bride was a picture by an unknown artist, who had exhibited it in the rooms of the Pastel Club, where it was numbered 46 on the east wall.





HAIL ! TO THE MORN

BY JOHN THRELFALL FARE

Tread softly! tread softly! the old year is dying;
The reaper with merciless hand draws near—
So watch and attend him—his moments are flying—
Tend him in sorrow, your tribute a tear.
Tread softly! tread softly! the reaper advances;
With scythe in his hand; whose each stroke doth tell
Of increased harvest: And death by strange fancies
Is heralded forth by the mid-night bell.
Ha! list to the echo—from chimes now resounding—
Proclaiming the heir—the new year born:
Dark death we forget the! 'tis joy now abounding
That welcomes a birth. Hail! Hail! to the morn.

A PLEA TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WEST

The City of San Francisco. Past Political Conditions

(The February Overland Monthly will Contain a Reply to John Roberts.)

BY JOHN ROBERTS

I

WHEN our fathers were young, this country was dominated by a selected class bred to political honesty. Assumed merit still furnishes the figure-head of politics, but we are now dependent upon the votes of the promiscuously bred masses; and this at the very moment when the political problem, suddenly ceasing to mean a very limited and occasional interference, mostly by way of jobbing political appointments, has assumed a serious aspect; when we have become an industrial center, with promise of future recognition by the civilized powers. At this critical period, at this formative state, internal dissensions, internal corruption is surely undermining the strength of a noble nation.

We are now under what Burke called "The hoofs of the swinish multitude." No level headed citizen will see this remark in the light of a class insult; rather will he view the "swinish multitude" with the respect due it. It represents the Revolution triumphant; the retreat of the Feudal Lord; the increasing uneasiness of the imperial crown; it is the ocean to a one-time stream; it is—the people.

As a jostling anarchy is incapable of an ordered productivity, so are the masses incapable of self-government, unless their forces are federated by a perfect political construction, and the soundest political programme.

We must either beget political capacity or be devoured by Democracy. Yet if Democracy requires a whole population of capable voters—that is, of comprehensive units who are unfitted for administration; it must also recognize capacity and benevolence in others; the altruism of representatives with no private axe to grind in the way of graft.

Has the American flag, symbol of freedom, become the standard for hypocrisy? Have we overthrown the fundamental ethics of our constitution? It is the grafter, the politician, the false standard-bearer who is to blame, and not the people; the great struggling masses groping faithfully, if blindly, for the broken tablets of the law.

And now let us sit in judgment upon those who speak and act for, and in the name of, American citizenship; upon those who turn justice into a byword; who, at the jingling of the dollar, sell honor and good faith to the shame of the West.

II

THE FIDDLING MAYOR.

It was during a pause in the desperate battle between the Labor Unions and the Employers' Association of San Francisco that the desire of unionism to nominate a representative of their own, took tangible shape in the person of one

Eugene E. Schmitz. An obscure young man of German-Irish genealogy, a native of California, by vocation an orchestral leader, by avocation a would-be politician; an aspirant without a past, a man who had always voted on the Republican ticket, found himself suddenly



EUGENE SCHMITZ, Elite photo.
Mayor of San Francisco.

foisted upon a startled community, by the triumph of the Union Labor ticket nomination.

The Phrygian caps, the raucous bands, the peripatetic sandwichmen, "the great demonstration," are a thing of the past, and yet we have in our midst a full-fledged power that was begotten from conditions which made such things possible. So gradually had this occurred that the citizens hardly realized it, and then, stung to the quick of civic pride, they sprang to arms—too late.

The thinking minority was crushed to the wall by the rampant majority, and we are confronted by an instance—without parallel—of a man with no political experience, whose mentality had heretofore been limited by a music score, invested with the authority to control and direct (with the unlimited power of Mayor) granted under the new charter.

Appeals for a tried and conservative executive were pushed aside:

Schmitz, Union Labor, 21,776; Wells, Republican, 17,717; Tobin, Democrat, 12,677.

They, the people, would have none of the Aristocrat of Hibernia, who, for the moment donned the family's discarded homespun, nor of the Republican Wells; they clamored for their own, and now ignorance finds itself pitted against political cunning, and the night-school of a secret power burns midnight oil at the expense of the innocent laborer while he sleeps.

The ideal Republic does not take the blood-ties of an official as sufficient plea to usurp public office for his relatives. And yet, when we glance at high places, we are struck by a family resemblance; we find the nephew, the brother and other beneficiaries of nepotism, incapacitated by nature and training, the guardians of the law.

"We are no worse than any other State in the Union," confided a political rogue to me the other day. "And is there no reason why we should be better?" I asked.

The youth and isolation of San Francisco, place it in a unique position; its potentialities as a harbor, its coast line, its fecundity, its natural advantages give it a claim to distinction above any other of the Western States.

The accusation against Mr. Phelan's conservative tendencies was unfounded, actuated possibly by party feeling. One must temporize until the crisis is reached. The crisis was the opportunity for the present Mayor. Steffens tells us in his "Shame of Cities," of one man, the Circuit (District or State) Attorney, who performed his duty. He was urged to run; he did, and was elected. He was not devoured by the pangs of gratitude. He caught and convicted criminals; that they were the politicians who had elected him was incidental, and had no bearing on the case.

That there are men who would make the city beautiful, politics

clean, there is no doubt; but they are not in office. When general interest becomes personal, when public good turns to private greed, there is but one hope: amputate the deceased member before contagion becomes universal. As sunlight kills the germ, so must a fearless investigation destroy and obliterate the cause of corruption.

We boast of our wealth, of the financial strength of our banks, of the growing importance of our industries, but dare we take our inquisitorial visitor down the length of our City Hall? Have we the courage to let him stomach the smells of our by-ways, or the fortitude to throw open the doors of our County Hospital, where a sleek board bows to the caller, all the while covertly fingering the record of appropriation funds?

The walls of Jericho fell to the ground at the sound of the ram's horn; are the walls of San Francisco to crumble because a certain fiddle once used to squeak?

And now we come to the cause and effect. Why has the fiddle ceased to squeak?

III

BOSSISM.

With all the prominent leaders against him, Schmitz, the Union Labor candidate, was re-elected. The majority still ran with their own, and the majority were the men of the unions. The people do not lead—they follow. What power was behind the impulse which moved the people?

We now come to one of the greatest evils which is slowly rotting the American citizenship — Bossism, synonymous with terrorism, tyranny as opposed to liberty.

"The boss is not a politician—he is an American institution, the product of a freed people that have not the spirit to be free."

The tip we give the boot-black

(in spite of the other fellow who came first) is a borrowing of the methods of the saloon license, the railroad pass, the bribe which saves the bawdy-house from exposure; the Jekyll and Hyde grafter from blackmail; they are all children of the same breed, and wise they are if they recognize their own father in the disdainful city boss.

Early in the game there was no hint of the power behind the throne. A pawn was on the chess board and an unseen hand was placing the pieces at will. The Mayor represented the people, and there was no mention of the Mayor's keeper; it had not been proven that such a utility was necessary. But the utility was chuckling in secret, and the profit of a corrupt administration had begun. What is the function of the political boss? Any means that answers to his ends; he is the cause of a split in our parties; he changes his colors at sight of a bribe; he has the instinct of the despot hostile to self-respecting citizenship, to the dignity of man; he is a foe to law, because law established, justice executed means conviction and the ball and stripes for the city's boss. **The strong quality of a boss is his ability to estimate quickly the value of a move when profit accrues to him through a secondary object.**

We are a proud nation, self-ruling, we assert; and yet if we could but realize that body and soul we are owned, destroyed by no less a person than the city's boss, our humiliation would be complete.

What Parks did for the union men of New York, McCarthy is doing for us; but that belongs to the schism of bossism, to the employer and employed. We are dealing with the legislative body, as representing our democratic institutions and republican form of Government; we are dealing with the element which runs our democracies into anarchies, our republic into a shameless oli-

garchy. And what is the result of such a regime? Cupidity, cruelty, lackeyism roused by the prevailing greed for money, dishonesty dropping its coin into the laborer's jeans as well as into the Rockefeller's plethoric pocket.

We are no longer compelled to face a competitive struggle for existence. Corrupted by a false standard, self-respect adulterated to spuriousness by bribery and bossism. In this country, poverty is at a minimum, the maximum is progress and accumulation. It is abuse which puts a limit to the advancement of our race. A free country, justice the presiding goddess, a constitution militating for a perfect independence; the prospect is infinite. That is the dream, this is the reality: we break our own laws by permitting them to be broken; we are grafters in allowing graft; our citizenship is made corruptible by assisting at its corruption. We have no patriotism, since we have neither honor nor credit. When commercialism enters into Government, then we know that politics has the innings, that the boss, in cap and bells, is whistling to his sycophants, and from the back alleys of a past election, a motley crew is creeping into the Senate. Is it a moral weakness or a moral blindness that affects the people?

Let us ask ourselves this question: "What has the present administration done for us? But firstly, for the forces that fused into one unanimous vote, a vote that carried for the powers that be.

When Abraham Ruef left the Republican party last year, he turned to the Labor standards. The bosses expected to control the situation and the men they had elected; that they were prophets in their own country is not to be disputed. What has the nominee of unionism done for it?

That the Mayor is a creature of bossism, that unionism is a mere

side issue in the present administration, that the trust and loyalty of those who pledged themselves to a false god are being outraged, there is ample proof.

IV

TRAITORS TO THE UNIONS.

To avert a catastrophe, concessions from Capital had been made to Labor. A conflict of classes does not address itself, as many suppose, to the less fortunate class alone; it appeals to them undoubtedly; but it appeals with greater force to the higher and better educated order in society.

It is easier to disarm the demagogue by mitigating his grievance than it is to refute his charge before an audience where he has despotic sway.

Trade Unionism is nothing new. It is an outgrowth of the old guild system of the Middle Ages; a concentration for self-protection against usurped authority political and industrial.

From a religious aspect it has become purely commercial, from an organization marshaling the banner of right, it has become an organization flaunting the rags of a demoralizing freedom. It recruits its armies from the rank and file of the vicious and ignorantly uncomplaining. Its leaders are not conspicuous for integrity or moral strength, but for the undersized mentality of those who represent the low conniving of conspiring arrogance.

It has been a mad and a bitter struggle, but have they won? Are they free, these sons of toil? The sincerest advocates of Labor Union protested against politics being introduced into the organization; the battle commenced, and should be continued along the lines of a fight for principle.

The argument of Capital has become by the argument of Labor; the desire of one, the desire of the other—the frenzied desire to control the

market. From a heterogenous mass Unionism has become a systematized entity, perfecting the methods of Wall street. It has griped into our soil, defying the ramifications of the railroad powers; it looms a vast Colossus above the wealth of our valleys; the chimneys of our factories blacken the sky, or leave it clear at its will. And yet has freedom been gained?

No, the rebels are slowly being ground back again into the old serfdom by the wheel within the wheel, and the devilish machine is of their own making.

The people appointed the Mayor, the Mayor appointed his friends. In the very beginning the Mayor broke the law of the Charter, which provides "That no more than two members of the Police Board shall belong to the same political party."

The Board had two Republican members when Schmitz named Drinkhouse. No one protested at the illegal proceeding. It was only when the commissioner began to use his power as such, along commercial lines, that the Unions, fired by a sense of injustice and oppression, began a war upon the Mayor's appointee. Home industry was being strangled, and the fumes of a non-union Eastern brand stunk into the nostrils of the home party. They appealed to the Mayor. He investigated. Mayor Schmitz acted as counsel for defendant, judge and jury, all at the same time. The verdict was acquittal. Etymology of duty was defined as graft. A Police Commissioner has become, in the present municipal system, an insurance agent who refuses a license to all saloons who will not insure in his particular companies; who closes the saloons of those who protest against selling his liquor and cigars.

That is how the labor candidate has defended the interest of the unions. His cohorts are distributed

all through the ranks of the trusting partisan.

The financial Napoleon of the unions is McCarthy, parented by the Building Trades; its president without a salary, in fact its general. Bound hand and foot, the unions have become helpless in their own toils.

After a general summary of the present administration, we shall decide which faction has benefited by the Schmitz-Ruef combination.

Editorially the best papers are silent. The example made of General Otis, the fearless editor of the Los Angeles Times, who would not be downed by the Union vulture, is too recent in the minds of the self-respecting journalist.

Had General Otis endeared himself to his constituency, had he made friends instead of enemies, had he the respect of his intimates or the confidence of his political associates, the result might have been different. In this instance, however, while Otis never had the sympathy of the thinking people or the clean-minded conservative citizen, he had his entire approval and still has it. While General Otis may be disliked and execrated by the majority of the citizens of the State, they are not so blind but that they give him credit for making the right fight at the right time. Yet the aforesaid self-respecting journalist does not follow in Otis's footsteps. Why?

We owe our riots, the disrespect shown to our dead when non-union men driving our hearses were forcibly arrested by the union mobs; to the Examiner, in fact, all the insubordination of the uneducated, we owe to the foul mains which convey the tainted waters of the libertine-owned sheet to the reservoir of information whence the people draw their knowledge of public affairs.

Freedom of the press is one of the curses of America to-day; the looseness of tongue which allows the

blight of calumny to smirch the name of an honest citizen and to uphold the cause of the unrighteous.

V

PLUNDERING THE PEOPLE.

"Kill competition by your exactions," whispers the boss of the Trade Unions. That is the advice which, if followed, puts the contractor at the head of the van. We see favored firms in possession of the city's streets, but the passer-by, although annoyed by the gaping sewers, the uptorn planks, the protracted disorder, does not suspect the cause.

In July of 1903, the merchants, residents and business men of the easterly half of Third street, openly rebelled; they attacked the President of the Board of Public Works. The Board saw fit to provide work for the unemployed, being sure that its corporations and private contractors were behind to furnish the boodle, the oil which lubricates to noiselessness. That was early in the day, but it showed which way the wind was to blow. Now we have as President of the Board, Herbert, the immature brother of the Mayor, and there is Michael Casey, the whilom business agent of the Teamsters' Union, occupying a prominent position; gentlemen so well versed in political economics are an acquisition to the position they sustain.

With a few exceptions the bribery microbe is diseasing our public offices. All cities have some scandal; political, municipal, commercial, but we combine in one great sore the moral ulcers of the whole United States. The business man, the lawyer, the doctor, are all discoverable in the corrupting scheme. If an honest contractor refuses to meet some union rule, or buy from some objectionable merchant, or does not turn in votes enough from his employees, he finds himself without a job. He is beaten, broken

by the Board of Public Works; and what is the jurisdiction of this omniscient body?

It assumes to possess the right to utilize the public funds, the taxpayers' quota, as it sees fit. It is of no importance that certain departments have no appropriation mention. Workmen are deputized by the Bureau of Streets to tear up and lay pipes without a notice being sent to the property owners, and our Health Board, our Police Commissioners, are no better. This misrule, greed and graft are qualifiers for them all. The Board of Health



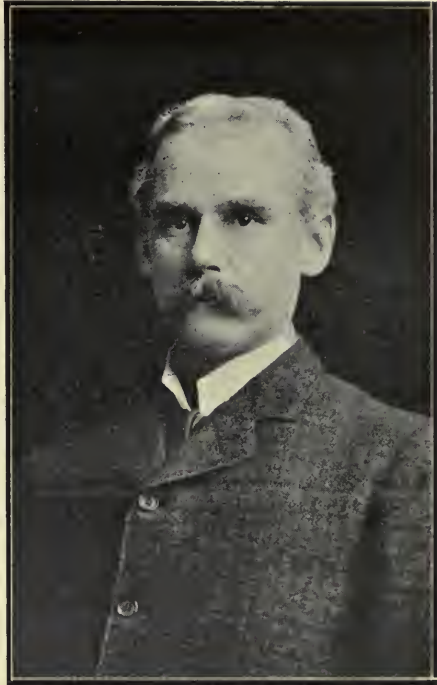
JAMES D. PHELAN,
Ex-Mayor of San Francisco.

has been held up to the contempt and scorn of the people. The way it dealt with the milk question, its criminal appointments and its inhumanity arraign it for the pillory of universal condemnation. Incompetent surgeons are allowed to cut right and left with the unskilled knife. A certain recent victim, Victor Le Muer, was permitted to bleed to death. The rich man, the poor man, in case of accident, leave all hope behind on entering the portals of our Emergency Hospital; however, the law of compensation steps in to prove that there are some honest men on the bench, clean-handed supervisors, determined to do right. Dr. D'Ancona and ten Supervisors are making a battle to prove the violation of the Budget and civil service restriction by the present Board of Health. They go on to show that \$9,060 of the allowance for food inspection by civil service appointees had been diverted to pay the salaries of non-civil service appointees.

Omitting the Drinkhouse exposure, what do we find in the police quarters? All the commissioners were appointed by the Mayor, with the exception of Mr. Howell. If Chief of Police Wittman had sufficient courage to fight those who liberate the thug on account of his vote, there might be some prospect of redemption.

The police courts and the "graft" are responsible for the evaporation of thousands that come from fines. The policeman who arrests a man with a pull is reprimanded by the committee, who speak for law and order. If our police stand in with the criminal, if we may not arm ourselves against the sandbag, the silent dirk or the random shot, what is to be the fate of the peaceable wayfarer?

At the mercy of a poundman's rage, an old man was caught in the mongrel's net and "plugged with bullets." After the first headlines,



FAIRFAX WHELAN.

Boye photo.

The man who exposed the frauds at the primaries.

we heard no more of the murderer. The lawlessness of the bandit is concealed under the blue coat of authority. "If small beer politics" are to control our courts of justice, why make a pretense of respectability? It was during the Schmitz term that such things were possible, as the peddling of questions by which the examinations for Fire Department employees could be subverted. Notwithstanding legal proceedings and an investigation held by the Mayor the affair was quietly dropped.

We are becoming bankrupt by the payment of political obligations; we are a curry-comb for the wolf in sheep's clothing, the wolf out for the golden fleece. From the Grand Juries, the citizen expects nothing under present conditions. These inquisitorial bodies are not there to pass sentence—they are there to acquit the malefactor of his crimes;

to take the blood money of a nation's betrayer.

The outrages of the recent primary election are a blot on the history of our State. All the evil forces gathered to fence in the ballot-box, the stuffers, the paid minions, were legion, collected to do the work of the arch-fiend of a degenerate Government.

One Charles Wyman, whom Fairfax Wheelan saw in the act of ballot stuffing, was made an example of by the strenuous efforts of the Merchants' Association.

Under the present administration, all the license of a loosely constructed code of morals is possible; and not until we waken from our lethargy is reform likely to be the result of a fearless investigation.

VI

PUBLIC WRONGS.

That progress and civilization, not to speak of universal culture, are retarded by public wrongs, injustices done to the people, there is no question. The capitalist and the corporation, after the Legislative bodies, are largely responsible. The gas and water cinch is a burden imposed upon a long-suffering public by the same personal greed animating those in office. Loss over reaching gain is recorded by the combination; but the investigators are inflicted with the itch of the doubting Thomas. We do not find philanthropists in gas and water profits. Paying high rates of interest on "watered" stock in gas, electricity and water companies may cause a rebellion among the consumers. What is used by the people must be controlled by them, and we must mulct any other power that reaches out for supremacy.

The resolution of the Board of Supervisors has been a valiant contest to secure a municipally owned water system. The injunction which the Spring Valley Water Company

secured in the United States Court, restraining the Board, has been so sweeping that the Supervisors have been hampered from the outset.

We have numerous and inexhaustible resources. A municipal water supply is the one solution to the problem; and the more vehemently the people demand, the sooner this great boon to the city will be awarded them. In the meantime, we must be protected from extortionate rates.

As time passes, the cost of living will decrease, consequently the cost of labor; but this will not interfere with the "contented" public service corporation. There is but one cure; the manufacture of products at cost, and this is solved by the establishment of public service plants on municipal account.

We now come to the great question of the day—the Bond Issue. The unwillingness of the people to carry out the improvement plan, is a sure sign that they are aroused at last to the serious aspect of San Francisco's future. Before the required sum, \$18,135,000, is put up, some assurance must be given the people that the money will not be misappropriated. There must be a manifesto to set public fears at rest, or a mortgage can never be raised upon the real and personal property of this city. This hesitation on the people's part is founded on broken faith, and it is a fatal blow to the heart of the commonwealth.

VII.

COST OF THE CITY'S BONDS.

In forty years the principal will be almost doubled, according to statistics compiled by the City Engineer, and filed with the clerk of the Board of Supervisors, the total cost of the proposed bonds to be issued for improving the city will be \$21,162,830.39. For improvements costing \$18,135,000 as estimated by City Engineer Grunsky in preparing plans and specifications, the city

will have to pay that sum in forty years before the bonded indebtedness is fully cleared. The heaviest annual payment will be in 1905,

when \$1,072,231.00 must be paid by taxation in addition to the dollar limit.

Following is the table:

Year	Outstanding	Required		Prin. & Interest	
		Each Year	Each Year	Int. 3½ p. c.	Each Year
1904	\$18,135,000			\$634,725.00	\$634,725.00
1905	17,681,625	\$453.375		618,856.87	1,072,231.00
1906	17,228,250	453.375		602,988.75	1,056,363.00
1907	16,774,875	453.375		187,120.62	1,040,495.62
1908	16,321,500	453.375		571,252.50	1,024,627.50
1909	15,868,125	453.375		555,384.37	1,008,759.37
1910	15,414,750	453.375		539,516.25	992,891.25
1911	14,961,375	453.375		523,648.12	977,023.12
1912	14,508,000	453.375		507,780.00	961,155.00
1913	14,054,625	453.375		491,911.87	945,286.87
1914	13,601,250	453.375		476,043.75	929,418.75
1915	13,147,875	453.375		460,175.62	913,550.62
1916	12,694,500	453.375		444,307.50	897,682.50
1917	12,241,125	453.375		428,439.37	881,814.37
1918	11,787,750	453.375		412,571.25	865,946.25
1919	11,334,375	453.375		396,703.12	850,078.12
1920	10,881,000	453.375		380,835.00	834,210.00
1921	10,427,625	453.375		364,966.87	818,341.87
1922	9,974,250	453.375		349,098.75	802,473.75
1923	9,520,875	453.375		333,230.62	786,605.62
1924	9,067,500	453.375		317,362.50	770,737.50
1925	8,614,125	453.375		301,494.37	754,869.37
1926	8,160,750	453.375		285,626.25	739,001.25
1927	7,707,375	453.375		269,758.12	723,133.12
1928	7,254,000	453.375		253,990.00	707,365.00
1929	6,800,625	453.375		238,021.87	691,396.87
1930	6,347,250	453.375		222,153.75	675,528.75
1931	5,893,875	453.375		206,285.62	659,660.62
1932	5,440,500	453.375		190,417.50	643,792.50
1933	4,987,125	453.375		174,549.37	627,924.37
1934	4,533,750	453.375		158,681.25	612,056.25
1935	4,080,375	453.375		142,813.12	596,188.12
1936	3,627,000	453.375		126,944.99	580,319.99
1937	3,173,625	453.375		111,076.87	564,455.87
1938	2,720,250	453.375		95,208.73	548,583.75
1939	2,266,875	453.375		79,340.60	532,715.60
1940	1,813,500	453.375		63,472.47	516,847.47
1941	1,360,125	453.375		47,604.34	500,978.34
1942	906,750	453.375		31,736.21	485,111.21
1943	453.375	453.375		15,868.13	469,243.13
1944	453.375	453.375		15,868.13	469,243.13

These figures do not include the proposed investment in the Geary street municipal railway. They are as above.

VIII.

WHAT DO WE WANT.

We want, first of all, an electorate of honest men, or the fate of Rome is

ours. We want the Constitution amended so as to make Civil Service Reform a State institution, or so as to confer upon municipalities the power to enforce it as to their Government. We want our people to cultivate a sense of national duty, a respect for the national emblem—Independence.

The workingman must realize that it is not a raise in his salary; the oil magnate must grasp the fact that it is not an increase of dividends, that promises a spotless prosperity to the country. The Citizens' Alliance must avoid the errors of the labor organization, no graft, no favoritism must blemish our politics. We must possess unity and breadth so as to reach and embrace

the needs of the political, moral and domestic side of complex man.

Surely the old spirit of the Vigilance Committee has not gone out of our midst, down to death with the dust of our fathers. We are children of the West, seed of a strong generation, and yet, can we see the sovereignty that is ours wrested from us, our Government looted of its treasure and of its honor?

We want a wider Democracy, a purer liberalism. We are of the West, and graft is not of us, but in spite of us. We are of a bone, of a flesh, of a kindred, with the fearlessness that slew lawlessness. As Cain slew Abel in a wrath that forgot the common parentage.

BUSINESS WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME

THE amount of material in writing, speech and song, that has gone to exploit the glory of BUSINESS WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA would probably fill twenty good-sized volumes. In this redundancy of matter nearly every subject has been touched upon—size, climate, the magnificence of its mountains and valleys, its picturesque scenery nestled in among the wilder and more rugged parts; its productiveness, prolificness, the adaptability of its soil to almost every known product of the world; its mines, vast orchards, and a thousand other things. California natives have usually been mentioned last; but California women are famous the length and breadth of the continent, though nearly always for their good looks, or splendid development, mentally and physically. Woman, in a business connection

has, till lately, been an unknown quantity; or, if known, her work has been tacitly discredited. Yet there are women right here in California who are doing some of the best work toward furthering the State's interest, and spreading the State's renown, who are almost unheard of. Women, who by their own unaided courage and energy, have plucked fortune from disaster; who, in some cases, have saved property from mortgage and disruption, and in others have created homes which serve as landmarks throughout this great State of California, and are points of interest to be viewed to the traveler at large.

These California women have pursued their work along widely differing lines. Farming, dairying, stock-breeding, bee-keeping, poultry raising, fruit and flower grow-

ing for profit, landscape gardening, arboriculture, forestry, managers of estates, real estate dealers, the lumber trade, carpet weaving, and a hundred other occupations are now open to the woman of skill and zeal. Throughout the fifty-six counties of California at least forty women are engaged in planting and managing fruit orchards varying in size from fifty to five hundred acres. The pioneer woman in this work, Miss Mary Austin, was successful in making the then barren plains of Fresno to blossom like the rose. Miss Austin proved that horticulture could be engaged in profitably by women as well as men. With another determined woman, her friend, Miss Hatch, she began to improve an already planted vineyard, and her efforts were finally so successful that she gradually extended her venture to one hundred acres. Her tireless energy and constant thought in this venture led her to make many improvements in the vineyard and packing house, and in her work she opened special opportunities for women in packing raisins in attractive forms for commercial purposes. Miss Austin has been dead for many years, but her example stimulated many others to like effort, and the State owes her a debt of gratitude.

From Mrs. Tibbett's home in Riverside, were brought two orange trees which originally came from Brazil. These were planted, and the Washington navel orange industry of California founded. These oranges are known all over the world, and are famous wherever oranges are eaten. Since these two beginnings, many women have experimented with vine and olive, raisins, dates, nuts, seeds and berries.

It is a difficult task to gather the names of the plucky women engaged in obtaining a living from the soil, there being no registration bureau, and no particular representation of the value of their work.

One notable success of a large fruit orchard begun under discouraging conditions when a large family of children, no capital, and unfavorable surroundings, tested and developed the sense, patience and endurance of Mrs. E. Shields, should lead others to realize that "what man," or in this case, woman, has done, may be done again, and that, perhaps, while we wait for opportunity to come to us, she may be knocking at our door, while we listen with deaf ears. Mrs. Shield can tell of almost overpowering discouragements—the entire work of her hands destroyed one season by overflowing spring-tides; too early frosts another—the patience and skill required, and put into the work which seemed to count for so little during many seasons—while now, the annual State fairs literally overflow with the splendid specimens of her grapes, peaches, pears, nectarines, apricots, nuts and berries. Fruits are shown in their ripe state, and in dried and packed forms; also in the shape of preserves, jams, and jellies. She also has many fine varieties of grain, hops, tobacco and other products.

Another woman, made famous by the success of her undertakings—in this case an immense fruit and grain farm—is Mrs. E. P. Buckingham. From her home long lines of fruit trees, heavy with flourishing growth, extend in every direction. The house, built in New England, and brought around the Horn, has replaced the old adobe dwelling of the Spanish owner, and it a fitting illustration of the strength and permanence of Mrs. Buckingham's enterprise. In the past sixteen years, Mrs. Buckingham has planted and developed one thousand acres near Vacaville. The coast line here is more broken, and the valleys, covered with verdure of vine and olive, and picturesque in their hill-slope settings, retain an Old World look, thus adding to their charm. When

the season for gathering approaches, tent villages are set up for the pickers, who come from far and near. Once there came with these a woman from the Bahamas, wishing to take active part in this object lesson of picking and packing that she might return home with the story of what she had seen, and profit by the experience as well.

What is said to be the largest vineyard in the world is that belonging to Mrs. Minnie Sherman of Fresno, California. Mrs. Sherman comes from a wealthy family, but had always a taste and longing for ranch life. When she was still a young woman of about thirty-two, she was left thirty thousand dollars, and with this she purchased part of her present vineyard.

She employs one hundred persons on her ranch. Book-keepers, stenographers and skilled men in all departments. For these employees she maintains a large boarding-house and a hall for social purposes. The daily bill of fare at the ranch is said to be an exceedingly fine one, although Mrs. Sherman acknowledges that so much is raised upon the ranch that it costs her but thirty-seven cents per head each day.

There is also a bakery, where a large number of loaves of bread and cake are turned out each day, besides a dairy, where quantities of butter and cheese are made. Mrs. Sherman owns numbers of the finest Jersey cows, and many people on the ranch are kept busy in and around this model dairy, which is unsurpassed of its kind.

Next in interest comes a slaughter and packing house, as they kill and dress their own meat on the ranch, besides raising the necessary animals. Pigs are there in abundance, and hams and bacon are cured in quantities every year.

On this wonderful ranch, owned and managed entirely by a woman, are to be found an ice-plant, where all ice needful for any purpose is

manufactured; a cannery, where a large force is employed; a tin-shop, where all the cans used in packing and canning the fruit, are made; a winery, whose presses turn out some thousands of gallons of reputable California wine each year, and an immense vegetable garden, where all sorts of vegetables are raised the year round, and which furnishes large amounts of canned peas, beans, and other kinds of green vegetables for the markets.

Raisins are dried in enormous quantities, and other fruits as well. They are all dried in large evaporators, and have a richly deserved reputation among buyers. Poultry and eggs are also sold at good prices, and find a ready sale.

In the Los Gatos foothills, at the western end of Santa Clara County, the home of Mrs. Reed has been held by the "stuffed prune industry," which she has developed. Chicago and New York markets demand all that she can supply. Her success is largely due to her dainty and artistic manner of packing for export, and this suggests a wide field of artistic possibilities.

Mrs. Harriet Strong's thirteen hundred acres lie in the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, sloping toward the sea. The pampas plume industry, discovered by a California woman, was taken up by Mrs. Strong while waiting for the growth of one hundred and fifty acres of walnuts. She has one hundred and fifty acres besides in alfalfa, upon which she has drilled seven artesian wells. She wrote at one time to a well-known lady here: "One who is just to himself and his opportunities will impound the wealth of water that falls in its season, will convert grain fields into orchards, will draw from the reservoirs in the mountains just what water is needed, and thereby convert the product of the grain into food, and raise humanity in the scale of existence, and render possible a population of a million indus-

trious people where now there are not even hundreds."

Hybridizing is a profession which is as yet comparatively unknown, although at least three women have triumphed in that field. It requires accurate, painstaking, patient and continuous labor to work for ten years with the cosmos before bringing it to a flower five and a half inches in diameter, and of innumerable shades of color and forms. The California poppy has been also brought to a five and a half inch diameter, and a visit to the home of Mrs. Theodosia Shepherd, in Southern California, will show acres upon acres of an orange intensity which almost dazzles the eye with its brilliancy. In these grounds one sees rows and rows of graceful pepper trees laden with scarlet berries, and immense varieties of geraniums meet your gaze wherever you may turn.

Many young women when left alone, and forced to make the most of a small capital, turn instinctively to gardening and the raising of flowers. One of these cases is that of two sisters who ventured into horticulture with no practical knowledge, and for their sole possession a bag of poppy seed. Within five years, by undaunted pluck and perseverance, they have developed a business in rose and bulb culture which it takes ten greenhouses to accommodate. Like others, they find the demand of the San Francisco markets all they care to supply. They put in a gasoline engine, built a propagating house, and heated the whole plant with steam. They consider that they have fairly graduated from the ranks of the amateur rose gardener.

Some one with a head for statistics has figured that the egg produce in the United States, when measured by dollars and cents, comes to more than the combined gold and silver production. Mrs. A. Basley, of Southern California, says that her

experience in chick raising has proved his figures to be correct; but she ascribes her success all to the fact that her ranch was so fortunate as to be in California; for she is convinced that in no other State of the Union would she have succeeded half so well. Like the rest of her sister "business women," Mrs. Basley began in a very modest way in a little cottage on a single acre of ground. She took a trip to Los Angeles one day, and attended the annual chicken exhibit which was being held at that time. "White Prince," a beautiful white Plymouth rooster, who had just won a prize, captured Mrs. Basley's heart, and retired from the field in her possession.

She also bought half a dozen hens, taking care, however, that they were of good breed, for with chickens particularly "blood will tell." Thorough-bred chickens eat no more than common poultry, Mrs. Basley says, and they are larger, handsomer, and yield more in the market.

The experience of this woman breeder of chickens is a very varied and an interesting one. "In the beginning," she says, "I had but two poultry houses to accommodate all my flock, but next year I needed four, and the third year eight. I had, in the meantime, learned two things—that mine investments were uncertain, and that there was money in California poultry."

Mrs. Basley kept the strain of her chickens absolutely pure, and they were beauties. People who saw them always wanted to buy them, or at least the eggs, and soon Mrs. Basley was fairly launched. She bought incubators, and built brooders. A brooder is a chicken house with two tiny glass windows, for little chicks do not like dark places. It is heated by a lamp from underneath. Short felt curtains hang from a circular board over the heating pipe, and cold little chicks snuggle under these. When chickens

are first hatched, they must have a temperature of 90 degrees. Each day this is lessened, until 70 degrees is reached, and a thermometer in the incubator is carefully looked after, for in case of too sudden or too great heat the eggs will bake.

When fowls are to be exhibited, they are scrubbed with soap and water, to which a little blueing has been added, so that they come out feeling "pretty blue," and remain so till it wears off. Mrs. Basley's chickens have taken all sorts of prizes, and she is as proud of them as if they were her children.

The incubators are kept going every month except July, August and September. Every ten days a brood of smoky-colored puff-balls is hatched. They must be fed five times daily. When the chicks mature, they are divided into two classes: Those that have the right number of serrations in the comb, straight toes, and unbroken feathers, are placed in breeding pens, while the others are allowed to wander. Each inmate of the pen wears a tiny metal bracelet, with a number on it. This is attached to one leg. When the hen goes in to lay, a trap door closes her immediately into a small coop. When released, her number and the date are printed on the egg.

Breeding pens of four females and one male, not related, bring from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each, and settings of thirteen eggs from three to five dollars.

The other chicks, not up to standard, who have thus far been allowed to wander, are really kept for market uses. When their time is come, they are locked up to be fattened, and are caponized to make the flesh more tender and juicy. All chickens for table use are "stall-fed" for two or three weeks before being killed. They are placed in pens just large enough for two and kept in a shaded place. Three times a day they are fed with a mixture of

milk, table oatmeal and grain. For twenty minutes they are given all they can eat, and then the food is taken away and water left for them. After ten days of this, the "crammer" is used. This is a cylinder, in which food is placed, and by a treadle attachment the food is forced through a tube into the chicken's mouth. In this way their crop is filled three times a day. Less than a week of cramming, and fowls rolling in fat are ready for the butcher, who is eager to pay twenty-five cents a pound for all that he can get. Laying hens produce an average of two hundred eggs a year, and the income from this product is not small.

The life of woman on the farms and ranches of California has been much hampered by the necessity of a larger and more intimate knowledge of the work being done by them. A registration bureau is a crying need, and as the outcome of discussions on this subject, "The Women's Agricultural and Horticultural Union," has recently been formed. The opportunities for usefulness of the union as stated in a pamphlet issued by one of the most earnest and deeply interested workers for this coast, are as follows: "To circulate information and to compare methods of different countries and districts; to advise as to training, and make known openings for employment and for disposal of produce; to uphold the highest standard of work, and to secure an adequate rate of payment for women engaged in any of the indicated lines." The pamphlet goes on to say that it is incumbent on the members to make their course of study and training as complete as possible. A fortnight's attendance at a dairy class cannot possibly turn out first-class butter makers. For the woman who has thoroughly equipped herself in horticulture, there are splendid possibilities. Posts go begging now, because the supply

is as yet deficient in the right kind of women, rightly trained. There seems a chance, also, that for educated women trained in dairy work, poultry farming, and so on, opportunities may arise, which have hitherto been limited. But, to secure such chances, women must have practical, definite training, and the means of procuring this are few. But, as ten counties pledged themselves at the last meeting of the "International Congress of Women Workers," held in London, to form local unions in their respective countries, California ought to be among the first to register the work of her women in agriculture and horticulture. The object of a registration bureau would be to bring the women of the different countries into relation, to help the formation of horticultural schools, and last, but not least, would be its recognition as an important factor in promoting the development of the State. The record already made by women would, if utilized, prove a great inducement to those who would create homes upon home acres, were the way shown.

In the more uncommon lines of women's ventures are the breeding and training of cattle, of fine coursing dogs, and the breaking to saddle of untamed bronchos and blooded horses. Some of these ranch women could give points on this last to many an old hand at the business, and in one case a young girl, born and brought up on an immense cattle ranch, could rope and drive a steer into the pen and knock it on the head as deftly and effectually as any man. In England, it is common for women to manage their own cattle, and to superintend the breeding of their own dogs, but California women are learning to follow in the footsteps of their English cousins in this respect.

From the wide, free spaces of country life to crowded city streets is a far cry, but "business women"

flourish in the city, too, although in a more limited sphere. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, the niece of Warden Hale, then stenographer at San Quentin, thought that it would be a good plan to assume the duties of a notary public, in addition to her usual work. A notary public was much needed at the time, but the difficulties in the way of a woman's appointment were then practically insurmountable. Finally the code was amended providing that women should be eligible to the office of notary public, and this amendment placed in the hands of the Governor, who is the sole appointing power, the opportunity to discharge in part political obligations, and at the same time confer a great benefit upon deserving women who have relatives or families dependent upon them. In no instance has this authority been misapplied by any Governor of California, and it may be confidently asserted that every woman who has received this coveted office was deserving of the selection. The appointment of women as notaries, however, is necessarily a power exercised within narrow limitations, as the demands upon this office by men having political claims are largely in excess of the limited number of notarial positions to be filled. In San Francisco, there are, in all, about twelve women notaries. They have been uniformly successful in the work, and are patronized by banks, insurance offices, and leading professional and business men. To properly perform her duties as a notary, a woman must be conversant with legal forms, commercial protests, and also have a knowledge of human nature, as it is not infrequently that some one will solicit an acknowledgment without the party who signed the instrument appearing in person before the notary, as required by law. Again, the forms of acknowledgment for the different States are not similar, and

even the work of the best lawyers must be carefully gone over before the writing leaves the notary's hand, as errors will creep in unawares, and possibly invalidate an important paper evidencing a very valuable title.

The women notaries have proven efficient for all these contingencies, and have won the confidence of cautious business men.

The office hours are slightly oppressive, as they are presumably never out or away from their desks, and must hold themselves in readiness for telephone calls during business hours from nine until four o'clock. The women notaries have been finally recognized as a fixed element in our business life, and they have uniformly established themselves by their application to their work, their sense of appreciation for patronage bestowed, and the excellent repute they enjoy as a respectable class of hardworking, self-respecting and deserving supporters of themselves and those dependent on them. The vocation is a responsible one, and is impressed with duties and responsibilities of a public character, and in which the whole community necessarily has important interest. The first woman notary of this city was Mrs. Smith, now established in the Mills building. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Miss Augusta Duseberry, and Mrs. Oswald A. Eggers, the last a most delightful personality, as well as a most efficient notary, followed in rapid succession. In another line, as real estate dealers, women are continuously coming to the front. Mrs. Randall Hunt and Mrs. George Bowman are well known as successful operators in this direction. The real estate business requires a nice discrimination, tact, and the ability to look well into the future. The woman real estate dealer in San Francisco has a wide and constantly enlarging field, and the opportunities for her success, if backed up

by the right kind of brain material, are practically unlimited.

In Seabright, near Santa Cruz, lives Miss Forbes, a cousin of Sir Archibald Forbes, who is a shining light as a real estate woman dealer of that section of the country. Miss Forbes, like all brainy people, is exceedingly individual, and is celebrated for a keen wit and ready tongue. In appearance she looks and dresses like a man. She has short, gray hair, wears a nondescript sort of a garment, clumping boot in memory of her beloved England, but is possessed of great magnetism and is very attractive. Threatened with consumption in England, she came to Arizona, lived on a pony for two years in the open air, has entirely recovered her health, and become a justly celebrated "business woman" as well.

In the lighter trades the more conventional business woman is found. Florists, caterers, decorators, photographers, lithographers, and a few women in insurance, make up the list. In the floral trade, the Misses Worn, were the pioneers. Before the venture of these sisters into the business world there had been a few French and Italian florists, but the Misses Worn were the first to establish a line of their own. They had been decorators with Miss Bates before taking up the floral trade, and when the necessity arose, naturally they turned to the flowers they loved, to help them in their need. That they have been successful in their nine years' work, their many friends and patrons can testify.

Another California woman florist who started in a modest way in a small ell off her dining room called by courtesy a conservatory, now has two blocks of greenhouses, and supports a paralyzed mother, an invalid father, and her three children with ease.

Among the women caterers are Mrs. Wright, whose first effort in

this direction was made many years ago, and the Misses Friedlander, both well known and very successful. Catering is an essentially feminine occupation, but to make catering a success in the outside world many qualities are needed, which the average woman does not possess, and it is the possession of these that has aided in placing their catering business on a permanent basis.

There are some prominently successful photographers and lithographers, some of who have gone to New York expressly to study their chosen business, and have become known in the East for the artistic delicacy and finish of their work. The insurance business can show a number of brilliantly successful women, and California has good reason to be proud of her record.

A CALIFORNIA BABY

BY M. HELEN WASTELL

Our Kenneth is a darling,
 But—Kenneth is a thief!
 Not like that naughty Welshman
 Who stole a leg of beef!

No! Kenneth steals our hearts:
 Indeed, 'tis proper, too,
 Because he's just a baby
 With nothing else to do.

He smuggled himself from Heaven:
 And from Angels stole away;
 Fell into parental arms
 Where love, and law, hold sway.

He stole from fair Aurora
 The morning's loveliest hue,
 Then, tinted his dimpled cheeks
 In colors wet with dew.

No coin paid he for the glance
 He cast into the skies:
 As a king might do, he took
 The azure for his eyes.

He purloined the silken threads
 From off the ripened corn:
 Wound it round his infant head,
 Fitting it into a crown.

He stole his mouth from Cupid,
 Which angered Cupid so,
 He pricked it with an arrow,
 And crimsoned it, you know.

He has stolen love, sweet rogue!
 Since ever he was born;
 He'll continue stealing love
 'Till some one steals his own.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS SONG

BY ELLA M. SEXTON

Hear the bells, the Christmas bells,
Their tones the wide world sharing,
All the joy this message tells
Swift wings of morning bearing
Far to pines in Northland snows;
Tropic wealth of gold and rose;
West or East their music flows,
Hear, hear the bells!

Hear the bells, the Christmas bells—
Though dreaming are we merely,
So blue the sky above us swells,
So sweet the lark trills clearly;
Sunshine's warm, caressing boon
Floods the gardens, fields of June—
Yet in joyous Christmas-rune,
Hear, hear the bells!

Hear the bells, the Christmas bells,
A glorious chorus render,
"Peace on earth" their ringing tells,
"Goodwill" the legend tender;
He who blessed the children small,
Suffered, died, to save us all,
His the words of hope they call,
Hear, hear the bells!

Hear the bells, the Christmas bells
While countless hearts are sending
Dear absent ones the love that wells
With tears of longing blending;
Time nor space can this debar,
Love immortal passeth far,
Changeless as the orient star—
Hear, hear the bells!

Hear the bells, the Christmas bells
Ring out their happiest measures;
Once more we bow to childhood's spells,
Its golden gifts and pleasures;
Sorrows banished with the snows
From this clime no winter knows;
Summer-land ere Christmas goes
Hear, hear the bells!

COLLEGE DRAMATICS

The College Girl on the Stage

BY MABEL H. BROWN

THE professional actor throws up his hands and looks undone. He is skeptical of anything good being achieved by persons taking up dramatic art merely as a pastime—not as a life work. But a young aspirant now comes forward to inquire why courses in dramatics are not given at our universities.

"I don't mean a course in elocution," he explains, "but in real dramatic art—a school of acting, in short—why not?"

The professional is moved to further scorn.

A college dramatic school!

It is not generally known, but the full-fledged actor has a heartfelt antipathy for dramatic schools of all sorts and descriptions. It is truly pathetic to witness the debut of a dramatic-school graduate on the professional stage. He may, perchance, find favor with the public, with the manager; but with the cast—never! He is regarded something in the light of a "scab," "a prep." Were he a genius of first water, it would be the same. He must first live down this prejudice on the part of his peers. In their minds, but one straight road leads to success on the stage.

"Be born to it, train from the cradle, be a scene-shifter, be a supé, play minor roles—then presto! be a star."

But it nevertheless stands out as a clearly demonstrated fact that considerable progress in a dramatic line has been made at our two universities. Much of the work has been mediocre, it is true; but some has come dangerously near the standard set by professionals.

Less than ten years ago, Stanford

University gave her first dramatic exhibition on the campus. It was an "exhibit" in every sense of the word—such an entertainment as children might devise for the amusement of their parents. Stanford grew ashamed and resolved to do better. But she was handicapped on account of not having an adequate building in which to present her shows. This was before the era of the pretentious Assembly Hall, which now graces the Quad.

The early plays were given in the old chapel, with a muslin curtain hung on wires stretched across the stage. Later, a make-shift theatre was set up in the old gymnasium. It was necessary to "unset" this theatre after each performance. The following quotation is from the 1904 Quad:

"At six o'clock the last gymnasium class was dismissed. At 6:01 a corps of student workmen began to take up the floor apparatus at the northern end. From its place of storage, behind the building, they drew out the 'knock-down' stage, made to be mounted on jacks. They pulled from the loft a ponderous drop curtain and hung it on a girder, rigged up with toil and profanity for the purpose. They brushed up the scenery and put it into temporary frames. From the baseball field they took down a section of the bleachers and set it up against the rear wall for a gallery. * * * All the spare chairs from the Quadrangle were brought in to make orchestra seats."

Was early Shakespearian drama ushered in on any more "primitive a setting? "She Stoops to Conquer" was given in this impromptu thea-

tre. Money ran out after the purchase of the costumes, and the committee could afford to buy only one scene, which did well enough for the interior of Mr. Hardcastle's house. This was turned wrong side out to represent the inn scene, the idea emanating from the head of some presiding genius.

"Pinafore" was the first opera put on, and this, says our college authority, "was one of the first comic operas with both sexes represented in the cast ever given in any American university." This performance antedated that of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Such was the beginning. The gentle dramatic art has since advanced in rapid strides. Following close on the heels of several excellent farces written and staged at the University by such men as the two Irwins, Bristow Adams, Billy Erb, etc., came an original Spanish comedy, a French farce, and a Greek tragedy, "Antigone," which drew applause and appreciation from professionals and amateurs alike.

But the piece de resistance given at Stanford—the play that earned unstinted praise from expert dramatic critics, and received flattering comment in Eastern journals, was "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," presented by the Stanford English Club two years ago. This, of course, was given in the superb new Assembly Hall, and the stage setting and every appointment was perfect. It was a play that could have been put on the professional boards, as it stood, amateur cast and all, and have earned its way from here to New York and back again, without question.

One pleasant feature about dramatic work at Stanford is that the faculty strongly favors it. "A faculty farce" is usually given once a year by the professors and their wives; and one of the leading parts in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," a part second only to the "Gro-

cer's Wife," as acted by Jack Bonnell, was taken by Professor S. S. Seward, of the English Department.

It is not surprising that this dramatic activity at college has fired some students with aspirations for professional careers. Marked talent has been discovered in a number of the leading lights of these university plays, and three Stanford women have already stepped from the amateur boards to the bona-fide stage. It is surprising, true, for a student of letters, a graduate in Greek and Latin, to appear behind the footlights, but it is not unprecedented. Men of the cloth, learned professors, aye, even nuns (?) have been known to go into vaudeville. Why not the college graduate?

Moreover, in this little matter of the uplifting of the stage, which is being so freely discussed, if intellect will not do it, what will? All hail, then, the advent of the college graduate in his newly chosen profession. May he be a Booth or a Jefferson in his turn, or a Bernhardt, if the gender be feminine.

When Katharine Gilman—Mary Gilman, as she was then called—entered Stanford in the fall of '99, she became immediately popular for two reasons; she had youth, and youth is attractive even in a place where such abounds; she had beauty, and beauty, be it spoken low, does not always abide in college towns, unflattering as the comment may seem. She was the youngest freshman to enter that year, being really below the age required for entrance. She is a tall girl, of athletic build, with dark blue eyes and brilliant coloring. One fancied she would take to golf, to tennis, to horsemanship—to almost any outdoor sport rather than to the stage. She joined the Alpha Phi sorority, shortly after her arrival, and soon became a social favorite.

She made her first appearance on the college stage as the Queen in



"TEDDY" HOWARD.

"The Princess of Leland," a musical extravaganza, written by Chris. Bradley and Billy Erb. Another young girl, who showed exceptional dramatic ability in this play, and throughout her college career, was Miss Emmabela Zucker, who graduated with the '01 class. As for Chris. Bradley, the college had dubbed him a born actor ever since his freshman start in life; but neither of the latter have as yet stepped on the boards.

Miss Gilman went quietly on with her college work with seemingly far more ambition toward attaining a teacher's certificate than anything else. But taking advantage of a woman's privilege she changed her mind. Her senior class entered without her; she had decided to take a dramatic course at a school in the city instead of her A. B. But she made her formal debut on her college stage, after all. She was cast for "Luce" in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and a special delegation was sent to ask her to play the part—even as a "professional." She did her work exceptionally well, so well, indeed, that the favorable press comment brought her to the notice of sundry theatrical managers in the city. She accepted an offer from one, and so stepped on the professional stage before her course in the dramatic school was well begun. She has not stepped back. She played first with Nance O'Neill; but later filled a short engagement with the Neill-Morosco Company. When that terminated, she went with the James Neill Company, and has now been with them more than a year. In that time she has played about thirty different roles. She played Sylvia Summers in "A Bachelor's Romance"; Elinor Burnham in "A Social Honeymoon," but scored her greatest success as Jenny Buckthorpe, in "Shenandoah." She is heartily enthusiastic about her

chosen career, and bids fair to rise to the top.

One interesting fact about the three Stanford girls now on the stage is that they took up their professional careers simultaneously—about a year and a half ago, although they were in no way connected or associated. Katharine Gilman, the first to go on, was a member of the '03 class. Beatrice Bromfield, the second, graduated with the '02 class. Katherine Emmet—but there's a fetching bit of mystery about Katharine Emmet. In the first place, that is not her name in real life—nor was she registered under that name when at Stanford. She prefers, however, to veil her identity under a soubriquet until she has achieved the success which is already promised; for she is playing this season with Margaret Anglin.

Katharine Emmet—be it remembered this is merely her stage name—was at Stanford two years. During that time she was seemingly not at all interested in dramatics. She was a hard student, an English major, and showed ability in a literary line. Her stage training was decidedly not received at college. Before the beginning of her junior year she entered the Gerson Dramatic School in this city, and later was an instructor there in voice culture. Her first dramatic success was made when she played the Lady, in "The Man of Destiny," given at one of our theatres. A theatrical manager, who witnessed the production, advised her to go East, and she followed his advice. Success crowned her efforts from the first. Her next engagement was with Blanche Bates, who was then starring the East in "The Darling of the Gods." And at the close of this season she received an offer from no less a personage than Margaret Anglin; and she is now playing with the latter in "The Eternal Feminine." This sounds almost too

good to be true, for she has been on the stage but little over a year. She is a brunette—the Irish type—with blue eyes and dark hair; and in addition to her dramatic ability has a voice of exceptional sweetness. She could readily turn to the operatic stage if the spirit so moved her.

Beatrice Bromfield, unlike the other two, is a full-fledged graduate with an A. B. after her name. She graduated at Stanford with the '02 class. While in college, she was keenly interested in dramatics, although she did not take part in any of the productions. She was taking a stiff college course, and leisure did not hang heavy on her hands; although she found time to appear at most of the social functions. She was a striking figure on the Quad—a tall brunette, with a decidedly chic air, and full, brown eyes with slightly drooping lids. She waited a year after graduating before entering a dramatic school, where she took a partial course. Professionals urged her to give up this preparatory work and to take to the professional stage.

"But where," she asked, "is a novice to obtain any training except at a dramatic school?"

"Fling yourself into the genuine work and sink or swim," was the answer.

She made her debut with the Neill Morosco Company, playing at the California in "Heart's Aflame." A little later she was engaged by the Mordaunt-Humphrey Company for a short northern tour; and rejoined the Neill-Morosco Company on her return.

Last January she accepted an engagement in Chicago with Hamlin & Mitchell to play "The Witch of the North," in the "Wizard of Oz," which was being put on by one of their Eastern companies. This company toured all the larger cities of the Central, Southern and Atlantic States, finishing the season in New York.

She is in New York at present, and has settled down to hard work. Probably no other profession requires so much arduous work and so much time from its followers as the theatrical profession; but, like virtue, it is seemingly its own reward.

The University of California has likewise presented its quota of aspirants to the professional stage. A number of university men are "in the profession," as well as the women herein mentioned, and a few others who have already deserted the boards for the matrimonial mart.

Miss Teddy Howard, daughter of Professor C. H. Howard of Berkeley, is a University of California girl, who has been on the stage a bare six months. Miss Howard is an excellent example of a college girl, who obtained all her previous dramatic training on the college stage. She was decidedly a "college favorite," a girl who was invariably called upon to play the star part in every college play put on the boards during her brief but meteoric college career. She was the first person of her gender to take part in a Berkeley football play, and was selected especially for the role by the late Professor Syle. She is a New Yorker by birth, but came to this State at the early age of six; and may, therefore, be properly considered a Californienne by adoption. She is piquante, pretty, vivacious, and with her quick movements and contagious laugh, reminds one a little of Blanche Bates, especially when cast for the role of Cigarette.

Miss Howard entered Berkeley in 1901, and went heart and soul into university dramatics, almost immediately. She took one role—as a substitute—on only twenty-four hours' notice, and rendered her part perfectly, without book or prompter. The excellent quality of her work called her again to the notice of Professor Syle, and he advised her to prepare for the profes-



BEATRICE BROMFIELD.

sional stage. Later she was a charter member of the Mask and Dagger Dramatic Society, started at the University last December. This was the society that gave such an excellent presentation of "The Jealous Wife," less than a year ago, with Miss Howard in the title role. The play was staged at both Berkeley and Stanford, and scored an immediate success.

Miss Howard left college last May, and stepped immediately to the professional stage. Her offer was from the Bishop Company, then playing at the Liberty Theatre in Oakland. She took prominent roles from the start. She was Isola in "Mr. Barnes of New York"; Marienne in the "Two Orphans"; the Duchess of Alice in "The Palace of the King," and Pauline in "Frou-Frou."

When asked her preference of these roles, Miss Howard shakes her head and laughs:

"Oh, all of them! Anything, in fact. I like variety; experience is what I want—practice. Then, too, I love my work. I would not change it for anything in the world."

It is ever thus—on the stage. Here we find that *rara avis*, a contented woman. There is no life quite so conducive to satisfaction, the forerunner of happiness as the life of a successful actress, or even that of one who hopes to be successful some day. The work may be arduous, and the result is frequently disappointing; but no workman ever drops out unless forced out, or wooed out.

Amy Hamlin is another University of California girl whose dramatic ability called forth favorable comment from Professor Syle; and she, too, was advised by him to enter the theatrical profession. Miss Hamlin graduated with the class of '99, and after that taught Greek and Latin for one year in the Nordhoff High School. Teaching was something of a cross to her, and she did

it only in order to obtain sufficient money to begin her theatrical career. This, her pet ambition, had been fostered from childhood; but, alas! and alas! she had red hair and freckles! She has them yet, for that matter; but Mrs. Leslie Carter has set a ravishing fashion in red hair, and freckles are not counted behind the rouge—on the stage. She made her first start in New York, securing an engagement through a theatrical agency. She played one season at the American Theatre, and afterwards went on the road with the Rosenquest Company, then playing "The Village Postmaster." The next season she played in "Sag Harbor," and this company brought her to the Coast last March. She played one night in Oakland to an appreciative audience of California students, who banked her dressing room as high as the ceiling with floral offerings. This season she is again playing the part of Hattie Burley in "The Village Postmaster." She was offered a substantial inducement to retake this part, and her rapid advancement is assured. Miss Hamlin has had no dramatic school training. She has the charm of being perfectly natural on the stage as off.

Here they are, then, a bevy of college-bred girls, with intellect and beauty, who bid fair to climb to the topmost round on the theatrical ladder, unless, perchance, some daring Romeo enter the scene on the wrong cue, before the ascent is well begun. It is an accepted theory that matrimony spoils a woman's career—especially a stage career—and yet—and yet, but few of our great actresses are unmarried—although a number of them are divorced, it is true—and the majority of them prefer to cling to maiden titles for stage work. The stage is, indeed, a veritable Mecca for maiden ladies—not old maids—Heaven forbid! Who ever heard of an old maid on the stage?



Into the North the V-Shaped Flight

BY NEILL C. WILSON

Over the wind-swept marsh they flew,
Into the darkness, side by side—
The sea-winds out from the westward blew
And the tules surged in the lapping tide.

Into the gray of the spreading night,
Into the north went the V-shaped flight.
Over the tules the darkness grew,
The sea-winds out from the westward blew,
But into the gray of the night they flew.

The marshes, drenched with the rising tide,
Darkened with night and its leaden sky.
The waters surged, and the winds replied,
And the wild geese honked from their flight
on high.

Into the north, where the darkening gray
Marked the approach of a winter night,
Swung the long line, and the paling day
Followed the course of their wild, grim flight.

Into the gray of the spreading night,
Into the north went the V-shaped flight.
Over the tules the darkness grew,
The sea-winds out from the westward blew—
But into the gray of the night they flew.

* * * The above poem was written by a 15-year-old California boy. The word "tules," pronounced "tooles," designates a California marsh grass.—Editor's note.

Univ Calif.- Digitized by Microsoft ®



CALIFORNIA GAS AND

ELECTRIC CORPORATION

THE evolution of the California Gas and Electric Corporation is as interesting from a progressive financial standpoint as the evolution of the Standard Oil or the Southern Pacific Railway Company. The corporation differs from these two concerns in that it is entirely local, having to do only with the development of the central portion of California, and its securities are owned and held by California individuals and institutions.

Commencing in the year 1896, the brief period of eight years ago, the development of water power on the South Fork of the Yuba River, with an installation of less than 1000 h. p. for the purposes of supplying the mines in that district, it has grown steadily, until now it has control of every city of any consequence north of Fresno County, with the exception of San Francisco and Stockton. It has developed and is operating 60,000 horsepower from the watersheds of the Sierra Nevada, and has in process of development 100,000 horsepower in addition.

It is doing business in twenty-three counties of the State, and controls the gas and electric lighting business in the cities of Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, Chico, Colusa, Napa, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Marysville, Petaluma, San Rafael, Santa Rosa, Woodland, Berkeley, Fresno and Vallejo; besides selling current to companies operating in the following towns: Biggs, Gridley, Lincoln, Wheatland, Dixon, Sonoma, Washington, Sebastopol, Vallejo, Vacaville, Benicia, Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, San Pablo, Point Richmond, Pinole, Crockett, San Leandro, Elmhurst, Mission San Jose, Tracy, Byron,

Livermore, Pleasanton, Stockton, Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, Sutter Creek and South San Francisco.

It supplies 60 per cent of the entire population of the State, outside of the city and county of San Francisco, and its district embraces 15,000 square miles.

In the development of water power available in the streams flowing from the Sierras to the sea, it has built up towns and hamlets; invested its capital obtained from California in the developing of this California enterprise, and given employment to thousands of men in the past eight years, and nothing but the electrical machinery (which by necessity has had to be purchased in the Eastern States), has been bought outside of the State of California.

The men interested in the corporation, and who have been instrumental in its larger growth, are all identified with successful businesses in this State; the corporation has received the support and sanction of all banking institutions; its most commendable act has been the policy pursued ever since the organization of the Nevada County Electric Power Company of continually lessening rates to consumers.

The consolidation of all the minor gas and electric companies in its territory has resulted in a reduction in the past eight years of over 60 per cent to the consumer, in the rates paid for gas and electricity, and it is now looking for ways and means to further cheapen its product, so as to give the consuming public the benefit of the consolidation, rather than burden them with increased rates to bear the expenses of same, which is, unfortunately, the usual custom.

processes, and of carbon monoxide a fraction of not over six per cent is noticeable in this crude oil water gas.

The acquisition of the Standard Electric Company of California in March of this year, marked the absorption of the only possible competitor in hydro-electric transmission.

The contract recently executed with the United Railroads of San Francisco, for the supply by the corporation to it of all the current required for the operation of its entire system of street railways for a period of twenty years, is an answer to the oft-repeated statement that Long Distance Transmission could not successfully compete with the power produced by steam at the low price of fuel now prevailing upon the Coast.

The earnings of this corporation in the year and seven months of its existence, as published monthly in

the financial columns of the papers, are indicative of the wisdom of the men who conceived and carried to its successful completion this gigantic enterprise.

The properties of the corporation embrace many thousand miles of ditches and flumes, many thousand miles of poles and wire lines, while billions of gallons of water are stored in the mountain fastnesses, and producing power at the different power houses located in the canyons of the Sierras. All of these are evidences of the stability, worth and future prosperity and greatness of the corporation.

This power is used to operate various industries in the State, from the gigantic dredgers in the Oroville district, to the diminutive motor in dental offices.

The mind of man cannot conceive, nor the pen of man write fitting descriptions of the difficulties encountered by the pioneers in the work



Colgate Power House—Bay Counties Power Company

of harnessing the melting snows of the mountains. From the moment that the axe was laid at the root of the tree that flourished on a site soon to be covered with water; from the time when, through the silent canyons, the echo of rock after rock, displaced to make way for the flumes and ditches; from the moment when the long, sinuous pipe, winding its way down the mountain side to the electric generator, was filled with water, which, by the mighty force of its fall, turned the wheels that sent the current over 150 miles to the point of use; as many dangers were met and difficulties overcome as when the red-shirted pioneers of old '49 days first

dived into mother earth for the gold that helped to make California what she is.

Most men now living can remember when the only light available in our cities was either the flickering gas flame or the candle dim, but to-day comes the realization that the streets of the metropolis or the streets of the village, can be made as of to-day, and to every man's house—no matter how humble, may come the instrument of cleanliness which is light turning out the darkness.

Those interested in the development of our great State should give just due to the men who have made all of these conditions possible.



Tauquitz Peak from Strawberry Valley

Putman & Valentine Photo



IN THE LIMELIGHT.

The popular young actor, John Craig as "D'Artagnan."

MARVELS OF REFRACTION

BY A. H. DUTTON

ATMOSPHERIC refraction often plays wonderful tricks upon human vision, but rarely have greater marvels been recorded than those related by Lieutenant H. G. Stickney, U. S. Navy, navigating officer of the U. S. Battleship Texas, in an official report he made recently to the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department.

In the course of his report, Lieutenant Stickney says:

"On the night of May 5, 1904, while the Texas was in latitude 36 degrees, 04 minutes, 30 seconds, North, longitude 73 degrees 27 minutes, 00 seconds West, making passage to Hampton Roads, Virginia, the three lights of Cape Hatteras, Bodie Island and Currituck were all seen at the same time, and the ship's position plotted by bearings on all three of them. Cape Hatteras was then $48\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.

"A few minutes later, Cape Charles light was distinctly seen and identified by it flashing its distinguishing number 45, at a distance of 62 miles.

"Bodie Island and Currituck lights showed at various times multiplied, several lights appearing in

a vertical line, the highest sometimes at perhaps two or three hundred feet above the lowest light.

"Previous to sundown it was noted that Bodie Island lighthouse seemed to be several hundred feet taller than its actual height, and the horizon was seen double, one image being apparently lifted high up in the air.

"At sundown an image of the sun rose out of the horizon and met the true sun, these two gradually merging into one, and then separating again, the true sun going down and the image of it going up and gradually disappearing some distance above the horizon.

"On the same date, and about 8 p. m., Captain I. Jones, master of the British steamer Rowanmore, reports that while approaching the land off the capes of Virginia, that owing to an unusual amount of refraction, lights which have only a range of twenty miles were seen 45 miles off the land, with the following weather conditions: Barometer, 30.32; attached thermometer, 58 degrees; temperature of air, 56 degrees; water, 58 degrees; wind SSW, force 1."



TWENTIETH CENTURY PROBLEMS

“ In Hoc Signo Vinces ”

BY H. L. CHAMBERLAIN

IF the problems of the Old World, inseparably connected with the present war in the Far East and with other conflicts sure to grow out of it, as indicated in a former article, have any significance for us in respect of the beneficent results certain to issue from them, the problems of the New World to be solved in this twentieth century are of far greater significance in their bearing upon the perpetuity of this Republic, the well-being of society and the progress of the race.

Serious minds are asking with great concern what will be the course of this Government in the progress of the Old World conflicts and what will be their effect on this nation. Such fears ought to be set aside as baseless. The very conservative and altruistic course pursued by this Government in relation to Cuba and other dependencies has given to the world a striking proof, not of self-aggrandisement, but, rather, of self-sacrifice for an alien and oppressed people. Connected events, not specially of our own choosing, have made us a world power whose friendship is rather to be courted than to be offended or despised. We shall be conservators of the world's peace, an arbitrator rather than a belligerent.

But what shall we say of the fears engendered by causes within our own borders? Vast numbers have a settled conviction that we have already or will soon come to our political and moral zenith, and like so many nations before us, will take our turn into a decline that will result in dismemberment of the union, conflicts for supremacy and final ruin. Lord Macauley voices these

opinions by his famous pessimistic prediction that the twentieth century would witness the end of Republican Government in America, “most probably by the Huns and Vandals within their own borders.”

Recent writers affect to see “tendencies of the times towards barbarism” in the increasing prevalence of lawlessness in the land, in defiance of constituted authority, infuriated mobs often taking the administration of justice into their own hands with revolting results. They see this tendency also in a growing taste for brutal sports, corrupting to all the finer instincts of man, and also in a reckless disregard for the sacredness of human life, as shown in the alarming increase of murders and suicides in the last twenty-five years.

In 1886 there were in this country 1146 murders. In 1890 they had increased to 4290. In 1894 they mounted up to 9800, and two years later they reached the startling number of nearly 14,000. We have not at hand the record for 1900, but we can rest assured it will be still more fearful. The present writer declared in 1880: “Where there is one murder now, there will be ten in a few years,” so clearly did he see the decadent conditions and tendencies of the times.

Suicides, especially among women and young men, have increased at the same fearful ratio, until now it is declared that one death in every sixty-five is either a murder or a suicide.

In 1902 these self murderers reached the startling figure of 8,955.

The general criminal record is equally startling. In 1850 there was

one criminal to every 3442 of population. In 1870 there was one to every 1021 of population, and in 1890 there was one to every 715. At this rate, we are likely to distance every civilized country in the Old World, and make an unenviable record and reputation for ourselves, increasing year by year until we come to the turning post of destiny.

The situation is made still more alarming if we consider the corruption in political life, whereby city, State, and even national interests are made the subject of barter and trade under the dominating influence of the saloon and the insatiable greed for gold. Material good seems to be the calf we worship, and to which we bend the knee as did our ancestors of old. Prosecutions and convictions in the courts of various States tell the story of corruption affecting the political and commercial life of men in all grades of society, and these affect to a great or less extent the national life. All sense of shame and moral responsibility seems to have departed from such as these, and left them moral wrecks. Let those who are not of these remember that the nation is a person created of God for a moral end and accountability is the inevitable sequence of national life.

We are fast creating, if there is not created, a proletarian class—Macauley's "Huns and Vandals," no doubt—men who are infatuated with the idea that society should be reorganized by the abrogation of all laws—save, perhaps, those of their own making—under the declaration that every man shall be a law unto himself, and not be bound by laws which others have made for him. Their vaunted love of liberty is simply a love of license, by which every man hopes to do according to his own sweet will.

Fifty years ago a leading "Free Thought" journal of Boston regularly displayed for many years at the head of its columns what it was

pleased to term its "Ten Demands," having for their object the elimination from national and State usage everything tending in anywise to distinguish us as a Christian nation. Societies were organized in many cities, with this avowed object in view. Though the journal has long since ceased to be, or has been merged in some other of different name, the spirit and purpose of these demands still control the organizations created under its appeals. Several of these demands have already been complied with, and others are being pressed for acceptance with the greatest confidence in final victory. Surely, thoughtful men have cause for alarm when such a purpose as this threatens to become the will of the people and control the nation's life.

Nor is this all that threatens our national life and puts us on the line of decadence which has proved the ruin of nations before us. When the sacredness of home life is invaded and marriage becomes the toy of the moment to be set aside on the slightest pretext, and even entered into with the flippant and hearless expression: "If I don't like him I can get a divorce," we are striking at the very foundations of society and social order. When men can boast of seven wives in seven States and only one dead, and another in a recent case acknowledged, without a blush, six wives in one State, it is time to ask "Quo Vadis"? and read Rome's doom with opened vision, and speedily seek for the remedy.

The general criminal record could be extended still further, if necessary, to show a fearful state of moral infirmity. The Decalogue seems no longer to have a binding force to restrain men from crime, if only it promises sufficient compensation. Every uncertain public event of life is made the occasion for gambling on the result. The race course and the pool room absorb the interest and attention of countless hosts of

young men, and defalcations naturally follow. But the worst phase of it all is that the mania has seized upon women throughout the land to such an extent that in many places sporting men themselves are becoming alarmed lest their peculiar business shall become demoralized. They openly declare unless betting by women is stopped racing is doomed.

Added to this is the rapidly increasing accumulations of wealth, often gained by most unscrupulous methods, which leads, almost inevitably, to extravagance and luxurious living, corrupting to the best life of the individual and of the nation. Rome's fate was sealed in the luxurious corruption of the aristocracy of wealth. The danger is vastly increased if this enormous power, concentrated in few hands or corporations, is used to control legislation in their own behalf and to the detriment or ruin of all opposition.

We may well ask, therefore, what is the remedy for all these threatening evils and how shall it be applied? This is the twentieth century problem for this nation. If the better element of society could be united on any remedy, the problem were of easy solution, but because of divided opinion and lack of unity respecting a remedy and its application, present decadent conditions, which override and dominate the better element of the nation, by reason of better organization and a more determined purpose, are likely to increase for some years to come until we arrive in the valley of decision and ask ourselves in astonishment, whither are we drifting, and what shall be the end? Shall the corrupt minority rule the nation's life, as at present, or shall the larger and better element assert its power and assume control?

As a matter of fact, the oracles of God declare in this age: "Wicked men shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."
* * * "Men's hearts shall fail them

for fear of those things that are coming on the earth, distress of nations in perplexity for the roaring of the waves and billows." To remove all doubt as to the meaning of these words, the Messenger adds: "The waters which thou sawest are peoples and nations and languages." And, lest discouragement at the gloomy prospect should drop into despair, the Man of Nazareth was permitted to add to his forecast of the perils of these days this word of encouragement: "But when ye see these things begin to come to pass, then lift up your heads and rejoice for your redemption draweth nigh."

The very desperateness of the situation to which the nation is descending will become its door of hope, its avenue of escape. The prodigal at the swine fields was nearer home than he had ever been before; every step in his downward career had been bringing him, all unwittingly, nearer and nearer to the father's house and home. A little reflection discovers other points of resemblance in the story making it applicable to the nation as to the individual, since both are personalities created of God for a moral end.

The young man went out into the world to enjoy his patrimony as he pleased, because the restraints and limitations of home were too irksome and the freedom of world life too attractive to be resisted. The companions of his choice governed his career, and led him by a sad, yet necessary, experience to the valley of humiliation and decision. Experience had proved a costly teacher, but the victory was won for a better environment and a better life.

In like manner we received from our Colonial Fathers a splendid patrimony and entered on our career as a nation with the fairest prospects. In our generosity we invited the world to enjoy with us the pleasures of a free life with

abundant resources. But our invited guests and companions have gradually led us away from the sturdy simplicity and moral ideals of Colonial life, and are making for us an environment which threatens to corrupt and debauch the nation. We have shown a free hand and divided among them our substance only to find their demands more and more exacting and imperious. We have yielded to them in excluding from our schools the primary text book of all moral instruction; "we have thus sown to the wind; we are beginning to reap the whirlwind."

After many years of thoughtful investigation and experience, many of the best educators of the country are connecting this radical departure from the good old way of the fathers with the enormous increase of crime in the last fifty years, and are lifting a warning voice. It seemed but a small thing to do, but like the calves of Jeroboam, it was the first step in a descent whose momentum increases with the fall until the end comes. "The end may be delayed," says Goldwin Smith, "but it is sure." But the end will not be what the pessimists of the Macaulay school anticipate; herein lies the beauty and force of the parable. At his apparent lowest moral condition he came to himself and—determined.

Our pseudo friends have, moreover, demanded and are fast creating for us a European Sabbath, by which we are in a very special sense breaking away from the wise limitations and restraints, not only of our Colonial life, but from the covenant obligations entered into by our fathers of long ago, at Sinai. That Mosaic constitution and covenant was the ideal for which the Pilgrims thought and wrought and prayed. But when a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was asked why they did not recognize the nation's obligations to God,

he replied: "To tell you the truth, we forgot it."

What they forgot to do, this nation will deliberately do when we come, not far hence, to the turning post of destiny in our self-confident career. When bitter experience shall have welded discordant and varying opinions into one determined purpose, we shall recognize covenant obligations and the old ideal as the only way of escape from the evils which are surely besetting us. With a voice which cannot be mistaken as an expression of the nation's will, we shall adopt Sinai's fundamental law as thenceforth the rule by which the nation's life shall be governed in all matters of moral action and legislation.

The Mosaic Constitution and code of laws, adopted at Sinai, had the moral needs of the nation in view and were eminently adapted to promote the intelligence, prosperity, and happiness of the people. "This is the model, the ideal," says an eminent jurist, "which is influencing and shaping our laws, rough hew them as we may; and in some of our theories, ill-considered and as yet impracticable, we are blindly groping towards the light that Moses set before us."

"The commonwealth is formed for mutual advantage, the nation is formed for a moral end." We must of necessity recognize this as a part of the problem to be solved. Though the Government may be of the people, by the people, and for the people, "the nation has its foundation and its origin in God and its vocation is only from him. In other words, the only completion of the State is the Christian State; and it is as a power in history, which is the redemptive life of humanity, that it has its vocation and its destination. The nation is to work in the realization on the earth of His Kingdom, who is the only and the Eternal King. It becomes then no more the kingdom of this

world, but the kingdom of Him whose reign is of eternal truth—the reign in which, in the realization of personality, there is the freedom of man. Its advance is only in his advent, its destination is towards Him. Its new ages are the days of the coming of the Son of Man. Its freedom is only in his redemptive strength.”

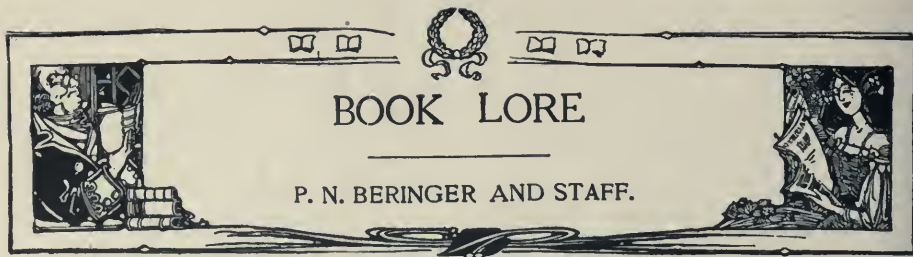
Presaging the coming victories of the Prince of Peace our fair city was recently emblazoned with his insignia. The heralds of the “cross and crown” are but the vanguard of the mighty army whose watchword shall be: “Peace on earth, good will to men.” “Et in hoc signo vinces.”

To be in harmony with this divine purpose and beneficent result is life and the full enjoyment of

every good gift of the Father’s house. To be actively opposed to them is to be accredited by the great Architect and Builder of this humano-world-temple as waste material to be cast aside as useless, for the inexorable law of the “survival of the fittest” involves, of necessity, the removal or destruction of the unfit. “Without the rigorous weeding out of the imperfect,” says Henry Drummond, “the progress of the world had not been possible.” With unmistakable certainty the Oracles of God declare this to be the law of the new kingdom, and by it the problem of this twentieth century will be solved, and the future safety and stability of this nation for the coming ages be fully assured.



“Hello below!”



“Congresses for the Benefit of the Dear People,” by Sidney Pell Makison.

The American Forest Congress met in Washington on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th of January, under the auspices of the American Forestry Association. Too often irrigation and other popular congresses are only a cloak for the aggressions of large corporations against the rights of the benighted private citizen. It is fervently hoped that this Forestry Congress was unlike the so-called National Irrigation movement as light is unto day, and that it was a real attempt at the conservation of our forests and the re-forestation of our desert areas.

There is such a close kinship in interest between forest preservation and re-forestation and irrigation that no one can view any movement in that direction without suspicion without qualms of conscience. We have seen so many schemes in connection with irrigation, national and State, that speak for the exploitation of the sympathetic public, without adequate return in benefits, that we cannot help viewing anything that savors of a national movement (apparently without funds, but really backed by transportation companies and land holders, and furnished with unlimited capital) with suspicion.

Sometimes it is the poor Indian who furnishes the lever to open the flood gates of popular subscription. This was the case in one instance in Arizona, where a vast and worthless area was improved for the benefit of clever manipulators and to the everlasting detriment of a few poor

Indians. The water was impounded and then the Indian was removed to a less congenial reservation, because the speculators wanted the land, which had enhanced immensely in value. We know the game that was played in the California Irrigation Districts. In that State it was the farmer. In the northern part of the State, crocodile tears are shed for our forests. Public indignation is aroused, and vast tracts of forest are “reserved” by the Government. This acts as a shortening of the timber supply and enhances the value of standing timber, to the immense advantage of the corporations holding our timber areas. The same genius who engineers the “reserve” idea will be on hand with a magnificent suggestion to open the “reserves.”

The “dear public” are fools, and always will be fools as long as they trust in the liberality of those whose business and personal interests lie in the impounding of the waters for the benefit of land companies, or the re-forestation of our mountains for the benefit of the timber trust.

There are laws enough on the statute books to control vandalism of this high grade. Let us enforce the laws as they stand. Any amendment at this time is more than likely for the benefit of the predatory corporations. Let no one imagine, for an instant that I mean to infer that there are not whole-souled, patriotic citizens connected with these movements.

Oh, ye!, there are such! They are used as foils by the clever manipulation of public opinion.

In the "Friendship of Art" Bliss Carman has given us one of those limpid pools of which he speaks so eloquently, dipped from the ocean of eternal truth. He has strung along the central idea of the perpetual thirst of the human mind a series of delightful essays, Contentment, joy, peace and the ultimate perfection of character are the beads on which he tells his rosary of the beautiful. His grasp is big and free, and his optimism, voiced in an age of cynicism and unbelief, comes as a hope and a promise. The little volume deserves a place in literature because of its easy, enchanting style and the healthy spirit that informs it.

In "Rachel Marr," Morley Roberts has given us an impossible creation. The delicate tones are lost in a great splash of color which makes lurid a tale that might have been simple. The author subjects all things to the "life force"; the spirit struggles pitifully, succumbs, and nature's triumph is detailed in glowing terms that round out in countless metaphors and repetition. The subtle comprehension displayed by James Lane Allen when handling his exquisite nature study, "A Summer in Arcady," is substituted by a coarse character evolution, and the "elemental," directed by centuries of repression, is confounded with the brutal instincts of lower animal life, uncontrolled, unrefined by a regard for the higher moral standard. Not one person in the story escapes the allurements of sex, and the heroine is little less than a woman in her lack of complexity. In parts the descriptions are masterly, and in the very grasp of polished English is shown a lamentable absence of the spiritual essence which marks the psychological studies that live.

After one has wandered through three hundred pages of "Wanted: A Cook," the patient reader would

suggest to the indefatigable author that the afflicted husband is in more need of a sensible wife than of an experienced chef. The culinary crisis is the pivot on which turns the tragedy of two overly-drawn exponents of hyper-culture. Letitia is a libel on the learned young woman, whose idea of "the fitness of things" would never plunge her into the mortifying perplexity of frying or boiling tea leaves. If, however, Mr. Alan Dale has endeavored to point out the benefits of a liberal education, the result is a moral in a profusely adorned tale.

Justice to the West.—The defect of existing general histories relating to America is that they are not records of the settling and progress of the whole country. They are almost entirely devoted to the settling and progress of the East and sometimes a part of the South.

Sectional jealousy is a thing in which the great West has no occasion to indulge, and it is not to arouse sectional jealousy, but in the spirit of devotion to true history that this statement is made. It has become a comparatively easy matter to go over the history of New England, of the Southern Coast States, of Pennsylvania and of New York. The prophetic reader can hazard a guess as to the arrangement, almost paragraph for paragraph, of the history dealing with the heroic settlement of these colonies, the mutation of public opinion, the industry, courage, sacrifice and ability that welded together these mighty States.

But it is a more difficult matter to write the history of Texas, Colorado, California, Oregon and Washington. Nay, it remains still a difficult task to deal properly with Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Iowa. These States have each their story—some of these stories are of thrilling interest. They have set up their colleges

in the wilderness, half starving themselves for education's sake; they also fought the Indians in furtive and open combat; they also had their leaders, preachers, martyrs, hegiras, defeats and triumphs. They have yet to appear in a general history. "The History of North

America," published by George Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, will not, as may be learned from the prospectus, omit, or dismiss with paragraphs, events of tremendous significance because these events occurred in the West instead of in the East.



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⊗ The cross shows the size
 of mouse as apparent to clocker.

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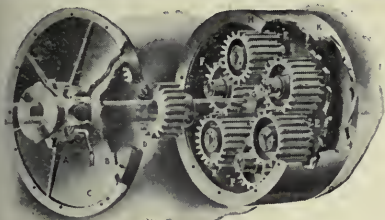
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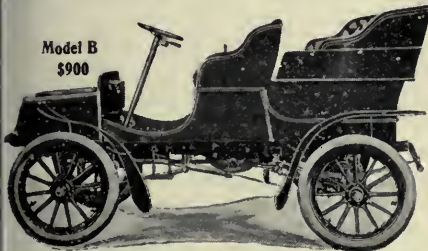
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In the December issue of the *Overland Monthly* an unintentional injustice was done to the Oakland Conservatory of Music. The article in question was made to say that Professor Adolph Gregory was connected with another institution. In order to correct any misapprehension that may have arisen we republish the item under proper heading and with certain typographical errors eliminated.

Oakland Conservatory of Music.

In the choice of a director, the management has been fortunate in securing the services of so able and experienced a musician as Professor Adolph Gregory. He began his musical career as a chorister in Chester Cathedral, Eng., in 1871, where he remained as soprano soloist until the change of voice; studying singing, theory of music, piano-forte and violin under the respective direction of Prof. Czner, Dr. Statham, Professor Gunton and Drs. H. I. Irons and J. C. Bridge, all musicians and composers of well-known repute, in 1878 he went to London, where he continued his studies under Elleberts, a favorite pupil and friend of the Abbe Liszt, holding the positions of soloist and director of choir and orchestra in several London churches. In 1883 he was appointed organist and choir director of Wadhurst College. Here he re-

mained for two years, producing several noteworthy compositions, notably a mass for male voices in A Major. In 1885 a favorable opportunity occurring, he removed to Italy to continue his studies, and held the position of Maestro di Cappella at the celebrated Santuario della Croce Piemonte, at the same time graduating in Physical Science and Philosophy in the Lyceo Reale and Collegia Mellerio-Rormini. After seven years spent as teacher and conductor of the orchestra and chorus of Italy, he returned to London, from whence he accepted an invitation to Canada, where he founded the Vancouver, B. C., Conservatory of Music. In 1900 he accepted the position of Director of the Oakland Conservatory of Music, since then bringing this school to its present state of efficiency.

“The Man on the Box” is a diverting companion for an idle hour. While improbable, the plot runs smoothly, and for all his Don Quixotism, the hero is a convincing personality. The heroine has the love of intrigue peculiar to her sex, and leads the gentlemanly adventurer through a series of trying ordeals. He stands the test, and the culmination is the felicitous finale of the good-humored story book.

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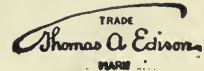
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For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of 10 per cent on capital stock and participating certificates, free from taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 2, 1905.

JOSEPH A. LEONARD, Manager.

Office—Fifth Floor Mutual Savings Building, 708 Market street, opposite Third St.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

For the six months ending December 31, 1904, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the saving department of this company as follows: On term deposits, at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Office—Corner California and Montgomery Sts.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Continental Building and Loan Association.

Has declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1904, of five per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, six per cent on term deposits, and seven per cent on class "F" installment stock.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WM. CORB.N, Secretary.
Office—301 California Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1904, a dividend has been declared the rate per annum of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

Office—532 California St., corner Webb.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank.

For the six months ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent per annum on deposits, free of taxes, payable on or after January 3, 1905.

LEON BOCQUERAZ, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent per annum on deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier

Office—710 Market street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent per annum on deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.

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Thousands of women pride themselves on their ability to create good things to eat. Nothing has been of so much help to them in preparing delicious deserts, cakes, pies, puddings, etc., as Dunham's Original Shred Cocoanut. To ascertain who are the most popular home cooks, we offer \$2,000 cash, in a grand prize voting contest, starting immediately and closing October 1st, 1905.

First prize, \$500.00; Second Prize, \$200.00; Third Prize \$100.00; Fourth Prize \$50.00; Fifth Prize \$25.00; Twenty Prizes of \$10.00 each; Fifty Prizes of \$5.00 each.

The popularity of the different contestants will be determined by the total number of votes cast for each during the contest. In case two or more candidates receive the same number of votes, the prize money will be divided equally between them. The seventy-five contestants receiving the greatest number of votes by October 1st will be the winners of the seventy-five grand prizes. Names of winners will be announced in the December Dunham's Cocoanut advertisements.

Any woman may be a contestant.

The voting ballot consists of that part of the wrapper on a package of Dunham's Cocoanut bearing the Cocoanut Cake trademark. Simply write plainly the name and address of the woman for whom you wish to vote on THE BACK of this part of the wrapper. This is imperative. Ballots from 5c. packages will count as one vote each; 10c. packages 2 votes; 20c. packages 4 votes; 40c. packages 8 votes. No other kind of ballot will count. Mail your ballots, postage fully paid, from time to time, at your convenience, and they will be credited to the contestants for whom they are cast. Fasten them together and state on a separate piece of paper how many you are sending.

Commence immediately and name your choice—name yourself or some friend whom you wish to help. Get your friends, your neighbors and their friends interested.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Three Special Awards (in addition to the Grand Prizes), will be made while the contest is in progress. The contestants in the Grand Contest will also have an opportunity of winning these extra prizes.

1st SPECIAL AWARD—\$225.00 to the home cooks having the most votes to their credit on March 15th, 1905; First Prize \$100.00; Second Prize \$50.00; Third Prize \$25.00; Fourth Prize \$10.00; Eight prizes of \$5.00 each.

2d SPECIAL AWARD—\$225.00 (divided in the same proportions as First Special award) to the home cooks receiving the largest number of votes between March 15th and May 15th. Votes received on or previous to March 15th not counted in this Special Award.

3d SPECIAL AWARD—\$225.00 (divided in the same proportions as First and Second Special Awards) to the home cooks receiving the largest number of votes between May 15th and July 15th. Votes received on or previous to May 15th not counted in this Special Award.

These Special Awards will not interfere in any way with the Grand Contest, but are made in addition to the Grand Prizes to sustain interest in the Contest, and to enable those who for any reason are unable to remain in the Contest to the end, to obtain Prizes in short term Contests. The Winners of the three Special Awards will be announced respectively in May, July and September advertisements of

DUNHAM'S COCOANUT

Now is the time to begin sending in your Ballots. The early beginners have a decided advantage in winning the first Special Awards of \$225.00, and a good start means much in the winning of the Grand Prizes. If you want to know how YOU can win a prize, send us your name and address on a postal and we will send you many suggestions of easy and sure methods of obtaining votes.

Watch subsequent Dunham's Cocoanut advertisements for new developments in the Contest.

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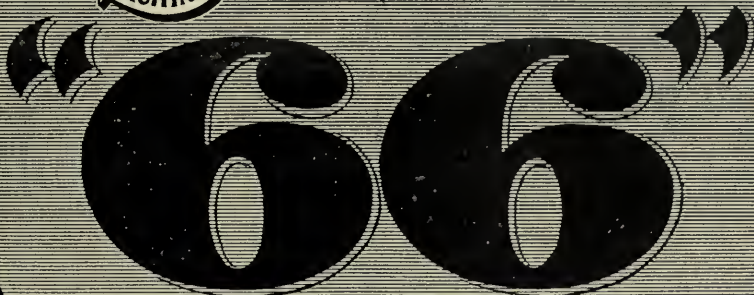
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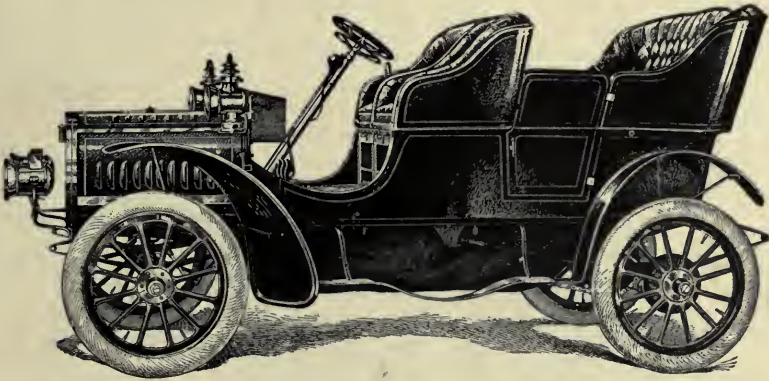
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W



ITHIN the present year many articles of unusual importance have appeared in the English magazines. The best of these have been freshly republished in the LIVING AGE and thus made readily available to American readers. As this magazine is issued weekly, it is possible to present the English contributions almost as soon as their periodicals are received in this country. It was to meet this demand that Mr. Littell began the LIVING AGE in 1884, and to-day, as then, it is the only American periodical giving the leading features of the foreign press in their entirety. For this reason the LIVING AGE (still often called "Littell's") is so highly prized by those who know it best. Recent numbers have contained such timely articles as Goldwin Smith's "Innovations of Time on the American Constitution," Count Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourselves" on the war, "The Reorganization of Russia," by Calchas, "The New Japan," by Count Okuma, "Macedonian Relief," by Lady Thompson, and "Cardinal Newman and the New Generation," by W. S. Lilly. There have been many fine literary articles, including criticisms relating to the work of Swinburne, George Meredith, Arthur Conan Doyle, and others; while in art

Verestchagin, Watts as well as Ruskin have been subjects of fresh thought. Matters relating to science, also to travel, adventure, etc., have been given adequate space. Then there has been some very strong fiction, including the serial "Lychgate Hall," by M. E. Francis and short stories of much merit.

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KATRINA TRASK

B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR

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LIGHT VERSUS LEGISLATION. A profound and masterly paper on the Divorce Problem by the well-known authoress, KATRINA TRASK (Mrs. Spencer Trask), of New York.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS OF GREAT BRITAIN, by the Hon. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., of London, England, one of the greatest postal experts of Great Britain.

A PIONEER NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST. C. L. BARTHOLOMEW ("BART") of the *Minneapolis Journal*, is the first of a series of illustrated sketches of the leading newspaper cartoonists of our day which will appear from time to time during the present year.

These are only a few of the timely and exceptionally brilliant papers which make the January ARENA, we believe, *the most notable number in the history of the magazine.*



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SPECIAL ART FEATURES. Full-page portraits, printed in sepia on India-tint paper, of RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, KATRINA TRASK (Mrs. Spencer Trask), Gov.-elect. JOSEPH W. FOLK of Missouri, and C. L. BARTHOLOMEW ("BART") of *Minneapolis Journal*. Also portraits of THADDEUS STEVENS, A. G. CURTIN, SIMON CAMERON, J. DONALD CAMERON, GALUSHA A. GROW, and Col. A. K. McCLURE. Full-page original cartoon by DAN. BEARD, and more than twenty other illustrations.



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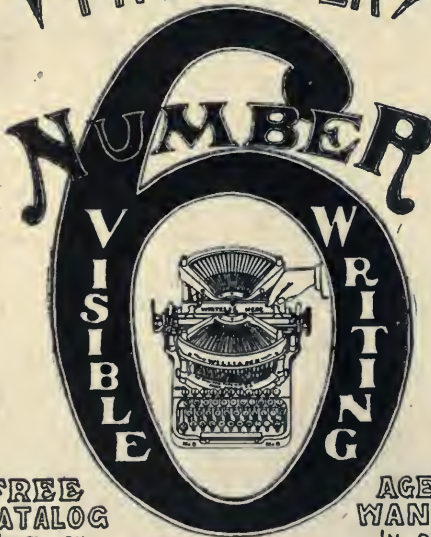
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FEBRUARY, 1905

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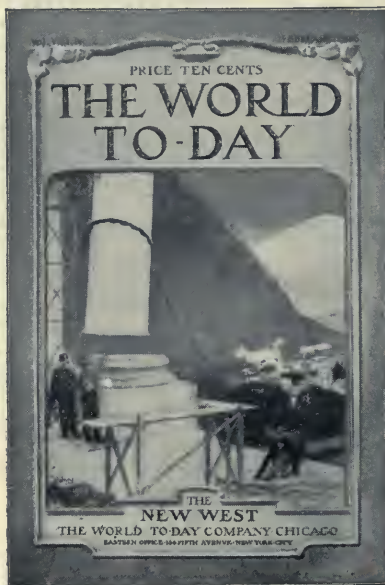
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In the February issue is also—

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B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR

THE ARENA

FOR

FEBRUARY



Photo. by Gutekunst
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It contains the first chapter of the second of RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG'S series of startling papers on the corruption of politics in Pennsylvania under the general title "FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; or, MASTERS AND RULERS OF 'THE FREEMEN' OF PENNSYLVANIA." This paper is called

"THE MASTER-SPIRIT"

and this chapter is devoted chiefly to the rise of the late MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, and deals with the sprouting and spreading of the corruption in the Keystone State through the guidance of QUAY. Illustrated with portraits of leading statesmen and politicians of the period discussed.

Another paper of special interest is **THE ARMOUR REFRIGERATOR CAR CONSPIRACY; OR, A CRISIS IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE REGULATION**, by W. G. JOERNS. One of the most appalling disclosures of oppression and moral turpitude that has yet been brought to the attention of the American people.

SOME OF THE OTHER FEATURES :

HOW SCANDINAVIA HAS SOLVED THE LIQUOR PROBLEM,
By M. ALGER

THE IMPURITY OF DIVORCE SUPPRESSION,
By THEODORE SCHROEDER

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR FROM A PRO-RUSSIAN VIEW-POINT,
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"THE ARENA"
MAGAZINE

Colonial Furniture in Demand

Old Boston and old Gotham, as represented by several spirited individuals, had an interesting contest in bidding for old Colonial furniture at an afternoon sale of the Gilbert collection yesterday at the American Art Galleries.

Boston, in the person of J. J. Higginson, was the victor in every contest, and won the chief prizes of the day. But the prizes cost him a good round sum to take to his new home outside the modern Athens.

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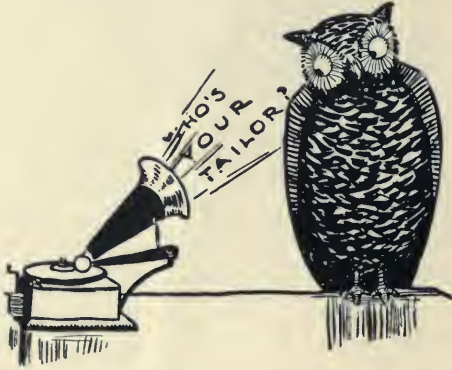
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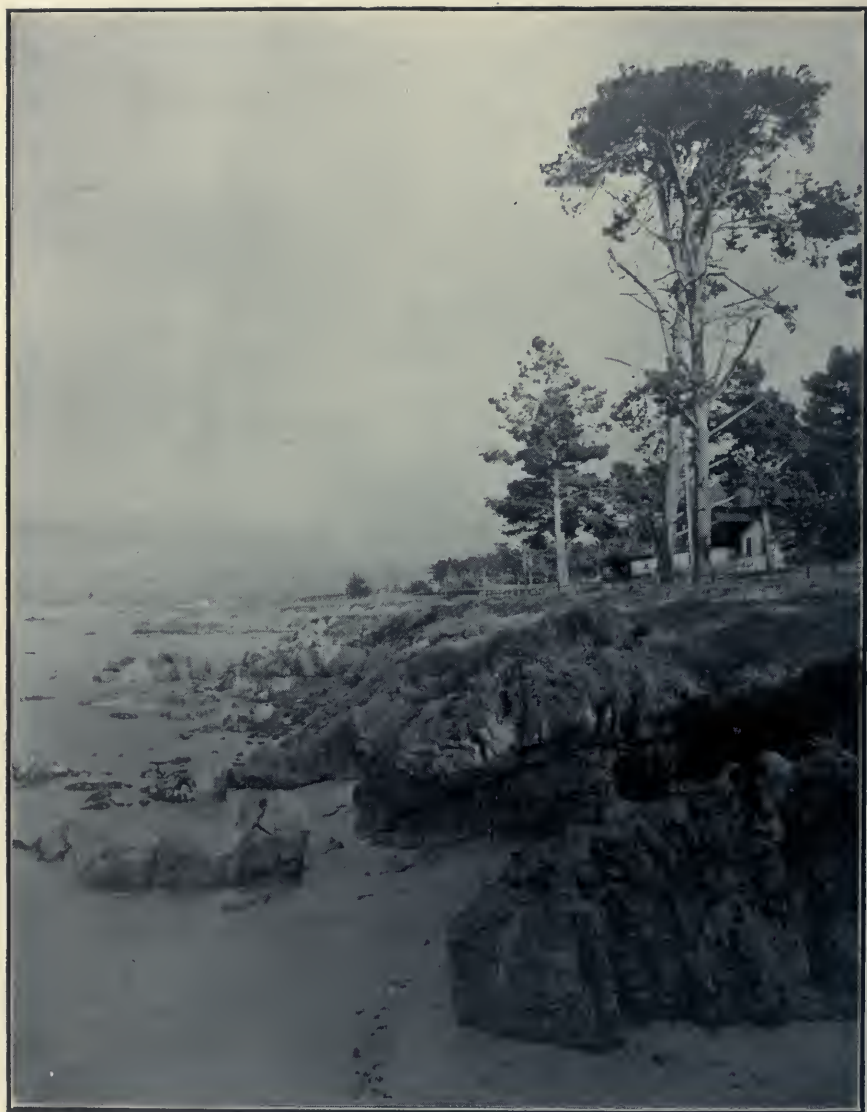


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THE SHORES OF MONTEREY BAY, NEAR PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

Putnam & Valentine Photo.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLV

February, 1905

No. 2

A PEDESTRIAN'S PASEAR IN THE BIG BASIN

BY HAROLD FRENCH

“WHEN the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,” if you are a nature lover, you are suddenly seized with an irresistible longing for wild places and pleasures. The writer, having an aggravated case of Spring fever, and being an humble disciple of that mountain demi-god, John Muir, decided in the saying of the gentle Apache, “to go off the reservation” in a fashion unique in comparison to the conventional ways of spending a vacation. The seductive legends of summer resort folders seemed all too tame to one who has trudged two thousand miles in Alaska:

“Wild peaks and virgin forests, these be mine.”

But where? “Explore the Santa Cruz Mountains with your outfit on your back as of old!” whispered the voice—heard one Spring morning while crossing the bay. In the warm, clear air, the blue peaks to the southward from the Sierra Morena to Loma Prieta seemed loftier than usual in the distance, reminding me of the “voice” in Kipling’s “Explorer,” repeating:

“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges! Something lost behind the ranges; Lost and waiting for you! Go!”

On conferring with my venerable Professor, we decided that the “something lost behind the ranges” must be the “Big Basin” of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Accordingly, my fraternal, peripatetic tramp of a thousand mutual miles agreed to enjoy a joint pasear exploring the wilder routes to the State Redwood Park, the Mecca of our pilgrimage.

If there be any newer residents of California who are not familiar with the word pasear, let me state that no happier term in our tongue expresses a pleasure jaunt than does this one adopted years ago from the Spanish.

We spent the first day of our vacation at Los Gatos, where the Professor had the honor of being the Poet of the Bunker Hill Celebration, enjoying the best of civilized diversions, patriotic speeches, stirring songs, poetry, a genial dinner company at the hotel, followed by dancing under the great alders.

But at five o'clock we had undergone a transformation, for with packs strapped to our backs, we struck out the dusty highway that follows the course of Los Gatos Creek into the mountains. The warm day was now drawing to a close, tinting the yellow-slashed hills with a lingering glory of high light, while far down in its gorge the mountain stream foamed in the cool, deepening shade of its alders.

An hour's walk brought us through the little town of Alma, with its easy-going campers, who curiously gazed at two tramps in heavy marching order, who plodded on as though to the manner born. Their packs weighed 50 and 30 pounds, but he who carried the lighter load also bore a handicap of over forty years, but in a manner to partially diminish the conceit of the younger explorer. "We carry our packs with us. Packs Vobiscum should be our motto," sagely remarked that venerable sear, without a smile.

Five miles from Los Gatos we found a snug camping place close to the edge of the rushing stream. There we "smelt wood-smoke at twilight" for the first time, dined and reclined upon soft, fragrant bay boughs.

As is usual the first night out, we slept but little, our wakeful senses being soothed, however, with the murmur of the sleeping woods. Old friends of ours, the owls, hallooed from their tree haunts, while the many-voiced mountain brook entertained us with nocturnes of most exquisite harmony. The music of midday, the strains of "My Own United States," seemed to re-echo in the chorus rippling from soprano pebble bars and the deeper boulder-basses of the brook.

Twice during the night the spell was broken by snorting locomotives and the rumbling of heavy freight cars laden with the spoil of the forest, while fleeting rows of lights flashed from dazzling passenger coaches.

Having promised a mess of trout for breakfast, I whipped the stream for an hour after dawn, but no speckled beauty left his ripple for the lure of "The Professor," the "Royal Coachman," or "Brown Hackle," proving by their futility that the stream was fished out. I may add that the same seduction served to explain our lack of a fish

diet on the trip. To add insult to injury, the Professor was unkind enough to lay a magnifying glass over two small fishes which I served the next morning, and to suggest that a photograph of those "sardines" could be enlarged. Fortunately, we had a genteel sufficiency of bacon, canned beans, bread and other staples to fall back upon.

The next day we followed Los Gatos Creek to its upper reaches high on the slopes of Loma Prieta, returning on the 19th along the scenic Castle Rock Ridge, which forms the eastern watershed of the San Lorenzo river, and divides the counties of Santa Cruz and Santa Clara. Leaving the truncated summit of the Loma at an elevation of 3790 feet, it descends for a dozen miles through the picturesque clusters of bungalows in slightly Skyland and Bohemia, and on through magnificent mountain orchards fringed with forest to the vicinity of Wrights. Near this place we passed through the ranch of Mr. H. C. Morrell, which is noted for its wonderful yield of cherries. Here we found friends who sent us on our way rejoicing with out internal limit of "Royal Annes" and a basket of most luscious flavors.

The ridge from a point over the railroad tunnel near Wrights, rises from an altitude of 1600 feet to a distant culminating peak, Castle Rocks, 3260 feet above the sea. With this as a landmark, we trudged along a dusty road for nearly ten miles, the temperature rising as we ascended, though an ever-changing panorama relieved the monotony of heat and dust. Gaps in the hills disclosed the distant checkerboard of the Santa Clara Valley, walled on the east by the Hamilton range, from whose summit the observatory glistened like a white day star. To our west, the wooded gulf of the San Lorenzo river system presented an extent of apparently continuous forest. Beyond, to



Berry Falls, Big Basin.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill.

the southward, the Bay of Monterey lay enveloped in a snowy flood of fog, above which the far serrated peaks of the Gabilan told of wildnesses beyond the skyline. We were more delighted each mile as we drew near the upper San Lorenzo, for in the distance the areas of uncut and second growth of timber seemed to blend in one series of swelling, forested mountain chains. Off to the northwest, the canyon of Boulder Creek cut into the ranges, among which we could see certain sentinels of the Ben Lomond Ridge guarding the gateway to the Big Basin.

At an altitude of 2300 feet, a road ascends from Los Gatos, crossing the Castle Rock Ridge, and descends to the town of Boulder Creek by the canyon of Bear Creek. This drive of twenty miles is by far the most scenic in the Santa Cruz Mountains. The traveler is well rewarded by the superb views from the ridges, while the dense, virgin forest of the basin of Bear Creek is a revelation to the person who is possessed of the idea that the timber of Santa Cruz County is nearly cut out.

Here we saw thousands of acres of primeval forest awaiting the certain destruction of the next few years. On Deer Creek, an upper tributary, a new saw mill has commenced the work of deforestation on a large scale. The lower part of the stream is a pleasing alternation of well-tilled vineyards, orchards and hayfields scattered among dense masses of solemn redwood forest.

We spent an entire day at the beautiful Horstmann ranch recuperating from the result of an indiscreet combination of cherries, heat, dust and avoirdupois. Here we were treated to Californian hospitality of a nature that we will long remember.

On the morning of June 21st, while descending Bear Creek, some four miles from Boulder, we saw

the fresh tracks of a mountain lion following the little prints of a rabbit in the dusty highway.

We lingered for several hours in the charming little mountain town of Boulder Creek, where we had the pleasure of being the guests of Mr. Rodgers, the genial proprietor of the "Mountain Echo," and his good wife, who again reminded us that old Californian traditions were still at their height among these mountains.

Re-stocked with provisions, we struck out the dusty wagon road to the Big Basin in the heat of mid-afternoon. We had barely left the outskirts of the town when our eyes were treated to a glimpse of a foraging fox which darted across the road with a large bird in its jaws disappearing in the chaparral before we could shoot.

In two miles we came to the famous gorge of Boulder Creek, which is in places two hundred feet sheer, its rocky ledges being masked with a dense jungle of woodwardia ferns. Here the public highway spans the chasm on bridges constructed without any cross pieces on its edges, exposing night drivers to needlessly great risk.

Four miles from Boulder, we came to a beautiful clearing among the woods, where several hundred acres owned by Mr. R. G. Longley are in an excellent state of cultivation. From this point we obtained a view of the several branches of Boulder Creek, rising among upland benches of timber. The northern wall of the Ben Lomond Ridge here presents a jagged company of crags:

"Mountains which like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

Over these fog-wreathed summits our road climbs for three miles through a more romantic company of redwood giants and their rivals, the Douglass spruces. Graceful madronas and tan-bark oaks of

great size blend their colors among the forested ridges. At a point 7 miles from Boulder, the summit is reached, and here the salt air from the neighboring ocean is most refreshing to the weary walker.

Below the crest the stage road dips downward through stumps and new-spring second growth, for we are near the devastating agencies of Bloom's saw mill. One mile of this travel soon brings you to a sudden contrast, for an abrupt bend of the road brings you face to face with a solid wall of primeval redwood timber two hundred feet high. You have entered the State Redwood Park.

A few rods beyond this entrance we came to Camp Sempervirens, which is situated in an amphitheatre glade among giant redwoods. Here at sunset we made our first camp in the Big Basin. An unusual fog had cooled the night air, rendering our camp fire a greater joy. A clear brook gurgled from pool to pool in little basins hollowed in a ledge of rock, its music mingling with the soporific odor of overhanging azaleas and treating us to a fragrant lullaby from which we awakened to find the grass sparkling with dew in the early sunshine.

After breakfast we wandered slowly downward for two miles to the Warden's camp, gazing in rapt delight at the fresh wonders which each turn of the road had in store for us. Before a picturesque cottage overhanging the brink of a blue pool of water, we met the efficient guardian of this sylvan paradise, Mr. Humphrey Pilkington, and in him we found a nature-lover of the first rank. In the five days of our acquaintance, we found the Warden to be a former Berkeley man, well versed in the science of forestry and wood-craft, thoroughly in love with his work, and possessing a temperament so richly in tune with his splendid environment that our memories of the Big Basin will al-

ways be enriched by having known him. During the year that he has been in charge of the Park, he has successfully fought several dangerous forest fires, and, though handicapped with a scanty appropriation he has accomplished much in the building of roads and trails and the clearing away of unsightly undergrowth to enhance the beauty of the park. Much remains to be done, however, and it is hoped by the thousands who have reveled in the wild grandeur of this park that the next Legislature will allow a sufficient appropriation for the purpose of making necessary improvements, such as the cutting of roads and trails to the various points of interest. Several more men are needed to accomplish the brushing out of undergrowth and cutting a fire-road around the reservation to facilitate the fighting of forest fires.

The California Redwood Park, which comprises the greater part of the Big Basin, is a tract of 3800 acres, purchased by the State early in 1903 for the sum of \$250,000. Of this area, 2500 acres are considered to be the finest block of redwood timber on the coast. Many of the trees exceed fifty feet in girth, six feet above the ground, while some attain an even twenty yards. In height they surpass the Felton Big Tree Grove, towering over three hundred feet into the blue vault above. That famous grove is limited to but twenty acres in extent, less than one per cent of the area of our State's compact mass of larger trees.

The average rainfall is very heavy in this region, and the Waddell Creek, which drains the Basin, carries a large volume of ice-cold water in each of its forks, averaging more than twenty feet in width.

The Warden's, or Governor's camp is situated in the midst of the greatest trees at a point near the center of the reservation. Here the East Fork leads a gentle rippling



The Horstman Home on Bear Creek. A typical mountain bungalow.

life, but two miles below the water roars through a box canyon for a distance of three miles. Each fall seems to exceed the upper one in height and volume, while the dense forest is mirrored in deep pools below. In this wild gorge of the East Fork is the home of many water-ouzels, feathered spirits of the foaming waters which captivate the wanderer as no other wild bird can.

Crawling downward over the ledges at the rate of a mile an hour, one emerges among glades overgrown with bracken. In pioneer days, Waddell, an old-time Captain of Industry, constructed a large saw-mill and built a tramway to the lumber chutes on the ocean shore.

Waddell was noted as a bear-hunter depending upon a heavy revolver at close range. Armed with a rifle, he attempted to check the sudden rush of a grizzly, but in the struggle, in which bear and man closed together, received terrible injuries, from which he died upon safely reaching his mill.

The overgrown timbers, charred

by forest fires, have all the mystery of age, and present a weird spectacle surrounded with the rapid growth of the new forests, while in the background distant walls of uncut, solemn forests overlook the sources of the Whitehouse and the Butano, wild westward coursing streams richly meriting exploration.

The variegated foliage of the forests of the Big Basin is a pleasing feature. The lordly Douglass spruce aspires to be a close rival to the giant sempervirens, while these trees in turn are measured for as much as a hundred feet by beautiful tan-bark oaks, madrones and water maples. The streams, ever full of the fragrance of azaleas, wind through a wonderful profusion of unplucked ferns, woodwardias, five-finger and maidenhair growing in dense clusters.

Trails, devoid of dust, wind through the glossy undergrowth of huckle-berries, over peat carpets fringed with the dainty oxalis; now crossing the singing brook on mossy logs to visit wild gardens which in

the alternating sheen and shade of July, are ablaze with tiger-lilies of brilliant hues, contrasting with the pink modesty of the Clintonias.

No more exquisite beauty haunts a waterfall in all the Coast Range than may be seen at the seventy foot leap of Berry Creek on the West Fork of the Waddell. Over a sheer wall of dark sandstone, a white wall breaks at the base into a spray of liquid iridescence which encourages the most wonderful growth of five-finger ferns it has ever been my privilege to see.

These falls are reached by an excellent trail from the Warden's camp five miles distant. Armed with brushwhacking tools we spent a day with that gentleman devoting ourselves to the task of converting a foot trail into a bridle path, giving ourselves the satisfaction of knowing that we had done a little toward making the way better for those who come after us.

Thousands will visit the Park next year where hundreds do this year. A comfortable stage driven by a driver of the old school, such as old Californians would admire, leaves Boulder Creek every afternoon for the Park, returning the next morning. There is a tavern on the mountain side, three miles from the Warden's camp, where good accommodations may be had, but the great need of the Park is a good hotel centrally located, where those who are not initiated into the joys of camping out may stay. Perhaps the desired hostelry will have been erected there by next summer, while a proposed railroad will be under way. At length came the morning of our departure, which was cheered by our good friend, the Warden, who drove us to the crest of the ridge over-looking the Basin, and into the vineyard aerie of Pioneer Trays, whose hospitable welcome made us all the more reluctant



Giant Redwood, Big Basin.

Photo Andrew P. Hill.

to leave this magnificent country and its people who are built to suit.

At the Basin of Pescadero Creek we found the trail finally plunged down for several miles through a wonderful primeval forest to the banks of that noted trout stream. Twilight found us attempting to pass the first settlement we had seen in a dozen miles, the ranch of genial Chris Iverson. Here we were invited to stay over night, and the next morning this kindly old pioneer offered to carry our packs into Menlo Park, his own destination.

Relieved of this weight, we covered the distance of 28 miles by way of La Honda in light marching order.

Crossing the divide from Pescadero Creek to the San Gregorio, we were delighted to behold the extensive area of forest on both streams. The southern ridge below the former revealed a dozen miles of unbroken woods, while the San Gregorio was a revelation as to the rapidity and luxuriance with which

a second forest growth may flourish.

Our only unpleasant experience was at La Honda, where our attempt to buy a breakfast at ten o'clock in the morning offended an uncivil landlady, who proved a striking contrast to the amiable Mrs. Sears, the proprietress of the La Honda hotel, where we obtained a meal which our sharpened senses will long remember with delight.

Our road over the hills to Menlo, although hot and dusty, was a pleasing variety of everchanging beauty. Dainty godetias waved their farewells to spring, reminding us that our roamings were soon to end. Passing close to the prim propriety of Palo Alto, we were conscious that we were travel-worn indeed after our tramp of one hundred and twenty-five miles through the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An hour more and our spiked shoes rang on the pavements of the city, then swirling with cold fog and dust, and there our trails forked for the last time.



Forward, the Light Brigade:

THE REST THAT CAME TO ELIHU

BY EDGAR L. HAMPTON

THROUGH the open doorway of the blacksmith shop came the voice of the country blacksmith, singing in dolorous pitch:

“Oh, land of rest—for thee I sigh—
When wi-ll the mo-ment scome
When I-I-I can la-ay this sarmor
by-y
And dwell in pea-sat home—
And dwell——”

Abruptly, and without warning, the voice slid into silence, the hammer dropped upon the anvil with a ringing burst of sound, and the blacksmith whistled the lines out to the end, squinting with an eye along the clevis. Immediately he thrust the red-hot piece into the caldron of water standing near-by for the purpose, which responded with a sullen, hissing roar, and grasping the lever of the bellows in his left hand, began to blow the fire again and to sing.

The blacksmith lived with Heceta, his wife, in the little morning-glory-covered cottage on the lower bottom of the Willamette River, among the beds of strawberries, a step below the level of the great, reaching wheat fields, near to the soil of which he was so near a part; and the song was an echo of his life. It might even be said to be his one single echo—since he would have it so—repeated over and over again, reiterated daily, hourly, every moment throughout his existence; this world was a wilderness of woe and this world was not his home.

If Elihu went forth religiously seeking after evidence of the Lord's special wrath against him, there was no need of his returning empty-handed. Times without number in his memory of the June freshet had

come up over the lower river bottom, ruining the cabbage and cauliflower. For three successive seasons the bugs had come into the late potato vines, destroying the crop, and the coddlin moth had made a periodical advent into the apple trees. Ever since he could remember, Elihu had had the lumbago.

But Elihu gave the Lord full credit for all these ills, pleased that he of all others should have been thus singled out for special affliction. He sang, he prayed, he did good to all mankind and to animals. Complaining loudly of his rheumatism, he went out night after night through the incessant rains of winter in long drives up the river with his little homeopathic medicine case—or heated the forge at midnight to mend a clevis for some farmer, charging not much for the labor, singing at all times, and at all times deliciously miserable.

When Sunday came he made himself useful in preaching the gospel of brimstone and sulphuric acid in the little Quaker school-house sitting among the fir trees, at which time he besought the people to remember the daily, hourly chastisements of the Lord, and repent. The next morning, the five o'clock steamer, whistling along the river bank, found him at the forge. Its nightly return from Portland discovered him still there, toiling on and on, a Hercules among men, a saint among saints, an example of the great Example—striving above all things else to form a symmetrical curve, to forge an honest triangle, to create a perfect circle.

Years ago I saw him last, and I cannot hope for a return of that pleasure in this life, for that other,

larger circle, around which he toiled, has been completed. Nevertheless, in the retrospective eye of memory, he is still there, standing in the twilight, a leathern apron across his ample front, his sleeves rolled up to brawny shoulders, mending a cycle bar. Evident also are the bel-lowing anvil, the roaring forge, the flying sparks; but soaring high and strong above the voice of this conflict, his own voice full, rich, deep, keeping time to the pulsing throbs of the hammer as he sang in rich diapason some song of longing for the invisible great beyond where the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The little child, Mary's little four-year-old Bob's, whose father, of the Oregon Volunteers, had paid the debt of an American soldier in the brown everglades of a southern group of islands, in a cause more zealous than holy—Mary's son, in blue checked apron and soldier's hat that was worlds too large, sat on a small block of wood in the doorway listening to the roar of the forge, watching the sparks in wide-eyed, mystic wonder, chattering away—what time he did not discuss cookies with his Billy-doll—with an army of perplexing, baffling questions:

"Uncle 'ihoo, did the whale ist eat the Jony-man wight up?"

"Ya-a-s, honey"—thump! thump! thump!

"And did the Good Man ist walk wight out on the wateh an' tell the whale to be still?"

"Nao-o; telled the water to be still. Hush, now; go and play."

"And Uncle 'ihoo, did the wateh be still?"

"Yes, honey, there was a great ca'm——"

"How was there a great ca'm, Uncle 'ihoo?"

"Oh, it just quit."

"And Uncle 'ihoo——"

Thump! thump! thump! thump! thump! The shrieking voice of the

anvil drowned the weaker voice of the supplicant, and the man looked over the shoulder that worked at the bellows, and smiled at the child.

The weather was inordinately hot in the Valley of the Willamette that Summer. The Chinook came out of the southwest early and stayed long, rubbing its warm nozzle against the hills, and the snows on the high steppes melted apace. The mountain streams leaped and roared, and crowded the valley river-beds to their limit with the annual June freshet. The strawberry season was at its height, and over the Red Hills the horticulturists worked early and late among their prune trees.

Elihu was busy mending a plow-share for Bixley of the Peach Blow fruit ranch. Now and again, as he worked, he was interrupted by little Bobs, who clamored for recognition. Little Bobs, in his checked apron and his soldier's hat that was worlds too large, carried a knife of dire proportions, and a wooden gun, longer than himself, was upon his shoulder. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he could not forego the desire to pick up whatever he might lay his hands on, and the blacksmith, between his stunts of labor, was under the necessity of exerting fatherly precaution.

"Ah! ah! ah!" he chuckled, scoldingly, "iron's hot. Burn fingers—Oh! oh! there, ther-re! now that's too bad," for Bobs, arriving at a point where simple curiosity overcame the soldier within him, had valiantly lain hold upon a warm bar of iron, which he dropped again, yelling lustily.

"Now! Now! Don't cry," and the plow-share was abandoned for the less primitive art of staunching a flow of tears. The small head, temporarily minus the soldier's hat, was pressed against the leathern apron, and the small arms went convulsively about his neck while the blacksmith strode up and down. "Don't cry. Mamma's little man,

all the little soldier man Mamma Mary's got to keep the Gorgons off. Bobs wouldn't cry—No-o!"

Thus appealed to, Bobs stiffened his under lip with a great, manly effort, and strove to be composed; but the lip protruded far and trembled, and now and again, as he felt the burnt hand twinge, a great, dry sob shook him, and the tears welled from his eyes which, on such occasions looked straight ahead at the Amity hills and saw nothing.

Presently the child, yet in that benign realm of infancy where out of sight is out of knowledge, forgot the pain and the humiliation, and sped out into the sunshine in search of Filipinos, bears, butterflies and other likely subjects of conquest, and the blacksmith returned to the plow-share.

As he worked, he sang, and as he sang the moments sped and the dust rose in circles about the heads of the men plowing in the sunshine on the distant hills: the forge roared, the sparks flew, and on the outside the bees courted honey in the blossoms of the hollyhocks.

Now and then slow-footed teams with somnolent drivers drag past in the dust, the wagons laden with crates of berries for the landing. Again came loads of vegetables, and once a man, galloping in from the harvest field with a broken sickle bar, stopped at the well for a drink and threw a good-natured word to Mary as he passed.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that little Bertie Bannister came running to the shop, white and quite out of breath, with:

"Oh, Uncle 'lihu, Mary said tell you—at—at—at little Bobs is down on the dock and the dock and—ist is floatin' off in the river, and little Bobs—little Bobs is—'wy little Bobs—w'y he——"

The hammer dropped upon the anvil with an angry shriek and fell to the floor, and the roar of the bellows died in its throat. Elihu was

one of the portliest men in Yamhill County, short and thick and stocky—"two by four," they facetiously called him, yet he ran with a speed that would have done credit to a much more famous sprinter, casting off his leathern apron as he went.

During the years of plenty, the wheat growers on the upper level and the truck growers on the bottom, had raised by popular subscription, a sum of money to supply a wharf at the river bank for the landing of steam boats. The wharf was a long, slender arrangement, a sort of plank platform the width of a 16-foot board, arranged on a series of uneven piles. It thrust itself out a hundred feet in the channel to the deep water line. When the river was at a low stage it stood many feet above the surface of the water, but now, under the impelling power of the June freshet, the tide-line had crept steadily up its tored-eaten legs till the yellow foam began to lick thirstily at the cracks of the floor, or leap in little gray ripples onto the boards. The river was in an ugly mood, angry, hydrophobic.

For a hundred yards Elihu ran with all his might, and then he came out upon the bank of the river, where, in a state of wild disorder, were gathered the women and children of the near clumps of cottages.

At a glance the situation, with its attending peril, became evident. Little Bobs, in the course of his gyrations after Filipinos and pirates, had gone out onto the extreme end of the wharf. Under the river's malevolent condition the act might well have been one of peril, and so it proved, in truth; for the swift, yellow current insisted, venomous to a degree, caressing the piles in a strong and yet stronger embrace, had finally caught the top of the wharf and carried away most of the flooring, the one exception being the section furthest out. This left little Bobs standing on a small,

square platform with a hundred feet of yellow, effervescent spume whirling fathoms deep between himself and land. Beyond, for a quarter of a mile, spread the seething mass of insinuating water, beneath the blue sky and clear sun as yellow as the map of China. Over its surface, mad little whirlpools beckoned and sucked and gurgled, and here and there dirty flecks of foam, as large as wooden buckets, rode swiftly on with the tide. Between little Bobs' prison house and land the piles still stood, the water leaping angrily against their stringers.

A plan of action was already formed in the mind of the blacksmith. For an instant he cast about unsuccessfully for a bit of loose wood. Then he threw aside his waistcoat and his shoes, and running to a stringer's end, began laboriously to ballance himself out across the flood of water to the section of wharf that imprisoned little Bobs.

To avoid the dizziness which would have resulted from such a course, he did not look at the water beneath. He felt for the stringers with his feet and kept his eyes on the child's face. For himself he had no fear. Had he lost his balance and fallen, or had the stringers suddenly dissolved beneath his feet, he could easily have swum ashore. But what if the wharf should disintegrate before he could reach the child?

The blacksmith called out to him reassuringly; but evidently Bobs felt no alarm. In fact, he seemed hugely delighted with the situation, and ran about on his small enclosure whooping and slinging his arms in glee. At every motion he made the women upon the river bank shrieked in unison. The child's mother, beside herself with grief and fear, was being held back by the others. Above their voices could be heard the deep, fierce purring of the un-

conquerable current as it swept along.

Balancing himself with many dips and curves, swinging his hands wildly here and there about his head as he went, the blacksmith made the passage and sank down exhausted upon the boards, clasping the child in his arms. And then——

And then, with a sudden groan, a creaking of timber, a tearing loose from the bottom, the wharf rose high above the water, reached its octopian arms up and over, groaning in pain, as it went like a wounded sea monster; it turned clear over once, resigned itself to the insufferable influence of the waters, and, broken and mangled, sought the middle of the stream.

Unto this day it is known and generally discussed, in subdued tones, round about the small village of Berryport, that the prayers which ascended from the onlookers at that moment, were effective against the flood.

When the blacksmith felt the wharf begin to bow its back under him, he threw himself flat upon the boards, thrusting his arms through the crevices in the floor and held the child to him.

The child heard dimly a chorus of women's shrieks from the direction of the bank. Then the earth began to spin about; he shut his eyes tight, and hugging the great, warm body of the blacksmith, went under and down. There was a mighty roaring in his ears; daylight went out, and he was flying hither and thither through that hell they had so often told him about. Further and further he went, till the sense of great distances hurt him. It seemed to him that he dipped clean below the rim of the world and came up on the other side. And then once more he breathed, dripping profusely, and opened his eyes. He caught the glimpse of a green tree top in the distance, and there was a flash-light picture of an inverted landscape,

with houses and brown wheat fields and distant hills and men plowing in inverted fields; and then he closed his eyes again in a flash as a huge beam, torn loose from the upper end of the wharf, came crashing over at him like a flail. At once the lights went out, and one by one, with indescribable swiftness, the sensations came again. An indefinite number of times the wharf turned over with them in the river. Then, at length, when he looked, they were floating down the middle of the stream and the landscape floated past them, inverted as before, for the boy lay on his back, dazed. The wharf floated like a huge table, legs downward, with them on its top.

Out of this kaleidoscopic experience the child emerged less injured than the man. When the blacksmith saw the beam descending upon them he threw his body in its path. Now he lay upon the top of the floating dock with one shoulder crushed into uselessness and the wrist of his other arm mangled and broken.

Little Bobs sat up at length, and looked about for his gun. It was there, gripped with painful tension against his side, and by some incomprehensible freak of the flood, the soldier's hat was still in evidence—crushed between their two bodies. Then he looked interestedly at the blacksmith who lay with blood upon his wrist.

Reaching out from where he lay, the blacksmith began to pump an imaginary bellows; and it ran through his mind that he was singing lustily; only this time it was some song of splendid and lofty sentiment. In his own estimation he was strong and well and the weather was propitious—for it was midsummer and the rains were coming cool and fresh to lay the dust. In his fancy he kept on singing, and in his fancy the bees made an intermittent music in the hollyhocks, and he heard the lazy z-z-z, z-z-z of the

cross-cut saws upon the fallen tree trunks. There was the sound of some one chopping in the distant forest—long, steady strokes with the regularity of heart beats, which jarred him a little, howbeit little enough to break his half-formed idea of turning over and returning again to sleep.

But little Bobs heard none of these things which the blacksmith seemed to hear, so he kept on pounding the blacksmith on the chest.

"Unke 'ihoo, wake up!" he sobbed.

But Elihu did not wake up, yet. Rest was too desirable a quantity. Presently, however, he became dimly conscious of a medley of sounds which disturbed him, and turning painfully upon his elbow he, too, saw for the first time the inverted landscape moving majestically by, like some huge practical joke of nature, and gradually he focused some women following helplessly down a distant river bank weeping and wringing their hands. Then his hurt wrist slid down into the cold water; suddenly, to his surprise, he discovered little Bobs sitting over him weeping, so at last he understood.

At once the blacksmith was painfully awake. Simultaneously, a sense of distrust of his position lay hold upon him, and he sat up. Then for the first time he received the acute knowledge that the wharf was slowly sinking.

Elihu got onto his feet, his two broken arms hanging limp at his sides like so many sticks. When he straightened up, the water came above his knees and there was that unsteady trembling in the wharf which marked its gradual depression.

"Climb up onto my back, little Bobs," he said. "I can't lift thee; and hug thy gun tight, tight—for it will float," he repeated through his clenched teeth.

Little Bobs shinned up Elihu's

side out of the water, climbing by means of the man's wet, clinging garments.

"Why can't 'oo lift me, Unke 'ihoo?" he inquired. The the peculiar advantage of his new position dawned upon him. "Oh, I's dot a horse," he cried merrily, kicking the man in the ribs with his heels. "Oh, dit up! ghk! ghk! ghk!"

"Yes, thee's got a horse," replied the blacksmith, and across his face fitted, like a shadow, the first and the last look of anguish that shall be recorded here.

Between the sinking wharf and either shore were hundreds of yards of yellow channel, a dozen fathoms deep. Beyond, and open to his view, lay the variegated valley, fruitful with hops and with wheat, its edge beyond the horizon. He had lived in that valley all his life; and suddenly, as he thought of it, there occurred to him a wonderful similarity between the valley and his own existence, for his had been a hard, lonely, uneventful life, stretching away in plain, monotonous levels, with here a hill and there a swail, now a belt of gloom-ridden forest or mayhap an opening and a brook lurching in sunlight over a brief bed of pebbles then again the level, the horizon against a red sky, and finally perhaps even now the sun setting in the sea.

The blacksmith gave a painful start, and then for a brief moment he looked intently at a man driving furiously along the Portland road. His wagon box looked desperately near like a boat. At all events the man might be a good oarsman, the blacksmith thought, if he were only here, which he was not, and if there were any boat—which there was not. Ah, well—

Wild with grief and horror, the women still distractedly followed down the river bank in line with the wharf. But now they were strangely silent, a feeling of dread and wide-eyed terror seemed to have

laid hold upon them at what they saw transpiring before their very eyes, there in the silent lap of that rural diocese sleeping so placidly under an Oregon sun.

The man must have felt it, too, for his voice was sharp with pain when next he spoke: "Hold on to thy gun little Bobs, hold on tight." And little Bobs, vaguely wondering why, hugged the gun tight and strongly held onto the blacksmith's neck, thrusting his feet high out of the water on either side. But the premonitory sense had awakened within him, and he no longer laughed. Strangely enough he still had his soldier's cap, which was worlds too large for him.

There was no bottom to the river. Steadily, persistently, the unseen wharf drifted down mid-channel, slowly revolving as it went, and with ghastly fatal sarcasm it sank down in a bootless search for firm land. Its deliberation was hellish; its certainty was scientifically exact. The cold line of water crept up the sides of the man like the sinister finger of death. It seemed to tighten about him, upward, upward, creeping toward his heart and above and over it, stealthily under his arm-pits.

"Stand upon Unke' 'ihoo's shoulders, little Bobs"—the voice was very calm—"and hold on to his hair. Is thee afraid?—God will take care of thee—hold on tight!" A tremor ran through the man's frame which shook little Bobs as he stood upon the blacksmith's shoulders, and the lad heard the voice, shaken for the moment with exquisite feeling, trail off into an inarticulate murmur.

"Who is 'oo talkin' to, Unke 'ihoo?"

"Talkin' to God, little Bobs."

"Where is God, Unke 'ihoo? I don't see him."

"Here, little Bobs, here, right now, with Unke 'ihoo and little Bobs—"

"Unke 'ihoo, I can't see him—I can't see God, Unke 'ihoo."

"Hold on to thy wooden gun, then; he's here—hold on tight." Mamma Mary wants little Bobs to hold——"

Abruptly the caressing voice ceased, in an inarticulate gurgle, and the child, looking down, saw that he was standing alone in the middle of the river, and he began to weep.

A moment later a strong tremor ran through the shoulders which upheld the child, and they jerked from under his feet, leaving Bobs floating in the water.

At the same instant one of the piles in the wharf must have come in contact with the bottom, for the wharf rose abruptly again, like a huge octopus, stretching its arms high up, then with a groan it turned sheer over and went to pieces, and the boards, scattered here and there, went whirling round and round down stream.

A half mile further down a boat shot out from a curve, picked up little Bobs, and restored him to his mother. They found him holding a tight grip upon his wooden gun and the soldier's hat that was worlds too large for him.

THE DREAM FAIRY

BY CATHERINE ANDERSON WILLS

With sandaled feet, and eyelids drooping,
 In trailing gossamer,
 She comes—o'er the dark world gently stooping—
 Dreamless, awaiting her.

Her white arms filled with poppies bending,
 Heavy with sleep and dew;
 Silver drops, from their cups descending,
 Fall her white fingers through,

Fall on lips and brow, unknowing,
 Bringing a thousand dreams
 From misty fields of poppies, blowing

By far-off twilight streams.



Miss Adele Block, a Successful Actress.

FILIPINO LITERATURE AND DRAMA

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

EVEN the casuists, entering Manila for the first time, as the mystic gate of the Orient, receive a strong and lasting impression—if he does not tarry too long—of the city's marked individuality. Looking shoreward from the steamer near the mole, the new-comer views with pleasurable anticipation the square, red-white towers, the queer, top-heavy buildings, two stories high, the fuzzy and insignificant huts of the natives. Surely, beneath the rudely inartistic exterior of this incoherency, jumbled together as incontinently as dream-spirits in a nightmare, there must be a vast accumulation of ethnological matter awaiting the quickening hand. As the launch nears the shore the impression grows, and when the visitor steps out on the old Spanish wharf of the Queen, the lazy, slow men and the furious-going ponies complete the illusion.

Speaking broadly, nothing is wider of the mark than to credit the Filipino with a truly distinctive literature. There are, it is true, devotional books, hymns, a few scattered charm books, and according to the Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, O. S. A., some compendia of history. All these, however, are relatively modern and show strongly the Spanish influence.

There is nothing in the native character, taken in its entirety, to inspire any of that truly national instinct and inclination which constitute the first step toward literature or even chronicles. There is none of this national feeling, no broad individuality, to the scattered tribes composing what the natives of all classes delight to designate as the "great Filipino nation." The

Filipinos are no more of a national entity, when all the tribes are considered, collectively as an integer, than are the many clans of the North American Indians in the United States. In both cases there exist the diverse tribal dialects, customs and manners; distinctions in religious, political and social usages; and the same inter-tribal hatreds and animosities, whose end is, in the case of some of the Filipino peoples, wars and cannibalism. Dr. Middleton admits that native literature has been mainly inspired by foreigners, lacks good, sound common sense, and consists to a large degree of badly botched translations into the dialects of the islands. Careful questioning of the friar librarians, now the only literateurs of any note in the Islands, and searches of their loaded shelves, have revealed only a few insignificant original works of little value. In this estimate are not included Poblete's Tagalog version of the Bible, declared to be an almost blasphemous malconstruction, political works like those of Rizal, and the frequently scurrilous native newspapers. Of drama there is a little, distorted, political and villainous; it is almost entirely seditious. The nearest approach to literary productions are the late Apolonario Mabini's "Philippine Revolution," and Isabelo de los Reyes y Florentino's "Historia de Ilocos," both of which were written entirely in Spanish.

The apparently faithful but very uncomplimentary chronicles of Morga, Chirino, Zuniga, Buzeta, P. Delgado, de Tavera, Montero y Vidal, Marin y Morales, and others, even Filipinos themselves, show unanimously that the pre-Spanish state of the islands was one of de-

baunched savagery. Reverend Gaspar de San Agustin says that he believes every native has "the power of accepting direct suggestion from the father of all discord, Satan." These facts, considered with all we know of the native character of the present day, as manifested in our daily intercourse with him, and the further betrayals made in all his dramas, lead inevitably to the conclusion that the Filipino is rather the degenerate and anile end of a race than the feeble beginnings of a new people, wandering in darkness as yet, but some day to struggle out into the fullness of the light of wisdom and attainments and learning.

Of folk-lore there is some, of superstitions there are more, of the drama, the little that exists is more than enough. But of the literature and traditions which might, most naturally, be expected in such a country as the single islands of Luzon and Mindanao, for example, there is not one whit. Some of the early Spanish friars undoubtedly destroyed the religious papyri, made in the Philippines from palm instead of true papyrus leaves, as they were considered works of the devil, and consequently not to be tolerated for a moment. These honest zealots did the world a great and lasting wrong when they taught the savages a much-needed object lesson by burning up their accordion-arranged books. Though in all probability, these manuscripts were purely religious, or perhaps partly legal, there may also have been some genuine historical matter of great interest and value among the less important writings. From those days only three books are supposed to have survived, unless careful search of the archipelago has been fruitless, and since that day nothing has been written or preserved of any value in any native dialect. Senor T. H. Pardo de Tavera, one of the native members of the United States Philippine Commission, and

a connoisseur in native bibliography, declares pointedly that these books are not genuine, denying their authenticity as relics of a past age, and assigning them to a more recent period. He believes them to have a later date than the year 1600.

For a complete understanding of the conditions governing native superstition, tradition and lore of all classes it is necessary to go back to the year 2,000 B. C., at about which time the first immigrants landed in the islands. The inhabitants then were Negritos only; they have retained their identity to the present. The immigrants were of widely divergent stocks, and they mingled and intermarried, becoming Buddhists and forgetting Buddha, and finally lapsing into what seems, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, to have been complete barbarism. Chinese travelers of the forepart of the thirteenth century tell of savage anthropophagi, forgotten bronze Buddhas in the woods, and other unmistakable evidence that the population had once been Buddhist. La Casa, one of the early Spanish historians, mentions the fact that the friars found a lot of "works (books) of the devil, and burned them as an object lesson to this benighted people." P. Delgado, a Jesuit explorer and priest, in 1754, mentions the same thing. This, then, seems to be the reason why there are no available specimens left of the prehistoric manuscripts which appear, on the testimony of the early friars, to have been mainly Buddhist writings or chronicles.

Practically all the historians whose works have been retained, from Morga and Zuniga down to the last, Marin y Morales, declare that the dream-ravelings of those who claim a fine prehistoric civilization and literature for the Filipino are largely fictitious and farcical. One of the best known and least trustworthy Filipinos of the

day, declaims arrogantly on this score.

In comparatively modern times, that is, from 1521 to the present, there have been two distinct influences at work to prevent the realization of whatever literary aspirations the Filipino may have had. The first of these was the powerful religious orders, and the other was the crown officials of Spain. The friars crushed out the practice of hideous orgies, defloration, stupration, and the baser forms of tree, stone and animal worship, destroying all the old books in their efforts to bring the people to Christianity. Lieutenant General Don Domingo Moriones, a Governor-General of the Archipelago, carried the work one step farther, for he issued a decree that no Filipino might write, issue, print or circulate, without due and formal license, any book or publication, under pain of severe penalties. The old star-chamber in the royal Fort St. James (Fuerza Real de Santiago) in Manila, was provided with gentle means of persuasion for bringing the unwilling or headstrong to a state of comparative reason. Don Domingo issued his edict because of the sedition brewing; he did not care to trifle with even the chance of trouble, for Spain had had enough before his accession. These two facts, considered with the circumstances that then obtained, afford a ready solution of the problem.

With Spanish influences dominant, and the better class of natives being yearly sent to Spain to be educated, the Filipinos gradually lost whatever individuality they once possessed, falling wholly under the mental sway of the naturally stronger Spaniard. Indubitably beneficial as this was politically and socially, it cost the natives their literary and artistic powers of original creative ability, both in design and execution. Whatever of note there is to-day beside the whisper-

ed, fire-side fables and legends, is written in Spanish, and bears the ineradicable marks of the "mother of nations."

Such newspapers as there are in the islands are poor enough specimens of the art, from an American standpoint. Paper after paper has gone to great lengths to defy American sovereignty, some of them being not only seditious, libelous and scurrilous in their attacks upon the Government, but have also been absolutely filthy at times. Some of these sheets are printed partly in Spanish and partly in a native dialect, virtually the same articles appearing in the different tongues in each issue. One example of the ridiculous character of the critiques the native papers delight in publishing will be sufficient. Dr. Dominador Gomez y Jesus, the labor agitator, helper of the "ladrones" and "tulisanes" (armed thieves in bands) and general trouble-maker, said in his now defunct "Los Obreros (The Toilers)" that " * * he would go on his Christ-like way on the road of bitterness, his heart distilling bile and his nostrils putridity." The entire article was written in the third person and signed in full for the benefit of all his labor cohorts. Some of the passages in several of the papers were at times so foul as to be untranslatable in any way.

The drama was both better and worse than the press. It was better in that it was more skillfully designed and couched in language and aided by accessories and accorded a personality which lifted it somewhat above the level of the scurrilous newspaper; it was worse because it appealed directly to the "ignorante" who could not read, inflaming him to overt rebellion. All the native plays of any account have been suppressed; these plays were seditious and some of them had their origin back in the days of the Spanish regime, when the same tendency to

conspire and circulate libels and treason against the Government was strong. "Hindi Aco Patay" (I Am Not Dead) is the best known of all, next to "Malaya" (The Philippines.) After it come "Tatlong Pung Salapi (Thirty Pieces of Silver); "Tanikalang Guinto (Golden Chain), and "Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas (Yesterday, To-day and Tomorrow), to say nothing of a host of less important pieces, some of them very curiously wrought compositions in mixed Spanish, Tagalog and English. "Thirty Pieces of Silver" is a rather striking play. It refers to the days of the military control, when the army paid every "hombre" (man) who turned in a gun of any kind thirty silver pesos. The play compares the "Americanistas," who did this, to Judas Iscariot, and not without considerable force.

"Hindi Aco Patay" tells a different story. "Karangalan" (Dignity) the natural wealth of the islands, is sought by two lovers. One, Tangulan (Defense) is the native patriot. The other, Senor Macamcam, is American Government. Macamcam means, as nearly as an equivalent can be given in English for the Tagalog word, "Ambitious." Tangulan carries Karangalan off to the woods to escape her faithless brother, Ualang-hinayan (Pitiless), an avowed "americanista," who wants her to accept Macamcam. A duel follows, Tangulan is apparently killed, and Macamcam, in the third act, is about to get the prize, for which he has paid heavily, in bribes to Ualang-hinayan, when Tangulan rises up from his bier with the wild yell that always stampeded the audience completely and evoked a small riot—"Hindi aco patay!" Macamcam, the Government, and his father Maimbot (Avaricious), America, decide then to "wait until another day," as they are completely in the hands of Tangulan and his friends. The Ameri-

cans, therefore, withdraw from the islands, and the sun of Katipunan liberty (license) once more shines. Although lacking in both effects and action, and very tedious, the play is rather well written as a whole, and shows in parts a surprising delicacy of touch. So strong is this, in fact, that the white reader's sympathies are compelled to be with the persecuted and abused Karangalan and her weeping mother, old Pinagsakitan (Spirit of the Philippines), whose meaning is "Pains," as characters of the stage, all through the play. When this is the case with a cold-blooded American who sees what real conditions are, the effect of such a fire-brand on the highly volatile and explosive Filipino can readily be imagined. This play was wrecked by Americans before it was suppressed. The incident occurred in Singalon, a barrio (ward) or suburb of Manila, when many of our soldiers were scattered throughout the audience. Everything was peaceful, and the play ran smoothly until just at the last of Act III, when the Katipunan sun rose on the scene a soldier who could stand it no longer, rose, took deliberate aim, and threw a heavy beer-bottle through the glowing but subdititious luminary. A riot ensued, and the players were glad to escape with their lives.

"Yesterday, To-day and Tomorrow," the other play which met the double fate of being wrecked as well as suppressed, is even wilder and more grotesquely fantastic than the former, and its conclusion is the more ridiculous, as America confers liberty on the Filipinos at the behest of the children, having previously refused it to the adults of the islands. The whole manuscript reeks with blood and threats, and in the first and second acts there are several murders, burnings-alive and burings-alive, to say nothing of two resurrections. The play also talks of making war with airships

and electric explosive bullets. In a carefully comparative study of the native characters, the traditions of the islands and their curious folk-lore, this seditious drama is valuable and suggestive for two reasons. It is full of inadvertent betrayals of the Filipino character when untrammelled by responsibility, and it gives fleeting glimpses of the brutal and savage methods in vogue for punishment among even the present-day natives.

Most interesting of all is the folk-lore. It does not appear to be exceptionally extensive, and so far as careful investigations have developed such traditions, they have failed signally to show anything of any value approaching hero stories. The legend of Angalon, which is the tale common among the Visayans of the alteration of the earth, is one of the very few of this type. Of all these stories those containing a hero are suggestive rather of the ancient Babylonian than the Greek ideal. The person is distinctly a man, and does not become a demi-god nor even an immortal. He is always of gigantic stature—Angalon's steps were two hundred miles long—but he could suffer and die like other men. Most of the tales, however, deal with violence in some form or personification, and it is only in his destructive phase, in fact, that the Filipino presents much real interest. His character, so far as it can be tagged and pigeon-holed, comes easily under the philosophical doctrine of acatalepsy. His manners and most of his customs are best accounted for by the following unauthenticated and brief folk-tale of his origin as a people seven millions strong: "Many hundred years ago, a ship was wrecked by a terrible typhoon on the shores of Luzon, and the navigators were saved. They found no inhabitants except apes of huge size and smaller monkeys. Having to support life, they hunted with the apes and mon-

keys, made friends with them, and in the end married them," Sabine-fashion. And thus, says the story, the Filipino came into being. No native will listen patiently to this story, but in the light of experience with the people, it affords a satisfactory, if somewhat crude and heterodox, theory for the origin of the species. As a matter of fact, every full-blooded native baby born in the island of Luzon to-day bears what appears to be a confirmation of this apparently wild and unscientific hypothesis. At birth, and for some time afterward, the children of both sexes bear on their backs, just where the tail grows on animals a curious purplish blemish or discoloration, affirmed by many of the old residents to be "where their tails dried up and left only a scar." Whether the spot vanishes with age cannot be said, but a native mother questioned about it was much surprised to learn that "Americano babies no got, nunca." In isolated cases, the spinal vertebrae are caudally elongated, some investigators claiming to have seen as many as four extra knuckles or joints.

Philippine folk-lore is of two sorts, apparently. One is that which deals exclusively with the gods, their various attributes and their relation to man and the population of the islands. The other is a modified and transmuted fetishism. Aside from the two important main divisions there is the inevitable fraudulent or spurious tale. Great care must be taken in searching for legends and traditions, to weed out all the stories of what prove on investigation to be nothing more than old Catholic miracles twisted and warped into native forms. These date from about the middle of the sixteenth century, or even later periods, and are in no sense native, but merely modified forms of the wonderful tales of the miracles worked by numbers of the

old Catholic saints. Unless the essential points or features of the story are obviously prehistoric, the tale is not a genuine specimen of what it professes to be.

In their gods, which seem mainly prehistoric in origin, the Filipinos are not at all remarkable. "Bathala Maycapal," in the Tagalog, is the creator or oldest of all the gods. There seems to be doubt among the natives as to his "birth," and some declare him to have come to the islands from a far-away country and made the lesser deities to serve him, and then man to serve them. "Taon," his Visayan name, signifies antiquity or age, and "Mahana," the name given him by the Negritos, indicates a slight shade of difference in meaning. Visayans, Igorrotes, Tagbanuas and other tribes have variant forms of the name for the Supreme Being, but the Tagalog combination of "Bathala," with "Maycapal," which signifies the Great God, the Supreme, seems the happiest conception of the natives' deity.

Below "Bathala," and having their habitat in the lesser or first heaven, are three gods, "Tiguiama," the life-giver; "Marama," the preserver, and "Todlai," the grim destroyer. How closely these are connected with Buddhism may be seen by comparing them to Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. The Filipino has also three Fates, something like the Greek Fates, except that with the Asiatics they are all hideous old hags. The three are "Libongan," who takes charge at and presides over, births; "Libugan," sponsor for marriages; and "Limoan, the wielder of the death-shears. There is no apparent reason for their hideousness and deformity.

Besides these principal deities, all of whom appear to be genuine gods, evoked by original conception, there is a perfect host, it is said, of demigods, pyxies, dryads, gnomes, demons and sprites, beside witches,

but not a trace of any heroes approximating Greek or Roman types. Certainly nothing in any tale discovered so far, except that of "Angalon," already mentioned, shows the presence of a hero. The tutelary deities do not now appear to be much considered, because they are, as a rule, so relatively inoffensive. One very curious feature of the telling of these folk-tales is the insistent request at the end of almost every one: "Now, don't tell the padre" (priest.) Most of the Filipinos are supposed to be Christian; most of these are nominally Catholics; all who are, excepting a very few of the educated, perhaps, have a very wholesome fear yet of the old gods. The friars have brought about *Gotterdammerung*, possibly, but not much more in a religious way.

Perhaps the best example of the folk-tale pure and simple, as an historical integer in the annals of the islands is that of the origin of the Pampanganos, who are now settled in Pampanga province (Pangpang), according to J. J. Delgado, means the bank of a river, and the province took its name from the circumstance that it lies along the banks of a fair-sized stream; the settlers took their new name from their home. In this story it is related that the Pampanganos came into the islands from Sumatra, too numerous to be entirely lost, and too weak to combat successfully the older residents. They entered the archipelago at its southern end, and were gradually driven northward, having no place where they might settle permanently. When they got as far as Manila they found the Datto of Tondo fighting hard with a more northern tribe. The Sumatrans saw their golden opportunity, helped the Tondo chief to exterminate his enemies, and were promptly presented with a goodly portion of the rich lands of the vanquished. From that day to this

the Pampanganos, as they were at once dubbed, have kept to themselves, contracting very few intertribal marriages, and still understand readily the Sumatran dialect.

The Igorrote legends are more fanciful. Most curious of them all are the two referring to the origin of head-hunting and to the curious snake-visitor or caller. Long ago, goes the tale, the Moon was busy one day modeling a copper pot with a wooden paddle, such as the Igorrotes of to-day use for modeling pottery; the son of the Sun meddled and interfered with her work until he provoked her to a sudden gust of fury. Dropping her work hastily, the Moon cut off the young man's head with a single vigorous sweep of her formidable paddle. At this, the Sun rose in his wrath, and seeing his son beheaded, fixed the injured member in place, put breath into his dead nostrils, and addressed the Moon in tones of great anger. "Because you have done this thing, and killed this, my son, whom I have revived," said the great Sun, "know, O Moon, that hereafter on earth forever shall your sons seek each one the head of his brother, nor shall they ever be completely at peace."

At last accounts they were still "seeking" vigorously.

The snake tradition is very fragmentary. Judging from the ragged details obtained colloquially from the Igorrotes, one of them was once transformed into a serpent, and the only mitigation of his punishment has been that he is permitted to visit the bedsides of the sick to express pity and condolence. How he became a snake, why he was thus transmuted, or by which one of the numerous gods, does not appear. Both these stories are distinctly Igorrote. Other characteristics are noted in the folk-tales of the Ilocanos, as chronicled by Reyes in part, in his "Historia de Ilocos," in Spanish. Of the Visayan stories some

appear to have spread as far south as the northern part of Mindanao, while the Tagalog tales, by reason of the greater numbers of the Tagal peoples and the superiority of their dialect, are well scattered, being encountered, sometimes distorted, but of the same original conception always, both north and south.

Most of the Tagal traditions and legends appear to be more in the nature of fragmentary and segregated superstitions, dealing with demons and demonology, than any well identified class of consecutive tales, each having a plain and easily recognized bearing on its fellow. There are, of course, isolated examples of the good spirit, but these are unsatisfactory, and as a rule rather pointless. It is the evil spirit which appeals most strongly to the rude imagination of the Tagal, and which generally brings forth his best efforts. Three of these genuine demons or hobgoblins and one spurious specimen are to be found in middle Luzon, all of them very terrible to behold, and all, except the false one, of the most terrible nature. The four are, beginning with the spurious one, "Capre," the midnight smoker in churches and cathedrals; "Tigbalan," the satyr who lives in trees; "Patianak," a sort of modern Fanner, a hideous gnome about eight inches high, and most dreadful of all, "Asuang, the gigantic and bloodthirsty devourer of new-born babes."

"Capre," as his story is told by the Pampanganos, is a very tall, somewhat slender, very black spirit, never seen during the day, but sometimes smelled and made apparent at dusk. He is taller than a pair of tall men stood one on the other, and shoots forth light from his eyes, and smoke, not sulphurous, but plain smoke. It is so dangerous to look at him that if a native thinks he sees the light from "Capre's" eyes in the distance, when out walk-

ing at sundown, he will cover his eyes with his hands and pray vigorously. "Capre's" favorite trick is to visit the provincial churches between the hours of midnight and two in the morning, to light his cigar or cigarette, for he is an inveterate smoker. He enters the church in an invisible form and lights his weed at each one of the candles, putting each one out with a puff as he does so. When he finishes his smoke he throws the stump of his cigar behind the church wall and flies away until the next night.

Here is one of the strongest evidences obtainable of the false tale, as on investigation, if the searcher is familiar with his subject, "Capre" turns out to be nothing more than a vagrant and fanciful twist or deformity of satanic manifestation, the early priests in all probability having warned the natives of the devil, explaining satanic possession and power in such a way that the crude minds of their hearers were able to evolve out of a night-wind that blew out the candles while the watchers slept, some form of Satan, which eventually crystallized into a story of definite character. Another such favorite tale among the Tagals is the story of how once a poor woman was walking along the road with a bundle of sticks in her arms, not having money enough to get a handkerchief with which to make a sort of sling in which to hold the weight dependent from her head. An unusually fine-looking man gave her one; she thought nothing of it, except to be grateful, and went her way. She perspired a good deal on the road home, and rubbed the handkerchief over her brow with her dirty fingers, but when she took it off, found the prints of the large man's fingers upon it, and then knew she had been in conversation with a good spirit. She put the handkerchief away carefully, and found later on that it had miraculous healing power, simply

by touching it to a sick person. On Good Friday, the bit of it where the finger-prints were had drops of blood upon it. Could anything be clearer than that this is a carefully manipulated version of St. Veronica's handkerchief, given to Christ on his way to Golgotha?

"Tigbalan," or "Tigbalang," is the satyr, and a very evil sprite. He has the body, head and features of a man, with the hoofs of an animal, lives in trees, and is highly inimical to humans. His manifestation is the ignis fatuus, and his locus is mainly in the province of Rizal and some parts of the Morong peninsula. If the will-o'-the-wisp appears to a native at night, it is a sure sign of "Tigbalan's" presence, and all there is to do is to get out of the way as quickly as possible. There seems to be some faint connection between "Tigbalan's" signal lantern and the glowing, lighted eyes of "Capre," but natives questioned stoutly maintain the existence of both, and do not confound them in any way.

"Patianak," son of "Pati," literally is the gnome guardian of all the mineral treasures of the earth, and must invariably be propitiated by miners before beginning work. His height is about eight inches, but his head, which is very hideous and misshapen, is more than twice as big as the head of a man, or in other words a good deal bigger than his own body. "Patianak," in spite of his powers, is a timid god, and never leaves his caves in the mountains, except on rare occasions, when he comes down into the fields and the woods to hunt, and on such occasions he is always in duplicate, fearing to risk a visit to the haunts of man alone.

"Asuang," the baby-eater, is the worst of all the evil spirits, and a frequent curse among the natives is to shriek: "Asuang bite (eat) you!" His history is very peculiar, and he is by far the most savage and interesting of the malevolent sprites.

In antiquity he was the native god of fertility, both natural and physical, and lived at that time in trees, as does "Tigbalan," but has degenerated to his present low estate, though how, no one seems to know. He is always destructive, and can assume any form he chooses, though his favorite and principal manifestations are the shapes of a man of tremendous stature, ferocity of expression and strength, or as a pig, bat, dog, owl, or other night-flying bird of size. He generally appears as a man, and is frequently invisible. "Asuang" occasionally takes the form of a usual man, and when some person is suspected of being the demon in disguise, a dish containing garlic in some form is set before him. If he refuses to touch it, the suspicion becomes instant belief, and the persons about the culprit flee for their very lives. On rare occasions, some one will stand his ground and attack the frightful creature, for though a god and a demon, and having miraculous powers, he is still fully vulnerable. No record can be found of any one, however, who was able to wound him, when visible, fear being stronger in most cases than even the desire to boast.

In many of the provinces of Luzon, when a native woman is accouched, the father strips naked, takes a bolo, or sword in hand, and perches himself in the sharp angle of the roof, slashing vigorously about him continuously, until the child is washed and placed in its mother's arms. It is at this critical period in the life of the child that Asuang, invisible, hungry and lusting for human blood, endeavors to snatch the child up and eat it. The danger is not passed until after the child has been properly tended and given to its mother. Sometimes as the father is slashing away, tiny drops of blood fall, showing that Asuang has been wounded and temporarily driven away. What hap-

pens in cases of this sort is that some little animal like the small "ligartija (lizard) has been struck by the keen bolo while hiding in the thatch. Traditive cases are known where babies have been snatched, and would disappear rapidly in the invisible jaws, but the father was always so paralyzed with fear and horror as to be unable to strike a blow in defense of his young.

It seems curious, indeed, that all the Philippines can show in tradition and law, when their exciting history is considered, is a meagre collection of superstitions such as the ones mentioned, which appear to be fair specimens of the whole family. The fights which have raged about Manila and others of the more important cities of the archipelago, do not appear to have impressed the Filipino in the slightest. If he has considered at all the efforts of the Dutch, Chinese, English and the Borneo pirates to wrest the islands from the hands of Spain he has carefully kept his thoughts to himself. Absolutely lacking in initiative, he has permitted great and glorious battles and expeditions to go glooming, and all we know of the history of the Philippines since their discovery by Fernando de Magalanes, or Fernao de Magalhaes, as his name was spelled when he was a loyal Portuguese, in 1521, is from the natural somewhat prejudiced pens of Castilian historians. Professor Bernard Moses, late a Philippine Commissioner, is mistaken in his estimate of the Tagalog dialect, but in his ideas of the native character there is matter worthy of the most careful consideration.

So far as the vehicle of expression goes, the Tagalog language or dialect is characterized by the old missionary explorers, Buzeta and Bravo, as being "rich, clear, metaphoric and poetic." They considered it, moreover, a language so delicately idiomatic, and possessing such ten-

uous, subtle details of construction and syntax, that they declared it to require "one year of study and two of use or practice" before the novice could be properly said to speak it. Most of the chroniclers agree on this but the native not only does not enrich and preserve that tongue by writing in it, but he deliberately learns a modicum of Spanish, and expresses worthless and verbose thoughts in that beautiful and idiomatic medium of utterance.

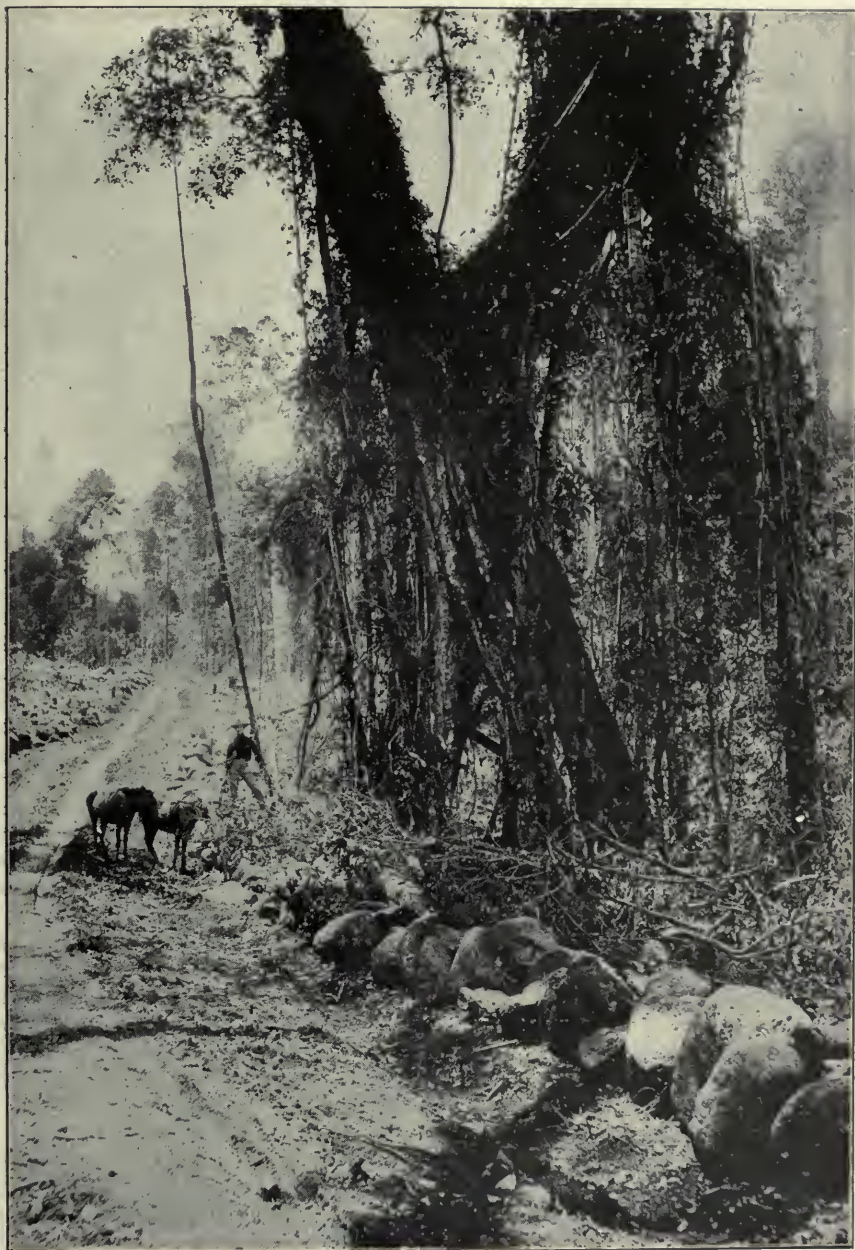
Dr. Middleton takes no middle ground on the question, and in reply to questions recently put to him stated: "I attribute the lack of literature to a lack of hard, common sense, analytic powers, power of synthesis or grasp of principles * * * Undoubtedly no real literature exists among the Filipinos as a native product * * * predominating * * * works known to Retana * * * Tagal first, then Ilocano, Vicol, and so on * * * the peoples of Caucasia" by descent "are of higher intellective cast in every range of human thought and activity" than the Malay.

The mute indifference of the native, and particularly of the Tagal, is the stranger when his language is considered. Uncouth as it may seem at first to western ears, it is remarkable in that it contains words which express with a firm delicacy intricate meanings. The lack of literature, at least to-day, admitting the fact that the early friars burned all the books they found, does not argue much for the state of relative civilization declared to have been in

existence in the islands when the first Chinese explorers entered them. Surely a human creature could not, under any conceivable circumstances, be utterly crushed, as a definite historical entity in literature by a single disaster. Bitter as the people claim the yoke of the friars to have been, it is scarcely credible that it could have wiped out art and literature at a single stroke, and kept them suppressed, all other things being equal; some radical and well-defined effect must have had pre-existence in the men thus discouraged, just when the friar influences were beginning to be felt in their first flush of power. Undoubtedly those early "bravos" of faith and sword made mistakes and were cruel—all religion was intolerant and barbarous in its methods at that time—but any christianizing influence has an uplifting, rather than a debasing, power in every branch of science and art.

All the history the Filipinos have is the story, long and explicit in most records, of a barbarian and a savage, who has been given a scanty coat of tissue by purely modern European influences. All of his personal traditions are savage—he has evoked no religion, even, that recognizes any complete and definite canons and tenets. He has practically forgotten his own alphabet. What he writes is written in colloquial Spanish or bungled English. It is scarcely remarkable, then, that he has not yet obtained the mental poise and equilibrium to use his intelligence for benefit of posterity.





The military road. From the sea to Lake Lanao. Mindanao.

From Photo by Captain C. C. Bateman, U. S. A.

THE WAYS OF NAN HUMTOTTLE

BY JAMES MATTHEW FELLOW

IT was noon on the desert. But it was cool—even though the sun shone fiercely—for a high wind blew from the west, refreshing the parched plain and arid range, and stirring the stunted sage with no gentle hand.

A traveler—an old, wrinkled, white-haired man—sat beneath the shady cotton-woods, in a canyon among the hills, and looked anxiously down upon the gray, smooth floor which stretched away, moving like a thing of life, to the distant horizon. For some time he sat thus. Then his gaze shifted to where the glittering, milky expanse of a dry lake, miles below, gleamed ghostly upwards through the long line of dizzy sandstone cliffs. Even then, although he surveyed those chaotic depths with a carefulness and precision born of the importance of his errand in that solitary spot, he evidently derived no satisfaction, for at last he again turned his weary eyes upon the plain.

Now, almost instantly, he started. His searching glance became riveted and the palsied hand that he raised to stroke his beard, seemed scarcely able to perform the duty.

"Cuss Muggins Smith!" he muttered angrily; "it's his doin'. He give it away. Wa-al, it learns me onyhow. Cuss a drunk! I'll be te-totally damned if I takes a cabbage-head fur a pardner agin!"

A dust-cloud rose out of the desert and drifted rapidly forward, then, as the wind shifted, rending the veil and sending it to follow in the wake of galloping hoofs, three horsemen became faintly visible to the watching man. Awhile he strained his eyes for signs of recognition, then impulsively arose.

"Five miles," he mumbled, rough-

ly-estimating the distance of separation. "It'll be clost onder two hours 'fore they git here—if they takes ther canyon; that's ther neares'. Wonder who they be?"

However, he did not stay to learn the identity of his pursuers—a thing which, at such a distance, he could not have hoped to have done—but turning, hastened with what speed his stiffened legs would allow, upwards through the trees.

When he again stopped, it was half a mile from his starting-place. His face was flushed and streaming, and his labored breathing told the strength of his exertions. Mopping the sweat with a bandana, he looked back. The party was no longer in sight. A thin white column, rising miles away above the smaller hills, alone showed him their position.

"Yes, sir," he soliloquized, vehemently, "they're a-makin' fur ther canyon orright, cuss them! Don't see how I'm goin' ter hold 'em off. Zikedee! This is a pooty mess, that's shore! Smith's fixed things, there's no question 'bout that. Can't see why I didn't hustle 'im off to bed las' night, when I seed 'im fillin' up an' thet gang a-follerin' after him jes' 'cos he had ther sack. Chances is he showed 'em ther gold an' tells 'em where ther claim is an' thet it ain't located. Dang 'em all! Ther old man 'll make it interestin'. Let 'em come. They'll not git a smell, I'll gar'ntee, if I——"

On the instant, he wheeled about, a muttered imprecation on his lips. He felt certain of having heard some foreign sound coming, as it seemed, from farther up the ravine. Still, as he listened, it was not repeated, and concluding that the snap of a twig against the gold-pan he held under his arm had been instrumen-

tal in the effect, he resumed his study, now directed to where the canyon met the open plain a league below.

But of a sudden, there burst—clear and familiar on his experienced ear—the near tinkling of a bell. Alarmed, he stood irresolute, then moved carefully over the wet, slippery boulders and through the rank green growth. The copse of willow and cottonwood which grew woody in this part of the gorge, obscured his view of what might lay beyond, so he edged toward the shelter of the nearest cliff, as there, the grove being less thick, might afford easier and better passage.

Reaching this clearing, he glanced cautiously up stream. What he saw caused him to start, pause, then slink back slowly among the trees.

Now, old Roy Peters was a tall, undignified specimen of manhood, bashful, stoop-shouldered and parading the dirt of his hard, honest labor upon his grizzled face and patched, unostentatious clothes. True it was, however, that no one in the entire camp of Thirty Palms was neater or more regular in the preparation of his toilet than the "Hoss-doctor." But on this particular day he had found it expedient to leave conventionalities aside—a thing before unknown in the routine of his commonplace existence—and hasten with the smallest possible delay to the silence of this mountain fastness.

Therefore, wondering what might best be done, he stood, eyed his begrimed attire, felt of his dirty beard and contemplated his soiled hands. While thus engaged, a merry laugh broke the stillness and a taunting "The 'Hoss-doctor,' or I'll be switched! Well, I do declare, he's voice cried out:

"Scared. Come out, Doc., I seen yer. You're all right as y' are. It's mean, I calls it, when a old friend is too stuck-up to speak to a feller. Or-right, Doc!"

The misery in the speaker's last

words caused Peters to quit his position and present himself.

"Miss Humtottle," he began earnestly, though in an embarrassed way, as he approached a tall girl resting complacently on the sand upon her side, "I didn't mean onythin' that wasn't jest right. But look at me! Ain't I a sight? I'm a nice 'un ter face comp'ny, eh? I on'y thought as how yer might'ner seen me an' I was a-goin' ter sneak away, that's all."

Nan tittered, and the Hoss-doctor looked sheepish.

"You dear old silly," she finally gushed, "come sit down. I knowed you felt that way, but I don't like ter see it. Wot's clothes, anyhow? 'F I'd like yer for your clothes it 'pears to me I'd not be thinkin' much of yer. Would I? Well, come an' take it easy, an' we'll have lunch. Jes' think, Doc.! How's that?" She held up a rusty tin of sardines, "Then there's crackers an' cheese, heaps of 'em. There's Buzzy-Buzz," pointing to a pet fawn browsing nearby. "He's bin havin' a grand time sence early this mornin'. I brung him out fer exercise an' he's tickled nigh to death. Come, Doc., less talk."

Reassured, the old man smiled benignly, and made as if to share the blanket with her. But he bethought himself and remained standing.

"No; I ain't got no time, Miss Humtottle," he rejoined with a troubled face; "an' by ther way, ye'd better pick up yer traps an' Buzzy-Buzz an' go right hum. Will yer do it?"

The girl looked surprised; she would have laughed, but noting the earnestness in the other's eyes she apparently grew alarmed.

"Why, wot's the matter, Doc.? Some'un hurt—dead—ther folks—yer—mean——"

"Naw! Nuthin' o' ther sort! It's me—that's who! Now, don' git excited an' holler as womin does an' I'll tell yer. Me an' Muggins Smith

found a durned good ledge yesterday up yonder a little ways on ther mountin. Ther cussed fool gits ter camp an' gits drunk an' tells all he knowed—that we hain't located it an' ther like o' that. I seed he were pooty full afore that, but I didn't mind none, an' only jes' as I was goin' ter turn in an' was walkin' past the winder of ther Golden Star saloon that I hearn some fellers tellin' what Muggins had sed. Wa-al, I stopped an' listened. I couldn't see no one 'cos they was a-talkin' in ther dark, but I found that some 'un was a-goin' after my prop'ty. I runned hum an' got here near midnight. I bin here ever sence an' am 'bout pettered out. 'F I was a young feller, I'd fix things so's they couldn't tech nawthin'. But ther rheumatiz ketches me in ther legs an' I can't git around. They'll be here directly—yes, I jes' seen three of 'em a-ridin' up ther gulch. Now, I don't like ter see yer here if onything's goin' 'er happen, so yer'd better be a good gal an' trot off. If yer don' wanter go hum, wa-al go down ther canyon a ways—say a mile—thar's plenty of pooty places thar, an' lots o' green grass for ther animal. Go on, Miss Humtottle, an' I'll see yer presently."

But Nan made no effort to obey. Silently she lay, her pretty sun-browned cheek resting on her hand; the laughter of her eyes changed to a serious contemplation of a smoothly worn pebble with which she toyed.

Peters watched her awhile, growing more restless with each succeeding moment.

"Won't yer do that, Miss Humtottle?" he queried, gently urging her to reply. She seemed, however, not to have heard him. Instead she asked:

"An' where's Muggins? I mean, haven't you heard?"

"In camp, soberin' up. I——"

She stopped him with a sad shake of her loose curls: "He's dead."

"Dead!" gasped the Hoss-doctor, "how——?"

"Mormon Mike found him dead in bed this mornin'. Yer know," continued the girl in a low voice, and still with down-cast eyes, "he never was strong, an' whisky jes' killed him." For a time nothing more was said; then, finally, she again spoke:

"Yer say they're comin' for to make you give up ther claim? An' it's yourn?"

"Yes; I think them fellers I seen—jes' a minute; I'll see 'f I kin make 'em out." He took a step forward, but she detained him.

"Don' go—it's them," she said, in a faltering voice. "They'll come. Ther claim's—located! It's theirn—an'——" Here she stood up. "But they'll not git it, that's all! Ther liar! He said it was Mugginses an' that now he was dead he could jes' jump it an' it'd be his'n. An' I comed out an' located it for him. An' I see why he sent me. He knowed you liked me, 'cos he said I'd meet you, that you was a-huntin' for ther prospect, an' that I was to tell yer that Muggins was dead an' when you'd gone back to camp, as you'd sure do, I'd git ther time ter put up ther stakes an' notices. He said if he went you'd git suspicion on him. I came this mornin' an' found ther diggin's, down from ther red granite boulder, jes' where he sed. An' I did all that 'cos I didn't know no better. Oh, Doc., I'm so bad. I lied 'bout comin' out to take Buzzy-Buzz for a walk. I—I—feel so sorry, Doc. Joe Fratcher told me to do it, an' we're goin' to be married soon—an' I was so glad that he'd have a place of his own to work at an' not have ter work at ther mill. That's why, Doc." She clung to his arm, looking into his grizzled face with pleading gaze.

For a moment the old man's bearded lips twitched painfully, and tears rose to his eyes. But he valiantly choked back a rising sob,

smiled, and answered in his customary gentle way:

"Lettle gal, I was young oncet myself, an' I know—God bless yer. I had a lettle woinin oncet, too, 'bout your size an' with jes' sech ways as you got, an' I allus looks at it that a woinin with ways like her'n air woinin that desarves ther best. Now, as much as I cares fur gold an' ther comfit it 'ud bring in my ol' age, I'd not think ter be puttin' myself in your way o' happiness. I'm a ol' dufer, an' I've had my fun—you're young an' yer haven't, so there! What you've done ain't nawthin'—'taint nawthin' a'tall. Don't cry, Nan, that's a good gal, don't cry." But she sobbed, did this little desert maiden, and nestled her curly head upon his breast.

"Thar, now, don't take on," he continued, kindly. "Bless yer heart, I don' blame yer. Yer didn't know; yer jes' didn't stop ter think. I'd a-done ther same thing—ennybody would' er. Ain't thet right?"

"I'm goin' ter pull up the stakes," she cried wildly, starting from his embrace; "then it'll be yourn. You kin keep——" He grasped her arm and detained her.

"Look a-here, Miss Humtottle"—there was a trace of severity in his tone—"what yer actin' like this fur? I never seed ther likes o' sech a thing. What ails yer?"

"Nuthin'!" snapped Nan, then burst out sobbing afresh.

The Hoss-doctor's tan grew yellowish beneath the scorn of her rebuke, and he regarded the pet fawn, who had meanwhile strolled up to learn the cause of the altercation, with a prolonged, pensive stare. It crossed his mind that perhaps he had said something from which she had extracted a second meaning, and relenting—hopeful of reassuring her at whatever price—he anxiously began:

"Was it 'cos I sed suthin' that wasn't jes' correct? 'Cos I told yer ter keep ther prospect? Eh, Miss

Humtottle? I'm powerful sor——"

The girl's eyes blazed.

"Keep yer nasty old mine," she said, now thoroughly aroused, jerking the bonnet more firmly on her head and thrusting the few stray hairs from off her forehead. "Who wants it! We don't! We didn't want it in ther fust place. I'll tell Joe when he comes. We kin—git—on—nice—with—his—wages. We—don'—want——" But here again articulation failed her. Sinking upon the blanket she wept long and violently. And while Peters stood wondering what might best be done—whether to leave quietly, without further ado, or seek to re-establish peace in the face of such unwarranted censure, the sound of voices reached his ears. Turning, he beheld the three horsemen who had occupied his attention scarcely an hour before, coming up the canyon. They had ridden hard, and now, as they approached, urging their tired, sweaty cayuses forward with unsparing spur, it was obvious to the Hoss-doctor—from a close study of their faces—that they were men against whom he could not cope.

Within a few feet they drew rein. The foremost one dismounted; it was Joe Fratcher. A few quick steps brought him face to face with Peters. Looking from the girl to her companion, his fury increasing meanwhile, he at last found voice.

"What cryin' fur, Nan? Eh? What cryin' fur?"

Miss Humtottle had risen and stood apart, drying her tears and smiling trustingly as a serious means of lessening their fears for her safety. But at the question, her eyes sought the ground, and she busied herself by an industrious, yet nervous, adjustment of her disheveled hair.

"What's ther matter wit yer? Can't yer talk?" But even to this she made no answer.

Fratcher's glance left her and settled on the Hoss-doctor.

"What's she cryin' fur, yer ol' crow-bait?" he blurted, clenching his fists. "Yer hit her o' sed suthin', yer cussed t'rantular. That'll larn yer!" He struck suddenly, and the old man tumbled backwards upon the rocks.

Being by nature sharp-sighted and shrewd, to which might be added a readiness to grasp at and profit by the meanest of circumstances, Fratcher was quick to see the advancement of his interests, not only in the tears of his fiance, but also in her presence with the Hoss-doctor, and the perturbed, guilty manner of the latter. So now he followed up his inglorious advantage.

"That'll larn yer! Yer reckon wit me, sabe?" he hissed, moving as if to inflict further punishment upon the prostrate man.

Nan, standing by, over-awed and motionless, interpreted his intentions, and sprang in the way.

"Yer won't, Joe Fratcher, so there!" she gasped. "Yer'll have ter hit me 'fore yer tech him. Shame on yer, hittin' a old man! Yer a coward! I never thought it of yer, wot's more!"

If she had thought to subdue him by bringing him to know that he had lowered himself in her estimation, she happened upon the one exception of a long-standing rule, for, in contradiction to past examples, in which she had thus controlled him, her vituperation merited no reward. With a coarse exclamation, he flung her aside and stood over Peters just as the latter opened his eyes.

"Git up," he commanded in a rage. "If it weren't jes' wastin' good powder an' lead, I'd drill yer full o' holes right whar y' are."

The Hoss-doctor staggered to his feet, dazed and trembling. Blood trickled down his cut, swelling cheek and dyed his beard, while a similar jagged tear showed crimson beneath the sprinkling of gray hairs on his head.

"If I ketch yer 'round Nan again,"

threatened the younger man, 'ye'll not be spared. Now git!" And facing the sobbing old gentleman down hill, he booted him on his way.

That action would have ended the matter, that is, in so far as Peters was concerned—for he had mentally resolved to put miles between him and the camp by night-fall—but Miss Humtottle, true to her better nature, was indignant—as she would have expressed it, "boilin' mad."

Taking her place at the Hoss-doctor's side, she helped him over the rocks, the fawn following with playful capers and noisy, ringing bell. Below them—silent, uninterested spectators of the scene—lay Fratcher's two companions, comfortably stretched upon a patch of sand. Now came Nan's moment for partial revenge. Pausing, she looked them over, singly.

"Gee! You'll be brothers-in-law ter be proud on," she cried contemptuously. "Yer sich manly fellers! Faugh!"

"Don' see, Miss Nan," remarked one, with a grin, "thet yer sweet-heart yander has enny more ter brag on than us. It 'pears ter me yer ain't got no kick a-comin'."

The girl flushed.

"Look a-here, Ben Pallator, I'm jes' goin' ter tell Sue all about this here thing. We'll see what sort o' kick you'll have comin'. An' you'll not git off a speck easier, Mister Sawyer. I'll make it my bisness ter say somethin' ter Belle, too. They'll tell yer a few things that'll make yer think, o' they ain't no sisters o' mine, I'll gamble. Jes' you wait——"

"Ye'll do nuthin' o' ther kind," broke in Fratcher. "Fust thing yer know, I'll take yer 'crost my knee an' spank yer till yer'll be tickled ter vamos hum an' say nowthin'."

"I know yer will," agreed Miss Humtottle, with great readiness; "it's only big, strong young fellers ther likes o' you, that enjoys beatin' old men, that can beat a woman.

'Cos it'd never do for you an' Johnny Delacey ter mix. Yer see, Johnny don' git ther practice you do. Mamma allus favored him. She sed he was a clean, square, manly feller, an' I kin see where she was right."

Without more to say, she passed her arm around the old man, and together they walked slowly down the uneven canyon bed. Nor did she once look back. Conscious, as only a woman can be, of the mischief she had done, she patiently awaited the unconditional surrender which must of needs follow.

Fully five minutes passed. They had turned into the thick growth of willow and were thus hid from the other's view. Here Nan gently urged the Hoss-doctor to seat himself, while she treated his wounds. Hardly, however, was this accomplished ere voices, then the broken sounds of horses' hoofs, reached her ears. She smiled triumphantly, and tarried yet a little longer over her work. Still, she looked up questioningly as the brush parted, admitting Pallator and Sawyer.

"Sorry, ol' man, thet this happened," awkwardly apologized the former, reigning in his animal, and leaning in his saddle to extend his hand. "We're out o' ther game, eh, Phil?"

His companion nodded approval, remarking gravely:

"We reckoned thar's other things more valuable nor gold, that's why. But Joe didn't come," he added, turning to Nan and answering what was in her mind. Keenly disappointed, she made no reply, but silently watched them as they slowly took their way toward the distant plain. Then, after a long while, she turned with a sigh. Bending over

Peters, who sat in a dejected study of the gravel at his feet, she laid her hand caressingly upon his thin, weak shoulder, and said in a kind, sweet voice:

"I'm goin' now, Doc.—to see him; an' if I don' come back in half an hour—then—yer'll know he won't give it up, an' yer'd better go. But I'll do jes' all I kin, you know that, don'cher, Doc.?"

Then that long half hour passed and then an hour—but not a sound disturbed the stillness. The Hoss-doctor waited and waited; he strained his ear for the clink of a bell, for a rapid step, a rustle of the bush, a merry, girlish laugh—but they did not come. When hope had died, he arose and staggered down trail, brushing away the streaming tears with his grimy sleeve. At intervals he stopped, and, during these periods, looked back expectantly, searching and searching the rank verdure above.

As the shades of night fell, he reached the plain. Here he paused irresolutely. On the right, the lights of Thirty Palms gave out a glare of welcome; on the left—aye, what was there?—the interminable, desolate, ghostly desert stretching to where a glorious moon just cleared the serrated backbone of an untrodden ridge, ten scorching, starving leagues to the east.

And the lights of Thirty Palms, glowing like a swarm of fire-flies, grew dimmer and dimmer, farther and farther away—then vanished behind a spectral hummock, leaving the poor, wronged, friendless Hoss-doctor to shuffle on undisturbed—the pole-star for his guide; the silence for his guard, and over all, the Creator.



EARLY MORNING

From a Pencil Sketch by
ELOISE J. ROORBACH

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ITS RICHES

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY, BY KATHERINE ODENBAUGH

Eureka High School, Eureka, Humboldt County, Cal.

STRETCHING from the pine-clad forests and snowy summits of Del Norte and Shasta, through the lumber counties of the Coast, the fertile valley of the Sacramento, and the mining region of the mountain counties, to the dairying and wine-producing section near the bay, lies Northern California, the most magnificent domain of a noble principality. Since this section of California extends over such a wide expanse of territory, and has such a diversity of climatic and physical conditions, it is obvious that the occupations and products are equally diversified.

The divisions naturally fall into four parts: the lumbering of the Coast Range, the dairying and stock raising along the foot hills, the horticulture and agriculture of the Sacramento Valley, and the mining in the Sierras.

The first industry that led to the rapid development of California was mining, and this is still one of the chief industries of the mountainous regions. Five counties, Nevada, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Amador, and Shasta, produce annually \$1,000,000 worth of gold and silver. Besides these more precious metals, valuable mines of quartz, quicksilver, coal, borax and copper are worked with immense profit. Copper mining is constantly increasing, and of this mineral, as well as in iron, limestone and cinnabar, Shasta County has become the leading producer. Of the 35,000,000 pounds of copper mined in Northern California in 1901, more than 30,000,000 pounds came from this county. In addition to the metals which are being constantly mined, non-metallic sub-

stances are also sought. Among these structural materials are the clays, sand-stone, quartz-sand, granite and rubble. The annual value of these substances is \$2,500,000, and by the advancement in the quarrying industries, this is being gradually increased.

Scarcely inferior to the mining industry is the lumber traffic, in which capital from all over the United States is invested. The great lumber region of California embraces Shasta, Del Norte, Humboldt and Mendocino counties, where the redwood forests are the most important. Along the coast there are also rich groves of spruce and hemlock, and the Sierras abound in the large-sized sugar-pine, yellow pine and red fir, together with a small quantity of the sequoia gigantea or "Big Tree." This species of the redwood, however, is much less extensively used in the lumber and shingles of commerce than the "sequoia sempervirens" of the Coast Range. The estimate of uncut wood in Northern California is placed at 200,000,000,000 feet. Its forests are the densest in North America, single acres sometimes yielding 1,500,000 feet. The annual output of Northern lumber is about 400,000,000 feet—worth more than \$11,000,000, and to prepare this for commerce, 250 saw mills are kept in constant employment. In Humboldt alone, at the present rate of clearing—150,000,000 feet yearly—it will take about 300 years to exhaust the growth on its 491,000 acres of forest land.

Two hours will take one from the noise and whirl of the town to the silent grandeur of the unbroken redwoods. Here indeed is the forest

primeval. With heavy outstretched branches, the majestic trees tower skyward. The sun casts its checkered shade upon the ground thickly covered with forest violets and wild anemone, and all around is silence—Silence profound, illimitable, soon to be broken by the woodman's axe and the busy puffing of steam engines.

Lumber and mining are characteristic of the sterner regions of Northern California; yet so varied are the climatic and geographical conditions that the great valley of the Sacramento is one of the richest farming sections in the world. Once the Sacramento Valley was a vast grain field from Colusa to Sacramento, and except for the San Joaquin, it is still the greatest wheat-producing valley of California. Gradually, however, the waving grain fields are being broken up, and the cultivation of fruit has succeeded in a measure to that of grain. To ride through the blossoming orchards of almond trees in Yolo, over roads strewn with snowy petals, and fanned by soft breezes, fragrant with subtle, spicy perfume, is as near an approach to fairy land as this prosaic world affords.

Citrus fruits in the highest degree are found here, and oranges, so suggestive to the Easterner of Southern groves are ripe in the Sacramento Valley six weeks earlier than in the southern portion of the State. No part of the State raises such fine early fruit as Vacaville, whence the first cherries are shipped to the Eastern market. Here are found the largest and reddest strawberries, the most delicious apricots, the most luscious, sun-kissed peaches. The adoption of the lower foot hills of the Sierras to olive culture is demonstrated by the fact that a ten year old orchard often yields two hundred pounds of fruit to the tree. Oroville has perhaps the most famous olive orchard, the product of some of which finds a

market in the great New York hotels.

Every species of deciduous fruits is grown in Northern California, and some years the shipments from the North have excelled those from the South by more than 9,000 car loads. No discussion of the horticultural products of Northern California would be thorough without mention of the great wine-producing districts of Napa and Sonoma, the superiority of whose wines is recognized even in Europe. Here fertility of the soil unites with perfection of climate and scenery of great natural beauty to produce an ideal place for homes.

Together with the horticultural are the equally important agricultural products of Northern California. As has been mentioned above, a large portion of the Sacramento Valley is still devoted to grain-raising. Here, as well as in the valleys of the Coast Range, much attention is paid to the growth of potatoes and smaller vegetables, such as onions, lettuce and radishes.

In the foothills surrounding the agricultural valleys, dairying is of great importance. This is more or less merged with other industries, but in Humboldt and in Marin it is a specialty. That part of Marin which faces the ocean is the greatest butter producing section of the State. But while this county is famous for its dairy-butter, of all the creamery butter produced in California, none has come up to the standard which Humboldt has reached.

The easily grown alfalfa, on which the cattle of the vast dairylands feed, is also utilized to promote stock-raising, and in these pastures great flocks of fleecy sheep graze.

Proceeding to the more rocky portions of the foothills, one finds the Angora goat, an animal whose estimated number in California is about 70,000. These goats, valuable for their mohair as well as their meat,

thrive in places much too poor for any other stock. Yolo County surpasses in its fine breed of horses and cattle. Since because of the actual formation of the country and the abundant rains, the facilities for feeding herds of cattle are so great in Northern California it is a natural result that much attention should be paid to this branch of industry.

No account of the northern part of California would be complete without some slight mention of its fishing. The streams of the Sacramento have natural, propagated and planted fish in large quantities. All the streams, in fact, are stocked with fish, and there are numerous fisheries along the Coast which are not yet greatly developed. The most important hatchery is established at the mouth of Battle Creek, Tehama County, whence millions of salmon are liberated yearly and placed in the rivers and streams of the Pacific Coast.

Southern California has always

been considered the "ideal California," with beautiful groves, perpetual sunshine and fragrant flowers. Northern California, on the other hand, is thought to be cold, damp and unproductive. No more fallacious idea ever existed. Northern California is wide and diversified enough for all, and upon her fruitful breast she receives and supports all sorts and conditions of men. The products and resources which have been enumerated, show the nature of the country. The same ideal climatic conditions are found in the Sacramento Valley as in the southern portion of the State, and the scenery of the North is beyond description. From the snow-capped mountains, deep, rocky gorges and dense forests, a traveler may pass into smooth, waving fields of grain, and to orchards tilled to garden-like fertility. Northern California may easily be said to be 6,000 square miles that will grow anything one could wish—a land of beauty, wealth and happiness.

THE THUNDER STONE

What Does it Mean in Shakespear?

BY PROFESSOR GRANVILLE F. FOSTER

IN Act I. Scene III of Shakespear's "Julius Caesar," Casca says to Cicero:

"Are you not moved, when all the
sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O
Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scold-
ing winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I
have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage
and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening
clouds;
But never till to-night, never till
now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping
fire.

* * * *

"A common slave (you know him
well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did
flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and
yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire remained un-
scorch'd."

While Casca and Cicero are engaged in earnest conversation, Cassius enters, and after some preliminary words of greeting says:

"For my part, I have walked about
the streets,

Submitting me into the perilous
 night:
 And thus unbraced, Casca, as you
 see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder
 stone;
 And when the cross blue lightning
 seem'd to open
 The breast of Heaven, I did present
 myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it."

One of the articles of religious belief among the ancient Etruscans and Romans was that Jupiter, whose name means "Sky-Father," was especially god of storms and wielder of the thunderbolt. Commentators generally agree that Shakespeare refers to this belief in the passages quoted above, hence in all comments on the drama of "Julius Caesar" the thunder stone is explained to mean the thunderbolt, and the student is incidentally informed that the ancient Romans probably conceived of the idea of such a celestial missile from finding in various parts of Italy, especially in the mountainous regions, a fossil, now known as the Belemnite, which from its form and position they inferred had been projected from the sky. It seems, however, to the writer very improbable that the intelligent Roman would consider that this fossil was the missile of their mighty god of storms, when there was at hand something far better than this to suggest a bolt falling from a thunder cloud, namely the Fulgurite.

It is hardly necessary to suggest to the intelligent reader that there is no missile ever projected from a thunder cloud, though it is conceivable that a fall of meteoric stones might have been in several periods in the past simultaneous with thunder storms, and hence the idea to have arisen that such stones came from the cloud.

The Belemnite, as a living animal, existed in that age of the world's geological history, known as the Mesozoic, and its fossils are found

largely in the oolitic and cretaceous strata, finely represented in the Apennines, so that the Romans in their excursions to the mountains, had frequent opportunity to pick up the arrow-like shell. The animal is scientifically described as a cephalopodous mollusk, closely allied to the sepidae or cuttle family. The shell is double, consisting of a conical chambered portion inserted into a longer solid, somewhat conical sheath, all which in the living animal was inside of the body, in which case the Belemnite resembled the modern cuttlefish. Oftentimes, the whole shell is not found, only the muero, or solid point, into which the sheath was prolonged behind the chambered portion, and even this is frequently so large that specimens ten inches in length have been discovered.

As already suggested, there is no connection whatever between thunder-storms and the existence of the Belemnite, and it is difficult, at least for the writer, to imagine why the ancients should believe that there was such a connection, when the Fulgurite was so common and when, too, they could not fail to perceive that the latter was the direct child of the lightning.

As is generally known, electricity in passing through an excellent conductor, and hence, unobstructed, does not betray its existence, but whenever it is hindered or retarded in its passage, a part of the current becomes sensible as heat, the intensity of which latter depends first upon the strength of the current, and second upon the hindrance to which the current is subjected. Of course it will be understood by the reader that no electricity hitherto created by art or man's device, has reached even to a near degree the intensity of lightning, and hence the power of the latter in developing heat is in consequence greater than that of the electrical furnace, though the latter possesses the advantage of being capable of being rendered con-

tinuous in its action, while the former is only momentary.

Whenever lightning strikes dry sand in the passage of the former from the clouds to the moist earth beneath, the current becomes hindered and intense heat results, which vitrifies the sand, forming a funnel, which varies in length from a quarter of an inch to many inches, and in diameter at the top from a half inch to three inches. The whole funnel narrows in diameter as it descends, till it ends, as it usually does, in a point, though occasionally a specimen is found which divides and even subdivides below. The size of the Fulgurite depends directly upon the strength of the charge, and the distance from the surface to the moist sand beneath. Both elements must be considered. A very great charge of lightning will find some obstruction even in slightly moistened sand, creating a fulgurite where a slight charge would pass unhindered, leaving no trace behind. The largest fulgurites of course will be formed when the heavier charges of lightning strike sand-banks to a great depth dry, which strokes must be made before the rain which usually accompanies the thunder storm has begun to fall. Imagine such a storm occurring in ancient times with phenomena such as we have described, accompanying, and some observer noticing the flash of lightning passing from a rising cloud to some sandy slope of the Apennines, and finding afterwards at the spot struck the glassy tube, ending in a point underneath the surface, what would be more natural than that he would conclude that the tube was a thunderbolt, shot from the angry cloud above, especially as he might know that the supposed missile had not been there before the cloud appeared, though the thinking worshiper of Jupiter might have puzzled his brain to severely account for the fact that so many precious thunderbolts were wasted upon desert tracts?

In the thunderbolts sent from a clear sky, to which some ancient writers refer, we have probably examples of the flash of an aerolite passing through the air, while in this case the pieces of stone which had reached the earth might have been taken for the bolts.

As Shakespeare uses the word thunderstone instead of thunderbolt, it may be surmised that the dramatist, like the commentators on his works, believed that either the aerolite or the belemnite was the basis upon which the ancients at one time built their views of Jupiter as the wielder of the thunderbolt, but it is ever to be kept in mind that the views of Shakespeare, the dramatist (whatever the views of Shakespeare the scholar may be) are not safe bases upon which to build arguments

In the tempest dropping fire, we have probably an allusion to the mysterious phenomenon known as "globe lightning" or the "fire-ball," which sometimes drops from the clouds. It is always spherical, sometimes a foot in diameter, and it usually rebounds like a rubber ball, when it strikes the earth. After playing around a little time, bounding and rebounding, it bursts with a blinding flash and a loud explosion.

The story of the slave whose left hand was not consumed by the apparent flame is one which is not difficult to understand. It has its counterpart in modern times. If lightning strikes a man whose clothes are dry, the electricity will pass through the vitals and will usually kill. If it strikes when the clothes are wet, the current will pass down on the outside without doing any injury. But if it strikes when the clothes are merely bedewed with moisture, the electricity will appear to linger for a brief period in a phosphorescent glow, which has some of the qualities of a flame, and in this case no injury may be done to the person.



A. Midwinter Scene in Alameda County, California.

THE INTERVENTION OF SAN ANTONIO

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

CONCEPCION drew her black shawl over her head, slipped quietly out of the house, hurried down Dupont street, and turned into the dark hall of a big tenement. A few moments later she was in a long, narrow courtyard running parallel with the street. On one side towered the tall building through which she had just come. On the other ran what seemed a long white-washed shed, punctured at regular intervals by little square windows, but which in reality was a separate building inhabited by the overflow from the tenement. Each room was the home of a family, sometimes of one, sometimes of five. Nearly every window was lighted, and before each lay a little garden. The great sunflowers stood up silently, their work for the day done, while the mint and sweetpeas filled the whole court with their sweetness.

Concepcion crept noiselessly over the plank flooring, and tapped softly at the last door, the one with a 24 chalked over the lintel. Inside some one was strumming a guitar, and she had to knock several times before she was heard. Finally the strumming stopped abruptly, and a voice called in Spanish: "Come!" Concepcion entered quickly and closed the door.

Old Dona Maria Dolores sat on the only chair in the center of the tiny room, her guitar in her lap. When she saw who her visitor was and the look on the girl's face, she let the guitar slip to the floor. "Ah, Concepcion mia," she cried, "what is it? What is the matter? Again he has not come."

Concepcion sank down in a heap at Dolores' feet. "Si, si, he has come," she wailed, "but now they

will not let him land. They say he has some sickness in the eyes and must go back to Mexico."

"Some sickness in the eyes," echoed Dolores. "Surely these Americanos are crazy. For such a reason not to let a man land. Have not many people in this city sore eyes? What difference, then, will one more make?"

"I do not know. I do not know," moaned Concepcion. "But they will not let my Juan come to me. In a week he will go back and I shall die. All these long months have I waited, and now he is here and they will not let him stay. Ay, ay, Holy Mother has forgotten me."

"Concepcion," broke in Dolores, sternly, "do not talk so. Sit up and listen to me."

In spite of the harsh tone, however, she raised the girl gently and put her in her own chair. She herself sat on the edge of the bed. The choice was between that and a trunk. Every foot of space in the room was filled. On the floor cotton bundles held the worldly possessions of Dona Maria. On nails driven into the back of the bed hung a few bright calico waists and a black skirt. The two-burner oil stove was under the bed for safety, while a little rack, amid innumerable saints, did for a china closet. St. Anthony of Padua, seated in a big chair, holding a staff much taller than himself, his abnormally sweet face surmounted by plumed felt hat and a halo, gazed down inanely from the place of honor in the center of the wall. In one corner of the crowded room, a parrot slept on a stick. In another, wedged between the bed and the door, stood Maria Dolores' altar.

"Concepcion," began Dolores, as

soon as the girl was a little quieter. "You must tell me all, just what has happened, from the very beginning. Many times before you have come and asked me to help and never have I said no. And always things have got better, is it not so, querida?"

"Yes," replied Concepcion, "always."

"Then unless Juan has done some bad wrong and the Holy Saints are angry, perhaps I can help you now. But you must tell me all. Begin, child, begin."

"Well," began Concepcion, "you know when I came and asked you to pray for me two months ago, it was because I could no longer live without Juan. A year ago, when my mother wanted to bring me to San Francisco, I cried and cried, and would not come till Juan promised to follow me as soon as he could. Then I came—but that was a whole year ago."

"Every week I wrote to him, and sometimes he would get a friend to write back, for my Juan cannot write. And always he said he was not happy without me, and wanted to come—but he never came."

"First he signed a contract with many others who wanted to come, but then at the last minute he found that it was not to bring him here and find work for him, but to take him for three years to the sugar islands and make him work many, many hours a day for eight dollars a month. So Juan ran away the day the others sailed, and no one could find him. Then Juan's mother fell sick, and the padre said it was because Juan had broken his word. So then my Juan vowed to the Virgin of Guadalupe that if his mother got well he would go to mass every day for six months, and would give a new candlestick to the altar. The mother got well, so Juan had to work hard, and could not come. It was like that for the whole year."

"And then a month ago I got a

letter, where Juan said he was very, very happy. His mother was well now, and at last he had enough money to come. Besides, a friend who came six months ago, and works in the cigar factory, for a dollar a day, was going to get Juan in too. Just think, Dolores, a dollar a day. Then we were to be married," here Concepcion smiled brightly, "and then," she went on, "I was so happy I sang all day. Every day I counted one off, and two nights ago, when I knew the ship would be in, I could not sleep. The first thing in the morning I went down and waited for hours in the hot sun till I saw the boat. Oh, Dona Dolores, I was so happy I could not stand still."

"Pobrecita," murmured Dolores, stroking the girl's hand.

"Then the boat came close," continued Concepcion, "and I saw my Juan the first thing. He was standing in front with two men and a woman and a little boy. But he looked so different, so sad, that something in my heart cracked, and I said a prayer quick. But before I could finish, he called out that they would not let him land. The two men and the woman with the little boy all called out the same to their friends also, and the woman began to cry. At first, I did not believe it. I thought Juan was sick and did not know what he was saying. But when I tried to get up on the boat and help him off, a fat man with a blue coat and brass buttons laughed and said I was like all the girls from Mexico, so crazy for a 'feller,' that I wanted him whether he had sore eyes or not. What is a—feller—Dolores?"

"It is a kind of American," replied Dolores, shortly, "go on."

"So I had to stand down and talk to Juan away up on the ship. He told me that the doctor said they all have some bad sickness in the eyes of which the Americanos are very frightened, so he must go back

to where they are not frightened of such silly things. And oh, Dolores, mia, I will surely die."

Dona Dolores sat silent, while Concepcion rocked herself and cried "Ay di mi, ay di mi," softly, under her breath.

Finally Dolores spoke: "Listen, Concepcion," she said. "There is only one thing now to be done. I will tell you what it is. It is only the second time in all my life that I have ever told anyone, but you must do something quickly, or else it will be too late. But you must promise that you will tell no one."

Dolores went to the door, looked up and down the dark courtyard, came back, and bending down whispered in Concepcion's ear: "I will lend you Jesus Christ, the nino of San Antonio. You see, when you want something very bad, and no other saint can help you, if you take Christ away from San Antonio and then pray that you will give him back when you get what you ask, the good saint will listen."

Concepcion looked up at Dolores, her black eyes full of light. "You will do this for me, Dona Dolores? You will steal the little Jesus for me?"

"I will do it for you, Concepcion, because you are a good girl, and because I also had a Juan once who wanted to come to me—but he never came."

Dolores got up, turned out the light, and went over to the white painted box on the altar. She unfastened the glass door in front, and from among the tinsel, red celluloid balls and wax flowers—former offerings—slipped out the Lord Jesus—a tiny wax doll dressed in yellow silk.

"Come," she whispered. Concepcion felt her way by the edge of the bed, and together they knelt before the box.

"Oh, Holy San Antonio," prayed Dolores, "as you love the blessed child Jesus, and feel lonely and sad

without Him, so Concepcion feels lonely and sad without Juan. Send him to her, and for thanks she will bring your baby back to you."

When the light went up again, the childless San Antonio stood smiling benignly in his box. As it was all done in the dark, he would never know who had stolen the nino.

With the little doll folded carefully in her shawl, Concepcion hurried back the way she had come. When she reached home her mother was already asleep, so Concepcion put the image on a chair and prayed aloud. Before the picture of San Antonio she also knelt, and repeated the petition she had just said with Dolores. Three times each day she prayed before the nino, the saint, and before Mary of Guadalupe.

Every morning Concepcion went down to the wharf in hopes that the boat, which after unloading its cargo of fruit had pushed out into the stream to make room for others, would have come back. After each of these useless journeys she prayed longer and more fervently to San Antonio. Finally, with utter disregard for her own eyes, she promised in addition to the return of the nino, the finest drawn altar cloth that she could make for Dona Dolores' altar.

On board *La Reina de Mexico*, the doctor examined the eyes of the men and the woman and little boy every day, and shook his head. But when he came to Juan he looked closer each day, and finally on the sixth jerked him round roughly to the light. After a quick examination, he left him abruptly and went to look for the captain.

"By the Virgin of Guadalupe," cried the doctor, "that man's eyes are well. Never have I known a case of such sickness to be cured."

Down below the deck, safe out of every one's sight, Juan carefully washed off the ointment that the doctor put on, and taking a little tin

box from his pocket, rubbed in a salve that one of the passengers had given him just before leaving.

"I have kept it in case I should need it," the man had whispered to Juan. "But I have not caught the sickness, and they will let me land. So I give it to you. Never, if he lives to one thousand, will that animal of a doctor know what has cured you. The secret has been in our family for many years, and never once has it failed. Use it, my friend. You will not go back to Mexico—unless you want to," and the man had laughed, for he had seen Concepcion the day the boat came in.

So every night and morning Juan had rubbed the salve in carefully, with the result that on the sixth the astonished doctor had to declare his eyes cured.

"Then to-morrow when the boat goes back for her cargo, I can land?" demanded Juan, eagerly.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "not even these frightened Americans can object to a man with eyes like that."

Next morning, down on the hot, dusty wharf, Concepcion's heart almost stopped beating when she saw La Reina de Mexico coming slowly to dock. Just as a week before, Juan stood at the rail, but this time

only the restraining arm of a sailor kept him from plunging down the gang-plank almost before the boat came to a stop.

As Concepcion realized what it all meant, down she dropped on her knees, amid great crates and boxes right in the path of a prancing team. The driver jerked his horses to a sharp stop, and swore a string of oaths as Concepcion poured out her thanks to San Antonio.

The little altar of Dona Maria Dolores is now hardly recognizable with its elaborate altar cloth, on which the words San Antonio are drawn in the finest threads. In his painted box the good saint smiles happily, while the nino sits peacefully in the basket of wax roses offered by Juan.

Passengers from foreign countries, especially Orientals and Latin Americans are not admitted to the United States if affected with trachoma—which is a disease of the eye characterized by hard pustules or granular excrescences on the inner surface of the eyelids, with inflammation of the membrane. Trachoma is generally the visible symptom of another and more serious contagious disease.—Editor's Note.

MATES

BY ADA PHELPS

There are two wanders on the earth
 Since first the race began;
 And side by side they wander forth
 Wherever dwelleth man.

And hand in hand, with bliss and pain,
 With roses and with rue
 Go Love and Grief. They've supped with me—
 They'll sometime sup with you.

THE YELLOW PERIL, SO-CALLED

BY THOMAS B. WILSON

THE bridge which now spans the sometime dark and forbidding gulf that separates Asia from Europe and America is no meaningless or temporary structure. Its materials were hewn out of the rock of human progress toward high and still higher levels of knowledge and industrial aids, and cemented at either end down deep in the foundation of aspiring civilization by the unerring hand of events born of experience. And this has been accomplished in opposition to the hurtful obstructions of the evil geniuses of the human race, which are racial hatred and religious superstition. The bridge should give way only when the gulf it spans is filled to the level with dead race prejudices, and buried beneath the fertilizing loam of good will, commerce and mutual helpfulness. Then there would be no gulf to bridge, and the whereabouts of the line once traversed by the gulf of separation would be forgotten. This is destiny. This is the product of the operation of the law of cause and effect. This is one of the harvests of golden sheaves in the field of human advancement.

But in every field there are poison weeds and fruitless sesamum and in the field of human advancement they take the form of racial hatred and religious jealousies. In Asia the voices of a few bigoted and narrow minded are heard above the din of the wheels of inter-race trade and traffic, sounding the insane cry of "Asia for Asiatics," and on this side of the line the "yellow peril" is screamed by voices that tremble with pious cant and cowardly fear. These calamity peddlers, these obstructionists in humanity's highway will be crushed in time by the heel

of their own boot. Self-cursed are they who persist in seeing humanity as through a glass, darkly. Stupidly conventional are they who kick against the pricks of necessary innovations. The Sanhedrim saw only "peril" to Hebrew theology and sectarian dogmas in the Sermon on the Mount; Imperial Rome saw only great danger to the nation in the "Christian peril"; at first, the Massachusetts Legislature saw only "steam peril" when the Boston and Albany Railroad Company asked for a charter; not a few Congressmen saw only an "electricity peril" in Morse's discovery, when he asked for Government aid to stretch a wire between Washington and Baltimore. And so it has been all down the ages. The weak, the suspicious, the superstitious and the tradition worshipers see only "perils" in departures from the beaten path. Because "Old Father Grimes wore his coat all buttoned down before," it is wicked to risk the "peril" of a new fashion in coats.

But is there a "yellow peril" threatening the white race? Rather, is it not true that the greed of the white man for commercial supremacy and territorial acquisition somewhat justifies the Asiatic in ringing the alarm bells as the "white peril" approaches his continent? Only a few Asiatics, however, are ringing alarm bells. As a rule, the people of Asia do not scent danger to their social or national concerns from white race invasion. They have no fear of being "beneficently" or otherwise "assimilated." On the contrary they court intercourse with the white race, but not for conquest or supremacy. Unlike the white race, the Asiatic desires diplomatic and trade relations with outside peoples

for his own good. In that he is the embodiment of selfishness. If he feels kindly toward the white or the negro races, it is because he thinks they have something that would be good for him to have, and he sets about getting it without stopping to inquire how much good will accrue to the outsider. That is why trade, railway and territorial concessions are so easy to secure. At the same time, the Asiatic is sure to at least try to directly or indirectly secure for himself the cream of everything, and what is a distinguishing characteristic may be seen everywhere. It is a careful effort to care for rather than kill the goose that lays golden eggs for him. Reckless business ventures, speculative enterprises and get-rich-quick schemes are as foreign to his nature as a white skin would be. In short, the Asiatic is ultra-conservative. Then where shall we look for the "peril" in the Asiatics? Only in the possibility of their adopting the worst of the methods of the white race. But if they swap the best of their civilization for the worst features of ours, are we not the gainers and they the losers? Yet that is what is being done all the time. No white university is satisfied these days if it has not professors of the Hindu and Chinese languages, and more especially their classical literature, and with the exception of Japan and Korea, the language nor the literature of the white race are recognized as being worth the while of the student to spend his time over. So it is, we are giving them our civilization in colorings of bargains for us, and the "tricks of the trade," while we are getting their best thoughts and discoveries in science and philosophy of the ages from them. Then, again, the Asiatics as a whole refuse to admit that the ethics and religion of the white race are comparable with their own; still it must be remembered that they measure the white race by the ethics

we furnish them in the markets of trade interchange. And still again they tell us on that side of the line that all the great religions of the world, including the Hebrew and the Christian, were founded by Asiatics at the very fountain of authenticity and sufficiency; that always they have adhered to the letter and spirit of their Divine Revelations, while the white race has turned and twisted and "reformed" these same Divine commandments so as to make their requirements conform to the social conventions, business methods and elastic conscience of the white man.

The Japanese, although Asiatics, stand apart and upon a higher plane than those of the other nations of Asia. About 1800 years ago they tried to acquire Korea, and ever since they have kept longing eyes upon that kingdom, and also on Manchuria, east of the Liao river, nearly all of which they have recently acquired from a white nation at the point of the bayonet. But the Japanese have a clearer and more comprehensive knowledge of the science of Government and willingness to adopt improved methods and customs of other peoples, than any other of the Asiatics. To illustrate: When Commodore Perry's guns thundered at Japan's closed door the door was quickly opened, and although all Japan felt humiliated over the event, an old Japanese noble, carefully examined Perry's ships and great guns, and then he voiced the sentiments of every Japanese when he quietly observed: "Japan needs and must have a lot of such things as these (pointing to Perry's warships) in her national life." Almost immediately after that event, the nobles gave up their administration of the concerns of the nation and resealed the Mikado upon the throne, and then was started a stream of young men to the universities, military and naval schools of America and Europe to learn how

to make and handle "a lot of these things." How well these young men improved their time while abroad was seen in the Chinese-Japanese war—two Asiatic nations—and is now seen in a Japanese army and navy outgeneraling and whipping the largest of the white race nations apparently with considerable ease. Meanwhile Japan's trade doors are wide-open and all the world is invited to fetch and put its goods and wares on sale in her market-places. But all this is not philanthropy, nor sentiment, with her. All intercourse Japan has with the white race is for Japan's good, first and last, and if the white race gets gain it is not at the expense of Japan. There never will come a time when the white race is not useful to Japan, and no one knows better than the Japanese that they could not be a "peril" without antagonizing that which is so essential in their schemes of national, commercial and industrial expansion. So, then, the white race need fear no Asiatic "peril" in the Japanese.

As to China, there is no "yellow peril" there, nor will there ever be, unless the nature, the religion and the strong home ties of the people are uprooted and a very much lower standard of these things is forced upon them, and since the only race that could so lower their standard of conduct is the white, why, let the white man give them only his best, and then he will need fear no "yellow peril." But in discussing the characteristics of the Chinese as a nation and as individuals, we would do them an injustice and reflect upon our own intelligence were we to measure them by the class that makes Chinatown a disgrace to San Francisco. Not to offend, but to keep to the truth, the Chinese as a whole, in this country, are far more industrious, sober, frugal and law-observing than would be found in an even number of white people occu-

pying the same level of employment in any community of Europe or America, and yet as a whole they come from the lowest ranks of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in their mother country. And what is quite as much to the point in measuring the character of the Chinese as a whole, is that, by common consent born of dearly paid for experience, the agriculturists of the Pacific Coast, and those employing domestic help, agree that they are the most trustworthy and the most honorable in complying with specifications of their contracts of all peoples, be they of the white, red or black race. The "servant peril" does not come from China.

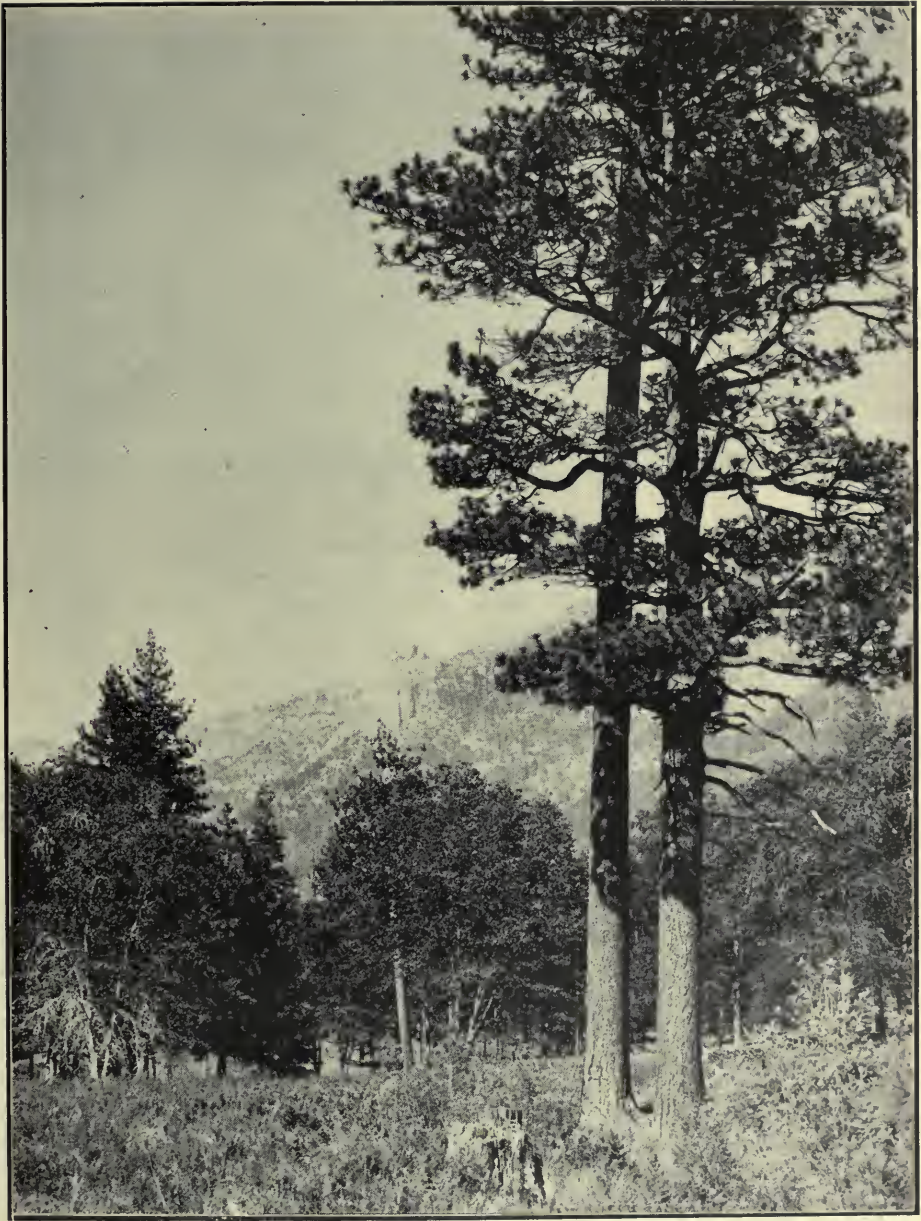
Confucianism, which is not really a religion, but an ethical system based upon "honor thy father and thy mother;" and hold fast in any event to the traditions of the fathers, hold the family circle to be the center of virtue, glory and righteousness, recognize most fully that forms and systems of Government will change from time to time, but under no circumstances depart from the ethics nor the traditions nor the faith that Cause implanted in the hearts and minds of the fathers of the race. Thus the keynote of the national, official, social and family life in China is "honor thy father and thy mother," and as Sir Robert Hart said in the long ago: "They believe in the right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported or enforced by might." Those of us who measure Chinese character in general by those Celestials who are in menial service in America, will be surprised at this sentiment, which is as old as Chinese traditions, and as deeply rooted in the hearts of the people: "Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite, appreciation of the most

simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end." And again, "A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of the trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature. This we have; this you cannot give us; but this you may so easily take away" by the war of looms, the smoke of factories and the wear and whirl of Western life. "In the name of Christ, you have sounded the call to arms! In the name of Confucius we respond!"

But how have the Chinese responded to the Western call to arms? By meeting the invader with the implements of war? No, not with soldiers but with the traditions of the ages and the teachings of the sages, which are patience and almost indifference; conservatism the sages called it. Japan stirred Formosa; Siam declared and maintained her independence; Germany "absorbed" Shangtung; Great Britain "acquired" Wai Hei Wei, Hong Kong and Burma; France "secured" Tonking, Anam and Cochin China; Russia stole the Amur, Ussuri and Manchuria, and Thibet seceded. And where shall we look for the root of such extraordinary submission? It will be found in the ultra conservatism of the religio-philosophy of Confucius, and only there. But so deeply has it impressed the Chinese there is no room left, nor the slight-

est desire, indeed, to adopt, imitate or absorb Western civilization and customs. And let us of the West remember that the Chinese have quite as much contempt for us as we have for them. But suppose the white race forces its civilization and the Christian religion upon China's more than four hundred million people. Would they not have the same ambition and employ the same greedy methods of conquest in every channel of territorial, commercial and industrial activity? When the white race teaches the Asiatics to do as it does in the highways and by-ways of trade, industry, politics and aggressiveness, then there will be a "yellow peril" that will include nearly one-half of the world's population, and a people who are quite as skillful in the arts of peace and the science of war as the white man. Let us not forget, either, that the flower of General Kuropatkin's army in Manchuria is from Asiatic Russia, and that all of the Japanese forces are Asiatics, and as we remember that fact, let us consider the material from which these people are made.

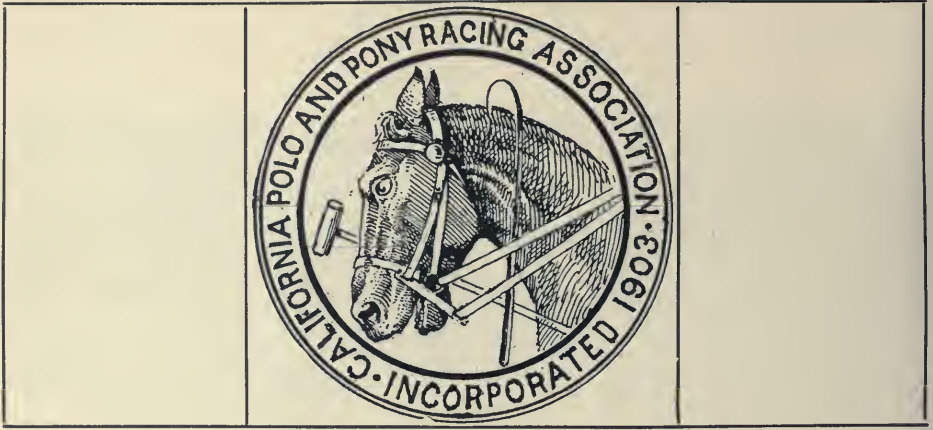
The conclusion of the matter is, then, that the bridge which now spans the sometime dark and forbidding gulf that separated Asia from Europe and America be used exclusively for commerce, science, invention and learning. Let us leave Asia's religion, philosophy and social customs as if unobserved. Let us not disturb their gods. Let Brahma, Krishna, Buddha and Mahomed have their worshipers in peace. Let us learn of their wise men as they will learn of our wise men. Let the ties be mutual interest, then the white race will have no occasion to ring the "yellow peril" alarm bell, nor will Asia have occasion to fortify against the "white peril." Let us recognize their humanity and leave them alone in their religious convictions and political rights.



THE PICTURESQUE WEST.

Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

Lily Rock—From Upper End of Strawberry Valley—California.



PONY SPORT IN CALIFORNIA

BY PAUL G. CLARK

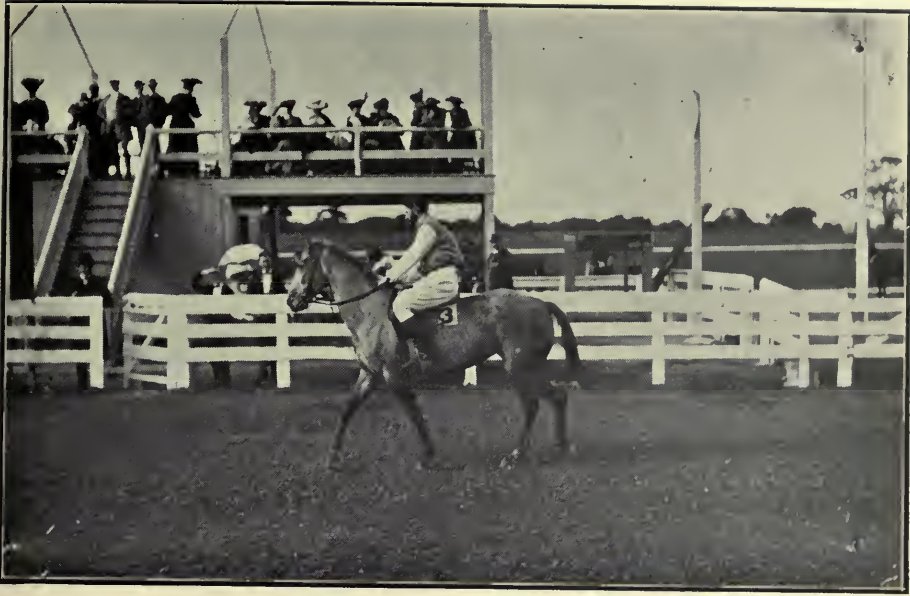
THOSE who live a long way from the rim of the Western Sea, and have, in the past, associated with it, the idea of a place where men survive and are happy purely by accident, will doubtless be affected with keener interest in

the sport of polo and pony racing that survives, progresses and approaches an apotheosis in the fair and civilized country of California.

The "classy" Western pony has drawn unto itself a large and distinguished coterie of wealthy pa-



"Si," one of Tom Driscoll's favorites, a racing and polo pony.



Dr. E. J. Boseke's "Sadie." F. W. Wilson up.

trons. Their interest and attention have lifted pony racing into the very highest class of amateur sport. Players of grit, merit and enthusiasm have made polo the greatest of gentlemen's games. Not only has sport with the pony become conspicuous for a high degree of attainment in the Far West, but its rise has been sufficiently brilliant to attract our cousins from across the Atlantic.

The California Polo and Pony Racing Association, which has welded together the votaries of the allied sports and put them on a firm basis, was formed on August 14, 1903. At that time, Mr. Charles W. Clark was elected President, other officers of

the association being Mr. R. M. Tobin, treasurer, and Mr. Thos. A. Driscoll, secretary. From the first, the cordial enthusiasm and personnel gave to the association first rank in the social and sporting world.

Activity at once marked the formation of the new association. A meeting was held at Del Monte with great success, and since this, other race meets have taken place at Tanforan, and recently at San Mateo. They were the means of exciting a large amount of interest in this sport. While the events are in no way confined to those owners who are members of the association, the



The Field at Burlingame.

Courtesy S. F. Chronicle.



"Bastie" Williams on Mr. Rudolph Spreckles' "Joyful."

only restriction is that in all events gentlemen riders alone are permitted to ride. The association includes in its membership all the prominent polo players of the coast, and among the number are Messers. Francis J. Carolan, Thomas A.

Driscoll, R. M. Tobin, Cyril Tobin, Lawrence McCreery, John Lawson, Walter Hobart, J. S. Tobin and Walter McCreery, besides many others. Large crowds always witness the games.

That a famous English team should desire to test the skill of the Californians is an assurance that polo in the West has the highest standing among players throughout the world. International contests have taken place on the coast. Far back as 1901, the Anglican players inaugurated what has been an almost annual custom for the English to try their luck against the flower of California chivalry. They have not always gone back victors. Last year the visit of a team of English polo players to the coast was signaled by exciting contests between them and the association picked teams at Del Monte and Burlingame. A wide-spread interest was created throughout the East as a result of this meeting.

Mr. F. J. Mackey, the veteran English polo player has already arrived, and brings the advance assurance that a strong team of English players are now on their way



Mr. Walter Hobart.



"Fusllade." Francis J. Carolan up.

to the coast. The present season will witness not only polo, but pony racing, at its zenith in California.

Amongst those owners who contribute the entries to the races, the stable of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels may be picked out as easily the strongest. His superb string comprises some twenty head of the fleet miniature racing machines. Mr. Spreckels owns some of the cleverest animals in the country. While Fortune in the past was somewhat chary of awarding victory to the cerise jacket, at the last meeting of the association, held at the private race-course of Mr. Chas. W. Clark at San Mateo, she was there most liberal in her favors. Mr. Spreckels' ponies made notable performances. No fewer than seven times was victory accredited to that gentleman. Mr. Frank Skinner, one of the gentleman jockeys, riding for Mr. Spreckels, achieved particular distinction for his brilliant riding.

The meeting to be held December 31st and January 2d, promises to be of signal success, no less than six additional owners of ponies having signified their intention of entering.

Another prominent owner is Mr. Francis J. Carolan, who has a private race-course and polo field at Burlingame. Still another private race-course within the association is



Mr. John Lawson.



"Silver Dick." L. McCreery up.



W. R. Pedley and "Carlotta."

Mr. Spreckels's, at his country home at Labu Vista.

The plans of the association for the future are of a large and promising character. A circuit has been mapped out, comprising possible polo matches and races at Riverside, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Colorado and Del Monte. While the dates for these meetings have not as yet been definitely determined, they will fall in February and March.

The association steadily grows in membership, and as its objects are

ladies grace the scene in large numbers, and evince the liveliest interest. No more appealing picture of fashionable social life can be imagined than a gala afternoon at Burlingame.

The gentlemen who at present officer the association are: Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, president; Mr. C. W. Clark, first vice-president; Mr. Francis J. Carolan, second vice-president; Robert Leighton, secretary.

The pony used in the sport of the association is a most remarkable and



Charles Dunphy and Peter Martin.

purely the advancement of amateur sport, it is operative without a desire to make profit. No bookmaking is permitted at any of its race meetings. The high class character of sport assured is one of the triumphs of the career of the association.

The prizes usually consist of handsome silver cups and pieces of plate.

The beautiful club polo field of the Burlingame Country Club presents a most attractive appearance during the progress of a game. The

interesting sort of animal. He stands in a class distinctly his own. Certain peculiarities attach to him, and the study of these makes him the wonder that he is. A polo player thinks everything of his pony. He will seldom race his pony, for the fact is, to race a polo pony sets him crazy. There may, of course, be exceptions, for there is Si, the race and polo pony belonging to Mr. Thomas Driscoll. Other notable ponies are Silver Dick, Mr. Hobart's; Don, Mr. Spreckels's; Echo,



"Mamie." Walter McCreery up.

Mr. Clark's; Palmyra, Mr. Hobart's; Gold Coin, Mr. Driscoll's.

One remarkable influence exerted by the rise of pony racing and polo in California is the demand made for desirable ponies, and the consequent attention paid to a revival

and continuance of the breed. Opinion is divided among experts as to the desirability of "cold blood" in a pony, some maintaining that the all-thoroughbred pony is not quite reliable enough for a game in which there are so many fine points as



Left to Right: 1. Tom Driscoll. 2. R. M. Tobin.

in polo. "Thoroughbred and thorough-thoroughbred only," is the watchword of other players. Certainly the pony must be mostly thoroughbred. Therefore great attention is being paid now-a-days to the development of the pony in California, and a thriving, noble race is once again springing up. Verily, there is luck among ponies as with nations.

Haphazard choice was once the only way polo players could select their ponies, the supply coming from the cattle ponies of the ranges. But there is too much technique in polo, too much depends on the

knowledge and behavior of the pony, and his years of education in the science of the game are too important a business to depend on the chance qualities of a cattle pony. So it is a search is made all over the West for the thoroughbred blood. Even then, every pony is not adapted for the sport. About one out of thirty is the average that finally gets through. An educated polo pony knows the game as thoroughly, and sometimes better, than his rider. Thus has the pony become one of the greatest factors in the civilization and culture of the West.



THE PICTURESQUE WEST. Irrigation Pump—Truckee River. Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

PASSING OF THE TEXAS COWBOY AND THE BIG RANCHES.

BY WILLIAM R. DRAPER

THE herd was rushing madly around the outer edge of the corral and demanding in fierce bellows why they should thus be kept in such a small area, while the "punchers" were having just oceans of good fun throwing ropes over their horns and jerking the steers head over heels. It was great sport for the knights of the saddle, a cowboy soiree, but had a humane officer been present he would have arrested the whole outfit—had he enough nerve to tackle such a bunch of "grizzly" humanity.

This was the last great round-up on the Three X ranch prior to the sale of the herd—or a greater part of it—and the cutting up of the broad expanse of pasture land into smaller stock farms and wheat fields. The owner had bowed to the inevitable; and it was for purely business reasons that he was selling off his cattle and disposing of his land to men who till the soil. The cattle business on a large scale had ceased to pay profits in comparison to the increasing value of the land and its adaptability to



Where the blood tingles through the veins.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ©

farming and stock ranching on a limited scale.

Therefore it was with no endearing whoops that the cow-punchers greeted a party of tenderfeet who had driven up to witness their sport. It was a solemn-visaged crowd that stopped its sport long enough to explain to the head of the party the direction to the owner's house, and then went on with their play, stoical and indifferent to any further entreaty. To them the tenderfoot was a thorn in the flesh, for was he

admiring glances upon the great State of Texas. The range country covers one hundred million acres of tillable land in the "Lone Star" State alone. This has been in possession of cattle syndicates and other land barons who have held on to it for the sole purpose of grazing herds of long-horned steers over its plains.

But despite the fact that the home-builder and the sod-breaker upon these plains has been slow and halting there never has been and will



Cowboy in action.

not shutting them out of their inherited rights and good jobs of a life time passed and a life time to come. The tenderfeet went on their way possessed of but meagre information, while a business man from Houston went on to relate in detail about the passing of the great Texas range and its people and its vast herds.

* * * *

The trail-blazers of southwestern civilization have for years cast their

not be any backward step. Every advance of the home-seeker, always a man who tills the sod and makes it bear fruit, is strongly guarded, and, once the wedge has been inserted into the crevice, it splits the log faster than they know. The Texas range is about to pass from complete possession of those who made its broad acres famous.

A few years ago a cattleman stood upon one of the peaks of the Wichita Mountains in southern Ok-



A Herd of Texas "Shorthorns."

lahoma, and with a majestic air waved his hands to that country south of the Red River, known as the Panhandle. He said:

"This is ours forever. The nestor cannot take it away from us. We will control the ranges of Texas for years to come."

But his prophecy was never more unworthy of his vast experience with advancing civilization, for at the end of a few short years his own ranches are being sold out at his own bidding. Why? Because ranching does not and will never again pay on a huge scale in Texas, or elsewhere in the southwest where land values have doubled and trebled in the past five or six years.

When a cattleman found that he could profit more largely by the sale of his pasture at \$5 per acre and the re-investment of this money in steers to be fattened in pens, than by holding onto the long-horn breed and allowing them to graze at will with twenty to thirty acres to fatten one of them, he forgot his objections to the settlement of the Texas range.

Farming and ranching indeed cover a wide range in the United States, being the two principal in-

dustries. There are nearly eleven million people engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries engage but nineteen million. One-third of the country is devoted exclusively to farming, and it is estimated that when the ranch lands of the southwest have been completely revolutionized, the farming industry will have increased until there are at least five million more persons engaged in the one great enterprise of developing the earth. Already nearly a hundred thousand people have settled in the Texas range country. The last census of the Texas range showed almost ten million steers on its broad plains, but the area upon which these cattle were herded has decreased fifteen per cent in the past two years. During the next year or so, the settlement of the range will go forward faster and more furiously than ever, on account of the wide advertising given the cheap land belts by the railroads and others interested in the development of the country.

Texas has been, and will remain for some time, despite the squeezing of its ranges, the premiere cattle country of the world. Romance,

tragedy, and pathos have played their parts in the days of the great cattle trail. From Fort Worth, Texas, to Newton, Kansas, prior to the advent of the railways into the cattle country, ran a wide trail over which a hundred thousand steers were driven each year to the markets. I will not attempt here to describe the stampedes, fights of the herders and the redskins, and other features of the early days of the cattle business. That has been described time and again, some of which have been immensely overdrawn in picturesqueness, but not in tragedy, for the trail was covered with the bodies of dead men, and their bones bleached under the hot sun with the long-horns as the only witnesses.

In Texas to-day the cattle business has lost its wild, free reign of the soil. Ranchmen must curtail their pasture land and figure closely upon the sustenance necessary for the fattening of each steer. Fences

are erected at a great cost, and when the grass runs short, the herd must be put on feed at a heavy expense. Consequently the economics of the cattle ranch need the strictest of business judgment in order to take away a profit. The business of cattle ranching is not, as of old, the wide range of grass land, the unfenced herds, and the fall and spring round-ups. It is the man with the careful eye to detect the best fattening products and to put them to best use on his herds; it is he who takes good care of the herds during the winter, and ships them when the market is at the top notch that gains a profit to-day. All of the old recklessness has passed out of the Texas ranch life and business.

The real cattle country of Texas is found in the Panhandle of Northwestern Texas and the Rio Grande of Southwestern Texas. The Capitol Syndicate, owners of the X. I. T. Ranch of one and one-half million



"Bossie" Mulhall, a celebrated Texas cow-girl.

acres in the Panhandle, claim the largest cattle ranch in the United States, while in Southern Texas, in Nueces County, Mrs. King owns a million acre ranch. On this ranch there are fifty thousand cattle, four thousand horses and vast herds of sheep. The ranch contains 165 artesian wells, and from the front gate to the front door is a distance of eighty miles. Portions of the ranch are lighted by electricity, and a telephone system connects headquarters with all the world. The X. I. T. property is subdivided into

five sections, each managed by a foreman. In fact, everyone of the largest ranches, many of which aggregate several hundred thousand acres, are divided into sections, and it is not often that all of the cowboys of one outfit are allowed to come together. It is believed by experienced Texas cattlemen that within 5 years there will be no large ranches—that is, none above fifty thousand acres in extent, as the development of the land makes it far too valuable to allow grazing as its only production.



THE PICTURESQUE WEST.

The Sugar Loaf—Avalon—Southern California Coast.
Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

VENTURA LEMON CULTURE

BY W. A. TENNEY

BETWEEN Ventura and Santa Paula, a distance of sixteen miles, both the rail and carriage roads pass through the middle of the Santa Clara Valley. This valley has an average width of about ten miles. A part of the way the ocean is in sight at the south, and the northern boundary is a high range of mountains. The soil, a friable loam, is unsurpassed in fertility, and the climate is unique. A third of the distance from Ventura the roads run through immense lima bean fields, where little else is cultivated. In 1903 it is estimated that about three-fifths of all the lima beans harvested in the world were grown in this region. A few miles farther on, orchards of deciduous fruits, apricots, peaches and walnuts are interspersed among the bean fields. Within a few miles of Santa Paula a thick, tall, strong eucalyptus hedge appears. Anywhere the eucalyptus is the most rapid grower of the tree family, but in this soil, with abundant irrigation, it requires only a little while to become colossal. There is a succession of hedges at no great distance apart. These are planted for windbreaks to screen the delicate citrus fruits beyond. That this protection is needed is self-evident from the strong leaning of the walnut orchards toward the east. No amount of wind, however, seems able to move the eucalyptus from its perpendicular.

Some distance before reaching Santa Paula, the Santa Clara Valley extends back between two high ranges of mountains on the north and south. The high lands of the east too, are not far away. The situation in a measure, but not entirely, shuts off the direct action of the sea air. The climate about Santa Paula is about midway between that of

Ventura, directly on the ocean, and that of the Ojai Valley, land-locked at an altitude of eight hundred feet above tide-water, and unaffected by the ocean. While the region about Santa Paula is fairly within the citrus belt, it is not adapted to produce the best quality of oranges, but is pre-eminently the place for the lemon. The orange, to do its best, requires more heat. It requires less heat to develop citric acid, the desirable quantity in the lemon, than it does to produce sugar, the essential element in the orange. A professor in California Horticulture said: "More recently there has been a tendency to relegate the lemon to the coast region and increase the orange acreage in the interior." The lemon nowhere reaches its best in the tropics. The Sicily, the most famous imported lemons, which, owing to superior excellence, controlled the world's market for centuries, are grown in nearly the same latitude as Ventura, and in proximity to the sea, in nooks not unlike Santa Paula. The amount of continued summer heat, which is necessary to produce the best quality of orange, would so hasten the maturity of the lemon as to bring the larger harvest of fruit at the season when there is the smallest demand in the market. This would be the natural tendency. The lemon thrives best, and produces the most desirable flavor, where there is a certain portion of sea air in the composition of the atmosphere. It requires a mild, even, steady temperature all the year. The lemon, under favorable conditions, blossoms and fruits continuously throughout the year. Any day fruit at all stages from the blossom to full size, can be seen on the same tree.

Years ago, private individuals at

Santa Paula experimented with lemons with gratifying results; but it required capital to carry on a business that could profitably compete in the market with the satisfactory imported article.

In the year 1893 the Limoneira Company, inaugurated to grow citrus fruits, was incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. A suitable location was secured, containing about four hundred acres with soil inexhaustibly rich, from ten to a hundred feet deep—"the wash of ages." Immediate steps were taken

pany was incorporated, the prospect for the sale of California lemons on a large scale was anything but encouraging. For more than a century the Italian lemon had held a monopoly in the American market by reason of superior qualities. In the annual report of the State Board of Horticulture for 1892, is this statement: "Probably 95 per cent of the lemons consumed in the United States come from Italy. The best varieties of the lemon were not originally planted in California. As a result of this, a coarse, thick-skinned



An Olive and Lemon Ranch.

to put the ground in order, and to commence the planting of trees. It was an expensive undertaking, which at the best must continue for a term of years before there could be any direct returns. It involved a large expenditure of labor and money to provide for needed irrigation, the building of dams, the construction of reservoirs, ditches and flumes.

At the time the Limoneira Com-

pany was produced, having but little juice, a very bitter rind, and often bitter pulp also. Such a monstrosity was put upon the market after having been pulled ripe and yellow from the trees. Such fruit met only with derision when compared with the smooth, well-cured, thick-skinned, aromatic lemon of Italy." Such was the earlier California lemon.

Again, the rates of wages in the orchards and packing houses of Si-

cily were only one quarter of the rates in California; and the freight by sea to New York was considerably less than the freight by rail from California. The demand on the Pacific Coast alone would be much less than the extensive provision for a supply. The whole situation from a financial view-point held out no encouragement for large lemon growing in 1892. During the year 1896 duty was paid on imported lemons which were valued at the Custom Houses at a little more than \$5,000,000. The importations from

stock made a wonderful growth, but the roots were insufficient to support the tree against the wind. Again, experiment proved that any lemon roots were liable to early disease and the trees were short-lived. The most satisfactory results have been secured by budding the best variety of lemon on the orange stock. This produces a vigorous, healthy and fruitful tree.

Large common sense, courage, capital and confidence inspired the officers of the Limoneira Company to embark in lemon growing on a



Photographed by A. Boggs, Corning.

the West Indies, from Central America, Mexico and the islands of the Pacific cut no figure, owing to the inferior quality of the fruit; what better record could California growers expect to make?

In the earlier days, Californians experimented with what was known as the Chinese lemon. The tree (a large shrub) produced a thick-skinned and poor variety of fruit. An improved lemon budded on this

large scale in the face of every discouragement. The 400 acres were divided into convenient sections and along the lines were planted close eucalyptus hedges to shelter the young trees, naturally sensitive to the wind. In 1893 the planting of the orchard began, and was completed in 1897. At first a part of the current expense was met by cultivating Lima beans between the rows. The very best quality of Med-

iterranean lemons was budded on orange stocks. Highly-educated specialists gave their best thinking to the new American industry, and reduced every department to system. The trees are trained close to the ground, and the lower branches are allowed to trail on the ground.

The tops are rounded and kept well balanced. The straggling and long shoots are shortened in. The soil is thoroughly cultivated and systematically irrigated. In 1897 a harvest of 4,247 boxes was gathered. This year also the large curing and packing house was erected and arranged on a new system. This was supposed to be sufficient for a long term of years, but in less than five years the harvests required the

wire netting suspended under each tree, a few inches from the ground. Curiosity led us to inquire of a laborer the use of those baskets. He said they were a preventive of frost. There are sixty of these baskets to the acre, or 11,000 in the whole orchard. As winter approaches these baskets are all filled with hard coal at an aggregate cost of \$600. When the reports of the signal service and the general meteorological appearances gave warning of a probable frost, men are stationed all over the orchard with lanterns to watch the multitudes of thermometers suspended from the trees; if the mercury falls to the freezing point, crude petroleum is poured over the coal and torches start thousands of fires. Whether it is from the effects



Views of Eucalyptus Hedges.

One-third of the Limoneira Groves.

dimensions to be doubled. The present curing house is 400 feet long and 100 feet wide, the largest building of its kind in the world. The labor about this house requires from forty to fifty hands the year round.

In 1898 came an unexpected catastrophe, the severest frost known in the valley for twenty-five years! In consequence the trees were much damaged, and probably not more than a quarter of a crop was realized. The next year, the subtle foe repeated the visit. It was self-evident that some means must be devised to counteract this adverse condition of affairs.

On our visit to this region we noticed from the roadside a basket of

of heat or what is called the smudge, the frost is counteracted, and little or no damage is done. The expense of \$600 seems large; but it might save \$20,000 worth of fruit. Frosts do not come every year, indeed are not often expected. The baskets, like life preservers on a steamer, are prepared for a possible emergency, which seldom comes.

The lemon harvest is a matter of interest. The harvest time comes around about once a month or three weeks. Unlike most other fruits, the lemon is a perpetual bearer. At any season there may be seen on the same trees blossoms and fruits of all sizes. The quality of the fruit is as best if picked from the trees

before it becomes too mature. The harvesting is done according to size and not according to color. In a well-managed orchard, a yellow lemon is seldom seen. The picker is furnished with a steel ring $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, and all lemons that fill the rings are carefully clipped with a short stem. Great care is required not to bruise or scratch the fruit, even with the finger nails. The slightest bruise or wound of the skin causes early decay. The picker places his lemons in a sack or cloth basket more carefully than eggs are handled.

With the least possible jar of a

culture for 1892.) The uncertainty was occasioned mainly by the former mode of curing. That traditional mode has been reversed by the Limoneira Company. The mammoth curing house in one room, is open on all sides, admitting the freest circulation of air to prevent any accumulation of moisture. "When the fruit first reaches the house it passes through the process of washing. This is done by a machine so delicate in structure and operation that eggs could pass through without even cracking the shells. The machine does the work which would require five men to do by



Interior of a fruit-packing house.

wagon, the boxes are taken to the packing house. Here the fruit passes through the process of curing to fit it for market. The old method of curing, and the one outlined in the report of the State Board of Horticulture so late as 1892 was to store the lemons in plastered rooms with tight doors. In that condition the fruit would necessarily sweat and accumulate moisture on the surface. It is well known that moisture is the prime cause of decay. "There still remains some uncertainty as to the fruit reaching market in good, uniform condition." (Board of Horti-

hand, and it does it more satisfactorily. A traveling sorting table, too, greatly facilitates the work of grading." (Ventura Free Press.) When the lemons have been washed, sorted and dried, they are placed in trays two feet by three, and three inches deep, holding a single layer. These trays are stacked, one above the other, so that the fresh air can pass through. In June, when we visited the curing house, the foreman showed us the contents of the trays, saying: "These lemons were picked in February." They had reached the bright lemon yellow.

were of a uniform size, and looked fresh, as if they had not been twenty-four hours from the tree.

The teamsters and pruners are white men, the pickers and packers are all Japanese. The Japs are more reliable, more peaceful, more intelligent than other laborers, and can be dismissed when not needed and hired again at any time, the foreman merely telephoning in the morning to the Japanese employment office the number of men that he wants for the day. Furthermore,

exclusively at work in the packing house.

It is well known that the demand for lemons in the East in winter is very small. As the fruit is gathered in the winter months it must somehow be preserved until the summer market opens. We are assured that lemons harvested in December can, in June, be put down by the carload in Chicago without a decayed specimen. A circular sent out by the Lيمونهira Company states:

"We shipped last year (1903)



One of the Packing Houses.

they assist one another like men and brothers. Some of the work is very heavy and would exhaust one man. The foreman assigns the work, and later on in the same day, with no word from him, some comparatively un-wearied man will be found doing the heavy work, while the hard-worked one will be at an easier task, without any fuss or trouble. They will do the work without any shirking or drunkenness. So the Japs are

140 carloads of lemons, most of which went to Eastern markets, and most of which were marketed during the summer months. NOT ONE BOX OF THIS FRUIT WAS SHIPPED UNDER ICE! and out of the 140 cars there were only five cars which arrived East showing any decay, and on which any decay was claimed by the trade.

In ten years from the time when this company started in what was

then regarded as a most hazardous undertaking, one of the most secure business enterprises in the State has been established. The orchard is yet young, and has not nearly reached full bearing. The president of the company informs me: "We ship lemons only on orders. The fruit is known by the trade all through the West. We have demand for all the lemons we can produce."

How has it come about that the California lemon has, in the market, made a strong and widening inroad on the long-standing monopoly of the Italian production? The result has been reached simply by the public becoming convinced that the California article is of a superior quality to the best imported lemon. In 1892, D. H. Burnham of Riverside sent two boxes of lemons to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., for inspection. In due time the officer in charge wrote: "The specimens are very fine. We have just made a rough test with the specimens of this lot which you sent and other specimens secured at one of the leading groceries in this city, which cost in the New York market \$8 per box of 300 by actual count. We selected specimens of

exactly the same weight, and find that the California specimens yielded fully 33 1-3 per cent more juice, is much more free from rag, and has a thinner skin than the imported, garden-grown, velvet-skinned Sicilian lemon." (Board of Horticulture.)

We learn the increase of public favor from another view-point. The report of the Customs House Department for the year ending June, 1896, showed that the appraised value of imported lemons was \$5,040,344; and after a steady decrease for six years, the value of the imported article for the year 1902 was \$3,327,781, a decline of 1,712,563. duty on imported lemons is one per cent, or about eighty-five cents on a box. This considerably counteracts cheap foreign labor and cheap freight by sea.

The development of this new American industry is an exhibition of what intelligence, acquired skill, and patient waiting can accomplish. That the cultivation of lemons on an extensive scale in California will, in the near future, supercede the importation of an inferior foreign production can hardly be a matter of doubt.

WILD IRIS

BY CATHERINE ANDERSON WILLS

I came upon it, unaware—
 Heart of gold and fringed with blue.
 Winds, wide-roving, did not dare
 Tell of the glory where it grew.

But I could not pluck the dainty thing—
 Left it to hear the mountain stream,
 To feel the brush of butterfly's wing—
 To end its summer dream.

TEX'S LITTLE LAD

By FRANCES CHARLES. Author of "The Country God Forgot," "The Awakening of the Duchess," "The Siege of Youth."

CHAPTER I.

The Man.

THE letter ran:

"Pullmeup. "Dear Janey: I can't know where else to turn in the matter I am about to put before you, so that is my only excuse for this letter. If I had a mother, or even an aunt, or a sister, everything would be easier, but I can't remember having any of them—only you. There are times in a man's life when he can take a woman's place, or seem to, and then again he just has to have the woman, and you are the only kinswoman I have. I can't send my little lad to boarding school or to strangers, Janey. It is about my little lad I am writing, you see."

The reader's hands fell and her head drooped here, of a sudden. It was not a spasm as those of youth, but alarming to one who had seemed to outgrow the sharp attacks.

"His little lad," she repeated, as if the words were new.

The letter ran on and on, now a man's soul showing strong through the awkward phrases, while again it was merely the old, familiar, undecided nature she had known. They had been friends in youth, as well as some degree of cousins, just near enough, he had been wont to say, "to make him love her all his life; first, because he had to, and after—because he had to, too." It had been a distinction with a difference.

Janet read absorbedly:

"My little lad has been without his mother for two years now. At first I did not want him to go away from me. I could not bear the thought of separation, but of late it has been different. One night he got sick on a prospecting trip. We had pitched camp at nightfall on

some lonely mountains, miles away from everybody. They don't have many doctors here, especially on picturesque hill slopes that are never visited for years, except by prospectors like ourselves, who waste our lives thieving from old Mother Nature. It was not right to have a child on a tramp like that, Janey. I saw it afterwards, but just then we fellows were too frightened to do anything but curse ourselves."

"(Oh, he hasn't improved any," she cried here. It broke out from the old impetuous Janey, and produced a strange effect on the face of the woman who heard it. It was as if she were two persons. Then the desolation in the letter claimed her sympathies again and she became self forgetful.)

"He had a fever, I suppose. He woke up in the night with it. Then he could not get his breath, and we did not know what to do with him. And then, in the midst of the fracas, when everything was worse, he called for his mother, and kind of talked of God. An old miner said he guessed it was just a way with little children when anything went wrong with them, and the other fellows seemed inclined to believe him, but they weren't his father, Janey, and it went right into me, somewhere . . . ("A woman would have been honest and said her heart," smiled Janey, for all her gray eyes were wet.)

"I suppose a woman would have packed some medicine along when she started tramping with a child of that age, but we hadn't a thing along except water. The old miner said water was made before medicine, and would do, so the boys stirred our camp-fire, and we applied ourselves for ways to benefit him. The old miner thought a foot-bath, and

one of the other fellows thought hot applications on his chest, and still another proposed for Ethelbert to drink it. I didn't know what to say, so I was guilty of treating him on the quiet after the men were outside smoking, and he and I were alone. I promised—to try and find his mother.

"I think that made him well, but then, after, there was an embarrassing day or so. He is an awfully good little fellow, and he waited for me to introduce her first. (I guess you don't know much about babies, Janey, but they knock us grown folks for manners and reason sometimes.) And I didn't know what to say to him, until at last I saw that there didn't seem any other cure left me that night by the campfire, but—the promise was wrong. So I told him to wait a little.

(Janey wept here at the sheer masculinity of it. It all came home to her more sharply than it ever had in her thirty-five years of existence, how much men, as well as little children, need a woman's hand and mind.)

"Then one night I thought of you—I have heard of what fine successes you've made out of life, and I've read nearly all of those splendid lectures you deliver before the clubs. I can almost see you, Janey, though somehow I think I am gladder sometimes just to imagine how more than any one living, that you you look when I read the words! You are always telling about the beauty of love and home and domestic life, and maybe I know, my dear, more than any one living, that you don't mean them all, but it's good of you to say them. It may be really better because of your really thinking otherwise. Sometimes I have thought, too, Janey, that you said a good many of the things you used to on account of me. Maybe I even drove you to them. It wasn't manly of me, anyway, and I was only sorry that I had not gone away be-

fore I did, for all it seemed so like hanging when it came. , ,

"It seemed funny to have changed so toward you, or rather to have discovered the change just in one night. You see, after a man's been refused by the one girl he wants (and he wanted all his life) he goes off, thinking he is angry with her, and after that he tries his level best to put her out of his life entirely. Then I got married, and it was right to think of no one but Felipa, so I never remembered you as Janey again until three or four nights after the little lad nearly died, and I had promised to try to find his mother. There was a paper with one of your articles in it—it had come in on the evening stage. It was signed 'Janet Merton' as usual, but somehow, when the stars came out and my little lad lay out on a rug trying to count them, I think I got homesick for some woman, and you are the only one I've known but one."

The task he had in hand should have changed here, and become self-conscious, the mere expression of it should have puffed and labored like a train bound up-hill, but there was none of this apparent. Instead, the city woman seemed to feel the breadth and freedom of the man's high mountains, where were only he and a young child under the stars.

She felt the wide, still majesty of God that allowed this man to put down his thoughts as Nature dictated them. He was not afraid that she should misjudge him, because he expected her to be as truthful as himself.

"So I told my little lad you were the woman who might have been his mother if Felipa hadn't asked God first. (There was almost a cry now from the woman.) He will not be jealous on her account. He seemed to understand it. The plains and hills don't teach a little child much nonsense. Maybe, too, he loves you, Janey, because he could not help it,

because my blood is in him and he has to.

"Will you take him to mother him, Janey, for a year or two until I win my stake? I want to win his stake for him. It may come any day, but I may have to work years for it. I know you live alone. Johnson's wife told me over a year ago that she had seen you, and I thought you'd not mind letting me pay some good old woman to do the hard things for him. And you—only let him stay under your roof. I would not write this to any other woman. I don't think there's any other woman good enough in the world to offer the bother, Janey! There is my first joke, so you won't think me quite a gloomy old fellow, like that old royal duffer who forgot how to smile.

"You know—or, rather, being a city woman, you don't know—what a stake is. It is a dream of good luck every one has sooner or later, if they stay long enough in this territory, and after it comes to a man he just can't leave, especially if life is ended for him, except as concerns the little lad. I want to start him fair. I have lived my own life, you know, Janey, but that is left. This seems a funny way, my girl, for us to be meeting with our middle-aged hearts.

Ever your cousin,
TEXAS STONE."

CHAPTER II.

The Woman.

Miss Merton did not know herself when she finished reading. The years had been swept down as fences by a torrent, and she was but a girl again.

Janey—she laughed rather a nervous little laugh, which ended so abruptly that the deep silence seemed bitter afterward. "Good-bye" he had said, "good-bye, Janey," and no one had called her Janey since that day. She did not know how he had accomplished the actual

start to their correspondence; whether, even after she had occurred to him, he had found it hard to draw the ink bottle to him and write that "Dear Janey" across the page.

There was no sign on his sheets to prove anything, except that he had performed the act of writing as voluntarily and naturally as he would have satisfied hunger. Men, especially this man, did not seem to suffer from the feminine inclinations and hesitations, from little, artless subterfuges, from trepidation over his personal appearance as she did. It hurt her self-esteem worse to feel all those youthful emotions, and yet know that she should have outgrown the emotions when she thought she had. It had been years since she had regarded herself as a living, palpitating woman. Since she and Texas had parted, there had been two years when she kept the fires secret, but knew they burnt. Those were the first two years after he had left her. She had gone about her duties with a certain joy, a certain proud exultance very different from the perfunctory performances of these later years. Her successes then had a different meaning to her, because she had been so confident of him, so eager to pull down her flag on his return and give all the ground to him, so certain he would return some day!

At the end of the two years she had heard that he was married, that he had been married for some months. She heard it from a round-about source, one that might have been in error, but from the very first she had not doubted the truth of it. He was married, and her ideals of constancy and of love, her set standard of behavior in such matters, the great illusions died in a few hours. He was married, and although she had sent him from her and believed her own reasons at the time, she felt that he would return to her for all that. In fact,

the sting to her grief in realizing and acknowledging her position was that she would not have sent him from her if she had not been certain that he would return and force her capitulation. She wanted to capitulate and yet had been superficial enough to toy with his life and her life, and the most earnest hopes known to the human heart.

When she grew more cynical, that is, when she ceased to suffer as she did at first, she said to herself that she was glad it had all happened as it did. She even forgave the girl, Janey, for having brought on herself that period of mortification. It had been an heroic method by which she had learned to be Janet Merton; the capable, clever woman of a busy world. She was glad to be capable when so many people were weak or undecided, but her cleverness was something that was more mechanical. To express her cleverness and her ideas was the way she had advertised her ideals at first, as to the necessity of work for both men and women; and after that fire of her soul, when her ideals seemed to have been burned to the very ground of being, why, she had continued to put down the same thing that had once been dear to her because she was just enough to know that they might be good for other people—big, civilizing general laws.

She was not dependent on her literary articles or her lectures or her public labors for a living, because she had been left some money unexpectedly that put her outside the pale of want for the average lifetime, but she never lost sight of the fact that she must have something to do to pass her time usefully. Occupation seemed more necessary to her in a woman than a man, even because, although she was a woman, she was not blind to the complexities of the feminine disposition, its aptitude toward misery. She always expressed it that way herself

"although she was a woman," never that she understood woman's needs best because she was a woman. In fact, she never felt herself to be a woman since that news of Tex's marriage. It made Miss Janet Merton of her, that news, and seemed to transform her youth, to still her emotions, to make her able to forget a quivering, sensitive soul in duty.

To answer his letter, now, was the only thing that was left to her. Knowing herself as she did, there were not two thoughts about it. She would answer it, certainly, and answer it as he wanted. Without regarding him at all, she would have to answer his letter as he wanted, because of the child. The child went to the very core of her pity, and he might have known it would, if he had paused to analyze the effect of his letter; but to do him justice, he had not done this. He just wrote and then waited, that was all.

She wanted to write him at once, also on impulse, and then she resurrected some long-gone misgivings on the subject, such as very young girls have, lest writing him that same evening would seem over-eager—too soon.

Instantly this line of reasoning restored her usual cool sense and fine poise.

The appeal the letter had made to her was purely a humane one. There was not a line of living sentiment toward herself in it, although she felt dimly grateful for the reference he made to the past. It was known by both to be dead, but she realized it had had a soul, and she was glad that he had spoken of it with that reverence and finality.

Their future relations were established once and for all.

After a few hours, she was able to write him, too, at once, as her womanliness dictated, and yet in the vein that was characteristic of her later self. She felt from his letter that he had not changed greatly

in the externals, but she had. Women are more flexible, more capable of becoming entirely different creatures, while men are naturally more opposed to yielding any original personality to suffering on a purely masculine basis, lest they seem to confess their being worsted to the world.

Janet wrote her cousin later. It was Ethelbert, after all, who made the writing easy.

“San Francisco.

“Dear Tex.: Hearing from you was the best thing that could have happened to your only kinswoman, even if she were less interested than I. How you must have forgotten me as a kinswoman all these years, forgotten we have the same blood in us and are the only two left on either side, forgotten how we were raised together, and how mother loved you like her own son—why, I must have known you: all your faults and all your ‘cowboy’ virtues since you were as young as your own little lad. And you forgot it! Why, I should have been as interested to hear of your getting married as if you were my real live brother, as we children used to say, and I think that you might have told me about the baby, if only that I might have sent it a crocheted sack, as that is the only gift I’ve ever heard of old maids sending infants. You are right, on the whole, Tex., when you say that I do not know much about babies, or did you only intimate it and accuse me of not knowing what a stake is? I do not know what a stake is, perhaps, in the same personal manner you do, but I have heard of them, because I am a fairly well informed person on all matters of both the characteristics and commerce of each State—and territory.

“So you should have spared the space which you devoted to such a general subject and told me something of yourself, of your habits and your life, and the improvement that

time may have made on your temper, and whether your hair is any gray, as mine is.

“In plainer language, your letter, my dear Tex., was openly and consistently a masculine production. No woman could have produced it. She not only could not produce it, but even if she could, she would not. To write such a letter as you wrote is a sin that is not forgiven woman because she knows better, while I think men’s letters, on the other hand, are the only things that are forgiven, because of their ignorance of every law that governs both feminine curiosity and correspondence.

“I am a noted optimist. People say ‘as cheerful as Miss Merton’ quite naturally, so you not only should be convinced what a really sensible person you have applied to, but how this reputation has made it my apparent duty to sustain the part and influence a misguided world by a pretty manner. In following this train of thought, I have often wondered why men could feel justified in sealing a letter that contains not a scrap of news and sending it to a woman, and after a long battle with more contrary, less complimentary results, I have found one excuse for your sex.

“You are assured of our imagination, our ability to supply, or in lieu of that, to invent the parts omitted!

“I have had to invent Felipa with you, Tex. You should have told me all about her, what height she was and how you first met, and in what kind of a little house your married life started. But I might have known I could have none of this from a man. So I invented Felipa.

“She was young and sweet and tender, about eighteen when you met her, and she had timid eyes like a rabbit’s and curly hair, and was small. You were her knight while she lived, and her nurse when she died, and you probably did the last sad little things yourself. Then you rode off one morning with the

baby, over the plains you love so dearly, to begin anew!

"Did you know you asked me to take your little lad for you? and you know I will take him, but you might have told me how old he is, and what kind of toy I am to buy for him when the moral and bodily comforts fail. And you might have told me how to find him when he comes in on the train—how you are going to send him—and what preparations are to be made for him. You know there will have to be preparations in 'Miss Merton's' home for a baby. I have not been interested in a real baby since I began wondering why you were you and I was I, and just what part of creation I ended and you began; when you drank my share of milk years ago. Again, it must have been the dawn of a profitable study, when I wondered how you thought to pinch me when I was just going to pinch you, during our pinafore days. Those thoughts are called psychologic and telepathic these days, Mr. Texas Stone, and also earn money for the woman who knows how to juggle a bit, on paper.

"I suppose your reference to the old woman housekeeper was a suggestion that you are going to pay all your little lad's expenses. (Mentioning it is like a man; a woman seldom introduces such subjects in cold blood. We are very delicate about money until we don't get our due, and then we are worse than any man, so take warning.) Well, you may do it, except such candy and other goodies as he is to share with me. I am to do that, Texas, and then we shall send you the dentist's bills later, if that will do?"

"I think I will tell you that I have planned his room already. If he is only two, as he might be, he is to have a share of a great big quiet room without a hint of a baby in it except himself, and a reproduction of one of the royal English infants of several hundred years ago.

"If he is three, he is to occupy the

same room also, and play with my treasured bric-a-brac and tear the leaves out of my favorite masterpieces, I suppose, but if he is four, I am undecided. I still have a yearning for him, along with the feeling that he must occupy a chamber by himself, so I think he will end by bunking during his fourth year on the threshold between my room, already mentioned, and a little apartment beyond a portiere, that the architect must have built for Ethelbert when he planned this house. People do know things by inspiration still. (I write thoughts like that, too, and get money for them.)

"If Ethelbert is about five, Tex., there is to be no doubt about it. He is to occupy the little room. So I shall have to arrange for three or four children until I receive word just what age he is.

"I am a very well-to-do person, cousin mine, very respected by people who do not know how to juggle, very lucky as luck runs, but now that you have suggested to me that I am to mother yours and Felipa's baby, I never realized how lonely the house and my old housekeeper (for I have forestalled you) and I are! Again, my intellectuality is not myself, but a burden which I have had to carry, as I always told you, Tex., and although I have never tried to escape it by babies of my own, I am glad not to be denied that gentling companionship altogether. I shall not forget Felipa when I am enjoying it. It was a former, early ambition, I remember, before I realized about the Burden that wanted half a dozen babies like Dickens's women usually had, all cheery and cherry and with healthy appetites.

"Good night, cousin dear. My home is your lad's home, just as mother's love and home were yours, dear Tex. More gaudy words would not so well express the interest entertained for you by your sincere cousin,
JANET MERTON."

"P. S. No one ever calls me Janey now.

"No. 2. I do not know that I was exactly pleased by your not desiring to see me during my oratorical triumphs? Why? You would not find me greatly changed, as if I were your grandmother, liable to startling transformations. I am sure I have not changed since I was

twenty-nine. Time seemed to make some overtures then that seemed unnecessary to my type, but that may be a prejudiced opinion."

(At twenty-nine she had first heard he was married.)

Then she put down her third postscript:

"What kind of a municipal achievement is Pulmcup?"

(To be Continued.)



THE PICTURESQUE WEST. Bearded Native Giants of Los Angeles—Adams Street.
Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

THE ECONOMIC FACT

A Reply to "An Appeal to the People of the West."

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

In the last number of the *Overland Monthly*, Mr. John Roberts raised his voice in condemnation of the political conditions existing in the American municipalities, and in that of San Francisco in particular. It was one more note in the already vast chorus which wails its jeremiads with an insistence almost wearisome. There is hardly a paper or magazine in the land which does not uplift the same dolorous strains. Even the President, with all his buoyant optimism, is inclined to bemoan conditions, and to point with regretful retrospect to the arcadian days of the early Republic. "The Plea to the West" is in reality a plea to the entire country, or rather to that indefinite and intangible and indefinite thing, "the people." As a matter of fact, we in the West are neither better nor worse than the inhabitants of other parts of the country. Our conditions are those of the rest of the land, our Governmental failings are those of other parts of the country of which we are an integral part. It is thus useless to plead to the people of the West, for even if it were possible to arouse us, we could not solve the difficulty. The disease is universal, the cure must be universal also. It is due to conditions; it is not caused by any inherent wickedness and corruption of bad men.

I.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

"It is the false standard-bearer who is to blame and not the people," says our author. Somewhere behind all the confusion he seems to see a force which, like the Omnipotent, might alter things, if it only would; somewhere a mighty power resides which is capable of setting the world straight, if it would only do so. "We want an electorate of honest men," he cries; "we want our people to cultivate a sense of national duty." Have we, then, an electorate of knaves? Is the people so constituted that it does not cultivate a sense of national duty? If so, where is our author to find his "people"? We have only the electorate which we have, and which is the only one possible under the circumstances. He has in his mind's eye two sets of men, "The People," that hitherto concealed perfect electorate, which has not yet appeared, but which, when it shall be aroused, will be a

savior and a purifier, and "the swinish multitude," which tramples all things under its feet, and which, by reason of its being made up of "promiscuously bred masses," is a terror and a menace to the community. Here is the old story of the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown brought up to date. The noble lion in the long run beats the unicorn all round the town, but the unicorn is a fabulous animal anyway, and the "swinish multitude" of Mr. Roberts is just as much a creation of the imagination. Unfortunately so also is the lion—his electorate of honest men.

II.

What is the People?

Does the People really exist? The People may be distinguished from the aristocracy and the holders of titles and privileged positions in a Monarchy; King, Lords and Commons is a perfectly clear division, and rests upon a reasonable basis

of classification. When you have abolished your King and Lords what constitutes your people? It is "one and indivisible," according to the old revolutionary cry. One and indivisible it is, as regards the maintenance of the integrity of the national soil, but, apart from that, it is split up into warring factions. And why do these factions dispute? Is the war one of the good against the bad, in which, on the one hand, are ranged those who wish to employ force and fraud for nefarious purposes, and on the other the "electorate of honest men"? In this case, the matter would be even too easy; one need only to vote for the honest men, and the thing is done. But who constitute the good? A reading of the records of the municipal corruption throughout the country, the iniquity of which has been laid bare until our shame has given place to cynicism, shows that all parties are involved in the scandal. Republican, Democratic and Reform. On no party can the finger be placed and the assertion unreservedly made that here abides that much-belauded abstraction, good citizenship. The sovereign people is no longer one and indivisible. It is fast becoming organized into factions which consciously or unconsciously, consciously as regards the leaders, unconsciously, for the most part, as regards the rank and file, contend for the material prizes, which are, after all, the chief objects of human endeavor. The people has in the course of historical development sharply resolved itself into three main classes—the plutocratic, which rules by virtue of its accumulated wealth; the middle or small trading class, which lives precariously, being subjected to the assaults of the upper or plutocratic class, whose organizations, trusts and great concerns make life more and more uncertain for the less well equipped, and the proletarian or working class,

which includes all the workers for wages, whose vague unrest is at present one of the most disquieting of all signs to those in authority. You have in every one of these classes your good men and your bad men, your "People," and your "swinish multitude."

III.

Good Government.

It has been the dream of the reformer to assemble all the good men on one side and rout the enemy, thus assuring a period of what is called good government and pure civic administration. Experiment after experiment has been tried, with the result that the so-called good Governments are worse than their opposites, and that if they gain anything in honesty, which is to say the least problematical, they lose it again in lack of efficiency. This arises from the fact that these so-called good governments are, for the most part, managed by well-meaning but inexperienced amateurs, who cannot cope with their more energetic and eager rivals. It is very doubtful if such experiments as come under the general term of "goo-goo" efforts will ever again mislead the masses into supporting them, so disappointing have they been.

But the "wider democracy and purer liberalism" of our author amounts to nothing more than this. They constitute ideals at which a practical world will laugh and does laugh, in fact. The Boss will send out his men to mouth these ideals and will gather in the spoils just as comfortably as before; he will conquer in this sign just as well as if he pretended to nothing, but came out as the political bandit that he is. But the Boss is not a bandit, operating on his own account. He is rather the retainer of the robber baron who employs him, and, as long as he does his work, does not care very much what he may make

for himself in the shape of perquisites.

IV.

The Source of Corruption.

Mr. S. S. McClure, in his recent article, enumerates among those who corrupt the administration of cities, police engaged in criminal practices; aldermen who combine to loot a city for their private gain; saloon-keepers, gamblers and others who engage in businesses that degrade; "contractors, capitalists, bankers and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community." Here we have a fairly complete list of the corrupting elements of city life, only in inverse order to their respective importance. The capitalists, bankers, contractors and others whose efforts are directed to immediate and material gain, are the source of all the municipal scoundrelism. Dishonest police are soon got rid of; we are no soft Orientals to be lorded over by the janissaries in blue, and did any real conflict arise between the citizens and the police, there can be little doubt as to the issue. Aldermen, again, are not their own masters. They have been placed in their positions by some body of men which needs their services; they have not won their places either by superior strength or superior cunning; they have not imposed themselves on the community; they have been imposed upon it. Those who have imposed them on the community have done so in pursuit of their own interests, not out of malice against the rest of the citizens. Thus, as long as these aldermen carry out the purposes of those who gave them the positions, they are at liberty to make money on their own account. That they do so is not surprising when we consider the source of their power and that politics is to them a business, which,

like every other business, involves the making of as much money as possible.

As regards the saloon-keepers and others who minister to coarse and degraded appetites, it is easy to see that they are a comparatively weak element, for when the community gets one of its short-lived and intermittent attacks of moral spasms, bar-tenders and prostitutes are set free upon the masses to spread the pollution and degradation which they have themselves acquired in the service of their masters. And who are their masters? In this connection a case has been recently commented upon by the New York press. Certain prostitutes were arrested and fined, and one of the papers says on this matter: "The great city of New York has two distinct methods of dealing with the social evil. One arbitrary, ineffective and unjust, leads to official corruption. It opens the door to blackmail by the police, makes the streets unsafe at night to women of good character, and exercises no reformative influence on the delinquent. The capricious fines imposed by police courts on the fallen woman only tighten the poverty which holds her in degradation. The alternative method of dealing with this age-long evil is embodied in the Tenement House Law. This imposes a fine of one thousand dollars on any tenement house in which it is carried on as a business." The paper goes on to say that where the Tenement House law has been enforced, prostitution has been reduced to sporadic cases. The masters of these saloon keepers, prostitutes and others are also the masters of the aldermen. They are the same contractors, capitalists and bankers who have private interests to serve, and who must profit at the public expense.

These gentlemen know enough of the classics to remember that money has no smell. The possessor of a

valuable franchise is soon forgiven the means by which he gained it. So perverted has the public mind become with regard to such matters that it is reckoned no more of a crime to steal the communal property of the city than it formerly was for an English aristocrat to add to his broad acres the common land which fed the geese of his half-starving peasantry.

V.

The Economic Fact.

When we get to the source of all the corruption, we find that it is simply BUSINESS. Now business is a blessed word, the most potent charm-word of to-day. The business man is our modern king, and besides being more powerful than any king in history, he is also more brutal and more vulgar. He has no "noblesse oblige" in his language. He knows but one gospel, the accumulation of wealth. It is the business man, the capitalist, who, by his constant desire to accumulate wealth, debauches our municipalities and lays a polluting hand upon all the social activities, be they legislative, judicial or executive. This is the universal testimony of all who have examined the question. While he continues to exist, there must co-exist with him all the debauchery and corruption of which our author complains. He destroys, not because he is of the "swinish multitude," not because he is a bad man or consciously a bad citizen. He may even belong to a reform party. But he destroys, by virtue of his being a capitalist. His behavior is inseparable from his function as a capitalist. He steals, as the tiger leaps and tears, because it is his nature to do so. While he exists, there can be no "People." He is the economic fact, which splits society into factions under the leadership of men whose sole object is the pursuit of material gain. All the elements of corruption exist for him; they ad-

vance his interests; they do his will in one way or another.

Mr. Roberts sees this in part, and cries out for the municipalization of what are called "public utilities," or at least for the municipalization of the gas, water and electric supplies. "What is used by the people must be installed by them, and we must mulct any other power that reaches out for supremacy." But suppose he does this, and he suggests no power by which it can be done, he has only touched the fringe of the evil. The great corporations undoubtedly rob the public and corrupt the officials of the municipal Government; but they are aided and abetted by a veritable army of contractors, which sweeps down upon the holders of offices and submerges their honor. This evil must be dealt with in any comprehensive measure of municipal reform, and to whom will he appeal for the power to carry out the design? When once he has set out on this enterprise, he is confronted with an interminable question, which is euphemistically known as "municipal trading," but which really claims the harsher and more terrifying name of "municipal socialism." Where will he find his "good men" to support such a programme. Not among that well-to-do portion of the population which derives a large part of its resources from the very enterprises which he is logically bound to condemn; not among the clerks and hangers-on of these enterprises, for they will abide by their masters. He must find his supporters among the masses of workers who have no personal interest in the exploitation, and these workers he condemns at the very outset as the "swinish multitude." The economic fact glares at him again, and will not be subdued by any soft cooings of political morality. That material force of capital, which he admits to be a source of municipal corruption, must be met by another mater-

ial force, the force of those whose interests are antagonistic to those of the possessors of the capital, which corrupts. Whether the bulk of those who undertake the overthrow of this corrupting capitalistic element be "good" or not, is not very important. Mr. Roberts will need them in his crusade, and politics reckons little of ethics.

VI.

The Government of San Francisco.

This brings us to a consideration of his attack upon the administration of the city. How did the present Mayor come to be elected? Mr. Roberts says that "It was during a pause in the desperate battle between the labor unions and the Employers' Associations of San Francisco that the desire of unionism to nominate a representative of their own took tangible shape in the person of Eugene E. Schmitz." But in the prior disputes between labor and capital in this city, and they have been many, the members of the trades unions have not been in the habit of carrying their disputes into municipal politics, at least directly. Why did they alter their policy on this occasion? They believed, rightly or wrongly, that the powers of the municipality had been employed against them, and that the preceding Mayor had shown excessive zeal in his interference with their actions during the strike. They determined that they should have the power of the municipality behind them for one term, at least. They looked for a union man to represent them, and they found one who undertook to preserve them from any aggressive action on the part of the municipality. By what means this man was recommended to them does not affect the issue as regards the rank and file of the unions. They elected a political agent to represent their interests. They cannot be blamed for this. It was an act of common prudence. The

capitalist had long ago recognized the power of the municipality as a mighty weapon in his fight; the working class decided to make it, if not a weapon of liberation, at least a shield from violent assault. And the action has justified itself in this respect. During the two terms of office to the present, only one strike of any great magnitude has occurred, the street car strike. This might easily have proved to be a bloody and desperate struggle, but it was speedily and favorably terminated solely because the municipal Government was not dragged into it, and because the Mayor refused to employ the police except to put down actual violence.

The advent of the Citizens' Alliance, and the open threats of the Employers' Associations were sufficient to stimulate the unions to a renewal of their efforts, and as a result, their Mayor was re-elected. The working class, seeing the chance of a labor war ahead, was anxious to still keep the upper hand. The result has been evident in the absence of serious industrial disturbance, though the employing class, or, rather a portion of it, is ready to provoke a conflict if it can be sure of the assistance of the police force of the municipality.

So the economic motive of the working class is just as evident in local politics as is that of the employing class.

It is true that the Government is bad. It is probably true that the men in office are unfitted to hold the positions which they occupy. But it was no object of the men who elected them to make a good Government; they were only anxious to secure the power of the Government and the aid of the executive. In other words, a state of industrial warfare exists, and neither party to the conflict desires the best interests of the community, each is simply anxious to win. So long as the leaders on either side serve the pur-

poses of their employers, they may graft, for all that these employers care. The whole thing is barbarous and anti-social, but there is the fact. In a state of war there is but little room for social or altruistic motives.

VII.

The Union Official.

The same argument applies to the unions. The leaders of the unions deal in labor power as a tradesman deals in wares. They make the best bargain possible for their goods, and their power depends upon the satisfaction which they give to the possessors of the labor power they sell. By virtue of the influence which they enjoy as representing numbers of owners of labor power who have also votes, they are enabled to demand a price for this influence; that is, to graft. The rank and file know this, and shrug their shoulders cynically. They care little what money their representative makes, so long as he obtains the best possible terms for them. They are not sickened at the thought of dishonesty. They know that dishonesty is at the root of all business. This is a business community, and it has a business ethic. The business man has systematically cheated until cheating has become as much a normal part of our entire system as thieving was of the moral code of Sparta. An able German writer has stated recently that the American capitalist has systematically debauched and corrupted the nation. It will be remembered, also, that the ethics of a dominant class are the ethics which dominate a community.

VIII.

What is the Boss?

"The boss is not a politician," quotes Mr. Roberts; "he is an American institution, the product of a freed people that have not the spirit to be free." As a matter of fact, the boss is not anything so

complicated. He is simply the political agent of business men who are too busy to do their own politics. He is the conduit through which flows a continual stream of money used in the debauchery of officials. As far as the actual effectiveness of the Government is concerned, we are no worse off here than in places where the business elements and the corporations are in actual and open authority, and it would be hard to find a reason why we should be any better off. So that when we examine the case of San Francisco in particular, we are driven to the same conclusion as that we reached in the course of our general remarks—that business interests are at the bottom of the trouble, and that the war between laborer and capitalist is the fundamental source of civic debauchery and lack of public spirit.

IX.

A Futile Appeal.

Mr. Roberts makes his appeal for better conditions, and says: "The workingman must realize that it is not a raise in his salary; the oil magnate must grasp the fact that it is not an increase of dividends that promises a spotless reputation to the country. The Citizens' Alliance must avoid the errors of the labor organization; no graft, no favoritism must blemish our politics. It will be here noted that the economic classification of Mr. Roberts practically coincides with mine—the working man (proletarian); the oil magnate (plutocrat); the members of the Citizens' Alliance (middle class). But the workingman is more concerned with a raise of salary than with the "spotless prosperity" of the country, and rightly so, even from an ethical standpoint, for it implies a higher standard of living, with its intellectual and ethical accompaniments. The oil magnate is not "in oil" for the fun of it. He wants the dividends, so that he

may spend part on his personal enjoyments and part in corrupting politics, to the end that he may have still more dividends. And is the member of the Citizens' Alliance active for nothing? Does he pay dues and keep up an expensive organization for the fun of it, and for the prosperity of the country? He must have his reward in the shape of open shops, reduced wages and longer hours for the employees. None of these people will listen to Mr. Roberts. He will be driven to console himself with reminiscences of the happiness of the days of the early Republic, and such musings are not conducive to edification.

In reality, all this anarchy and dishonesty is but an episode in social development. It is a concomitant of the war between the labor and the capitalist, and it will last just as long as that war lasts. The eyes of those who are really interested in social matters should be directed to that conflict, for upon its outcome depends the possibility of those social ideals which Mr. Roberts professes, in common with all other thoughtful citizens. Just in proportion as the capitalist shall lose or win in that struggle shall we be a free and honest people or a dishonest and tyranny-laden nation. to edification.

SUCCESSFUL CALIFORNIA SCENIC ARTISTS

BY WASHINGTON DAVIS

"Scenes that are brightest,
Laid by brushes lightest."
—Adapted.

FEW patrons of the Pacific Coast theatres who admire and applaud the poetic views and settings that illuminate our present-day plays and operas, are aware of the revolution that has taken place in the past few years in the art and trade of making stage scenery.

Since the advent of the electric light, which wrought almost a complete change in the color scheme and perspective construction of scene painting, many of the old artists are wondering why their formerly successful work is no longer well received; why their work is not wanted; and why their reputations have been placed away in the garret with the old flies, wings and drops.

The truth is that the old scenery, made to be viewed by calcium, gas,

and other obsolete lighting methods, was too narrow, too dark, and too flat. Electricity requires broader outlines, deeper perspective, and more specific development, as well as more careful, more natural grouping, and better tempering of colors. The artists who persisted in the old methods have, therefore been relegated to the up-stage entrances, while the younger men, and one woman, who promptly adapted their work to the new requirements, hold the center of the scenic stage, and hold the greater audiences of the color-seeking public.

Like all things American and Californian, as contrasted with European and Eastern art, scenic art is built on broader lines, because the children of American parents have not yet taken up technical art study to any considerable extent, and, moreover, the American mind is developed on a wider and more liberal



A Scene from the "Wilderness" Painted by Edward S. Williams.

basis, so that art of all kinds must be big, strong and vivacious to meet the large pupil of the public eye, or to be popular and characteristic of the present epoch.

Among the few successful painters



Bushnell Photo.

Mr. Frank E. Cutler, whose Work as a Scenic Artist is Second to None in the United States.

of up-to-date scenery in California is Edward S. Williams, scenic artist at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where thousands have admired his very beautiful wood scenes, landscapes, interiors and exteriors for the past six years. His simple method of handling stupendous stage settings, such as "Parsifal" called for, a predicted impossibility on such a small stage, was acknowledged by all the critics as a complete triumph of scenic art. All who have been charmed by his scenes will be interested in the personality and growth of this artist. A native of San Francisco, born in 1873, educated in the public schools, Mr. Williams began as a boy in the Tivoli, and learned the practical art of scene-making step by step, in all branches, working in all departments, mastering them one at a time. Meanwhile he traveled the woods, lakes, streams and mountains of his native State, fastening his natural talent on the bounteous colors and vistas at close range, until he could reproduce them, finally studying the works of Hill and Keith in oil to finish. One of the greatest obsta-



Garden Scene Painted by Mr. Frank E. Cutler.

cles for any painter to overcome is to fit a shallow stage. Mr. Williams' success in this, as in other particulars, has edified as well as pleased all those who have seen his work.

Mr. Frank E. Cutler, who puts the interior, exterior, garden and landscape scenes so vividly on the canvas of the Central Theatre, is a native of Connecticut, and was educated at Yale. He brings to this Coast the qualifications of a technical Eastern art training and the further advantage of having associated with Eastern artists. His critical faculties and ready brush have found a prolific art field in the California scenes which await the trained artist's eye and hand. Mr. Cutler studied art with J. Franklin Carter, who painted the front lobby of the National Capitol at Washington, D. C., and also with C. Robert Fasy, of Munich, Germany. Every stage scene-artist must of necessity paint all kinds of scenery, but each is expert in some particular, and Mr. Cutler's work, though excellent in the decoration of rooms and ceilings, such as ornament some of our aristocratic California homes, his best work is transferring garden and flower scenes to canvas. In this

specialty, he frames the odor of roses, the scent of climbing vines, as the morning sunlight touches them, and the atmosphere that envelops the lazy palm and the giant poppy. In this connection, it may be said



Miss Grace Wishaar, the Only Woman Scenic Artist in the World.



Edward S. Williams, Scenic Artist of the Alcazar, at Work on Scenery for the "Peaceful Valley."

that the scenery made at the Central Theatre commands a higher money value than any other on the Pacific Coast.

The architecture for Mr. Cutler's work is made by Mr. Steve I. Simmons, the acknowledged leader in the building of stage scenery on this

Coast. The term of "carpenter" does not apply to this art, for it has become a science and art as well as a trade, and has developed like house and church building have developed.

Mr. Simmons is well known among all stage workers. He was born in San Francisco in 1863.



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When Tom McGuire managed the old Baldwin Theatre around the '80's, Mr. Simmons started in the business under him. Later he was master mechanic for Edward Harrigan, but had been at the Tivoli six years before that time, then a year at the old California. His recent work is the equipment of Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland, the Majestic of San Francisco, and he is now engaged on the Pickwick House at San Diego. Other of his work is the Baldwin Annex, the Empire, and the Belvidere of San Francisco, and the Belasco of Los Angeles. His workshop is at the Central, and he has been with Belasco and Myer for seven years.

Miss Grace N. Wishaar, only woman theatrical scenic painter in America, born in New Jersey, but brought up at San Jose, Cal., re-

ceived her art education from Lee Lash, prize-drawer at a Paris salon, and at the Chase Art School, New York City. Her specialty is figure work tapestries and portraits in interior scenes. She painted scenes for the Herald Square, Manhattan and Fifth Avenue Theatres of New York City, and recently some of her miniature portrait work was exhibited at the Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco. Her art is distinctive for its broad, but feminine, touch.

Miss Wishaar has recently been elected a member of the S. F. Art Association, and to add to her laurels, is now in charge of the scenic painting at the Majestic, as well as "Ye Liberty Theatre" in Oakland.

BOOK LORE

By Pierre N. Beringer and Staff

A BOOKISH AFTERMATH.

NOW that the fever of purchase has waned, and it is the season of mental rest following the storm and stress of holiday literary selections for our "dearest friends," we can once again don our truly critical poise and gaze the book publisher in the eye unabashed! We can raise our strong right hand in protest at the storm of volumes that is aimed at our devoted head.

Presses apparently suffer under the necessity of being kept busy. Publishers own these presses, and authors—ye Gods!—are made every day.

Recently the business department of the Overland Monthly has been making strenuous efforts in the line of securing subscribers. I am told that the increase for the last six months is nearly fifteen thousand, and I am prepared to take oath that for every thousand of these, the magazine has unearthed ten contributors of prose and twenty-five

people who spend their spare time at versification.

Each is an embryo author. If any one of them is unfortunate enough to impose on the editor sufficiently to have one of his or her efforts published, it is an encouragement to a host of book publishers to indite a letter somewhat after the following style:

"Dear Sir or Madam:

"I have noticed some very clever stories from your pen in the Overland Monthly. If you will send me an original story, I shall be glad to consider the publication of same. We are constantly looking for new writers, and you possess in a marked degree the Western gift of story telling, in a virile and entertaining manner."

The budding author sends on a story. Why should he or she not do so?

Here is the next letter:

"Dear Sir or Madam:

"I am glad to be able to state that my Readers have returned your story to me with every mark of approval. If you will give me the opportunity, I shall be pleased to show you where we can both make money out or your undoubted genius.

Send me a collection of stories, say enough to make a book of 350 pages, and I will send you an estimate on a publication that will start you as a popular author."

The collection is sent.

Here is the next letter of the Boston Man of Many Presses at the "Sign of the Ink Spot":

"Dear Sir or Madam:

"I have had an estimate made of the cost of publishing the first edition of your book of sketches, and as I am equally interested in seeing it before the public, I have cut this estimate down to actual cost. I will publish, advertise, and place



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on sale 1,100 copies of your story for the cost price of the book. This will be an expense to you of \$650. After this first edition has reached the public, I will agree to publish as many more editions as may be necessary to meet the demand that is sure to follow. On all these subsequent editions, I will allow you 65 per cent royalty or commission. This commission is a much higher one than is usually allowed the very best writers, and you are indeed fortunate in having made so strong an impression on our very critical Readers."

Now, the author has reached the anxious period in his existence. He is ready to burst from the chrysalis. The wide, wide world is waiting to give its approval, and yet between the author and undying fame lies a barrier of dollars! Filthy pecunia—ill-smelling—too! The dross of

commerce! The root of evil! The main-spring of Boston publishers! Our author hies him to his relatives, friends, his uncle, and finally "raises" the necessary money. He fervently hopes that this outlay will land himself alongside of Kipling, and (he of the literary foundry) Crawford.

The money is paid, the books are published, the author has spent dollars in mailing free copies to his friends, the book-store shelves are groaning under a few more dead volumes, and the publisher has made a clear one hundred dollars. The sixty per cent royalty, "more than the very best writers are allowed," is as nebulous as ever, and the author is dejectedly driving a grocer's delivery wagon, keeping a large family on his meagre salary, and just saving enough to pay interest on deferred payments on the \$650 loan from his uncle. Now, who is to blame? The publisher, because he is a dealer in gold bricks, a thief and a liar! The author, because he is a fool and cannot write; likewise he borrows money on "hot air" as security.

Of course, we have all kinds of publishers, and they are much the same as other men in other callings. The publisher described is only a sample of one kind. I am sorry to say that I find that his little game is a very successful one, and that not a few literary lights have been ignominiously distinguished and extinguished through his philanthropic endeavor.

* * *

Among the books that find their way to my desk this month, there are only a few deserving more than casual mention. Is it because publishers cannot stand the frankly brutal way I have of telling the truth regarding their wares? Or is it impossible to keep pace with quantity or by quality?

* * *

"Eighteen Miles from Home" is

the unfortunate title of a volume written by William T. Hodge. I have not been able to discover if the author intended it for consumption by growing boys, virile men, or gents in their dotage. It is a compendium of clam-like wit, and will never set the world afire.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

* * *

"Kate of Kate Hall" is a very cleverly put together story, and it is not difficult to keep up your interest in the life of the bonnie little girl who is the heroine of this volume. She is as wilful as thistle-down, capricious as the wind, and yet winsome and lovable, and the hero is 'just the right sort of fellow to win the girl. Read the story.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

* * *

"Amy Dora's Amusing Day" is an entertaining book. It is a skit for children, but is interesting enough to keep the adult busy. It is quaint nonsense in condensed form.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.


* * *

"Mine and Thine" is by Florence Earle Coats, and is dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedman. It is an unusually good volume of poems, and is an addition to the library of any who may be fortunate enough to own a library. It is a delightful collection, and will please and wear well.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, The Riverside Press.

* * *

Annie E. Holdsworth has written "A New Paola and Francesca," a book that will endure and that will be read with interest. Janice is the name of the heroine, and she is a fly-away child-woman. She loves her husband's brother, and she is the one that brings trouble to all concerned. It is an entrancing picture of various phases of life. The moral tone is none too good,



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but there is enough of a lack of stilted morality to give zest to the production.

John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Arthur I. Keller has made some very fitting illustrations for the new book by Emerson Hough, "The Law of the Land." Mr. Hough is the author of the well-remembered "Mississippi Bubble" and "The Way to the West." Both these books had a fine run, and the public may approach his latest effort in confidence. Indeed, it is a remarkably well written volume of some 416 pages. Jostled around among the many badly written books upon my shelves, it stands out as one worth reading.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

* * *

"Chuggins, Youngest Hero in the Army," is the imposing title of a book by H. Irving Hancock, and

published by the Henry Altemus Company. The illustrations are by J. C. Claghorn. There is a beautiful harmony between the artist, the publisher and the author. All offend the taste, and should be punished to the extent of the law.

* * *

Frances Davidge's "Misfit Crown" is one of the many good books issued by the house of Appleton & Co., and it will bear re-reading. It is society small talk with a plot. The plot is a pretty one, however, and, as I said before, the book will bear two readings.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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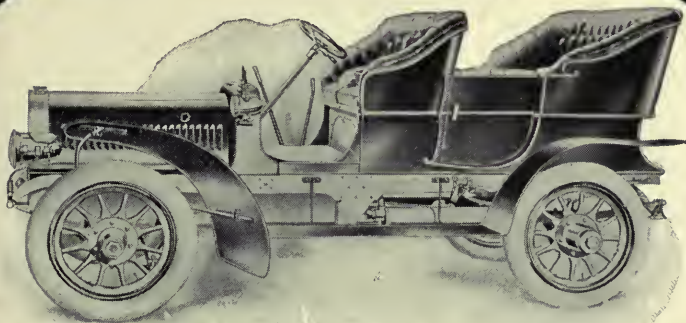
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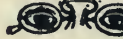
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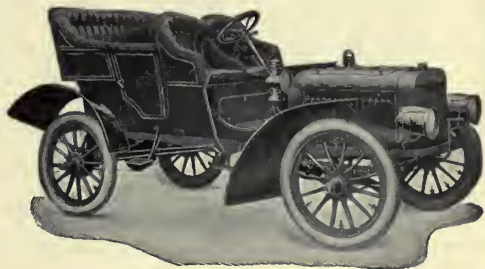


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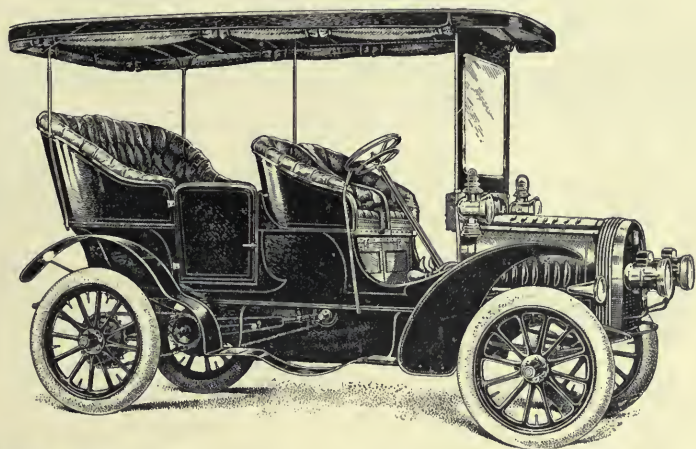
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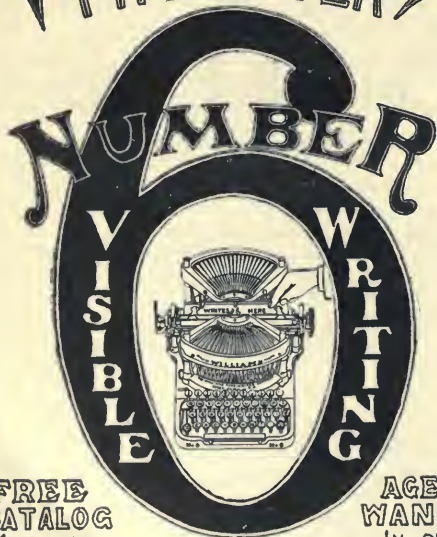
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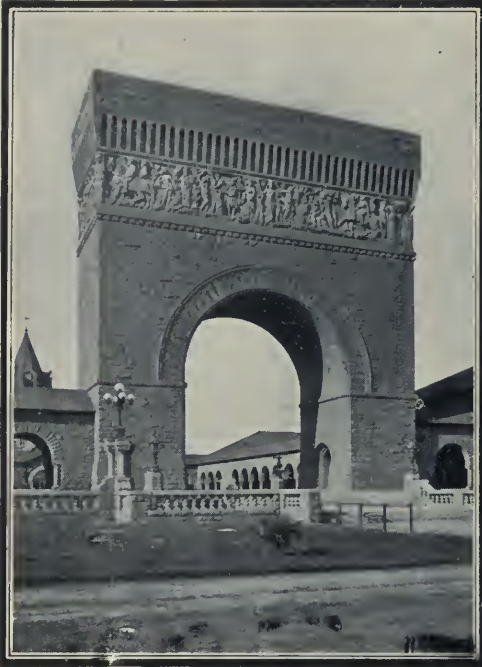
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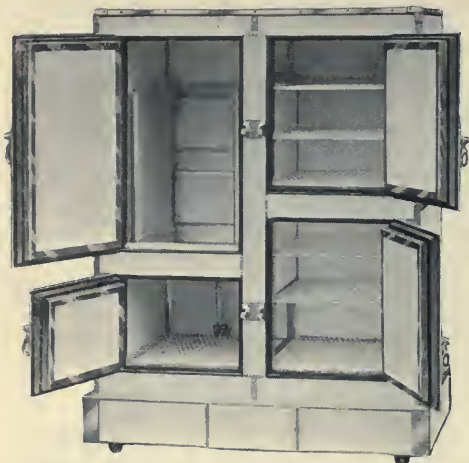
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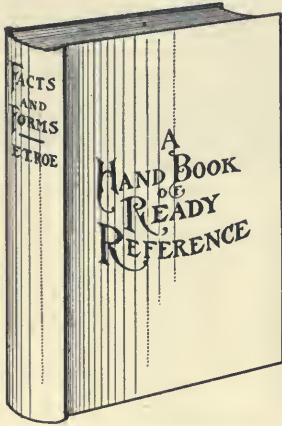
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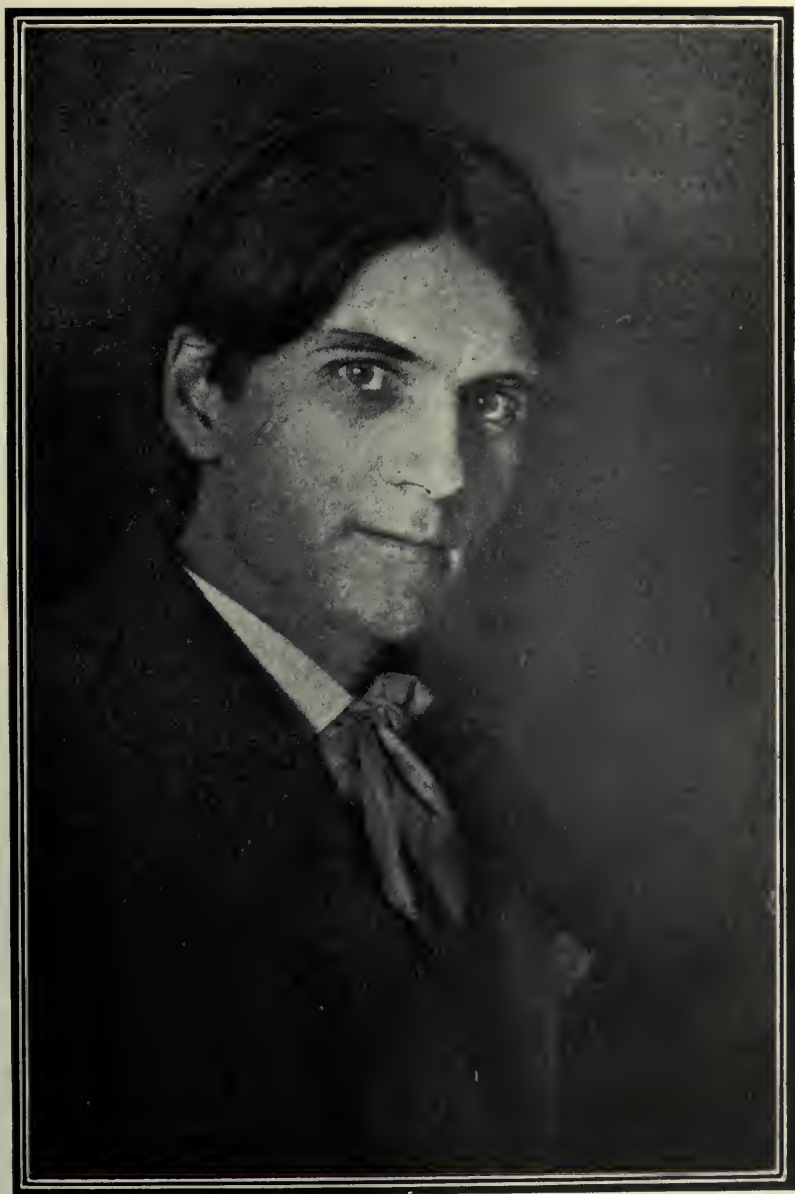
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Moose Babyhood. Wild State. This photograph was taken by J. Doody of Seattle, Washington.



Professor Charles Keeler.
See "A Midwinter Sun Mystery."

Photo by Hana Robison.



A Monterey Cypress.

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No. 3

THE RISE OF A SULTAN

A Tale of Moro Reconstruction

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN. U. S. ARMY

PART I.

THE Supreme Court of the Malanaos was about to sit at Madaya. This village was the home of Manibilang (The Wise) and is situated on the shore of Lake Lanao at a point where the Agus river makes out of the Forbidden Sea and begins its foaming descent of more than two thousand feet to tide-water. This stream follows a tortuous channel for a distance of twenty miles, and is famous for its magnificent cataracts.

Directly opposite, looking westward, the village of Marahui crowns a like rocky angle formed by lake and river. Madaya is a seat of legal learning; Marahui lives in the tales of Spanish achievements and failure; both are likely to appear frequently in the history of the American occupation of Mindanao. Camp Vicars, commanding a slightly position seven hundred feet above lake-level, is distant about twenty-five miles across water in a southwesterly course. The stone faced fortress of Bayan is almost under Vicars, near the water's edge. Taraca, the heart of Mahometan fanaticism, is faintly visible from Madaya on a clear day, distant ten miles.

Lake Lanao, in fine weather, lies like a mirror firmly set in a dark

fretwork of forest and grass-clad hills, supporting lofty mountains at the south and east.

In the hot, dry days of early summer, when the lake is low, a wide beach exposed and the trails passable, Manalaos, together with mountain and seashore clans ruled by them, bend their steps toward Madaya, carrying appeals to the legal authority.

These savage, cunning men must needs have a court of last resort when, for any reason, contentions may not be ended by single combat or tribal war. Local kabugatans, or justices, are sometimes unable to pass upon matters at issue involving prominent people, and prudently refer without prejudice such cases to the highest tribunal.

In the legal sense, Al Koran is styled The Kitab, which means simply the law. Theoretically, The Kitab is the standard by which all conduct is squared and crimes punished, but the penalties prescribed in the Koran are often so harsh that evasions are substituted for letter and spirit. Since the issues of life and death are, however, in the hands of sultans and dattos, mayhem and capital punishment are often inflicted on slaves and subjects for

slight offense in a sudden outburst of passion. The Kitab is not invoked to justify such acts.

The sky was clear, the sun was climbing towards the zenith as sultans, dattos, kabugatans, sankopans, witnesses and litigants generally were pressing in the direction of Madaya.

Decisions were to be rendered affecting Moro life and property rights. The presence of Americans, their achievements in the arts of war and peace, had raised questions for which there was neither law nor precedent. Quarrels between the rulers had waxed hot, but in some instances before the disputants could come to blows, army officers had interfered to prevent blood-

"wipe up the earth with the old scoundrel who bears a Chinese name."

The commander addressed Asum in his mother tongue, directing him to withdraw his men and betake himself to his own casa. In the event he refused to obey the order at once, he was to be driven away at the point of the bayonet. The command was really welcome to the surly datto, whose bark was always more dangerous than his bite. Magundaya was disappointed, though he could not but feel that the act of sending Asum home justified his cause.

"We are fallen upon strange times," began the sultan of Abaron, addressing his legal advisor en route



The Agus River —Moro Country, Mindanao.

shed. At a critical moment, when Dattos Asum and Magundaya, with their clans, were about to settle at the point of crisis and campilan a feud of long standing, the American commander at Pantar had walked unarmed between the lines of enraged warriors as they brandished their keen-edged weapons, and hissed defiance at each other. Magundaya had besought the commanding officer to step aside that he might have the joy of carrying Asum's heart home with him that night. Soldiers perched upon the bridge or standing near the Spanish blockhouse on the bluff, with Krags in hand, longed to see Magundaya

to Madaya. "The Americans are upsetting everything. They know nothing about The Kitab, and care less. They are the most thoroughly heathen people I have ever seen or heard of in all my life. They believe a man should have but one wife at a time, and while they make no attempt to break up our domestic relations, they are putting some strange notions into the minds of our young men, who are rapidly learning their lingo. If a slave leaves his master and escapes into a military camp he cannot be recovered from thence unless he chooses to return. I made a demand upon an officer for return of a slave, and

he told me that it was a matter for the slave to decide. Was not that astonishing? Think of a slave deciding what he shall or shall not do! My heart is very sore. There is the commandante who stopped a Moro battle at Pantar, and later prevented an attack upon his friend, the sultan of Marantao. I believe the end of the world is coming very soon. Matters are going from bad to worse.

"El Capitan told the Sultan of Detesean that he would no longer be permitted to kill his slaves when they displeased him. Well, I admit that my brother should not have taken the life of that slave who had returned to service of his own accord after having spent a time with the Americans. It was poor policy, for the boy might have given valu-

the points of his case and endeavoring to conjecture the decision "The Wise" would render. He awoke from his abstraction as he strode close behind his client in time to catch the question. "No, never!" he ejaculated. "There was never so many litigants, so many perplexing questions, nor so many angry Moros. Court month is usually a time of feasting. I fear many will run amuck ere this day is done.

The open space and passages between the houses were packed with Moros dressed for occasions of ceremony. Women and children huddled in the huts or hung over the window-sills to avoid the crush. The high-priest of the Bayabaos, Hadji Nor-Mohammud, a half-caste Arabian, robed in white, followed by the noted albino Islam Bishop of Ma-



Lake Lanao, island of Mindanao, showing Moro Mosque.

able information against the invaders of our country. I really think, however, that the son of Detesean, who goes crazy at the full of every moon, was responsible for the act. The Americans thrust their power and presence upon us at unexpected times and places. They not only prevent the settlement of disputes in the way common to Islam, but they require an explanation of matters at issue when they know nothing at all about our troubles.

"One's enemies should be killed. This makes the distribution of property easy, and gives the living a better chance for life."

"Did you ever see such a crowd pouring into Madaya?"

The sankopan was thinking over

daya, was seen coming from the mosque. The offices for the dead had just been celebrated. The sacred fire kindled under the suspended cylinder, containing the dying, had expired as a soul passed into the presence of Allah. These noted ecclesiastical dignitaries were in turn followed by a group of bright young panditas, some of whom were scribes, while others were candidates for advanced orders of priesthood. Along the beach, bancas, vintas and praos were drawn up, and the entire lake-front was a mass of moving color. Looking across the river, Marahui was seen to be a human hive. Red umbrellas decorated with fantastic figures and beaded fringe, sheltered the turban-



An American Camp in Mindanao.

ed heads of the rich and powerful above the common level of both multitudes. Laden boats were braving the boiling current or making a detour on the lake to avoid the suck of the Agus. It was evident, as enemies and factions arrived, that all were becoming more excited. Women smiled faintly as they recognized a friend, or grew dark with frowns as faces suggesting unpleasant experiences appeared. There was no laughter. Anger, anxiety or fear was written upon every countenance. A crowd of Moros in one respect resembles a heap of gun-powder poured upon a pavement. A spark ignites the whole, but does not consume it. The elements quickly form into groups like iron filings around a magnet, and a battle ensues which is just as senseless as it is bloody. The atmosphere was growing heavier, the tension was reaching the snapping point. The spell of amuck was seizing men, who were smarting under the recollection of bitter altercations and unprovoked wrongs, real or imaginary. Moros were beginning to prefer death to life itself, if only revenge might be indulged. Relief must come from some quarter ere pent-up forces burst forth like Apo in eruption.

A strong cry went up, and the entire concourse startled and staggered as if shocked by a powerful electric current. "El Capitan! El Capitan!" and the stentorian tones of

Magundaya were recognized as he commanded: "Stand back, Islam! Stand back, Islam! The Captain has come to visit you." A sudden stillness reigned as an army officer at the head of a troop of cavalry, securely guarding three American ladies, rode slowly through the avenue made by the rapidly dividing crowd. Halting in front of the judgment house of Manibilang, the armed escort awaited the appearance of the chief justice. That worthy was not slow in coming nor yet slow in falling under a spell quite different from any he had ever experienced in war or peace. Such faces, figures, voices, laughter, had not been seen or heard before in this mountain fastness. The Chief Justice was almost speechless, and could only mutter with effort the word "Mapia." "American women on the north shore of Lanao," he finally exclaimed in astonishment. The young Sultan relieved the awkward situation by coming forward and extending in good Spanish a cordial welcome. A hum of voices was heard in the houses, words of admiration multiplied until the Babel buzz grew into a roar such as the lake gives back when lashed by the monsoons.

"You are very brave," said the gallant Sultan, "to follow your soldier friends so far from home. Still braver to visit Madaya, for it is reported of us everywhere that we kill strangers first and make their

acquaintance afterwards. Are you all married?"

The query was greeted by a merry ripple, in which the Sultan joined with characteristic chuckle.

The face of "The Wise" lighted up. The contagion had attacked him last of all.

"Oh, yes, indeed, we are all married, and wives of officers whom you no doubt have often seen and may know," replied a brilliant blonde, with sparkling eyes. This lady spoke Castilian with faultless accent.

"Happy indeed must be the men who own such women," observed the Sultan in rapture.

"Oh, our husbands do not own us. Customs are different in America, you know," was the quick correction.

"Then you must surely own your husbands. Is that the custom in America?"

The compliment and the soft impeachment were undeniable. The fair American was beaten in the wilds of Mindanao, and the laugh went around.

"Well, he knows how to say nice things, at any rate," she exclaimed in English.

The trumpet sounded, and amid cries of "good-bye," "adios," and "mapia," the military party filed out of the village and, turning into the embowered trail, was soon lost to view.

Something had come into the life of Madaya which would never go

out. A day of good feeling had begun. The spell of amuck was broken, and the few fanatics who wisened to be prepared for juramentado that they might kill white men for the cause of religion, were publicly denounced by Hadji-Nir-Mohammud as no better than swine, which all Islam abhors. Moros who had arrived with murder in their hearts began immediately to settle their differences out of court, thereby sparing themselves reprimands and costs. Lake-men had something entirely new to talk about. A marvelous change had been wrought in ten minutes.

II

Kasangan, the counselor, took up a position at the entrance of the judgment house, and in a loud voice proclaimed:

"Manibilang, 'The Wise' would now try the heart of every man who has a cause. Oho! Come, Islam, state your case, pay the costs or fines and go your way."

The judgment house was one of the largest native structures in all the Moro country at this period. It was at once the court chamber and the dwelling of the chief justice. On entering, the observer was impressed by the barbaric splendor of the interior. The walls were hung with weapons and adorned with brazen placques and vessels. An upper story within the pitch of the roof, and remote from the main en-



Malanaos or Lake Moros.

trance, was reached by means of a bamboo ladder. This space was partitioned into apartments for women. The conspicuous object within the the main chamber was the judgment seat. A canopy of brilliant hangings overspread what appeared at first glance to be a wide bed made upon the floor. Cushions surrounded a heavily-covered dais, or lay about upon the broad divan for the use of those eminent in rank and authority.

Shortly after Kasanguan had issued the call, Manibilang took his seat, and litigants and spectators crowded through the door-way and squatted upon the floor. The Chief Justice of the Malanaos was a remarkable man. He was to Lakemen what Mabini was to the Tagologs—the intellectual giant of the breed. There was just this difference, that while Mabini was a paralytic, Manibilang was as physically sound as he was acute. One was just about as slow as the other to find any redeeming qualities in the Americans. There was much to attract attention to the Chief Justice as he sat to hear the complaints and adjudicate the differences of his tribesmen. His raiment was as costly as that worn by the Sultan of Jolo, and yet he was a man who had no military rank. There is an order of rank among these people known as *panundiungan*—above a Sultan, or past Sultan.

Manibilang wore a *cris* at his girdle worth 2,000 pesos. A huge buckle of solid gold clasped the girdle about his abdomen. He was known as "The Wise," and even among savage men, that is a title superior to all rank. The great judge glanced about him, and said:

"I recognize the *sankopan* of Abaron. What is the case?"

The attorney of Abaron arose, stepped into the open space in front of "The Wise," and after paying obeisance, addressed the court:

"Some time ago, my master purchased a slave-woman of the Sultan

of Basac, paying the sum of 20 pesos for her. After having removed her to Abaron, she became violently insane. She could not be controlled by day, and by night she shrieked the name of a son whom she declared had been killed by her own hand. She annoyed us greatly by crying: 'Come back, my son! Your poor old mother did not mean to kill you. Come back! My heart is broken! I am mad! Oh, I killed him. Oh, come back, come back, my son!'

Inquiry was instituted concerning her, and we ascertained that the Sultan of Basac had decided to sell her sons apart a month or so before my master bought the woman. It appeared she brooded over the prospective separation until she ran amuck, cutting one of her sons down—killing him on the spot—and so injured the other that his life was only saved by the timely arrival of the American surgeon from the military camp. This woman also inflicted bodily harm upon other members of the household, including the Sultan himself. Now, O mighty judge, in whose heart wisdom resides, we were imposed upon in that sale, and come to you for redress, as we cannot reach an agreement among ourselves."

"What did you expect to get for 20 pesos?" sternly demanded the warrior-justice. "You bargained for a cheap dog and found you had purchased a mad slut. Restrain your crazy slave if you can, kill her if you must! Settle the costs of this action with the scribe!"

Ilang, the *sankopan* of Mandalug, was the next to be recognized:

"Oh, wisest of the Lakemen, be it known to you that Bulu, a foreman, was murdered in a hemp field, under circumstances which strongly point to Kauan as the guilty person. The murdered man was last seen alive in company with Kauan near the spot where the body was found. It is known that Kauan owed Bulu borrowed money; it is also known that Bulu had taken to

wife a woman Kauan had desired to possess, but was not able to buy when she was offered for sale. Personal effects of the deceased were found in the hut of Kauan. The widow of Bulu is much annoyed by the offensive advances made by this man, who is believed to be the murderer of her husband. Kauan very recently sold to a soldier in the market place at Marahui a dagger which had belonged to Bulu, remarking as he did so: 'This is a valuable weapon—I cut the throat of a Moro with it.' Now be it known unto Manibilang, these facts were all presented to our Kabugatan at the trial. In defending himself against the charge, Kauan swore he was innocent; his relatives took a like oath, and one and all invoked the curses recorded in Al Koran upon themselves and their posterity if found to be guilty of perjury. The Kabugatan ruled that as there were no eye-witnesses to the act, and as the strongest oath known to Islam had been taken by the accused and his people, no further action was necessary. Kauan was, however, required to pay a fine of 100 pesos to the dato to allay suspicion, and assuage the grief of sore hearts. The bereaved family implores a reversal of the decision of our Kabugatan."

"Is there any one present to speak for Kauan?" asked "The Wise" as he overlooked the crowd. "There seems to be no one. I doubt not you have stated the circumstances as they were, but as you already know, the decision of your kabugatan was strictly in accord with our laws and customs and must stand unless the accused should confess his crime. In such an event he may be cut down or sold into slavery, with all his relatives who took upon themselves the oath. While awaiting such confession, should the family take up arms and fight the matter out, that is their privilege and does not concern this court. There are no costs. I recognize Isa of Biram-Bingan."

A bright, active Moro stepped to the position vacated by the sankopan.

"Oh, Wisest of Islam! I am a young man, as you see, the son of a Sultan, as you know. I bought a girl from the Sultan of Piti-Ilan, paying 300 pesos for her—nearly all the money I had earned with my handful of slaves by labor on the military road. Piti-Ilan required me to place the money in his hands before the day was appointed for the wedding, if I desired to close the bargain on the spot. He informed me that I could come and take the woman away at my leisure, since I was not able to meet the expenses of a fiesta at that time. I did as directed, with many misgivings, and returned to Biram-Bingan to make ready a home for my bride. A month later I returned to find my betrothed dead of cholera. I covered the grave of my lost loved one with white muslin twined about a bamboo frame, and my heart was sore. After the funeral I demanded the return of my money or the hand of an older sister, whom I liked well. This young woman was willing to come away with me, as the cotta was crowded and filled with violence. Piti-Ilan demanded 100 additional pesos for this girl. I had not the money, and I cannot pay the price. He proposed a compromise by which I should have two little girls of ten years. One of these was a timid, sickly creature; the other, robust enough, was afflicted with hare-lip. Both sobbed piteously when they heard what had been proposed, until I admonished them to keep silence, as I had no thought of taking them away. I have been wronged, and I ask for redress, O Wisdom of the Malanaos."

"And you shall have it, my son," quietly observed The Wise. "Your cause is just, but unfortunately I cannot exercise authority over domestic affairs of rulers. This is not the first complaint heard by me against Piti-Ilan. Unless you could

overthrow the Sultan, no redress is possible, but such an act, I fear, is beyond your powers. To demand the money long before the wedding was unfair; to refuse to substitute an older daughter was outrageous. Isa, you may go; there are no costs. I regret that I cannot help you."

"May I not remain longer and hear further decisions?" asked Isa.

"Certainly, my son, if you so desire."

Isa was comforted. He somehow felt there was hope of recovering all that death had not taken from him. Those pregnant words, "Unless you could overthrow the Sultan," rang like a bell in his ears. "I believe I can do it; I know I can do it; I shall do it!"

He was speaking to that stormy heart of his.

"I recognize Fasandalan of Uato!" thundered the Chief Justice.

"I found three American horses near the western border of the Macius several months ago, used them for a season, and had about decided to return them to the commandante and claim the reward, when they were stolen from me. I have tracked them to Bacolod, where I understand the Sultan is using them in re-establishing himself in power, since the Americans have ruined his cottas. He is riding them on his forays against rulers who refused to aid him in his stand against the invaders, and is now spreading terror among his enemies. The animals are very strong and capable of carrying great burdens of loot. I wish authority to go to the Sultan of Bacolod, claim the horses, and return them to their owners, who hold out a large reward."

Manibilang smiled grimly, and the crowd roared immoderately.

"The decision of this court is that those horses were found before they were lost. My advice to Fasandalan is to keep away from the Sultan of Bacolod if he values his own life. Bacolod is in no mood to receive requests or appeals. He appears,

from your story, to be using American property to retrieve his fortunes swept from him by the invaders. If Americans unconsciously supply the means by which he shall accomplish this purpose, I can see no grounds for complaint. The invaders are a very brave people, but very foolish people. No law of Islam applies to them.

"Now, for the benefit of many who may not be familiar with the law concerning domestic animals stolen from rightful owners, I repeat a decision often given: If a Moro buys a horse in good faith and finds afterwards that it has been stolen, the animal must again be sold, and the proceeds of such sale divided equally between the proper owner and the man who purchased under a misrepresentation. The loss must be sustained share and share alike. The one is thereby punished for his negligence, the other for his folly. But in the event the horse has been sold several times, title to the same resides in the last man who purchased, while redress can only be secured to the loser by apprehension of the thieves, a process both slow and expensive. The Kitab prescribes that the hands of the thief shall be cut off; for this reason Islam has always found it difficult to convict. It is our custom to modify this penalty by selling into slavery all thieves who cannot pay their fines. Domestic animals stolen from Visayans, Montescos, Tagalogs, Americans or other heathen can only be recovered by force against the Moros. It should be the business of owners to see that Moros do not find their property unguarded.

"Now comes Sankakala, the eloquent sankopan of Madaya," abruptly announced the expounder of the Kitab.

A tall, vigorous Moro, with keen face and elastic step, bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment. "May it please Manibilang, son of a distinguished father, and father of

a distinguished son, most learned of all Islam: It is rarely that I come into this august presence in my own behalf. My voice is usually lifted for others. This cause concerns myself. It is well known our lamented friend, the datto of Nonucan, died suddenly of cholera after he had entered upon an important agreement with the Americans. At the time of his demise, negotiations were pending for the sale of his plantation to the Americans, who are now at work building a soldier town on the property. After Nonucan was dead, the sum agreed upon was paid by the commandante at Iligan to the senior widow. I waited upon the dattana, who is a capable financier, and asked for a division of the money among the descendants of the first master of the field, who claimed all the land from Marahui to the sea for his people in common to the end of the world. I am myself one of those descendants, and I know that Nonucan had no authority of Moro law or custom to alienate that plantation. The dattana informed me that Nonucan, while dying, had instructed her to repudiate all claims and debts and keep the money the Americans would give her for the land. I regret to say that I scarcely credit her story, since I always regarded Nonucan as a wise and honest ruler. I recall that some years ago, when he was deeply in debt, he headed an expedition against the Montescos, fell upon their chief town at the headwaters of the Cagayan, and drove their warriors into the river. Nonucan returned with captive women, carabao, horses and large loot. A fiesta was held and he paid all he owed. I stand ready to lead armed men to enforce my claim against the dattana and her people, and I humbly request authority to do so.

"The authority is granted," promptly replied The Wise. "Should this mean war between Lakemen and Seashoremen, the responsibility lies with the avaricious widow

who loves money. Nonucan was an honest man; he took nothing from Islam; he gave much to his friends; he was loyal to the Prophet."

(Sankakala had won his case, and a few days later the widow counted out the money at the point of spears).

"Now, Dua and Telu of Ganasi, what is your trouble?"

Two young men advanced together. Dua was the spokesman:

"Nan-nan-nan-nan-nan. Great and Wise Manibilang: We two fell out over a carabao which died of a disease introduced into the Lake Country by the Americans. Telu was using the carabao at the time, for it was the season of planting sweet potatoes and maize. Our kabugatan said Telu was not to blame, but I think he should bear half the loss, and pay me 30 pesos at least.

"You foolish children! Manibilang decides that you agree to quarrel no more over a dead carabao. I shall require you to seal the agreement by cutting the bujuka in this presence. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Telu, heartily. "And I," responded Dua, after a pause.

Telu selected a strand of rattan from a bundle of switches lying on a hard-wood slab, at one of which the scribe was awkwardly writing from right to left as he slowly spelled out Moro words into Arabic characters. The defendant presented one end of the bujuka to the complainant, who grasped it slowly and pulled taut. Dua then drew from the sash of Telu a dagger, with which he severed the strand. The weapon was resheathed by the hand that had drawn it. Each touched his lips with the bits of rattan, and there was "nothing between them." In American parlance, "the hatchet was buried."

"There are no costs," said the Chief Justice.

Manibilang arose and announced that the court was closed for the day. The Scribe gathered up his

writing materials as the crowd dispersed.

Isa sought out Fasandalan, whom he found reluctant to give out information anent the horses. Later he greeted Dua and Telu as they were "eating salt" together. He had known them both in other years.

"May I not eat salt with you, and so enter into a friendship which must last through our whole lives?" he asked, cheerfully.

"With pleasure," responded the pair.

The three partook of gulay, a stewed compound of certain leaves of shrubs, the linings of nut-husks, grated cocoanut, red pepper and dried fish, strong with salt. This dish is served with rice cooked separately.

Moros are shy about partaking of food with a stranger, lest by "eating salt" with him they bind themselves to a friendship which they may not in future desire to support. They will not eat with a foreigner, lest they partake of food which has the fat of swine in it. Cocoanut oil is used instead of lard or butter.

When the three young huskies were filled, Dua drew from a buyabox a small package of smoking tobacco and a brier pipe.

"Where did you get those things?" Isa asked with surprise.

Telu and Dua were at once convulsed with laughter. "Well," began Dua, "there is a story connected with these treasures. Telu and I, before we quarreled over the dead carabao, now happily forgotten, were in the vicinity of Parang one afternoon, when an American picture-maker stopped near us as we lay in the grass. He had a machine mounted on three slender legs. Telu and I crept up very close to him. When he became busy with his work, he seemed to hear nothing. I believe the man was deaf. He placed a black cloth over his head as he looked into the machine. At that instant I sprang on him and

drew out his pistol depending at his hip. Telu cut off the cartridge belt as he fell. Then we took everything he had, smashed his machine, and fled. I had no intention of attacking him until I saw the pistol. I wanted that. We did him slight injury, however, for a little later we saw him running toward the pueblo. We got a lot of things of no use to us—the pistol is one of them. I never saw such a gun anywhere. Arrived at home, I took it to pieces with much difficulty, but could not put it together again. I kept all the parts, and they are at Ganasi today."

"Describe the parts," said Isa, eagerly.

Dua drew on a frond of banana crude diagrams of the most important mechanical contrivances.

"Isa's heart thumped with suppressed excitement, but he merely granted his approval of the sketches. He had seen army officers take down the Colt automatic pistol and explain the mechanism to by-standers. To his mind, that weapon meant conquest, fortune. He would possess it, if to gain it he must take the lives of both his friends. He could re-adjust the parts, but shrewdly changed the topic of conversation immediately, lest he betray his knowledge.

"By the beard of the Prophet," he ejaculated, "I should like to get a rifle from a soldier, and I am willing to face death in any form to accomplish the purpose.

"I think if we three should combine, we could get more than one," suggested Dua.

"If we got several, we could intimidate dattos, get horses and carabaoes and women, and become Sultans ourselves after a while. I, for my part, should like to help Isa kill Piti-Ilan, that rich old cock who rules thirty-five mountain towns just north of Bacolod. I hear that he and Bacolod are now at war, because when Pershing's troops appeared Piti-Ilan could not be found;

but he is pretty strong, and Bacod is reduced by the loss of people and property."

Telu had spoken with animation. Isa's brain reeled under the thought of proffered assistance. "I stand ready to join you in any exploit of that kind," he responded with feeling. "But guns, guns, guns, those are the necessary things—guns are everything. They mean money, houses, lands, people, power among Moros. There is a way to get them, but it is a way beset with dangers and probably loss of life; but I would rather die in an effort to get guns than live without them. What is a Moro without guns and ammunition these days? No better than a slave. I have a plan to submit to you in strict confidence which will, I believe, result in our making the fortunes we so much desire."

"Let us have the plan; we are ready to do what you suggest if within our power." Dua and Telu were hot for adventure.

"I know three men who are under vow of juramentado to kill white men. One resides here in Madaya, a second is a priest at Toros, and the third is a desperate fellow who lives at Bacayauan. They can be

(To be Concluded.)

hurried in their purpose by money. Each can gather about him a small following. I propose to approach these men with an offer of money, and designate the time and place they are to strike down unsuspecting soldiers. We three can take up a position some morning near Pantar and operate together. We can lie in the grass until soldiers who are hunting for boar come near, and then spring upon and engage them at close quarters, escaping with guns and ammunition—if we live. A disguise will not be necessary for you, since you are strangers in these parts. Weeks may pass before the desired opportunity presents itself, but if you are willing to wait and watch, we shall be repaid if successful. If we are killed, what does it matter? We can neither shorten nor prolong our days. Every man dies when his time comes. All our priests say as much."

The conspirators drew apart from the throng into a field bounded by a bamboo hedge, and recited in concert the terms of the compact, cut and kissed the bujuka, and a plot against the life of American soldiers—a plot to murder—was formed, to be carried out with diabolical determination.





U. S. S. Connecticut.

THE FOUR CONNECTICUTS

BY C. H. ALLISON

PROGRESS in the building of warships is strikingly illustrated in the history of the four Connecticuts that have flown the American flag. The step from the little schooner-rigged craft that participated in the first fleet action in which the United States Navy ever engaged, in 1776, to the "magnificent" sloop-of-war built in 1798, "to chastise French insolence on the high seas," was a long one. Then, after a period of sixty years, the third Connecticut appeared on the navy list, that "mighty steamer" which served creditably in the Civil War, her 1700 tons of displacement causing her 432 ton predecessor of the French war to look like a pigmy. Following the example of her sisters, the great 16,000 ton battleship launched from the Brooklyn

Navy Yard on September 29th, shows another gigantic stride in naval development, and when completed, will be one of the most formidable fighting machines the world has ever seen.

The predecessors of the new Connecticut played an important part in the history of the United States navy. The first warship bearing this name was engaged in the naval battle of Lake Champlain, October 11-13, 1776. Under the command of Major-General Benedict Arnold, the American fleet, of fifteen vessels, mounted 88 guns, and was manned by 700 men. The English fleet of 25 vessels, mounting 89 guns and manned by 1,000 men, had started from Canada with a large army to begin the invasion of New York, and one of the first essentials

to the success of their plan was the control of Lake Champlain and its contiguous waters. The opposing fleets met in battle near Plattsburg, and after a hard, all-day fight the enemy at dark drew just out of gunshot, intending to renew the struggle the following morning. Realizing that he was contending against hopeless odds, Arnold placed a screened light at the stern of each of his vessels, and about midnight stole through the British lines in single file, and proceeded down the lake. Their escape was not discovered till daylight, when the English gave chase. It was not till near noon on the following day, when near Split Rock, that the opposing vessels were again within fighting range; and then began a running fight in which the American vessels were destroyed or dispersed. Although defeated in this fleet action, the Americans inflicted such loss on the English, and so delayed their progress that the invasion was abandoned. Like the battle of Bunker Hill, the defeat was in reality a victory, for its main object, the repelling of the invaders, was accomplished.

In the naval war against France, 1798-1801, a navy of some 25 warships was created to protect American merchantmen in the West Indies. Among these war-craft was the 20-gun sloop Connecticut, shown in the accompanying illustration. She was built at Middletown, Conn., at a cost of \$57,000. Under the command of Captain Moses Tryon, she cruised two years in the West Indies, convoying merchantmen and chasing French privateers. On the cessation of hostilities she was sold for \$19,300.

One of the first problems confronting the Government at Washington on the outbreak of the Civil War was that of supplying warships at distant points on the blockade of Southern ports with fresh provisions and of maintaining communication with them so that the

sick and wounded men, as well as the mails, could be transported with reasonable facility. For this service two side-wheel steamers of about 1700 tons each were purchased and named the Rhode Island and Connecticut, the latter being bought in July, 1861, under the name Mississippi, for \$200,000. Throughout the Civil War, these supply steamers kept open communication between Northern ports and warships on the lonely blockade, going as far as New Orleans or Galveston each trip, as the exigencies of the service required. They were heavily armed, and frequently were called on to chase blockade runners and Confederate cruisers, besides occasionally taking part in a bombardment. At the close of the war, the Connecticut was sold for \$131,000.

The present Connecticut is one of two first-class battleships authorized by Congress, and approved July 1, 1902, the act providing that one of the vessels should be built at a Government Yard, the other to be constructed by one of the leading private yards. The Secretary of the navy named the Brooklyn Navy Yard as the place where the Connecticut should be built, and the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company won the contract for building the Louisiana, as the other vessel was to be named. The limit of cost in the case of each ship, exclusive of armor, was \$4,212,000. The Newport News Company made a bid of \$3,990,000 for the Louisiana, agreeing to deliver the vessel complete and ready for service by March 15, 1906, which is the date also set for the completion of the Connecticut.

From the start, keen rivalry has been shown at the competing shipyards as to which vessel would be finished first. So far, the private firm has an apparent lead of about a month, for the Louisiana was launched some time before the Connecticut. But the race has not been won yet. Taken as a whole, the

work on the Connecticut is slightly in advance of that on the Louisiana, though the latter was first to reach water. Since the ill-fated Maine was built, no ship of great size has been attempted at the Brooklyn Yard until work was commenced on the Connecticut. The yard was in no condition for such a gigantic undertaking, and it was necessary to spend a large sum of money and considerable time in obtaining the necessary facilities. However, the



The First Connecticut.

keel of the Connecticut was laid in March, 1903, and the fact that the hull was launched on September 29, 1904, is an indication that rapid work has been done.

A recent tabular comparison places the Connecticut class as superior to any warship now completed or under construction. Her general dimensions and characteristics are as follows: Length, 450 feet; extreme beam, 76 feet 10 inches; mean draught, 24 feet 6 inches; displacement, 16,000 tons; twin screws; vertical triple expansion engines; speed, 18 knots; indicated horsepower, 16,500; coal capacity, 2,200 tons; complement, 42 officers and 761 men; protective deck, 2 1-2 inches thick on the slope and 1 1-2 inches thick on the flat.

Her armament consists of four 12-inch guns, eight 8-inch guns, twelve 7-inch guns, twenty 3-inch rapid-fire guns; twelve 3-pounders, eight 1-pounders, two 3-inch field guns,

eight machine guns and four submerged torpedo tubes. Her armor belt is 11 inches thick at the top and 9 inches at the bottom. The thickness of armor on the largest turrets is 12 inches, and for the smaller turrets 8 inches. The barbette armor is 10 inches for the 12-inch guns and 6 inches for the 6-inch guns.

The feature of greatest importance in the Connecticut, as compared with other battleships, is the battery. The substitution of 7-inch for 6-inch guns greatly increases the vessel's gun-power.

In the Connecticut and Louisiana, the United States will have two of the largest battleships in the world, their displacement being about 16,000 tons. The question of displacement has been the subject of many lively controversies among experts, both in and out of the navy, and the adoption of the plan of the Connecticut and Louisiana marked the temporary success of the advocates of the biggest tonnage that was compatible with moderate draught and reasonable cost. It is almost universally admitted that, in these vessels, the limit of size has been reached, so that if it should be decided to build more battleships of the mammoth type, it is not now considered likely that the tonnage of the Connecticut will be exceeded.

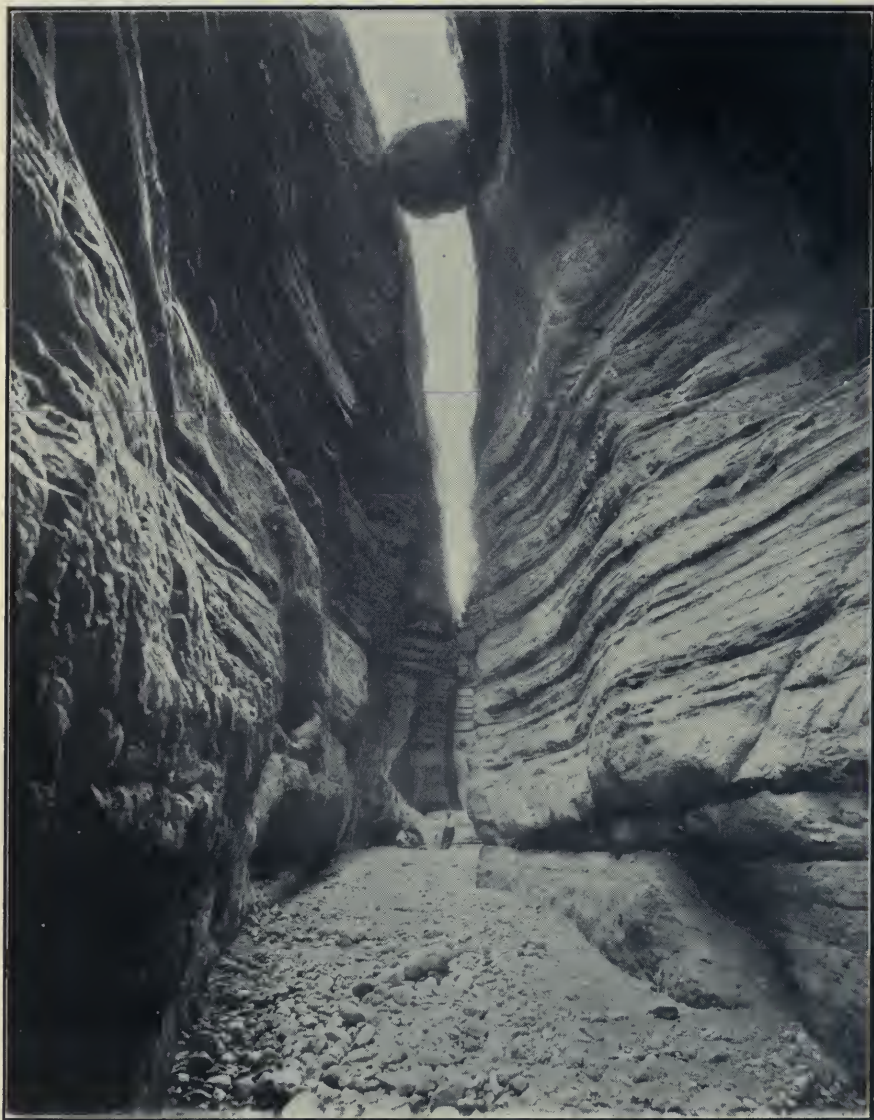
On the Pacific Coast there has been little naval construction work done, but it is apparent that the Western shipbuilders are alive to the magnitude of this industry, and are reaching out for a larger share.

Uncle Sam now has in course of construction 13 battleships, 8 armored cruisers, 7 protected cruisers, 3 gunboats, 3 training ships, and 5 torpedo destroyers, the aggregate cost of which will exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars. More war vessels are to be added to the navy year by year, if the plans of the Government carry through. Why should not some of them be built on the Pacific Coast?



Cluster of Royal Ann Cherries
From H. Postlethwaite's Orchard

March— "Cherries are Ripe in California."



The Picturesque West. The Wedge Boulder in Fork of White Creek Canyon, Arizona.
Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

THE JEW

A Tale of San Francisco

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

DOWN Kearny street sauntered McClarity, with the slow ponderous gait of over two hundred pounds of blue-coated justice. Once he paused on the curb of an alley-way and looked back over his shoulder at the clock swung high in the tower of the Hall of Justice. He had ten minutes before his nightly rounds commenced, and the irresoluteness of a moment became a fixed intention which sent his steps in the direction of a swinging baize door.

When McClarity came out, smacking his lips, he walked briskly; his every movement suggested law, and the star on his heroic breast was the one bright object that the electric arc beat upon and centered in. McClarity was a hybrid. He was of a type indigenous to the soil of a new and prosperous city. For the meek detective of the noiseless tread he had small regard. He came and went boldly, and the dark side of the street—except where the baize door opened—held no charm. It takes the restlessness, the incessant movement, the thrusting back of the weakest, the turmoil and the ever-reaching tide of humanity to produce a specimen like McClarity. An easy good-nature balanced a stern sense of justice, when he was meting it out to the offender, and the conscious importance of his office gave mercy a small part to play. His beat was Barbary Coast, and lay where the mean, two-storied buildings lean one against the other; where the houses, blistered and unpainted, hold themselves together with the uncertainty of a dirty pack of cards. The scent of sandal-wood and char-

ring punk gave way to the smell of decayed vegetables, too stale wine, and the inexplicable odor of a foreign element packed close and foully in confined spaces.

Phoenix-like, San Francisco had spread her wings, and, looking down from her warm nests on the hill-tops, beheld the ashes of her dead self. Some day, and near, the old character of the early sixties would be lost, the landmarks of a by-gone day would disappear, and the crowded alleys would widen into the thoroughfares of a thriving metropolis. But as it is to-day, and as McClarity saw it with the keen Celtic eye, it was unlovely and without promise, and a district to be guarded from the depredations of a whinnying mendicant and the skulking vagrant.

The night was thick and oppressive, with a fog drifting in from the bay; the warm, heavy atmosphere which comes after the trade-winds.

McClarity puffed and blew and stamped down the narrow streets that run in parallel lines to the water-front. Most of the lodging-houses were silent, with doors closed, and all the shops, with one exception, were bolted and barred.

The officer stood still and peered in at the window of Zakiel Zung's pawn-shop. A faint light came from a lamp in the rear, and from an open door a belt of radiance streamed warmly.

"Well, I niver," murmured McClarity, with a broad grin. "If it don't take the divil to beat a Jew in waitin' fer a customer."

He rattled the knob softly, then,

opening the door, thrust in his head. Zakiel sat behind the counter on a high stool, turning slowly at the noise, but he did not accord a smile, only a scowl. For this particular visitor the money-lender never had a welcome, as he well knew, but the genial expansion which succeeds a stop at the corner increased McClarity's natural spirit of forgiveness.

"How d'ye," he ventured.

Zakiel moved sideways and did not answer. He had the usurer's antipathy for all representatives of justice, an antipathy which dated, no doubt, from the well-remembered lesson of the temple, and for McClarity he cherished a secret fear and aversion.

Zakiel sighed with relief when the door closed and he heard the heavy tramp continue down the street. Zakiel sank lower in the ragged dressing-gown he always wore after office hours. He leaned over the counter listening, and as the steps died in the distance, a covert smile twisted his thick, moist lips; a greedy gleam shot from his slanting eyes.

In the duskiness of the show window the partly corroded butt of a pistol glistened, and a clumsy pair of cuff-links reared from out the dust heap; a pile of yellow-backed romances swayed toward a dog-eared, mouldy tome, and over all hung the decay and mustiness of things long since discarded. The tick of the clock and an occasional fog-whistle were the only sounds.

The Jew slipped down from his seat, and, going to the door, put up the shutters. He dropped the chain in place and turned the key in the padlock. Then, standing in the middle of the crowded shop with its witnesses of despairs and sins, he drew in a long breath, the quick intake of a joyous consciousness. Running over to the safe in the corner, he took out a bag fresh from the banks, and heavy with gold—the ripe young gold new from the sickle

of the mint. It was heavy, and the form strained and bent under the load. Zakiel dragged it down the length of the shop and pushed through to the sitting room beyond. It was a cheerful place, warmed with lamp and firelight. The tea things stood upon the table untouched.

Amelia was a good girl, so Zakiel told himself, for although she dined twice a week at Lucchetti's, she always prepared supper for her father. The old man gave a sigh of content and took up the toasting fork. Suddenly he put it down in great excitement, pierced by the thought: Suppose Amelia should come in and see the bag! He rushed over and caught it up, hugging it to his breast, all the while gurgling childishly, and patting the stiff covering with affectionate hand. He started with every sound, glancing uneasily around the room as though to discover a hiding place. The full draperies of the couch fell generously to the floor, affording a vantage for concealment. He got on his knees and pushed aside the cloth with nervous fingers, then pulled down the covering and rose to his feet, contemplating the result with satisfaction. It was a moment of rare enjoyment. In that dingy little back room, with its paper shades and cheap gaudiness, was a great mound of gold—pure, shining gold—ripe and mellow, and a delight to the eye. His frayed cap and ragged gown gave a keener relish to the knowledge of possession. "It was all for Mellie," he told his conscience, and yet, deep down in his heart he knew it was for love of the hoard itself. He moved toward the stairs that led into the girl's room above.

"I lof' he—I lof' her," he murmured in defiance, as he toiled upward, pausing every now and then to cast longing eyes at the treasure below. When he opened the girl's bed-room door, the candles flared wildly in the draught. One tallow

was stuck carelessly in the neck of a broken bottle, while five on the bureau leaned sideways, dripping their substance away on the beaten brass of a priceless candelabra. On the nearest chair a flaming petticoat hung, while a gaudy bodice of crimson silk lay upon the floor where she had thrown it, and by the side of the disordered bed—just as though they had fallen from her feet—were a pair of red slippers, down-trodden at the heel.

Zakiel took up the shoe and pressed it against his withered cheek, patting it lovingly as he had done with the bag down stairs. He seemed to feel the warmth of the girl's bare foot.

"Mellie—little Mellie!" he purred tenderly. Then he put it down and took up the silken petticoat. He drew the costly fabric between his yellow nails and pulled one end with his teeth. "Och Got, 'tis good—'tis good," he said. He blew out the five candles and descended softly in the noiseless felt slippers.

There was a loud bang at the outer door, the rattling of a key in the padlock, a heavy footstep, and Amelia burst into the sitting room. She cast off her damp garments, and threw her dripping plumed hat on the floor. With one beautifully rounded hand she drew from her luxuriant coils an ivory comb, thus precipitating a fall of her magnificent hair. She stretched her full length and yawned rudely, without speaking to Zakiel. The old man had slipped to the floor and was humbly trying to unfasten her wet boots.

"Oh, fadder, you old fool," she remonstrated crossly. She turned to the table and idly took up a small dagger which lay among the tea things. It was scarcely longer than a paper-knife, but its broad, jeweled sheath hid a curved blade of steel, sharp and deadly as the Armenian scimitar. She drew off the case, her eyes sparkling at the rubies which

dripped over the filigree like drops of blood.

"Ah, Mellie, 'tis good—eh?" Zakiel pressed close to her shoulder, a gluttonness approbation in his tone.

It was the money-lender's custom to show the girl the exchanges of the day, when they ran to the pretty baubles which he knew would please her fancy.

She yawned again and threw the toy aside. She sat staring gloomily into the fire, and took no notice of Zakiel's uneasy movements. Stormy scenes had been enacted in the little sitting room, and as the Jew watched the meeting of the tragic brows, he was filled with a vague fear.

"Mellie," he ventured, standing behind her chair, "you love Edgar—eh?"

She wheeled suddenly, her great eyes alight with a swift anger.

"Well—and supposin' I does!" she sneered.

The old man twisted his lips and spoke in deprecating tones, mingled with apologies.

"Mellie, I lof' you—my only little girl."

"It's your money you love—not me," she cried. "Why can't you give Edgar and me a little pot of the brass to take away?"

It was evident that the subject was an old one, but some new note of determination terrified Zakiel.

"I ain't got no monies, Mellie," he cringed; "your old fadder's poor—eh—'tis so—Mellie, my girl!"

"No," she cried, springing to her feet, her strong hands grasping the back of the chair.

"It's a lie, and you know it! Edgar's done some dirty work, and he's got to clear out, and I'se goin' with him—see!"

Zakiel gave a wail of real grief, and dropped his head in his hands. She towered above him in her splendid young womanhood, continuing: "I ain't goin' to let Edgar swing when he can go free with your silly

old brass." She put her hand to her round, bare throat as though it were her crime—not Edgar's.

Ordinarily, Amelia Zung was a beautiful, lazy creature, with small impulse for vice, only an insatiable vanity. Now, the maternal instinct, the protective instinct that shields what it loves, awoke in her soul the fury of a dormant, unsuspected passion. She looked down at Zakiel with fine contempt.

"Well, ain't you goin' to help us?" she asked.

"I ain't got no monies," he whined.

The girl's face grew terrible in its wrath.

"Yer lie," she breathed, and catching the Jew by the shoulder, she gave him a vigorous shake. As she stood bending over him, he sank back further on the couch, his guilty soul shaken with the agonized consciousness of what lay beneath. And then Amelia's foot struck something. It jangled with a sinister sound. She knew the sound too well to be mistaken. She was convinced that her father had money, and to spare, but that it was hidden here, here in their very sitting room, she had never dreamed.

Zakiel's face went grey, his moist lips dry; then with a mighty bound, he came to his feet, and stooping, dragged out the bag and hugged it to his breast. The weight almost curved him double, but with superhuman strength he stood erect, his eyes dilated with unutterable horror.

"Eh, eh—'tis mine—mine!" he gasped.

They faced one another, father and daughter of an alien race, and the gold-lust that had sent their people far with the curse and ache of desolation, woke strange cries in their ears, and they were one with the past in the greed of the present.

Amelia's fury broke in a wave that beat blood into her brain and sent her vision red. The Jew shrank back: he saw the gleam of a Judith

in her eye, and he knew he could never withstand her onslaught. And yet, in that moment when greed matched itself with the welfare of the only being he loved on earth—greed won. With a sly movement he caught up the dagger on the table. It was involuntary and without intention. That act lashed the Jewish girl into a rage that knew no bounds.

"Ah," she muttered between her clenched teeth. "Oh, so you would—would you?"

She snatched the dagger and raised the sheathless blade high above her head. One moment it caught the light and then descended.

"Mellie, Mellie," moaned Zakiel.

She stared stupidly at the hand, wet and warm, and shuddered at the smell which reached her nostrils. She rose stiffly, pushing back the hair from her rigid face. Mechanically, she wiped the blade and laid it next the plate of unbuttered toast.

The bag rolled from the limp arms of the Jew, and the glow from the hearth lapped eagerly the yellow tide that flowed even to the dying embers.

"Fadder, oh, fadder," cried Amelia, falling on her knees by the prostrate figure. "Fadder," she called, a rough tenderness breaking through her voice. There was no answer, only the mute inquiry of those staring eyes, only the stiffening smile on the thick, purple lips.

Horror of the consequences began to dawn slowly through her numbed brain. She got up and put back the heavy hair with the ivory comb. She reached for her hat and drew the cloak over her shoulders. She gathered up some documents, and, ignorant of their value, laid them on the flames. She stooped and picked up gold piece after gold piece, hiding them in her stocking, in her bosom, dropping them into her torn gloves. In her terror, she cared for nothing but escaping to the darkest corner of Barbary Coast, the silent,

deserted sections where night and kindred crime go hand in hand.

A cry strangled in her throat. Some one was coming heavily down the aisle of the dark shop. Amelia shivered as though from ague, and then sighed with relief when Edgar thrust his hard, coarse visage in at the door.

"Hush!" she said, sternly, pointing to the motionless object on the floor. "Hush!" she repeated, with a vacant stare.

The man's brutal face grew pale at the woman's calmness when such a ghastly thing lay between them. "You done that?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered with strange quiet, "but I done it for you." There was no self-vindication, only the statement: "I done it for you."

Edgar shrank from the touch of her hand, but caught eagerly at the gold; the first edge of his horror had worn off. They closed the door softly and moved into the gloom of the shop. Above their heads the clock struck twelve. The clock that had kept time in the darkness and in the dawn, to the clink of dross, ticked on faithfully; and the key that had known no hand but the Jew's; for twenty years, hung on its nail for many a day, and through the long night the clock's heart beat on patiently, and then stopped forever—as Zakiel Zung's had done.

Edgar swore loudly on coming in contact with the sharp edge of the counter, but Amelia's "Hush!" brought a fresh realization of their danger.

A few hours before, Amelia had entered under her father's roof, fool-

ish, and unhappy, and loving; now with the instinct of the criminal, she fled from under the same shelter, to be henceforth a fugitive from justice by day and a brazen, painted Jezebel by night.

* * * *

McClarity, on his home round, passed the pawn shop a second time. He stopped to converse a few moments with a woman whose head was swathed in a shawl, whose arm curved guardedly to protect a large white pitcher. The officer's good-natured broadside was turned to the pair in the doorway, and the woman's eyes were fixed on the twinkling lights of Kearny street, as they bobbed and dipped in the fog. Amelia clung to Edgar's arm, and, as two black shadows, they passed out into the street—unseen.

"No," said McClarity, "it's dead quiet these nights. 'Frisco ain't what it used to be when them Vigilantes was nabbing the beats by the dozens. No; there ain't nothin' doing these nights; 'Frisco's got too many jails not to be respectable."

The woman nodded in appreciation of his wisdom, and then went down a side alley, while he swaggered on to report.

The fog hung in ghostly wraiths about Stevenson's monument, and the last weary vagrant had been locked up or sent a-wandering. The benches were deserted, but about the open, shrubbed square, the electric arc lights sputtered and spat into the white dusk.

"Nothin' doin'," grinned McClarity to a brother officer, as he passed up the steps of the Hall of Justice.





Hernando Cortes, Conqueror of Mexico.

Walte, Photo.



HERNANDO CORTES, THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN MEXICAN HISTORY

BY G. F. PAUL

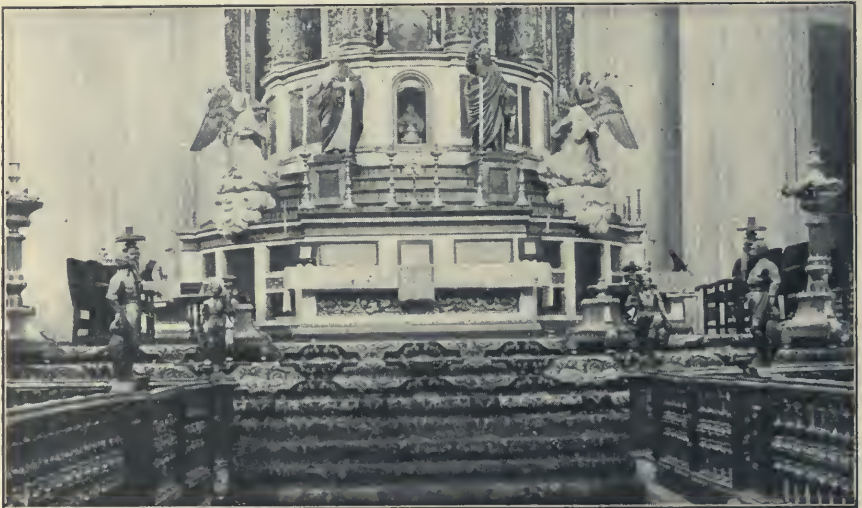
THE world is fortunate in having from the pen of Hernando Cortes several letters from Mexico addressed to his royal sovereign, Charles V of Spain. With these letters before us, we can live again the days of Aztec and Zapotec and Spanish don, those days when, by making use of every means at his command, a dauntless leader, after stranding his little vessels, advanced with the cross and the sword to the seat of an ancient and powerful empire. While there are several glowing accounts of the exploits of this redoubtable "conquistador," yet about his personal narrative is a force and vigor, springing, like the virile strength of Caesar's "Commentaries," not from the secluded library of the painstaking historian, but from the tumultuous battlefield.

Cortes was essentially a man of action. At the age of nineteen, he took passage on a merchantman

bound to the island of St. Domingo, where he was kindly received by his kinsman, the Governor. Service in the wars against the natives followed, and later, when Diego Velasquez organized an expedition for the conquest of Cuba, the young Cortes set sail again in the capacity of Secretary to the King's Treasury. This training stood him in very good stead later in life, for without it, his organization of expeditions and his establishing of permanent governments would probably have been impossible. The Governor of Cuba, recognizing his executive ability, entrusted him with the erection of a hospital, a smelter, and other public buildings. Velasquez little dreamed that he was thus training a younger rival whose fame was destined to eclipse his own. Cortes soon found in the retinue of Don Diego Columbus a seniorita from Granada, in Old Spain. This

lady, Catalina by name, was finally married to the adventurous Cortes. A difficulty with Velasquez was breached over by the Governor's standing as god-father to the daughter of Cortes. Velasquez, ambitious, but irresolute, obtained in conjunction with Cortes a license to traffic. Cortes at once began preparing his brigantines, whereupon adventurers, hearing of his purpose, came flocking to his standard. The parsimonious Velasquez, aroused by what he considered the extravagance of Cortes, desired to withdraw from the contract, hoping thereby to discour-

Alonzo, Fernandez Puertocarrero, James de Ordas, Francisco de Salzedo, Francisco de Morla, Francisco de Montejo, Juan de Escalent, Juan de Velasquez de Leon, Cristobal de Olid, Pedro de Alvarado, and Hernando Cortes. The ships, eleven in number, were under the guidance of Antonio de Alaminos, who, as chief pilot, had served with Cordova and Grijalva. About two hundred natives were taken as burden-bearers. In the vessels were stored five thousand hams and six thousand cargás (fifty pound burdens) of maize, cassava and yams, besides



Interior of Cathedral, City of Mexico.

age Cortes. The latter, however, hastened all the more his departure, proclaiming to his followers that he had nothing to do with Diego Velasquez. After dodging the efforts of that zealous Governor to trap him, he managed to take on board sufficient provisions, and at last found himself at Cape Corrientes, or Point St. Antonio, which is the northern extremity of Cuba.

Here a review of his forces showed 550 Spaniards, fifty of whom were mariners. These men were divided into companies of fifty each, and over them were placed the following captains: Alonso de Avila,

fowls, sugar, wine, oil, peas, etc. The commander's ship was of one hundred tons' burden; three others were each eighty tons, while the rest were brigantines and small vessels without decks. The flag bore a device showing flames of fire on a white and blue ground. A red cross blazed in the midst, while around the borders ran the legend in Latin: "Amici, Crucem sequamur, et in hoc signo vincemus." ("Friends, let us follow the Cross, and in this sign we shall conquer.")

Under such circumstances did the little fleet weigh anchor on the 18th of February, in the year 1519.

Driven by storms and adverse winds, the adventurers at last reached the present site of the city of Vera Cruz. In their journeyings along the coast of Yucatan, many strange things befell them. Once they fell in with a party of four savages, armed with bows and arrows. Three of these strangers fled at sight of the Spaniards, but the fourth bade his comrades have no fears. Turning to the Spaniards, he asked if they were Christians. On hearing their answer, tears of joy filled his eyes. He then asked if it was not Wednesday, for he had a

ter of a cacique, but had been sold into slavery immediately after her father's death. Cortes, discovering her knowledge of the Mexican language, promised to reward her with her freedom if she would serve faithfully as an interpreter. This she did, interpreting the Mexican into Maya to Fray Aguilar, who in turn spoke to Cortes in Spanish.

Soon, through natural ability, abetted by love, she learned to speak directly to Cortes in his own language. The historian Clavigero says of her: "She was always faithful to the Spaniards, and her ser-



Street scene, showing Pulqueria.

Cox & Carmichael, Photo.

prayer book in which he prayed daily. Kneeling devoutly, he gave thanks to God for his deliverance from savages and his restoration to his countrymen. Cortes joyfully welcomed the outcast. The name of this man, eight years a captive, was Fray Geronimo de Aguilar.

When Cortes received the Cacique of Tabasco, he found, among the twenty female slaves presented to him by that monarch, a girl of great beauty and sprightliness. On being baptised, she took the name of Marina. By birth she was the daughter

of a cacique, but had been sold into slavery immediately after her father's death. Cortes, discovering her knowledge of the Mexican language, promised to reward her with her freedom if she would serve faithfully as an interpreter. This she did, interpreting the Mexican into Maya to Fray Aguilar, who in turn spoke to Cortes in Spanish.

Soon, through natural ability, abetted by love, she learned to speak directly to Cortes in his own language. The historian Clavigero says of her: "She was always faithful to the Spaniards, and her ser-



Bronze statue of Charles IV, Mexico City.

Waite, Photo.

played there may be told in the words of Cortes: "During the three days that I was there, they provided very poorly for our wants, each day being worse than the former one. A female interpreter that I had, who was a native of this country, was informed by another female, a native of this city, that a numerous force of Montezuma lay very near the city, and that an attack was meditated which would destroy us all.

I determined to anticipate their movements, so I sent for the nobles of the city. These I shut up in a room by themselves. Mounting a horse, I caused the signal gun to be fired, and we made such execution that in two hours more than 3,000 of the enemy perished."

After routing the Cholulans, Cortes pushed on through the lofty mountain pass to the City of Mexico. Here he was welcomed by



Cortes and Montezuma.



The torture of Cuauhtemoc by Cortes.

Waite, Photo.

Montezuma, whom he in turn made virtually a prisoner. Leaving a garrison in the capital, he hastened to the coast and overwhelmed the forces which headed an expedition equipped by Velasquez to crush Cortes himself. These would-be captors Cortes won over, and returned to the capital. Here he found matters in such a plight that on the night of July 1, 1520, the Spaniards fled for their lives over the cause-

way to the mainland. Heaps of bodies clogged the moats. Alvarado, executing a wonderful leap that has perpetuated his fame to this day, joined his stricken commander under the famous Noche Triste tree. Then followed the six days' battle of Otumba, in which Cortes won but a nominal victory. For half a year he labored in his preparations to retake the capital. Timbers for thirteen brigantines were hewn, and



The Cathedral, City of Mexico.

Waite, Photo.



House of Cortes at Coyoacan, Mexico. Here Cortes tortured Guatimotzin, and here it is alleged, he murdered his first wife. Waite, Photo.

then carried on the shoulders of thousands of allied Tlascalans to the neighborhood of the capital. Each boat, on being launched, was supplied with artillery; Mount Popocatepetl had again been ascended for sulphur to be made into gunpowder. Then, after a long siege, the capital fell, and the war ended with the capture of the 'Tzin. On regaining the city, the Spaniards erected many memorials. One of these stone memorial tablets on the

old church of San Hipolito says: "In this place, on the night of July 1, 1520, called the Dismal Night, so great was the slaughter of the Spaniards by the Aztecs, that after entering the city again in triumph next year, the conquerors determined to build a memorial here, to be named the Chapel of the Martyrs, and to be dedicated to San Hipolito, for on that saint's day the city was taken."

After regaining the capital, the



Aztec calendar stone; weighs 60,000 pounds, and measures 13 feet in diameter; was found over a century ago near the corner of the Mexico City Cathedral.



Holiday on La Viga, Mexico.

Waite, Photo.

conqueror's first demand was for gold. This was not forthcoming, so he ordered the young 'Tzin to be tortured. In the administrative palace at Coyoacan, a suburb of the capital, he bound Guatimotzin, and placed a brazier of glowing coals beneath his feet. Then Cortes commanded his captive to reveal the hiding place of the royal treasure. But his commands were spoken in

vain; the Aztec prince would not divulge the secret. After dallying with his captive as a cat with a mouse, Cortes hanged the lion-hearted prince. It was also in this palace at Coyoacan that tradition says Cortes committed one of his blackest crimes. The Lady Catalina came from Cuba, and was received with chilly ostentation by Cortes. A family quarrel is said to



Through the clouds from Popocatepetl, Mexico.

Waite, Photo.



"Arbol de la Noche Triste." (The tree of the Sad Night). Waite, Photo.

have ensued. The best authorities state that after finishing his supper Cortes went into the oratory, where he found Catalina kneeling before a crucifix. Leading her into her room, he locked the door, a very heavy one that would deaden all sounds from within. And then throughout the corridors the silence of death reigned, till shortly after midnight, when Cortes, summoning his servants, said to them: "Creo que es muerta mi mujer." ("I think that my woman is dead.")

The meritorious services of Cortes—along martial, not marital lines—won for him from Charles V the title of Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca. New honors meant a new wife for Cortes, so La Marina was supplanted by Dona Juana de Zuniga. At Cuernavaca, a wonderful city in an Alpine setting, some fifty miles from the capital, Cortes established a residence. From here, he continued to direct his iconoclastic work.

The temples of the heathen were razed to the ground. The grotesque idols were hurled from their pedestals and shattered. All things were overthrown where formerly

"Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of
serpent's skin."

The spirit of Cortes can be shown in no better way than by citing his own words, wherein he describes the conflict that raged in gaining possession of the Aztec temple-fortress that stood where the great Cathedral of Mexico City now rises: "I began to ascend the stairs, followed by certain Spaniards. While they who were above disputed the ascent with great courage, by the aid of God and His glorious Mother, for



Memorial at St. Hipolito, where Cortes battled with the Aztecs, Mexico City.

whose house this tower had been designated, and whose images had been placed in it, we succeeded in ascending, and engaged with the enemy on the upper area, until I compelled them to leap down to a lower terrace that surrounded it, one pace in width. Of these terraces the tower had three or four, about sixteen feet, one above the other. Some of the enemy were hurled to the very bottom, where they were slain by our soldiers. Those who remained on the upper terrace fought so desperately that we were more than three hours engaged with them before they were all despatched; thus all perished, not one escaping. And your sacred Majesty may be assured that so arduous was the attempt to take this tower that if God had not broken their spirits, twenty of them would have resisted a thousand. I caused this tower and the others within the temple to be burned, from which they had removed the images we had placed in them."

Whether we regard the conquest of an unknown and powerful empire by a handful of men, cut off from the outside world, or the matchless self-reliance shown in the destruction of their own fleet, or the lion-heartedness that in turn overcame overwhelming obstacles, or the firm purpose manifested after victory had been secured, we may place the achievement on a level with the most daring dreams of Alexander the Great or Hannibal's triumphant crossing of the Alps. Stern times demanded stringent measures. This, with the Crusade-like nature of the expedition, may palliate some of the atrocious crimes that the great Conquistador instigated. Not only did Cortes have to battle incessantly against his hordes of Aztec foes, but daily he had to quiet dissensions and quarrels within his own ranks. He was

essentially a man of action, and not of calm deliberation. When the news was brought him that Narvaez had come against him from Cuba, he did not wait, as would a Montezuma, but summoning his followers he turned to best advantage the "tide in the affairs of men."

There is no wealth of monuments to Cortes in Mexico. He needs no monument there. The very land breathes of him. Time and again his remains, like those of the Great Discoverer, were hurried from one spot to another, until they were at length transported to the land of Italy, where they now lie at rest in the ancient tomb of the Monteleones.



One of the banners carried by Cortes in his Conquest of Mexico.

LAWSON--AND THE LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANIES

BY JOHN VON LESTRICH

MR. LAWSON in his serial story entitled "Frenzied Finance," published in another monthly magazine, has made many statements in regard to life insurance companies and their methods which so nearly approach the truth that they are being universally accepted as being Gospel. Still, Mr. Lawson, with all his versatility, is but a kindergartner in his knowledge of this subject, and has hitherto failed utterly to disclose to the public the facts in the game of finance, as played by life insurance companies.

To the world at large, the value of Amalgamated Copper stock, or any other stock, is a thing of passing moment and not worth worrying over by any one except the stock jobber; but to the millions and millions of homes, families and wives which are supposedly protected by policies in life insurance companies, the charges made by Lawson (if only in part true) are of vital interest. Any suspicion or any doubt cast on this class of protection, strikes the threshold and the hearthstone of a million homes of dependants. Life insurance is good—good for the masses and the classes.

With Lawson or his "Frenzied Finance" this article has nothing whatever to do, save that he has raised public interest to the point where the public is willing to learn, and he has, by this means, opened the gate for an exposition of the evils and blessings of the greatest two-headed monster that ever in the days of common reason, and common sense, fastened its tentacles on a civilized and thinking commonwealth, and successfully fattened it-

self under the guise of beneficence by sucking from the common people's pocket-book their hard-earned savings. The modern raper of the savings bank is named life insurance, which, like fire, is a good servant but a hard master.

Lawson's articles have opened the door of the magazine and the gate of the press, and he has burglarized and broken into these paths, which heretofore have been the preserves of the life insurance companies.

It is a courageous editor who today dares publish a single line in his magazine that is inimical to the "Three Giants," as they are called, meaning the Mutual, the New York Life, and the Equitable Life Insurance Companies. (The Prudential does not count in this quarrel). The magazine which dares, does not know anything of the Mafia Society of the Giants; they take the guardsman's motto: "One for all, and all for one," and their avenues of getting even are so various and many, that the ordinary publication would have to suspend business—be bought, sold or bartered in sixty days if the "Giants" desired to remove it. There are other reasons why it is eminently dangerous to attack or criticise a life insurance company. If you are insured, you are more than likely to lose your investment, and, plus that, be black-listed, so that you cannot obtain insurance in any company. (Lawson's case proves this system is in vogue).

Further, if you are insured, you are reported on to the company by a hired spy as to your personal habits and your private life. The watchman is employed by the com-

pany, which has already taken your money and issued you a policy. This action is taken in the same spirit that prompts one to take his umbrella if he thinks it looks like rain. It always looks like a rain of losses to the companies, and they usually are prepared with the umbrella. No man knows what he agrees to, when he signs his application for insurance, except that he pays his money and gives the company's President his proxy, so that he may retain his office and salary at the expense of the payer. Particular attention has been drawn by Lawson to the New York, the Mutual, the Prudential and the Equitable Life Insurance Companies. This is one of the weak points of Lawson's arguments. The companies are all alike. The smaller companies of the calibre of the Penn, Phoenix, Mutual Benefit and the Washington Life, pursue the same tactics as the "Giants," and deal their monte game with the public in the same manner as the big ones.

Lawson fails again because "rerum primordia," life insurance is neither more nor less than the name implies, and had its virgin province not been bastardized by the corrupt money-changers, neither this article, nor Lawson's, would have been written. Life insurance pure and simple is not extant to-day in America, for the sole reason that there is not enough money in it for the company purveyors. Life insurance, as sold now, is tainted with the everlasting fever of money-making investments. The companies or managers of to-day are not content with legitimate profit. They want more, and so they bedraggle insurance with consol, gold bond and distribution schemes, and cap the gamble by adding tontines as a more seductive method of separating the public from its money. Lawson has used the New York Life as an illustration of his exposition of frenzied finance. This writer will do the same.

In its affairs, the personnel of its

management and its success, it is neither better nor worse than the others, and one illustration will serve for all. It was originally, in 1845, the Nautilus Insurance Company. In 1849, legislative action enabled it to change its name to that of the New York Life. It began business with assets of applications for a paltry \$300,000 insurance, and in the period which has elapsed, only some fifty-six years, it has grown, until in 1905 it boasts that it protects a million families, with assets of \$390,660,260. Where, it may be pertinent to inquire, did this gigantic amount come from in a little over half a century? There is, and can be, but one answer: from the policy-holders. There is the point that Lawson misses, and there is the point that, once driven into the minds of the masses, will lead to confiscation. These millions came from and belong to the contributors, or the policy-holders.

An accumulation of \$390,000,000 in half a century from a foundation of applications for \$300,000 insurance, is enough to make the Sphinx on the desert reserve this as its pet question. How was it done? The New York Life is not alone in the gigantic steal. All the companies are alike.

Show a proposition of like nature to any merchant, no matter how shrewd, explain to him how in 56 years, starting from nothing, assets of \$390,000,000 can be accumulated in a legitimate manner, and it is a safe guess that he will call in the police.

Let us see (outside of the jugglings and stealings as exposed by Lawson) if we can make the modus operandi by which it is done plain to the common people. To illustrate: A man insures his life for \$1,000. His premium, or the amount he pays to the company for his insurance, is \$100 per year. What becomes of it?

(The writer does not give the exact percentage, but the last pub-

lished statement of the company, which he takes as an illustration, shows that it had an income in 1904 of \$96,891,272, and that it paid for death claims, endowments and annuities only \$26,509,034, so that, as an illustration, the one-third for losses is more than enough, and proves the contention of the writer.—Ed.)

Thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to the mortality fund or element, thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to reserve, and thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to expenses. To simplify matters, one-third of the company's own estimate is enough to pay the death losses. The other one-third the insured gives to the insurers as pay to them for attending to and administrating the affairs of the payor. The other one-third is reserve (a most elastic and magnetic term). This means that after the payment of the first third for the mortality element, and the second third for expenses, all of which the company gobbles. The other third is paid as a sort of collateral security to secure the payment of the first third to the insured, or his beneficiary. A beautiful system of sane finance, beating Amalgamated Copper and all other Lawson dreams into the shades of doubt. This is doubly true, since it is an open and acknowledged fact that the average losses of the leading insurance companies in this country have not averaged in the last 27 years 80 per cent of the first one-third. Does the insurer make any of this profit? Does the policy-holder get a rebate of 20 per cent of the first one-third? No; not if the company knows it. Does he get any of the last one-third—the reserve? Nay, nay! Never! The company gets that. So that, out of the \$100 premium, the assured may be safely said to be separated from somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80—for the benefit of the company. Twenty dollars being enough to pay for the death element, the

balance is sequestered by the insurance company. By these means, in half a century life insurance corporations can accumulate over \$390,000,000 of other people's money, and retain it for their own use.

As before stated, the New York Life is only used as an example. In the language of Lawson, this company serves to illustrate the evils of the system. Let us glance at the personnel of the management: Its president, John A. McCall, was a bookkeeper in the local agency office of the Connecticut Mutual Life, in Albany, New York, in the latter part of the sixties. In the earlier part of the seventies, he became connected with the insurance department of New York. In 1883, Grover Cleveland appointed him Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York; and in 1886 he entered the employment of the Equitable. At that time the rumor was, that he was too officious, and had to be taken care of by the three "Giants." The inference was that the company had something to conceal. The Equitable carried him until 1892, when a resignation was forced from President Beers of the New York Life, to make him a position, and Mr. McCall became his successor.

This trick of an insurance examiner being connected with an insurance department, examining himself into office, had been done before, and has been done since—and not alone in New York. It is not a patent of Mr. McCall's. Ohio and other States have also seen it done. The Equitable, the Prudential, and many others, afford the student of these affairs ample matter for thought. The question as to whether Lawson's statements, that the companies play flip-flop with the policy-holders' money, be true or not, can be discussed at some future date. That they do it, is easily susceptible of corroborative proof; but that the gaily flaunted millions of assets do not belong to the company, but to the policy-

holders, from whom they came, no sane man is foolish enough to deny. It may be, that the companies charge too much for their goods. This is permissible in ordinary merchandizing, but in life insurance the mutual idea is always kept to the front. The apparent result is a mutual sharing of expense and a personal sharing of profit. The whole "system," the entire scheme, is a gilded pill. The world needs the prescription and has to pay the doctor for writing it, but the day is near at hand when the billions of accumulations made by the life companies will be ultimately returned to the contributors. National supervision will be in practice, insurance will be bought at its cost and expense. The days of robbery and private railroad cars, banquets and expense accounts, will be gone forever. The days when a Perkins can serve two masters to the detriment of the

man who furnishes the funds will be forgotten. The Perkins story will keep for future use, as will that of Brewer and Hyde. In the meanwhile, the greatest graft that ever was perpetrated, the smoothest kind of a slow-action bunco game, the finest and most artistically gilded gold brick, is that of life insurance. That life insurance is a necessity to the world is admitted, but that it must be life insurance pure and simple must be conceded.

If to this is tacked on the gambling and investment element, then it becomes a curse instead of a blessing. The millions and billions of the accumulations of the life insurance companies did not come from honest life insurance, and the people are more than liable to awake and demand an accounting; and if ever that happens, it will be a sorry day for the companies.





The Pole- Seekers

By Mabel Porter Pitts

From east to north, as the petrels fly,
A snow-squall whips through a frozen sky.
Beneath the swirl of this widening track
The sea curls up like a dolphin's back,
'Twixt lift and fall of the seething gale
White shines the sheet of a ghostly sail.

O'er sodden decks in a chilling flood,
Sharp bites the tooth of the flying scud,
But hands stand firm though the plowing keel
Brooks no restraint from the steering-wheel.
Each man so still that the driving sleet
Enwraps his form like a winding-sheet.

The vessel swerves with a dip and start,
And sets its course by the captain's chart,
If mate or crew marks the swift advance
They give no sign by word or glance,
From rolling seas to a widening slough
The ship drives on with her silent crew.

The storm is ceased and the sun-dogs show
In purpling lights o'er the crusted snow;
The wind that whipped through this land of death
'Twould seem had blown with a Lethean breath,
For if hours have passed, or if days have sped,
No soul on board could have truly said.

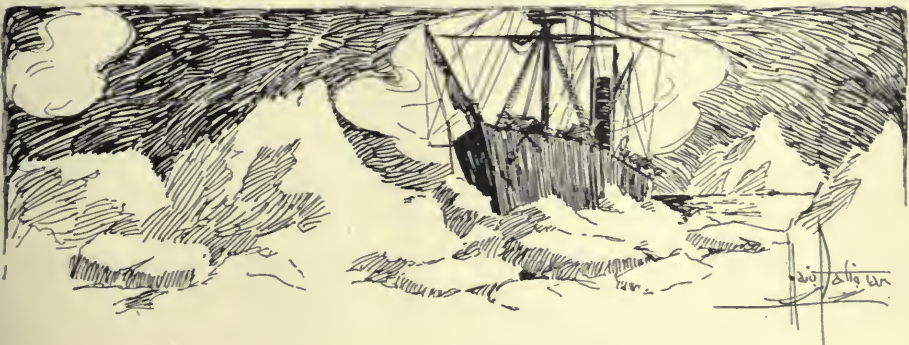
Ethereal blue at the bow and stern
That spreads o'erhead an inverted urn,
And in the rim of its arching bowl
The mystic swing of the heavens roll.
The needle swerves in a circling ring
And the world is hushed while the planets sing.

The captain bends o'er his chart and book
Nor heeds the scene by a transient look.
Arouse thee, man, for thy work is done,
The bar is past, and the goal is won!
But he makes no sign if his dull eyes see,
He is done with life and its mockery.

The ship sweeps on through the wind-tossed sea,
Through the ice-packed, shoal-ringed, threatening sea,
Till the gray waves break on a storm-worn beach
And the silence hears but the sea-mew's screech,
But the sea-mew's screech and the fur-seal's bark,
And it founders there in the angry dark.

The pole-star shines with a murky light,
Like an astral sun, with a frozen light;
O'er the glacier beds and the ice-flow's spire
The auroras flash in a fan of fire,
And they mock the forms of the corpses stark
On the ship that died in the outer dark.

The frost hangs thick on the stove-in hull,
On the snow sheathed, wave-pressed, battered hull,
And the tide bears hard on the weakened beams,
Till it saps the strength of the hemp-calked seams,
Till it sweeps away every tell-tale mark,
Lest a prey be lost to the unknown dark.



STATISTICAL TRUTHS, ETC.

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

A FLEET COMMANDED BY LANDSMEN.

ODDLY enough, the United States Government, which insists that all American vessels owned by private individuals or companies shall be commanded by men holding regular licenses as sea-faring officers, nevertheless permits a fleet of its own to be commanded by veritable landsmen. This anomaly is to be found in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and came about by a peculiar set of circumstances. Prior to the Spanish war, the vessels of the survey, which numbered about a dozen, ranging from small tug-boats up to quite large sea-going craft, were officered by officers of the United States Navy, detailed from time to time for duty in the Coast Survey by reason not only of their navigating ability, but on account of their training as hydrographers, and men evidently suited by their calling for the collection and compilation of data to be used in the making of charts and sailing directions for the use of mariners.

When the Spanish war broke out, the needs of the navy necessitated the withdrawal from the Coast Survey of all naval officers on duty with it. The Survey thereupon found itself in a predicament. It had ships with crews of sailors upon them, but no officers. The Coast Survey, however, did have a large number of civilians, principally topographers, draftsmen, recorders and the like. It was determined to transform these, at least nominally, into ship's officers. As far as the strictly surveying duties of the surveys were concerned, this was all right, but when it came to handling ships, difficulties arose. As a partial exit from the dilemma, the Survey employed a number of professional

seamen to do the navigating and handling of its ship. These were termed "watch officers." Nevertheless, the command of the ship was given to one of the civilians, and sometimes the second and third in command, besides many of the juniors, were and still are, landsmen.

Such is the state of affairs even at the present time. The watch officers are not permitted to rise to common rank, the captaincies being reserved for the surveyors, the majority of whom have but the scantiest knowledge even of nautical nomenclature. The responsibility of the management and sailing of the ships, the discipline of their crews and other nautical duties are performed almost wholly by the watch officers.

Yet with a view of eventually developing seamen out of these surveyors, the Coast Survey is assigning its junior employees to duties as deck officers, and many, under the tutelage of the sea-faring watch-officers, have become fairly competent sailors. The majority of the captains, however, are men well past middle age, and their nautical education since assuming command has come slowly.

Amusing mistakes have often been made by these landsmen-captains, as was to be expected under the circumstances, but the most amusing thing of all is the spectacle of ships and their crews of sailors commanded by men, the greater part of whose lives had previously been spent on shore, or, when on board ship, in the capacity of passengers.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S DELIGHT.

There is joy, combined with some confusion, in the heart and

mind of the philatelist. Always in search of some new variety of postage stamp to add to his multitudinous collection, he has just received a dose that promises him entertainment enough for some time to come. It is derived from the antics of the Postmaster General of Panama. Not having the dies and other paraphernalia at hand for the manufacture of new postage-stamps for the Republic's use, the Panama Postoffice simply took the old Colombian stamps, cancelled out the word "Colombia," and surcharged the words "Republica de Panama." This process answered the purpose perfectly well, but, in his haste and lack of consideration for the consequences, the man who did the surcharging let his hand run riot. Some stamps were marked at the top, some at the bottom, some upside down, others at various angles. Red ink was used on some, blue on others; green, brown, black on yet others. As your true, fanatical philatelist takes cognizance of every variation in a stamp, he has in the new Republic's outfit a veritable mine.

ODD METHODS OF DISCIPLINE.

In the somewhat elaborate system of maintaining discipline among the "men behind the gun," there are two great classes of offenses, which must be treated in quite different ways. Under one head are those recognized and provided for by the articles of war, which prescribe certain penalties for certain specific offenses, and limit the various forms and degrees of punishment.

The other class of defenses with which the disciplinary officers have to deal is less definite. It includes a host of misdeeds, largely sins against neatness, tidiness, punctuality and other of the cardinal naval virtues. To mete out to offenders against these virtues their just deserts is often a problem which

calls for the exercise of infinite judgment and tact. After long years of experience, the United States Navy has evolved a practice, hardly a system, which comes as near as can be to the Gilbertian ideal of "making the punishment fit the crime." The workings of this practice are interesting and instructive.

For example, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a maxim in the Navy as old as the service itself. Yet it is one that many raw recruits fail to appreciate when they first don the blue. It is soon beaten into them. On board ship there is an institution known as the "lucky bag." It is seldom in reality a bag, but more often a large locker or small store-room. Into it is thrown every article, belonging to any member of the crew, which may be found lying carelessly about—"adrift," as the sailors call it. There are fixed times and places for the sailor to get at his belongings, and if he leaves them lying about, the keen eye of the master-at-arms, or some other officer in authority, is quick to discover them. Forthwith they go into the "lucky bag." Maybe a pair of shoes is left out; possibly a towel is left where it should not be; or it may be a neckerchief, a comb, a blanket—anything that the jackie may use. It is confiscated when not in its proper place. Once in the "lucky bag," the owner must do without it, unless he redeems it, which he may do by claiming the property, and proving his proprietorship, and then undergoing some punishment for permitting it to get into the "lucky bag." This punishment may take any one of several forms, dependent largely upon the offender's record, or the circumstances under which he left his property "adrift." At the end of each quarter there is an auction sale of articles left unclaimed in the "lucky bag," and then they go to the highest bidder, who may or may not be the original owner. The proceeds of the auc-

tion generally go to the seamen's mess fund.

One of the most strongly condemned offenses against tidiness is the practice of expectorating upon the decks. While the articles of war do not prescribe a penalty for this crime, the customs of the service do. The mildest penalty inflicted is compelling the offender, with a wet swab, bucket, and even, perhaps, a holystone, to wipe up the spot his saliva has defiled. Sometimes, in a flagrant case, the offender is made to stand guard over the spot for some length of time, with a swab in his hand and a cuspidor around his neck, as a warning to others.

It is related of that recognized arbiter elegantiarum of the navy, Admiral George Dewey, that he once came on deck, and viewed a quid of chewing tobacco lying on the otherwise spotless planking. Not knowing who was guilty, he immediately called all hands, broke out the triatic stay and yard-tackles, a huge apparatus for hoisting out heavy boats, and made the crew hoist the quid overboard by its means. The lesson had its effect.

Other provisions of unwritten law apply to other breaches of discipline. When a man is tardy at a formation, he is apt to be called an hour before every succeeding formation for some time thereafter, being kept waiting, at attention, during the hour. Those who are habitually untidy about their persons, or habitually careless in the matter of being in the proper uniform of the day, are often required to present themselves three, four or more times a day to some specified officer, to be inspected as to their neatness. Overstaying liberty ashore is punished by deprivation of liberty for varying lengths of time, depending upon the length of the overstaying.

Sometimes men are slow to respond when an order is given. To

remedy this, the laggards are often placed toeing a seam in the deck for the rest of the watch, to await the next order. This is officially not a punishment, but merely the exercise by the officer in charge of his lawful right to station the men where most advantageous.

Then there is the custom among good officers, when work is required to be done by only one, or perhaps two or three men, never to call upon the willing workers, but always to give the order by name to recognized shirks. In this way, all are encouraged to be industrious, the sloths knowing full well that when extra work is to be done they will be the ones called upon to do it, leaving the hard workers in peace.

* * *

There is a thoroughness about military justice, when applied in the proper direction, which makes the atmosphere of the punishment cling to the convicted offender long after the specific penalty has been inflicted. To the military mind, cowardice and fraud are two crimes of unexcelled enormity, and upon them has always been visited the severest punishments. In the new revision of the articles of war, the fate of the officer guilty of either of these offenses is one that will at once strike the civilian as strangely sad. Article 75 of the new Army Code says: "When an officer is dismissed from the service for cowardice or fraud, the sentence shall further direct that the crime, punishment, name and place of abode of the delinquent shall be published in the newspapers in and about the camp, and in the State from which the offender came, or where he usually resides; and after such publication it shall be scandalous for an officer to associate with him." If that article is designed to make the coward or the swindler a marked man, it would seem to be quite equal to accomplishing its purpose.

ARCTOMYS MONAX AND HIS ADUMBRATION

BY FRED A. HUNT

"You must wake and call me early,
call me early mother, dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time
of all the glad New Year—
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
the maddest, merriest day";
For I want to see my shadow—to
tell whether I sleep or play.

Thus might the ground-hog (the American marmot, usually called in New England, woodchuck; officially designated *Arctomys monax*) have apostrophized his mamma arctomys on February 1st, for February 2d is known as "Ground Hog's Day." On this day he is poetically, or fabulously, supposed to come out of his burrow, where he has been hibernating, and looks over the landscape and investigates to see whether he casts a shadow or no. If not, he gambols about because he knows that his winter's sleep is over, as spring is near at hand; but if he sees his shadow, he retreats into his basement lodging house, and curls himself up for another six weeks' monaxticism—spring is that far away. In countries where the ground-hog is not to the manor born, other animals perform the role of weather forecaster and think they perform a signal service: in Germany, the badger; in England, the hedge-hog; in Switzerland and France, the marmot. In Scandinavian folk-lore, the bear is the observer who wakes up on Candlemas Day. If the sun is shining into his cave, he turns over and resumes his nap; but if it is cloudy, he shakes himself, stretches his muscles and fares forth into the world, for his winter's sleep is over.

Of the infallibility of the ground-hog as a weather prophet, the "cul-lud" people of the Southern States are impregnably convinced. They appear to have imported some such

legend with their Brer Rabbit fables from Afric's sunny strand, but, amid their plethora of marvelous superstitions, one more or less weighs little.

The peculiar fact remains, however, that this erroneous idea should prevail over such a wide area, and among so many diverse nationalities, when it is so erroneous, for one has but carefully to note the absolute weather conditions on February 2d, and the consequent six weeks—whereof it is presumed to be the pilot-fish—to demonstrate the fallacy of the Ground-Hog Day prophecy. Yet, as usual, the adherents of the infatuation cling to their sciolism, and fortify their position with such old saws as, "The farmer would rather see a wolf in his barn than the sun on Candlemas Day"; or, "As far as the sun shines in the door on the 2d of February, so far the snow will drift in the 2d of May," or:

"I would rather see my wife on a bier
Than to see Candlemas clear."

A careful examination of the precedents and conclusions seems to demonstrate that the sole reason for the cluster of fables around Candlemas Day is that pleasant February weather is customarily followed by a change and a chilly spring. Thus, the inhabitant of the Land o' Cakes vituperates:

"Of a' months in the year,
Curse on fair Februeer."

While the gentlemen from the habitat of the leek emphasize their dislike of a sunny Candlemas by the poetical outbreak:

"The Welshman would rather see
his wife on her bier
Than a fair Februeer."

There may be a suspicion, however, that something may depend on the wife's characteristics relative to the Welshman's mortuary and alternative aspirations.

Again, the canny Scot proclaims:

"If Candlemas be fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year."

While the Englishman asseverates that:

"If Candlemas Day be fair and clear
There'll be two winters in that one
year."

Here is an asthology of Ground-Hog Day lyrics whose origin and derivation is unknown:

"Have on Candlemas Day
One-half your straw and one-half
your hay."

"Just half your wood and half your
hay
Should be remaining on Candlemas
Day."

"Candlemas Day, if it be fair,
The half the winter's to come and
mair.

Candlemas Day, if it be foul,
The half of winter's past at Yule."

"On Candlemas Day
Throw the candle and stick away.
When Candlemas is come and gone
The coal lies on a red-hot stove."

(This latter quatrain would deservedly rank in ambiguity with any of the far-famed dicta from the tripos of the Delphic oracle.)

"If Candlemas Day be fair and
bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas Day be clouds
and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come
again."

"February 2d bright and clear
Gives a good flax year."

The following vaticinations are in prosaic form, but are probably just as reliable as those whose authors had a recrudescence in Runic rhymes:

"If on the second of February the goose finds it wet, then the sheep will have grass on March 25th." (There is nothing included in this statement as to what the followers of Little Bo-Peep may expect if the tailor finds it wet—inside or out.)

"When drops hang on the fence on the 2d of February, icicles will hang there on the 25th of March." (Here also there is a latitude of conjecture unavailed of, pre-supposing Darby and Joan hung on the gate on February 2d.)

Candlemas Day is still kept as a holiday in England at most public offices, and is called a "grand day" at the Inns of Court, a "gaudy day" at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and a "collar day" at the St. James, being one of the three great holidays during the term, whereon legal and official business is suspended. In Scotland, Candlemas is one of the four term-days appointed for periodical annual payments of money, interest, taxes, etc., and of entry to premises—the other term-days being Whitsunday, Lammass and Martinmas. Candlemas however, rejoices in a very much more dignified and pompous designation, being known on the church calendar as "The Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary." Its canonical institution is generally accredited to Pope Sergius, about A. D. 684, but it really owes its origin and appellation to a much earlier date and occasion, being one of the festivals that were adopted, or absorbed, by the early Christian Church from the heathen Romans. According to the calendar of Numa Pompilius, February was the last month of the year, receiving its name from Februa, an expiatory sacrifice, because all the offenses of the year were, in that month, squared up with the gods by penances and sac-

rifices. The second day of the month, the ceremonies of purification were opened with a procession, wherein torches of flambeaux were carried in honor of various deities—a custom perpetuated in our own political processions, but alas! with no overt or actual intent of lustration.

The early Fathers, desirous of vaccinating the heathen customs with Christian observances, cast about for some means of obliterating this ceremony in honor of Februa, the Mother of Mars. The observance of the accredited birthday of the Savior at the time of the winter solstice would bring, at about a date corresponding to the heathen feast, one of similar significance in the Christian church, the purification of the Virgin in the Temple. So the original ceremony, instituted in honor of Februa, Ceres or Venus, was abrogated and then abolished, and the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary was grafted on the basis of the heathen ceremony.

The popular name, Candlemas, is derived from the numerous candles that were distributed, carried in the processions and then burned in the churches, it being the custom to have them provided in very large numbers, blessed by the priest and then donated to the people, and to these beatified candles many strange attributes were attached by their devout recipients. It may be possible that the pagan torches used at the uneclesiastical precursor of Candlemas were the direct cause of the carrying and burning of candles; but it is certain that a special importance was attached to this phase of the celebration, as is testified in an ancient document of the time of Henry VIII, preserved in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, London, which, discoursing on the rites and ceremonies of the English Church, thus adduces: "On Candlemas Daye it shall be declared that the bearinge of candels is done in the memorie of Christe, the spirituall lyghte whom Simeon dyd pro-

phceye ('a light to lighten the Gentiles') as it is redde in the churche that daye." This is a curious, but by no means singular instance of the literality of devotion practiced by the medieval devotees of religion. As an added incentive to the portage of candles, they were alleged to have the power of frightening the devil and all evil spirits away from those who were carrying them (They have lost their potency to do the same thing in processions political of the present day), or they would perform exorcism in any house wherein they were placed! The ceremony of blessing the candles was one of the first things protested against at the time of the Reformation, both on the Continent and England, and in 1854 an order of council prohibited the ceremony in the latter country, but was nevertheless carried on for a number of years to a limited extent.

Another superstitious observance concerning Candlemas was to take down on that day all the Christmas decorations of holly, mistletoe, etc., and to substitute for them box, yew, etc., in preparation for the carnival of Mardi Gras (or Shrove Tuesday). On Shrove Tuesday, pancakes for some inscrutable reason, were the correct menu, as Hot Cross Buns were on Good Friday.

From the establishment in the rubric of the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, another custom arose for Candlemas Day, and one which was consistently observed for many centuries—the forms for its ritual observance being still in the Episcopal prayer book—viz., the churching of women; a thanksgiving to be offered by those who had successfully passed through the pains and dangers of accouchement—a ceremony directly in accord with the Jewish one of the purification of women. The Jewess made a votive offering of "two turtle-doves or two young pigeons" in the Temple; the votation of the Christian woman was a certain number of

candles, because of the Candlemas Day custom.

Germane to this custom of the churching of women, there is an interesting and perfectly authentic narrative told of William the Conqueror and Philip of France. The former in his old age became very corpulent (physical culture not having then been discovered), and suffered much from ailments consequent on this extreme adiposity. On one occasion, after he had been thus sick for some weeks, the King of France scoffingly remarked: "Methinks the King of England lieth long in child-bed!" When King William heard this sally of wit, he was furious, and said: "When I am churched, there will be a thousand lights in France." Most fearsomely did William keep his word, for no sooner was he able to travel than he took an army over to France, and from Calais southward laid waste

many miles of the country with fire and sword, and transformed scores of smiling and peaceful villages into heaps of smoking ruins. Had not the rage and venom of the Conqueror produced its own retribution, so that he died in the midst of his victories—riding over the ruins of the town of Mantes, his horse stepped upon a live ember and threw him forward on the pommel of his saddle, giving him a mortal hurt—King Philip might have paid for his witticism with the loss of his kingdom and his head.

This crescendo narrative from the humble ground-hog to William the Conqueror may perhaps adequately be terminated by the oldest-known superstition concerning Candlemas, one of the early Latins:

"Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam
fuit ante"

EVENING

BY E. C. HOPKINS

Now fades the day into night's waiting arms,
And, as a bride her love awaits, new-wed;
Bejeweled, to enhance her maiden charms,
The ocean welcomes to her restless bed
The God of Day. Then falls the waning glow;
The rosy flush, and multi-colored mist;
Leaving in ecstasy that none can know,
All Nature's darlings, that its rays have kissed.



UPON THE RUSSIAN RIVER

BY WILL G. TAFFINDER

A stretch of dull brown pebbly sand
Tied to the shore with rope of water blue;
The redwoods rising high on either hand
Leaves only heaven open to the view.
The willows wavering o'er the water's edge,
Azalias blooming thick upon the hill,
The splash of trout from out the shoreward sedge,
The echoing whistle of the distant mill.
The memory is so keen of joy, in pain I quiver
For scenes and days and you

Upon
the
Russian
River.

The noisy jay, with plumage all aglow,
Chirps at his image in the stream below.
The quail are calling from beneath the trees,
And yerba buena laden is the gentle breeze.
The sunlight glints in shafts across the shade,
Where ferns grow rank—and iris gem the glade.
The scene is one of perfect glory ever,
With you and I to drink it in.

Upon
the
Russian
River.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST

What the Monroe Doctrine does not Oppose

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

IN the European discussions of the Monroe Doctrine, and the magazines of Germany and England are full of them, one great fact seems to be lost sight of, namely: this country only objects to any European power establishing its political system, or extending its government to this hemisphere. There is no objection to an unlimited immigration from Europe to America. For many reasons, the United States should, and no doubt would, welcome immigration to the Central and South American Republics. It is the Government, not the people, to which objection is made.

It is said by the European writers that the population of Europe is becoming so dense, especially in Germany, that emigration is an absolute necessity. There is no room for a greater population in Asia, and Africa in a large part is a desert, and uninviting. America is fertile and immensely rich in natural resources, and therefore Europeans will not long consent to be excluded from its valleys and plains because of the sentimental objection that European systems are dangerous to American Republicanism. They charge us with being a national dog in the international manger, unwilling to develop or settle the Southern Continent, and forbidding others to do so. They declare that the present half-civilized governments, with their continual revolutions, must go, and that, if necessary, all Europe will combine to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine and open up the much desired lands.

But, admitting the necessity for European emigration, because of the dense population of that Continent, and agreeing that South America is

the ideal spot for the emigrant, this offers no reason for opposing the Monroe Doctrine, which is aimed at governmental systems and not at individuals or would-be emigrants. As a rule, most of the immigrants are as anxious to get away from the home system of government as they are from the home country, and it is in their interests, as much as in those of our Southern neighbors, that the Monroe Doctrine is maintained. The emigrants themselves, or their children, will in future days thank us for upholding the principles which it represents, and which mean that they shall have the ultimate right to govern themselves.

The history of this country, of Canada, and of Latin-America, teaches one lesson as plainly as though it were written on tablets of stone; and that is, European colonies, as soon as they are strong enough to assert their rights, insist on independence.

In a generation or two, the Germans in Brazil or the Italians in the Argentine Republic will cease to be Germans or Italians, as certainly and as completely as Yankees have ceased to be English, or Brazilians have ceased to be Portuguese. If European emigration to South America continues to be as large as at present, the new-comers will rule the Southern countries, and we will have a Teutonic instead of a Latin Republic in Brazil, and men of Italian descent, instead of those with Spanish blood in their veins, as rulers of the neighboring Republic. Two generations of South American Germans will care as little about the Fatherland as two generations of German-Americans care about it in this country to-day.

The Italians recognize that fact, and are making no efforts to keep their compatriots who emigrate loyal to the home government. England has long recognized the same inevitable tendency in colonies, and allows hers such a measure of home rule that they are practically independent. The Germans must bow to the inevitable.

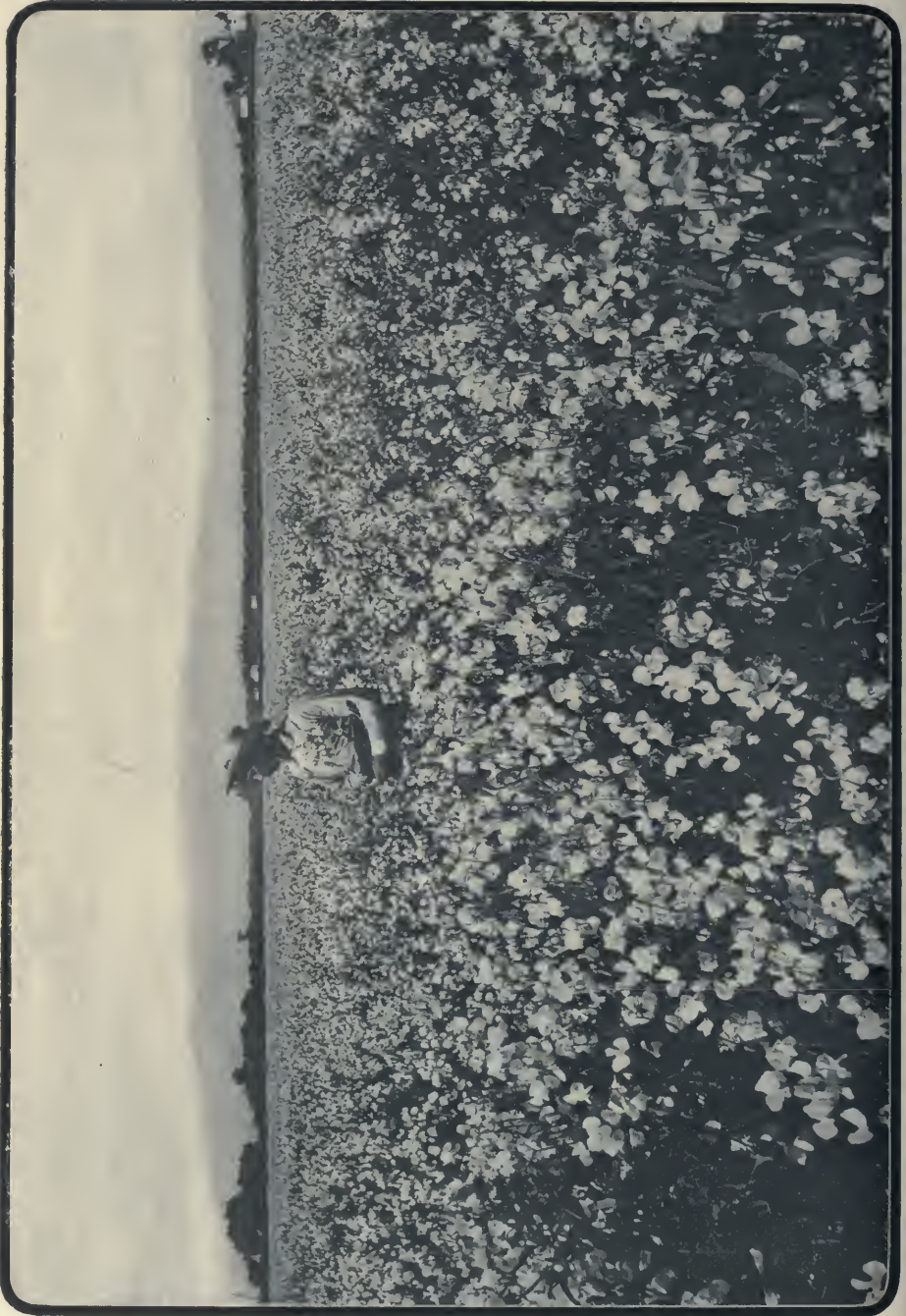
So far as the United States is concerned, the settling of the southern countries by Germans and Italians is a good thing. It means stable governments; it means rapid increase in population; it means immense increase in trade. Forty millions of Germans in Brazil would be better customers than the forty millions of Germans in Germany. The Germans converted into Brazilians would be as warm supporters of the Monroe Doctrine as are the Ger-

mans converted into Yankees. They would make any European invasion of the Southland impossible. They would be Americans, not Europeans, and therefore in favor of everything which is of importance to this hemisphere and opposed to everything which would hand it over to European control.

There is no question but that South America is the ideal country for the European emigrant, and no people are more anxious to see him settle that part of the globe than Americans, but he must leave his government at home, and become in this hemisphere a freeman.

European immigration to South and Central America is far from being a menace to the Monroe Doctrine; it is its strongest support and its best assurance of permanency.







Prof. Soule as "Mortality."



Mrs. H. N. Miner as "Mother Nature."

Photo Hana Robison.

A CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER SUN MYSTERY

BY MABEL H. BROWN.

"It is fitting," the author maintained in prologue, "that a play such as this be enacted in a church."

One looked for something, of a medieval origin—a miracle play, perhaps, or a "mystere religieux," but Charles Keeler, poetist, essayist and maker of books, has, in his "Triumph of Light," given us something frankly modern.

"A California Midwinter Sun Mystery," he calls it, and there pauses, leaving further interpretation to his cast.

The little drama, or idyll—call it what we may—was first enacted in the quaintly artistic Unitarian

Church in Berkeley. The altar platform, transformed by boughs and garlands into a woodland bower, made a fit setting for the fairy folk who tripped across it, rising as from the ground, and disappearing in dusky alcoves screened with brush.

The setting and action do, in sooth, date back to a period of antiquity. As in "Everyman," revived by the Ben Greet Company of players, the actors saunter through the aisles, and speak their lines from here and there about the entrances, and are always answered from the stage.

But here all imitation of past pro-

ductions ends, save in the character of Mortality, whose semblance exists in most of the early religious dramas.

Mortality, taken for this play to represent a type of mankind, is journeying toward the grave, beset on all sides by doubts and fears, and harassed by ungratified longings for he knows not what.

Mortality is a seer; his beard is white, his step tottering. The voices of the night—the bats, the owls, the winds—call to him as he journeys forth. The lights are out, the hour precedes the dawn, and the voices coming from total darkness, "mutter and moan" in jangled chorus.

"Mid the boughs of the oak, in
needles of fir!
O dolorous darkness, O chaos of
gloom,
We chant from the deeps of the
forest of doom."

A reading of the play gives but

slight idea of its effect when acted. The approach of dawn is gradual, as in reality, and is heralded at first by the veriest semblance of a misty light in the distance. The chorus of the Night is partly hushed.

"Murmur and mumble and mutter
and moan,
The bats are a-winging, the owlets
have flown,
The night wind is sleeping,
The dawn mist is weeping,
And we must be sweeping to drear-
ier zone."

There is no plot; the play hinges on a mere idea, a poet's idea, be it said, and the setting in its close, represents day bright and glorious—the California midwinter day, with birds and flowers in attendance on Mother Nature.

A troop of boys represents the birds, dressed in fantastic, clownish costumes, especially designed for the occasion. A bevy of little girls



"Hail! King of Day."

Photo by Adelaide Hanscom



Miss Ethel Preble as "Dawn." Mr. N. H. Peyson as "Pan." Mrs. L. M. Hale as "Nymph."
Photo by Hana Robison

appropriately gowned, represent the flowers—the native flowers of the Berkeley hills. They kneel at the altar, bowing their heads in homage to the noon sun—the King of Day.

The story is, that Mortality, journeying through a lengthy season of "unprofitable, mis-spent years," overweighted with learning and profitless ambition, has found no warmth in his heart for love.

Mother Nature points out to him the folly of his way. He is led to a litter where rests a sleeping child, and is given a magic torch with which to waken the little sleeper. She rises and faces him, Love personified, and asks:

"Who are thou, sire, that hath awakened me?"

He bows his head in homage:

"I am Mortality, o'erburthened
long
With ills of flesh immedicable."

She answers, simply:

"Mortality, I pity thee, dear soul:
Bend down and let me kiss your ills
away.



"King of Day."



Mr. Keeler as "Herald."

Photo by Adelaide Hanscom

Thus from a child gain immortality."

Mortality, enraptured, cries:

"Dear child, in joy I fold you to my breast.
 Searching, I found not God, but with the kiss
 A little child bestows, love enters in
 To light the tabernacle of my heart,
 And in that secret chamber, lo, I see
 God's grace benign of immortality."

Mr. Keeler has not attempted a problem play in miniature, nor does he try to point a moral; rather, he paints a picture, or a series of pictures, in poetic setting. This bit of a poetic drama, he hopes, will be but a forerunner of a series of similar plays, with California themes and backgrounds. He has already drawn largely on his native heath

for inspiration; he is a poet who works generally with the matter at hand.

In his "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea" he gives the sailors' chanties as he heard them in the many ports he has visited—not as he reads them in books. And he has improvised for his own amusement with these chanties as major chords. All these songs are of the Pacific, and breathe the spirit of the West.

In his "Idyls of El Dorado," Mr. Keeler has given Western nature a garb of new mythology. He has, in truth, invented rhythms to personify the natural phenomena about him—the phenomena back of the Berkeley Hills.

"Elfin Songs of Sunland," his latest work, shows his power of interpreting the child-heart. Already the book has run into its second edition—an edition de luxe, with illustrations by Louise Keeler. Quite



Merodine Keeler as "Love."

Photo Hana Robison.

fortunate is this poet of the Pacific in having wedded a woman as gifted in the art of illustrating as he is in the art of poesy. The two supplement each other, planning each book together, and thus working for the furtherance of their kindred ambitions.

Mr. Keeler is distinctly original in all his work; he strikes new notes even in old themes. In the "Promise of the Ages" he sets the sciences to music, and, to quote a New York critic: "Sings geology, astronomy, biology and theology, and sings them in stately measure."

"The Triumph of Light" has been put into pamphlet form; but, as before remarked, the little play is far better witnessed than read. Professor Soule, of the University of California, took the leading role as

Mortality, and Mrs. H. N. Miner, of Berkeley, was an ideal Mother Nature. The part of Love, the child, was taken by Mr. Keeler's little daughter Merodine—a name coined by Mr. Keeler in his "The Promise of the Ages." Mr. Keeler himself was the priest of the Sun, and E. M. Peyson made a rollicking Pan.

Our poet has frankly endeavored to set a fashion, not in the revival of old plays, but in the creation of new ones, of a kind suitable to be given in churches, or in places other than professional halls. It is not exactly in line with the movement to uplift the stage, but is rather a movement for widening the dramatic field, and may present new ideas to old masters in the art of play-writing.

FEW THERE ARE

BY CHARLES W. STEVENSON

How few there are who think of others first,
 To give them honor, gain them glad success;
 Do them a kindness and the fact suppress;
 Speak of them gently when men say the worst;
 Share food and drink and hide their own deep thirst;
 Love them through intimacy's calm and stress;
 Cling to them when they wrong, or guilt, confess;
 How few there are, how very few, who durst!
 And when one does, how many cry: "A fool!
 A hypocrite, beware the unctuous man—
 He wears the cloak of helpfulness who can—
 How many fawn and bend the knee to rule!"
 But lo! this man of warm and willing heart
 Writes no remorse on life's unfolding chart.

THE WORLD'S AWHEEL AGAIN

Good Roads and Just Legislation.

BY SIDNEY PELL MAKINSON

THE automobile has established itself in public favor, and its utility is now beyond question. Apart altogether from its value as an article of pleasure, it is developing an actual worth as a commercial asset, as an important, and, indeed, in the present condition of industry, necessary vehicle for the transaction of business. This result was long ago foreseen by men of experience and imagination, and the ever-increasing number of automobiles devoted to trade purposes bears testimony to its value. This is only the beginning of a development in the extension of the use of the machine which will make it the ordinary means of transportation for farmers and others. In order that the automobile may have fair play, it is necessary that roads be made which will give it a chance to show its power.

The question here presented does not affect merely the well-to-do, who are employing the automobile as a means of pleasure; it is of profound importance to the community, and its wise solution will be fraught with commercial advantages to the State of no small importance. It will be remembered that the good roads of Europe, and of Great Britain in particular, were only made when the commercial conditions which required the shipment of heavy loads over them made such improvement necessary. The automobile will be to California what the great wagon was to Europe, and the same results must be achieved—the improvement of highways and the building up of real roads in place of the muddy and unsatisfactory trails which still in most parts of the State do duty under the name of roads. Such pseudo-roads are an actual commercial

draw-back, and uneconomical in every sense of the term; they are a waste of energy and money simply beyond calculation, and if the automobile converts them into real highways, it will have performed one of the most necessary services which can be rendered to the Commonwealth.

The roads in California are simply vile. In fact, to apply the term to them at all is something of a farce; enough to make a self-respecting Roman turn in his grave, and the builders of the British turnpikes shiver even in the torrid zone reserved for the souls of fraudulent contractors. Even about the bay, within shouting distance of one of the great capitals of modern life, and a city which within fifty years may be the most important in the world, the highroads are simply by-ways, full of ruts, thick with mud in the fall, and in the summer dangerous to man and beast by reason of dust and loose stones and rubbish. No automobile can travel them with any safety; in fact, a light running cart traverses them at risk to its occupants, and danger of destruction to its own framework. But when we leave these districts and pass into that part of the State where the so-called roads are at the mercy of the incompetents which the county places in supervision, description becomes impossible; they are unutterably bad. They are such as no self-respecting animal should ever consent to draw a load over, and are ruinous to the automobile, an offense to decency, and a standing mockery of our claims to any consideration as a civilized community.

And this need not be the case. There is plenty of material for placing them in repair, and the roads

themselves can be made without difficulty, and with the expenditure of an amount of money ridiculously small in face of the obvious advantages. In fact, there are possibilities for these roads which, in view of their scenery and the climatic advantages, would make this State a Mecca for tourists who are desirous of investigating more of the country than can be seen on an ordinary railway journey, and who yet hesitate to face the difficulties and actual dangers which our roads impose upon them.

The Camino Real, the great California highway about which there has been so much talk, and concerning whose existence the skeptical have been inclined to doubt, does unquestionably exist.

The Camino Real, improved and made suitable for automobiles, would give us a magnificent highway, traversing some of the most beautiful and interesting country in this continent, and it is time that it was done.

Yosemite, again, is one of the stock places of the State. Everybody who comes here must see Yosemite, and the roads in the summer are crowded with thousands of Californians, making a devout pilgrimage to this one of their most famous shrines of natural beauty. But the roads to Yosemite are unendurable. Even a walking enthusiast, with his pack animal, hurls vindictive abuse at the abominations which he is called upon to tread, while the man who has an automobile would be more than reckless of his property to use it along the wretched tracks of Calaveras County, fit, perhaps, for the passage of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, but almost absolute-

ly useless for any purposes of locomotion.

Even these great feats of road-making can be dispensed with for the present if those in authority will only give us some notion that they intend to make the roads in the more populous district of the State for the user of the automobile, who is a man and a citizen, and would appear to have certain rights to the use of the means of communication in spite of the abuse of the demagogues and the conservatism of the moss-backs.

There is all the less excuse for the continuation of this wretched road system in view of the fact that of late years a whole arsenal of facts has been placed before the people by the United States Government, and the Governments of the several States which have given their consideration to the all-important question of road building, while we, with our usual arrogant superiority to instruction of any kind, and our firm conviction that we are the most progressive of peoples, continue to satisfy ourselves with highways which would make a Roman army contractor blaspheme. The cementing power of road-materials, the comparative cost of different systems of constructions, the use of oil for keeping roads in good condition, all of these things have been generally discussed, and Californians have sat and listened with a bored expression and a firm conviction not to do anything.

The automobile has come to rouse them from this lethargy; it introduces a new system, and like all prophets, the way must be prepared before it. All that is wanted by the auto is good roads, and it should have them.

THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

BY FRANCES DENSMORE

INDIAN music, in the general acceptance of the term, is the pandemonium of a small boy, conducted with the dignity of his grandfather. The most familiar form of this music is the social dance. The Indians have a large repertory of songs appropriate to these occasions, but there is a striking similarity among them; the melody is always short and repeated an indefinite number of times, without any perceptible attempt at "expression." They have other melodies, however, which are entirely different in character. These are the songs which a white man seldom hears—songs of ceremonial, of love, and of worship; songs of all the thoughts that lie unspoken beneath the sculptured bronze.

During a recent campaign among the Apaches, an officer of the United States army was riding along a winding mountain road, when he heard the sound of Indian singing. Years of service on the plains had accustomed his ears to the red man's music; he was familiar with the war song and the scalp dance, but the song which he heard was different from these. It was a melody of wild beauty, and there was no drum accompanying the song. He stopped to listen; when suddenly, around a curve of the road before him, swept two young Apaches, riding at full speed in the moonlight, each with an arm across the other's shoulder. They were singing with all the abandon of their free young lives, but the instant they saw him their gaiety vanished; the song ceased; they were only two red men on rather dilapidated ponies.

The army can deal with some phases of Indian affairs, but not with the music of the aborigine.

Conquered, he has surrendered his lands and his hunting-ground, but his music he would only give to one whom he knew to be his friend. This music, expressing his true personality, has been secured for us by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, holder of the Thaw Fellowship at Harvard University, who went to Nebraska in 1880, and, in the interest of scientific research, lived on an Omaha Reservation, as guest of the chief of the tribe. There she won the confidence and esteem of the Indians, so that, in token of their friendship, they sang for her the songs which no white person had ever heard. She wrote down the music exactly as it was sung, and, finding that a harmonizing of the melodies pleased the Indians, she secured the assistance of the late Prof. J. C. Fillmore, in the technical work of harmonization. Strange as it may seem, the untaught Indian has a sub-conscious sense of correct harmony, and in working upon these songs, Miss Fletcher and Professor Fillmore, by patient experiment, found chords which pleased the Indians. These songs are fully given in Miss Fletcher's charming book, "Indian Story and Song in North America." Some of the songs were readily harmonized by the principal chords of the key, but others involved strange and strikingly original treatment. Intuitively the Indian sought, and was not satisfied, until he was given harmonic progressions not unlike those which delight the highest artistic taste of the white race. In his singing he had never attempted the use of harmonies; he could not produce them if he tried; but when he heard them, a new sense awoke in him—faint stirring of long-lost kin-

ship with the Race of Purpose and Power.

In all his means of expression, the Indian is still a child. When he dances, he puts his feet together and moves from side to side with a motion precisely like that of a three-year-old child attempting to "dance." The "ring-around-rosy" order characterizes the beginning of even the scalp dance and the ghost dance; that is, the dancers join hands and circle to the left. The songs contain very few words, like

ish, is seldom spontaneous in anything that he does. There is an interesting "mystery song," which is sung by the Omahas when a horse is to be tested for its speed or endurance. The words mean: "There they go galloping, my horse leading, they say," and by the singing of this song the animal is supposed to become imbued with the unbounded strength of the mysterious Horse Spirit. The rhythm of the music suggests the erratic motion of an Indian pony galloping across



Crow Indian Dance.

By permission Bureau of Ethnology.

the broken sentences of a little child, yet these words convey the idea with absolute clearness; the rest of the song consisting of vowel syllables—"ho, ha, hi," or "ya, yae."

With the instinct of the kindergarten, the Indian has an appropriate song for whatever he does—a song for the corn-planting, a song for the setting of traps, a song for going to war and a song of thanksgiving. Many of these are "mystery songs," full of magic power, for the Indian is very serious in his views of life, and, though seemingly child-

the prairie. The Indian's sense of rhythm is very strong, not simply the regularly recurring beat which the white man calls "rhythm," but a metrical expression of emotion more nearly like the meter of our poetry. He forms the rhythm of his music to suit the idea he wishes to express, and uses "measures" of five or seven beats with ease, often alternating them with measures containing three or four beats.

An Indian surgeon is called a Buffalo Doctor, and his treatment would lose half its power if it were

not accompanied by a song. The medicine is sprayed upon the wound in the time-honored manner of a Chinaman sprinkling clothes, and the Doctor sings: "Thus am I bidden to send it."

The Indian warrior proudly calls himself a Wolf, and his war songs are Mekasee—Wolf songs. A war party begins and ends in song. When some of the young men decide to go on such an expedition, they summon their comrades together, dance their war dances, sing their war songs, and work themselves up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. The party sings as it leaves the village. A song much liked by the Omahas for such occasions commemorates a victory over the Pawnees, and contains only these words: "Wetungaedae saesasa anthumwangehae,"—meaning, "Sister trotting follows me." Sister refers to the women who followed the warriors and shared the spoils.

So the little cavalcade starts on its way, the men having their faces whitened with clay and their stalwart shoulders draped with white blankets, that they may be less easily seen across the parched prairie grass.

Indians on the war-path often march twenty-four hours without stopping, so that long journeys are quickly accomplished. There is a song to the effect that the warrior, like the wolf, is not afraid to go into distant lands, but the "warrior bold" has been known to be homesick as a pussy cat. The leader of a homesick war party once composed a song with a range of two octaves and a note. It seemed to run the entire gamut of human emotion, and so inspired his men that they returned safely, bringing many scalps.

Meantime, what of the village? Be it a band of painted savages, or the ranks in blue with bayonets glistening in the sun, the woman who watches them go away knows that they will not all come home

again. With her eye she follows one form, follows it where the ranks are only a cloud of dust—when the cloud of dust becomes a speck; with her heart she follows it beyond the horizon, into the unknown danger. Long hours make a day, and days slip into weeks, but there is no news of the little party which sallied forth so bravely. Then the older women of the village come to the lodge from which a husband or brother went on the warpath. They sing the "Waetou-waan," or "Woman-song," while one of their number beats on a hide. It is very crude music, but the Indians have a beautiful faith in its power; they believe that it conveys strength and courage to the absent warrior. Sing on, brave hearts, comforted in the unreasoning faith of childhood, happy that you do not hear the battle-cry, even now ringing in your soldier's ears!

The Indian warrior has no national music—no Marseillaise to shout as he dashes into the fight. He hears the whirr of the arrows; in the confusion, he scarcely knows how the battle is going, but he hears shrieks mingled with the yells and whoops of both friends and enemies. He realizes that if he is ever to see the smoke curling upward from his own teepee, he must put forth an almost superhuman effort. His rallying cry must call forth all his reserve power. It may be an appeal to his personal honor, to that boasted bravery dearer than all else; or it may be a song given him in a vision, mysterious and potent as his "medicine." In the face of death he remembers his mother. When he was born, she looked at her baby with mother-eyes, and said: "A MAN lies there!" Those eyes saw, not the baby, but the man who should be her protection and her pride. Shall he disappoint that hope? Let him fling himself into the thicket of the fight; he will PROVE himself a MAN. But the "woman-song" and the

"rallying cry" may be alike without avail. The war party that sallied forth like the wolf is utterly defeated; the chief is taken captive, while the scalps of his followers dangle from the girdles of the enemy. Only one honor remains for him, and that shall be given him by his conquerors—the honor of death by torture. Scalping annihilates the soul, strangling imprisons the soul forever in the body, but the grim courtesy of Indian warfare requires that a defeated chief shall be given an opportunity to show the bravery that has been his boast. The agonized soul shall escape from the mangled body as slowly as possible, so that his enemies may see the wolf-spirit that defeat cannot crush nor the presence of death itself conquer.

He is kindly treated in the hostile camp, but when he realizes that he will never again see the sun rise across the prairie, he sings his Death song—sings it strong and full to the last. The words of one such Omaha song are these: "Death is inevitable; the old men have not told us that any one has found a way to pass beyond it; the career of a leader is difficult of accomplishment." There is no drum, and the song is full of dramatic power, suggesting Beethoven's magnificent Funeral March in its solemn dignity and rich harmonies. The man about to die was a hero. Difference of circumstance—a change of time and place—and the savage would have been a mighty general, mourned by a nation.

On its way home, the victorious war party has been preparing the music for the scalp dance. First, an old tune was decided upon; next came the words which were arranged in solemn council. One man would suggest a line; then all would sing it, to hear how it would sound; then another would try to compose a line, and so on, until, when they reached home, it was finished and learned by all the warriors.

Meantime, the runners have carried the news to the camp, and preparations are in progress there also. The warriors who did not accompany the war party begin the rehearsal of their part in the scalp dance. Out on the end of a sand bar or behind a clump of trees, they are busy dramatizing their former victories, which certainly lose nothing in dramatization.

When the hour for the scalp dance arrives, each scalp is fastened in a hoop, and the hoop placed on the end of a pole. These poles are stuck in the ground, forming a circle, and the dance begins. Those who took the scalps join hands and move slowly around the circle of poles, singing as they go. Soon they vary the songs with whoops and yells; they bound into the circle, seize their pole and act out the taking of the scalp. Those who failed to take scalps rush into the circle, recount former victories, and shout the reasons why they failed to secure a scalp on this occasion. Then the warriors who remained as a guard to the village bound forward, singing and acting the heroics that were rehearsed behind the bushes; the whole village becomes half crazy, and the dance lasts until every one is utterly exhausted.

In British Columbia there is a tribe of Indians which celebrates its victories with an energetic man-eating song, accompanied by the striking together of two sticks, which might be called chop-sticks. The song ends with an unsatisfied and unresolved dominant seventh chord, but is omitted here, out of respect to the feelings of the survivors.

After the echoes of the scalp dance have ceased, there comes the lengthy discussion of the victory, and the proud recounting of valorous deeds. Then, too, the warrior may enter the Haethuska Society, which, among the Omahas, is a kind of G. A. R., although chiefs have no preference in it, and any obscure



A Navajo Dancer.

man can work his way up by diligence in collecting scalps and care in telling his stories. The Indians have a very conclusive way of settling military affairs which saves a great deal of time and trouble in the matter of "courts of inquiry." Within the village circle stands the Tent of War. It is in charge of a particular gens, and its contents are closely guarded. The ceremony of

the Tent of War is surrounded with much mystery and pounding of the drum; this much, however, is known. The tent contains, among other things, a skin case or pack made in the symbolic form of a bird, and stuffed with the skins of birds supposed to have good judgment in military matters. Every Indian knows that the birds hover over the battlefield and see all that the warrior does, so it is right that his story should be referred to them for corroboration. The warrior is required to tell his tale in the presence of this case of bird-skins, and then drop a reed upon it. If the Indian is lying, the birds will turn in their ceremonial grave and knock the reed to the ground. This, however, seldom occurs, which places the military veracity of the Indian beyond all reasonable doubt.

The Western tourist pauses to listen to a party of prairie Indians singing their strange songs. If it is his first experience, he probably shudders and remembers the fate of Custer; yet in the hearts of the Indians there is a deep love for that wild music, and a sincere enjoyment of it. Many years ago a party of travelers in northern Michigan attempted to show the Indians what music ought to be. Accordingly, a male quartette of excellent voices sang "Home, Sweet Home" for them. The Indians listened respectfully, though they looked a trifle bored, and when the song was finished, there was an oppressive silence, instead of the applause expected by the strangers. With true politeness, the Indians never referred to the musical performance of the white men, covering it with the veil of charity, and probably pitying the deluded musicians. Let the tourist in his pride remember this.



The Unveiling of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial

BY BETTY HARCOURT

IT was an interesting company that gathered in St. Giles' Cathedral in June 28th last, when the St. Gaudens Memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson was unveiled. Without, the streets of Edinburgh basked in that brilliant Scottish sunshine which is brighter still because so seldom seen; within, a soft twilight filled the ancient building, shot here and there with a beam of crimson or of violet as the light from the windows shone through the mantle of a pictured saint or martyr.

All was reverent stillness when the company had gathered, save for now and then the whisper in the breeze of the tattered banners hanging from the vaulted roof:

" . . . flags that with every opened door
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember."

In the Moray Aisle, behind the iron gates, sat the members of the Memorial Committee in attendance upon their chairman, the Earl of Rosebery. In the body of the church every seat was filled, and a throng of Stevenson worshippers stood crowding the old gray building to the very doors. Playfellows, schoolmates, college friends of "the world's Louis," were there on every side, and some had brought their children that the family tradition of love for the great author might receive an added touch of consecration.

Mistress Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's old nurse, her blue eye still undimmed, her cheek still rosy, sat in a place of honor, and about her were gathered many of Stevenson's personal friends and chroniclers. Miss Eve Blautyre Simpson, who has written so charmingly of "R. L. S.'s Edinburgh Days," was there, and beside her sat the Reverend John Kalman, author of "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), and her sister, Miss Nora Smith, were the only Americans present, save for the United States Consul, and these three, in the regrettable absence of Mr. St. Gaudens, represented their native land as best they might. Near the American ladies sat their devoted friends, the sister-novelists, Misses Mary and Jane Findlater, and beside them, "Gabriel Setoun," the modern Scottish poet of childhood. Among the other distinguished guests were Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Society of Scottish Artists, Principal Story, Principal Donaldson of St. Andrews, Mr. Herbert Thring, representing the British Society of Authors, the Lord Justice General, the Very Reverend Cameron Lees, Dean of The Thistle and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Professor David Masson, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Lord Adam, Sir Charles Logan, the Senior Magistrates of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and various representatives of the Speculative and Debating Societies, of which Stevenson was so brilliant a member in his wayward and stormy youth.

The Earl of Rosebery, as chairman of the Memorial Committee, opened the proceedings by greeting the brilliant and distinguished audience which had gathered to do honor to the memory of one of Scotland's most gifted sons. He alluded to the long delay in the completion of the Memorial, a work begun eight years before, and explained it by the seriously impaired condition of the sculptor's health and by the great

number of commissions which he already had in hand at the time when he accepted the order of the committee. Afflicted with the artistic conscience, too, Mr. St. Gaudens had, it appeared, at great loss to himself, three times caused his work to be destroyed, but now that it was completed, Lord Rosebery believed, although he had not yet seen the tablet, that it would be found to be that rarest of all achievements, the memorial of a man of genius by a man of genius.

And yet, the noble Lord went on to say, the true memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson will be in the school that he has founded, in the infinite number of readers, almost idolaters of his name; of his works, that exist throughout the world, and last, but not least, in that magnificent edition of his writings, so beautiful in outward shape and in inward substance, that remains almost an unparalleled memorial of a great author.

"And yet," said Lord Rosebery, "it is well that we should have our memorial here. Is it not a pathetic thought that this Scottish genius, so pre-eminently Scottish, should have laid his bones, not in the Lothians that he loved so well, but in the far-distant isles of the Pacific? There seems something anomalous in that, and yet, genius is world-wide, and we should not grudge to Samoa that it holds the remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. For many years to come, those who love these Lothians, and indeed all Scotland, will come with reverence to visit the memorial which, by the bounty and piety of his countrymen, we are enabled to view to-day in St. Giles' Cathedral."

His Lordship then unveiled the tablet, and subsequently called upon Mr. Sidney Colvin, the intimate friend and biographer of Stevenson, to hand over the monument formally to the authorities of St. Giles'.

There was a flutter of interest in the audience as Mr. Colvin arose,

an eager movement here and there to behold what manner of man might be this fidus achates of the dead author. He spoke at some length, simply, yet with deep feeling, and the impression of insight, culture and refinement given by his keen eyes, scholarly face and modest bearing was borne out by his quiet, yet impressive voice. He, too, alluded to the delay in the completion of the memorial to his beloved friend, and said that in his judgment it had had its compensations, one of which might be said to be the solving of the question as to the permanence of Stevenson's reputation as a man of letters. "Next December," said Mr. Colvin, "it will be ten years since he died. Ten years is an infinitesimal slice of time, but as concerns the fame of a writer which existed in his own day, those first ten years are decisive. If there is to be a reaction, if there is to be an eclipse of fame, it will be within the first ten years after his death. In the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, no symptoms of such decline or such reaction can be seen; the younger generation seems to love and delight in his work not less greatly than his contemporaries did. Nor are there signs of lessening interest in the singular and fascinating personality of the man. Much continues to be written about him which seems to me beside the mark, but much that is wise and to the point. This descendant of the distinguished line of Edinburgh engineers; this ailing, elfish changeling, as he almost seems when one thinks of him in comparison with the robust practical stock from which he sprang; this restless, sickly wanderer in all regions of the world, this surely bravest and sanest spirit that ever was lodged in so crazy a body; this French-trained master in Scottish and English letters, this notorious truant at school and college, who in the course of time turned out to be the most determined, the most indefatigable

worker, perhaps, of his generation, is a character which, with the lapse of time loses not, but gains in interest. From this point of view, therefore, from the point of allowing a certain measure of the test of time to be applied to the reputation which some of us hold so dear, there is perhaps some cause for gratitude in the delayed completion of this memorial. Whether this is so or not, now that we have Augustus Saint Gaudens' monument before us, we feel that it is a thing to rejoice in, not merely for the sake of its completion, but for the sake of the work itself. The reason why the committee decided after due consideration to apply to Mr. Saint Gaudens for the execution of the memorial was that he was the only sculptor of the first note to whom Stevenson had ever given sittings, and that in the course of those sittings they had become such close personal friends that the sculptor's work might at least be depended upon to be one of love and deep sympathy. To some of you it may have occurred that the memory of Stevenson with his active tastes, his habits of energy and activity, so long as life lasted, might have been perpetuated in some other likeness than that of a sick man reclining on a couch; but it so happened that at the time these sittings were given he was in one of his worst phases of physical frailty. * * * To me, that figure, propped by pillows, with head always quite unsupported and erect, sitting with the scroll of paper in its hand, is a reminiscence of many days and scenes. Oftentimes I have so seen him in an upper room of my house at the British Museum or in his own home at Bournemouth, and to my mind, the memorial is the very image of his attitude, of his likeness as he was accustomed then to sit, invalided, but indefatigably working. That St. Giles' is a fitting place for his effigy needs no argument and no demonstration. Wherever he went, he car-

ried with him a faithful heart and the true Scottish tongue. * * * * * During those Pacific wanderings, which gave him in the last six years of his life the only time of delight in outdoor activity and sensations of renewed health, which he had known since boyhood, there are many records of touching returns of his thought to his native town. In his verses, he still hoped to live, or at least be buried, in his native

his words were embodied the whole soul and essence of the romance of those beloved places. His last work was that fragment, a classic of the language, "Wier of Hermiston," written at the highest pitch of his genius, in the strongest flame of his imagination and love for Edinburgh and for Scotland, a flame which his feeble and exhausted frame was unable to bear. The work remained unfinished: strength and life failed



St. Giles Cathedral and the Stevenson Monument.

city, but that hope left him in time, and he realized that he must remain in the far-off isle of Samoa. He has written tales and histories, bringing for the first time into the range of living literature the beliefs and the habits of the Pacific natives, but in the four last years of his works, his writings dealt with Scotland. * * * * * The moment he touched his native land and city, in

him in the midst of his task and the brave spirit went down into the dust."

At the close of Mr. Colvin's address, the members of the Memorial Committee rose to view the tablet, and the formal proceedings ended as Dr. Cameron Lees accepted its custody in his dual capacity of minister of the church and representative of the Cathedral's Board. The ven-

erable Dean of the Thistle expressed his deep personal gratification in having Mr. Gaudens' beautiful work beneath the crown of St. Giles' Cathedral and in the very heart of Edinburgh, which Louis Stevenson loved so well. In his early days, Dr. Lees had seen much of the great author, as well as of his good father and mother, and to have known that bright spirit, so strong and yet so tender and so true, was one of the pleasantest recollections of a long and somewhat uneventful life.

The memorial services then being completed, the audience was invited to pass through the Moray Aisle and view the tablet—a curious and interesting one for such a place,

with its reclining figure propped by pillows.

That it is indeed, as Lord Rosebery has said, "the memorial of a man of genius by a man of genius," seemed to be the feeling of all present, and that it is most fitly placed in the ancient cathedral around which the tides of Scottish history have ebbed and flowed for generations, no Stevenson worshiper can doubt.

"This be the verse you grave for me:

'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

THE PICTURE OF THE "LITTLE FATHER."

A True Story of the Battle of Chemulpo.

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

(Special Correspondent of the Overland Monthly in Manchuria)

"And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of life."—Tennyson.

MEN seem always eager to stampede after violent adventures. The instinct must be a legacy from primitive forefathers who first clubbed their foes from necessity, then their friends for practice. Certainly, if you or I or the next man polled our entire acquaintance, even in this age of enlightenment and civilization, we should scarcely find a single man who wouldn't willingly sell his shirt for the chance of being in a battle even though he knew himself foredoomed to get the worst of the bargain.

And, truly, it is an open secret that no man comes out of a fight quite as he went in. Soldier or sailor, journalist or doctor, each leaves

something behind; it may be a joint of his arm or a bit of his scalp or a shred of his courage. At least, he doesn't come out without some scar where War's finger has touched him. That I can swear to. For I've been in a battle myself, seen men pluck Fame and Honor like brands from the burning, and then sat opposite the Lords of Life and Death and watched them draw lots for the souls. Thereby, I have earned the right to speak, to tell this story.

Listen, good people, sitting safely, comfortably at home in your artistic, semi-detached villas; listen, quiet householders, you who pay your taxes with such beautiful regularity. If my story seems to you perhaps slight and trivial, still it deserves your attention because it has the unusual merit of being true.

We lay at the time in Chemulpo

harbor. I daresay you'll remember shortly before that fatal February 9th, the Vicksburg proceeded there under sudden and unexpected orders from the Admiral, for all the papers commented on it—for your special benefit. We were anchored in the harbor as calmly as you please, the French cruiser away to our right, the British to our left, the two Russians further down the throat of the bay. The only blessed thing we had to do was to see that the brass was kept clean—and, by way of a little mild excitement, to get up sweeps on the probable date of the outbreak of hostilities. Nobody could be hired to bet on any date nearer than a month off.

There was not the slightest pleasure or profit to be extracted from an excursion to the shore, which was distinctly God-forsaken and unsavoury, a hive of brown, benighted heathen. So, it being too cold to sit on a deck swept over by bitter winds, we gathered in the wardroom and discussed the Far Eastern question off-hand till the air was blue with smoke. If you carefully consider the circumstances of the case, you will see it was the only thing for us to do.

We did it with creditable persistence for two weeks (the Navy is a very lazy profession when there is nothing going on), until that memorable afternoon when the whole Japanese fleet, the fat battle-ships, the slim cruisers, the fidgety little destroyers, and the admirable Admiral, steamed straight into the harbor exactly as if it belonged to them. They steamed in and dropped anchor.

Then presently they sent a little white boat over to have speech with the Russians. And on my word, that's the first the Russians knew or we knew of the war. We could have dredged the dictionary for adjectives to express our astonishment.

The little boat stayed some time with the Russians, scurrying from one ship to the next. What one said

to the other, we did not know—and never will know, exactly. Anyway, it is beside the point. There must have been language, absolutely unadulterated. If expurgated translations were offered you, they would not in the least convey the trenchant meaning. Presently the little boat came back to headquarters, kicking up water at starting just as a chicken kicks up dust before she settles in the road. Then it went ahead straight as a bullet leaving a narrow wake like a lace-border of white and gleaming foam behind. We, with straining eyes that fairly bulged with curiosity, presently saw the little chocolate Admiral send some hundred or more of his little saddle-colored soldiery ashore. The beach was positively speckled with them. Soon they had all disappeared quietly into the town in knots, in groups, in bunches. This landing took the rest of the day.

Towards evening, the wily little salt-water diplomat sent his staff-captain to call upon us and explain. It was lucky—for we couldn't have held in our curiosity much longer. In his bright uniform, with the gold lace and the fringed epaulettes, and his three little enameled crosses, the Staff Captain was distressingly civilized and European. He said that he had come to inform us peace was "honorably severed," adding in a tone of half-mysterious solemnity, "we shall now be being at war."

In his hour of excited need, the little man did not desert the present participle, dearly beloved fetish of his entire nation.

We extracted presently other details, which, being boiled down, came to this: The Admiral, under advices from his Government that war was actually, if unexpectedly, declared, gave the Russians the alternative of leaving for the high seas by noon the next day or risking a fight in the harbor. They had decided to go.

The following morning broke clear and bright. During my early watch

I saw the stars snuffed out one by one like candles. Then presently the sun came up a fiery ball, and woke the earth and the sky and the sea. There were no half tints worth noticing, but raw, crude light striking on the waters till the surface shone like a burnished kettle. The "Koreetz" and "Varyag" were hives of activity. Already at sunrise they floated in a Saragasso-sea of spars and bridgework, planks and deck-houses. They must have thrown all the woodwork that was NOT vital and that WAS inflammable and likely to be splintered by shells, overboard during the night. The decks, shorn of their ornamental quips and curls and superfluities, were clean and sleek as a wet retriever.

Exactly at noon, the two men-of-war weighed anchor and went out, the "Varyag" first.

We stood quiet—so silent you could have heard the snap of a watch-case—on the bridge watching her come up over the shiny water. As she got nearly alongside, her band, which was standing on the after-deck, struck up the National Anthem. That made a few of us turn round and put our fingers in our ears. It wasn't a pleasant thing to hear, considering the circumstances. A few of the older men made no attempt to keep dry-eyed, and I admired them for that. The two ships passed slowly and solemnly by. They went out to fight two against twelve, but no men could have steamed to meet death more bravely or less unostentatiously.

Two hours later the Japanese fleet went out—in somewhat the same direction.

We listened all day with strained ears for the sounds of firing—and presently they came, long, heavy booms first, then sharp crackles like strings of fire-crackers exploding, and at sundown the "Varyag" slunk in mortally wounded. She had crept back to die quietly like a

hunted animal. Great gashes showed in her bow. Her flag was pricked like a worn-out pin-cushion, her iron work was twisted and tangled like Medusa's hair. Plainly she lay in mortal agony—and couldn't last long.

We all saw it. The British and French had boats lowered as soon as we did, but being nearer, they got alongside her first. In five minutes they were moving boatloads of wounded back to the safety of their own decks.

When we got alongside the ship was fluttering and gasping and panting. Her engine room plates must have been hot with a tropical heat. There was dense smoke forward, and it was reasonable to imagine that the magazine might explode at any moment. Three of our men scrambled hurriedly on deck to collect those who were too weak to help themselves—only to be received with howls and imprecations in a strange tongue. The Russians could not understand—at first. They thought, the other rescuing boats having come and gone, we must be Japanese—and they were going to be attacked again. It hurt their feelings—till we explained.

In the Navy, a man gets used to a few things—but I never understood the full and terrible meaning of war until I set foot on that deck. There are times when it is better for men to die than live to have their courage taken out of them like the ribs of an old parasol about to be re-covered. Bah, that deck was hateful—the dead piled up outlined in black splashes of shadow, with all the uncompromising ugliness of their disorder, and the living trying pitifully to crawl past them to us.

I crept round, picking my way to the corner under the bridge, led by low groans. Looking up to see from what direction the sounds came, a tattered little flag waving gaily caught my eye. It leaned against the twisted rail, and the hand and arm of the signalist still

clung to it. The rest—God knows what had become of the rest. A shell must have done the work. It made me crawl all up my back to see—and I hurried on after the moans.

Propped up against what was left of the chart-house lay a great, burly fellow, in evident agony and fighting for breath like a drowning man. His shoulder was torn in ribbons, and he held a bunch of the rags from his tunic in the wound—to stop the blood. His face was lined with pain like a gridiron. Still, when he saw me coming, as a friend to help, he tried to smile, and when I raised him, he held his whole arm round my neck in a gentle grip, just like a great big child. I could see he was trying to explain something to me as we made our slow way across the deck, but there was no time for arguments or explanations that tide, so I just let him go on, thinking it might make the pain easier for him. Besides, half he said, I couldn't understand.

We got to the ship's side somehow. There wasn't much time to spare. All the others were back in the boat—and the "Varyag" heeled already at an undignified angle. I called to some of the men to help me get the big fellow into the gig. Just then he yelled down something, too. I couldn't catch what it was, but the Russians in the boat responded like a flash, with a confused shout that was half a cheer. The arm around my neck was wrenched free; the wounded man wriggled loose and stood up straight as a young bamboo. You mightn't believe it possible, but he did, and though his legs moved rather like the legs of a corpse obeying orders than the members controlled by a living man, he walked away towards the chart-room—he whom I had been at such pains to drag until the sweat stood on my forehead in beads and my arms were stiff and sore—for he was a very big and powerful man.

I was for going after him, but our own men pulled me back. The blue-black smoke rushed out thicker and thicker, burst out in new places, drove in heavy, odorous masses over us, wrapping the boat in a suffocating veil.

"She can't last, sir. Better leave him. It's too late."

True enough, the ship leaned over more and more. There was nothing for it but to climb into the boat and pull away—which we did.

When we were just two oar-lengths from the side, my wounded sailor re-appeared through the smoke. There was something clutched tightly in his whole hand. He managed to creep to the edge of the battered rail, though his mouth was writhed with agony. Truly, he looked like a dead man who hadn't gone to the trouble of dying.

Then we plainly saw what he went back for. It was a picture of the "Little Father" (that is the very affectionate name by which his subjects called the great White Czar)—the treasure of the ship. In the confusion, the others had forgotten it, but not he.

Let it be clearly understood, whatever the newspapers may say to the contrary, that through the Russian character there runs a rich vein of superstition which creeps in from the Oriental side of his nature. Omens, presentiments, auguries, these win or lose his battle for him. If you bear this elementary and essential fact in mind, the main-spring motives of this story, will be clearer.

The big fellow leaning against the rails, grasped the picture tightly against his untorn shoulder. Next he slid it down into his hand, and then, with an effort that made the sweat stand out like round pearls on his forehead, and set a little muscle just in the hollow of his throat—which has nothing to do with a man's regular breathing—twitching away violently, he threw it toward

us. The Russians in our boat leaned eagerly over to catch it.

On nearer view it seemed to me a poor thing to risk one's life for, that cheaply-done, wooden-looking lithograph. That, however, was only my personal opinion, and of no importance whatever. They evidently thought differently, for they all cheered a strange, hoarse cheer and picked it up very tenderly and lovingly. A few even touched it reverently with their lips as Lourdes pilgrims might touch a holy statue.

Our men rowed with clenched teeth away from the "Varyag," counting the seconds as the writhing column of smoke crept nearer and nearer to the magazine. He, left behind there, fell forward upon his knees, half fainting, his chin cuddled down on his breast and the

muscles of his cheeks twitching. His eyes seemed the only live part of him, and they shone with a satisfied light.

Then it came—the explosion—a tremendous crash, just as we got safely away. There wasn't much time to spare. The "Varyag" turned over on her back as helpless as a turtle, and the air was filled with flames, spitting red flames, and smoke and debris and curses.

Across the bay, the wounded men safely on board the other ships, started their national anthem. The rich notes of the wonderful Russian basses boomed over the water, and the effect was like a dirge being played by a whole orchestra of trombones. It was a seemly "taps" for HIM.

THE BUCCANEER

BY HENRY WALKER NOYES

'Twas a royal Galley of Lisbon town,
 —Yo ho! on the Spanish main—
 With treasure laden and homeward bound,
 —Sail ho! for a port in Spain—
 Her sails bent full to the western breeze,
 Her prow set deep in the tropic seas,
 Sing, ho! for the wine cup, dice and ease,
 And a jest for a loss or gain.

'Twas a pirate Lugger of black renown,
 —Yo, ho! for the ship of gold—
 Her Jolly Roger was upside down,
 —Sing ho! for a ruse so bold—
 With ports amask and her cannon lashed,
 Her decks lay clear when a broadside crashed.
 "Board ho!" was the cry, and bright steel flashed
 From the gloom of the Luggers hold.

'Twas a sailor's legend of ages gone,
 —Yo ho! for a tale well told—
 Of a Phantom ship that is seen at dawn;
 —Sing ho! of a Pirate bold—
 And down below was the dead men's bones,
 Their golden treasure, and precious stones,
 Sail, ho! on a voyage with Davy Jones
 In the depths of the Ocean old.

TEX'S LITTLE LAD

BY FRANCIS CHARLES

Author of "In the Country God Forgot," "The Awakening of the Duchess," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Miss Merton is an old love of Tex.'s, and after years of silence between them she is asked by Tex. to mother his child. She approaches the subject in a great deal of trepidation, and finally, in a letter which tells of her great affection for the man out there on the waste cactus lands and the red and gray hills of Arizona, she accepts the charge of bringing up his little lad.

The story is written in an unusual vein, and is a very keen psychological study. The thousands of readers of Miss Charles' very popular fiction will rejoice in her new story. There is an indefinable charm and sweetness, an unrivaled smoothness of expression, in everything Miss Charles writes that captivates her readers. The preceding chapters have brought us up to the time when "Janey," whom we have already learned to love, writes the letter to "Tex." accepting the care of the motherless child, "Tex.'s Little Lad."

CHAPTER III.

Doubts and Misgivings.

After about seven days she received this telegram:

"E starts this evening. Arrives on the Limited Sunday morning. Thank you. T. S."

The telegram was like a man, also, even to the expression of gratitude. She knew how much he must have felt it not to have omitted it. It said everything by its mere appearance on the yellow slip, but she had to paraphrase it to accomplish entire satisfaction.

"He might have spared himself writing his and Ethelbert's name as he has, and said the thank you, also, and yet told me the child's age," she fumed, vainly. "He might have omitted either starts this evening, or arrives Sunday morning. Both statements are tautological, as I might have been trusted to find a time-table somewhere."

All Miss Merton's friends were rather surprised at her manner that same afternoon at a very fashion-

able tea. Miss Merton often attended teas, because she thought it her duty to do so, to the ladies who belonged to her different clubs. It was generally they who entertained, and once a year she returned it all by asking all her hostesses (et al., as she expressed it) to the same sort of reception at her home. They all acknowledged they were far too busy to give more personal entertainments.

This afternoon, Miss Merton merely made her appearance to say good-bye, whereupon her hostess caught her hand and said she could not believe it of her. She relied on Miss Merton, she said, to receive with her while the younger girls saw to other things. The younger girls were no good at receiving. They did not know half the people to begin with, and never said the right word when they did.

They were too engrossed wondering what people thought of them or their gowns.

Miss Merton listened to all this, delivered in installments between arrivals, but she was quite firm in her resistance, and said that she

could not possibly remain. She was sorry. When cornered, at last, as to her reasons, she said that she was expecting a relative from the country and had to meet the relative. She did not state that she anticipated doing this Sunday morning, and it was Friday then, but just made the statement as if the relative were to arrive in about an hour, or as soon as she could get to the city's gates.

Her hostess watched her depart, sadly. Miss Merton was a reception committee in her one fine self, and the rooms looked quite empty after, and the hostess anticipated failure and felt miserable. She would have been spared even that few moments' suffering if she had seen Janet's actions, once outside her front stoop. Quite a string of ladies were already on its way in, and some solemn-looking coachmen were pacing the horses along different parts of the street. Janet stood to one side of the stately porch, delicately imparting her fine spirit and rare personality as usual to gown and gloves, even the long, thinly-spun gold chain was like her—fine and pure.

After a bit of meditation, she turned slowly, and walked back into the house. She knew her hostess well enough to enjoy the surprise she created.

"Oh, I've come back, and I'm going to stay," she uttered, "only for purely selfish reasons, as I'll tell you afterward. I have to find out what to prepare for my relative's amusement, and I can't imagine a better place to find the information." She looked around rather discouragingly at the faces about her.

"Is it an unknown woman?" whispered her friend eagerly.

"It is neither a man nor a woman," Janet answered. "It is an unknown quantity." She and her friend stood looking into each other's eyes a moment, and then receded to their duties, still joined by a smile.

Janet found herself drawn to a

woman whom she knew to have children of her own. She did not attempt to mislead the woman by any hypocritical interest, so opened her subject right away.

"I want to ask your advice on a subject. A child is coming to me on a visit, and I haven't any earthly idea what to get to amuse it. I do not even know its age."

The woman smiled, a broad smile that conveyed her motherhood charmingly.

"It would be far more flagrant if you didn't know its sex," she responded. "If you know its sex, that 'it' is unpardonable in you, Miss Merton, and would cause an uprising in a mothers' meeting if you ever chanced to be addressing one."

Janet's thin lips were caught in a little twinkle that seemed to be a reflection from her eyes.

"He is a boy," she explained. The motherly woman received her smile with even more interest. "Oh, everything is settled, then," she assured Janet. "Even if you would make a mistake of five years with him, you would not run so wide of the mark as if you bought a girl's toy for him, when he is a boy."

"The child may be only two years old," Janet said, feebly. "He has to be two years old, because his mother has been dead that long, and he may be three or four or five." (She drew herself together inwardly and tried to be truthful. "He may even be six," she said.)

It never occurred to her that he might be seven. In her most generous judgment of Tex, she never imagined Ethelbert could be seven, that Tex. had gone fresh from their very parting to Felipa's life.

"If that is the case," assisted the motherly woman, "I think it would be safe to buy him a Noah's ark with animals that have not too much paint. It would not kill your two years' old baby, and would amuse him if he is several years older, while I've always found a Noah's

ark to be the safest toy, even if a child is seven."

A suspicion that Ethelbert might be seven must have swept across Janet's understanding, as she seemed a little pale, but bore herself calmly. "I can't help making a subtle connection," she asserted smiling faintly. "Maybe we might trace a compliment to Father Noah in it—remote, but filial."

The motherly woman enjoyed that, too, but she was more interested in the child as an actuality.

"You might buy a down-hill wagon," she said. "I have done that with mine once in a while, and then, if they are too young, save it for them until they are old enough to be trusted not to destroy themselves and me, also. The ambition to possess a down-hill wagon is one of the greatest incentives I know to almost saint-like behavior amongst boys."

Janet laughed heartily. She was already enjoying Ethelbert in that peculiar way known only to actual mothers and some very few others. She was going to take him with a sense of humor, and all the penetration and patience she could command.

She arose with some grateful expressions that were both grateful and characteristic of her "pretty manner" to every one. She never wondered if it were exactly right never to investigate beneath the manner, these last seven years. No one else was able to do so, and she had just let herself go on, without any superficial strength or interest. Once in a while, when this thought came silently to her, she dismissed it by the thought that she did not need to be further developed. Of course, this was not so, but she seemed to have experienced the gamut and was content, she thought. It did not arise from any egotism, but rather evidenced a little subconscious desire not to suffer any more.

She went home eagerly, enjoy-

ing her thoughts. She did not suffer as she had just at first, at the prospect that the absolute quiet of her very home, the home of her thoughts, as well as body, was to be invaded. She had been half-truthful in the same whimsical way she had written of the child's invasion to Tex.—that he would doubtless destroy her nick-nacks and tear the leaves out of her favorite books, but all fear and anxiety had left her. Instead, she felt very happy, almost joyful, about merely meeting him. The after part did not occur to her so far, only the first day.

It was too late to buy the Noah's ark that evening, but she reflected pleasantly on spending the next morning shopping, and giving finishing touches to Ethelbert's welcome afterward.

Old Ann was the elderly house-keeper referred to in her letter. She had had to consult old Anne about Ethelbert, but old Ann had not committed herself in any extravagant terms about his arrival. Old Ann was a large old woman, and rather stout, maybe heavy gives you a better idea of her carriage, as well as figure, and she rejoiced in the qualifier before her Christian appellation. Janet was the only person she allowed to call her merely Ann, and Janet had not accomplished this victory without a word battle that would have won her some decoration if it had been a real one.

"Ann," Janet had begun one evening soon after they were installed in her sweet new house together.

"I told you, Miss," old Ann replied, "that I would not let on I heard till I broke you in to old Anning me."

"I can't call you 'old' Ann," answered Janey positively.

"Ann ain't my name," the old woman insisted. "It used to be, but it ain't now any more than Mamie is yours."

Janey felt an inability to argue discipline, but she was very fond of the old woman, whom she had discovered in circumstances that made them firm friends, for all they had little differences, and probably would continue to do so. Janet was too independent herself not to enjoy Ann's independence; in fact, Janet was so independent that she could not ask old Ann to relinquish that salient characteristic, but on this matter of polite cognomen, Janet's manners were stronger than both.

"My name was never Mamie, so that is not in the question at all, Ann," said Janet.

Ann seemed deprived of what seemed to her a pet argument.

"I have outgrown jes' Ann," she said. "Any little chit of a girl that ain't lived at all can be Ann. Only them as have a right to the years can be called old Ann, Miss Merton."

"You see," Janet continued gently, but still firmly, "I don't know how I can call you old Ann when I wouldn't be happy any time I did it. If you were in the room, and I should have to speak to you, I should be miserable imagining what my friends were thinking of me at the time."

Old Ann looked at her.

"It ain't your friends as is the best judge of what is right for a young lady of your age to do, Miss."

Janet winced a little.

"No, that is just it, Ann," she responded. "It's what I think of myself mainly. I just couldn't call you old Ann and be happy, so I don't see what you are to do about it, except to let me call you Ann, but I shall always tell every one your age if you want me, and I am not above saying you look older, and maybe sixty-five. Only I can't bear to think of your getting too far ahead of me, and becoming inactive, as no one bakes or dusts or cares for me quite as well as you."

Old Ann appreciated Miss Mer-

ton, especially when her voice grew that tender, and she sat looking a trifle lonely, as if she were bound to no shore on earth and had no interest in her position, was just as one waiting earnestly for that unnatural solution of it, the final wind that would send her out to sea and release her thoughts, as well as Ann's conscience on the matter.

Old Ann used to express it like this, "as if she don't seem to mind what a' comes of her," although Janet did, conventionally speaking.

Janet found old Ann and supper ready for her that evening. She sat down at the table with her usual word or so for the old woman.

"It will be one of my last suppers alone," Janet said to her. "My cousin's little boy is coming Sunday morning. I know if he's any age at all that he will appreciate the nice things you cook for us, after Arizona. I have tried to read up what they eat down there, and have discovered that all any one has heard is Mexican beans, and hot biscuits. Imagine a child eating Mexican beans and hot biscuits, continually, Ann, and all I have ever heard he drank is hot water!"

Old Ann thawed. She produced some articles from her pocket, one by one.

"Oncet I had a little nephew that liked such things," she said, "and if sometimes we wouldn't spend money on him, only to find he liked some picked up nonsense better than all the store toys one could get for him! If he is two," she went on, being aware of Janet's dilemma, "these spools will keep him amused more'n likely. They used to Jimmie—just spools stringed together. But if he is three, he'd better be offered this big marble, which he can roll easy on the floor, and yet not be able for to swallow; while if he is four, these ladies cut out from a fashion paper will keep him busy for awhile. I tried to get a man's paper, but men seem to be above such silly ways, as having themselves taken

just in pretty clothing. If he is five, he will be big enough to hammer nails in the yard, while I'm watching, but if he's six or seven, Miss, he can wear these election buttons with Mr. Bryan and his men on them one day, and Mr. McKinley the next. Jimmie enjoyed his election buttons more than anything else."

"He can't be seven," Janet said, objecting to something, but not knowing quite what it was, "and, besides, Mr. Bryan is not my politics, Ann. I don't think a well-established Republican ought to permit Mr. Bryan's being advertised around her guest's top button-hole."

Old Anne smiled slowly, enjoying the joke, but when she went in to her own room, she set about finding some toy for a child of eight.

"He really might be eight," she thought. "That there cousin might have been married even when he last seen Miss Janet. Stranger things have happened."

But she forebore discouraging Miss Merton further by this very lively suspicion, so Janet slept peacefully. The seven years hurt her vaguely, someway, but eight would have been the proverbial drop too much.

CHAPTER IV.

His Little Lad.

Janet arrived at the mole early. The mole is the wharf at Oakland, where the great overland trains roll in from south, north and east, as well as the many local trains connecting by ferry with San Francisco.

The train was to come in at nine, and she found herself there a good hour early. She had put on her best black tailor-made first, with the same black net which she had worn to the tea and which became her so finely, but old Ann had demurred. "Jimmy had hated black," she said; "most babies did." Jimmie had become quite an authority in the house, so Janet bowed to him, al-

though if she had followed more recent statistics, in his life, she would have found that Jimmie was now a thriving middle-aged mechanic, of whom old Ann was justly proud.

It is a shock to hear that black will elicit a scream from a guest whom you are about to greet, armed with all the known policies of hospitality. Old Ann said if the child was two, he was liable to cry all the way home if Janet wore black when she first met him, so Janet donned a tan broadcloth that she had not favored particularly before, because of a familiarity it seemed to assume toward her complexion.

She wore a brown hat, too, and when her costume was complete, she pinned a tea rose on her coat, diverting old Ann's thoughts meanwhile, lest that baby expert order her to remove it.

"I am convinced that Jimmie used to eat roses when he was two," she explained to herself, after she had made the street car in safety, "but I am not going to sacrifice all my individuality to a baby. Why, it's what all my lectures are eternally preaching about."

The tan coat and the tea rose and the pale, dignified, youngish lady who adorned them produced quite a sociable effect on a stout conductor who was waiting around the pier. In her yearning for sympathy, she told him she was waiting for a baby, feeling that he was too much of a stranger to tell her doubts about Ethelbert's possible ages to.

He was a very agreeable man, and had a theory which affected her optimism pleasantly as so few people with whom she met had theories. The stout conductor believed that babies would soon be able (as well as permitted) to travel without personal attendants, as the railroad was getting service down to such a fine point that he had no doubt but that it would soon have a crew of nurses to cater to the baby travel. Janet thought "to cater to the baby travel" a well-turned term, and she believed

it to be rhetorically the style which public lecturers should adopt to be successful and convincing.

She and the stout conductor filled in a half hour or so, and then she felt her heart beating a trifle faster. "It is the train," he said.

The stout conductor put her in a place that commanded a good view of the Pullman and the tourist coaches, and she stood watching both intently, almost breathlessly. First, a stout woman in a nurse's cap, bearing a good-sized infant, was helped to the ground by a Pullman porter. "It must be Ethelbert," Janet thought.

The next moment she realized how over-eager had been this recognition. The cap was not harmonious to Arizonian traditions, little as Janet knew of them, and she was aware that if Tex had managed the nurse, he could not have claimed the child. It was too conventional for him and Felipa, and she let them pass on without even finding whom they did belong to.

Then some children from the tourist coach tumbled out all together, like articles from a conjuror's hat. Janet saw they were German emigrants, and her gaze went over their heads with a certain tense patience. A lady was walking briskly alongside the train by this time, accompanied by a little fellow about five. It seemed Janet's last chance amongst a swarm of grown folks, but just then he called the woman shrilly, "Mamma," and Janet took a step backward, involuntarily.

"He may be coming another day," she said to herself. "Tex. may have missed the train. It would be just like him."

Then she realized that the stout conductor was waving at her to approach a platform. She went over with her fine, erect carriage, trying to ignore the fact that her heart was beating in anything but a normal manner.

When she was once over by the stout conductor, her eyes became

riveted on a slight, lonely little figure, leaning against the Pullman door.

He was too used to the vagaries of even charming passengers to criticise her having called this good-sized boy a baby.

"I guess it is the party you were looking for, Miss," the conductor uttered; "grown a trifle."

Janet had no doubts about her "party." It was Ethelbert, beyond question. She took in the whole impression at once. The moment before, his height would have disconcerted her, but it seemed impossible now to remember having thought he was two years old, being carried along in that motherly nurse's arms.

According to old Ann, he was about the age to wear the election buttons, Mr. William Jennings Bryan one day and Mr. McKinley the next, unless he had political scruples about mixing the parties. Janet felt, from his sober little face, that it might not be at all unlikely for him to be entertaining political views of his own. Even before they spoke, there were two effects that induced Janet to be aware that he was really Tex.'s little lad. First, he had gray eyes, with the same waiting look in them that Tex.'s had when she refused his recurring proposals, and another sign evident was his attire. He looked like a motherless man-child. He had on a khaki suit and a dark shirt, with no tie but a silk handkerchief knotted cow-boy fashion about his neck, and a cap that looked as if he had worn it long enough to become attached to it, and outgrew it triflingly, as well. It was on his head, but had that degree of limpness which becomes almost clinging, certainly affectionate.

Janet felt appalled at first by his material appearance, at last by the mere fact of her having to make a success of his coming. For one little second she did not know what to say to him that would not sound

flat or false, or shallow. In fact, she became tongue-tied, and could not think of anything to say at all. She could have wept at the sheer stupidity of it. The idea that the intimacy was not welcome, that now the case was presented to her, she was trying to do more than her good sense approved—she, who had detested sentimentality so!

All this occurred in the first second. The next, his loneliness had appealed to her. It was a leading, winning quality with him, it was older than the two days in which he had been separated from his father; it was older than the two years during which he had lived along with men, without Felipa; it was a loneliness older than himself. It spoke to Janet. It said: "Since the day I said good-by to you, there has never been anybody quite the same except—even—Felipa! Janey."

It was like the loneliness in her own heart. With almost a little cry she reached out her gloved hands to him.

"Is it Ethelbert?" she asked, sweetly.

He did not respond over joyously, but with a certain earnest little interest.

"I guess you are Janey," he said. "Father said you would be Janey when you came."

When the stout conductor saw them walking off together, he said aloud:

"He looks enough like her to be her own young 'un, if she'd only known more about his age."

Janet did not hear it. She felt singularly at home with her small kinsman. She took his hand and buffeted the crowd with him. The little hand was limp and trusting at variance with his height and attire. It and his one infantile remark made her more at home with him, more able to see him in the prospector's camp amongst awkward, frightened men at night time, sick and motherless.

By the time they had reached the--

boat, she felt acquainted with him, and when they sat down on the outside together, she knew she had made a good impression, because he volunteered a remark to her.

He said:

"Even if I hadn't known you were Janey, I would have known you by your dress."

Like most men, he showed a certain shyness in even mentioning womanly apparel, but the sentiment itself was sincere and delighted Janet.

"How!" she asked.

"Because you wore the same color father bought my suit of."

It interested him when she changed color after she thought it over. It implied almost too much to withstand, but Janet would not give in to the part which included Tex. She knew she would meet such implications if she chose to take them.

She replied:

"I don't know that I intended to wear this color just at first. I put on a black dress, but an old lady told me she thought this was nicer. She thought that maybe you would like it better."

Far from being discouraged by her failure to create a bond between them, Ethelbert said:

"Dada was going to buy me black first, too, only he said he thought that a lady would like something jolly better."

He evidently did not know whether it was quite right to call her a lady to her face, but after a little hesitation, he went on:

"He told the storeman so."

She saw Tex. as he used to be, and then she tried to see him in a country store such as Ethelbert's words suggested, buying clothes for his child. He grew larger, more unreal, more unlike the early, stormy Tex., when she pictured him selecting some certain shade or garment, according to his own taste.

A man in a dry-goods store seemed bad enough when he took what

the shopkeepers offered without a word, but a man in a dry-goods store exercising his own taste, affected Janet.

"You haven't told me what you think of cities?" she said, in order to dispel the image.

The child raised his face and let her look on it, but he kept his eyes turned off on the bay.

"Cities ain't so cozy as down home," he said. "I never saw water before."

She read something between these great facts, and with a sudden tender movement, she reached up and laid her gloved hand on his shoulder where he could feel a human hold.

"Oh, if we are going to be friends," she said, "you must tell me just what you think and how you feel, and all about your own country, also, and I will tell you just when I am homesick also for a little house I used to live in when I was a little girl. And when we are very lonely, you must call your father Dada, just to make me feel as if I were a real friend; and if you do that, I shall tell you about a boy and a girl I used to know, and have wanted terribly sometime. I get very lonely over them, and need to talk about them to some one."

She could tell he understood her offering by the way he let the sentiment slip off of him just as a grown man would, and yet submitted to the physical comfort dumbly, gratefully. His next words were also expressive of the masculine way of reasoning.

He had confessed his view of the city, and there was a certain wide criticism to him in the things she didn't say. He was not unable to make out quite what was critical about it, nor just whom or what it was aimed at, but he thought if he asked a few questions he would be more sure of Arizona's supremacy to the rest of the United States.

"Have you ever been to a round-up?" he asked, first.

"No," his guardian answered.

He felt he had the advantage now, and held it.

"Nor on a trail for cattle?"

"No," again.

"Nor digging for money up on some hills?" It was not surprising to her that Tex.'s child said "fur" on occasions, and used the upward inflection to his voice, while there was a sort of cadence to his position. Tex. had, too. She said "No" again—this time, sure of her disadvantage.

"Nor never seen any cactus growing, nor helped people to kill a steer?" She was too crushed now to answer, and thought nodding her negative less compromising of her ignorance.

He sat looking at her, cloaking his estimate of her in as polite a little voice as he could:

"I guess you are a tenderfoot, then," he said, and felt that Arizona was justified by this expression, without being quite sure that he should have said it—because she had been so kind.

(To be continued.)



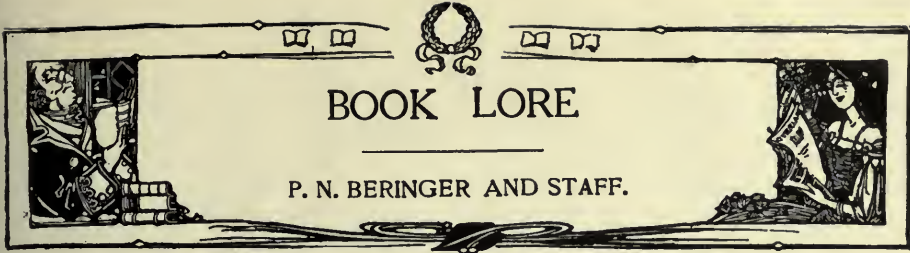
OMAR ON BEING BALD

BY MAZIE VIRGINIA CARUTHERS

Myself when young, did boastfully pretend
I loathed Samsonian locks—and to that end
 Made mine to lie as flat as flat could be.
Who praised my curly pate was not my friend!

But now these locks are thin, I try to grow
By scalp massage and Swedish rubbing—so—
 A second crop to clothe my poor, bald head.
In vain! Thus Father Time takes vengeance, oh!

So my beloved—groom and shampoo your hair!
'Twill then, when age comes on, requite your care,
 Nor force you the alternative to choose:
Whether go bald, or odious wig to wear!



BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

Samuel Louis Phillips makes a brilliant attempt at reconciling science and theology in a volume entitled "Agreement of Evolution and Christianity." His treatise is valuable as a text book, and it should find a place on the library shelf of every priest and minister in the land.

The Phillips Company, Washington, D. C.

* * *

"The Little Colonel in Arizona" is the title of one of the "Little Colonel Series." It is one of the books that is always supposed to be written for the edification and instruction of "the young person" in the household. It has the effect of giving the aforesaid "young person" a headache and red eyes, and if persevered in will result in a mushy brain. It is exciting literature, taxes the emotions, tires the nerves and dazes the reader. It gives one an unnatural idea of a very natural country and people. The author is Annie Fellows Johnston.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

Lillian Bell's "At Home With the Jardines" is one of the charming publications of the holiday season. I am sorry that it reached me too late for notice in the Christmas number. You will all remember the same author and her delightful book, "Abroad With the Jimmies." It is a fine piece of work, and it is full of snap and ginger and go. No matter what the condition of your stomach, you cannot help but enjoy being "At Home With the Jardines."

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

Charles Felton Pidgin, in "A Nation's Idol," has given us the history of Benjamin Franklin in a new and very attractive form. It is a book that is more than full of merit. It is exceptional. The two "Ifs" in the short preface to the story tell of the ability of Ben Franklin better than many a tome written by the historian. Every patriotic American should read Mr. Pidgin's book. Every High School student should demand it of the librarian.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

* * *

"Her Fiance" is the latest by Josephine Daskam, and it is a witty, womanly and sparkling little volume. The four stories deal with college life, and they are fittingly illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

* * *

"Our Search for the Missing Millions," by "One of the Searchers," is the tale of the quest for the hidden treasures of Cocos Island. It is an interesting resume of the adventures of the crew and passengers of the schooner "Hermann" in the South Pacific. The writer makes use of queer English at times, and at other times you are entirely in the air as to his meaning. Referring to the advance sheet, we find the heading of Chapter VIII reads as follows: "Honolulu's Halting Hospitality." Now, what do you suppose this searcher after alliteratives means by this line? He does no dishonor to Honolulu. You might think so at first glance. After reading the chapter you discover

that he means the hospitality of Honolulu was charming, unstinted, wide as may be imagined, and that he HALTED long enough to enjoy it. With a guide book and explanatory notes to prompt the reader's faltering footsteps, one might easily enjoy "Our Search for the Missing Millions" in company with "one of the Searchers," author.

Brown & Power, San Francisco.

* * *

"The Wylackie Jake" stories have been published in book form, and any one fond of strong Western pictures, the immature West of the days of yore, the West of Alfred Henry Lewis in "Wolfville," will enjoy the adventures and tales of "Wylackie Jake," by George S. Evans.

Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco, California.

* * *

"Moral Education," by Edward Howard Griggs, is a treatise of those principles that, in the mind of the author, should guide humanity from the cradle to the grave. It is needless to say the Professor makes many an error, because he is more a pedagogue and less a man than the rest of us, and it's really a pity that I cannot devote four or five pages to a critical review of some of his most ponderous opinions. I do not wish you to believe, my dear reader,

that the book is not a very fine piece of English for all o' that. I've noticed that the best teachers of moral education are not college professors, nor do we secure the best evidence as to the care of infants from old maids or sterile wives and fathers. The individual who diagnoses children's motives by observing the molecular action of the brain tissue earns the writer's privilege of seeing it in print, but he does not earn my serious attention as a contributor to the information we possess on the building of child character.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, N. Y.

* * *

A recently published book, a play by a San Francisco boy, that is attracting a great deal of attention, is that called "The Florentines," and it is practically the story, told in the form of a romantic drama, of Benvenuto Cellini's life after his return to Florence and the service of the Medici. We have Cellini at the age of forty-five, and the interesting figures of Cosimo, Duke of Florence, and the Duchess of Florence and Ferderiga friend and model of the great Italian artist. Most of the action takes place in the palace of the Medici. The dialogue is brilliant, and the plot and attendant scenes more than usually interesting. I would like to see it staged, and in San Francisco.

Brentano, Publisher, New York.



A HOME IN A NUT-SHELL

Being a Truthful Account of a Modern "Alice in Wonderland."

BY JANET MacDONALD

EVEN the birds of the air, ever friends of the court of Cupid, have become the interested advisors of the lover who advocates the possibility, and even prudence, of attempting to support a family on the modest stipend of fourteen dollars per week. I know this, for the birds are my sworn friends and allies, and they recognize in me a staunch and enthusiastic advisor of sentimental human beings, for lo! these many, many years, and so one of my feathered friends whispered in my willing ear, and this is what he said: "Come! We will transport you to fairyland, and show you how all of these hopes may be gratified, all of these happy and economic homes established, and how families, commensurate with the expressed desire of the very head of our nation, may be reared in comfort and luxury." Although I am a person of an extremely sanguine and hopeful disposition, I "hae had my doots" concerning the brilliant and alluring prospects of the economic householders above referred to, and I recognized, therefore, in this invitation an opportunity not to be despised.

Absorbed in reflections concerning such alluring possibilities, I found myself transported to a pretentious edifice, appointed with all the modern conveniences to be found in a first-class hotel, office building or apartment house, with the additions and exceptions hereinafter related, and which, at the time, I attributed to the fact that I was probably arrived in the promised fairyland. The hallways were broad, well-lighted, handsomely carpeted, and appropriately furnished, and were decorated with fine pictures,

and occasional jardinières of growing plants, emitting a delightful fragrance. The light, also, was well regulated; not garish, but altogether suggestive of the light in happy homes of culture and refinement.

A door was opened for me by, not a fairy, but a real mortal-man, although exceedingly polite and altogether charming, who at once introduced me to the interior of a diminutive, but perfectly arranged flat, and I was informed that this was but one of many similar ones under the same roof, the centralization of labor and capital making the possibilities of modern conveniences observed in the construction and management of private homes quite within the reach of small incomes. Elevator service, gas and electric lighting, steam heat, elegantly-fitted corridors, and now I was to witness an entirely new device in the way of house building and fitting, for my guide, after inviting me into an elegant parlor, and learning of my desire to investigate the reported fairyland within the limits of San Francisco, called my attention to a finely beveled plate glass mirror, and gently, and without effort, transformed it into a most inviting and comfortable bed. I have seen all sorts of folding beds designed to beguile the unwary, and have personally experimented with many of them, to my everlasting regret, but I have never before seen a bed that was a part and parcel of the house in its construction. There are no books and bric-a-brac to be removed, no catches to be unfastened, and no doors to be opened or closed, nor does the bed unfold. In no possible way may this be denominated a



The dearest little kitchen.



Transforming Table.

folding bed; it is simply a part of the house. The recess in the wall from which the bed is pulled is closed automatically by the head-board as the bed is lowered into position, and when down, it is a moral impossibility for that bed to close accidentally, or to collapse through sheer wickedness.

My attention was again called to a simple device at the lower corners of the bed which grasped the corners of sheets, blankets, and puffs, which are held securely in place when the bed is up, and hang separated from each other by about one and a half inches. Then this wonderful bed shuts into a ventilated closet some twenty-five or thirty inches deep, and opposite a window, allowing not only the free air of heaven to circulate through it, but the rays of California sunshine to penetrate and purify it during the entire day. This, I declared, is an ideally healthful and perfect bed.

As the door closed upon the inspection of the ventilating closet, I observed on the back of it a book-case and writing desk, with additional drawers at the bottom, all projecting into the ventilating closet, a panel in the door mysteriously unfolding to form the desk.

Now, "Cupid's messenger" directed my steps to the kitchen, for people must eat, whether their salary be a princely one, or only fourteen dollars per, and I fairly

shrieked with delight at the miniature perfection of the dearest little kitchen I ever saw. Walls and floor were artistically tiled, the walls above the tiling were lined with shelves, space having been allowed for a cupboard and meat safe; a porcelain sink, and drain for dishes, and—a stove, gas range hung on the back of a door leading into the living room, which after the meal is prepared, may be swung quite around into the living room, where food may be served piping hot directly to the table, making the services of a servant quite superfluous.

"Now," Cupid remarked, "here is a table quite large enough to serve a luncheon upon." But I interrupted (having in view the inevitable family) supposing there be more than two. "Oh," he replied, "that is easy. If you will take a seat I will show you how that may be arranged without trouble." And, suiting the action to the word, he quickly rolled that table up to the door, and tipping it on end, caught two hooks on the side of a table-top, which he found hanging on the door, into openings in the table prepared for their reception, and there we had a table four by six feet, quite capable of seating a modest family of six. I laughed merrily at the transformation, which with all of the preceding magical lightning changes had convinced me that the bird knew well what he was whisper-

ing to me. "Ah! but to replace it is quite another thing," I said, instantly thinking of the heavy table-top. "No," again asserted Cupid, "quite the same thing. See!" He again rolled the table to the door, tipping it again at the same angle, and lo! the table-top remained on the door, and the centre table was standing in the center of the living room, as innocent of the black art as though it were not one of the principal conspirators.

The door, upon one side of which the table-top is suspended, and upon the other the gas range, is hung on a central bearing, so that, with the gas still burning, the stove may be turned right about face into the living room, now transformed into the dining room, where it is used as a hot buffet, and after the meal is over, the table is returned to its place on the door, the stove reversed, and the living room, with no appearance of dining room or kitchen is restored.

I had now seen a parlor, a living room, two sleeping rooms, a dining room and a kitchen, besides the reception hall. The apartment house proper is erected with a double wall, the distance between the outer and inner walls being about sixty inches. These walls serve a double purpose.

In the first place, they are sanitary, giving the finest possible ventilation; the building is warm in the winter and cool in the summer; they allow space for bath rooms, storage rooms, and the necessary ventilation closets for the reception of the beds during the day. The labor in these magical apartments has been reduced to a minimum. Space has been economized, but has not detracted from, but rather increased, the comfort. The apartments are furnished complete for housekeeping, including dishes, silver, table linen, and bed clothing, with the laundering of the two latter. The electric lighting is free. A private telephone has been installed in each suite for the use of occupants.

Should one not desire to live in an apartment house, they may build a cottage of three rooms, and still have all the comforts of a five-room flat by the adoption of this system.

I thanked Cupid, passed out through the elegant corridor, reached the elevator, and was again on the busy thoroughfare in the very heart of the populous city of Los Angeles, and, catching my breath, I acknowledged, candidly, that the world do move, and that love, aided and abetted by science, will find a way.



The living room.



The bed, an adjunct of the building.

ANSWERING JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

BY DAN. W. GRAYBILL

Copyrighted, 1905

I

When the frost is on the corn husks, and it's on the punkins, too,
Perhaps it's never happened Riley, but I guess it's happened you,
When you're roused up so very early, that the frost's your only light,
And you've been out to a party, just a little late last night;
And you hike out to the cornfield, just as soon as you can see,
And the frost it bites your fingers, till it stings worse than a bee;
And your digits they grow colder, as you tear on through the frost,
And by chance you now discover that your huskin peg you've lost—
Oh, it's then your heart grows weary, and I know you'd rather be
Out in this land of sunshine, a-picking oranges with me.

II

And perhaps it happened this way, which is equally as sad,
When it's certainly admitted that a good night's rest you've had,
And the first thing that occurs to you, as you jump up out of bed,
Is that the old wood-box is empty, and the wood's out in the shed.
And you hasten to the back door, and there's nothing hurts you so,
As when you find the back door blocked with a bank of nice, white snow,
Then it's right-about-face, back in the house, put on a pleasant (?) smile
Get out the old scoop shovel, and shovel snow awhile;
Now, of course last night this snow was frost, just a sudden change,
you say,
But give me the land of sunshine, where the winter's same as May.

III

Now, there's just another little thing found in that frosty land,
And it's a sorter combination that's not easy to withstand;
It's composed of snow and wind, and topped off with hail and sleet,
Then is when you don't go hatless even just across the street;
And it's two to one the next day that you have a soaking rain,
And then a lovely slush you have for which there is no name;
Your feathered friends are sure all right; we have them all out here,
But our mocking birds put them to sleep, and they sing the whole long
year.
Talk about your frosty punkins, there's a frost I like to see,
It's the frostin' on the lemon-pie that my mother makes for me.

EDITORIALISM

THE MEDICAL TRUST AND THE LEGISLATURE

By the Editor.

THE physicians of California have formed a Trust, and they are attempting to pass a bill through the California Legislature whereby they will be ensured protection from the proprietors of patent medicines. This bill comes as a surprise to the general public, as it is a manifestation of the truth of the saying that many of these proprietary medicines possess great value in the eyes of the public. It is also a confession that the vast number of graduates from the medical colleges find themselves without remunerative employ, and it is significant of a desire on the part of the medical fraternity of California to remove the element of competition from the lives of these practitioners in human lives. Of course, I am not unmindful of the fact that there are a number of cheap whiskeys being sold as "regenerators," "wines of life," and so on, ad lib. This is no excuse, however, for the idiotic legislation proposed.

The bill should be killed. It should be killed because it is pernicious in that it will work untold hardship on that part of the human family resident in California, and also because it will make it impossible for a host of people to earn a living. Patent medicines have not done the human family one-half the harm that fledgling doctors, issued with the brand of a get-wise-quick-college, have.

This bill should never be allowed to reach the Governor, because he is a physician, and he might, in a moment of prejudice, make this outrageous measure a law by appending his signature thereto.

Such a law would practically destroy the sale of proprietary medicines in our State, and the destruction of the sale of standard remedies will work an untold hardship on the poor. It is also suggested that this bill is aimed to prevent the sale of all homeopathic remedies. When it is known that this science has been making rapid strides to the front, and that thousands of families will be dispossessed of the family medicine chest, it is easily seen that the bill is one of the worst that has been proposed by a Legislature which is fast getting a name that is sure to be a stench in the public nostrils for years to come.

The pretense of protecting the public health is generally a transparent fraud, urged by some doctor who would vigorously resent any attempt to supervise his prescriptions, or to punish him for the numerous mistakes he is likely to make. Nearly all States have statutes furnishing adequate protection against the indiscriminate sale of poisons; and the complaint of injury from the use of proprietary remedies is infinitesimal in comparison with the amount sold and the

millions of people who avail themselves of these remedies.

As a rule, these bills (under some specious covering of words) embody a scheme either to prevent the sale of some of the simplest and best remedies which are now in daily use by thousands of people all over this country; or to compel every man who wants to buy 5 cents worth of toothache drops, or other simple remedy, to first obtain the written consent of some doctor, at an expense of \$1 or \$2. Such bills are simply schemes to make business for doctors at the expense of the people, and to destroy all advertising of proprietary remedies.

It is, perhaps human nature that men should fancy that their own professional income is not as large as their abilities merit, and that they should want to increase it by

destroying the business of others. But no fair-minded Legislator would recognize this as legitimate ground for legislation.

ERRORS WILL CROP UP.

The frontispiece in this number locates the San Xavier Mission in California, when its proper location is Tucson, Arizona. Recently one of our contributors wrote an exceedingly interesting story of flood times on the Willamette, and to-day I am deluged with protestations from my web-footed friends regarding a few mis-statements made in the article. I have called the author's attention to her mistakes, and I hope that the people of Portland will forgive the inadvertence which permitted the publication of a paragraph which should have been blue-penciled.

THE SAYINGS OF WISE MEN AND WOMEN

A Compilation and an Editorial Estimate

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

"Books are being bought more than they ever were, in spite of the pessimism of the booksellers. It is pleasant, also, to say that the kind of books bought is, on the whole, satisfactory."—Guy Raymond Halifax.

"It is interesting to note that the most flowery adulation of women as women in our common literature co-existed with the most hideous conditions of woman's labor."—G. S. Street.

"There is as much beauty in the stems and leaves of some plants as in the blossoms of others, as much welcome coloring in leafless trees and evergreens as in the choicest flowers of summer."—A. H. Parsons.

"Life is hard; nevertheless, the great thing is courage. Give courage to others. It is better than money. Courage springs from love, and love has been called the greatest thing on earth."—Ex-Empress Eugenia.

"I don't want to know of any other national distinction than that between rich and poor. I only know two nations, one of which works much and eats little, and the other which works little and eats very much."—Eugene Tschirikoff.

"It is an entire mistake to suppose that the world tends toward democracy. It is against it. Civilization tends toward specialization; it tends to taking functions from everybody and giving them to some-

body. It tends, for instance, to the disappearance of the old social song, sung by everybody in the room, and to the substitution of a special song, sung by a special singer. In time, and if we let it, it will tend to a special person appointed to sneeze, because he does it so well. That is civilization in excelsis, and we must fight it to the death."—G. K. Chesterton.

* * *

One of my author friends has recently received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and he writes me from Paris that, although a Frenchman, he, with many others, considers the decoration of dubious merit. Monsieur Curie, who shares the honor of having discovered radium, with his wife, has declined the decoration. He says: "The Institution is bad!"

* * *

Maxim Gorki, the Russian writer, has forwarded an interesting present to Herr Bebel, the German Socialist leader, as a mark of his sympathy with him personally and politically. It takes the form of an inkstand, carved out of a mammoth-tooth, which was originally presented to Gorki himself by an exile to Siberia, who had made it.

* * *

Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke writes me that she and her versatile sister, writers of "Huldah," are to have a new book before the public very shortly. The MacGowans have made this book, it is called "Return," a partnership affair, and the publishers are L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. The book will appear some time in April. The two MacGowan sisters are to dissolve partnership for next year's work, and we may then expect two volumes from their very capable pens.

* * *

Some time ago a certain publisher to whom the business department of this magazine had applied for an advertisement, replied that the

Overland critic was subject to dyspepsia, and that he had also a very pronounced bilious tendency. Furthermore, that "this house will not send any more books for review." Enclosed in this letter were clippings to show that certain Eastern critics had a better opinion of the output of that particular publisher than I had. To-day I am amused by finding three books from this house in my mail. I am sorry, exceedingly sorry, but, when I have the time, I fear I will have to do something to this publisher and his writers that will make him think I have more than biliousness to disturb my equanimity. Of course, I owe him the courtesy of a review; you may rest assured he will receive this courtesy at my hands if I have to cut out three really meritorious publications to make room for his "critique extraordinaire."

* * *

"Lawsonized Lyrics," "The Rubaiyat of the Commuter," and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne," is the light verse that has excited the risibilities of the Reviewer this month. The little volume of "Lawsonized Lyrics" treats of the Lawson disclosures in a sarcastic vein, and to the air of topical and nursery rhyme. The "Rubaiyat of the Commuter" is one of the funniest attempts in imitation of the Omarian quatrain. San Francisco is said to have the greatest number of commuters of any city in the world, and as they are of a superior grade of intelligence to the peripatetic provincial New Yorker, this little booklet should find quite a ready sale in the City by the Golden Gate. Ninetenths of the New York commuting crowd have never heard of Omar and his verse, and a parody would seem stale and profitless to them. Gelett Burgess is the author of "Omar Cayenne," and one verse of it applies so aptly to the Literary Critic—the man, not the journal—that I give it here:

"Then of the critic, he who works
behind
The Author's back, I tried the Clew
to find;

But he, too, was in Darkness, and I
heard
A Literary Agent say: THEY ALL
ARE BLIND!"



America's largest and most powerful battleship, the U. S. S. "Connecticut," 16,000 tons, built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Sister ship to the U. S. S. "Louisiana," built by private contract. From a pen sketch by Pierre N. Beringer.



THE JOY OF CHILDHOOD

Any Child—even the Baby—knows when PEARS' is used in the bath; that's why "he won't be happy 'till he gets it."

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

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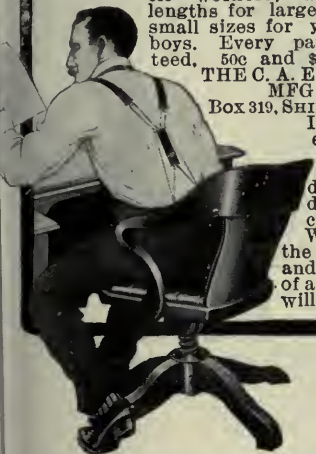
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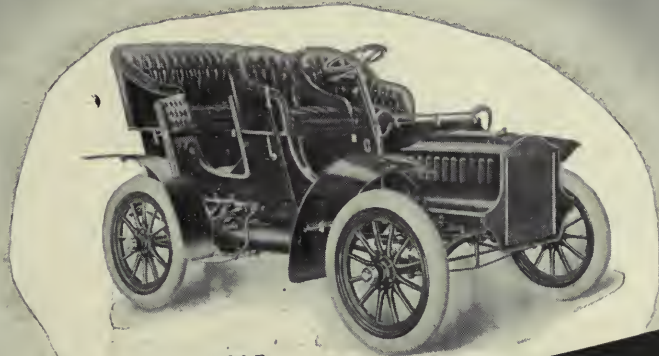
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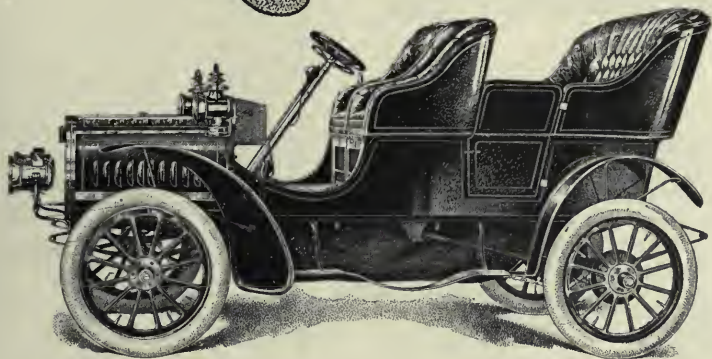
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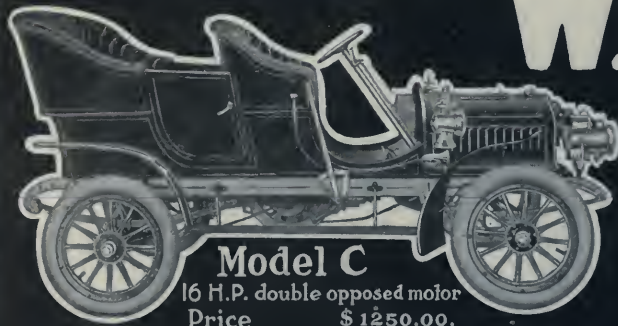
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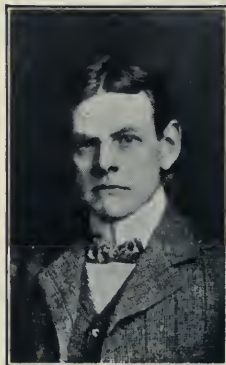
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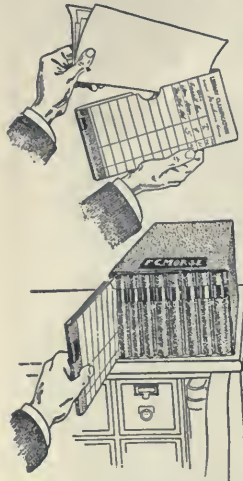
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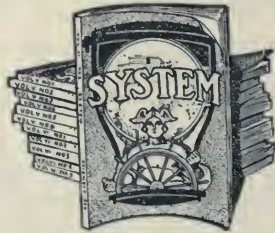


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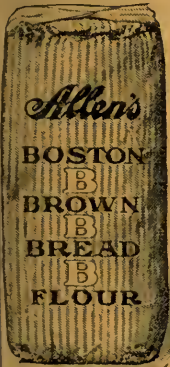
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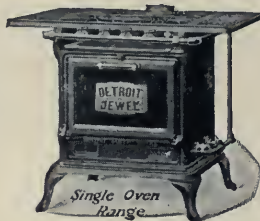
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APRIL, 1905

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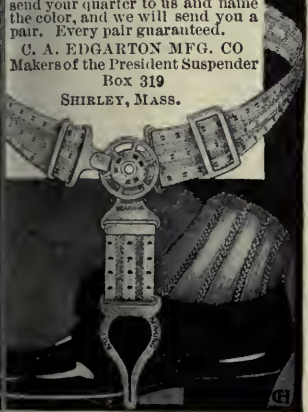
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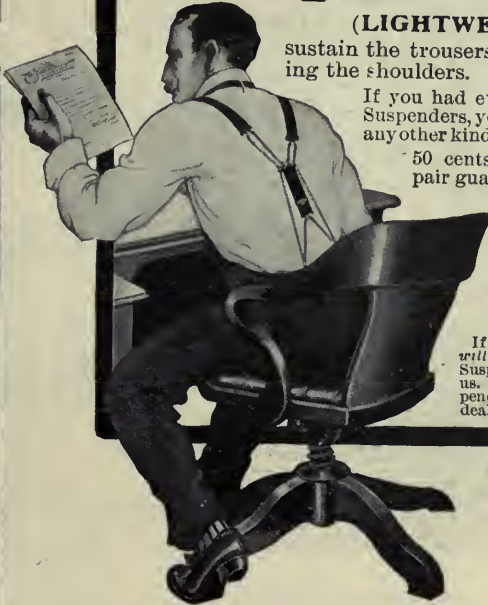
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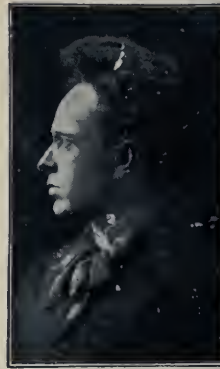
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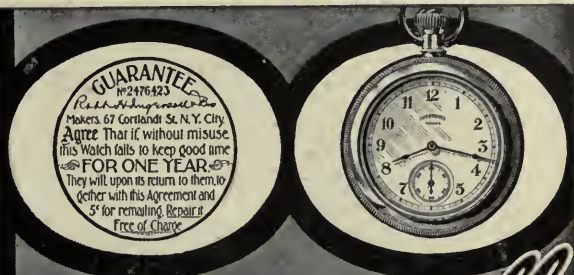
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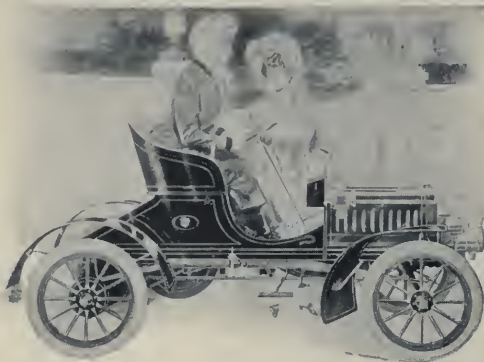


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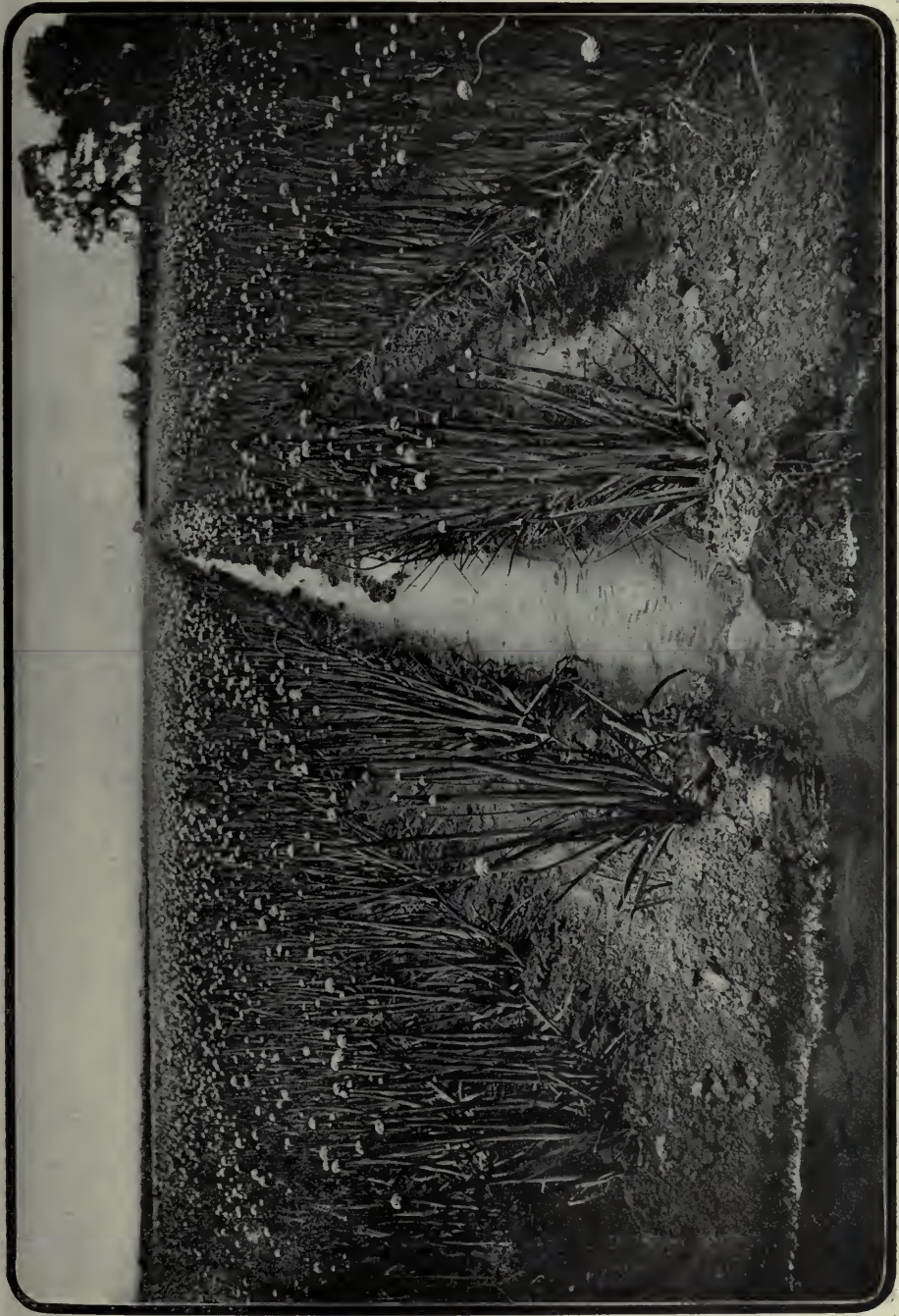
The difference between a sewing machine bought on the installment plan, and large modern shops equipped with every improved labor saving device.

The difference between a few suit patterns bought on credit from the middleman, and hundreds of thousands of yards of cloth bought for cash direct from the weavers.

Write for our illustrated Fashion Magazine, "Men's Togs," it will tell you all about it. Copy mailed free upon application.

Ed. V. Price & Company, *Merchant Tailors*, Chicago

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A Santa Clara onion seed plantation.



Miss Lillian Lawrence, as Cleopatra.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLV

April, 1905

No. 4

THE VETERAN GUARD

OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

BY J. N. H. IRWIN

ONCE a year the old Guard veterans of the Bohemian club meet at the banquet table and revive memories of the old days and nights at the corner of Sacramento and Webb streets. Now the club is one of the most famous and most prosperous in all the world, but at these Old Guard dinners they tell the stories of early struggle for existence and recount the difficulties that were experienced in making the organization what it is to-day.

It is an honor to be a member of the Bohemian Club, the privilege implying fellowship with the noted men whose names adorn the roll; to be a veteran of the Old Guard is a glory in the club. There are only thirty-eight of the veterans left, and the list is forever closed.

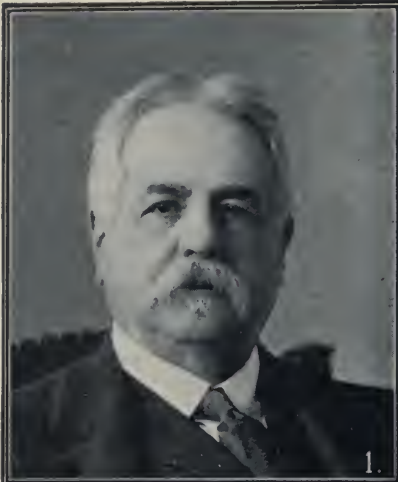
The following is the list of the survivors of the Old Guard. Those still living in San Francisco are: Thomas B. Bishop, H. R. Bloomer, H. M. Bosworth, Nat J. Brittan, A. L. Bancroft, George T. Bromley, E. Bosqui, H. M. Burke, David Bush, Dr. George Chismore, L. A. Foote, Commodore Isadore Gutte, Judge R. C. Harrison, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Horace L. Hill, Thomas Hill, George C. Ives, J. N. H. Irwin, Charles Josselyn, John Landers, Reuben H. Lloyd, Jeremiah Lynch, George H. Malter, Colonel Samuel

D. Mayer, J. M. McDonald, Colonel Mark J. McDonald, Theodore F. Payne, Warren R. Payne, Senator George C. Perkins, Peter Robinson, Dr. B. R. Swan, Raphael Weill, George H. Wheaton, Russell J. Wilson, George S. Rice.

The members of the Guard who reside outside of this city are: Jennings S. Cox, New York; A. MacFarland Davis, Cambridge, Mass.; Clay M. Greene, New York; Barton Hill, New York; Barbour Lathrop, Chicago; Thomas Newcomb, Albany, New York; Charles Warren Stoddard, Washintgon, D. C.; Frank L. Unger, New York.

This year's banquet was held at Marchand's restaurant on the evening of February 21st, the members assembling there as the guests of Mr. Raphael Weill. It has especial interest as being the first banquet ever held by the Old Guard outside of the club's own home. Mr. Joseph N. H. Irwin was the guest of honor on this occasion, and it was on his account that the Old Guard deviated from the custom of banqueting at the club.

Mr. Irwin is one of the three men who, in February, 1872, first discussed the plans that led to the organization of the Bohemian Club. He was at that time a young newspaper man holding the position of commer-



1. Raphael Weill. 2. Geo. T. Bromley.

3. R. H. Lloyd.

cial editor on the Examiner, and his associates in the club project were Sands W. Forman, at that time city editor of the Examiner, and Thos. Newcomb, city editor of the Call. Mr. Irwin, in a paper read at the Old Guard dinner on March 16, 1901, and afterward published, gave a delightfully humorous account of that early beginning, and his narrative, both for its literary value and its importance as history, will ever remain a classic in the annals of the club.

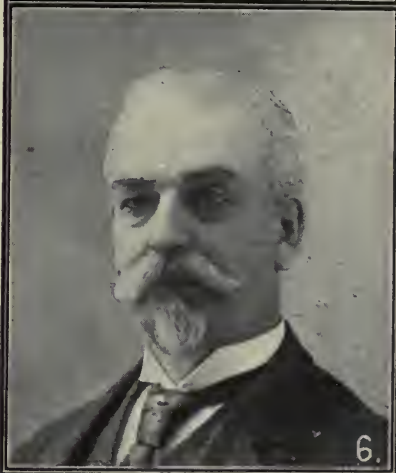
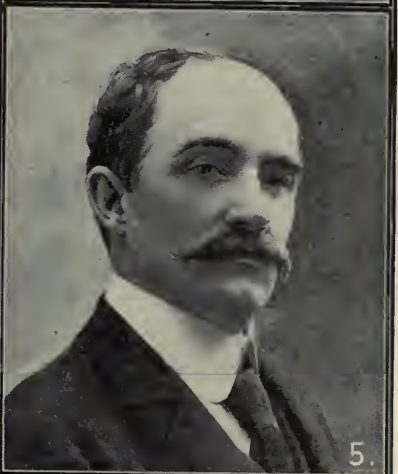
The original three, of whom Mr. Irwin is now the only surviving member, called some of their associates into the project, and on February 15, 1872, a meeting for the purpose of discussing plans of organization was held by Mr. Irwin, Mr. Forman, Mr. Newcomb, Daniel O'Connell, Frederick Whympier, Frank G. Kenny, and J. F. Bowman. Benjamin P. Avery and Delos J. Howe, also, were prominent in the project, and these two men, with Mr. Bowman, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Irwin, were appointed a committee to call a meeting for the formal organization of the club. The meeting was held in the Examiner editorial rooms, 533 Washington street, on February 23d, those present, in addition to the pioneer Bohemians already mentioned being William Bausman, Colonel J. C. Cremony, S. F. Sutherland, Chas. A. Wetmore, T. L. Johns, Jacob Steppacher, Frank J. Murphy, Theodore Newman, John Armstrong, Jr., William V. Wells, Dan McCarthy, H. S. Dallabi, W. B. Linehan, and T. F. Swanevich. There was a division of sentiment as to the name that should be chosen for the club, and when "Bohemian" was decided upon, the minority withdrew. Then the Bohemian Club was organized with 19 charter members, the names on the list being James F. Bowman, Frank G. Kenny, Colonel J. C. Cremony, B. F. Naphthaly, Theodore Newman, Frederick Whympier, P. Fhermever, H. S. Dallabi, Ambrose G. Bierce, John Armstrong, Jr.,

Thomas Newcomb, Daniel O'Connell, J. N. H. Irwin, Dan McCarthy, William V. Wells, Sands W. Forman, T. L. Johns, Charles A. Wetmore, and Frank J. Murphy.

It was in the quarters at Sacramento and Webb streets that the organization attained prominence and became the club that is now known throughout the world. The members who participated in the great upbuilding at Sacramento and Webb streets are the present veterans of the Old Guard. They are the Bohemians who buffeted the financial gales and made the way to the present eminence and prosperity. It was their brilliancy that made the club headquarters recognized everywhere as the home of wit and wisdom. Intellectual treats were followed by "low jinks," which were in the lighter vein and always merry but never vulgar or commonplace. Music was a leading feature, and it was always appropriate to the occasion. The papers written for the club gatherings were by men standing at the head of their professions or their lines of business, and as much care was taken in the preparation of papers for that little coterie of friends as might have been taken in regard to publications for the general public. Some of the names on the articles filed away in the Bohemian archives are names that have adorned the world of letters. Every member of the Old Guard was a critic who freely expressed his views, and to gain the approbation of the club was a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

The 1905 banquet of the Old Guard, with Mr. Weill as host and "Joe" Irwin as the guest of honor, was held outside of the club building for the reason that Mr. Irwin, although still a loyal Bohemian at heart, was led by unfortunate political considerations to withdraw from the club three years ago.

When the Bohemian Club directors took action adverse to Mr. Hearst immediately after the death



4. J. N. H. Irwin. 5. Clay M. Greene.
6. Col. A. G. Hawes.



7. Ed. Bosqui. 8. Sam Mayer. 9. Nat. Brittain.

of President McKinley, the members connected with the Hearst newspapers resigned from the club, and Mr. Irwin was one of these.

Journalistic associations antedating even the organization of the club seemed to call for the old Bohemian's fidelity, and so Mr. Irwin gave up the club that had so long been his home, and sacrificed himself to what he considered a professional duty.

This resignation for the sake of principle was all the more a sacrifice for the reason that Mr. Irwin was an honorary life member of the club and such membership is limited to fifteen.

This action has not lessened the bonds of friendship between Mr. Irwin and his fellow veterans of the club, and the holding of this year's banquet outside of the club in order that Mr. Irwin might participate was the highest testimonial that could be paid.

"Desirous of meeting our old brother in Bohemia, dear Joe Irwin, who for good reasons cannot be with us at the club rooms," said Mr. Weill in the invitations, "I am taking the liberty to have us do so at the time usually set for the annual banquet of the 'Veterans.' Therefore I have the honor to ask the very great pleasure of your presence at a dinner to be given at Marchand's on February 21st, at seven o'clock. None but Veterans on guard."

The gathering on this occasion was one of the notable events in the history of the Bohemian Club. Beautifully decorated with rare flowers and the February fruit blossoms of California was the banquet-room, the arrangement being the work of Mrs. Solly Walters, widow of the well-known artist, who was a prominent member of the club. A life-like bust of "Uncle George" Bromley was exhibited as the latest and best specimen of sculptor Robert I. Aitken's skill, and "Uncle George" himself was there to show

the permanent superiority of nature over art. The name cards at the table were from a dainty and clever design, representing owls in flight, this idea being in humorous reference to the necessity of holding the banquet outside of the club building.

Old Guard veterans who sat at the table were Mr. Weill, Mr. Irwin, Reuben H. Lloyd, Judge Ralph Harrison, George T. Bromley, Dr. George Chismore, Thomas R. Bishop, Dr. Benjamin R. Swan, Col. Alexander G. Hawes, H. R. Bloomer, Hugh M. Burke, H. M. Bosworth, Warren R. Payne, Nat. J. Brittan, David Bush, John Landers, Commodore I. Gutte, Edward Bosqui, George H. Malter, Louis R. Mead, Samuel D. Mayer, Peter Robinson, Benjamin Clark, General L. H. Foote and M. J. McDonald.

With Mr. Weill as the host, it is needless to mention that the dinner was a most elaborate one in every particular, and that the feeling of good fellowship was the sentiment supreme. There were short talks with the coffee, all of them witty and reminiscent of the olden days on Sacramento street, and letters from many distinguished veterans now absent from the city were read.

Mr. Irwin, one of the first speakers, said, after some humorous allusions to the club experiences in the earlier days:

"It is hardly necessary for me to make any allusion to the unfortunate circumstances which, something more than three years ago, led to my withdrawal from the club in which about all the old friends that I have were wont to gather and at which we met at least once a year to live again the days of Sacramento street. Our Old Guard dinner was the meeting to which I looked forward, year by year. Then came the calamity which caused me to forsake the happiness of my club life, although it could not, and did not, in any degree lessen the ties of friendship and fellowship by which



10. Thomas Bishop. 11. Senator George C. Perkins. 12. John Landers.



13. H. M. Bosworth. 14. W. R. Payne.
15. H. R. Bloomer.

I am bound to the Old Guard. The pleasantest thoughts in the misery of my exile grew out of knowledge conveyed to me that my old friends, when they gathered around the table, had a thought of me, and that they brought up my name in a pleasant manner and coupled it with days that are joyous memories to us all.

"My privilege of being with you again to-night is due to the thoughtfulness of our dear friend, Raphael Weill, in planning one of those delightful surprises so characteristic of the charming fellow whose efforts are ever directed to the promotion of happiness among those in association with him.

"It is difficult for me on such an occasion to speak at all, but I wish to say that I feel this to be the greatest compliment that has been paid to me in all my life. It has placed me under a debt of gratitude to Ralph that I am enabled once again to meet with the Old Guard under such circumstances and among such pleasant surroundings. The English language is not comprehensive enough to supply the words, even if I were sufficiently versed in the use of them, for the expression of the sentiments I feel.

"Sometimes among our adversities the question comes to us whether life is worth living. This question has come to me, now and then, during the past three years. But to-night I know the answer. Not only has life been richly worth the while to me, but had the difficulties and perplexities been vastly greater and had sorrows and troubles been crowded upon me, I would still find abundant compensation in this glad re-union with my fellow-veterans of the Old Guard.

"This gathering makes my life happier than I can say, and again I want to express gratitude to my old friend, Ralph Weill.

"Veterans of the Old Guard, although I am not able to be with you as of yore in the clubrooms, I assure you that I am still a patriotic



L. H. Foote.

Bohemian. I am true to the tenets of Bohemia, and with you I will ever strive, in my humble way, to uphold the structure which together we erected.

"I feel that as a man retains his fidelity to his alma mater, so should every veteran of the Old Guard be faithful to the home of Bohemia."

One of the most notable letters read at the banquet was the following, written from the Lambs' Club at New York by Clay M. Greene, the playwright, who is the Head Shepherd of the Club, breaking into poetry to express his feelings in regard to the trouble which culminated in the resignation of Mr. Irwin and other members of the Hearst staff:

The Lambs', 70 West 36th St.
New York, Feb. 16, 1905.

My Dear Raphael:

Your letter announcing a dinner to Joe Irwin finds me in a state of mind which impels me to protest with a vehemence and emphasis not fit for publication, against any reason, however technically correct, which should prevent the veterans of Sacramento street from honoring one who might almost be called the Father of Bohemia, amid the glammers and sentiments of its Lares and Penates.

This is a cumbrous and platitudinous sentence, but so are the rules that render possible so palatable an indignity.

No personality or character or nature among the memories of the old days is so pleasantly remembered as that of old Joe, and my indignation is so eloquently keen that its resentment can only be expressed in limpid verse:

To Hell with the Board of Directors!
That arrogant body of pelf,
Which, mindless of Time's retrospectors,
Regard not the pride in one's self;
Who feel that rewards of endeavor
Are choked by oblivious dross,
And chained to obloquy forever
Because of contempt for mere dross.

To Hell with the Board of Directors!
Fill flagons with vintage sublime,
And drink to those gallant reflectors,
Who bring back the records of Time;
And light once again the bright beacons,
That give us a vision of youth,
When we were true revelry's deacons,
Regarding no law as a truth.

To Hell with the Board of Directors!
To Hell with revilers of debt!
Drink deep to our truest of Hectors
In the battle we're all fighting yet;
To hold with the strength of religion
The love of such fellows as Joe,
And consign to some place wholly stygian
All those who love nothing but "dough."
CLAY M. GREENE.

Charles Warren Stoddard's poetic letter, written among the snow-clad hills of Massachusetts, and with thoughts turned longingly toward sunny California, is as follows:



Jos. D. Redding.



Dr. Geo. Chismore.

In the White Shadow of Mt. Greylock.

Berkshire Co., Mass., Feb. 16, 1905.

Dear Raphael Weill and Brother Veterans:

A glad message from dear old Frisco has hunted me down, and where, think you?

IN LITTLE SWITZERLAND! It is heavenly here just now, and here I am having my last bout with winter.

Greylock, the highest point of land in Massachusetts, is frosted to the tip, and from my broad western window I look upon it and think of the summer land beyond—the land I hope to enter and call "home" once more, and that some time in April.

Look across your flower laden banquet board, my brothers, and listen for a moment.

Here there is rosy snow at sunrise among baby Alpine peaks; and violet snow at sunset in silver vales; and there is snow upon snow everywhere—snow as fine as flour and as dry as bone dust, so that you cannot make a snowball of it.

Out of the "Great White Silence" I greet you with a tropical Aloha, that need not be put upon the ice to keep forever. Fire and frost are as one to the touch, but O, the difference to me!

A health to you, my brothers! Please God—a little while and I shall see you, and it shall be with us as if we had never said good-bye.

Faithfully and affectionately,

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.
Greylock Rest, Adams, Mass.

Many witty things were said in other notes of acceptance by those who attended the banquet. A characteristic reply from Dr. Benjamin R. Swan was in this form:

Mr. Raphael Weill:

You dear old "Vet."
I'm there, you bet!
We'll say a shilling
if God is willing.
Fraternally,

BENJ. R. SWAN.

San Francisco, February 8, 1905.

Here are some of the other letters which were read by Mr. Weill, while the Old Guard veterans listened and applauded:

70 West 36th St., New York, Feb. 15, 1905.

Dear Ralph:

The very thought of dear old Joe Irwin makes me feel young again—bless his heart. I have always loved him, and sorry that I cannot join you on the festive occasion, and if I was in reaching distance, wild horses would not keep me away. And then I would have two celebrations—for the 21st is my birthday—55. Gee! what a long time, but hasn't it been bully! And old Clay Green will be 55 on March 12th, and I intend to make him a present on that memorable occasion, which will be the 37th present I have given him in succession. Pretty good record, eh?

I may come to San Francisco, leaving here March 4th with a bunch of lively New Yorkers. I am in bully good health.

Love to dear old Joe, yourself, not forgetting the "Vets.," and drink a toast to dear Gene Dewey.

Aloha,

FRANK UNGER.

United States Senate.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1905.

Hon. Raphael Weill, San Francisco, Cal.:

Dear Mr. Weill:

I am in receipt of yours of the 6th inst.,



Dr. Benjamin R. Swan.

extending kind invitation to be present at Marchand's February 21st, to do honor to Joe Irwin, and am extremely sorry that my presence here will prevent me from attending. However, you know that I would be present were I on the other side of the continent, and regret that I am not. The meeting of the "Veterans" is not to be missed if one can by any means attend. With most sincere thanks for your kind remembrance, I am,

GEORGE C. PERKINS.

10 Appleton St., Cambridge, Mass.,

Feb. 13, 1905.

Dear Mr. Weill:

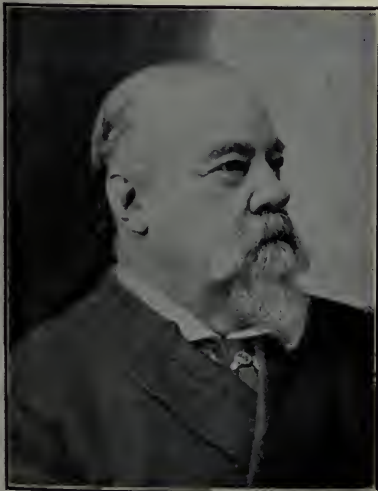
I thank you for remembering me on this occasion of the assembling of the Veterans of the Bohemian Club, whose privilege it is not only to enjoy the present, but to be blessed with a store of memories such as falls not to the lot of ordinary men.

If my presence would give you 'very great pleasure,' fancy what would be my own feelings at meeting once more the remnant of that band of good fellows whose every effort seemed to be put forth to cause happiness in others, and on whose success in that line rests the great reputation which our Bohemian Club has justly attained.

Those of you who have remained in San Francisco and have continued to enjoy the pleasures doled out to you—of which I have only learned through hearsay—cannot perhaps appreciate how much I value the memories of the evenings spent at Sacramento and Pine streets. Alas! there I must stop. You cannot realize how much it costs me to say that I cannot accept your kind invitation.

Yours very truly,

A. McF. DAVIS.



Horace L. Hill.



David Bush.

No. 10 Wall St., New York, Feb. 14, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Esq., Bohemian Club, San Francisco Cal.

My Dear Brother in Bohemia:

To-day's mail brought your invitation to meet my brother veterans of the Bohemian Club at a dinner to be given Tuesday evening, February 21st, at Marchand's, to Bohemian brother Joe Irwin.

It filled me with a longing to be with you on that happy occasion, to get a look at familiar faces and an all-round hand-shake with old friends. I would willingly take my chances with the snow drifts that block the way twixt here and 'Frisco—were that the only impediment—but, alas, I'm tied to the "wheels of Wall street" and cannot get loose.

I shall, however, be with you all in spirit, and trust that when you drink to the "Old Sacramento rooms," and the "old boys" who were wont to gather there—in the days of long ago—I may not be forgotten.

Your Bohemian Brother,

JENNINGS S. COX.

Aurora, Oregon, Feb. 10, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.:

My Dear Sir and Brother Bohemian of the Old Guard:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your very kind favor of the 6th inst., inviting me to a dinner at Marchand's on the 21st inst., where only veterans and dear old Joe Irwin will be present.

I assure you that I appreciate from all my heart the honor you confer upon me, a poor Webfoot, by your kind invitation, and the fact even of having thought of me, but I am exceedingly grieved that I cannot get away from here now, on account of business—and other reasons.

Kindly remember me to all the "old boys."

I surely shall be with you that evening with longing thoughts. I know what I shall miss by not being able to be with you.

I remain, fraternally yours,

G. MUECKE.

P. S.—While I write this, it is snowing. I am busy in my capacity as "Weather Uncle" to assist in the present fight between winter and approaching spring.

New York, Feb. 20, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Bohemian Club, San Francisco:

All success to veterans, loyal tribute to veteran Joe Irwin.

BARTON HILL.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 13, 1905.

Mr. Raphael Weill, San Francisco, Cal.
My Dear Sir:

Much to my regret, my movements in the near future will not admit of accepting your very kind invitation to meet the old members of the Bohemian Club at a dinner on the 21st inst. Were it practical, to do so, it would give me very great pleasure to be present. Will you kindly remember me to those present. Thanking you for your kind consideration,

Sincerely,

A. L. BANCROFT.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Feb. 21, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Santa Barbara, Cal.:

Santa Barbara guards me, but Sacramento street receives my spirit. A glass of wine with those of us that are left.

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 17, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.

My Dear Sir:

Acknowledging receipt of your kind invi-

tation for the 21st, I have delayed answering until this late date, in the hope that circumstances might arise that would enable me to accept.

Such, however, is not the case. With the knowledge of my weakness on such occasions, my M. D. positively forbids.

Kindly convey to Joe, with the others surrounding, my regret at not being with you, and with fraternal regards to you all, I am,

Sorrowfully yours,

GEORGE H. WHEATON.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 8, 1905.

Mr. Raphael Weill, Bohemian Club, City.
My Dear Sir:

Replying to your cordial note of the 6th inst., inviting me to your dinner to Joe Irwin on the 21st inst., I regret exceedingly that I am not well enough to attend; otherwise, it would have given me great pleasure to accept the invitation to be with you.

Very truly yours,

RUSSELL J. WILSON.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 7, 1905.

Raphael Weill, City:

My Dear Sir:

I will be very glad to meet Joe Irwin, and accept with great pleasure your kind invitation to the Veterans' dinner at Marchand's on February 21st, at seven o'clock.

VETERAN GEORGE CHISMORE.

Feb. 8, 1905.

Mr Dear Raphael:

Your kind invitation received, and as it conveys a double pleasure of meeting two dear friends—yourself and Joe Irwin—among the Veterans of the Old Bohemian Guard, it is accepted with pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LANDERS.

Feb. 16, 1905.

My Dear Raphael:

It will give me great pleasure to join your gathering of old Bohemians at Marchand's on February 21st, not only because it is an "occasion," but my regard for my old friend, Joe Irwin, is only equaled by my regard for yourself.

PETER ROBERTSON.

San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1905.

Dear Mr. Weill:

I have just received your kind invitation to attend a dinner to the "Veterans" of the Bohemian Club at Marchand's on the 21st inst., at seven o'clock.

I have been obliged for a long time to cut out general festivities of all kinds, including dinners, but it gives me great pleasure to make an exception to my enforced rule, and accept your very thoughtful invitation.

With sincere regards, I am always,

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. BISHOP.



Benjamin Clark.



Isador Gutte.

San Francisco, Feb. 9, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Esq., City.

My Dear Raphael:

It affords me much pleasure to accept your kind invitation for dinner on the 21st. Lo! these many years I have labored under the hallucination that I was not entitled to the honor of being a member of the Old Guard, but I am glad to be convinced at this late day, and sorry that I have lost so much in the past. I hope that the good Lord will spare us all for many happy re-unions.

Yours in brotherly love,

HORACE L. HILL.

San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1905.

Raphael Weill, Esq.

Dear Sir:

In reply to yours of the 6th inst., I beg to say that it will give me great pleasure to dine with you on the 21st in honor of dear old Joe Irwin. Looking forward to a most enjoyable re-union of the Old Guard on that evening, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN CLARK.

Woodside, San Mateo Co., Feb. 9, 1905.

My Dear Raphael:

I had rather dine with you than any man living, and you are thoughtful and kind

to ask me to join the Veterans at your banquet. But there are some reasons which I know you will appreciate that prevent my accepting. I'll tell you all about them when we meet. Again a thousand thanks from

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES JOSSELYN.

San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1905.

Mr. Raphael Weill, City.

My Dear Raphael:

It will afford me the greatest pleasure, and I shall do myself the honor of being present in response to your kind invitation to meet with the Old Guard, and our old friend, Joe Irwin, on the evening of the 21st. It is but another evidence of your kind thoughtfulness and feeling for the old veterans of the Bohemian Club, who hold you in such tender regards.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID BUSH

The dinner was not only characteristic of Mr. Weill, who is renowned as a prince among all the good hosts in Bohemia, but it was also characteristic of California. Although Mr. Weill's birthplace is in the pleasant land of France, the veteran clubman is a Californian in every sense of the word; and after his career of fifty years in the business life of San Francisco, there is no man more honored. The city and the State are proud of his achievements. Mr. Weill's acts of generosity, seldom known to any but the recipients, are on a grand scale, and are performed in the true spirit of philanthropy. The good that Mr. Weill has done in San Francisco is incalculable.

Before parting with the veterans at the Old Guard banquet of 1905, Mr. Weill obtained the promise from them all that they would again be his guests one year from that night and at the same place.

TEX'S LITTLE LAD

BY FRANCES CHARLES

CHAPTER V.

"JIMMIE."

JANET could have cried herself to sleep, but she did not do so. Instead she wrote her cousin and told him how the child had come and how she intended to be good to him—for Felipa's sake.

She explained all about his arrival and how the plains and the Arizona sunset and mountains must have made him superior to the gaudy treasures of earth, which men set store by in packed cities, because he had not seemed surprised at all, as she had expected, by anything. "He observed," she wrote, "but he did not seem to be a hoozier—if Tex. allowed her to use the term." In due time, Tex wrote back that it was the Vere de Vere blood in him—she should have known that.

His humor was always of that stamp, depending on one's opinion of him to think it funny, and Janet's heart was warmed by it. She felt life had probably ceased its yield to him, but his ability to make a jest with the same sober lips no doubt that he had when seventeen, solaced her thoughts on his having to live notwithstanding.

As to the child himself, he was not quite aware whether he liked the city all at once. He did not regard Janet as the motif of his coming, but made comparisons, Janet felt, and spent a good part of his first month wondering if his mere geographical transplanting had been worth while.

Janet as an influence was to work on him gradually, but at first, as I have told you, it was all a sort of wonder and vague little misery of acclimatization. He seemed very grateful to Janet, too, and always treated her with so much respect

that it would have made her unhappy about him, if from the very first he had not evinced the same interest in old Ann that a lively little dog might at the mere sight of a cat, however respectable and well-behaved a feline.

Janet did not probe into the mystery of this at first, because she was not much used to children, and was to learn by time, not instinct, as Felipa might.

Like women, they had given him a royal welcome the first day, and not looked to any possible future. Ann had suggested that it would be well to have all their attractions on the scene, as he would doubtless be crying on his arrival, and it would require all their machinations to fascinate and then pacify him. She said Jimmie had been known to cry for four hours at a stretch, and then when they shook spools at him, to stop at once.

There was only one inference Janet could make to it.

"I suppose if you had shaken the spools at first he would have stopped then?" she inquired.

Old Ann filled up the doorway nicely as she replied that they had shaken everything else, but spools, at him that time, so no one could ever know if he eventually surrendered to weariness or whether he had just wanted the spools all along, and that deceiving was baby nature. They shook the spools first next time and it was a bell on wheels that he wanted, one of those ingenious thoughts from the brains of exhausted fathers, Janet supposed. "Jimmie's" disposition to be "uncertain, coy and hard to please," like the ladies, frightened Miss Merton into relying entirely on Old Ann's suggestion that Ethelbert's toys, for all ages, be scattered around Janet's

living room like so many remedies, and she supposed the old woman did this, previous to her and Ethelbert's arrival, for all were not only in painstaking evidence, but handy, when he came in.

He became interested in the Noah's ark at once. He said he did not know much about city boys, but he showed the same broadminded interest in studying their form of amusement that he had in proving delicately to Janet that Arizona had graduates as well as San Francisco. He studied the animals politely, too, as if manners were either innate with him or as if he were still cherishing some of Tex.'s advice on the things he should do and leave undone.

He had luncheon with Janet, and then went back to the Noah's ark, standing up one uncouth shape after another, and then making minute examinations of each between whiles. By dinner time, he had an opinion to pass on them.

"There are some animals there I never even saw," he commenced earnestly to Janet, as he stood by the side of the table preparatory to seating himself. "I guess they give more kinds to the city boys to play with because they are not alive."

Janet saw that he wanted to tell her about them, so she rather encouraged the unbosoming. She was not used to conversational rambles, and did not recognize at first that it was a donkey story to which she was listening. He said: "One day that a Mexican woman came to see Felipa, and sat on their back porch. Felipa was a little thing. Had Janey ever seen her? No! Why? Would Janey tell him some time?" (She asked a question here.)

"Did he call Felipa—Felipa? Yes, when she was just Felipa—little and not very well, but when it was he who was little or not well, she was his little mother and he always called her that! Why did Janey think that he did not call his mother Felipa? Was Janey any kind

of a mother? No! Maybe that was the reason she did not know about him and Felipa."

He studied her greatly then. At salient points during his narrations he seemed to study Janet, although his questions for their part were never inquisitive, never even demanding an answer, and when one seemed rather necessary, he was not above supplying it himself.

He was struck especially with her inquiry about Felipa, and came over and stood beside the table, watching her interestedly. "If you did have a little boy?" he asked, "would you never let him call you Janey?"

She broke a piece of bread, and his eyes became fascinated by her hands. She could feel his opinion on them through his gaze.

"I let you call me Janey," she replied. The evasion hurt him. She felt this and asked him to tell her about the Mexican woman. If he were her own little boy she knew that he would be calling her "mother," and he seemed to understand it, feeling her disapproval of Felipa, without quite knowing what it was.

"The Mexican woman came to see Felipa one day," he continued, "and sat on the back porch, and when she saw him, Ethelbert, she laughed and laughed and laughed. He did not know why, only she owned the little donkey that she rode. It was about the donkey which he was telling Janey then. She was its mother!" He always hesitated here, as if he knew this was where the laugh came in, but could not quite sound it. "Tex. had hired it from her for him." Janey smiled herself, and he stood with his earnest eyes fixed on her, his slight shoulders well held as if in imitation of some ancestral young courtier long gone to dust. So he had probably stood in that bare little Arizona hall, announcing grandly:

"Felipa, mia, the mother of the

donkey is waiting for you on our back porch."

No wonder the mother of the donkey laughed.

They had a dog, too, and a cat, and of course many chickens, and one goose and a mountain goat, all down in the country with them, and after a while a pig, and from all Janet could glean, the last named was the only one ostracized from polite society in Arizona. Felipa could not stand the pig, but when they went to go walking, the others followed in a line.

He went back to the Noah's ark, and then stood the distorted figures up one by one examining the camel's back with a sort of surgical curiosity until Janey told him what it was, and even then he protected his position in the matter by that quaint dignity which she had met already. "A circus once was coming to Pullmeup," he explained, "only it never got there."

The never-got-there was pitiful as the excuse for which it was intended.

They both went to bed after that, and he told her he liked her room, and was fond of her, but he wondered why old Ann had so many funny toys for little children, and would Janet tell him sometime. She was glad to have time in which to answer this rather personal question, so she kissed him and said yes.

After the kiss, there was a loneliness attendant on her disappearance from the room, even in leaving him alone with the angels that are reputed to guard little children's beds, so she said: "God bless you, dearie," and found it easier to get out.

She wished she knew what he dreamed of, after, but when she went to bed she said to herself that she must be very just about it. Maybe he had dreamed of childish, little Felipa, she who had roamed over fields and stubble with him, playmate ever, unless he fell and aroused her motherhood. Once when he

sighed in his sleep, Janet supposed it was when he had to relinquish the small mother hand and could not regain it—as now. Or when he fell into a peaceful calm and lay weary, but smiling, she supposed he was closed once more in the protection of Tex.'s strong father arms.

She could expect no part in this.

* * * *

He was chivalrous about the down-hill wagon, and grateful for it, especially when Janey told him about her friend who saved one for her children, and he said: "Yes, that was what they did sometimes with him, when he cried too long."

Janet was glad to learn that he did cry sometimes, as his symptoms weighed on her, and she was contemplating asking some experienced person about the case when Ethelbert re-assured her. The wagon reminded him of Sunday afternoon down in the country, when the men were not working in the mine, and they let Tex. ride him in the oar car. They went fast, fast, sometimes as if they were to ride off the very bluff where the miners dumped the refuse, and then Felipa screamed always, just at the very moment when they bumped and stopped.

He had a masculine smile here (embryonically so, but unmistakably masculine) over that scream, and it hurt Janet's femininity most when he volunteered the remark that it was only little things, he guessed—like Felipa—that screamed! He was sure Janey would not do it. He did not say why, but she felt it was her independence, her self-reliance, that helped him to the conclusion, and she felt annoyed by the characteristics for the first time. Maybe if she had a temperament like Felipa's and the ability to scream also, she would have been—happier.

Here, then, was a certain amount of shame, of honest misery, however long suppressed, and then Miss Merton to the rescue as formerly.

City supplies would have seemed to fail after these receptions if it

had not been for Old Ann's ingenious preparations for him. Until the hour he left her house, Ann's home-made toys held a perpetual interest for him. These two women were ashamed to confess the real reason of the spools, and so forth, and so left the sin on old Ann's shoulder, and old Ann arose to the occasion tactfully. She told him about Jimmie, then and there, about Jimmie's having played with those silly-like things, and how she always kept them on Jimmie's account. She did not tell him that Jimmie was forty-six or seven when he asked her about Jimmie's age, although she was honest enough to tell him that Jimmie had outgrown the spools.

He spent hours talking of Jimmie with her after this. He was not aware that it held embarrassments for her, and once, when he had been unusually curious concerning Jimmie's age, and the kind of trousers his mother put on him, and whether he was old enough to wear a vest and other trifling items, like the color of Jimmie's hair, Old Ann thought it nearly necessary to confess her inventions to the priest.

CHAPTER VI.

A Motherly Woman's Hopes.

One morning Janet sought the motherly woman who had advised her about the Noah's ark and the wagon. Mrs. Doane bustled into the room cheerily and shook Janet's hand warmly, ending by kissing her on both cheeks.

"We have missed you, dear, at three meetings, There is no mental atmosphere at all without you—you know, everything is atmosphere these days, that is why I use the word. I have to keep abreast of the fashions, for my children's sake."

"Oh, do people do that for their children?" Janet asked, smiling. "I wonder what my conventionality amounts to them?"

Mrs. Doane let the remark rest,

for all there was an undercurrent to it.

"Did your little kirtsman come?" she asked, "and what kind of a child is he, and where is he attending school?"

Janet leaned forward in her low chair, her hands joined hopelessly together.

"I am ashamed of my own resources," she cried, "I am surprised at the things I don't know about life that I thought I knew." (The motherly woman looked pleased just here, unduly and innerly pleased, over something, but she did not disclose just what it was, and Janet was too unnerved to follow superficial evidences just then.) She continued: "Life is not the word I mean, after all. Every one can coin fine ideas on life and depict ideal existences for the rest of the world; but it's joining the great fight that counts, being one with some struggling people."

"Or person," the motherly woman inserted here, in a tone that was either benevolent or innocent, if Janet had suspected anything personal and analyzed it. She was a very happy motherly woman and was delighted at the turn affairs had taken in Janet's views.

Janet seemed grateful for the word.

"Yes, person," she repeated. "That is just what I mean. It is your being practical that counts—able to strike the nail on the head, without that ethical hysteria which leaves one more powerless in the end. I tell you it is not ideas on life that people ought to expound as splendidly as I have been guilty of doing, but it's mastering the struggle of living."

This was earnest, the motherly woman thought, and she was interested to know what caused it. Janet enlightened her.

"The child came. He has been with me a month and you know what splendid successes I made with mothers' meetings over imagi-

nary old maids' children, I suppose."

She did not like the word, but used it punishingly. "Well, after I had him for a while, I did not know what to do with him. He even bored me a little, and I am quite sure I bored him. It was because I tried to do nothing but entertain him. In a week more I think I would have sent him back. I had no instincts or intuitions toward duty, as a bond between us, and I'm quite sure I should never have had, if it hadn't been for the first words you said to me—about his attending school. How did you think of it?"

The motherly woman did not feel like smiling here. This touched her.

"Love alone is not born with the little lives," she told Janet. "It's a great deal, but I think the responsibility is greater. In fact, is the real love, my dear—what we owe our children."

She gave a cheery little laugh.

"The love gives out at times. They try my patience and I tell their father that I'd run away from them, only I can't. The strongest bond between the child and us is what we should give it—don't you see?" She thought this a good opportunity to ask.

"Whose little lad is he, dear?"

"We only had one relative in all the world, mother and I," Janet answered, "and it was my cousin Tex., this child's father. My taking him may seem strange to you, but we were boy and girl together and now Felipa is dead.

She brought the word out simply,

as if she often thought the name, and indeed she had come to do so. The motherly woman thought she must have known Felipa, and she did not understand quite how sensitive a pathos it really was. She took Janet's both hands again on leaving. "Don't fret about what you haven't done or don't do, dearie, so long as your heart is as fine as it is," she said. "It is good of you to have assumed all this, and everything will come right between you and the little laddie, and if he does not, here I am—a perfect veteran at raising babies. In fact, I'll only be sorry when recess time comes and I'll have to wait for the grand-children."

She would not let matters end with this merry laugh, but when Janet stood below her on the step, she said in parting:

"Don't worry too much either, dear, about not understanding children just at first as a mother might have."

"Oh, that is the hardest part," Janet interrupted. "His mother was a little, delicate childish creature, the kind we probably call brainless here—and—and—"

She left a good deal unsaid that the motherly woman half supplied for her: "And yet she would have been ahead of you on this point? I don't know how to express it, dearie, but maybe she just needed the experience of motherhood. It is good to look at God this way. Maybe he left some lesson with the little laddie for you."

(To be Continued.)



"Hello! What's this."

"Oh, ho! Some pretty girl with hazel eyes."

THE ROMANCE OF A GRAPE-BASKET

BY WILLIAM S. RICE

DAN BRISCO, bearing the nickname of "Bricky," because of the peculiar shade of his top-knot, the young salesman at Howell Brothers, dealers in groceries, fruits and delicatessen, whistled merrily to himself as he opened a fresh crate of Flaming Tokays, which had just arrived that morning from Lodi.

Quite a fine lot of fruit it was, the choicest from Central California's vineyards, and so beautiful to the eye that it excited even the admiration of a dull, matter-of-fact fellow like Bricky, to whose aesthetic sense, if he had any, beauty seldom appealed unless it was that to be found in a pretty, feminine face.

"By jingo, this lot's a beauty,"

he exclaimed enthusiastically, as he lifted aloft for admiration a huge bunch, which, with a companion cluster, filled the entire basket. "Hello! what's this?" he mused, his tone changing as he discovered carefully tucked away in the bottom of the basket, under a richly-colored autumn grape-leaf a little folded slip of cream-colored notepaper. On it was penned in a dainty feminine hand the following brief lines:

"These grapes were packed by Marie Lewis, Lockeford P. O., whose hands are too pretty to be soiled."

"Oh, ho! Some pretty girl with

hazel eyes," thought romantic Bricky, "would like to correspond with a gentleman with means; object, matrimony."

Slyly looking about him to see that he was not observed, he cautiously slipped the little note into his vest pocket and resumed his task of unpacking the remaining baskets, but not without carefully examining the contents of each and every one, presumably in the hope of finding some more correspondence of a sentimental nature. None of the others, however, contained the slightest missive for any one who was on the lookout for a pair of pretty white hands and hazel eyes.

"Hey, there," cried one of the other clerks, finally, as Bricky's lack of haste that morning was the occasion of comment among his companions, "seems to me you're a long time unpacking them grapes over yonder. I s'pose you don't know that there's a load of cling-stone peaches comin' in in a few hours?"

"Oh, hang your old peaches! I'm going to brace the boss to take my vacation to-morrow," he answered, looking bored.

"I can see his finish when he braces the firm just now," chuckled one of the clerks at the smoked meat counter, who was slicing a pound of chipped beef for a lady customer.

When Bricky came to the office late that afternoon and marched in with a woebegone expression on his countenance, and explained that he was suffering with nervous prostration from over-work, and that his physician had recommended a rest and change of scene, Silas Howell, the senior member of the firm, hesitated some little time before granting the desired privilege.

"You'll be sure to show up a week from to-day, I suppose?" queried the boss. "I can hardly spare you just now, but I guess we can manage somehow. All right; go ahead, but I'll depend on your coming back a week from to-morrow without fail."

"Thanks, awfully," was all that the delighted Bricky could answer.

"Where have you decided to spend your week?" asked the boss, with whom the young man was a prime favorite.

"Well—er—I'm a bit undecided, sir. Perhaps I'll take a run up Lodi way, and visit my uncle on a fruit ranch near Lockeford."

"Well, be good to yourself, and keep out of mischief," was the boss's parting injunction as Bricky betook himself out of the latter's sanctum.

Bricky entered upon his last day's duties with a vim, meanwhile whistling in supreme content. There was not a lazy streak in him, and no vices to keep him from doing his very best. He wasn't fat. If he had been he might have been lazy. He was tall, thin, brown-eyed, red-haired and muscular. His apparent lassitude and indolence which developed recently was attributed to by his companions as being the result of a run-down constitution caused by overwork.

Now, the real reason why he was so preoccupied was because of his morbid curiosity concerning the romantic bit of correspondence which he had discovered a few days ago, and which aroused this sense in him to an alarming degree. He was simply burning with curiosity to see who was this pretty miss with hazel eyes, "whose hands were too pretty to be soiled."

So accordingly, the next morning, he boarded the train and was soon speeding as fast as the iron horse could carry him through vineyards hanging heavy with their weight of purple and crimson clusters. Pleasant anticipations crowded thickly upon his mind of the fair unknown who penned the brief note which he found at the bottom of a grape basket but three days ago. How soon would he be permitted to gaze with rapt admiration upon that pretty face with its hazel eyes! What if she should not take a fancy to him?

He never had thought of that before. He would not hint about the object of his visit until he discovered things coming his way.

The Sunday-schools of Lockeford were holding their annual outing in a picturesque grove along the Mokelumne River the day of his arrival, and as this was a great event in the social world of the little village, it was hither that our hero wended his way in the hope of catching a glimpse of the unknown damsel who was wearing her heart away and soiling her pretty white hands packing grapes in some unromantic and poky old vineyard.

The dancing floor was perhaps as good a place as any to study the faces of the young people, and from some point of vantage in the crowd he could easily command a view of the entire floor. "If she is young and pretty," thought he, "she certainly will take part in the dance." Brickly watched and waited, closely scrutinizing every feminine face that glided by him in the dizzy whirl of the waltz; but he could not find one that answered the meagre description of the note and the girl that he had pictured in his own imagination. What was more puzzling, there was none in the crowd who looked as though she lacked attentions from young men.

Finally, taking a chance shot at a lanky young man, about eighteen, who was smoking a cigarette and perfuming the surrounding atmosphere, Brickly took the young fellow into his confidence, and asked him in a low voice whether he knew a young lady in Lockeford by the name of Marie Lewis. "I think she is considered very pretty, and has hazel eyes," he ventured, adding cautiously, "and she works at one of the vineyards here packing grapes for the markets."

"Sure, now, pardner, you're not

joshing?" the other replied, looking dubiously at Brickly, as he tried hard to suppress a smile.

"No; I'm in dead earnest. Do you know the young lady?"

"Well, yes, I should say I did. Ha! ha! she's the crankiest old maid in this here town, just daffy on the matrimonial subject. She's always writin' poetry and sweet things to the fellers in the hope of catchin' a man. She ain't been writin' to you, pardner, is she?" asked the newcomer, growing suspicious.

"Oh, no," replied Brickly, assuming an indifferent air, but coloring perceptibly. "I merely had a curiosity to see the lady, having heard about this peculiar weakness of hers."

"Well, she ought to be here somewhere, as she usually turns out at the picnic. Yes, there she is, sure enough," said the stranger, indicating with his finger a stout, masculine-looking woman, not a day under forty-five, with short gray hair, hazel eyes and attired in a very masculine fashion.

He stole a swift glance at her hands. They were pretty and even daintily formed, but they seemed so out of keeping with the rest of her figure.

Brickly stood for a moment and stared like one in a trance. Then, edging his way cautiously through the crowd so as to escape notice, he made a bee-line for the Southern Pacific Railway station and boarded the next train going South.

His Stockton friends were greatly surprised to see him back so soon, but Brickly explained—he was always very clever at explaining things—that he felt the need of a more decided change of climate, and that he had decided to spend the remainder of his vacation camping in the High Sierras in the vicinity of Independence Lake.

KINGSLEY'S RIDE

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

THERE was a movement in the cactus bushes, a scatter of dew-drops collected on the hardy leaves, then silence and the breathless stillness that precedes dawn.

Kingsley lay flat on his stomach, alert, yet conscious of a stiffness that ran through his limbs, and a growing thirst, held in check by the fear of discovery should he uncork his flask.

A creepy sensation quivered along his flesh as the gray plains took on a lighter hue, as each separate clump of vegetation merged into a ghastly whole, wraiths in a world of half-born lights.

Gritting his hands into the sandy floor of the plain, he changed his position. On a level with his eyes, the stubby cactus roots, a phalanx of uncompromising capillary surfaces, offered him a poor vista for the growing impatience of the lagging hours. The glow of the chase had subsided, and vim and vigor had lessened since the night before, when, mad with the contagious excitement of the townsmen, he had jumped on somebody else's bronco, and, following the unorganized band, made for the open country.

Now, the Texas bronco has a distrust of strangers and takes a wicked delight in depositing the rider at inopportune times upon whatever happens to be near by, and on this particular occasion, it chanced to be the cactus bushes, and the distance 20 miles from town.

The pursuing force had scattered in all directions, so Kingsley decided to wait until some one reconnoitered his way.

His muscles relaxed, and his mind drifted back to the last term; to the recent impressions of Harvard life; to the jolly crowd that had waved

him off to Texas and the West; to the first taste of existence untrammelled; to the land of highway robbery and high stakes; to the rolling freedom of cactus studded plains and the silence and rustle of the grass bending prairies.

A vibration, unmistakable, swift, firm, like the on-beat of hoofs, telegraphed its message through the ground.

Rearing cautiously, the watcher peered over his ambush into the grayness beyond.

Limned against the flushing sky, a stalwart figure rose like a grim Colossus. Mile on mile stretched the dreary plain, and the galloping horseman, taking the closely packed bushes with bold leaps and plunges, was the only living thing in sight.

Kingsley felt the blood swell in his wrists and his throat go dry with sudden excitement. He gripped his six-shooter, ran his eye along the site, and stood ready, his knees shaking, his finger trembling along the trigger.

On came the rider, swinging loosely in the saddle, the bronco avoiding with nice delicacy the sharp, prickly points of the spreading leaves.

Dawn showed crimson and brassy along the eastern horizon. Kingsley braced himself, and steadying as the horseman approached, cried in a voice harsh and unreal in his own ears:

"Halt! or I'll shoot!"

The broncho came to a stand-still by a series of jumps sufficient to unseat any ordinary equestrian.

Unblinking Justice regarded the man in the saddle with stern disapproval.

"Halt!" repeated Kingsley, this time with less emphasis.

Raising himself lightly to the pommel by means of the animal's mane, a tall, lean Texan fixed two cool eyes upon the tawny-haired Viking in the bush. Then, laughing with cynical derision, he cut a long strip of tobacco from a wad, and thrust it into his cheek, all the while regarding the commander with easy amusement. His boots were spattered, his spurs dripped red, and the beast's flanks showed evidence of a long journey.

"It's a lynchin' party, eh?" he inquired. The scornful inflection sent Kingsley's color a deeper hue, and changing his weight to the other foot, he answered doggedly: "I am one of the party."

The Texan dismounted, and, leaning against his steed, entered into amicable discourse, all the while ignoring the other's unfriendly attitude.

"Wa'll," he said, cutting off another strip, his fine eyes fixed on the wad in meditation. "You ain't fit to join a posse, if it's a shootin' of the same gang is your profession."

"What!" cried Kingsley, in quick alarm, "are you one of the party?"

"Yep; I'm leader," answered the man laconically, "and, youngster," he added, "it's better to lie low and shoot from the bush."

Kingsley's cheek was a dark scarlet, and dropping the borrowed weapon, he apologized with an awkward laugh.

"I forgot the other fellow's advantage, but you see it's my first man-hunt, and they said to shoot down at sight."

"Wa'll, my boy," patronized the Texan, "it's Hell on hoss stealing out here. But the devil with a start can lie low in them cactus, his hoss stretched alongside, and sniff at the sheriff and the chap new to Texas. One man with a gun ain't much." Kingsley shifted under the contemptuous regard.

"Haven't we any chance?" he asked in deep discouragement. "You

see," he explained, "it's a thoroughbred, and I expected to get to San Antonio by easy riding. I've bought some ranches, and one is to be a breeding farm, and Albion was to have sired a long line of the finest horse-flesh in these parts."

The listener gave a low laugh, and a sparkle of mirth flashed across his face.

"I know," he sympathized, "he was a whopper, and there ain't been a sneak deal like that since Texas Ben got his lead."

"Lynching is common out here," decided Kingsley, with the assertive wisdom of the tenderfoot.

"You bet," agreed the native born, his features elongated into sudden gravity. Advancing one step, he grasped the college man by the arm, and said in peremptory tones:

"Now, you just listen to this!" A whistle, peculiar to a bird call, came from his parted lips.

"Loose-jawed, rigid with astonishment, Kingsley beheld an apparition spring from the ground. A horse and a boy stood but six feet away. Albion, his smooth coat sand-sprinkled, his eyes bloodshot, his bit foam-flecked, gave a soft whinny as he recognized his master. Clinging to the bridle was a youth of eighteen, hatless, his torn shirt open at the throat, showing a heaving brown breast.

For one moment the blue eyes of the boy dwelt on the swart face of the Texan, and then fell before the terrible anger of the leader.

"What in Hell are you doin'? At it again, I suppose!" He strode over to the rumped figure and swung the boy high into the air. He twisted the slight form, wringing and shaking him as a terrier would a rat.

"And so," he thundered, "you're a-courtin' lynchin'! And Mary Bell is home making fires, and the country round is flamin' for the son of Texan Ben! The tree is waitin' an' the noose is too good for a boy what has had his chance."

The lad dug his toes into the hard sand, his face clouded with resentment and fear.

"You has been a horse thief yourself, Bill Pike, and Sunday-school ain't so becomin' neither——" he said with sullen menace.

Kingsley, forgotten for the nonce, looked for an outburst of rage which would call for interference. Instead, into the Texan's face came a glory, lighted from some inner fire, and not caught from the morning's glow. His hand sought the sorrel's neck caressingly and his eyes, tender with prophetic dreams, wandered out over the sun-flecked plain—unseeing.

Albion sniffed at the bronco, and the stiff Mexican saddle creaked and heaved as the fierce little brute hit back.

The boy swept the level with fear-strained vision, but did not dare to break the silence. At length the Texan spoke, and in a quiet tone, as though addressing some one far off.

"I ain't a horse-thief any more. I ain't stole a horse for sixteen months." He sighed. "I've given in gold the price of three bronco devils I took, and threw in saddle and blanket besides. And sometimes," his voice grew broken and regretful, "I wake up at nights, and my blood goes hot for the chase. I can smell the sweat and feel the bump of the bronco, and I hear Texas Ben, callin' and callin'! I can feel the sting of the rope flinging out from my hand, the wrench, and then down goes the flyin' horse, his hoofs and his belly to the skv. And then, the chase! The strain of the dragging horse from behind—and sometimes—the lead."

He fingered the sombrero with its little punctures in the brim. With a quick movement he lifted his head, his face dark and passionate. "Good God!" he breathed, hardly above a whisper, "it's Hell to lie there and wallow in blankets, when all the night seems callin', callin'."

The boy had buried three toes in a hole, but his eyes, afire with the

picture, were fixed on the speaker's face. His blood, had of taint and the lawless instinct, ran swift, unchecked.

"Wa'll, you ain't afraid of lynching, are you? They's gone five miles to the north—I heard the beats on the earth, and one like him ain't much." He nodded with fine scorn to Kingsley. His practiced eye had sized up the tenderfoot. Then with eagerness he turned to the Texan, a break in his voice at the possibility of permanent reform on the expert's part.

"Say, you ain't goin' to be parson for good, are you?" The erstwhile hero bent forward and held the boy thief with a terrifying sternness.

"S'pose," he said guardedly, "I give you up to the lynchin' party?"

The boy trembled and turned pale.

"S'pose Mary Bell and I go a long way off and leave your carcus under the bush?"

The boy's bosom swelled at the injustice of the etching, and gulping down something in his throat, he cried:

"Mary Bell ain't your kind."

"S'pose," the Texan's lean, swarthy face was as hard as flint, nor was there mercy or pity for the forlorn object under his cruel glance. "Suppose I do what Texas Ben told me to——. 'Bill Pike,' says he, 'shoot the brat if he comes to horse stealin' like me; don't let them run him down. For, Bill,' says he, 'it killed Lizzie, and it's goin' to kill the little Mary Bell when she's a woman. Look out for the girl!' And he squeezed my hand and died out here in the desert, with no friend but me."

The tones grew husky, and the speaker drew the back of his hand across his cheek—adding, with unexpected change of manner: "And damn me, you ain't goin' to spoil her life." His face was alive with honest love and passing hate.

Far off, the clear mirror of the sky reflected numerous objects,

small and dark, and moving frantically.

"It's the lynching party," curtly announced the Texan. "You ain't reckoned right," he sneered, turning to the thief.

"Now, listen," he continued. "You lie low; I'll come and fetch you to-night. And you," he looked squarely at Kingsley, without doubt of his obedience. "You say your bronco run off—that's true—and that the horse must have slipped, broken away himself." He winked significantly and jumped into his saddle. To the boy he flung a half-emptied flask, waved him into retreat, and stretching as though from sleep, waited with languid interest for the approaching posse.

Kingsley got upon his mount with less grace, for he was stiff and sore, and his nerves had been badly shaken.

Nearer galloped the horsemen, pouring into the open space from all directions.

The sheriff rode first, and with much bluster saluted the two men. Open mouthed and breathless the other members followed.

Without the quiver of an eyelash the leader told his story, and Kingsley confirmed the same with unnecessary gusto.

If there were doubting Thomases among the avengers, discretion got the better part of suspicion, for a reformed horse-thief in the hand is better than a thief and a horse in the bush.

Riding in and out as the cactus grew thicker, the party went slowly homeward, silent and depressed, for a hanging is better than a bunco game, especially if you happen to be the tenderfoot.

The Texan, unquestioned in his

methods, hung behind, and Kingsley, unsuspecting, followed his example.

They had reached the margin of the sunlit plain, when the appearance of a third equestrian explained the situation.

From a clump of mulberry bushes a bronco came rearing and plunging, planting his feet, and then bounding high, with the madness of one possessed. The rider rose and sank with the fearless ease of long practice.

Over a rail fence they flew, across a gully and down straight toward the two men.

Kingsley drew his breath in quick and sharp, fearing for the woman's life. But the girl was merry and glad, and her laugh floated away in the distance. She rose in the broad slipper, and called clearly in a voice shrilly sweet:

"Say, Bill Pike, I've been waitin' all mornin' fer a ride."

Her brown hair hung low on her neck and ran away from her forehead in sunny strands, and her eyes, tender and bright, were dancing with health and the joy of life.

The Texan swayed sideways in his saddle, straining the girth, his eyes sparkling. His cheeks, warm with the blood pounding upward.

The spurs came red again, and bronco rushed to bronco.

Kingsley tightened his rein and halted. Over the hill in a shallow grave slept Texas Ben, and back in the cactus lay the boy thief, patiently waiting; but here, close to the homes of men were the murmur of women's voices—and the cries of little children.

Here on the border love met youth, and an honest purpose shut the ears that harkened to the "callin' and callin'" of the plains.

THE RISE OF A SULTAN

A Tale of Moro Reconstruction.

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN, U. S. ARMY

PART II.

THE day broke clear and cool over the Moro country. So sharply were the mountains reflected in the blue of Lake Lanao that the chain of inverted peaks suspended from a common base were outlined against a lower sky of abysmal depth.

"It is a beautiful morning," observed the American commander, as he stood in front of his tent and regarded the scene. "We see things double about the lake; nature is teaching us a lesson in duplicity; but I am growing weary of playing a secret hand against the Moros. I should much prefer to trounce these huskies and abandon a 'peace policy' in the carrying out of which I must appear to trust them when I know they lie and steal and kill at every opportunity. Only those are to be trusted who have so far committed themselves to us as to arouse the hatred of their own tribes-men, who have placed a price upon their ugly heads. These men have everything to gain and nothing to lose by proving steadfast. So far, more than fifty sultans and dattos have submitted to American authority, and more are coming in—so they say."

"The great task of constructing the military road is now almost completed—thanks to our painstaking officers and loyal men; but I somehow feel that we have succeeded too well in dealing with the Moros. Something will occur which cannot be overlooked, and blood will be shed before we finally get away for home. Mr. Adjutant, please hurry along the paper work. A large delegation of Nabobs are coming into camp to receive money on labor and

construction contracts, and, of course to 'talk friendship.' Captain Ryan of the Fifteenth Cavalry has just received a letter from Sankakala. Here is the original, with the translation. Please have the Sergeant-Major enter both of record."

The letter, written in Arabic characters, read as follows:

"Salutations to My Brother:

"The Sultan of Panud and the Sultan of Malundu, who promised to make presentation to the Commandante, cannot come until Thursday next, as the Sultan of Panud is fighting with Pungampung, Sultan of Detesean, and the war will not be over until that date. The war came about after this wise: Pungampung killed the son of the Sultan of Panud and the latter will not accept of a money indemnity, but thirsts to kill Pungampung."

"Well," remarked the Colonel, "that is at least refreshing. Let the good work go right on—a bad lot of thieves and cutthroats reside along the East shore. The Spaniards could never do anything with them."

By ten o'clock there was a stir in the camp. The beating of tom-toms, the discharge in the air of Remingtons, betokened the approach of a large party of Moro leaders and their retainers. Slaves bore blood-red umbrellas above the heads of their masters, while expert swordsmen executed the war-dance, as they flourished shields and blades. At the head of the column the American colors were borne by a sultan's son.

"I see few strangers in the parade," remarked the Colonel, "but

many of the most influential chiefs are present."

Greetings over, the visitors squatted on the ground under an awning, and the pow-wow began. The Sultan of Madaya had questions to ask about American women.

"I have seen three," he began, "and wish to know if the Commandante can get an unmarried one for me? And how much money would be required to buy and transport her from America?"

These questions were asked in sober earnest. No native's face was relieved by a smile. This was a cold business proposition, and young and old were profoundly interested in it. If the Sultan of Madaya were successful in such a venture, others might reasonably entertain hopes of profit in this line of trade. Often had it been said that the Americans were in Mindanao to "improve the Moros." Now, if one wishes to get on well with Moros, he will not treat their inquiries in a spirit of levity or ridicule. Should he forget this, a knife may be plunged into his heart before a hand can be raised to shield him.

The face of the Colonel was a study.

"I have known instances," said he, "where young American women of wealth have sent across the great water and purchased foreign husbands of rank, paying large sums for them; but I have not known of sales of American women to foreign men of wealth and rank. I am not able to quote prices for the reason that we do not purchase our wives, as a rule."

"Do not old men of wealth in America sometimes have young wives, the same as rich old Moros?"

The sultan was seeking for points on the matrimonial market.

"Well, yes, they do, sometimes," replied the Colonel, dryly.

"Then I should like to know how such men get young wives if they do not buy them."

"That is a question I have often

thought of, but could never answer, but the marriage of old men to young women is not generally approved by our custom." The Colonel was cautious, the ground was dangerous.

"Now, it seems to me," continued the Sultan, "if old men may get young wives in America, that a young man—a Moro—could get one if he had money enough to make it an object to the woman. I am quite sure an American man could buy a Moro girl if he choose to do so, and could find a father willing to sell his daughter. I think there would be no trouble about that."

"I hardly think our Government would approve of an order for the purchase of an American wife to be sent out through the quartermaster's department. Some one might steal her on the way and the money would be lost. Our women are so beautiful that all races of men desire to possess them." The commanding officer was wrestling with a great social problem.

"Nan-nan-nan-nan?" broke in the Sultan. "The curses of Al Koran upon the Government in a matter of this kind. I want an American wife, and have the money to pay for her."

"But I fear if you obtained one you would become so fond of her that you would wish a second one just like her, and two wives at a time no man can have under our Kitab."

"What is done with a man who has two wives at one time?"

"He is confined in prison for a very long time and heavily fined."

"Have you one wife?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How did you get her?"

"I desired her to become my wife and she was willing to accept me as her husband—that is our custom."

"Hah! The same custom obtains among Moro slaves," was the Sultan's parting shot.

"Fine business!" exclaimed Angi,

the Moro interpreter, in English, and added: "I wish an American woman would accept me on those terms. I would be her slave quick enough." He turned this joke into Moro lingo, and all enjoyed it.

"Sankakala would ask about American customs of law and government. Is the President of America a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Has he fought the Spaniards?"

"Yes."

"Mapia" (very good.)

"Are all great Americans soldiers?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Some great Americans are very wise. These make good laws and teach the people what is right."

"But how did the people find out that such men were great if they did not go to war first and kill many enemies?"

"Some are orators like Sankakala, whom the people are pleased to hear."

"Mapia, but the people would not hear Sankakala until he had first won fame in battle. Men only should make laws who are able to enforce them. Does your army go out to fight for men who never fight themselves?"

"We have many men doing many kinds of work in America. We have farmers, merchants, lawyers, priests, teachers, workers in wood and metals, and many others raise cattle, horses and mules. Now, all these men would become soldiers in the event of a great war against our Government."

"Did they all turn out against the Spaniards?"

"No; it was not necessary for them to do so."

"Well, I hope no man who is not a soldier will ever try to rule the Moros. Our people will never submit to a man who cannot lead troops and whip them in war. The Americans took this country from the Spaniards, but the Spaniards were

never able to take it from the Moros." These observations were made with force, and Sankakala lapsed into thoughtful silence.

Hadji Nor-Mahammud, after a whispered conversation with Hadji Nosalim, as these two chief-priests sat together, expressed a desire to talk about the "arrangement of God." The Colonel felt a little shaky on the theological throne, but kept a straight face and a stiff upper lip.

"Moros are descended from Adam as all Islam knows. From whom are the Americans descended?"

"According to the American Koran, we are also descended from Adam, and are, therefore, akin to Moros."

This was a master stroke, and "brought down the house," much to the Colonel's surprise. The Moros without exception heartily endorsed the statement, and were delighted with the information. "Mapia," the sultan shouted, and the officers declared that the Colonel would have made a good bishop.

"I have always heard," Nor-Mahammud continued, "in my journeys to and from Mecca that the Americans never have religious wars. Why is that?"

"Because we believe that religion is a matter between the individual man and God, so long as the former does not make a bad use of his faith, he should be permitted to worship as he may choose."

"I believe the very same," cried the high priest. "Allah came recently to me by night, and said: 'Hadji Nor-Mahammud.' I said: 'Here am I.' 'Preach no longer war, but peace, and tell Islam that they must not fight the Americans. Tell them to make friends with these foreigners, for they are descendants of Adam, and can do the Moros much good.' Oho! Islam! that is what Allah said. Do you not believe my words?"

"We do believe your words," roared several sultans, two of whom

arose, and, kneeling before the high-priest, received his blessing. The conference lasted three hours, covering a wide range, but nothing occurred which excited interest as did the singular and powerful utterances of the priest who had seen Mecca and talked with God.

"I hope," said the Colonel, when about to dismiss the audience, "that the rulers in Islam will use their best offices to dissuade those who are ignorant of our customs from the commission of crime. Tell your people plainly, the Americans are in Mindanao to stay, and desire the friendship and well-being of all Moros. If our soldiers are attacked and guns stolen the guilty persons must be delivered up and stolen property returned. If required to make war, we shall shield our friends against their hostile tribesmen and punish severely those who provoke armed strife. Many Moros have learned the value of labor; many more should learn that it is better to work than to fight."

The strange, barbaric column reformed, the stars and stripes were again unfurled, and amid the beating of tom-toms, the chiefs of the Lanao region marched away wiser, if not better men.

But lessons still remained to be administered in the stern school of war. "Action speaks louder than words," and this adage has a special application to Moro life and character.

At dusk one evening, First Sergeant Painter and Sergeant Morrow, both of I Company, Twenty-eighth Infantry, reported to Lieutenant Parker, and asked permission to leave camp at the dawn of the next day in search of wild boar. "I have no objection to the hunt," the officer said, "but I must caution all who go out against the probable attacks from ambush. It has just been reported that a band of wild Moros is near the saw-mill, another is near Signal Hill, while a third band lurks near this camp. For a long time

after Private French was cut down, our men were cautious, but I notice that there is a growing habit of carelessness. You may go, but keep close together and be on the alert."

These two soldiers were excellent men in the prime of a soldier's early life, tall, athletic, intelligent. Painter hailed from New Jersey, and was said to be "proof against mosquitoes." Morrow was born in Texas "with a shooting iron in each hand." The pair betook themselves to their tents to make ready for the prospective sport.

"We must fix our ammunition with a file," said Morrow. "I don't wish to be eaten up by a wounded boar."

The nose of each bullet projecting from the shell was accordingly filed until the lead was visible beneath the steel jacket. This is the process of dum-dumming the Krag ball. The effect of this is to cause the mass to explode an instant after entrance and the tearing power is terrific under such high velocity as characterizes the flight of the Krag projectile.

"Three apiece is enough. We are not fixing them for Moros, for that is contrary to law, as you know," said Painter.

"Yes, I know," replied Morrow, "and I hope no Moro will take it into his head to run up against one of them."

They were off at the peep of day. After following the Agus river for some distance, they bore to the left and came into a high grass country overlooking the camp at Pantar. Morrow, with the eye of a plainsman, saw three Moros sitting near the trail upon which they had just entered.

"Well, I don't see any hogs, but I do see a bunch of hombres about one thousand yards ahead of us. I guess they are on the way to camp to sell something."

Painter was ten paces in the lead,

and both men were looking to right and left, and occasionally backwards for game. The pace was easy. Painter was moving erect like the drilled soldier that he was, while Morrow was swinging along after the style of a born Indian fighter. As they approached, the Moros arose, and stood single file at right angles to the trail. Two of them had campilans upon the right shoulder, while the third held a spear, whose point twinkled in the sun-light.

At the feet of the warrior who stood at the edge of the path, a small basket was noticeable. To Painter's surprise, this Moro called out in Spanish:

"Good morning, First Sergeant! Do you wish to buy some eggs?" pointing to the basket as he made the inquiry.

Painter stepped up, and was in the act of looking into the basket when the shadow of a descending weapon caused him to throw up his left arm as a guard. The campilan sheared the muscles from the forearm, and the point of the blade caught him just above the left ear. He fell unconscious to the ground. Moro No. 1 followed up the advantage by jumping astride of the soldier and dealing a second blow which struck the Sergeant across the instep, cutting his left foot nearly half in twain. Singularly enough this shock restored consciousness, and Painter got up, but of course immediately sank again. The murderer darted aside. Moro No. 2 closed in with raised campilan, but Sergeant Morrow shot the weapon from his grasp, tearing away his fingers at the same instant. Moro No. 3 poised his lance for the home thrust, and a dum-dum bullet struck him in the arm-pit, ranging upwards through his neck and carried away half the warrior's head and face. Moro No. 2 reeled aside with bleeding stumps extended, and Morrow bored him through. By this time the first assailant was in the deep

cogan-grass and running like a deer down hill. Sergeant Morrow over-shot him several times, but had the satisfaction at last of bringing him down. Painter's gun was gone and the soldier appeared to be in a dying condition. Morrow twisted belts above the wounds of arm and foot and bound a handkerchief about the head. Then he fired signals of distress.

After having carried Painter some distance, a Moro was seen approaching. Putting down his precious burden gently, Morrow prepared again for action. The Moro threw up his hands.

"Ah," Morrow muttered to himself, "that hombre seems to be a man of liberal education. Wonder if he has ever seen a hold-up in Texas? Now, Mr. Moro, keep your flippers up until I see what kind of ticklers you pack around. Don't wiggle, or I will send you into the bosom of the Prophet before he gets your heavenly harem stocked and furnished. Ah, you have a dagger. Anything more, you brute?"

The Moro was stripped to the skin.

"Now, sir, take this soldier on your greasy back and hike into camp, pronto!"

The Moro knew nothing about the English language, but he picked up the American lingo, and Sergeant Painter at the same time. The signals of distress had been heard, and help was at hand. Painter's life was spared, but his injuries left him a cripple.

Diligent search was made for the escaping Moro, but beyond a trail of blood for a mile, nothing was found. Sergeant Morrow's gallantry was cheered, and he was congratulated by officers and men alike.

Startling things were in store for the command. The telegraph ticked this message: "Private Joseph Harris, Company C, stabbed by Moro at saw-mill." This was followed by: "Private William J. Hertenstein, Company B, stabbed and killed by

a Moro at Signal Hill." Still the operator was at his instrument: "Sergeant J. H. Harris, Company A, brother of late Joseph Harris, surrounded by armed Moros and cut his way through them back to Iligan. Killed and wounded several." The camps along the line of the military road rang with the praises of another brave Sergeant. Joseph Harris' death was avenged. Later, the message flashed: "Private Jas. Brenan, Company L, stabbed and killed by captured Moro, murderer of Private Hertenstein, while in the act of searching the prisoner." The end was not yet: "Private O. E. Barnett, Company G, slashed and killed by Moro priest in a boat on the lake with the commanding officer. The Colonel killed the priest after desperate hand-to-hand encounter."

"Well, we have been struck hard of late, but I guess we shall square the account soon," remarked Sergeant Christy, a giant in a regiment of tall, powerful men.

But all the Moros had not turned against us. In a night of darkness there arose the star of hope. The wires announced to all posts and camps in the department: "Moros delivered up murderer of Private Joseph Harris, late of Company C, 28th Infantry. First case of the kind on record."

Magundaya, the bravest, truest of Moro detectives reported: "Moro who struck down Painter is a son of the Sultan of Biram-Bingan. He has the gun and is going to sell it across the lake. Bad Moros at saw-mill belong to Matauan of Lati, and were led by a Moro who lives at Madaya. The stolen guns will never be given up without war."

Hadji-Nor-Mahammad was mad. "Kill the bad Moros!" he cried. "That is the only way to do. Bury their remains with dead hogs and cut off their souls from Paradise. If they will not heed the words of one to whom Allah speaks, let

them suffer the curses recorded in Al Koran."

No one watched the preparations for punitive expeditions with such interest and pleasure as did Magundaya and the High Priest. The trumpeter sounded "officers' call" at dark. The officers of the command gathered at the commander's tent.

"We have the authority at last," said the Colonel calmly. "The mountain guns have been put in perfect condition, and I presume we have little to complete in the matter of preparation. One flying column will demolish the mountain stronghold of Matauan of Lati at day-break. It will be a hard all night march. Three days later a column will destroy the cottas of Bacayauan and a third on the same night will wipe the forts of Biram-Bingan from the map. These places are many miles apart, and the country is broken and in many parts heavily timbered. Take men who have had no fever for months, whose color and appetites are good. Accept of no man for this service who is weak or run down, simply because he is eager to go. We must not be encumbered by break-downs. Every officer and man must be in condition to fight hard after a long march through mud and water. I shall announce the hour of departure and indicate the course at the proper time. I leave the details with you, gentlemen. Perfect the same at once and report back to me. Avoidable delays, omissions or failures in any particular shall not be excused."

(Note.—The official reports of these expeditions constitute a part of the recent history of Mindanao.)

IV.

Isa crept into his father's cotta at Biram-Bingan just as the East was being flooded with the golden light of a new day. A Krag rifle fell from his grasp and he pitched headlong in a swoon on the floor. The Sultan sprang from his couch and turned

his son's face upward and directed a slave to bring him water. The strong heart of the young brave still beat, though with diminished force. A hurried examination disclosed wounds many hours old in shoulder, thigh and hand. The injuries were swollen and blown by insects. Isa opened his eyes presently and muttered feebly:

"I got the Mauser, but Dua and Telu were killed. I killed one soldier, but the ten men belonging to Dua and Telu, whom I had bestowed in the grass, never closed with the Sergeant who did the shooting, and wounded me as I ran. The cowards! I shall cut down every one of them if I live. I must go to Ganasi tonight."

"But why go to Ganasi, my son?" asked the Sultan.

"Because I cannot stay here. That despised brother of the Americans, Magundaya, saw and knew me as I was getting away. He called out: 'Halt, thou son of a boar and sow. I know you, Isa of Biram-Bingan.' I jumped into a thicket, and he shot me through the hand. He could not find me, and knowing that I had a Mauser, did not come near me. He will report me to the Commandante, and the troops will be upon us. Put me in the war-vinta with six men armed with blades and lances, and spread the report that I am dead from wounds and that you know nothing of the whereabouts of the rifle. Keep all your Remingtons here; you will need them for defense when the soldiers come. I shall go to the home of Dua and Telu to die or recover, but if die I must, I wish to perish with the American gun by my side. I shall never give it up."

After such dressings, as under the extremely unsanitary conditions Moros are able to give wounds, were applied, Isa was taken into the neighboring jungle near the lake shore and secreted with the Krag—the idol of his warlike soul. Moros from Madaya on the west and Ra-

maien on the east, called during the long hours of the day to make inquiries concerning reports of an engagement in which Isa had been conspicuous. The Sultan knew nothing further than that a runner had announced that his son was probably lying dead somewhere between Biram-Bingan and Pantar. He had not known that an attack on Americans was contemplated by his son, nor did he know, as he averred, why his son had made the alleged attack. He disclaimed all interest in the matter, and would send no one out to look for Isa, whether dead or alive. All members of the household, from the least to the greatest, were in like feigned ignorance. The women were sorry Isa had not killed all the Americans. As it was, there was little to regret—the boy had done his best. At the dead hour of night, Isa was placed in the galley with a supply of rice and spring water, and with the least possible noise the craft pushed off and soon filled away, standing down the lake in the direction of Ganasi.

Those who have seen a Malay suffer from gunshot wounds have remarked the absence of nervous shock. Two perils confront a highly organized European when wounded—nervous shock and blood poisoning. These perils are much less in the case of a Malay. Practically exempt from collapse, if the wounds are not necessarily fatal, his vital forces are free to fight the battle of infection.

The Moro lay in the bottom of the vinta that night, burning with fever, but strong in the struggle with death. No groan escaped him. He was delirious, but the burden of his chaotic dreams centered about the rifle at his side.

"Did I hear you say that Magundaya took the gun away from me?" he asked, wildly. "It is here! He did not get it. I shall kill Piti-Ilan, and afterwards ambush Magundaya at my leisure. Piti-Ilan robbed me of all I possessed, and Magundaya

shot me through the hand. I shall put both of them out of the way."

The six figures squatting in positions from tiller to bow, occasionally throwing their weight upon the outward out-rigger as the vessel careened far to starboard, wondered what the details of the trouble might be. Silently they sat under the stars, while they managed the boat with a skill inherited from piratical ancestors. The breeze grew into a moonsoon gale, the spray flew aloft, and the foam rolled in parted billows. A small vinta was described running before the wind, and on a course which would cross that of the war prao almost at right angles. A collision was imminent, but the figure at the helm, just above Isa, sat unmoved. He knew the weight of his galley, the extent and strength of her lofty sail, woven of split bujuka.

"I know the boat yonder over our port bow," said the black pilot. "She is laden with stores for the Marahui market and is manned by our master's enemies—as swinish a lot as ever sailed the waters of the Forbidden Sea. Change the course? Only to strike her amidships, and send her to hell as Al Koran provides. Stand by now and cut everything clear that would board us!"

The crew of the approaching vessel had seen the danger and were making strenuous efforts to avert the impending catastrophe. Their sail was free, and the boom's end pointed like a bow-sprit ahead.

"Fall away to starboard, or you will cut us down," shouted the panic-stricken toilers.

"That is what I propose to do." chuckled the black pilot from Biram-Bingan.

The big vessel struck the slender shell and crushed and capsized her. Hands of drowning men grasped the outriggers of the triumphant craft as she tore her way through the wreckage. A moment later those hands were slashed adrift with crisis and campilan.

"So perish all brothers of the Americans," hissed the black pilot.

"What is the trouble?" asked Isa in alarm. "Has Magundaya come to seize the gun? Ha! I have it still. Magundaya-Piti-Ilan-Dua and Telu—the pistol they did not understand. Give it to me. It shoots eight times. Hah! He falls. Where is the sister of my lost girl? You here? I am Sultan now. We shall hold a fiesta. Keep your eyes on the Mauser. No, I will not loan the pistol, not even to my father."

Through the boiling brain of that Malay passed the procession of foes and friends, living and dead. Revenge, ambition, animal impulse, life itself, culminated in the mastermania for fire-arms. It was still dark when the galley slipped into the mouth of a creek near the stilted huts, in which Dua and Telu had lived. Tenderly was the wounded man borne to shelter and hospitality. The women had awaited messages from their husbands for many weeks, at length concluding that either cholera or the misfortunes of war had overtaken them. Someone had arrived who could report happenings, and that was a relief. The boatmen knew very little about matters, save that Dua and Telu had fallen at the hands of a soldier, and that their young master had been wounded by the same American and afterwards by Magundaya. Isa awoke, looked startled, and called for the Mauser and some water. He was refreshed, and the widow of Dua sat near and comforted the stranger. She bathed his brow and washed his festering wounds. The fever was abating, and in a few hours Isa was able to speak with coherency.

"I have come to tell you of our reverses, and plan to retrieve our fortunes. I shall befriend the families of my late friends."

"I am glad to hear you say that," exclaimed the widow of Telu, "for since our husbands went to court at Madaya, our enemies have stolen the carabao, camotes and maize,

and we have almost nothing to eat. It is the work of Kalay, a rich Sultan, who is selling everything to raise money for the purchase of guns. He will give almost any price for a Mauser or revolver."

Isa felt about him to see that the rifle was secure, and then addressed the widow of Dua: "Your late husband told me that he had left with you a strange pistol, the mechanism of which he did not understand. Have you the parts still?"

"Owai," (yes) said the woman.

"Will you not allow me to examine them?"

"The parts of the weapon were wrapped in cloths saturated with coconut oil, and hidden in a section of living bamboo at a distance from the hut, and were produced. The sight of these contrivances was like wine to the exhausted. With one hand and the assistance of the woman, Isa had the weapon together in fifteen minutes. The magazine, in which lay the cartridges like beans in a pod, went into the grip with a click, and all was in readiness. A leather belt held a score of extra shells.

"Blessings of Allah upon the American who made this gun. He has done me a great favor. Now I propose," he continued, "to make a bold play against the Sultan of Kalay just as soon as the men who belonged to Dua and Telu return from the war. I have threatened to kill every one of them for not closing in at the fight, but I shall give each another chance. I shall keep my men sequestered and hurry the ten men into hiding upon arrival. Then I shall send word to Kalay that I have a rifle and pistol for sale for 2,000 pesos. He will come, of course, immediately to see me, and I shall give to him an account of the war. I shall disarrange the mechanism of both guns, and inform him that he must learn how to use them for himself, as I am unable to explain their intricacies. If he should pay the price of any considerable

portion of it, our men will pounce upon him and party, after they leave us, kill the Sultan and recover the guns. We need money as well as guns, and we shall have both, if all goes well. Our men may then loot the neighborhood, load themselves with plunder into the galley with bancas in tow, burn down these huts and join Bacolod in his war with Piti-Ilan. Kalay shall pay dearly for the stolen carabao and vegetables. The report will go abroad that we were attacked at the same time and perished with the old thief."

The widows were ready for the fray, and the excitement incident to a removal. Erect, heavy-set, powerful animals were they, and a more cruel foe no man need ever expect to meet. Kalay fell into this trap as innocently as any American recruit ever stumbled into the murderous hands of a Moro lurking in forest or jungle. Three days later, every preparation had been made—the trap was set to be sprung at the touch. A son of Dua bore the tidings of Isa's presence, condition and possessions to the Sultan. With a large bag well filled with Mexican pesos, Kalay appeared, accompanied by three retainers armed with Remingtons, and two boys bearing campilans.

"I think I should have 2,500 pesos for these American guns and ammunition. It has cost the lives of many men to obtain them and I am wounded unto death."

"I agree with you, Isa," replied the Sultan, "that the weapons are valuable, but I will give no more than fifteen hundred pesos for them."

"Very well, then," observed Isa, with a deep sigh, "you may take them, as I shall never be able to use them myself."

The money was counted out hurriedly by the Sultan. Isa declared there had been an error in the count and the Sultan flung down impatiently 100 pesos more, knowing that

he was being robbed in that amount. Kalay had no desire to prolong the visit; accordingly he grabbed up the firearms and left the premises at a rapid walk. His escort was slow in getting away, as the women detained them with smiles and flattery. The Sultan, with campilan bearers, disappeared around a bamboo thicket fifty yards in advance of his riflemen, and three hundred yards from the huts. There was a shout, and the boys were heard screaming and running through the woods. The tardy escort ran to the rescue. The Sultan lay dead in the trail, guns and cris were missing. Two men lifted the dead chief to bear him back to the dwellings they had just left. They were met by the women, who cut them down. Two Remingtons were borne to Isa as trophies of war. The three remaining riflemen had pressed on in pursuit of the boys, who had dropped the campilans in their fright. The trio perished without a shot having been discharged on their side. That night the lake shore of Ganasi was lighted up by burning huts and cottas. Isa was placed comfortably in the vinta with the women, children and household effects and loot.

A war party armed with five Remingtons, one Krag and a Colt automatic pistol was abroad on the lake en voyage to Bacolod. The black pilot remarked to his master:

"We found in all 2,000 pesos at Kalay's cotta to-day. All the men did well."

Arrived at their destination, Isa was welcomed by the Sultan, who was noted for escaping from battle uninjured. He then learned of the destruction of Lati, Biram-Bingan and Bacayauan.

"The men you employed, Isa, are all dead or in the hands of Americans, and I had heard that you, too, were no more," remarked Bacolod, with a snake-like glitter in his eye. "I have sent for your father to join me here with any men and means he may have left. I wish you to

live, my son, and assist me in regaining what I have lost. After I have reduced Piti-Ilan, I intend to present myself in submission to the Americans, but I am trying to get a money indemnity out of them first. A thief stole the horses from me, and has delivered them to the commandante, and received a large reward, I hear."

"That chief was Fasandalan of Uato!" cried Isa.

"I have no doubt of it. Some Moros will do anything for money. If we conquer Piti-Ilan, you, Isa, shall be named as my successor, and you will be confirmed by the next secret conclave of Lanao Sultans. The arsenal at Togaya is working day and night turning out blades for me. I have ten Remingtons and you have in all seven guns, including that pistol. We shall attack Piti-Ilan within ten days."

* * * *

The combined forces of Bacolod and Isa crept up and surrounded the cottas of Piti-Ilan at night and awaited the dawn. When it was fully light, Isa left the line and limped to the gate of the fort within which stood the casa of Piti-Ilan. He was promptly challenged by the guard from within.

"A wounded runner from the war with the Americans—a message to your master," Isa replied, wearily. He was admitted at once and announced in a loud voice. The Sultan, though awake, had as yet not risen for the day.

"You are welcome with a message from the war with the Americans. What has fate decreed?"

"Fate has decreed that you give me in marriage the sister of the bride I lost; and further, that you resign your sultanate in my favor. I am Isa of Biram-Bingan." Isa covered the Sultan with the pistol. "This gun, small as it is, will begin shooting now, and will never cease until this time to-morrow. Hah! Do you understand?"

Before a reply could be vouchsafed by the astonished Sultan, a blow dealt from behind felled Isa to the floor, the shriek of a woman was heard, and the allied tribesmen poured into the cotta and casa. The struggle was short, sharp and decisive. Piti-Ilan was dragged from his chamber to the moat and despatched on the spot. With returning consciousness, Isa became aware that a face was near his own, and a woman was caressing him.

"You will not be required to pay the additional 100 pesos for me," she whispered.

Quiet prevailed throughout the cottas, the women and children accepting a change of masters as a matter of course. The change had the element of novelty, and was welcome. Bacolod had won after months of ridicule and ostracism because he had not been killed at home with his people or at Taraca with his friends.

A runner arrived with tidings that the American General from Zamboanga would soon march around Lanao at the head of a thousand armed men, with horses and cannon.

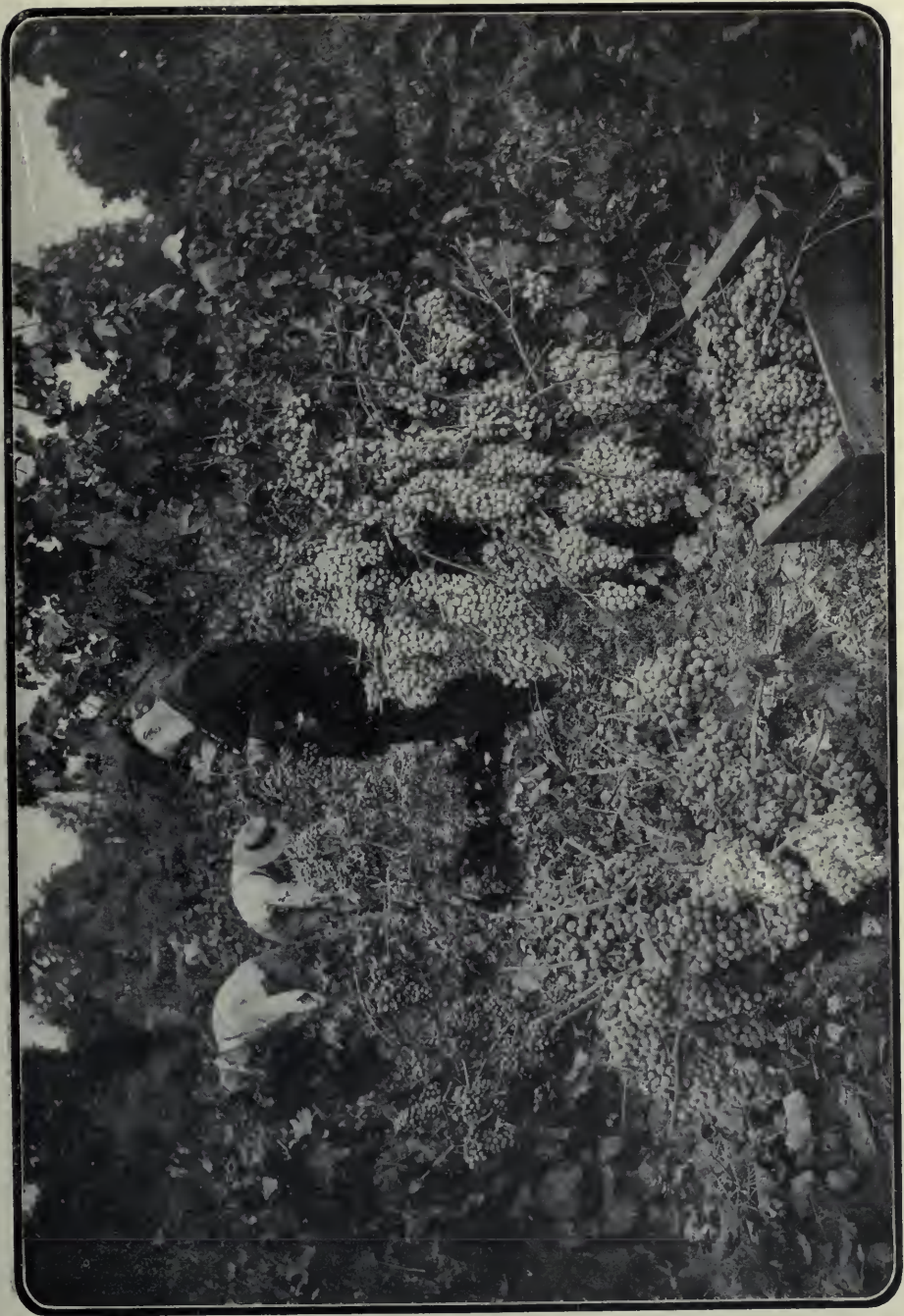
"That means a big war again," Bacolod murmured. "Well, I have sent a delegation to the Commandante, asking for a flag, but before going myself, however, there are still several dattos who played me false when I needed help. With these I must have a final settlement in blood or money. After that I am willing to "talk friendship" and promise anything which Al Koran authorizes."

A young Sultan-elect rules the mountain fastnesses of Piti-Ilan, and is busily engaged in reducing the recalcitrant dattos of his domain. He regards the disasters which befell his father, his friends and himself as wholly retrieved. The Star Spangled Banner will one day float above his casas and cottas.

Reconstruction is a professional pastime with the Moro; it is an economic process with the American. To the one might is right, to the other right is might. The divergent purposes and methods represent a fundamental distinction in character between two widely separated races.



Arnie Randall Wheeler



California—The Land of the Grape.

FOG AND SMOKE DISPELLING BY ELECTRICITY

BY EMILE GUARINI, Charge of Conferences at the Institut Universite Agricole del Etat Belge at Gembloux Redacteur Continental of The Street Railway Review European Edition, London; European Correspondent Scientific American of New York; and of the Engineer and Steam Engineering of Chicago.

IN a series of experiments unprecedented both in scope and character, Sir Oliver Lodge recently succeeded in clearing the air of a dense fog lying within a radius of 150 to 250 yards, by the aerial wire used to project electrical energy into the surrounding atmosphere. The experiments have been conducted on a scale which would be required in practical use.

To accomplish this task, an insulated wire was led from the laboratory of the University of Birmingham (Sir Oliver Lodge being a professor in this university) to a flag-staff on the roof; the wire terminated in a number of fine points, and as widely separated as possible. The base of the wire was connected to the positive pole of a high-tension electric machine. The opposite, or complementary pole, was lead to the earth, the system resembling very much a sending station for wireless telegraphy, except that the spark-gap was not utilized, since this would have set up oscillatory currents, whereas the desired object was to keep the wire constantly charged with positive electricity. These trials were the result of many researches of Prof. Lodge, with a co-worker, Professor Clark, on the dispelling of dust by a cold or hot body. In their final analysis, it was determined that there emanated from the hot or cold body a molecular bombardment which drove the dust away from it. But what caused, primarily, the bombardment of the particles? It was suspected most likely that it was of electrical origin. The experiment was tried. When a rod was positively electrified, the dust particles were repelled. By con-

necting, then, an electric machine to metal points in a box and filling the latter with smoke instead of dust, the experiment was repeated. The voltage of the electric charge was very high, so that a brush discharge resulted. The smoke was rapidly dissipated, clearing instantly the entire box. This fundamental experiment of discharging smoke by electricity was repeated again and again by the two physicists, who filled the box with all kinds of smoke and vapors. Whatever the nature of the exhalations might be, when the electric energy from a high-tension machine was discharged into it, the dispersion of smoke or mist was quickly effected. In some cases the negative pole was connected either with the ground or with a disk of metal in the bottom of a bell-jar, containing smoke; in others a double set of points was employed. A number of striking results were obtained, and from these facts, Professor Lodge concluded that clouds could be likewise converted into rain by the process of discharging electricity into them, and, indeed, he demonstrated it by electrifying a cloud of steam in a bell-jar. These foregoing experiments were made some years ago, and are illustrated in some of the accompanying photographs. Referring to these illustrations, Fig. 1 represents the old laboratory experiment, with a bell-jar full of fog ready to be dispersed by the electricity supplied by the Voss machine, the terminals of which are connected respectively to the floor of the jar and to an insulated point inside it. Fig. 2 represents the appearance of the bell-jar during the discharge of electricity, being a tem-



Figures 1, 2, 3.

flakes fall like snow; if continued, they are rapidly attracted to and deposited on the sides and floor. The same thing occurs in a room on a larger scale. Fig. 3 represents a mercury rectifier in a form rather convenient for these experiments, while Fig. 4 represents a battery of such rectifiers able to stand excessively high potentials without conveying a current in one direction, while in the other direction they convey a current quite easily. Fig. 5 shows a battery of rectifiers connected up to a large Ruhmkorff coil, excited by an alternating dynamo, with appropriate condensers in series, with the primary and alternator, so as by "tuning" to get a maximum effect. Fig. 6 shows a wall insulator, being the arrangement found necessary for carrying the high tension leads through a partition, and at the same time enabling them to maintain something like a million volts, even during the damp atmosphere of a fog, and Fig. 7 shows one of the aerial insulators employed to fix the end of an insulated barbed discharging wire under tension by means of a wire rope tie and with a gutta percha covered wire bringing in the electricity. There was a similar insulator at the upper end of the wire, supported from a mast or chimney or other elevated fixture.

When the fog enveloped the building where the trials were made, the two physicists mounted the roof while an assistant was left in charge of the high-tension generator. When the signal was given, and the machine attained its maximum working velocity, the electrical energy was literally poured from the points into the surrounding fog. This was so thick that the eye could scarcely penetrate it for more than a foot or two. The result was as gratifying as it was remarkable, for the fog cleared away in the immediate vicinity of the points, leaving a space absolutely clear.

porary stage in the clearing. If the supply of electricity is stopped, the

To put this scheme in effective operation, Sir Oliver Lodge pro-



Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

posed that stations be erected on either side of the River Mersey, where there are many collisions as a result of much fog, and to use an alternating current generator, raising its voltage to the proper poten-

tial by means of a transformer; to the terminals of the latter a Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor interrupter is interposed, and from the electrodes of the latter connectors lead to the aerial and earthed wires.

THE CANTEN

BY REV. DR. A. J. BADEN JENNER

AMONG the many mistakes made by the powers that be, the abolishment of the regimental canteen is certainly one of the greatest. In itself, its abolition would be of comparatively little consequence, were it not for the many much more serious evils which have inevitably followed such a proceeding. Soldiers, like most other men, like something stronger than water to drink; and really there is no inherent wrong in the gratification of such a very general and widely-spread inclination, and on the face of it, especially in so far as soldiers are concerned, it seems far better that this stronger drink should be procurable inside the barrack walls, or within the bounds of an encampment, rather than it should be sought for outside. In the former case, not only would the drink itself be much more likely to be pure, but being indulged in almost under the very eyes of their superior officers, the men themselves would be much less likely to drink to excess than they would be in the absence of such seeming surveillance; nay, the latter has been

abundantly demonstrated, not only in this country, but also wherever a regiment of soldiers has been stationed. Indeed, little or no drunkenness is found in barracks or encampments where the canteen exists. As a general rule, if not unexceptionally so, in all English-speaking places, the only intoxicating liquor allowed to be sold in a canteen is beer, which, as a rule, is pretty pure, and will hurt no one, but may even do the consumer much good; whereas the stuff which is often sold as beer in low-class saloons and houses of ill-fame will not only do no good, but will prove highly injurious, to say nothing of the effects produced by the positively poisonous spirits which are also sold in such places, and are the cause of the riots and rows which so often occur, and result in bloodshed and murder. It seems, somehow, that the fighting qualities of the soldiers are not only intensified, but are also entirely altered under the influence of too much strong drink. He becomes aggressively quarrelsome, riotous, and well-nigh unmanageable. Instead of the brave behavior

of the calm, cool and sober soldier, we often witness the antics of an all but raving maniac, ready to fight everybody and everything which comes in his way. Such scenes are only too common in every garrison town, and afford a powerful argument in favor of the canteen. Moreover, the soldier not only gets purer beer, but he also buys it much cheaper at a canteen than he could even at a first-class outside saloon, whereby he is enabled to save more money, but he also avoids the manifold temptations to which he would be exposed down town; he also escapes the many traps and snares which are artfully laid for him by the crimps and pimps, both male and female, who lie in wait for him at every turn. A glass of good beer will hurt neither man or woman; nay, in many cases, it actually does good, for, unlike tea and coffee, which are merely stimulants, beer contains more or less real nutriment and is therefore a fluid food, as well as a wholesome stimulant and tonic; and even when taken in excess will never produce the violent and dangerous effects of impure ardent spirits. It has been urged that the Government not only supplies the materials, but encourages the use of strong drink by its soldiers, and even reaps a pecuniary benefit therefrom; but this is not true, for, although the things sold at a canteen are furnished by the commissariat department, the profits arising from their sale go, not to the Government, but are appropriated to the support of gymnasia, libraries, and other accessories to the comfort, edification and rational recreation of the men at the post. Surely, this is but another argument in favor of the canteen, and redounds in the greatest measure to the credit of the Government, rather than its disparagement, as the enemies of the canteen would infer. For reasons such as these, and many more equally cogent, which might be adduced, it will clearly be seen by every un-

prejudiced mind, that the rehabilitation of the regimental canteen is much to be desired. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, however, there are those who are clamorously opposed to its re-establishment; but, inasmuch as the great majority, if not indeed the whole of these people are avowed Prohibitionists, the value of the opinions is very much lessened, and the sound of their clamor is greatly diminished. Prohibition never will, because it never can, or never should, become in any sense, even general, much less universal. No broad-minded, whole-souled person can ever become a genuine prohibitionist; none but narrow-minded and selfish souls can indorse such slavish sentiments. Voluntary total abstinence may be highly commendable; it may be judicious and even justifiable to bind a man by an oath that he will neither taste, nor touch, nor handle intoxicating liquors of any kind. Still, such sights as even these are sad, for do not those affected openly declare that they, of themselves, have not moral courage enough to abstain from the abuse of intoxicating liquors, and must needs call in superstition to their aid. But to free men, living in this free and enlightened country, and in this enlightened age, it is simply intolerable that laws should be enacted whereby people are prohibited from eating and drinking such things as they please; in other words, forbidding the use of such things as are lawful and right, according to all general laws, both human and divine. It is not true to say that the use of intoxicating liquors is forbidden by God. It is not the use, but the abuse of such things which is condemned, and it is against such only that laws should be enacted and proper punishment provided for offenders. A careful study of the Scriptures, both of the Old and the New Testament, especially the latter, will abundantly substantiate this statement. A special example

of which is afforded in the account of the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, in which the Savior himself is reported to have turned water into wine, aye, and wine capable of intoxicating those who drank it—a wine so good and strong that even the half-drunken guests were able to appreciate it and acknowledged its superiority. That this is the true interpretation of the miracle is plainly seen even in the English translation; but much more unquestionably so by those who are able to read it in the original Greek. Men will indulge in the use of strong drink, and provided that in so doing they do not abuse it, and thereby injure neither themselves nor others, no one should have the right to say them nay; and Prohibitionists would do much more good if, instead of devoting time and money towards the attainment of the highly improbable, if not indeed of the utterly impossible, they exerted their energies towards the purification not only of saloons, but also of that which is sold therein; for by so doing, they would do infinitely greater service both to their fellowmen and to the State at large. It was to just such a laudable purpose as this that Bishop Potter, of New York, lent his high position and talents; and by his personal presence he not only showed that he had the

courage of his convictions, but he also held out such a shining example to his brethren of the cloth as should induce them to go and do likewise. In times of peace, the life of a soldier is monotonous enough, as also is his fare. He should, therefore, be encouraged, rather than otherwise, to vary it somewhat by patronizing his canteen, even to the extent of indulging in a glass or two of good beer; especially if, in so doing, he is not only aiding in providing the means of self-improvement, but also adding to the comfort and rational recreation of his comrades. If this matter was put to the vote of the soldiers themselves, and certainly they are the most interested parties, the result would be overwhelmingly in favor of the canteen as against an out-side saloon, as being infinitely better for their health and general well-being. In any case, even if it could be clearly shown that the canteen was in any sense objectionable, the old adage, "Of two evils, choose the less," would be abundantly applicable here, for no man, not excepting even its bitterest opponents, would have the hardihood to deny that for the supply of the soldiers' need, including good beer, a regimental canteen would be infinitely preferable to an ordinary out-side saloon.

THE BOND OF HER PEOPLE

BY MAUD HORSLEY

ALTOONA, high-perched, solitary, flanked by beetling mountain sides, overhung with austere snow peaks, looming white and dazzling in the sun, beneath which stretched the little river, a solid gleaming mass when the air cut knife-like and the wind blew sleeting ribbons of ice down the bleak canyon, a maddening whirling torrent under the warm breath of the Chinook that fanned the hills and low-lying mountains, a tiny stream of the landscape when the nebulous, pulsing heat waves sucked it up greedily—Altoona the remote, the unapproachable, was in the throes of a revolution.

The unaccustomed sound of many voices filled her streets, the benches where her prominent citizens were used to lounge in front of their respective places of business, were abandoned. With true Western expediency the little town awoke from her lethargic slumbers and prepared to meet the demands of the stranger within her gates.

New buildings reared themselves hurriedly and filled the gaps in the narrow, one-streeted city which the clinging sides of the canyon above permitted; she even reached across the river and dotted the hillside with low-browed dwellings. Her composite, discolored drab merged quickly into multifarious hues that caught and reflected the sun's rays with new and unwonted brilliancy.

To Mary Chanlor, the itinerant prospector who unwittingly uncovered the ledge of gold, fabulous as another Golconda, on the mountain side above the town, opened up the land of promise for which she had long prayed. For twenty-five years she had lived an alien among her neighbors. The years that had drifted by with their joys, their

cares and their sorrows, shared by those around her, had never made them hers; her people—the companions of her thought, her fancy, for whom she longed and hoped and prayed, dwelt far over the mountains, across great rivers, beyond broad stretches where they lived forever young, immutable, unchangeable as the silent hills and impassive mountains.

“When we go home to my people,” was a phrase that had rung countless changes.

“My folks are well-fixed; I don't want to go back to them ez poor ez Job's turkey,” she had always told David, and so she worked and skimped and saved, preparing ever for that joyous reunion.

When David's stalwart manhood began to assert itself, she grew thoughtful.

“He must marry among his own people,” she said to old John, who had peddled vegetables and village gossip since David's infancy.

Old John shifted his feet, impatiently. “Some mighty nice gals round hyar, Miss Chanlor,” he frowned.

Altoona collectively and individually resented Mrs. Chanlor's attitude.

“Oh, yes,” admitted Mrs. Chanlor quickly, for experience had taught her dissimulation, “but my folks—”

Old John turned to her a stolid face and hard, unresponsive eyes.

“Better take some this hyar 'sparagus, Mis Chanlor. Mighty nice an' tender.”

Altoona always digressed.

But Mrs. Chanlor was not to be deterred from her purpose. Much correspondence ensued before she determined that Uncle Jaspar's daughter's step-daughter was the fitting and logical mate for David.

She was not only suitable in age and complexion, but the opprobrium of consanguinity avoided, a wonderfully kind and beneficent providence had surrounded and pervaded her with the virtues of a family in quantity and quality unapproachable—so reasoned Altoona, grimly satirical.

When Mrs. Chanlor triumphantly laid a portrait of a pretty, round-faced girl with an alluring dimple and fluffy hair in David's hand, and explained her purpose, he regarded her compassionately.

"'Twouldn't be so lonesome-like for you here, mother," he said, gravely thoughtful. His heart held a great tenderness for this widowed, cheerless mother.

Tears filled her eyes. "Oh, David, to have some of my own folks!"

Her lips trembled, her hands clasped tightly, as if in invocation.

David understood. The alluring dimple and the fluffy hair also appealed to him.

A portrait of David, with an especially voluminously folded cloth on the table on which he rested his hand with a fine assumption of ease, only slightly marred by an iron rigidity of neck, and a background of startling foliage, was sent in exchange, and a somewhat diffident and arduous courtship was fairly started.

David received the tiny envelope from the hand of the little postmistress with some embarrassment. There was a tell-tale significance in its azure tint and dainty chirography. Alice Carroll raised her blue eyes to his in frank sympathy.

"She writes just a beautiful hand, David," she said, sweetly.

"She's a sort of a cousin," stammered David.

"Oh, yes, I know what sort of a cousin," laughed Alice, gaily.

He had known Alice always, but perhaps a new-born sentiment pervaded him. At any rate, he had never before noticed that her deep blue eyes had a glint in them like

sunlight on shaded waters, that her skin was rich-hued and glowing as the early flush of dawn that topped her native mountains, that her teeth were two rows of pearls, her mouth a crimson Cupid's bow, and that her hair fluffed too bewitchingly over a tiny pink ear.

"Is she very pretty, David?" she asked with wistful emphasis. She had always known that David's brown eyes gleamed kind and tender under a broad, open brow, that his nose was fine and straight, his mouth both firm and pliant, his five feet eleven of broad-shouldered masculinity altogether good to look at.

"Your cousin, I mean."

"Oh, some," answered David absently. He was watching a little tendril of hair that fluttered caressingly above the pretty ear.

Things happened now in Altoona. The old slow, deliberate processes of life were swept aside. Events quickly crystalized David's nascent admiration into a dominant passion.

On entering the store that formed an entrance to the postoffice, a day or two after this, he beheld an exceedingly well-groomed young man leaning over the desk in conversation with Alice behind her little window. A keen pain smote David in the region of a hitherto very tranquil portion of his anatomy. He muttered something under his breath not exactly permissible in polite society, and strode hastily to the back of the store. The contents of a keg of nails served an ostensible purpose, but a penetrating oblique glance revealed a look of deliberate, if well-bred and respectful, admiration on the stranger's handsome face.

David strode back to the middle of the store. Alice nodded to him with her bright, friendly smile. He returned an ominous frown. Surely a white shirtwaist and a distinctly becoming pink tie were inappropriate in a public office, and the same distracting lock of hair— This evidently purposed coquetry was too

much; it maddened him. He studied a row of Price's flavoring extracts with an air of absorbing interest and waited. He was provincial; this stranger, with his perfectly tempered ease and nonchalance defined his limitations. But Alice? Where had she learned that half-shy, but wholly sweet dignity? He stared in wonder at the gracious, queenly poise of her head, the delicately charming condescension of a consciously pretty woman who knew she was admired and enjoyed it. Alice awed him. His emotions became too poignant. He left the store.

"Mother," he said that evening, over his tea, "we can sell out now for a good price. Don't you think we had better do it right away and go back to your people? There's no use in waiting."

Mrs. Chanlor's trembling old hand fluttered nervously over her plate, her voice was thin with anticipation.

"Yes, David," she said.

But another day brought a change of mood. An inherited tenacity of desire stirred in him.

"Alice must choose," he said, grimly.

The well-groomed man proved to be named Stanton, and claimed the rather nondescript title of mining-man. He developed an equally tenacious persistence and an alarmingly aggressive mode of procedure. Great boxes of flowers came by express. Alice's room was gay with exotic beauty and redolent with mingled perfumes. He monopolized her leisure hours. His manner was a happy blending of admiration, deference and subtle thoughtfulness that surrounded her like a tangible thing. The girl accepted it all with a naive sweetness, gaily, adroitly defensive.

And David? His grim defiance lapsed into sulkiness, and then fell away into deepening despair. He whistled under his breath, and whittled desperately, rage in his heart, coldly ignoring the appeal of Alice's

lovely eyes, while Stanton entertained her with brilliant anecdotes and clever descriptions of the wonderful, mysterious world beyond the mountains. It was fascinating. David sometimes forgot his rage in his interest, but one glance at Alice's rapt, attentive face revived it all.

Stanton treated him at first with such maddening insouciance, such a calm, disdainful recognition of his existence that, had Alice accepted it, he felt that he could never have forgiven her, but Alice, primitive, shyly self-distrustful, groping falteringly for the great elemental chords that were opening for her life's intricate and perplexing measures, had the unerring instincts of a kind heart and quick sympathies. Stanton could not but admire, though he fumed under it, the delicate tact with which she enlarged a tete-a-tete by the inclusion of the gloomy and unresponsive David, the gentle deference with which she soothed his ruffled dignity.

Stanton compromised by a more respectful tolerance. There was a subtle change in his manner toward Alice. He was less studiously assiduous. Sometimes he was even brusque. He seemed troubled.

Even the fierce cynicism of two and twenty relented when David saw her gay exuberance and innocent coquetry merge into a half-troubled, half-startled air of doubt and inquiry. As he watched her, he thought of captive birds he had held in his hands, trembling under his gentle stroke, vibrantly, quiveringly, alertly protestant.

"You take up so much of my time, Mr. Stanton," she told him, curtly.

David positively throbbed with desire. "If he bothers you, Alice," he said, darkly.

"I—I don't know, David," she said tremulously, but her eyes were resolute.

The wind had been blowing in fitful gusts and the intermittent warm rains had swelled the river threat-

eningly. The levees were strengthened, and guards put on at night. The winter had been hard and prolonged. Up on the mountain heights the snow gleamed brilliant, coldly impassive beneath the kiss of the warming sun, but down in the passes and on the drifted hills it slushed, irresolute, awaiting only a bolder touch of the lagging spring to rush it into the swirling waters.

David had been placed on the twelve o'clock watch. As he paced the river's brink, the fresh buoyant air exhilarated him into a mood of hopefulness. David's mind was not complex; his conclusions were as simple and direct as his life had been uneventful. The deep inner processes of thought had not yet been revealed to him. He loved Alice; he even thought that he had always loved her; he could not remember a time now when he had not. His mother's disappointment, his broken half-troth, this insinuatingly resolute stranger all resolved themselves into a definite obstacle to his love, but he squared his shoulders and set his face against the wind.

His mother had eagerly accepted his suggestion of selling the place, but she seemed to David to be temporizing with her happiness. She had several offers, but had refused them all, setting the price each time a little higher. She had an odd, pinched little look of repression that perplexed and troubled him. His heels clicked sharply on the rocks of the levee as he resolved to tell her all on the morrow. She must not be defrauded of her long-cherished happiness. If Alice loved him, she would be willing to go with him. She owned no closer ties than those of the uncle and aunt and cousins with whom she lived. The tension of his feelings thus relieved, he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, bowed his head against the wind and whistled "Whistling Rufus" in a strenuous, cheerful accompaniment to his long, free strides.

The roar of the wind and the

waves drowned all sound. As he reached the edge of the Postoffice building, something white flapped against his boots. Even in the darkness, he recognized it as a little crocheted shoulder shawl of Alice's that he had seen her wear and often noticed hanging on a peg by the door. He rounded the building, and was about to fasten it on the door-knob, when he heard the handle turn. Involuntarily he stepped back into the deeper shadows. The door opened and a man emerged. Scudding clouds obscured the new moon; the darkness was absolute, but the stealthy, furtive curve of the figure, a deeper blackness against the heavy gloom, aroused him. One of Alice's cousins slept in the building, but he was shorter, heavier set. The safe—the money orders—it flashed through his mind that he had heard Alice say that the receipts that day had been unusually large.

The man straightened himself at the corner. Ah! David drew a long breath. He knew that easy, debonnaire poise. It was Stanton. Perhaps anticipation waited on certainty; at any rate, it was with something like a thrill of exhilaration that David recognized him. Stanton turned, with the swift, subtle instinct that unconsciously warns. David stepped out from the building. The two shadows faced each other.

"Who are you," asked Stanton.

Something in the low level tones implied an unlimited ability to meet events.

"I'll show you, you villain," blazed David.

"You?" There was a suggestive click. "If you move an inch," said the steady voice, "I'll kill you."

The booming of the waves sounded like a knell in David's ears, but it was not death of which he thought, but failure.

"I don't know why I hesitate," said the voice, musingly. "I suppose, though, a man's never so bad but that a sweet, pure woman—"

You're an unbearable cub enough, but she——"

With a cry of rage, David sprang. The ground sloped to the river. Over and over the interlocked figures rolled, over the rocks of the levee. The water splashed in their faces, the waves seemed rolling over them. David's foot struck the thin edge of a projecting board. He braced himself sharply, and called to Stanton, but if he heard, he paid no heed. The thought flashed over David that he intended to drown them both. He felt his powers of resistance giving way before that mad embrace. He thought of his mother, of Alice. He felt himself slipping, slipping. There was a sharp report, and Stanton fell back with a groan, carrying David with him. Before he could regain his feet, something warm and moist trickled over his hand.

Panting, exhausted with the desperate struggle, David stooped and lifted Stanton's head. A few groans, a few muttered, incoherent words, and then a great silence fell.

David never knew how long he knelt there, trembling, faint with horror, with the dead man's head on his breast. It was the first great tragedy that had ever come close to him. He felt suddenly very old. It seemed to him that it had been a great many years since he had first recognized Stanton's lithe form in the darkness.

The day found him quite a hero. Investigation proved that the lad in the building had been chloroformed and the safe rifled. About twenty-five hundred dollars was discovered on Stanton's person.

It was some time before David could escape from the curious throng to seek Alice. He found her pale, her dark eyes rimmed and questioning.

"Tell me all about it, David?" she said.

But David shook his head. "You

—you didn't care for him, Alice?" he faltered.

"David," she said, a little vibrant quiver in her voice, "even if there had not been some one else, and there was always some one else, I couldn't have cared for him. At first I thought I might, and I really tried, because, because—— Oh, David!"

David had both her hands in his, and she could not mistake the triumph in his eyes.

"Your cousin, David!" she protested, tremulously.

"I have never seen her; she does not care anything about me. I'll never marry her," said David hotly.

The smile she gave him through tears was like a rainbow of promise.

Mrs. Chanlor expanded visibly in the warmth of her neighbor's praise for David. Her little, thin, aborted smile relaxed into pleased lines of gratification. David found her in the front garden planting seed.

"Mandy Brown says my sweet-peas are like my boy—hard to beat," she beamed at him. "She says she's mighty proud of you; she's allus taken a great interest in you, most like her own since she nussed you with scarlet fever. Mandy's a mighty good neighbor, David."

"Sure," said David.

She kneeled stiffly over the uncovered sod. "Man here to buy the place to-day, David," her face was hidden from him, "offered a hundred more than Zeph Brandon did."

"Did—did you take it, mother?"

"To think, David," she faced him abruptly, sternly reproachful, "that you would want me to sell the only home I've had for twenty-five years and my sisters all dead, and what's left changed to strangers, and the young ones don't know me and Jasper Chanlor's daughter writes that her stepdaughter is keepin' company with the new school teacher, and says she can't think to marry a man

she's never seen, and oh, David, I haven't got any people any more."

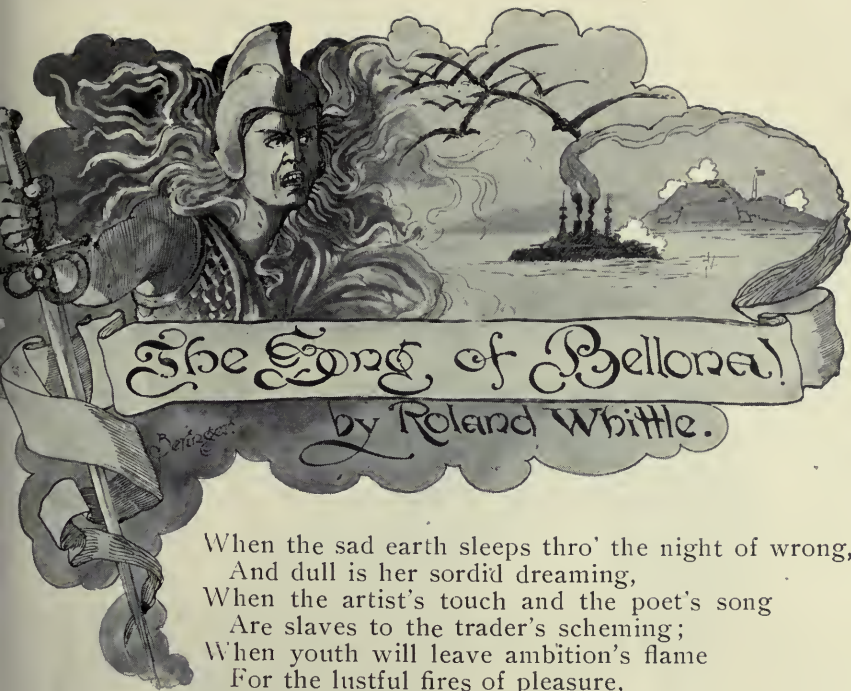
She gulped down her sorrow bravely, but her sobs choked her. Her anguished old head fell on her breast, and her tears fell unrestrained.

David put his arms around the shuddering shoulders and kissed with infinite tenderness the deeply-seamed old face, a catch in his own throat that was almost a sob.

"These are our people, mother," he said.



A Navajo Chief.



The Song of Bellona!

by Roland Whittle.

When the sad earth sleeps thro' the night of wrong,
And dull is her sordid dreaming,
When the artist's touch and the poet's song
Are slaves to the trader's scheming;
When youth will leave ambition's flame
For the lustful fires of pleasure,
When the statesman's glory is his shame,
And the nation's boast its treasure.

Oh, then, I stoop from my fiery throne,
And the sparks from my wild hair falling,
Fly over the world, and the strident tone,
The nations hear of my calling,
And earth of her spawn sends forth to me
The best of the brave that she breedeth,
For ever my cry rings far and free,
And ever the mad youth heedeth.

And the poet who peddled his verse for gold,
Awakes, and his frenzy splendid
Re-echoes my war tones rich and bold
With joy and anger blended;
And the gallant men, catch up his strain
And shout it through fire and water,
For the heroes visit the earth again
When the field is red with slaughter.

I come as a cleansing wind may come,
That drives the plague before it,
The tale of the world is the beat of my drum,
And the tale of the world's before it.
Where my voice rings clear and my torch burns high,
See! Old foul wrongs are falling,
So those who follow me but to die,
Have heard the Master calling.



Joaquin Miller. From a Crayon Sketch by Mr. J. F. Raphael.

JOAQUIN

BY D. S. RICHARDSON

Alone upon the "Hights" he stands
And looks across the happy lands.
With brave old eyes he looks and sees
The shimmer on his sun-down seas;
The gleam on plain and peak and snow
Where far his dim Sierras glow.
Those peaks he sung when Fremont stood
Beside him in the solitude.;
Those plains he loved when Marshall drew
Their golden secret from the hills,
That land he loved when old was new,
And all her ways and winding rills
Were musical because one day
His truant feet had passed that way.

Gray poet of a day and shore
The heedless world will know no more—
'Tis meet that thou shouldst take thy rest
Upon the mountain's sky-touched crest,
And from thy crag serenely wait
What call may come of time or fate.
No fear I read in those calm eyes;
Who bravely lives as bravely dies.
Dies, did I say? Not that—not so—
Who sets the hearts of men aglow
With one true song knows naught of death.
He lives eternal as the breath
Of fadeless spring—of flower and sea
That trembled to his minstrelsy.

Good-night, old singer. I descry
Thy tree-built cross against the sky;
And, standing in the vale below,
Where roses bloom and peach trees blow,
I watch the purple twilight creep
O'er field and wood and shaggy steep.
Good-night, old bard; the shadows fall
And stars across thy mountain wall
Are looking over to the west.
Good-night, old singer, take thy rest.



Bunches of green tules from four to six feet in height.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE IN ITS SUMMER GARB

BY H. D. BAILEY, A. O. U., C. O. C. of California.

With photographs from Nature by the author.

WISHING to take some photographs of the homes of game and water birds for lantern slides, I was fortunate in meeting the president of one of California's gun clubs, and through his courtesy, had the pleasure of visiting, at my convenience, the preserve over which he shot during the open season. This tract of land, or rather land and water, lies within thirty miles of the City of San Francisco. On the upper end of the body of water is a wide expanse of

low, marshy ground, being an overflow of one of the streams coming from the hills bordering San Francisco Bay. On one side of this is a grain field, which, at my first visit, on April 8, 1904, had grain about half grown. The other side of this upper end was boggy low land, covered with "wild celery" and rank swamp grass. The lower end of the preserve bordered on the salt marshes of the bay, and like the upper end, had a grain field on one side, while the other was fringed

with low willows, while farther back grew some tall trees. Scattered here and there over the whole surface of the water were bunches of green tules, which at this time of year were from four to six feet in height and very hard to penetrate. From the above description of the preserve we readily recognize an ideal spot for the shooting of water fowl in the open season, and the breeding place for a great many in the summer time.

As the water from the hills made it impossible at my first visit to wear rubber boots, I was compelled to don old clothes and wade, sometimes much above my waist.

One of the earliest game birds to breed was the pintail duck. This duck makes its home in the grain fields bordering the marsh, its nest being placed on the ground in a slight depression, and formed of dry grass, lined with feathers from its breast. The eggs are a palish green and number from seven to ten. The wide distribution of this duck makes it fairly well-known to sportsmen at large, as it is found nearly all over the Northern Hemisphere, and migrates as far south as Cuba and Panama, while breeding in California, Arizona, Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, northward to Point Barrow.

A female of this species which I flushed had her young brood concealed in the tall marsh grass, and flopped around in front of me within eight or ten feet, all the while beating her wings on the water and uttering loud quacks, then retreating to a distance in hopes to draw my attention from the spot where she had concealed them. To one unfamiliar with these ways, she would have been taken for a wounded bird, until after having retreated some hundred feet or more, she took wing and soon dispelled any such delusion. These familiar tactics are resorted to by most ducks, I believe, as I have noticed the cinnamon teal, mallard, spoon bill and

the Eastern black duck all try and work the same game.

Another duck to breed early is the mallard, which is so well distributed over the whole of North America that I need not enlarge upon it, except to say that it also, like the pintail, is found breeding on the dry ground in the field of grain, weeds



Nest and eggs of the American coot.

A flat platform or raft floating on top of the water. "Western Grebe."

The ruddy had stolen the cinnamon teal's nest.

or grass. Its well-shaped nest, containing usually seven to ten pale

olive green eggs, is neatly lined with down, with which, also, the female covers the eggs when leaving the nest in search of food, as do a great many other ducks.

As we reach the wet marsh land, and the water begins to creep up toward our knees, the startling cry of the killdeer plover, with its well-known, oft-repeated cry of "kill-dee—kildee," seems to flush from all the surrounding land and water, birds enough to supply a regiment of soldiers with food for a month. A large flock of ducks which have been feeding in the long swamp grass rise to view, and among them we readily distinguish the cinnamon teal, ruddy, spoon-bill and pin-tail, also a pair of mallards. Crouching in the tall grass, and hiding as best we can with such scanty cover, we watch the different flocks of birds as they pass from the fresh water feeding grounds to the salt marsh shore and back again. Small flocks of sand-pipers and Northern phalaropes whisk by our heads with their faint "peep-peep," while directly across from us, and standing in about six inches of water, are a few of the long-legged, black-necked stilts. We now see a large flock coming in from the salt marsh, and as it gets closer we find it is made up of the Western willet and black-bellied plover, while a second flock contains some twelve or fourteen greater yellow-legs. As all these shore birds breed farther north, with the exception of the black-necked stilts, is useless to look for their homes, and so we try to forget for the time being what might have happened if open season were only on.

Emerging from our cover, and making our way slowly toward a bunch of tules, we flush a small Virginia rail, which is soon lost to sight in the thick tules; we need not expect to see it again, as when once in cover it trusts to its long, slender legs in preference to its wings, a characteristic of all the rail family. As we approach the tules nearer, we



A typical nest in the tall tules.

The home of the cinnamon teal in the tules. Photo by W. O. Emerson.

A little oval nest. Tule wren.



What the California clapper rail calls home.

Photo by Roy Pemberton.

see a large, blackish-gray bird with a white bill quietly slip from a mat of trampled-down tules, and seek cover around the first corner. This is the common American coot or mud-hen, and searching a little closer on the outer fringe of the tules we find its nest with eight buffy eggs, finely speckled with black. The usual complement is six to twelve. These coots were very numerous, and we managed to photograph nests with eggs from seven to eleven in number. (Photo No. 2.) The nests are composed of dry tule stems, blades, roots and swamp grass, and are generally attached to the tule stems about three inches above the level of the water.

Another bird whose nest I was fortunate in finding in this locality, as it is not at all common, was the Western grebe, "water witch" or "Hell diver," as it is called by many. The nest was made of tule stems,



Find the drake shoveller.

roots and grass, and looked like a (Photo No. 3) flat platform or raft floating on top of the water. The top of the nest was about one and a half inches above the water, while the eggs in the slight hollow were about level with it, and as the whole nest was well water-soaked, they looked as though they really were in the water. The photograph of the nest shown is taken looking down on it, and is an unusually large set of eggs, five being the general number. When first laid, the eggs are a light greenish white, but the stain from the water-soaked tule stems and plants soon discolor them to a dirty reddish brown. This color, blending with that of the nest, helps to guard them against discovery, and as the old bird covers them with roots and stems, when leaving the nest, one is apt to pass it by as an old mass of dead tule stems.

Breaking my way into one of these dense masses of tules, after some time of hard work in the thick stems with water up to my waist, I was fortunate in finding something novel. (Photo No. 4.) This was a cinnamon teal's nest, containing six teal eggs, together with seven eggs of some other duck. It took only a second to realize that the larger bird had stolen the small duck's nest, something I had never heard of happening before with the duck family. The photograph gives a good idea of the difference in size of the eggs, while the difference in size of the birds is very small, and one seeing the little Puddy Dutch (the larger eggs proving to be of this species) on the water, could hardly realize that such a large-egg came from such a small bird.

While the cinnamon teal makes its nest in the grain fields or along the banks of a stream, as well as in the tules, the ruddy duck only builds its nest in the tules, and reeds, the stems supporting the nest about three inches above the water. (Photo No. 5.) The nest is composed of dry tule stems and lined with fine

grass and down. The color of the egg is white, having a rough shell heavily pitted, and they usually number from six to fourteen.

The nest of the cinnamon teal in the tules (Photo No. 6) is of the same construction without down, only placed under some mass of partly fallen tules, in which position they are extremely hard to find. The eggs are smooth, creamy white, and number from seven to twelve.

While taking the photograph of the duck nests, I noticed in a dense clump of tules to my right a little brown bird with a long tail, which kept jumping from stem to stem, all the while keeping up a constant "chip-chip." On examining him closer I found him to be a tule wren,



A mourning dove was flushed from her nest.

and not far from him was a (Photo No. 7) little oval nest, into which every now and then he disappeared. After making almost a complete circle, I discovered a little hole on the eastern side of the nest, and at about the same moment the little wren discovered I was too near his home for his comfort, and away he went into the thick tules; nor did I see him again while I was photographing his house. The latter was a most complete piece of bird architecture, the outside being made of a layer of dry tule blades; next to this was a layer of fine strips of tule blades, while still further in was a layer of fine swamp grass, and the interior

was lined with coot feathers, with a sprinkling of fuzz from the tule stems thrown in.

On putting my finger into the hole, which was about the size of my thumb, I found it contained five eggs, but as it would have been necessary to cut or tear open the nest to get a picture of the eggs, and this would have caused the birds to desert it, I contented myself with a photograph of the nest alone. Later in the day I discovered quite a number of these nests in different stages of construction, and found that when first made they were always composed of wet material. As the nest dried out, the mud and water acted as a glue, making the nest firm and compact, and not until it was well dried did the little birds put in the lining of feathers. A few grasses were woven around two or three tule blades and into the nest, making a firm support for it. The nests were nearly always from four and a half to five and a half feet above the water, with now and then one about six and a half feet up. The color of the eggs is a light chocolate brown, thickly blotched with chocolate of a deeper shade. A full set numbers from four to six.

On making my way out of the tules toward the salt marsh, and while passing through some very thick marsh grass, I noticed a large duck quietly slip off to one side of me. After crouching in the grass for some ten minutes or more, I managed to get a photograph as the duck slipped across a small open space, and the result, which proved to be a shoveller, is left to the reader to find. (Photo. No. 8.) This duck I later caught in a dense tangle of grass, the nature of which, with that showing the height of the tules, is shown in the first photograph. As the duck had a nest in the vicinity, he was released, but not before the first photograph was snapped by my friend. The shoveller, or spoonbill, as called by many, makes its nest at the foot of, or near, some

bush, tall clump of weeds, or in the dry grass, and is composed of weeds and grass, lined with feathers. The eggs are an olive green, and number from nine to fourteen.

After tramping over a large area of salt marsh, we at last flushed a California clapper rail, but she, like the little Virginia rail, did not fly far and soon dropped among the marsh grass, from which I was not able to flush her again. The nest of this bird is placed on the ground above the reach of high tide, and is composed of dry swamp grass, roots and stems, part of which form an arch over the nest, as shown in the photograph (Photo. No. 9). The ground color of the eggs is a light cream, and the whole egg is blotched and spotted with a pale lilac; the larger blotches being generally on the larger end of the egg. A set or clutch number from seven to twelve.

While tramping among the low willows bordering the edge of the marsh, a mourning dove was flushed from her nest (Photo No. 10), which I soon discovered on a pile of drift which had been brought down by the stream and lodged on a low bough of a willow shrub. The bird had made no pretense of making a nest—simply laid her two white eggs on a flat part of the drift, and thus saved herself and mate three or four days of labor. While the mourning dove generally lays two eggs, I found only a single egg, well incubated. The mourning dove is one of our best distributed birds, being found nearly all over the United States, Southern parts of Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, migrating south to Panama and the West Indies.

Besides the birds already mentioned, there were quite a number of non-game and land birds breeding on this preserve, and good photographs were secured of their nests, eggs and young; but as space is limited, I shall not go into details about their home life. Four species of black-birds were found breeding

in the tall tules, the red-winged, yellow-head, bi-colored and tri-colored, while the little Western yellow-throat made her home in some tall swamp grass on the edge of the marsh. A California shrike also had her nest in a low willow bordering the marsh, and nests of the Samuels song sparrow were about the easiest of all to find. The long-legged great blue herons and the black-crowned night herons made their way back and forth on fishing trips from the marsh to a tall clump of trees some distance off, where they had their nests, and where we later discovered they had young nearly full-grown. A California quail's nest was also discovered at the foot of a blue gum tree, and their well-

known call could be heard quite frequently during the day from the low bushes and undergrowth bordering the marsh. A set of quail's eggs number from nine to seventeen while occasionally as high as twenty-three have been found; but this was probably when two birds had laid in the same nest. The ground color is buffy, while the entire surface of the egg is covered with spots and blotches, varying from black to a dull purple. The material used in the nest depends upon the location, as the nest shown (Photo No. 11) is composed of dry leaves and lined with a little fine grass; while another bird building in the grain field constructed its nest entirely of straw.



A nest of the California quail.

Photo by W. O. Emerson.

A LONG BLACK BOX

BY GEORGE S. EVANS

“YES,” said the Chief, “I think the plan feasible, and it’s success certain.”

I did not feel so sanguine as did the Chief. When once he made up his mind as to the feasibility, or non-feasibility of a plan of campaign against a criminal, no argument, however persuasive, or alluring, could induce him to alter it. In this instance, he was furnishing the plans, while I was about to furnish the action. Hence we were looking at the matter from different points of view. Perhaps, thought I, if you were in my shoes, you would have a few doubts.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, and was anything but reassured. I began to regret that I had been drawn into the scheme. It is difficult for an Anglo-Saxon to disguise himself as a Chinese.

“You look like Ah Sin,” ventured one of the Sergeants.

“And feel like it,” said I.

There was a knock at the door. The Chief cautiously opened it and peered out. There stood Quong Gee of the Ping Kong tong, sleek and fat.

“Come in,” said the Chief.

Quong Gee stepped in. At last the wheels of justice were going to commence their revolutions, and an endeavor would be made to unravel one of the most remarkable and baffling crimes in the annals of San Francisco’s Chinatown.

Ten days before, the warfare had commenced between two rival tongs, and despite the efforts of the police, was still in progress. The Chinese are good haters. Blood will have blood. The rule is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life. In getting the tooth they oftentimes get a life with it, but what can you expect when you use

a 45 calibre revolver as a forceps?

For ten days, highbinders with shirts of mail under their voluminous blouses had haunted dark alleys and tortuous stairways, with revolvers in their sleeves and murder in their hearts. Savage looking “gun men,” who were ready to take a human life for and in consideration of the sum of \$60, had been imported from Marysville and Fresno. Hatchet-boys had lain in wait for their victims. Merchants had trembled at the mention of blackmail, and daring gamblers, taking advantage of the general uproar, had rung in “cold decks” and extra king dominoes until some of the gambling houses were on the verge of bankruptcy.

After the ten days of warfare, the score stood: Two men of the Ping Kong tong dead, and three highbinders of the Hip Ying tong crossed to that mysterious realm where highbinders cease from troubling. But the worst thing about the whole business was that the Hip Yings had killed the leader of the Ping Kongs, and out of his death had grown the present police interest in the matter.

The morning after the burial of Jue Nam, erstwhile leader of the Ping Kongs, the thirteen thousand and odd Chinese of San Francisco were in a state of greater excitement than ever. The circumstances were enough to cause excitement even in a Christian community of like number, for there had been a resurrection of Jue Nam. The trouble with the resurrection was that in addition to its having been spiritual, it had been physical. He was not to be found in the narrow house where Celestial hands had lain him away under three feet of Christian law. The presence of a large num-

ber of tracks and of a shovel carelessly left behind were mute witnesses of the fact that no devils except those in human flesh had participated in the resurrection ceremonies. What a calamity! All Chinese who die in a foreign land must, at the expiration of two years, be shipped back to the Flowery Kingdom, and interred by the side of their ancestors, else the spirit wanders forever and ever, tortured by numberless devils.

The body of Jue Nam must be found. The Six Companies said so, and offered a reward for the return of the corpse. The Ping Kongs were determined to have their leader's body back from the impious hands of their rivals, and enlisted the support of the police department of the "white devils." It was here that I was called in, for I can speak the language of these wily human tigers, and it was necessary for one to be able to do that, so the Chief said, if one intended to play the part that I was billed to play.

The plan of the Chief was, to put it in his own words:

"Go into Chinatown, associate with the Hip Yings; play fan-tan with their gamblers; insinuate yourself into the graces of their highbinders, and listen for news of the body of Jue Nam; follow the least suspicion."

"Quong Gee," said I, to the Mongolian whom the Chief had admitted, "do I look like a highbinder?"

"You do velly well," was his verdict.

I was glad that this mild-mannered Celestial was pleased with my make-up. If one so astute as he was satisfied, then, indeed, must I look like a highbinder.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "if all's ready, I'll go forth to moving accidents."

"Good luck to you," said the Chief.

It was early in the evening as I walked down Dupont street; the lamps had just been lighted. Gaudily

colored lanterns and stained glass windows shed variegated lights. Alleys slunk away in shadow. Yellow-faced coolies, richly-clad merchants, chattering children, shuffling women, and elegantly garbed gamblers jostled each other on the narrow sidewalks. Window lights flared on screens, ivory work, choice crockery, brass vases, silks and furs. Innumerable punk sticks glowed and caused many a devil to seek its prison house. On one corner was a large market where such Chinese delicacies as roast hogs, dried ducks and lotos were on display. What was that which greeted my olfactory nerves? None other than Rudyard Kipling's "smell of Asia." I found myself endeavoring to analyze it. I decided that it was composed of tobacco, ancient fish, gutter mud, burning punk, and—— Just then it occurred to me that I had better dispense with my emotions and speculations and think of nothing save the matter in hand.

A cab was driven leisurely past me. I glanced in at the window, and in the light that flared in from the electric light at the corner, beheld two Chinese. There was a long black box that rested on the seat they occupied and the one opposite them. Without hesitation I jumped up on the step and looked in. The long black box bore a very close resemblance to a coffin, and the two occupants of the cab seemed to be busy pouring something into it. When the two men saw me peering into the cab, they gave a guttural exclamation, and I felt a stinging blow in the face. The pain was so great that it caused me to lose my hold and fall to the ground. I sat up, and heard the sharp clatter of hoofs, the rumble of wheels, and saw the cab flying down the narrow street, swinging now to this side, now to that.

Here was a mystery, sure enough. Perhaps, thought I, I have found a clue. I jumped to my feet, and started to run after the speeding

quarry. Chinese slippers are awkward, even to a Chinese, but to an Anglo-Saxon they are positively clumsy. I was in my stocking feet after about a block's running. The cab was going at a mad gallop. I gained a little on it, and saw it dash into an alley that I knew to be blind. Drawing my revolver, I hurried into the place, which was lighted by a yellow flare from some ancient oil. Imagine my consternation when I found that the alley was absolutely empty; not the shadow of a cab, not a sign of a horse. Surely some friendly Chinese genii had come to the assistance of the occupants of the cab and had spirited it away. I decided to investigate. The end of the alley was occupied by an old two-story wooden rookery with a flat roof; there were no windows in the first story, and up to the second story the building was covered with a clinging vine. There was no light in any of the windows, and they were all heavily barred.

I stood motionless and listened. No welcome sound of hoofs or wheels greeted my ears. No sound of human tongues reached me. Silence prevailed. I decided to wait, and stepped into the deepest shadow. For probably five minutes I stood, every faculty alert. I was glad I had lost my misfit slippers. My step was noiseless now; being in my stocking feet had at least that advantage. I heard a rustle; then a creak. The lower story of the building began to move. A yellow visage peered out. Then the huge door creaked back, and a sound of bolting of locks followed. My patient waiting had been rewarded. The disappearance of the cab had been solved. I must now get on its track again. I stealthily approached the door, and began to search for some way of entering. After a careful search I concluded that every avenue of ingress was closed. Well, thought I, I can get into the building from the roof, perhaps. So I decided to climb up to the roof of

the building by way of the vine and the bars, and descend through the scuttle. I went at the matter carefully and systematically, and in a few seconds was on the roof. No sooner had I reached my new location than I heard the sound of footsteps. I crouched behind a little cornice, and grasped my revolver; my breath came in quick, short gasps. On a roof just below me I saw two figures moving as rapidly and quietly as they could under the circumstances. The chances for rapid locomotion were not especially propitious. They were staggering under a heavy burden, shaped like an oblong box. I remembered what I had seen in the cab, and guessed that these two men had the same object.

I heard a grating, sliding noise, and saw one of the men clamber down into a square hole in the roof and beheld the other shove the object they were carrying down to his companion. Quick as thought I made a rush toward the man, but when I arrived there I was the sole occupant of the roof. I searched for the panel, but couldn't discover it, and decided that the fates were against me in my venture. It occurred to me, after a casual examination of the other side of the building, that perhaps I could get into the same apartment by lowering myself from the roof to one of the windows. By making a swing I could do it. I made the swing, and reached the sill in safety. I looked into the window, and was sorry that I had sought the place, for there were about fifteen Chinese in the room. I saw two of them start for the window, and then it seemed best to go back to the roof, which I did with as much dispatch as a man in danger would naturally use. A sound of the sliding of a panel reached me, and I saw several of those who were in the room below debouch upon the roof. I lay flat in the shadow, and pulled my re-

volver from my sleeve, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"What's your name?" one asked in Chinese.

"Who are you?"

"What do you want?"

I cocked my revolver. The sound of the clicking of the lock seemed loud enough to awaken the dead. I began to crawl toward a cornice.

"There he goes," shouted one of them.

Without ado, I jumped to my feet and started to run. I heard a rush of feet behind me, a chorus of angry, animal yells, several explosions. I dared not look back, for I was not well versed in the topography of the roofs of Chinatown. By the same strange law that a man lost in the forest will eventually circle back to the place he started from, I soon found myself at my starting place, my foes following closely. They had neglected to close the panel this time, and down I leaped into the low ceilinged room. I dashed through a door, and out into a long, narrow hallway. Down this I ran at full speed, and found that the door at the end was locked. Into the hall my yellow horde of pursuers came pouring. I saw a little red flame leap from a revolver, and simultaneously heard a heavy slug strike the door behind me. I gave the door a shove, but it would not yield. I put my back to it, but it refused to budge. That angry sea of faces, dripping venom, came rushing at me. I held my revolver at the lock on the door and pulled the trigger. The door flew open and I jumped into the room. It was empty, and there was no outlet, save a narrow stairway leading down. Those who are fighting for their lives must not be choosers of methods of escape, and so, without knowing into what I was plunging I ran down the narrow outlet as rapidly as I could. It seemed to me that that stairway was a mile long and as full of curves as a mountain railroad track. **At last,**

after many stumbles, I reached the bottom, and found myself encased in absolute darkness.

I heard a faint chatter from my pursuers at the head of the stairs, but was pleased at not hearing their descending footsteps. I groped around, and at length found the door. I turned the knob, but to my chagrin, the door failed to respond to the pressure. I began to contemplate blowing it open as I had the former one, when it started to swing toward me. I stepped behind it. A flood of yellow light leaped in from the room into which the stairway entered. Two men, carrying something long and heavy, came through the door. I waited until they had gotten through the door with their burden, and then sprang out and dealt each one of them a blow that would have stunned a patient ox. Both of them fell like logs; their burden dropped with a crash. In the light that came from the room, I beheld a coffin, and on the plate the name "JUE NAM." If the time had been auspicious for giving cheers, I would have given them on the spot, but the time did not seem to point toward cheering as the best possible thing to do under the circumstances, for my acquaintances at the head of the stairs decided to renew hostilities. I heard their cat-like footsteps coming down the stairs. I felt in the sleeves of the twain I had knocked down, and drew from each a man killing gun. With mine, and these two, I felt that I could put up a pretty stiff battle. I stepped into the room from the stairway, and finding it empty, pulled the coffin in and then locked the door and commenced a search for an exit. I could discover no exit, though the room was brilliantly lighted, and outlets should have been easily seen.

My pursuers had now reached the door, and I heard them fingering with it. I turned and faced it, a revolver in each hand. They shoved the door, like mad, petulant children

when locked out. The door groaned and creaked, and then flew open with a crash. Several of my pursuers were precipitated in a heap on the floor. Into this struggling mass of voluminous blouses, hideous yellow faces, circling pigtails and furbished revolvers and knives, I fired. Pandemonium reigned. The room was filled with struggling humanity. Chinese oaths, mixed with good Anglo-Saxon swear words, shooting, clubbing and yelling were the order of the day. Before I knew it, I was seized by a big, burly blue coat, and my wrists were adorned with a pair of bracelets that did not conduce toward the free use of my hands. The Chinatown squad had heard the shooting on the roof, and deciding to investigate, had arrived just in the nick of time.

When the small-sized riot had been quelled, and all of the Mongolian participants had been either killed, wounded or arrested, the sergeant who not three hours before had remarked that I looked like Ah Sin, said:

"Watch that big, villainous high-binder there," and pointed at me. "I saw him fire two shots."

"Him no highbinder; him Mellican man," said Quong Gee.

"Watch me, if you want to, Sergeant," said I in English, "but I'll warrant that I'll never be convicted."

"Well, hell's bells! Long, is that you?"

"Yes."

"What's the news?"

"I've got him," said I. "If you will look in front of you, you will see the coffin that contains all that is mortal of Jue Nam."

He looked, and remarked: "Well, if this don't beat me!"

The next morning the Police Court calendar was crowded with:

"The people vs. On Fun, Yuen Wa, Hop Song," etc., charged with assault on murder.

The long black box was opened by the Captain of the Chinatown squad.

The disembodied soul of Jue Nam will never rest in peace, his body will never repose in the soil of the Flowery Kingdom by the side of his ancestors, for the long black box contained quick-lime.

FEATHERED CALIFORNIANS

The Oriole

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

APRIL 1st—I have been waiting the coming of the oriole. I know in the southern part of the State and in the Central valleys, where long before this the orchards are no longer orchards, but fragrant aisles in a pink and white fairyland of breeze-stirred drifting bloom, there he is, singing with uplifted orange-red throat. I can see him

brilliant against the fruit blossoms; his color is not laid on solidly, rather it seems ever changing, a shifting blur of red and orange flame, held intact by the firm black and white of his wings. But he is not here. In this mountain town the summer comes warily, alert for the sudden storms that may sweep down from the higher Sierras, mingling snow-

flakes and the first forward cherry blooms in the winds together. The oriole is wise; he bides his time until the spring is no longer afraid, but settled into a warm and glowing promise of summer.

April 14th—The middle of April and still no oriole. The days are cold, chilly; the constant spirt of rain is plashed against my window; the trees rasp unleased against the roof. The wet air sometimes wafts to me a vague, sweet smell of new leaves, of stirred earth and sap, but mostly it is winter, winter. My heart goes out to all the green, budding things that must feel crushed and hurt under such storming skies. I remember an April morning last year in the Santa Clara Valley; I woke to find the oriole happy master of this, the sweetest part of the year in that region. Bird after bird I found, singing in tremulous triumph from the tree tops, their journey over, at last at the place of their summer delights, love-time and harvest fullness. But now comes a day blue and clear, hallowed by the rising of the sun. I take my small daughter, the whistler, and wander deep into the forest in search of those birds which build in and belong to hemlocks, firs, spruces. Beneath the pines we find a spot on a shelving cliff overlooking a small valley and ravine, laced over by alders and willows. We watch a pair of California Towhees scratching below in the underbrush; plaintive-voiced gold finches clinging among the pussy-willows, while far overhead from the top of the long shaft of a pine a flock of kinglets are coming down, twinkling and twittering; a fussy vireo goes gleaning over the tree boles, calling and ever calling: "Deary — cheery — whit — b'chirr — cheery be cheery!" The jay sends out his cynical, jarring note when through it all, when I expected it least, came a faint, far-away, unmistakable, swinging, accented song. "Hark!" I waited to see if the Whistler would re-

member, for from summer to summer is quite a span to carry a bird song for one of the Whistler's years. At first she did not hear it, so faint it came up the forest, mingled with the various trills and calls, and sighed over the pines. Then: "The oriole!" she cried, and springing up, sent back, measure for measure, a welcoming whistle. Closer the answer came, stronger, sweeter, as if the bird caught, half-gladly, half-wonderingly at the refrain, so like and yet different from his own. At last his song rang up from the canyon at our feet, but no glimpse did we get of his orange-red body or white-barred wings. You may be sure he saw us, although we could not see him. This is to me some new trait of the bird, this timidity and lurking manner. but because you know an oriole or any other bird, well one year, it does not follow that the next year you will find the same bird, in another climate, under different surroundings, behaving in the same familiar manner. Birds, like people, are influenced by the skies they are under. Hardships strengthen some, make some difficult and timid. Where the winter is long, the spring threatening, the summer late, do not expect an oriole, more properly a bird of the less northern country, to give the same bubbling, running-over measure of song.

Perhaps he is waiting for his mate before trilling out in lordly fashion before the world. Perhaps he came too soon, and disheartened, cold, has a way of keeping warmer down in brush thickets rather than in open orchards. Perhaps I will find he adapts himself as royally to pines and mountain alders as he does to cottonwoods, sycamores and apple trees. I know he goes to the desert and builds in a spiny cactus, far from the water he loves so well. Perhaps he is enjoying himself quite as well as ever lingering awhile in the pines on the outskirts of his garden haunts. Glad I am that he

comes at all, and shall patiently wait until the days and his heart are warmer. But I shall watch your mettle, Sir Oriole, and when at last the belated summer is here, if you do not weave and swing your nest with the same careful art, court your love as tenderly, mount to sing as bold and cheerily as of old, I shall decide that you do not belong on the slopes of the Sierras, but in the sun-kissed lower valleys. I found my mountain oriole like the mountain summer, tentative and timid at first, but when in full power of warmth and song, much like other orioles and other summers.,

April 21st—I have a friend who has a garden which is everything a garden should be, secluded, wild-run and tangled, here and there judiciously touched and tended in dainty, unexpected places. Guided, not distorted, by the fair gardener. The birds tell each other, and flock to a spot like this. The trees are allowed to fling out unclipped branches, where a nest can swing, shadowed and sheltered. The honeysuckle weaves a closer bower for them year after year. Brush piles of boughs are left in the orchard to know the ways of thrush and wren. The whole place is pervaded with a spirit of friendliness to these small winged people, who, somehow, no matter how often repelled, still seek to be neighborly with human-folk.

Yesterday my friend sent me word: "Come at once, the oriole is here." Installed under the protection of those he has confidence in, back in his old nesting tree, each day's sun shining warmer and warmer on his rapture—quivering throat, his energetic mate charming him more and more with all of her trim ways, the joy of his life is so brimming full he cannot pretend to any shyness now. Brave in the tumult of his bliss, he sings in full sight, compelling by the force of his happiness a respect for his treasures and his flaunting self.

I find him keeping guard over

his busy mate, perched in a mulberry tree on a branch above her, while she shreds down and tugs off a fine strand of stem fibre. Such pulling and strenuous puny labor, as she runs along the twig, tearing down the fine shreds, gathering them back in her bill, and never desisting until her filled beak can work no more; then with a chirrup she flies, he after, to the nesting site. He is not singing out loudly now, but low and tenderly, watching over his little mate, who is all the world to him. I do not doubt he is saying to her: "Don't be afraid, darling, get all the mulberry fibre you need. I am watching over you; nothing shall harm you." We need not smile at his boasting, for so do lovers the world over, with inadequate physical strength, but with the mighty power of love, guard the dear one from calamity. If he ventures too near in his eagerness to help her she bristles with caution; her bill emits a hissing sound; she chases him back to his station above her, for she knows they are safer if one keeps watch, and what does he know about selecting the best material? So he does what he does best, sings—sings of the joy in their heart and the joy of nature's joy.

Watch an oriole weaving its deep hanging nest, or an Indian weaving a Navajo blanket, and you have seen in its working a deep-lying, natural faculty, which could be raised to utmost heights, but which humanity and civilization crushes and destroys.

Every year I marvel at the beauty of this bird. There he mounts, limb by limb, until the topmost branch is set on fire with a swaying, flaming blossom of a bird, singing itself into rhyme with the singing universe. A butterfly flitting by floats and flutters in time with the music. A wind-shaken poplar quivers a little faster to catch up with the oriole's rippling grace-notes. The drifting clouds overhead seem to be

listening, moving, well aware of his song.

June 22d—The orioles have started their first brood safely out into the world, and are building a second nest near the site of the first. Some of the red has faded from the orange breast and head of Sir Oriole; his narrow black throat patch begins to show plainer, the luminosity of his color is a little less brilliant; the first fine enthusiasm of his song is sometimes lacking. A little tired, a little duller, but not the less loving, he goes to the raising of the second brood. One slim immature bird follows the mother bird in her flittings to and fro from the mulberry tree. Who is this? One of the first nestlings taking a lesson in nest weaving, and the father is away perhaps training the male youngsters in the arts of their sex.

July and August—The summer days bloom, ripen, fade; the earth is swinging to its more fervid heat. The great outdoors is filled with young, feeble, blurring wings that are taught to wing their way stronger and stronger each day. I have forgotten for the time other birds in my interest in the orioles, watching all the characteristics, all the mannerisms that are peculiar to one oriole family, and the seeing of this is as amusing, absorbing, pathetic, dull, merry, ennobling as the study of a human family. I shall bribe some boy to bring me down the deserted nest, which I shall hang on my walls, and which will always

bring to my mind the skill of wild bird's bills and the helplessness of the supercultured hand.

September 3d—September! Time of migration, time of the parting of ways, farewells, subdued and satisfied state, dulled color, winter work and ways ahead. Wise little lovers! Time to separate until the flooding springtide arises again. One by one the orioles have left, singing each a last song. This morning, one trilled out clear and loud, just before sunrise. I woke the Whistler, and we stretched tousled heads out of the window. Right glad he seemed to hear a goodbye response. Merrily we whistled him "God speed!" on his journey, until the early wayfarers stood and stared. I think, without our acquiescence and encouragement his song would have gone unnoticed, and I hope the scene better impressed his last glorious music on some.

Goodbye, Sir Oriole! Some day I shall follow you South, find you there, tell how long is your journey, whether you fly by land or sea. What adventures you have shall be divulged to me; I shall note every changed feather, every voice intonation differing from your summer outpouring. Goodbye! now, good luck! "buena fortuna!" as they say in Mexico, where you are going. Whether I shall be among the breath-lifting pines next spring, or on the desert's palm-hemmed edge, I shall still await, with ever the same keen zest the coming of the oriole.

A CALIFORNIA HOP GARDEN

BY JANET MacDONALD

FIVE hundred and thirty acres of verdant beauty in the lowlands of California's golden heart, miles of swaying verdure in the sunlit region of prosperity and contentment, hundreds of willing hands and happy faces, the ringing laugh of childhood, the sonorous tones of middle-age mingling with the subdued voices of later life engaging in healthful and profitable employment, this was the scene of Arcadian simplicity which greeted my vision in my recent visit to a California hop garden, located in Yuba County. Impressive as an object lesson, looking to the development in a country so richly productive, and so easily tilled, of an industry which will give healthful employment to so many people.

The yield in green hops in this garden alone amounted this year to more than three million, three hundred thousand pounds. The picking alone of this prodigious crop cost thirty-four thousand dollars, requiring the services of fifteen hundred people for twenty days. As hops ripen at different times in different locations within this highly diversified climatic State, hop-pickers pass rapidly from one garden to another, usually putting in the entire season in this profitable and agreeable employment.

Among them are numbered a conglomerate mass of humanity. "All sorts and condition of men," women and children are here represented. College professors, students of both sexes—eager to earn the money with which to carry out their ambitious educational aspirations, and sober-faced men and women of good families, with their children of tender years, hoydenish girls and rakish youths, Japanese of both sexes, Chinamen, entire families from

sunny Italy, and the genuine Roman Gypsies (I believe that they all claim to be genuine, and I may add that all whom I have seen are dirty, though picturesque.)

Those pickers, irrespective of nationality who are industrious, and deft of fingers, and who are picking hops for every cent there is in it, will make as much as seventy-five dollars in the season of twenty days.

If they work to the end of the season they are paid an additional ten per cent, but many pickers flit away before the entire crop is gathered in, finding fresh fields in pastures new, where picking is easier, and the work therefore progresses more rapidly. A family of even modest proportions can clean up a tidy bit of money (for a small tot can pick hops, and only the baby in the baby carriage, under the shade of the heavily laden vines, is immune.)

The hop district (for the gardens are districted) must be picked clean before another district is allowed. Natural selection is exemplified in the crews who work together, and social lines are strictly observed. Not only individual pickers, but entire families, return year after year to assist in the harvesting season.

Hops are planted from slips, and once growing healthfully, no change of plant is necessary, except from the gradual process of filling up the places of plants that have died, or in the case of securing better varieties, or those ripening in more convenient succession. The ground is plowed and harrowed, and every individual clod of earth is subjected to the most rigorous demolition, until the ground presents a smooth, unbroken appearance. It is manured summer and winter, and the manure, like all the material used in the propagation and preparation of



1. Plowing the rows.
2. Pruning.



1. A Gang of Weighers. 2. An Avenue in a Hop Yard.

hops, including string, hop-cloth, sulphur, etc., is purchased in car-load lots.

The vines run on cotton twine, supported by wire trellis; two wires are used, and are supported by red-wood poles twenty feet in height, one wire being placed at the top, and the other about seven feet from the bottom, or ground. The poles are set in rows about forty feet apart one way, and fifty the other. In planting hops, a male vine is planted every tenth hill; it blooms and scatters its pellen; then it has accomplished its mission, and is torn down with the female or bearing vines when the crop is gathered in.

A most remarkable thing in the twining of the hop vines is, that it must be twined with the sun, for if, in the elementary work, it is started the wrong way, it doggedly refuses to go in that direction, but turns its face and follows the proper course. On the other hand, should a morning glory vine be planted in the same hill, it is just as persistent in going around the support in the opposite direction, or from the sun. When the picking season commences, several strings are cut, and the beautiful trailing vine, upon which it would seem impossible to find lodgment for another bloom, is carried over a box or basket, and

the picker quickly and skillfully removes the blossom and drops it into the receptacle prepared for it. Clean picking is a rule, and if, in the box, leaves or tendrils, or anything but just hops be found, a black mark is entered against the picker; if the offense is repeated the picker is given his time, and the additional information that his service is no longer required.

In addition to the pickers, who are paid by the pound for their work, eighty-five additional men are employed at the gardens which I visited, for hauling hops, working in the dry kilns, in the cooler, press rooms as weighers, and various other departments. Each afternoon, the weighers go to the field, where the hops are transferred from the pickers' baskets to the scales, and after they are carefully weighed and recorded, they are loaded into great vans, and carried to the drying kilns, where a half ton per day is dried and sulphured, and sent by tramway to other vast buildings, where it is bleached and allowed to cool for several hours, when it is sent to the baling rooms, where it is pressed and baled. After the processes above numerated, it remains to sample, sell, and the most important, get your money.

IMPORTED FULLERTON LASS

BY CHARLES ELLIS NEWELL

Author of "The Making of a Jockey," "The Undoing of a Jockey," etc.

CORRIGAN was about to resume his play after scoring on an exceptionally difficult three cushion shot, when he paused abruptly and beckoned to one of the applauding spectators. As the gentleman stepped forward and shook

hands, I recognized him at once as the proprietor of the billiard room where we were then playing.

Morrigan introduced us, saying: "Losker, my friend here sometimes juggles up some of my yarns into stories for the Overland Monthly,

and I told him some time ago that you could give him one that would really be worth something. I had a good laugh when you told it to me, and I would like to have him hear it, if you wouldn't mind. I mean the way you came to win that bunch of money on 'Imported Fullerton Lass.'

"Oh, that!" laughed Losker. "Yes, it was funny, but if things had not turned out just as they did, there would have been plenty of weeping for me the rest of my life."

"What do you say, then," said Morrigan, "to a bottle in one of your private rooms after the game, if you have time?"

"All right, Mr. Morrigan; anything you say."

Mr. Losker proved to be an excellent raconteur, much addicted to gesture; sometimes falling into vehemence as his excitement grew in telling the story; and his light blue eyes seemed to drill a hole right through one with their earnestness.

"I never have been able to tell this story," said Mr. Losker, with a shiver, "without almost going through the whole thing again, and when I think of what might have been, I want something hot quick."

"If you never woke up some morning and found that overnight you had lost seventy-five thousand dollars, I can't explain exactly how I felt when the bottom dropped out of the Fresno land boom fourteen years ago. Every dollar I had in the world was in outside land options at fictitious values, and I knew it, and what was more, I was satisfied that the boom was liable to burst at any minute. But I had made money, and people were falling all over themselves to get on. Speculation was the word; everybody was speculation mad; it was in the air; men were turning over small fortunes every day; women speculated; even children speculated. Every train brought in hundreds of people who immediately went crazy along

with the rest of us. You couldn't get into a hotel for love or money, and chairs were at a premium. Long before daylight you could see strings of anything that had wheels hustling out into the country, loaded with frantic speculators eager to buy anything from a patch of hard pan to a section of hog wallow. Bug-house, bug-house, the whole bunch; and I guess I was the worst of the lot, for I was dead on the inside. Any one day, or even hour, I might have let go with a fortune; but I couldn't do it; something in me howled for one day more—just one day more.

"I delayed just that one day too long; and the next, my options would have cut a sorry figure alongside a gun-wad for value.

"That's how I came to land in the city, with my wife and two little girls, with less than a hundred dollars as a nucleus for a new start, and even that belonged to my wife, who happened to have it when the crash came.

"It is only natural that I should come in for a good share of 'I told you so's,' and 'If you had taken my advice,' etc., so you may be sure that for a time, at least, the situation was a little painful to me. And when a man feels like he had been 'kicked to death by a goat,' he has not much assertiveness left, and his stock of independence is at about a hundred per cent discount. I guess I showed it in my face, too, for it seemed to me that my lugubrious countenance was the cause of my failure to get a situation; so I tried my best to put on a cheerful front and smile. The very ghastliness of it must have incited some pity, for I got a job as night porter in a down-town cafe.

"My work was finished about 3 o'clock in the morning, after the cars had stopped running, which obliged me to walk out home, on Pine street, near Buchanan. One night, shortly after I had got to work, I started for home in a furious

storm; the rain lashed my face and I was scarcely able to make any headway against the gale that tore down Sutter street, and by the time I reached home, I was thoroughly exhausted, and as wet as if I had been ducked. As soon as possible after getting dry, I tumbled into bed and fell at once into deep sleep.

"Now, what comes may be hard to believe, when I tell you that I had never been on a race track in my life, never made a bet, and did not know a paddock from a back stretch. In a casual way I knew that races were then being run at the Bay District track, somewhere near the Park; but I didn't know the name of a single horse.

"I've heard about 'The baseless fabric of a vision,' and the fellow that wrote it may be right from his point of observation, but from mine, that morning, I can swear that the fabric was built on the basis of something eternally solid.

"In my vision, I seemed to be standing at a fence—overlooking a race-track—in front of a grand stand, which was full of people. I could hear the excited voices of men all around me, and the raucous tones of the pool-seller as he announced the odds. Some horses filed onto the track and took their positions at the barrier. I heard the crowd yell, 'They're off—they're off,' and presently they again broke out in a perfect storm of applause, as I saw one of the horses forge ahead and lead the way around until just in front of where I stood; when the vision dissolved like a flash, and a great high board fence—painted black—took its place, on which appeared these words—in immense white letters:

"IMPORTED FULLERTON LASS WINS."

"Again the scene re-appeared, all about me resounded cries of 'Fullerton Lass,' 'Fullerton Lass,' by people who seemed to have gone crazy, as they gesticulated wildly, throwing their hats in the air and jostling

each other in insane ecstasy. And I was one of them—I guess worse—for it seemed as though I had won a fortune in some way, and shouted until everything turned black.

"Frank! Frank! Wake up; Lot-tie, run quick and get a cup of water and dash it in papa's face."

"But I came to in time to avoid another drenching. There I was, sitting bolt upright; my arms still outstretched, and yelling like an Indian, while my wife was shaking me with all her strength.

"'Are you all right now?' she said, as I stared at her vacuously, scarcely yet able to get the vivid scene out of my head. 'You have had an awful nightmare.'

"'You are right; I have had a nightmare,' I said, 'and it's a mare that is going to get us out of this hole if I am not much mistaken.'

"'Come, come,' says she, giving me another shake, 'you are not awake yet; breakfast is ready, and it's ten o'clock; you know we go to the Park to-day, and we'll have to hurry if we get out there at all.'

"I got into my clothes quick, and made a sneak down to the corner grocery, to look at the entries for the day's races, for the dream had taken possession of me, soul and body. But when I came across 'Imported Fullerton Lass' among the entries for the third race, I stood staring at the paper, absolutely hypnotized, for at least five minutes, trying to figure out how I was going to get money to play that horse, for play it I would. I was saturated with the idea; it gripped me in an overmastering clutch; a voice said: 'Play it! play it! It's the chance of your life!'

"I had twenty cents in my pocket. My wife had a small diamond of mine worth about thirty dollars, and my watch; these were my resources if I could get them. Ordinarily, I should have asked her for them without hesitation, but now I felt like a pickpocket, and sure that she would divine my object.

"At breakfast, I told her of my vision and of finding the name on the programme. Oh, how I tried to arouse a little enthusiasm in her; how I went over the thing, graphically and minutely, expatiating upon the remarkable coincidence of dreaming of a horse I had never heard of, being entered. I told her that I believed it to be a voice straight from kind Heaven; that it was the knock of Fortune at our door, not to take advantage of which would be surely 'flying in the face of Providence.'

"All this time she had been sitting stiff as a Sphinx, looking me straight in the eye, and when I suggested the advisability of putting half of our remaining money on the horse, she uttered one word, like the shutting of a mouse-trap, 'FRESNO.'

"'Oh, very well!' I answered, trying to assume a flippant manner, 'just as you say. Oh, by the way, I forgot that I can't go to the Park with you to-day. I have an engagement down town, and I wish you would get me my watch and stud.'

"I tried to put on a careless front as I said this, but I must have made a bad miscue of it, for she said, icily: 'Frank, you cannot fool me; you want to pawn them to play that horse. You will not get them, and you are going with me and the girls.' And I went.

"We went into the Park by the McAllister street entrance, and rambled around awhile, but I could not enjoy anything. The dream kept forcing itself upon me, until it became a waking torment, and I really began to feel ill. I must have caught a cold from the exposure on the previous night; every bone in me was aching, and my thoughts began to run in chaotic riot, but mingled with them came an unreasoning anger that I should not be master in my own home. I have often thought since, and still do, that I was a little delirious, for what I did no man in his right sense would do.

"My wife had brought along a

lunch, and we went to the top of a hill, among some trees, to eat it. We had barely sat down upon the grass when I heard a tremendous shouting. Glancing up, I found myself looking over a high board fence, and beyond was the identical scene of my dream; the grand-stand, the crowd, the track, everything exactly the same. My heart gave a horrible thump, my head reeled, and I felt myself going, when my wife jumped to her feet in alarm, saying, 'Frank, you are sick; I'll get some water.' She seized a cup and started off down the hill to a hydrant some distance away. This aroused me, and the first thing my eyes rested on—when I saw clearly—was my wife's reticule, which had dropped from her lap when she got up. In a second I had it in my hand and was speeding toward the entrance of the race-track.

"What happened to me afterward was more like my vision than a reality. I found gold in the purse—sixty dollars. I remember handing it up, and getting a ticket for it. I even remember the half sneer on the man's face as he sung out: 'Six thousand to sixty, Fullerton Lass.' The rest was a hazy repetition of the dream.

"I had had barely time to get there for the race, and the money down, before they were off. Then the next thing I knew, I was one of a surging, yelling mob, fighting my way toward the poolbox where I had bought my ticket.

"I remembered stuffing my pockets full of money, and pushing my way out of the grounds, and reeling back to the hill, where my wife and children were still sitting. She began overwhelming me with reproaches, but I was too far gone, and that was the last I knew, until four weeks later, I looked up into my wife's face, hovering over me, with a look of tenderness in her eyes that made me—but never mind that; we'll cut it out.

"It seems my worries had culmi-

nated that day in an attack of brain fever; therefore my wife exculpates me from any blame in the matter of the purse, and although she reluctantly admits that my dream was a wonderful phenomenon and turned out well, she still preserves the same uncompromising attitude towards speculation. I have concluded that

she is right. However, as a matter of precaution against any further temptation, I keep my personal belongings where I can get them without— At any rate, I have cut the word 'Fresno' out of my wife's vocabulary."

"Let's have another bottle."

IN THE SHADOW OF THE THREE BALLS

BY OMA DAVIES

CHEMITA was going her morning round with the dust cloth.

She was like a little dark bird as she flitted about the tiny shop, flecking off a bit of dust here and a bit there. She hated dirt with all the strength of her clean soul. Some of the articles, too, she disliked very much, and had it not been for her strict sense of justice, they would probably never have been cleaned at all. As it was, she lifted the old coats and shirts gingerly, holding them at arm's length and shaking them vindictively. Then there were the awkward American guns and big swords which Chemita never touched without a shudder. They might decay by rust for all she would ever trouble to clean them.

The weapons of her own country she kept shining like slender lances of purest silver. Sometimes she made fierce little thrusts with them; they were so keen, so sure, so much more exquisitely adapted to their purposes than those stupid heaps of metal which the Americans made. She delighted, too, in the polished wood of the musical instruments; and she loved the little statuettes, the troubadours with their gay guitars and the little maids forever dancing, dancing in the dim seclusion of their glass case. Most of all,

perhaps, she loved the jewelry. She would have liked to have kept always every bit that ever strayed into the shop. But her father had told her that the chief thing in life was money; and she had heard it so much she believed it implicitly, perhaps all the more because she did not understand the reason why. So out they went again, one by one, those bright pieces of precious metal—and she had in exchange only dull bits of round coin to hide away in the little leathern bag.

The tiny show window fronting upon the street she cleaned last, taking a fresh cloth for the purpose. Here vied with each other mother-of-pearl, silver, gold and brass, together with many kinds of jewels. In the center was a little pedestal draped with velvet, upon which always rested the article which Chemita considered of chiefest value among her temporary possessions. Sometimes it was an opera-glass; sometimes a bit of rare lace, sometimes a locket worn against Chemita never knew whose heart. At present a tiny hoop of gold, embracing in its cirlet a beautiful solitaire, occupied the place of distinction.

Chemita perched upon the edge of the window, turning it this way

and that! How radiant it was! How its rays quivered and danced in the early morning sunlight! It was very, very beautiful; the most beautiful thing that had been in the shop, Chemita thought. It was not for sale yet, and Chemita knew it; but it was such a grand thing to have in the window where all the world could see it and marvel. There was certainly no danger of any one ever wanting to buy it; for she had inscribed upon an absurdly large card the figures \$500, and propped up beside it. This sum represented to Chemita the utmost amount of wealth the human mind was capable of comprehending or the human heart of coveting; and in a wild freak of inspiration, she had printed underneath the single word "Cheep." It was such a satisfaction to see the denizens of the locality stop before the window, pointing to it; sometimes with open admiration, sometimes with ill-concealed covetousness. More often, for the people of the Quartier were hard working, they gazed at it and the card beside it with indifference. It was simply another of the puzzles of this weary life which they had tired of trying to understand.

Would she ever be a grand lady and wear such rings at that? Chemita wondered as she sat high on her stool, knitting. She glanced down at her stubby brown fingers and shook her head energetically. She fell to speculating about its owner. She had been small, Chemita remembered, and plainly dressed. She had worn a veil, and had turned away her head when Chemita had untied the little box. She had taken the money—absurdly little it was—which Chemita pushed toward her over the counter, and had gone away without a word. Her manners had been perfect, according to Chemita's standard of pawnshop etiquette. There had been no senseless haggling over the price, and there had been no useless questions. Chemita wondered if she

would get the ring back in time.

During the afternoon a gentleman came into the shop, a tall gentleman with dark eyes, and with none of that air of idle curiosity to which Chemita was so accustomed. He came directly to the counter, and glanced impatiently about. He did not notice Chemita. Perched motionless upon her high stool against the dark shelves, she was scarcely to be distinguished from some part of the dingy furnishings. It was her custom to thus leisurely survey her customers for a moment from this coign of vantage. The gentleman peered into the back of the shop, and rapped his knuckles upon the counter. "He is very anxious," Chemita thought, as she fluttered off her perch.

"I want to see that ring," he said, taking a step toward the window and pointing to it. Chemita lifted her eyebrows.

"Which ring?" she said. "There are many."

"The diamond," he said, impatiently. "In the center." He was tapping his fingers upon the glass.

He held it high, studying the inside of the circlet. His hand was trembling a little as he laid it upon the counter. Chemita would have said he was nervous, only that all Americans are nervous.

"Who brought it here?" he asked, abruptly.

Up went Chemita's eyebrows again. "How can I tell?" she said. "There are so many who come here."

Her customer scarcely heeded her. "Was it a woman? A little woman? Was she fair?" He leaned forward eagerly.

Chemita shrugged her shoulders. "She may have been."

The gentleman slipped his hand into his pocket. "Think!" he said, laying a coin upon the counter. "How long has it been here?"

Chemita's eyes were fixed in space. "There may be a record," she said, doubtfully.

She fetched the big ledger, and ran her short finger down its columns. "There," she said at last. "Three weeks and four days."

"And the address?"

Chemita shook her head.

"Well," the gentleman said, after a pause, "I'll take the ring anyway," and he took a check book out of his pocket.

Chemita gazed with round eyes. "No," she said, "it is not yet for sale."

"Not for sale! But the card—the price. It is in the window!"

Chemita lifted her shoulders slowly, and slowly let them fall again. "A mistake," she said. "One makes mistakes very easily. After three days you may buy it, perhaps—at the same price."

"Three days," the man repeated slowly. "Oh, she will come—she may come—in three days?"

"Perhaps. It depends. Sometimes they come again. Sometimes never."

The man was laughing a little. "She will come," he said, "and I shall see her—here!" He glanced round the dark little room and laughed again. "And I may come and wait here? And if she should not come, I may have the ring?"

"There is a chair," said the impassive Chemita, "and there is the ring." She turned and took up her knitting. She was wasting a great deal of time with this stupid American who asked so many questions.

He came the next day and the next, and stayed all day in the little shop. Part of the time he sat in the chair reading.

Occasionally, he took a saunter up and down the street. He examined again and again all the articles in the room, asking questions about this, and making comments about that. "If you have as sharp a memory as you have a tongue, you will remember this shop till your deathbed," Chemita observed to him once. "Yes," he answered with

a little laugh. "I suppose I shall, for more reasons than one."

The third day he came early in the morning before Chemita had finished her dusting. But although he watched the passers-by so eagerly and stayed until Chemita turned out the lights, at night, the object of his search did not appear. His eyes were sad as he bid Chemita good-night. "I have looked all over the city for that ring," he said. "Tomorrow I shall have the ring. But she may come yet," he added. "Is it not possible?"

"It may be," said Chemita. For her, the ring would be gone, whichever way the affair terminated. On the other hand, she would have made a magnificent sale; but one must have kindness in life, and she felt definitely sorry for the big man whose eyes had grown so hopeless.

Chemita was making a new pattern of lace the next day which required both her eyes, and all her mathematical powers for counting the stitches. Consequently she paid little attention to her self-invited guest. He was depressed and very quiet. "I shall stay to-day," he said. "Then I shall not come any more." He sat in his chair with a book in his hand, which he did not read, and Chemita sat on her stool and knitted. It was very dull altogether.

Late in the morning, the book suddenly fell to the floor. In Chemita's first glance she saw the man at the door, and a woman's sorrowful face looking in the window. Then, as the woman caught sight of the man, Chemita saw her throw her hand against her breast and press her back against the glass. Chemita had never seen such a peculiar expression on any one's face. It was an indescribable mixture of surprise and apprehension, and perhaps great happiness. They stayed in the street talking so long that Chemita lost interest, and took up her knitting again.

They came into the shop after a while. "This is my wife," the gen-

tleman said to Chemita. "We'll take the ring now."

Chemita slipped it into its little box. "No," said the man. He took the woman's hand which was trembling very much, and slipped it upon her finger. "This is the second time, dearest," he said. "It will stay there this time." The woman gave an odd, tremulous little laugh. "I thought it was gone," she said irrelevantly. "I thought it was gone when I looked in there."

As they were going out of the door, the man stopped suddenly and came back to the counter. "There," he said, laying down a coin, "that's for you, and good-bye."

Chemita watched them for a moment as they went arm in arm up the street. She shook her head, as she rang the coin upon the counter and slipped it into her shoe. "A great deal of money for one quarrel," she said.



Thumb Rock.

TO THE SUMMIT OF MT. SHASTA

BY EUGENE CALL KNOWLES

NORTH of San Francisco, about 338 miles, and at the head of the now famous canyon of the Sacramento, stands Mt. Shasta. This monster extinct volcano is the second highest in the United States, and is by far the most difficult of

ascent, owing to its precipitous walls of shattered rock. Climbing a mountain of this altitude is not recommended to those who are not in first-rate physical condition, for besides the actual steepness of the slope, the altitude itself affects one.

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This article is an account of our last year's trip up Mt. Shasta.



The Government monument at the Summit.

With some people, nausea, violent palpitation of the heart, faintness and dizziness will punctuate the upward climb, and altogether the trip requires considerable endurance.

Mountain climbing as indulged in by Californians is part of their regular out-of-door life, and we have several well-organized clubs in the State devoted solely to mountaineering, which spend their entire summer months rambling through the vast, unexplored region of the Sierra Nevadas.

Mt. Shasta is best reached from Sisson, a small town in Siskiyou County, some twelve miles from the mountain, where a competent guide and the necessary provisions are generally available. Our party started July 4th, 1904, spending the greater part of the first day climbing the long, gradual slope which leads to the base of the mountain. After walking some five miles through manzanita shrubs and other brush we found ourselves in the

bottom of a thickly wooded canyon—apparently lost. Before leaving Sisson, a friend showed us where the trail started, as we had not taken a guide with us. He, however, had never been up the mountain himself, but said he knew the trail, as he had seen many parties make the start.

We followed his instructions as near as possible, but were still unable to get sight of any trail. It was now about sun-down and it would be impossible for us to stay in the bottom of this canyon all night, as there was no sign of either snow or water for cooking purposes. We decided that the next best thing to do was to make our way up the steep wall of the canyon and get on the main ridge where we might be able to catch sight of a snow patch.

An hour or two later found us on top of the ridge, and as we had expected, we found plenty of snow. Camp was immediately pitched here for the night, as a little water in

some form was all we needed to make things complete. Horse Camp (elevation 8,000 feet) should have been reached by six o'clock p. m., had we not been started wrong; as it was, only an elevation of 6,200 feet was reached by seven. After partaking of supper, consisting largely of condensed foods, a good big fire was built near some large boulders where we were to pass the night. An hour or so was spent sitting around the comfortable fire talking over the events of the day, after which we retired for the night. It might be mentioned here that warm and substantial wraps constituted an important part of the equipment, for the sharp atmosphere is very penetrating, as it frisks around the huge boulders. Green goggles and cold cream to protect the skin from sunburn were also found to be convenient articles.

Next morning we rose quite early,

built our fire and cooked breakfast, consisting of mush, malted milk and chocolate. After this light repast, the blankets and other things belonging to the pack were rolled up, and we struck out for Horse Camp, which was about 2,000 feet above us, through a dense virgin forest. For nearly three miles we made our way over the snow in the beautiful forest, and for the first time caught sight of the trail leading to Horse Camp, which we should have started on from Sisson had we not been misdirected. On this trail we saw the footprints of other climbers who had made the trip recently. To my knowledge, we were the third party up the mountain that season, one being a party of college men and the other a party of Italians, who, I was told, got lost and did not succeed in reaching the summit. A few hundred yards more, through the forest, brought us to Horse



A party of mountain climbers en route to Thumb Rock.



Photograph showing trail from Horse Camp to Thumb Rock and Summit.

Camp, but having arrived at such a late hour in the morning (ten o'clock July 5th) we decided to remain several hours and sleep as much as possible to get rested for the final climb to the summit and back on the following day. While resting at Horse Camp, we roamed about taking in the topography of the country and admiring the beautiful snow-clad firs which were about us. These firs mark the upper limit of the forest growth, for above this point no tree could ever stand the severity of perpetual snow.

At about nine o'clock in the evening we turned in, and our bed upon the rocks was anything but comfortable, keeping us half awake. At frequent intervals we would take turns in getting up during the night to replenish the fire, which was close by us, for it was intensely cold here.

At midnight, the signal was given to crawl out of our blankets, as an early start was necessary in order to return the same day. After

the disposal of a moderate meal, our blankets were rolled up and hid away in the stump of an old tree, and by two o'clock a. m. we were well on our way up the mountain. The sky was cloudless, and the moon had just appeared over the southern ridge. We pushed our way up the valley through the deep snow, trying our best to keep warm. The cool, still air was bracing, and every whisper seemed frozen. As the silvery moon rose higher and higher into the heavens, it produced a typical Alaskan scene that I shall never forget. From this valley we climbed a ridge on the southern side of Shasta, and upon looking into the next valley below, we discovered a frozen lakelet of the most beautiful emerald hue that could be imagined.

We were now at an altitude of some 10,000 feet, and the steepest part of the climb was about to begin. All around was bleak desolation; no sign of either vegetation or life; not a sound; nothing but the

silence of eternal snows. With every step of the upward plod the atmosphere was getting lighter and lighter, and each of us was puffing as does a huge locomotive on the mountain grades. By ten forty-five a. m., we found ourselves at Thumb Rock (elevation 13,000 feet.) Here a brief rest was taken, and the pilgrimage resumed for a thousand feet more alongside the Konwakiton Glacier, which brought us to the Hot Sulphur Spring. This remarkable fissure emits hot sulphur vapors, and is the bivouac of those climbers who spend the night on the summit. Were it not for this fissure, it would be almost impossible to remain all night, owing to the intense cold and the total absence of fire-wood at this elevation. From here on a halt was necessary every few hundred feet for a breathing spell. Heart-beatings sounded like some one tapping on a bass-drum, and were fairly thundering. About four hundred feet more won the struggle, and we were standing on the sublime summit of Shasta. Indeed, this seemed to be the summit of all the earth, for as I looked

out upon the east, Nevada's plains were in sight; on the north was Oregon, with her snow-clad peaks; on the west, the broad Pacific Ocean, and on the south, Central California, with Mt. Lassen looming up on my left. It was the most commanding view I ever looked upon, and with a single sweep of the eye, I could see over two hundred miles in every direction.

After luncheon, six or eight photographs were taken, and we started down the mountain for Horse Camp, which was over 6,300 feet below us. We had not proceeded much below Thumb Rock when I suggested that we slide down on the snow for a distance. I went first, and had not been sliding long before I found that I was going at the rate of about fifty feet a second. I tried to stop myself with my alpenstock, but did not succeed. Meanwhile I kept going faster and faster, and finally ran into a heap of loose boulders, which stopped me rather suddenly. However, I picked myself up, and fortunately was not hurt. Calling out to a fellow-climber, who was several hundred



Horse Camp.

feet above me on the side of the ridge, I told him to be very cautious and go slow. He had no more than sat down on the snow when he, too, lost control, and came flying down at a speed which, to me, seemed even faster than my own. I thought his last day was at hand, for he weighs close on to two hundred pounds, and I realized that it would be next to impossible to stop a man of his size. Nevertheless, I did what I could under the circumstances. As he came tearing down, I braced myself against a boulder, to see if I could stop him. Not a second had elapsed when the crash came. It was a test to see which could stand the harder bump—his feet or my shoulder. Upon examination after. I found that he had sustained quite a bruise on the heel, which made it necessary for us to take it rather slowly the rest of the way down.

Horse Camp was reached a little after three o'clock that afternoon, and our blankets, which we had left there, packed up. A thunder-shower was rapidly approaching, and we wanted to get to shelter before it reached us, as no provision was made for rain. However, it did not last long, so we made our way down to Sisson by the right trail this time, arriving at six-thirty o'clock p. m., just in time to catch the train back to our hotel. How good it seemed to get back to civilization once more and get something substantial to eat, for we had not seen a square meal for three long days.

We had walked continuously since two o'clock in the morning until six-thirty that evening, except for the three-quarters of an hour which were spent on the summit, and I dare say we were the hungriest lot of exhausted individuals that ever entered a country hotel, but a refreshing bath and a restful sleep

made us feel like ourselves again.

Ordinarily, tourists ascend Shasta on horse-back as far as Horse camp, and the remainder of the trip is made on foot. This does away with 5,000 feet of climbing. People making the trip this way usually take a guide with them, and generally make it in about twenty-six hours. Taking neither guide nor horses made our trip considerably more difficult, besides getting lost several times, which accounts for our taking three days for the round trip. They, however, were three days well spent, and I am confident that it will more than repay one for all the hardships connected with a trip of this character. Besides the magnificent view from the summit, Shasta offers many other points of interest to the visitor. The five immense glaciers, the vast lava flows, and the crater lake, are other great natural curiosities, which I consider well worth a hard climb of 14,000 feet and more.



Mossbrae Falls, Shasta region.

BOOK LORE

BY ARMOND

If you are a reader, an omnivorous devourer of that which is written, you graft upon yourself a habit of forgetfulness of the things that jar. How many of the books of the year do you remember? You will agree with me that I read a few more books than the average human, and that the spirit of forgetfulness, of that which is badly conceived and worse written, is very strong in my make-up. Let me see. Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Four Roads to Paradise" certainly left an impress on my brain, and from the recess, I can conjecture the situation when Bishop Alston is introduced to that very interesting young man, Stuart Walford, who burns to sacrifice everything to the lepers of Molokai. Then we are transferred to a Fifth avenue drawing-room, and we strike a flow of epigram, a philosophy that appeals to the thinking reader in the form of unobtrusive wisdom. Yes, I think I can classify "Four Roads to Paradise" as one of the remembered.

Do you remember "The Folly of Others?"—that's another that lives. I recall that other book of Mrs. Hapgood's, "The Forerunner." Its main theme is the extravagance of American wives and their lack of essential sympathy with their husband's work and aims. Neith Boyce (Mrs. Hapgood) is the daughter of General H. H. Boyce of Los Angeles, where the opening scenes of "The Forerunner" are laid.

In the line of biographical sketches, there stands out that splendid volume, by the son of his honored father, "The Life of Dean Farrar," by Reginald A. Farrar. It is perhaps the best extant biography of the greatest pulpit figure of the last quarter of a century. This biography, by his son, profits by all

the wealth of interesting material his life affords, and both subject and treatment take high place among readable and valuable life stories.

But the book of books, the literary glory of the year, is the new syndicated History of North America, under the able editorship of Professor Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins' University (George Barrie & Sons). It is an ambitious history, and it is the first attempt at a comprehensive study of North America. It is a capacious work, and the author is especially well fitted for his task, by his literary skill, and his thorough acquaintance with all records, and his selection of men who are, by their education and attainments, thoroughly able to second every effort of so capable a leader. In the matter of illustrations, I have rarely had the pleasure of reading a work in which such care was taken to furnish the readers the best the entire world of art may afford.

It has been a source of complaint among scholars that there is no comprehensive history of North America, and at last we are able to refute the allegation, and point to Doctor Lee's volumes as the one unbiased and absolutely truthful history of our country. It fills a want that has been serious in its effects. Take, for instance, the historian's usual handling of the history of the Southern States. As a rule, it has been the custom for the historian, generally a Northern writer, to avoid those points that would waken the spirit of antagonism in the minds of his constituency, and certain events in history have been glossed over or slurred. The time has passed when this style of writing can be taken as a truthful account of ante-bellum times. The North, as well as the South, may

now approach the subject, and the North hears, without a wince, of events in which it stood indubitably in the wrong, and it is an established truism that the conquered accepts adverse criticism with better grace than the conqueror. Mr. Peter Joseph Hamilton handles the account of the colonization of the South in the masterly manner that characterizes the entire production.

George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia.

The Newspaper Annual is a carefully prepared list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada, with valuable information regarding their circulation, issue, date of establishment, political or other distinctive features, names of editors and publishers, and street addresses in cities of fifty thousand inhabitants and upward, together with the population of the counties and places in which the papers are published; lists of magazines, women's publications of home circulation, mail order publications, religious, agricultural publications, and the various class publications.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia.

"Hecla Sandwith," by Edward Uffington Valentine, is a novel, of course, but it is more than that. "Hecla Sandwith" represents a quality and force of character that is not often observed in her sex. She rejects a man in whom her heart finds enough to make him an ideal lover, as a lover, merely. But her soul—her higher self—has evolved out of its loftiest aspirations of the Divinity in her an ideal man who, by comparison, so dwarfs her lover in truly manly attributes that she unhesitatingly, yet with a lingering wish that he were a manlier man, dismisses the lover for one whose affections for her were born of the nobility of character of a manly man—a man whose sincerity was

an ethical Gibraltar. The book is interesting as a story, but its strength lies in the wholesomeness of the influence it will exert on social life.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"The Instrument Tuned," by Rose Birch Hitt, is a very clear presentation of various therapeutic agents, such as deep breathing and physical exercise combined with the concentration of the mind upon lofty ideals. The book introduces the old Hindu system of self-healing, with the better parts omitted. Still, the agencies that the authoress suggests are sound in practice as well as in theory.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

"The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green, is, above all, intensely sensational. A kidnapped child is the basis of the story, and about that happening the thread of the authoress' imagination winds itself, until a great ball of innumerable characters and experiences is created. The book is above the average of that style of fiction, and is well worth perusal.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., of New York, have just issued a little book, entitled "The Art of Rising in the World; with Hints and Helps How to Get Rich," by Henry Hardwicke. The idea is to show that industry, courage and integrity are among the requisites to become rich.

"The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart, is really a story within a story, and how cleverly the double thread is managed let each one find out for himself. Finerty, of quaint and comfortable philosophy, is only a railroad hand; but the Finerty household, divided, like

all Gaul, into three parts, is well worth visiting. Then there are the tramps to whom Finerty plays host in the sandhouse, especially Stumpy. And, most important of all, there is Bill, "the fugitive blacksmith," who can, as Finerty says, "make anything out of anything." The author, it is said, has woven into this book phases of life which he has met and known in his own experiences. The story certainly reads true.

The Century Co., New York.

"Hurricane Island," by H. B. Marriott Watson, is a book worth reading. It is fascinating, full of adventures, and, above all, the threads of the story are not strained, discolored by absurdities nor embellished with the impossible. Literary excellence is maintained, and altogether the style and word painting are pleasing and instructive.

Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.

"An Inaugural Ode," by Alexander Blair Thaw, is an admirable poem addressed to the American people. The theme is patriotism, and while advice is not given directly, the duty of citizenship is painted in colors so vivid that upon reading the ode one is constrained to make new resolves to be worthy of being a sovereign in the world's greatest republic.

The Monadnock Press, Nelson, N. H.

"The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell," by Una L. Silberrad, comes up to the average of strained effort to depict character in the realm of love, sentimentalism and hairbreadth escapes. The book is interesting in a way, but in no sense educational. The style is good, but is painfully lacking in literary merit.

Doubleday, Page & Company, N. Y.

"Twenty-five Ghost Stories," edited by W. Bob Merrill, and pub-

lished by the Ogilvie Company, is a compilation of good, bad and indifferent tales in various degrees of weirdness.

"Cheek by jowl" with compositions from the pens of Edgar Allen Poe and Guy de Maupassant, is a story entitled "The Vengeance of a Tree," by Eleanore F. Lewys, written when this young San Franciscan was but fifteen years of age. It compares well in its vivid word-painting with the efforts of either of these geniuses, and holds the interest of the reader from start to finish.

Taking it altogether, this little volume is worth its price, and in some parts is quite thrilling enough to send tiny chills up and down one's vertebrae, read with the accompaniment of wintry nights, a fire falling into ashes, and the wind moaning outside.

"Twenty-five Ghost Stories." W. Bob Merrill. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers. Price, 50 cents.

"The Prize to the Hardy," by Alice Winter, is, first of all, a love story. The theme holds fast to the beaten track of everlasting sameness. Perhaps it has to be so, because love, lovers and love-making are all of a realm of existence in which words, acts and mannerism are at liberty to trespass on the sacred rights of gods and men when, as in that critical moment of settling differences between a storm-tossed ship and a rebellious stomach, one may make a spectacle of oneself to the uttermost of the power of others to ridicule. Nevertheless, "The Prize to the Hardy" is not all given up to sentimentalism. A strong and clearly-defined thread of philosophy, metaphysics, religion and ethics will be found running through the story, which gives an action and interest, as the purpose of the authoress is unfolded, that are altogether wholesome.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, Indianapolis.

A HOUSE OF CANVAS

BY A CAMPER

IT has been conceded for years that the only remedy for that dreaded disease, consumption, is an out-door life. That is to say, an every-day life close to nature, where earth, pure air and sunshine may be lived upon, so to speak. But while all that is true, there is need of artificial comforts, proper housing more particularly, that do not weaken the operation of nature's curative forces. At times, the weather does not render out-door living either comfortable or profitable to the afflicted, and when obliged to have shelter, or in-door life, more or less of the gain secured is lost if the shelter is not so arranged that vitiated air and air draughts are provided against.

Ever since the medical profession discovered the out-door treatment of consumptives, the one drawback has been suitable housing when the weather is forbidding. For a while, the old-fashioned army tent was used, but while it was satisfying to campers seeking recreation, it failed to give the desired protection and needed comforts, as well as a sufficient removal from the influence of inclement weather to consumptives; besides, there was lacking those sanitary conditions which are so essential to indoor living. Following the rejection of the army tent, covered wagons came into use, but their elevation from the ground and the inconvenience of getting in and out, made them objectionable, and especially when horses were kept to move the wagons from place to place was that method too bothersome for either health or comfort.

A colony of consumptives was established in the pine forests of Wisconsin some years ago, and while much genuine good resulted, it was found that shacks and cabins and



army tents retarded improvement because of their lack of proper sanitary conditions and freedom from air draughts. It was then that consumptive specialists invited inventors to employ their genius in devising a form of tent that would combine the necessary sanitary requirements, immunity from foul air, and the comforts of a well-appointed house. After several years of experimenting on the problem, a Mr. Tucker discovered, for it was a discovery, everything that could possibly be required of a canvas house. A peculiarity of this canvas house is that it has a double ventilated roof and fly, and an arrangement by which pure air is secured through the walls of the tent from a point six inches above the floor, thus preventing anything like vitiated air or air draughts. The floor and three feet of the sides are of yellow pine. Besides a door of hand-made screen, each tent has two windows provided with insect screening. At the top

of the tent is a cupula with regulator attachments. Thus the system of ventilation is not only perfect, but it is a bar against flies and other insects; besides, these appliances are so adjusted that they may be made to conform to any desired change in the air currents. Altogether, this canvas house seems to be equal to any requirement of its inmates; it is particularly desirable in that it makes a most comfortable home in out-door life.

The sufficiency of this design for a canvas house, better known as the "Tucker Portable Tent," is attested by its adoption by so many societies for providing comforts and homes for consumptives. The accompanying illustration will be found of profound interest in connection with this matter.

A. C. Rulofson Company, 238 Crossley Building, San Francisco, will cheerfully give information in detail concerning the Tucker Portable Tent.



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fully prepares students for Occidental College or any other college or university.

The Occidental School of Music, under the direction of Professor Dwight C. Rice, offers instruction in vocal and instrumental music, and the history and theory of music. The institution is co-educational. Suitable attention is paid to the physical training. There is a physical director for the young men, and also for the young women. The college owns a fine athletic field, and encourages well-regulated athletics. Guy W. Wadsworth, D. D., is president.



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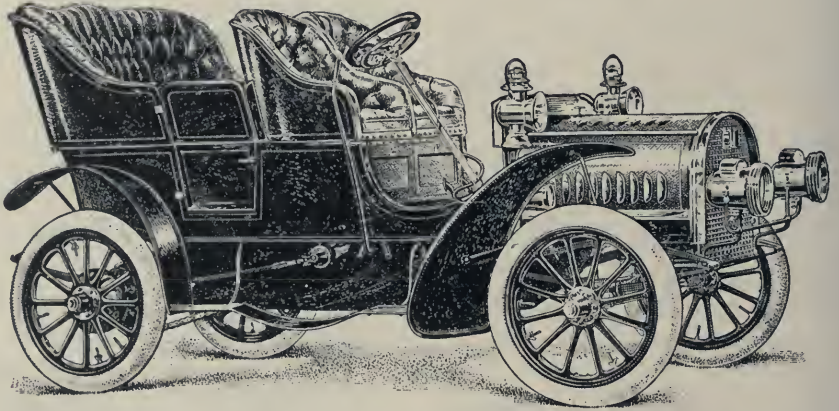
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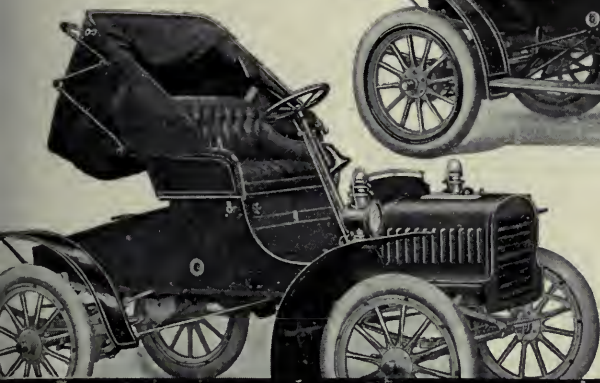
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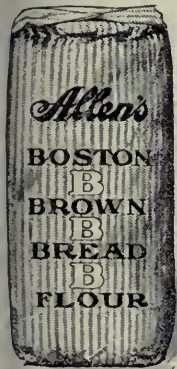
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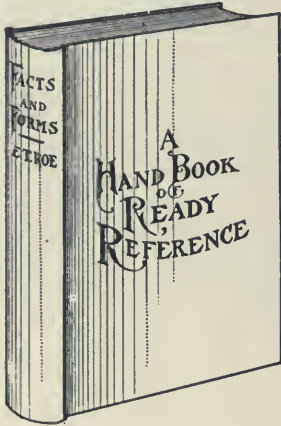
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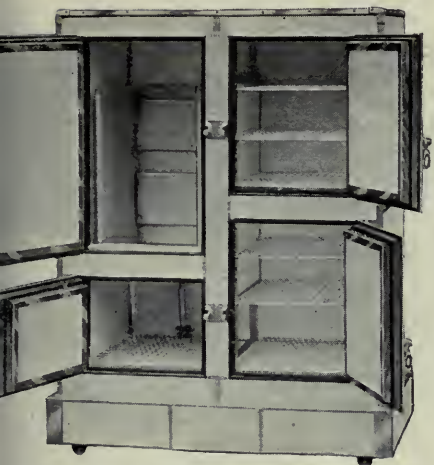
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No. 1.



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No. 2.

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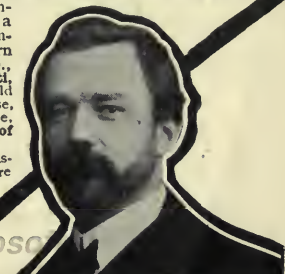
This has been indisputably proven by medical statistics, but to such sufferers I say, Don't let quacks get hold of you; don't submit to the knife; don't pay enormous sums to so-called specialists.

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Overland Monthly

Vol. XLV

May, 1905

No. 5

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION



Wm. Clark

Meriwether Lewis

NATURALLY and properly the celebration of the completion of the Lewis and Clark expedition should be held in Portland, Oregon, where the purpose President Jefferson had in mind culminated on the Columbia river watershed region, of which Portland is the chief commercial and financial center, and it is equally proper that the States that have been carved out of the vast territory known as the Louisiana Purchase should lead in purpose and enthusiasm to make the occasion as distinct a page in the nation's history as does the expedition of a century ago that blazed the way for civilization to advance westward, bringing with it millions of enterprising people to build happy homes and prosperous towns and cities, all linked together by highways of iron and steel, and divided by mutual consent into independent commonwealths.

A feature of the exposition will be something entirely new, and may be called astonishing. It is that on the opening day, June 1st, there will be completeness everywhere. Every exhibit will be in place. For the first



"Coming of the White Man."



View of Lake Front.

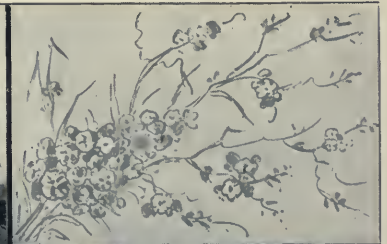
time in the history of expositions, national or interstate, delays in getting into position on time will not obtain. When the great doors swing open for the public to enter, every object lesson, every exhibit, every article, indeed, that has been promised, that has been provided for, and that is scheduled, will be ready for inspection. This fact has been so

distinctly impressed upon every one that has applied for space that it is well understood by exhibitors that coming along with exhibits after the opening day will not be tolerated. The managers propose that all things shall be as complete on opening day as a stage scene is when the curtain goes up.

The location of the grounds is



Forestry Building.



Interior Forestry Building.

particularly happy. The site includes 182 acres of land and 200 acres of water, and is situated at the foot of Willamette Heights. A more picturesque and convenient location for such a purpose could not be found anywhere; besides, as a rule the buildings will be marvels of architectural beauty and attractiveness, the United States alone erecting five buildings, at a total cost of nearly \$500,000. In this, the National Government has set the pace, and many of the States are doing correspondingly well. A friendly rivalry between many of the States to carry off the best prizes is to be observed—which is sure to result in the very best of exhibits of the greatest possible variety of products and commodities. It is realized by the Western States that the way to divert immigration to them is to make the exhibit so complete that it will itself represent and tell of all the advantages they possess for the newcomer; besides, Oregon and Washington are likely to work pretty hard to turn the tide of home and business seekers to their own borders, and that will act as a stimulant to other States. Nature has done so much for the site of the exposition that of itself it is an attraction well worth visiting, and to this the added attractiveness of the buildings gives the whole scene a look of grandeur and artistic beauty. Take the location of the Government building, for instance, and all the other structures are equally well situated. In the near background green hills, studded with stately cedars and firs, rise gracefully until they grow into mountains, whose dizzy, snow-crowned heights nestle in the clouds. In their majestic grandeur, Mounts Hood, St. Helena and Adams stand and look down approvingly upon the scene, while the spurs of the Cascade sweep down gracefully to the shore of the lake. It is amid such scenery that the exposition palaces are clustered, and everywhere will be seen evidences of industrial and mechanical pro-

gress to mark the advance of civilization since Lewis and Clark braved the dangers of the then wild and unknown Columbia River region.

But in reality, the greatest good that will come to the Columbia River region from the Exposition will be the acquaintance that will be made with men from all over the civilized world. The exposition will indicate the thrift and enterprise of its people, which is pretty sure to cause visitors to examine into the sources of so much industrial, agricultural and commercial growth in so few years, and these things, making their own argument, will persuade home-seekers, business men, agriculturists, skilled labor, and capitalists to come and identify themselves with already great and still more promising regions of rich land, great rivers and mighty forests. It is for this purpose largely that the general Government is participating on so liberal and extensive a scale in the Exposition. It is because the possibilities of the Columbia River region are so great, and their development so necessary to the na-



North end of European building.

tion that the people of the whole country are giving the enterprise their best wishes and substantial encouragement. In many respects the Lewis and Clark Exposition will be the most interesting and instructive ever held in the United States.

The holding of the exposition at Portland secures an advantage to the people of the Eastern and Southern States which will commend itself to every one. The celebration will be during the hot month in the East, when all who can, seek cooler weather in the mountain and seaside resorts. Here at Portland, the weather during these months is always ideal. Nothing could be added to it or suggested to make it more desirable.

In addition to all that, the region round about Portland affords all and much more for a pleasurable mid-summer outing than could be found in the East. Forest and mountain and river and fishing and camping

grounds that could not be equaled, much less surpassed in any other part of the United States will be found within easy reach of Portland. In addition to all these delightful and satisfying allurements from the oppressive heat and terrific storms which prevail east of the Rocky Mountains, during the summer months, the exhibits of the Exposition will include the best that was displayed at Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis, with many added results of man's genius and handiwork. No department will be overdone with duplicates and repetitions, but every department will present the very best in its line that is produced by human ingenuity and mechanical skill, art and science. From every viewpoint, therefore, the Portland Exposition presents features, including its faultless climate and pleasing surroundings, that have never before been enjoyed anywhere or in any country on a similar occasion.

LORRAINE

BY STELLA LEWIS DUNLAP

In the hush of the grieving grasses,
 Lost little love Lorraine.
 Have you found a rest that surpasses
 The pitiful peace we obtain?

You were tired, and prayed God to rest you,
 And this little lonely grave,
 A blot of bloom in the starlight,
 Is the infinite answer he gave.

Ah, Lorraine! If I press to your name-stone
 The lips that your last kisses burned,
 Will not you and the grasses teach me
 A part of the peace you have learned?

THE COMING OF THE SEA WIND

BY MIRIAM VAN WATERS

“ARE you an Indian?”
The girl did not answer.
“Perhaps you live in the hills?”

She was still silent, motionless. Her great dark eyes stared at me; stared until they read my innermost soul. Perhaps none of us know our own soul, so I do not know what she read there; her lips curled in scorn. Then as if her dark eyes were mirrors, I saw the barrier between us. I felt the freedom of the forests which had bred her people. I saw the star-lit streams and shafts of moonlight shimmering through the trees. I saw the sea, tossing with unrest beside barren sand hills.

As if to mock this, only a single thing I had seen that day came into my mind—a woman dressed in cheap finery, painted, powdered and befrilled—a woman whose highest thought was sordid, whose greatest ambition was gold.

And yet I had more in common with this woman than with the beautiful creature before me. The very blood in my veins kept me from the primitive life. And so we stared.

When the girl dropped her eyes she looked down upon a tiny bundle which she carried in her arms and something sweeter than the scorn played about her lips.

I stepped nearer; it was a baby. The little face was as old and wrinkled as the buskskin wrapped around it. A faint moan came now and then from the white lips, but the child did not cry.

“Your child is ill. Why don’t you get it some medicine at the company’s store?”

Then the girl spoke: “Yes, I have been; they sent me away for—for I have not money. She has been sick a moon, and now she dies.”

The words came brokenly in the soft Chinook.

“I have food, shelter, medicine; you will come home with me.”

Her eyes flashed with the inborn hate; then the mother love overcame and she followed me.

Once when I turned in the narrow trail she staggered and whitened to the lips. Neither of us spoke, but I felt her gratitude when I lifted the child from her arms.

At last we reached the cabin. Behind and on either side was the forest; in front the unquiet bay.

The girl and I worked over the baby, and although we knew little of medicine, the intuition that supplies the lack of knowledge came to our aid. And finally the child slept.

The day was almost over when Killamah seated herself beside me on the low door-step. The sleepy twitter of many birds, the yelp of a solitary, distant coyote, the swish of the water as it lapped against the shore, merged into the sweet harmony of the evening twilight, and Killamah spoke.

“Will Sea Wind—be—get well?”

“I can’t tell, dear, but I wish it more than you understand. Are you stronger, now?”

She did not answer, but I went on: “You are young, Killamah, and alone?”

“Yes.”

“And is Sea Wind your child?”

“Yes.”

“Has she a father, Killamah?”

The girl’s dark eyes turned full upon me. “Yes.” For an instant her lips quivered; then she dropped her head in my lap.

I stroked the thick, dark hair.

The musical voice went on; sometimes it trembled, sometimes the force of it thrilled.

"Margaret Hill, you have a child?"

"No."

"Then you have loved? You do not speak, and you turn your head away. Are you angry?"

The poor little one—and she had loved, too! "Killamah, I am not angry—go on."

"No one has ever heard, and you would not tell, Margaret Hill?"

"No, dear."

"Killamah's mother was a half-breed and her father of the Nehalem tribe. Sixteen times since the birth of Killamah the wild geese have come to the marsh and flown northward. My father taught me to shoot and to swim and to paddle the canoe. In the short summer nights Killamah slept under the stars; when she was hungry she gathered berries; and she swam in the deep, still pools in the forest when the sun was hot.

"Killamah was happy until the mother went out over the trail. She went to a city, Astoria, you call it. When she came back, my father drove her away. She went back to the man—he was white.

"Then the big fire burned the forest, and my father worked in the mill for the company. A white woman who cooked food for the men was there. She had little light blue eyes, and her voice—it was harsh like the crane's. She liked my father because he was deep-chested and strong; she told him that she loved him and would cook for him, so he married her.

"The woman hated me because my mother had borne me. She beat me and made me work and take care of her baby. Killamah ran away. Then my father was sick; he had no money and he still must work, and he wasted away. Killamah went back to him, but he was dead.

"There was no food for me and the woman, so she beat me and put this here with a hot iron when she was angry."

Against the dark skin a jagged, purplish-white scar seemed to quiver

in the uncertain light. This was the work of a woman—a white woman.

"Killamah ran away again; it was winter, and the Great Whiteness—deep—still lay in the forest and the hills. Killamah was bitter cold, and she went to the mill people because they had known her father. They laughed at me and cursed; they told me to go back to my own people for help. One of the men called me a thieving devil and—and worse.

"Killamah, cold, starving, crawled like the great bear, on her hands and knees; crawled, crept to the Nehalem who hated my father—because he had married the white woman. Where Killamah crept the Great Whiteness was covered with crimson drops, crimson as the berries of the mountain ash. After two days, Killamah saw deep down in the canyon the wigwams of the Nehalem. They were poor; their women were sick, and their food was almost gone, but Killamah asked for just one piece of buckskin to wrap around her when she died.

"When the Big Chief saw me before him, he shouted: 'Mongrel! she is a half-breed—she should die.'

"Killamah crawled away and threw herself on the Great Whiteness. The cold, still night came and the hungry wolves crept nearer and nearer."

The girl trembled when I tightened my arm around her. After a time she went on.

"When Killamah was almost dead she opened her eyes and some one knelt beside her. Margaret Hill, he was so strong and beautiful.

"He was a Nehalem, dark and deep-chested like my father. He lifted me in his young, strong arms and we glided, swift as the canoe, in the rapids, over the great white plain.

"He took me to a cabin far up in the hills. Killamah wasn't beautiful, for she was pale and thin, but he loved her. And his people, my father's people, said they would kill us if he came back. They burned

his blankets, and his father, the Great Chief, cursed him.

"But Sea Cliff laughed at them; he took me in his arms and said: 'Killamah, little one, my people are the Sea. They beat their tempests against the Sea Cliff, but he stands silent and unmoved. Killamah is the water-fall dancing over the Sea Cliff and making even the cold rock beautiful.'

"The Great Whiteness melted and the golden sunshine flooded the earth. When the golden-rod grew in front of the cabin, the Sea Wind came to us softly, gently she came with the Dawn."

Killamah raised her head and sat upright, her face turned toward the evening sky. A long shaft of reddish amber light fell full on her face; on the low, broad forehead and the eyes with their dark lashes; on the beautifully moulded mouth and chin. A fitful breeze from the bay blew the short skirt in graceful folds about her strong young legs. The buck-skin mackinaw, the bared feet and ankles, the long coil of dark hair, stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory. At last she turned her face away. The tears which she did not shed filled her voice.

"Then, Margaret Hill, the great fire came again. It burned the cabin in the forest and—Sea Cliff——"

"Yes, Killamah."

"I cannot go on."

"And Sea Cliff died?"

"No."

"Did—did he go away, little one?"

"No."

I could scarcely hear the faint whisper. At last: "He worked in the mill, and he was crushed by a great log, then—then—they sent him away to the hospital, you call it, a moon ago; and he has not come back. Sea Cliff is alone; Killamah knows not where to go to him."

* * * *

There was a long silence. The twilight deepened; the girl sat motionless beside me. Then it came to me as it had never come before, that all passion is primitive; that it is only when we love by contact and hate by law that the pure white heat of it is polluted by ambition and selfishness.

Suddenly the girl stood upright. In the distance I fancied that I heard the soft rhythm of a paddle; a canoe grated on the pebbles of the shore. There was a quick step on the sand. A man, dark and deep-chested, strained the girl to his heart. "Killamah, opitsah!" The sweetest word in the Chinook is opitsah (sweetheart.)

Silently I walked to the bay and bowed my head. The starlit water, the sweet incense of the firs, the magic of the night, had never failed before—but I could not raise my head.

GEORGE COMPERE AND THE PARASITE

FOR THE CODLING MOTH

BY EDWARD P. IRWIN



George Compere. Drawn by Grace L. Cowherd.

WHEN California some years ago proposed to fight bugs with bugs, the scientific world, ensconced in the dignified solemnity of its laboratories among its bottles and tubes and microscopes, looked up from its work of counting the number of joints in the antennae of an infinitesimal insect and smiled a smile of superior pity for such visionary nonsense. The farmer, wedded to the old and unchanging ways of doing things, snickered contemptuously. The Governments of other States and countries laughed long and loud. The rest of the world, having no interest in the matter, read of it and promptly forgot all about it.

But California, be it known, is a State which clings not too closely to traditions, and pays but a politely perfunctory attention to the opinions of others. Separated thousands of miles from most of her sisters, and having had to fight her way alone, she has acquired through her experiences a peculiar independence. And California in this case, as in many others, went ahead in her own way. The need of some decided action was urgent. The citrus industry of the State was in danger of destruction on account of the depre-

dations of the cottony cushion scale (*Icerya purchasi*), an insect which was ruining the orange groves. Unless the scale were quickly eradicated, the entire orange growing industry would have to be abandoned.

It was the theory of those who advanced the idea of this species of warfare on insect pests that in their natural habitat all insects have their natural enemies which prevent their too great increase. It is only when removed to another part of the world, away from the attacks of those that prey upon it that an insect can multiply sufficiently to become a menace. Therefore, as practically all of the insect pests of the State of California had been brought into the country from other parts of the world, it was the idea of the experimenters that if a search were made in the native home of



The new parasite (*Ephialtes carbonarius*) of the Codling Moth, found in Spain by George Compere. (The one at the bottom is life size).

Drawn from life by Grace L. Cowherd.



The "worm" in the apple—larva of Codling Moth.

these insects for their natural enemies and these were imported, free from the enemies that in turn prey upon them, they would increase in numbers sufficient to keep down the pests.

Acting on this assumption, search was made for the natural enemy of the cottony cushion scale. This search resulted in the discovery of a species of lady bird (*Vedalia cardinalis*.) A number of these little insects were collected, brought to California, where colonies of them were turned loose in the infested orchards. The result was all that had been hoped for, and to-day it is almost impossible to find specimens of the cottony cushion scale, great difficulty being experienced in obtaining enough of them to keep alive in the laboratory the reserve stock of lady birds.

This experiment demonstrated most effectually that the plan of fighting bugs with bugs was no visionary scheme, but a practical possibility. This was the beginning of the work in which California has lead the world and in which, despite her wonderful success, the rest of the world has been slow to follow. With the exception of Hawaii and West Australia, in no other part of the world is the opposing of insect pests with their natural enemies, carried on to any considerable extent. But in California, the work has been developed until it has become a system. No sooner is a new pest reported from any part of the State than specimens of the insect are collected and sent to the laboratories of the Horticultural Commission, where a careful study is made

of the structure, habits, and life-history of the insect. Then search is instituted in the country from which it originally came for the natural enemy which holds it in check there. This once found, a supply is collected and sent to California, where the insects are cleansed of all parasites which they may have, and colonies of them turned loose in the infested districts to eradicate the pest.

One of the latest of the beneficial parasites to be introduced into the State is a little insect known by the name of "*Scutillista cyanea*." This friend of the orchardist is doing splendid work in clearing out the black scale which infests the orange groves of the southern part of the State, and it bids fair to prove one of the most beneficial of all the introduced parasites.

But California, like many other States, does not always have sufficient funds appropriated for work of this kind. Thus it was that when some time ago George Compere, then the agent of the West Australian Government, engaged in the work of searching for a parasite for



Codling Moth parasite at work on a branch of an apple tree. Drawn by Grace L. Cowherd.



Largest shipment of beneficial insects ever made. The ten packages contained about 1300 parasites for the Codling Moth.

the destructive fruit fly, told State Horticultural Commissioner Ellwood Cooper, of California, that he believed he knew where a parasite for the codling moth was to be found, there were no funds out of which the expenses of a search for it could be paid. But Governor Pardee and Mr. Cooper recognized the value of the information and saw that it would never do to forego this opportunity to rid the country of one of the most destructive of her insect pests. They took matters into their own hands, provided funds by cutting down the expenses of other work, made arrangement with the West Australian Government, by which that country agreed to bear half the expenses of the search, and sent Mr. Compere out to find the parasite for the codling moth.

Mr. Compere is not a laboratory scientist. His knowledge of insects is not based on microscopic study of their structure alone, and the reading of many books. His book is the book of Nature, and this he has

studied in a practical manner. His work is the search for and collection of beneficial insects, and in its pursuit he has circled the globe more than a few times. It has lead him into the dark forests of Brazil, the broad ranges of Australia, the dense jungles of India, the thickly populated regions of China. He knows that where an insect which, in another part of the world is a pest, is harmless, there must be some natural enemy which is holding it in check, and it is this natural enemy for which he sets out to look. Sometimes the search is long and tedious, but he always succeeds, for George Compere is one of the men who do things.

It was while traveling through Spain, in search of another insect that Mr. Compere noticed that while there are in the country three species of codling moth to only one in this country, yet there the codling moth causes very little loss to the raisers of apples. While in the United States it is estimated that

the codling moth destroys at least fifty per cent of the apples which would otherwise come to maturity, in Spain Mr. Compere found that the loss on account of this insect is not over five per cent. Therefore, he reasoned, there must be some natural enemy which holds it in check.

At that time, on account of other work which he was doing, Mr. Compere was unable to institute a search for this beneficial insect whose presence he suspected, but as above related, on his return to California he mentioned the matter to Governor George C. Pardee and Horticultural Commissioner Cooper, and was sent in search of the insect. This search was rewarded by the discovery of a fly belonging to the dragon fly or "Ichnumonidae" family—a fly which has been given the name of "Ephialtes carbonarius."

To understand what the discovery of this little parasite means not only to California but to every agricultural section of the United States.

it is necessary to know something of the codling moth and the destruction which it causes in the orchards throughout the country. This pernicious little pest, which, when in scientific company is known by the name of "Carpocapsa pomonella," is in the adult stage a little brown moth which, unless one were intimately acquainted with it would hardly be noticed fluttering about the limbs of an apple tree. But while comparatively few people outside of those engaged in apple raising ever see the moth, there is no one but who has been disgusted on biting into an apple at finding "a worm in it." This soft, white "worm," with the little brown head, is the larva of the codling moth. How it ever came to be in the apple is probably a mystery to most people. Most of those who have ever given the matter any thought probably think that it was born there. But such is not the fact.

The female codling moth shortly



Propagating laboratory for beneficial insects in quarantine office of the California State Horticultural Commission.

after reaching the adult stage, begins to lay her eggs—immense numbers of them. They are laid on the leaves and twigs of the apple tree, where, in due course of time, they hatch out into the larva. These larvae or "worms" immediately look about for an apple, and finding it, begin to eat their way into it. Reaching the center they stay there until they reach a certain age and size, when their instinct tells them it is time to get out. The presence of a codling moth larva invariably causes an apple to fall from the tree. Sometimes this takes place before the worm has left the apple; sometimes the apple stays on the tree its unwelcome visitor has left. If the apple is still on the tree when the larva has eaten its way to the outside, the worm spins a little thread, by which it lets itself down to the ground, or else it crawls down the twig. In either case it gets to the trunk or larger limbs of the tree, where it proceeds to bury itself beneath the bark and spin about itself a cocoon. Here, after some time, it goes into the chrysalis or pupa stage—that is, becomes quiescent, while various changes go on in its structure. Later in the season, or at the beginning of the next season, it emerges from its cocoon, a full-fledged moth, ready to lay its eggs and start again the cycle of life.

The apple is the fruit most raised in this country. It is safe to say that there is not a farming locality in the entire United States where apples are not grown to a greater or lesser extent. And wherever the apple is, there is also found the codling moth. The loss occasioned by this pest is enormous. It is estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture that not less than \$11,000,000 is lost every year in the United States on account of the depredations of this insignificant little brown moth. So when it was announced throughout the country that George Compere had found a parasite for the codling

moth, and that specimens of it were in California, the Horticultural Commissioner of the State was besieged with letters from all parts of the country asking for information concerning the parasite and wanting to know whether colonies of them could be obtained. To these, the Commissioner was obliged to reply that it would probably be some time before the parasites would be ready for distribution. But recently some colonies have been loosed in the orchards of various parts of California, and the work of propagating the insects is still going on briskly in the laboratory. It will probably be at least a year before any great effects can be noticed from the work of the insect, as it will take about that long for it to become adapted to its new surroundings, but from the industry and effectiveness with which it attacks its enemies in the laboratory, there is little room for doubt that it is the long-looked-for remedy for the depredations of the codling moth.

"*Epnialetes carbonarius*," as the parasite is called, is a modest appearing little creature with a long, slender body, and a pair of thin, gauzy wings. The color is for the most part black, with white spots underneath; the legs are brown. The female, which is considerably larger than the male, is about half an inch in length, exclusive of the ovipositor or egg-tube, which is about as long again. This egg-tube is a remarkable structure. Long, thin and black, no larger in size than an extremely small needle, it is nevertheless capable of being driven through the bark of the tree in which the codling moth has secreted itself. It is with this needle-like ovipositor that the parasite kills the moth. It is hard to imagine anything in the insect world more interesting to watch than the operations of this fly. Lighting on the limb of an apple tree, the female begins a search for the hiding place of a codling moth larva. When she finds it, she

elevates the posterior part of her body, as shown in the illustration, removes the ovipositor from its protecting sheath, and proceeds to drive it through the wood and bark. One who has not seen it done would find it almost impossible to believe that this slender little needle was capable of penetrating the woody walls which surround the codling moth larva. But almost invariably it is done. Then the fly stings the larva once or several times, causing its death. As the ovipositor is withdrawn from the body of the moth an egg is laid on the surface of the body and the parasite goes off in search of another victim, where the pro-

cess is repeated. The industrious little insect seems to be indefatigable in its work. From larva to larva she goes, laying on the stricken body of each an egg. How many she can lay is not yet known, but it is probable that she lays at least as many as the female codling moth.

The warmth of the body of the codling moth larva suffices to hatch out the egg of the parasite, which as soon as it comes out begins to feed on the juices of the body of its host. Later on, when the larva has attained its full size, it, too, like the larva of the codling moth, goes into the chrysalis stage, emerging from this as the adult fly.

LIFE'S BAZAR

BY EDITH HECHT

A turn of the wheel and there you are,
 The downs are up, the ups are down;
 Oh! who'll take a chance in Life's bazaar?
 'Tis a rollicking show in Vanity's town.

Jack comes with Jill and leaves with Joan,
 A turn of the wheel and there you are;
 Darby takes Angeline home on the roan,
 Edwin must stumble through life alone.
 Oh! who'll take a chance in Life's bazaar?

The crowds are thick, the prizes are rare,
 The laughter is rife at the heart of the fair;
 A turn of the wheel and there you are.
 Who sells the tickets, who runs the show?
 That is something we never shall know.
 Who'll take a chance at Life's bazaar?

But night must come, the lights are low,
 A turn of the wheel and there you are;
 A coffin and winding sheet all must go,
 Darby and Angeline, Jack and Joan,
 And even Edwin who stumbled alone.
 Oh! who'll take a chance at Life's bazaar?

SANTA BARBARA

BY MAUDE JAY WILSON

THROUGH the dim, cool chapel of the old Santa Barbara mission passed Monk and Maid, to the quiet burying ground beyond. The Monk, with measured tread, bent head and thoughtful brow. The Maid, young, fresh, joyous—a part of the glad, wild spring; her laughing eyes and dimpling mouth now saddened; arms full of flowers—flowers for another maid, sleeping yonder in the quiet place.

* * * *

The sunshine fell on Monk and Maid, showering them with a golden glory. It kissed the mass of brilliant bloom on the old gray wall until each flower flung back its head and laughed for very joy; it played with the shadow under the graceful acacia; tenderly wooed the delicate lichen, clinging to the dull adobe walls and tiled roof of the mission, into a glow of exquisite color; stole the perfume from the sea of orange bloom and tossed it to the breeze. The bee wooed the rose, and just beyond the wall the surf sang its love song to the crescent beach, wreathing the yellow sand with curling plumes.

Nature's great Spring song floated over land and sea, mountain-side and meadow, monastery and walled garden, and the tiny city of the dead.

In all that beautiful land, there was perfect harmony.

* * * *

"Father! See!"

A discordant note is struck. At the feet of the quiet Monk flutters a small brown thing.

"Oh, a wounded lark, Father!"

and the flowers fall to the ground unheeded.

Rough, worn hands lift the bird as tenderly as a mother would her babe.

"The bird is not hurt, my child. It is only a thread, so proudly carried for the new home, entangled in its wing."

Two rough, worn hands, and two soft, white ones, are at work. A fair head and one shorn bend eagerly over the little victim, and soon it is free.

Slowly the Monk raises his hand, slowly the fingers relax; light wings flutter and the lark soars into the blue, filling the soft, sweet air with a song of thanksgiving.

Dancing blue eyes follow the swift flight; red lips curve in a happy smile; while dark, longing eyes gaze wistfully after the bird as it wings its way rejoicing into that great outside world—the world whence came the Maid and the Lark.

Long stands the Monk with wistful face upraised. The happy light dies from the blue eyes; the smile leaves the curving mouth.

"Father—do you never—go—out there?"

The Monk starts; a flush dyes his weather-beaten cheek; his head drops on his breast and heavy lids hide repentent eyes.

The Maid waits. The bird is out of sight. Now the Monk's voice is low, but full and even.

"Only when my duty takes me, child!"

* * * *

The sunshine fell on fair-haired Maid and cowed Monk, on flowered wall and new-made grave—and the great Spring chorus surged on.

TEX'S LITTLE LAD

BY FRANCES CHARLES

CHAPTER VII.

CHILD AND FATHER.

Janet went home with her heart throbbing as it had been wont to throb in the days when she had watched and waited and believed in Tex.'s return. "It is good to look at God this way." The very fact of another person's saying it made some change in her future possible, but she resented the responses which Nature made to it. She did not want to acknowledge her real weakness toward Tex. even to herself, but after walking a few blocks she arrived at a different conclusion.

Her manner changed at this point and the pallor habitual to her face during even momentary perplexment became less pronounced. She did not look at all fragile like the helpless, worried woman appealing to Mrs. Doane, but alert, once again in harmony with her own fine will, her old-time opinions. In this mood it was easy to compromise on the ones which Mrs. Doane had shaken for her. She felt herself willing to desert any standard which was found wanting after mature reflection; but as for Tex. himself, they must continue two people. She realized that her heart might fail the ultimatum of her life again. She rather expected it to do so, but she felt she would be ready for it now, and fight its weaknesses with courage, with her unalterable convictions and her head. Years before her head was not so well established above her heart.

At the gate Ethelbert was waiting for her for the first time. He ran to meet her, breaking into his childish stumble of words when he caught her hand, and walking with his joggy little step alongside her. He was too glad to see her to feel shy at all, and the weakness took

hold of her again, penetrating this time traitorously when she was not looking for it. She would not own that it was a weakness, but rather the first attack of a conquering emotion. "I am so glad to see you," the child said. "I was waiting and waiting for you. It seemed hours and hours since you went away. Did you go to see some one, and do people stay that long in the city? Felipa used to go, too, sometime, and she always took her sewing and me, too. There was only once Felipa left me, and then I cried and cried until Tex. did not know what to do. I did not want any one but Felipa, and when Tex. went to pet me, I ran away. He had to go down to the corrals a minute, and I climbed the windmill to get away from everybody until Felipa came. I would not do it now, but then we'd never done without her, and it was diffrent."

Janey shivered. Years ago, there had been a boy-child in her own life capable of heart-breaking performances like that. "How did Tex. get you down" she asked, quietly, after a second.

"I came down when Felipa got home along the road," he answered, giving the little glimpse of his nature frankly, with the unconsciousness of childhood when all the untamed is in it. "Whenever Tex. told me he was coming, I told him I would jump if he did."

He held her hand a little tighter, but that was the only intimation either gave of its having been anything out of the ordinary, and although it was entirely unconscious with him, the little hard grip just then bound that very mind to him which she had thought would save her from her heart.

Tex. answered her fourth letter one night in his miner's tent. The

stars were overhead and shone through an opening pinned to form a triangle in the canvas. He had unusually "swell" quarters, he meant to write her, and then the irony seemed maudlin in him, so he forebore. It wasn't right to be thrusting the unlovely things on her anyway, like pictures that'd hurt her. There was one ill-made cot, anyway, and actually a table, although his one chair was primarily a cracker box!

Tex. was what Ethelbert would be at thirty-seven, allowing for differences caused by life of the spirit. They both had dumb gray eyes and sensitive mouths and shaggy hair, with a winning quality to it, and that sort of red-brown skin which comes when a man is a child of Nature.

The stars and silence always "did for" Tex., in plain parlance. He lit a tallow candle after a while, and wrote this on a pad on his knee. He wrote it slowly, sweetly, like honey dripping. There was a great deal of honey in Tex.'s soul, if one knew just when and where to draw it.

He sat on the side of the ill-made bed, and a lonely cow bellowed now and then, but he was used to that, and there was no other sound in the night air beyond him. Once a fellow puncher, whom fate might convert into a prospector, too, saw the yellow light and came to the door to talk to him, but when he saw the lonely man's occupation, withdrew.

It was his inclination (his nature, too) to call a joke through the door notwithstanding: "Your gal, Tex.?" or "Send her mine, too, Texcy," or some such thing, but suddenly he remembered Felipa and slunk away.

This was what was written under the Arizona stars:

"Janey, my sweet girl, I am thinking of you to-night as you used to be when we were little fellows about the age of my own lad, and I can't think of you, dear, as the wise and tender woman, such as you must be now. You were only a pouting,

coquettish girl the last time I saw you, Janey, pouting a bit at the world and yours truly, and I guess coquetting with both of us, too.

"And to think it was you who was not above playing truant with me, who is starting my little lad to school. We are both good and old now, Janey, like those tyrant teachers used to be.

"It's not the first time he started, Janey, but there's something tender about it, just the same.

"After Felipa died, they all told me it was best to send my lad to a boy's school, and I went there myself with him. There was a woman who made department store terms with me, and then we went back to our hotel and thought it over. There was one price for boys who could pay for butter on their bread, and such like intellectual distinctions, and then there were lesser lights who came in on the 98 per cent reductions. This made two classes of them (even in Arizona, Janey.)

"Well, we counted our money afterward, and the next day I put him in on plain living and high thinking diet, the esthetic alternative, and by night-time I rode back miles for him and we galloped away together, he and I, before he'd even slept in the —place. Forgive me, Janey, and we'd paid a term, too!"

She had never thought much about his money, whether he had had a great deal or a little of it, but when she came to "we counted our money," the tears were in her eyes and fell over. So that was what women were to men: what women should be—and then a vision of Felipa in their part of his past, sitting on one side of a pine table, holding Ethelbert's hand and both watching his homely financiering, wonderingly, like two children. A strong-souled American woman would have sunk on her knees first and felt the holiness of sharing along with the sharp sting of such privation, and then they would have kissed and he

would not have suffered as men do over money.

She wondered what Felipa had done, if these thoughts had come to Felipa, and if the waves of life had seemed so great to her, so overwhelming as they would to another woman: a woman like herself, for instance, over whose sensitive, silly soul civilization had all but worn the quivering cover. They were too strong, too heroic women like her, the kind whose ideals were like a high perfect column builded on the flesh.

He answered what she was wondering about Felipa, almost in his next words:

"As I sit here to-night, my dear, I am thinking of you, as I say, and some way the dark sky and the yellow stars and the silence kind of makes me see you as you are. The combination helps it, Janey. Without your having to suffer about the country or endure the life, I wish I could see you just a minute down here. I wish I could just go out in the open space beyond this tent, where I am sitting, and see you standing there. You don't wear pale things any more, I bet, but dark dresses like this night, and your eyes would be like the silence, Janey, and your hair like the stars; it can't have changed very much since I saw you, and it was yellow then like the gold I want to see.

"Then you could go back to your cities, and it would be like your picture for me to carry around at work, only without the bother. You see, a fellow's belongings are hardly his own down here, and the boys would be dipping into my sack for something the first chance they'd be invited to, and there would be your picture! There'd not be any peace for me any longer, and maybe a scrap or so over their infernal joshing, when it'd be wrong to you, too.

"There is something I read not long ago that I want to tell you about, my girl, and to-night seems a good time to do it. It's about a

man, a poet named Cowper, and maybe I should have read about him years ago when most boys did at college, but it all does me more good now. Their lives are like our own, only some of them funny, and I do not know that I should have liked the men we read about or done quite the things they had, even if they were famous. It must have just been "aptitudes," as some novel says. They were only great in some one particular, and not much account anywhere else. You see, after I got down here, got over being a little huffy over your opinion of yours truly, why I took to reading more than I used to, to see what kind of men women like you might really care for, so I found some books and kind of got a taste for it.

"Well, this man loved his cousin too, just as I did (lots of them seem to have done that), but there was some reason they couldn't marry, and Cowper just went away from the girl, left her forever, and she liked him, too. A man who has ever wanted a woman, really and truly loved her, could hardly do a thing like that—do you think so, Janey? But maybe, never having been a man or never having cared greatly, as I presume, why you don't know about it, and like the whole string, think it—the kind of luke-warm proceeding a poet is more poetic for accomplishing in print.

"Well, they staid apart forever; I don't think they ever spoke, and I don't want us to be that way. Let's never have a thought from each other about the past. You can tell me I was a fool if you want, and I'll tell you what I thought of you, only I think it was the kind of fire that burned the passions and left only the good, because I have always loved you and I always will. Now, Cowper wouldn't have written that to his cousin, but I think if she had been the kind of girl that you are, Janey, it would have cured them just making it an every-day affair with them. Only it may have been

different, touchier on account of having no obstruction like we have. I know you never would marry me, and Felipa makes our friendship easier, for that is what I want it to be, a friendship, so I won't want to be a fool in your presence, but your friend, Ethelbert's father, the man who ought to stand to the world as your brother after what Aunt did for me.

"Now about Felipa, Janey. There is something I want to say about her. After all you said to me about a man's not being a man who would offer a girl a life of this kind, why, I guess you must despise me when you listen to the stories Ethelbert probably tells about us three. Well, you see, Felipa was of the life here. There is a good deal in that, and when you go to hate me for marrying her that young, roping her into these things, rather, why, remember she was of the people who probably never would leave the frontier and—and they felt as if it were a fine thing for them to marry an American. I tried always to make her think it was, and that is the only compliment I can pay myself. You see, she was part Mexican, only eighteen when we met, and I married her, Janey, just three weeks after I left San Francisco. Perhaps if I'd waited a little longer, I might never have married at all, but some way the sore you left was hurting, and she had wonderful eyes, sweet as love. I never saw any but a sweet look in them, and when she came to be dying, it was all the same.

"'You should have married one of your own people, Tex.' she said; 'a woman who would have taken half of things with you and known what to say when your brow was wrinkled. I could only smooth it with my hand.'

"And I told her that was all I had wanted, and it was. Babying her brought out soft thoughts in me, and I'd have gone to the devil with just your memory and the camps and the fellows for companionship.

"So I don't think Felipa was unhappy. It would have killed you, but it was a treat for her when we took dinner out into the garden under our one fruit tree and imagined it was a picnic.

"Before my candle goes out, I want to tell you my last thought, Janey. It's about you. Sometime I think my having pestered you so in your girlhood may have kept you from getting married—got you turned on men. There are lots of fine fellows in the world, Janey, the real kind of fellows, deserving of a life like yours. And I can't bear to think I spoiled it for you at all. Good night. God bless you, darling. Kiss Ethelbert for me, and I hope I won't be so long winning that stake, Janey, that he will have outgrown kisses himself. I can't imagine just shaking hands with Ethelbert like men. My arms seem to be made to hold little fellows.

"Your cousin,
"TEX."

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT LIFE, BUT THE LIVING.

"There was something in your letter, sir," she wrote back, "that made me scent the thought that you are a philanthropist, and think you should be sorry for me because I am an old maid. You long to bestow pity on me; you think it is the correct thing. Don't, I beg of you! First, because I could marry almost any day I want; this is giving me a fair start on the proposition, getting myself in tune to be a nice, pleasant accompanist instead of an unpleasant old party who strikes out a few sweet notes (and otherwise) occasionally for herself.

"Second, I did have one grand passion in my life, only I don't think you ever knew him. You must have met him also often, but you were so engrossed in your own romance that you never thought of helping me to a happy ending over mine. So the man went off and got married, just as you did yourself, and he's probably a stout, bald person by this

time; of course, for him to be thin would be more poetic, since you divined I lean toward poetic conclusions, but there is not much hope. (Tex. stopped here a little, until he felt it was all a joke, then he went on reading). "And she became a public lecturer, a club woman and old maid, a very happy old maid, too," she told him, "although maybe happy was not exactly the word if one wanted to be over-nice in the choice of it, but cheerful wasn't the word either. She was willing to be cheerful, but she rather resented the adjective as her life-long qualifier—just an old maid was the best, serenely anchored on such quiet waters that there would never be any need of a protector, so why one?"

"Again, thirdly, she was too busy to get married, and afraid to do so as well, after her study of the other sex in the very shell; in plainer words, Ethelbert. It was bad enough to be surprised and astounded daily by your cousin's child, a young person whom she might run a chance to get rid of the moment his father won a stake, but after the number of single years that she and Old Ann had spent in peace and comfort, marriage represented almost the same thing to them as being chained to a first-class automatic Jack-in-the-Box.

She wrote she wouldn't mind telling Tex. her impressions because he was the only man in the world from whom she could demand interest, sympathy or protection, even from his own child. That was the delicate part of the confession. Did he care?

She had run against what some writers call the boyness in his boy. She had not realized it as having any conscientious significance before, because the only other boy she had ever met in this manner had been himself, and she had only wanted to escape him when he was in a tormenting mood.

But she was this child's acting

mother, his guide, philosopher and friend. She must abide by him!

The first thing he had ever done was to find Old Ann on the top of a flimsy ladder, cleaning a transom. She, Janet, had been in town at the time, and when she came in, he had met her with his sweet greeting, his innocent eyes, and yet he had just let Ann down, after one hour's torment on her perch. He meant to shake it if she stirred, and beside the injury to Old Ann's feelings, her legs had grown stiff, she told Miss Merton, and if them was to be the antics, it was not a minute too soon for her to leave.

"The first thing I thought of," Janet wrote, "was that I could not get on without Ann, and to do me the slight justice, I really don't think Ann could get on happily without me. You see, we know secrets about each other. Once she nearly starved and endured bare rooms, a bare cupboard, no warmth or clothing until she became afraid of this old age horror just as a little child is afraid of the dark. I rescued her from it, and she did more than that little material thing for me. She became a medium between my fellowmen and me once when I was wicked enough to shut the doors on all God's creatures and say 'There is no use, no God, no good, only my miserable self.'

"Oh, Tex., what fools young people are. Age is so dignified, so sweet, so reassuring. There are so many doors to open, if we care to do it, glad that some day the vision will be all holy, the vista, wide, wide—is that an impossible Heaven I wonder?

"Then after settling Ann's and my part of it, why, I came to Ethelbert. I can't give you any excuse for it; his mother would have thought* of him first.

"His naughtiness seemed unlovely to me until I reasoned it all out. I see he can't help it, and sometimes when he is looking most angelic at table, why, I would not be surprised

at all if he had a string attached to his foot ready to launch some scheme against Old Ann's comfort and peace of mind.

"It is my duty to attune the two boys into one, is that the secret, young father you?—that I am to so build, plane, polish the little mansion I am at work on that Ann's imperfect little Ethelbert is no more—to make the better part of him more known, more lovely to himself, so the 'boyiness' disappears in the possibilities of the boy?"

Her whimsicalities, cloaking that fine conscientiousness, became very dear to the man so far off, waiting for word of them, these two people, woman and child, who represented his whole world to him. Once he wrote:

"You ought to have had little ones of your own, Janey," and she replied: "Having Ethelbert will make me more ready if the time ever comes, and I'll always love him that way, not like my own child, maybe, but a separate message just from God. There are times when Ethelbert and I have not understood each other right away, but I think he sees as I do about it, that we are to be friends, and there is a little toil to the prize before us. I have told him there is toil to every prize, and we are very patient with each other. After six months, I think we will understand for life."

There was something sad and a little ashamed in that letter, and he feared that the child might be wearing on her, but she wrote back: "No, superficially speaking, he was always welcome, always dear to her sight and presence, but he was becoming very dear to her in a multitude of ways. She liked him around her when he was silent, and he liked her the same way, he said, and wasn't that a little victory with another's child?"

"He never kept secrets from her either; he told her everything he did during the day, and often and often of his dreams at night, and

she interpreted them in the morning like the prophets of old.

"And sometimes he told her Arizona stories, drew little word sketches of people in his native village, and once, when she was dull of a subject, she had written of them at the club just on Ethelbert's say so! 'Some Citizens of Pulmeup,' and it had been so successful. It had had more 'atmosphere,' the club ladies said, than anything which was ever read there, and what year had it been that she holidayed in Arizona?"

"What did Ethelbert get from her in return? That was asking questions, but she would tell. He asked her questions that taxed her modesty and veracity by turns, like what kind of a little girl she had been and did she know his father then, and did she like his father?"

"Then what kind of a little boy his father had been, and if his father was always good to her, Janey, and did they both know Old Ann at that time?"

"Here," Janey wrote, "was a fine opportunity between two questions to insert a little lecture involving female sorrows at the hands of the Philistines. I never miss pointing morals, or adorning tales, to him, Texas. It is one of the newspaper jokes that is actually true of single blessedness. We love to find fault in a lady-like manner, and pull the old world up occasionally with a halt.

"Ethelbert can ask questions, too. It is an accomplishment that you should be told of that he possesses. After I satisfy him fully on your and my good moral tone as children, he goes into our looks and asks if we were both pretty, and did you think I was pretty and would you walk with me when I was wearing short dresses—would you? I have forgotten if we ever did walk conventionally together when we were boy and girl. My most vivid recollection is being chased by you, and not having curls like the young girls

in novels, you practiced other tortures on me when caught.

"It is too bad we knew each other so I could tell your child the truth, that no one knew of you until we were nice and grown and married, so you must have been good when you were little. There is nothing to tell of little children who have been simply good.

"Still, if a boy should have the slumbering ambitions of a Napoleon in him, that is stirring the dynamite, I suppose."

CHAPTER IX.

The Woman who Might have Been.

He did not write much during the winter months to them, and once when she asked why it was, he answered that there did not seem much to say to them. Every little new thing they did interested him, but he was only down in the mountains, in a rough camp, with rough men, and getting a rough deal, too, from old Mother Nature. She was giving the cold shoulder to them all.

So Janey and the child just talked about him, and nothing of great moment occurred in their lives, except that one day, a stout, common man about middle height and fully forty-seven, came to see Old Ann, and Ethelbert answered the door to him, as chance would have it. It aroused his suspicions when the stout man said to tell Ann it was only Jimmy, her nephew Jimmy!"

Ethelbert was rather silent afterward. He had always suspected there was some mystery to Ann's little nephew Jimmy, especially as there was that atmosphere about his toys as if they had not been in use for ages, and he would have been sympathetic if he had found some day that Jimmie had been long dead; but to have Jimmie long grown was hard on Ethelbert somehow.

He didn't mention it to Ann either after her nephew had gone, nor did he open the subject with Janet later. His feelings seemed hurt beyond words, and he probably would have held it against them forever,

if Old Ann had not felt it time to end the whole matter "once and forever," as she herself said, and she did it with a bold movement that was so bold it won by that quality simply.

"That surprised I was this day," she said to him as he leaned that evening, a slight little figure, against the door. "I left Jimmie when he was a little fellow, and only days seemed to have went by and he comes in what you saw."

It was a new side to the question, an excuse that he had not even thought to make for her, and it won by its boldness, as I have said.

Nothing of startling interest occurred to them after that, and it was on into January before a ripple came to their domestic circle.

Ethelbert fell ill.

He accepted it as first with his usual sweetness. He thought it was sciatica, as that was the only disease he knew by name. Old Ann possessed it, and it seems the Arizona men had not called that mountain sickness any name, so it had not impressed him very much.

During the first days when he drooped, he would wander often into the kitchen and ask Old Ann how she had felt, and if the pains got into her head sometime? Without any real alarm about him, Janet wrote his father, a slight load in her heart.

"I wish you were here. Isn't that silly of me, Tex., to turn coward the first time he looks at all droopy and forgets to return his plate? I don't want you to feel that he is at all dangerous, even going to be sick enough to go to bed, only I wanted to tell you; it relieves my mind."

Maybe he would have gone to them, but by the time that letter reached him, the child had been through the worst.

He was a gentle little fellow, and tried to help himself at first. "I won't get sick," he said to Janet. "It's only not knowing how to feel well, or I could do it. Maybe going into the garden will do."

Janet's heart ached, a dull, sick pain one evening when he was too weary to stay up, but in the morning she said to herself that he would be better. Then the fever came on in the night. She was there almost to see it; she had watched him moments, half-hours at a time, and so it did not get much start of her. She had been in at ten, and eleven, and then at eleven-thirty something had prompted her to go in again.

He was burning to the cool hand she laid on him, and she knew that the enemy was in their midst.

He talked sometime of green valleys, never of the scorching sand nor the lonely desert, and he talked of his little mother, tenderly, chivalrously, but never pitifully.

It was as if he had grown beyond that baby want, and knew she was happier in heaven. He talked of Tex and Old Ann, and his garden, a little bit of school, and sometime he talked of his down-hill wagon, as if it were going too fast. In those times many thoughts must have been hastening through his muddled little brain.

Then when the fever was worst on him, he called for her! She had been there all the time, but he had not known it. It was toward night again, and the doctor told her the last struggle was about to come, when the little frame would win or not win, so she leaned over him, smiling.

"Is there anything Janey can do for you, honey?" she asked.

He caught at the tender little words and seemed to pull himself up on them without realizing quite who she was or what was wrong between them.

"It is dark," he replied.

She lit several lights in the room, and turned his face so he could see them. Old Ann came up and camped on the threshold. She loved him, too, and they both waited. Then just when they thought he could not but die, he opened his eyes and smiled at Janey. She leaned over,

ready to break into tears, but feeling she must repress them.

"Do you know me, dear?" she asked him.

"Yes, you are my friend," he replied.

CHAPTER X.

WOMAN AND MAN.

He was out in a camp, miles from nowhere, when three or four belated letters were brought in from town, days after they should have found him.

He sat so still when he finished them all, that a man came up and touched him on the shoulder:

"Is anything wrong, Tex.?" he asked; "any bad news, old fellow? Lost any one?" and Tex. slapped him on the shoulder and muttered words of some kind of wonderful thanksgiving, and said: "No, he thought he had found some one—found (only he didn't say this)—found God, and found a woman, and was allowed to keep his son."

He wrote back that mail:

"When you tell me you didn't write those nights for a reason, Janey, you owe it to tell me what it was. Why wouldn't you send for me when my boy was sick? I would have come at a word from you. There is something you are keeping back, and you owe it to tell it to me, dear."

This was the answer she sent him.

"There were nights when I wanted to send for you, when I held the telegraph blank in my hand and once Ann was ready to start out with it. But I did not want to be glad to see you when it might have been by his death-bed. That is my reason, cousin. You have it now. There has never been any man since you left me, and there never was any other in my life. It was always you, and you never knew it, never even made me know it until everything was ended, and they told me you belonged to some one else.

"If I wronged you those nights when Ethelbert might have died

without you, forgive me, dear. I sent you the first little letter, and I thought all along if you come on that, God would help me, help us both. But you didn't come, and after a little I thought I would see it out alone. You see I wouldn't divide my care of him, and if you had been going to come, my heart would have been longing for you, and even if it had been that Ethelbert was dying, I should have been glad to see you, Tex.!

"I want to tell you I fought tooth and nail for his life. I don't think my eyelids ever wavered for nights and nights. I don't think I could have done it even for my own. But there was the risk all the time that he would not live to be given back to you.

"It may be a happiness to know that I love you, Tex.; that this is the only secret I have withheld about my life. I love you, I loved you years and years ago, only when you would not bend to my will, when you would not give up the country because I wanted you to, when you stuck pins in all my balloons for me, I thought I hated you. But all the time it was only your blindness, dearie, only your being blind!

"You see, I have written out my heart, and you are a man and will be sorry for it. Real men, true, strong men of the world do not grudge us our little illusions. After the first gladness is over, I know you so well, my boy, since we can't really marry, you will be great enough to regret my capitulation. You will be generous enough to say to yourself: 'I sincerely wish I could hand the little cloak to her, so she could flaunt me with my love and make me believe she never loved me, never missed me all again.'

She went back to her little duties. She talked occasionally in the club, and she made the child well in a measure, but one day it nearly broke her heart during the season of resurrection when she found him in his own little garden, his homesick

cheek pressed to the dark, damp earth.

The man in Arizona waited.

CHAPTER. XI.

LOVE.

He wrote:

"I want to tell you, dear, that the great unexpected has really happened. I have won my stake. It hasn't been the mines or the cattle either. One day some surveyors shook the very foundation of Pulmeup, and a few weeks later the railroad took all the land I had from me, and at my own figures, too.

"All eternity has changed since you wrote, my girl, but I guess you know men better than most women. If it would make you any happier if you would rather not have written that letter, why, I would give back even the light to you that it has made in my whole life.

"God bless you, darling. I wish I could write wife, but I know what you mean by it. It isn't Felipa herself you stop at, but what I made of her, the part I got her to play between us. Well, Janey, I used to think some things myself, and it's only since your letter I have not done so. It's not so much you, Janey dear, as your convictions. It's a man's or a woman's convictions that balk.

"I thought it lots of times when I was reading about those poet fellows and the other ones. They all seem to talk of love and that a good deal, but most of them married a second time, and maybe, do you ever think of it?—they were smarter after all, than we?

"It's not life so much, you said yourself, dear Janey, but living the life that counts, and God must want us happy, we seem to do our best for him that way.

"Only I'm not trying to prejudice your opinions. I wouldn't want you that way, sweetheart, only if you ever come against ideals, against your convictions, I'd think it had been intended always."

She saw all he meant by it, that while she was thinking as she did, he could not come to her as he wanted—it would seem cowardly, and she respected his selflessness in it, only she wanted him very much, longed to see him, to see the dumb, speaking look in the gray eyes turned on her, to touch his hand and seem to obliterate by that contact the long, harsh intervening years.

But instead of this, she wired him when Ethelbert would start. She did not hesitate about it, because she had worried about the child and his mute communion with Mother Nature and she felt that she would be glad when the responsibility was off her shoulders.

But the very parting came hard, after all. She tried to tell him calmly one morning after breakfast was done, but the words stuck in her throat somehow, and after the first familiar light in his eyes, he stood looking at her in that same way he had looked about "Nephew Jimmie" and at the Mexican woman who laughed. He tried to believe she was going with him, but he would not ask. It was as if the asking would make it too final, so he temporized, and went around the subject until it made her heart ache. She did not say positively either whether she was going or not, so after awhile he went into the garden where he had played and worked. His spring vegetables showed sweet and green above the ground, and when he saw their growth, he could not stand his condition any longer, but went impulsively into the house.

Janey was sitting just where he had left her in her own little chair by the window, and he saw that she was not all happy by her hands. They were lying in her lap idle and her shoulders looked less like Janey, too; but when he came near, both cast subterfuges behind them, and became locked in each other's arms.

"Ain't you going back to Tex., too?" he asked her, and she said:

"No, dearie—no!"

"I know Felipa was my mother," he said next, "but I thought God sent you when she went and left us. We are so lonely down home."

She said: "I thought I would send Ann with you, so you wouldn't be lonely on the train. You and Ann can be so happy going."

He laid his hand on her cheek—the pale, cold, emotionless Miss Merton's, and after that he rubbed cheeks with her, and then he started to cry in a lonely little way that wrung her heart when she heard it.

It was so like the night he had seemed to be dying, and had said to her: "It is dark," knowing well she would assist him if she could.

* * * *

When the time came to buy his ticket, she purchased two, after all, and then hid the extra one in her purse, and did not dare look at it, but when morning came for his departure, she told him that she was going too. Old Ann thought the two of them were crazy, the way they carried on, and she said she "hoped they would come back again if the wild Indians didn't catch them." And at this, Ethelbert said that there were no longer Indians in Arizona; it was all a mistake; but Old Ann told him he would learn better when he was older, if they did not kill him meanwhile. But he said he didn't mind, so long as they killed Janey also, and if they didn't kill Janey and him (him and Janey, he expressed it) before the Southern train reached the Pulmeup division, they could trust Tex. and his six-shooter after that.

Here Old Ann left the room abruptly as if that name sounded dangerous to her, and the two gay young people left at the breakfast table smiled across at each other radiantly, although Janey had her doubts about the venture till she reached Tucson.

Pulmeup was not on the main line, so Tex had wired Miss Merton that he would meet his little lad at

Tucson, so there would be no mistake about it.

A dinner gong was sounding loudly, and men and women were greeting each other and the sun had gone down. It was just the light that lingers long before twilight sees its end.

Who ran may have read that evening, although many were really running, fortunately, but what the people might have heard was a child's voice shrilling: "There he is," then a child fell into a man's arms. He stayed there some seconds, a huge navy blue sailor collar and thin boyish legs in long sailor trousers being visible by turns.

(THE END.)

After this the child's mother, doubtless, had her turn. She was a stylish, quiet-looking woman, with a pale, kind face, and deep gray eyes that seemed to run in the family.

The tall father acted as if he were not expecting her, for there was one second's hesitation before he took her by the hand, and then he said, years of waiting in it, "So you've come, my girl?"

And she answered:

"Yes, against my convictions, in spite of all the world. Oh, Tex.!"

After this, unmindful of any one around, the man drew the woman to him and laid her head against his breast.

APROPOS OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

BY CHARLES T. CALAME

COMPLEX as it would seem, perplexity should not enter our minds from the lever that is constantly put in motion and confusing, because the interests it subserves are typical to partisans, whose restraint is unloosened for influence sake, and leaving a pathway behind them that is filled with rocky obstructions unfit for the traveler's journey who seeks the enlightened road unfolding to him the unblemished truth.

The Russian-Japanese embroglio has this surface, which is roughly traversed by streaks of all shades, leaving only a dim light by which truth can be grasped. We must not content ourselves to be enshrouded in semi-darkness, with shutters down, because obscurity is wanted for the delusive play of deception. If we are not searching for truth,

we are retrograding, because others have found us out wanting, the whip is lashed upon us whenever the occasion affords it to bring it into use. We must be our own examiners of things then; it is not the word they are endeavoring to put in our mouth, that we must speak, but the words that come from our lips must be our own, and should carry with them our conviction and be the outcome of our investigations. With this object in view we may scrutinize the subject before us.

To begin with, Japan was the aggressor in this war; she assailed Port Arthur's fleet without a declaration of war. This is historic, and cannot be upset, and no verbiage will avail against this solemn truth. It is clear that the assault should have been concurring in time with the recall of the Japanese ambassador

from St. Petersburg, or follow it immediately after it to gain the advantage to be first to strike, but the computed time between the two places, St. Petersburg and Port Arthur, relating respectively to assault and withdrawal, reveals a miscarriage in as much as the assault took place before the Japanese ambassador's withdrawal from the Russian capital was effected and puts the stigma of treachery upon this wanton act of vandalism.

This alone overshadows everything else, and places the right on the Russian side. The Japanese were well prepared for the ensuing struggle, as was evidenced from the stupendous accumulations of war material which was brought to light since the beginning of the war. Russia, on the other hand, made no such preparations. At the time of the peace conference at the Hague, as the result of the Czar's efforts, spurious writers came out with the statement that Russia professes peace to prepare for war, but it is needless to enter upon a refutation of the assertion, since events have shown differently. This places the bellicose attitude entirely on the side of Japan. The Japanese end was taken up in this country by the press and the American public prejudiced against Russia under the adage that all is fair in time of war. The different groups put assiduously their efforts forward in this direction, disseminating news, which it was calculated to be most effective and speediest to obtain their desired results. We know the English not altogether disinterested, and holding aloof as silent onlookers. It may be well to insert here that our ambassador in London was roasted over the coals by the yellow English press after the Boer war, and he was depicted as Brother Jonathan, who is bad company for brother John. The caricature pictures, which were to lend this impression and appearing in those papers, were highly inconsiderate. Without following in

the same footsteps, may we not in a suggestive way find in turn that brother John is unfit company for our Jonathan, since brother John has discarded the color line among his family associates. Proud Englishmen must have been shocked at this change of front, and they may not now have disdain in their eyes as of yore for creole, half-caste, and the man with the ebony hue. By implication, they are all their equals now. Among a class of Jews, a marked activity was shown from their standpoint, and is kept nursing. But it is neither Gentile nor Jew; it is the ill-bred, not the well-bred, the individual who thrives among all nationalities, ranks or creeds; it is he who shuns the open, and acts from under cover, the evil disposed man, upsetting the general order of things who leaves destruction behind his tracks, the dark spirit in human form who kindles the passions of others and sets the conflagration starting with a burning torch in his hand; in short, the demon, who spreads malevolence among brotherhood and incites conflict among nations—beware of him. Beware of this man, when he asserts himself in public life.

Politics are unscrupulous in the extreme, and the deadener of morals and principles. More often they are the doings of the bargain counter, by which events are modeled by a few who hold the reins. National honor forbids to tread on this ground, the glorious traditions of this country are upheld firmly by its people, who are ready to stand by them for all times.

London is the hot-bed of political agitators and the breeding place of diabolical complots to conjure disturbance, and murder is hatched out there to serve the unholy ends of crime.

In the city of London war news from the Orient is furnished by three scores of Japanese newspaper writers, who are in the pay of their Government, and the London dailies

are besieged by them to supply war news articles, fresh from the oven every day, and what can they be except bias, and, if necessary, the product of perverted minds. Is anyone to believe that the untarnished truth has come to us from that quarter, and that alterations and coloring have not been resorted to in order to make them impressive.

The Negro likes to shine in a white, immaculate shirt bosom, which is inoffensive—he may gratify himself of his ambition; but the Japanese is prone to shine in the less harmless occupation of the blood-thirsty warrior. His taste for blood seems to be on the par with the beast of prey, which has its home in the jungles of Asia. His moral greatness in this respect is boundless. We hear his warnings sounding, when a cloud threatens to overhang his might, which must not be tampered with. At the time of a pending deal of war vessels between Chili and Russia, as reported in the papers, we were informed the next day of the publication of the news that Japan will attend to Chili after she is through with Russia, and we wonder whether she is forgetting Uncle Sam's Monroe Doctrine, which may run crosswise of her plans. On another occasion, Japan will settle her score with France after she has slain the last Russian soldier, driving her out of Cochinchina, for allowing the Russian Baltic squadron in the waters of Madagascar.

The nonsense which has gone into print in the shape of threats, denunciations and tittle-tattle is a prominent feature of the war itself. Chefoo and other places kept regular factories to turn out fabricated news by the yard to be sent to the intelligence centers of the world.

England's jealousy has prompted her into the alliance with Japan. After its accomplishment, she has unceasingly pushed the wheel for a rupture between Japan and Russia, and the English press, through the

circulation of false reports regarding the warlike attitude of Russia which were cabled from London to Tokio brought it to a focus. Japan was willing on her side to resort to arms. She had the patronage of England, and being amply prepared even before the alliance treaty with England, the gratification of her ambitions was too great to resist; war was on the tapis, and war was to be. England found in her all the elements which she could hope for—the inoculation of her own sinister designs could not fail to take. She has found some one to carry them into execution, which was not a tempting performance left in her own hands. This is the way England makes war upon her rivals; when she herself draws the sword, she shows her weakness, of which the Boer war was the best illustration. England's weapons are known—her relation to the press and individuals are as well understood; the disclosures of the Jameson raid of South Africa fame may fortify our understanding and furnish us the index in case of doubt. England will always be a disturber of the world's peace through her greediness and jealousy, unless she has exhausted her list of partners who are willing to shed blood in her stead, and claw the chestnuts. Her antagonism to this country in 1776, 1812, and again in 1862-65, will never be effaced from American memory. Her aim and efforts to retard the progress of this country from the time of her early struggles for freedom, through a span of time of one century and a half of her national life have been marked episodes in her history. Her English friends over here are ever on the alert for propaganda when they find American people lenient enough to tolerate their insidious game. Is it necessary to recall to our mind the Sackville incident to show that even her representatives are found meddling with American politics. At this time, the English element in

this country is in full activity, the press is its mouthpiece. While no grave results can come from it, as its population is growing ever more to be a mixed one, the possibility still exists that people who are not always giving their deeper thoughts to a subject may become beguiled from the reading of these news, but would it not be a shameful spectacle to behold that American individualism has suffered from the beguilement of these intriguers. Let us hope not.

From these ranks emanate partly the writers who, with a black brush, paint Russia as the darkest Africa, destitute of civilization, and there are no expressions vile enough for them in applying to their descriptive narratives, when they set about to vilify it. Dime novel stories are rehearsed to make a vivid picture of the cruelties in existence, in exaggeration of all actual facts. These stories are catching with sentimental people, who believe them word for word, and they see in them a suffering humanity, which only exists in Russia, and the inhuman treatment to which its people are exposed. Plotters are never mentioned in this connection, who will always foment and arraign themselves against law and order, wherever they are, and others who dispense socialistic doctrines with a view to bring anarchical results about. These are like the worms in the human body to sap the vitals, and so they sap the entrails of Russia. Russia is simply performing police duty to put them out of harm's way to give them their first lesson of actual work. They have never been known to work and plant the banner of liberty emerging from it upon their thresholds, but they are conspirators from the first, conspirators to the last and unruly to the end of their natural lives. Reverting to the Japanese side, they go that far to glorify their treachery. It is, with them, poor little Japan, which is struggling against oppression, and sympathies

are lavished upon her as thick as the calumnies they deal out to Russia. What hypocrisy! She must laugh at our displaced compassion for her smallness, and she can afford to overlook the imputation, which would otherwise sting her, in order to drive in deeper and deeper the wedge which she has been hammering for so long into this country by unloading her undesirable population upon her shores.

It is time for us to rid ourselves from prejudices, which make us old-fashioned and hamper the advancement of truth and knowledge.

This war is to be condemned, because it is unjustifiable, but we must condemn the aggressor, the assailed one is only drawing the sword in defense.

War with Spain would never have occurred if it had not been for the blowing up of the "Maine." It is though the parallel line of the torpedoing of the Russian vessels at Port Arthur, and can we then consistently view it from a different aspect. It was dastardly and untenable to preserve peace.

Japan to-day is the greatest military power. She is a combination of barbarism with accoutrements, which are both modern and scientific. Their own explosives and guns are the most destructive of death-dealing inventions of this day. They scorn death, because they are fanatics, which is shown in their sacrifice of human flesh to which only barbarians will submit. No other General would have dared to expose the troops to the wilful slaughter as it was done before Port Arthur. Among white nations a higher standard is put upon human life, and any General who would have been guilty of their carnage would have been dismissed in disgrace, be he American, French, German or of any other nationality. They may well all commit harakiri, which is so much in vogue with them, and the world would not weep over the loss. The savage is shown even in his act

of destruction of his own self. They are a pagan nation of which they have not stripped themselves yet.

Japan has the supremacy of Orientals in her mind, which is really her driving power. To come into ascendancy she has to have war, as no other means will bring it to her. She knows it, and has made her long preparations. One-half of her revenues go into the channels of naval and military expenditures. Her people remained true to feudal discipline, and are accustomed to passive obedience to the Government, which represents the Mikado, who is looked upon as a deity. This bigoted devotion among her people is the generator of the raw material out of which the best soldiery goes forth. Her national affairs are in the hands of the Elders, who are all-powerful. Their resolutions are not communicated to the people, as they are not bound to do so. Her ministers are not responsible to the chamber, which sits only two months during the year and has only the imperial household affairs under consideration. It is dissolved when the slightest objections are raised. It is a mere pretention to a constitutional monarchy. The Mikado has plural wives, and cannot be a great moralist. It is rumored that he looks dissipated and gives the impression of living on champagne.

Japan's fight, besides having been premeditated, has been extraordinarily spectacular in its features. And why should they make this pomp before the world? Can we mistake its meaning, which is a disguised warning to the white race to impress it and challenge it for its own superiority. They claim the laurels for slaughter and butchery, and they mean to overawe us by carrying off the trophy.

China and Japan will always stand together as Orientals as against the white man, but the white race is found divided in turn. Unless the statesmen of the present age show superior wisdom, the white race will

have no longer a consolidated front against the Asiatics, signaling triumph for them, and an inheritance of shame to descend from this generation of the white race to the next one.

It has been said that there exists for the white race a still greater humiliation than defeat upon the battlefield, coming as it does from her credulity, which she is willing to show the Japanese, who cleverly flatter her pride and passions and exploit her lack of knowledge of the far East and make her repeat over what they say of themselves.

Theorists scout the yellow peril, but they are simply exponents of idealistic dreams, serviceable only to the auditorium. The outer world is not connected with them, which regards them as valueless. Their ideal is not measured by deeds; they are not following history imprinting its record pages as it evolves itself, but it is with them a deeply-rooted presumption that all should be well in this world of ours, ideal conditions and harmony to reign supreme, from which their conclusion is drawn that intercourse among nations, races and creeds would never more suffer from inward or outward disturbances. But waves that brandish high upon the waters of national life and are turbulent and may endanger the vessels of State which ride upon them, the advantages which are sought to wrench from each other in the struggle for supremacy, be they individuals or nations, of that they take no notice or account. They raise the cry of white peril, of which Orientals are beset, when the yellow peril is countenanced to them, and in this they are forgetful that they are endowed with a white skin and are making themselves infidels of their own race.

Japan as an insular empire has the natural boundary of the sea; interference is a remote possibility. and she has no claim to have been interfered with, but her coveting

eyes on Corea, of which she wants to make herself mistress against her will, was the prelude of her intrusion on the continent of Asia proper and was remonstrated to by Russia. With Russia's geographical position in Asia, would not the United States have interposed a demurrer and hold Japan back from aggression since China has not the initiative power to oppose Japan's designs. The thundering "Yes," which could be heard coming from the breasts of Americans in answering the question, if placed before them, would fairly shake the ground.

A national trait of the Japanese is his proclivities for spying; the spy system flourishes with them under popular favor; they are adepts in the profession. We may deduct therefrom the likeness of profession to which he will devote himself when he goes abroad.

Their solidification from a military standpoint makes them most powerful. This strength, combined with their aggression, will upset to a great deal the illusions of those who favored disarmament among the nations, to ally the burden which weighs heavily on the people. This war may have sweeping results, and instead of disarmament, greater armament will be urged to hold Asiatic designs in check. Japanese plans are undoubtedly of a high order, and with the weight she can exercise upon China and her preparedness when accomplished through Japan's influence would make a coalition so formidable as to be a constant menace.

Japan had a profound knowledge of the existing rivalry between England and Russia, and she made it the bulwark of her diplomacy. How adroitly she has pulled her wires events have shown.

England entering the alliance with the object to ultimately incite her to war with a rival nation, Japan using her war propensities, and war she sought, in accepting to be coaxed into war in order to consum-

mate an alliance, which gave her a white ally to her side to foster her Oriental schemes. Japan, with apparent ease, disentangled herself from the nets of English diplomacy, which her contemplated future moves, as portrayed in the words of Count Okuma, must show. They go far to prove the assertion.

Those who believe with Russia out of the race in Manchuria, and to supplant American interests, have a faint perception of the obstacles which the Japanese will put in their way in due course of time; the profits will not be realized as they flatter themselves to collect. Manchuria will become the natural stamping ground for Japanese enterprises—being mistress of Corea, she has all the advantages to do it, and her thriftiness will secure it for her.

Japan will be sustained by China. Oriental affinity is its pledge; the Asiatic's fundamental make-up consists of the hatred of the white race, which they regard as their natural enemy. Japan possesses artfulness, perseverance and in turn moderation. She excites, with the hand of the master, the sympathies from the outside in her present fight of inspired conquest and impassionate desire of aggrandizement, but these sympathies will have reached their usefulness after her sphere of influence is established, or she lays the heavy hand of conquest over the newly acquired domain.

The coterie of men in this country, who look with envy to the enlargement of business which they expect to come into their fold from Manchuria, strongly advocate its return to China, believing in exploiting it themselves later on, and their cry of "Stop, thief!" is the sequel of their own underlying greedy purposes. They set forth that Japan was robbed of the fruits of victory in 1894, but they don't say a word of the unjust war Japan has waged upon China. Japan, however, did a splendid business transaction, enriching herself of millions in war

indemnity. She conquered China in a comparatively short time, and without serious loss to herself. Besides, Formosa was ceded to her, granting her territorial expansion, for which she has such great appetite. With so easy a victory, she looked for greater spoils.

In the same breath, these people want the United States to have a voice in the peace settlements between Russia and Japan, which they so fervently disclaimed to the powers in 1894. The voice suggestion comes from England, and has been reprinted in this country, England probably fearing that she can't put any more shackles on Russia. They constantly would make us believe that Secretary Hay is engaged in the most arbitrary work, for their benefit, to give the lustre of truth to their nefarious machinations. It is safe to say that officialdom breathes a different spirit. When we read the proclamation of President Roosevelt at the outbreak of the war, we perceive that the scales of Justice, which he holds in his hands, are rightly balanced. The duplicity of which these false apostles make themselves guilty will only rebound back to them from public opinion. They have been found out as fakers.

Only lately and for the first time, Japan comes out overtly in claiming Asia for the Asiatics. Count Okuma, former minister of foreign affairs, in his discourse held lately in the agricultural institute at Tokio, says:

"We must follow the example of the United States, which owe their importance from the time of the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine," and continuing, he says: "If we win the war, then Japan must insist that Europeans, who are now in East Asia, are curbed to her will, and no power should be permitted to have possessions in Asia. Japan should make herself the leader of China, Corea and Siberia."

The cat is let out of the bag. Her

plans, if realized, would seat Japan on the high pedestal of a dictator, or his kinsman. The basketful of tradé bargains and inducements to which she may now allude with allurements, may take the form of sharp bargains by the time negotiations are ripe, and she has settled herself in her new role.

Can anyone be politically deceived to overlook that, with the moral support we are giving her now, we assist her in holding us up in turn in the future, or are we to dispel our fears in this direction that an entente exists whereby our moral support is given in return for trade concessions, to be received at her hands later on? It is impossible. If national honor were the game of the juggler, the structure built from such material would not fail to crumble down.

We must not mistake private interests, which are always loud to make themselves heard through the press, for national inspiration, or that the nation's welfare depends on them.

While Japan has done nothing with Formosa in the way of colonizing, Russia, on the other hand, has spent hundreds of millions of her money in Manchuria, building up whole cities and benefiting the natives of that country in many ways.

China and Japan have been dumping their superfluous population upon the Pacific shores and the country's dependencies to the detriment of white labor, and serious troubles may be expected as the result of this influx of Orientals. White people cannot compete with Asiatics. It is simply debasing our own race to let conditions exist which bring the people face to face in the labor market with Asiatics. They are not desirable, but still they come.

This fancied love for Japan is a remarkable thing. Truism cannot be its sponsor. Japanese boys are allowed to crowd out white children from public schools; they sit with

white children of tender age, and they are given an unqualified attention.

Russia is not making an asylum for her population in this country, but she has shown repeatedly her friendly acts towards it. In 1867, she sold to the United States Alaska for a mere song, it being the occasion of millions of that territory's mineral wealth pouring yearly into this country. This sale gave the United States the preponderance of sea coast on the Pacific over the English. More than that. The Aleutian Islands were part of the sale, and are fitted out by the United States as coaling stations, which have strategical importance.

The sober view is always the best. It brings a clear sight. With an ex-

tended sea coast on the Pacific, our possessions in the Pacific, and, furthermore, our buying and selling power as a nation, inter-commerce between this country and Asia will not be diverted from us.

American hegemony on the Pacific has received its last link to make it unassailable, in making the Panama Canal the United States water gate way to unite the two great oceans. It remains only to give our merchant marine due attention to have plenty of American bottoms as carriers upon the sheet of water which washes our western shore.

We can then pride ourselves in having taken up in our hearts only that which is unstained from political pollution.

THE "HOODOO'S" MINE

BY JAMES M. FELLOW

"HOW much is there?" expectantly asked Tony Gregg, as he looked with suppressed pride and joy into Dad Dwyer's grave face.

"Eighteen ounces, four pennyweights," answered that individual in his usual calm, business-like way.

"Whew!" A low murmur arose from the little crowd. Queries of all sorts were leveled at Tony, who smilingly answered all that seemed fair and reasonable. For the "Hoodoo"—as he was well-known on account of his ill-luck—had at last found the "color."

Arriving at Fortuna four years previously, with a fair fortune for a "common" miner, just three hundred 'dobs, he had spent it all in futile prospecting. Then it was scratch and scrape in the "old diggings," to meet his monthly bills. All this time with unrelenting ill-luck.

Finally Fortune favored him.

He won a hundred pesos over the gaming table at a Mexican festival. With these he outfitted, wandered over the mountains and returned in record-time. Eighteen ounces, four pennyweights in four days!

The little group looked astonished, envious, disheartened. But only for the moment. Whole-souled fellows that they were, they rejoiced for his sake.

"Drinks for the house," called Sandy Baker, heroically swallowing the lump that had risen to his throat, "luck to the lucky Hoodoo; may he find lots more; an', boys," he added in mock appeal, "luck to poor little old Sandy and his 'Frozen Hardpan.'"

There was a long, rough shout.

"Luck!"

Howbeit, not one of those friends, when each had retired to his little

cot that night, but who did not cherish a slight enviousness; and in the stillness of that balmy, moonlit night each lay and thought—and thought.

The dawn was just breaking, and the light in the east betokened the early rising of the sun. A breeze soft and warm stirred the junipers and wafted a fragrance of chemiso and mountain balm abroad. The lofty range lay like a shadow in the skies. Sounds, then voices, proclaimed Fortuna's awakening to face the new-born day.

Sandy appeared at his cabin door and glanced up the trail.

"That's the Hoodoo, sure. I'd know that voice in a thousand," he exclaimed with a smile, and an expression on his face that was more than mere friendship—aye, brotherly love.

Of the two, Sandy was the older, being thirty-six, and senior by "seven twelve months," as he termed it. School-mates together in a North Carolina village, they were more closely drawn toward each other in this mountain camp; so much so that each was willing to sacrifice himself for the other.

Knowing all this, it had been puzzling the entire camp that such intimacy did not lead to indissoluble partnership. There was no apparent reason why it should not, they argued.

Down the steep incline came the Hoodoo on his pony. The little burro before him picked his way with drooping head and ears.

Joyously, Tony's voice rang out in song. It ceased as he gained the eminence, and halted before his friend.

"Morning, Sandy," he exclaimed cheerily; "quite a singer, ain't I? But the birdies in Carolina can give me cards, eh, old pal?"

He dismounted.

"Aye, Carolina, Tony," agreed Sandy, sadly, "what with my love for the old State, an' my cussed luck—fer, Sandy, I think the Frozen

Hardpan has petered out—m' heart yearns more 'n more fer ther north."

A tear coursed slowly down his sun-browned cheek.

The Hoodoo took the rough hand and tenderly stroked it. Stroked it like a sister might have done.

"Sandy," he said, gently, "we have allus been clost friends. Born an' bred in the same place, we meets on this yere lonesome mountain. Now," he resumed lightly, "things hes gone pretty rough with us both. After tryin' an' tryin', I'm ther lucky, I strikes it. Then I turns ter my 'old pard. Sez I: 'Sandy, will yer take half interest? We never been together in any deal. S'pposin' we jest begin now?'"

He looked at his friend.

"No, Tony; don' ask me," said the other quickly. "I thank yer jest ther same. But I couldn't—an'—an'—an' I wouldn't if I could." He was thinking when of a like instance, not a year since, he had offered to share alike the Frozen Hardpan with Tony and he had politely refused.

The Hoodoo did not press the subject. He understood.

"I'm sorry, pardner, but it'll be as you say."

A silence fell. Merrily the little brook babbled, and the mountains never seemed more grand in the early eastern light.

Sandy looked at them, and his gaze lingered, wonderingly. Then his glance fell on the motionless little burro.

"Where yer goin', Tony?" he asked, curiously. "I see yer packed."

"Oh, jest to town to denounce my claim," responded the other.

"Town," in Fortuna, meant Altar, the nearest habitation, where, in order to record a claim, one would have to go. The trip to and from town occupied a fortnight.

Another lapse into silence. Then Tony, with a few commonplace remarks, bade farewell to Sandy and rode away with the little burro in the lead.

Sandy stood and watched him un-

til a wild mahogany bush on the swerving trail hid him from view.

Finally, rousing himself with a deep-drawn sigh, he re-entered the cabin.

Procuring a gold-pan and pick, and putting on his broad-brimmed straw, he started down the canyon.

On the way he met Dad Dwyer, who greeted him cheerily:

"Goin' ter find another 'Hoodoo' mine?"

Sandy smiled faintly, and with an animation he far from felt, responded:

"Goin't to try."

Then he walked and walked; on and on; how far he could not conjecture; where, he cared not. He only wanted to think.

Finally, when he gazed about him, he was annoyed to find that he had strayed off the trail.

"Wall, this seems a likely place to get color," he soliloquized, as he resigned himself.

Gathering a panful of red earth from a little gulch on the hillside, he washed it in the creek. More to pass the time than in expectation of finding aught, Sandy "sluffed" away until but sand remained. Then as he had so often done before, he swept the particles about the pan with the water therein.

The effect was electrical.

His eyes bulged and he stood up, tottering as one about to fall. Feverishly he thrust his hand into the shaking pan and held high the yellow metal.

"Gold! Gold!" he cried in a delirium of joy. "It's another Hoodoo mine."

With these words he sank back helplessly upon the rough creek bed and lay exhausted.

When he was sufficiently able he gained his feet, and as the sun had long since passed meridian, he crept painfully back over the return trail.

Two weeks later, the Hoodoo, having transacted his business to his intense satisfaction, again showed himself at Dad Dwyer's store. But

Sandy was not among the jovial crowd that gathered there, and drank the Hoodoo's health again and again. He had not been seen for fully two weeks, they all averred. Dad had sold him a month's provisions at that time.

So the next morning the Hoodoo rose early and walked to Sandy's cabin. He knocked, but there was no answer; everything was as silent as the grave.

"Well, he would call later," was his resolve, as he retraced his steps.

Arriving at his little hut, he took an assortment of tools, provisions and various other articles, then walked up the trail.

On this he traveled for some distance, until diverging into a gulch, he plunged into the dense chaparral beyond.

Mile after mile he walked, happy in his thoughts, full of glorious anticipations.

How beautiful the morning seemed. The air sweet-scented by the rarest flowers and the rich, green canopy containing myriad songsters. If he could only see Sandy, and tell him how "capital" had already agreed to bond the property. Their representative, in fact, would be down on the following day. But why had Sandy refused his offer? Surely in his friend's state, it was not an offer to be rejected. True, he himself had once refused, but—the Frozen Hardpan had never amounted to much—besides it was different. What an easy place to get lost. But he had learned the way so well. And there were the two pines, the land-mark, and so soon, too. The turning-point of the path, then a toilsome climb through the brambles, a full two hundred yards, and——"

What his further thoughts might have been will never be known.

Passing through the two pines he was hastening along, when to his experienced ear there came a sound that chilled the blood in his veins and caused him to halt—that un-

mistakable ring of steel against gravel.

For a moment he stood thus, ir-resolute, with terrible, blazing eyes, and quivering with an anger that grew, while he vaguely wondered at his non-control. Who had dared spy on him, to defraud him of what was his; and who at this moment was working his claim? His property! His own!

Enraged to such a degree did he become that his best principles—which made him the most liked and respected in the community—were cast aside, and he rushed blindly forward.

Clearing the creek-bottom foliage, up the hill he sprang. He dropped his provisions and tools in his mad-dash; but he did not pause. Ahead, the faint outlines of a man appeared behind a juniper. Thither he went and burst upon the stranger—poor, unsuspecting, happy Sandy. He was filling his wheel-barrow, and light-heartedly humming a quaint plantation air when the Hoodoo sprang into the clearing. But it did not surprise him. The fever of gold possessed him; he heard, he saw nothing; his dream was realized; he was exultant.

When, like an infuriated animal, the Hoodoo's lips moved to emit no sound, Sandy burst forth in his joy:

"Look a-hyer, Tony. Look! What d'yer think Three hours' work an' nigh five ounces? It be another Hoodoo mine, I'm thinkin'. Ha, ha——" and Sandy died. Died by the hand of his greatest friend; died happy.

For the Hoodoo, at mention of the "Hoodoo" mine, before infuriated, was now insane.

Jerking his weapon loose, he shot thrice, and Sandy fell across the barrow, his earnings scattered on the naked bed-rock, from where they shone redder than the blood that smeared them, and mutely cried out in shame and accusation.

The "Lucky Day" mine had

proved a most unlucky one to Sandy.

"Ther fate of jumpers," said the Hoodoo, with a terrible laugh.

The weapon in his hand still smoked. He looked about him in a strange, vague way. Again the shifting glance fell on the lifeless form.

Cynically, he looked at the smiling, upturned face.

"So, that's why yer refused, is it? I see ther whole thing. Wanted it all yerself. Wouldn't share, eh? Wall, yer got it. Keep it. I——" and he started away.

But with the first few steps he paused and looked back.

The staring eyes and bloody face were just discernible above a cactus plant.

With a harsh groan he turned and hurried down the hills, staggering, swaying, muttering incoherently. His revolver fell to the ground; it was passed, unnoticed.

At the two pines he halted.

"Oh, Sandy," he cried despairingly, then plunged up the creek.

Again he stopped. His face twitched and was contorted. He passed a trembling hand across his clammy brow, and looked about him with pitiful appealing in his blood-shot eyes.

The birds chirped sweetly and cotton-tails ran silently about. But he did not heed them; did not even see them.

With a shudder, he again plunged on; then, wearied, he tripped; fell prostrate, and lay still.

When he again moved, he was calmer. He raised himself, resting his back against a tree, and thought; then wept with deep, heavy sobs. How willingly would he have given anything, even his own miserable life, to have had Sandy back—alive.

Strange that pine-cones should be found here. He thought there were but two pines in the creek bed. Had he not looked down from his claim and noted that fact? Two tall giants towering side by side above

the other foliage? Had he not also cut his initials so that there might be no difficulty in locating the place?

Involuntarily he gazed upwards. What a long interval it seemed; the look that taught him the awful truth. When he realized it, he fell back a trembling mass upon the sward.

Then after many endeavors, and then by sheer desperation, he gained his feet and tottered.

My God! It was too true!

Two pines, and "T. G." set deep into the rough bark, told the awful mistake.

Uttering a terrible cry, stumbling and falling, rising and running, he gained the gulch beyond.

A glance sufficed.

His dry-washer stood where he had left it; his tools lay hidden where he had placed them; his—The foam-flecked lips parted in a pitiful wail: "The Hoodoo mine," and he fell upon the rocky bottom.

A prowling coyote standing on the little hill, looked down upon the motionless form for some time. Finally, through weariness or alarm, it trotted away, with a half-snarl, half-bark into the brush.

The day had almost waned when the Hoodoo stirred. Then came a rush of maddening thoughts, and with a heart-rending cry he arose, hatless and covered with reddish dust, and ran in a frenzied way down the return trail.

He did not pause in his mad race until he had reached the scene of his crime.

Seizing his dead friend, he carried him with the terrible strength he possessed, up the little gulch. Once he stopped to look back, and his dis-

torted face and glaring eyes shone grewsome in the red light of the setting sun.

Then over the hill, and out of sight he went—insane.

The coyote again appeared on the hill. He gazed long and earnestly at some object beyond, then in fright ran yelping into the chaparral below.

And ever and anon there floated through the quiet of the mountain fastness, hysterical laughter, violent sobs and strange, guttural sounds, while the pale moon moved across the heavens, and the landscape grew more ghostly, and the night seemed full of terror.

* * * *

Years after, this small article appeared in an Arizona paper:

"Fortuna, Sonora.—Last week two prospectors arrived in camp, each possessing a small fortune in gold dust. By inquiry, it was ascertained that they were from the Sierra de Sanhaurin district. They had a weird story to tell; that of finding two skeletons in close embrace at the bottom of the deep Ca-chucha Canyon.

"Dad. Dwyer, the store-keeper, an old-time resident of this place, is led to believe that they are the remains of two well-known miners—Tony Gregg and Sandy Baker—who mysteriously disappeared eight years ago. For that reason, he has organized an expedition to search for the remains. There is every hope that the party might discover untold riches in the unknown district."

And that was all.

CONCERNING BUDDHISM

BY A LIBERAL RELIGIONIST

JAPAN, essentially a nation of Buddhists, has already shown a marvelous degree of most intelligent aggressiveness in the world of international concerns, but her Buddhist propaganda is by no means idle in the world of religious thought. The Buddhist following in Asia is claimed to be about five hundred million believers, and the cry now is for the invasion of the Christian countries. But what interests we of America is, Buddhist missionaries have already been established in this country, with headquarters in San Francisco. Several temples have been established on the Pacific Coast, ostensibly to care for the religious welfare of Japanese and Chinese Buddhists, but underlying it is a determined purpose to convert English-speaking Christians to the faith of the Tathagata. And what is Buddhism. What are the principles, the dogmas, the faith to which this propaganda hopes to convert Americans to? Briefly:

Buddhism is a system of religion, or rather a religio-philosophical system, without a personal god, without a Savior, without Divine revelation, without saints, without prophets, without esotericism, without occultism and without mysticism. Buddhism asserts that it teaches the true science and philosophy of being, which includes knowledge of cause by effect, and of knowledge of effect by its cause, and understanding of the reason why things are. Or, in a few words, Buddhism pulls aside the veil of ignorance and illusion, and reveals the whence and whither of all that lives.

The authenticity of Buddhism as a religio-philosophy is found in the long line of Buddhas, and its sufficiency to redeem man from his lower nature is attested by millions, who

have traveled the Eight-fold path. Buddhism appeals to reason, not to faith, and welcomes the most critical and logical analysis of its fundamental principles. Never does a disciple of Gautama appeal to man in rhetorical splendor or spectacular word painting, but always does the faithful disciple hold up the Lamp of Truth by the hand of Justice. Justice is the final measure of all truth.

I have said that Buddhism knows nothing of a personal God. It has a God, however, whom or which it calls Causation. Causation, or the Deity, if you like that better, is not a being in the sense that the term is commonly used, but it is the basic principle of all beings—of all existence. It does not think, but is the essence of the power to think. It does not move, but is the force back of all movement. It is formless, but is the creator of all forms. It has none of the senses, as man calls them, but of it is born all senses. It is attributeless, but is the formula-tive element in all attributes. It has neither personality nor individuality, but it is the cause of both. It is not life, but the source of all life. Causation is that which moves causes to culminate in effects, and effects to give birth to other causes, which in turn produce still other effects. In the world of material activity, as well as in the realm of spiritual unfoldment, the law is "as ye sow ye reap." The fundamental qualities of this Causation or Deity are three—a trinity—namely, creation, preservation and government, which in turn stand for love, wisdom and immortality.

Certainly one cannot think of the formless. One has to deal with forms. Causation itself being the "first cause," could not manifest itself otherwise than in form. Form,

then, is the effect of a cause and the process by which cause culminates in effect, and effect produces another cause is resultant from the operation of the law of evolution and involution, or the Deity, or Spirit, or God, or Causation in manifestation on the plane of human observation. Forms that we see or sense are impermanent because they are composed of a compound, but that which we do not see, i. e., spirit, is not a compound; hence, it is permanent. In other words, the physical man is a compound, and necessarily impermanent; because all compounds dissolve sooner or later, while the spiritual man or soul is necessarily above the law of dissolution; and, moreover, the permanency of the soul form derives its form from the formative element in the universal spirit, and this element is an ethical force and an ethical influence. Some call this element the Moral Order of the Universe; some call it Love working for the up-building of all that lives, and some call it God manifesting himself in the hearts of all sentient beings for their good. But they all mean one and the same thing, which is, the substitution by the permanency of righteousness of the impermanency of the pleasures of selfhood of materiality.

No doubt, some of my critics will wonder how it is that impermanency and extinction of individuality could be in a universe that exists according to the severe and discriminating law of ethical causation. Let me illustrate. Suppose that an apple tree puts forth 10,000 blossoms. During the unfolding of the buds toward their proper destiny, which is to evolve into ripe fruit, there is no observable difference between the several blossoms. But when the orchardist seeks the tree to gather its products he finds only 1,000 apples to be the sum total of the tree's labor, out of 10,000 apparent promises. Why did not the 9,000 delinquent blossoms become apples? Because they cultivated no apple life. They

were illusions as to being apple blossoms, for they possessed none of the attributes that were necessary to create a cause that would produce apple effects. They were impermanent, and by the law of their own nature, they dissolved and returned to the universal whole, losing their identity with every individualized thing in the universe. They were illusions and delusions. It is very much so in the great orchard of human life. By their fruits you shall know them.

Religions are instituted for man's good—to aid him to enter the path that leads away from those things and influences which war against soul culture. But practically all religious systems, save that of Buddhism, provide for agencies for man's salvation independent of himself. Buddhism makes man himself responsible for his conduct of life and progress heavenward. Truth, however, is the Savior—Truth makes us free—but man is not redeemed until he becomes the embodiment of Truth, nor has he any world other than the world of material existence or cause and effect, in which to become Truth personified. The Lord Christ said: "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling," and five hundred years before the Lord Buddha said: "Work out your salvation with diligence," meaning that if man would attain unto salvation he must know Truth and live Truth.

But then, what is Truth? Truth is that which time nor place nor life nor death, nor things nor powers can change or refashion. It is immortality itself. It does not nor could it accommodate itself to error. Whatever is not truth may be changed, refashioned and made to accommodate itself to any single or combination of what is false. Truth is that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and all manifestations of life that are not in harmony with the Light, which is above the power of death,

are falsities, and they bring forth errors of every kind. Truth has no seeds of dissolution. Error produces only seeds that sooner or later perish. And what are the leading untruths? Wrong desires are not truth. They are ever changing. Unethical pleasures are not truth. They come and go as the passing breeze, blighting all with their poison. Selfishness, greed, avarice are not truth. They give birth to sorrows and not to joy. They beget lies and lies beget hatred and hatred begets anger. Whatever is not truth perishes, but truth is from everlasting to everlasting. Therefore, one must be possessed of and by truth if one would be one with the Father. The

purpose of individualized life is to live and be Truth personified in the victor in the battle against Mara, or one's lower nature. Buddhahood is the Nirvanic state where illusion, delusion and sense perception find no place. To reach that heavenly state one does not have to practice austerities, nor seek seclusion in forests or gloomy buildings, nor quit the channels of commercial or social life, nor by looking or feeling solemn or woe-begone, nor quit doing anything that becomes a manly, brave and loving nature to do. Whatever makes for higher character, for the elimination of evil thoughts from the mind is good and wholesome. Thus is salvation won. This is Buddhism.

THE AWE-INSPIRING PINNACLES

BY JAMES CARSON

ON January 25th last, a resolution memorializing Congress to create a national park at the Pinnacles, San Benito County, was passed by the Assembly by a unanimous vote. Before, however, the measure received the approval of the Legislators, it was necessary for its advocates to carry on a campaign of education. Very few of the lawmakers had ever heard of the Pinnacles, notwithstanding the fact that this name designates a spot which has been characterized by a great traveler as one of the wonders of the world. This ignorance on the part of the lawmakers regarding the Pinnacles is more than shared in by the people at large throughout the State of California. Very few know of the existence of this place, which will one day rival the far-famed Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Pinnacles were discovered 110 years ago. In fact,

the first natural wonder of America ever written about was this comparatively unknown spot.

In the year 1790, Captain George Vancouver, commander of his Majesty's sloop-of-war *Discovery*, was appointed by the King of England to make a trip around the world. In particular, however, the expedition was to explore the region then designated as the North Pacific Ocean. The real purpose of the trip was the incentive which had lured on English navigators and adventurers for the two previous centuries. The King was anxious to determine once for all whether or not there was a northwest passage through the continent of North America connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

Vancouver, during the entire trip, kept a diary, which was published at the command of His Majesty in London, in 1798. The work bore the voluminous title of:

"A voyage of discovery to the Pacific Ocean and round the world, in which the coast of Northwest America has been examined and accurately surveyed. Undertaken by his Majesty's command, principally with a view to ascertain the existence of any navigable communication between the North Pacific and North Atlantic Oceans, in the years 1790-1795, in the sloop-of-war Discovery and the armed tender Chatham, under the command of Captain George Vancouver."

Of course, his Majesty sent Vancouver on an impossible quest, and like Baffin, Davis and numerous others among the pioneer explorers, Captain Vancouver found no north-west passage.

But in his diary, under date of Sunday, November 16, 1794, we find this interesting passage:

"I was on Wednesday able to join the party to the valley through which the Monterey river flows, and was there gratified with sight of the most extraordinary mountain I ever beheld. On one side it presented the appearance of a sumptuous edifice falling into decay; the columns, which looked as if raised with much labor and industry, were of great magnitude, seemed to be of elegant form, and to be composed of the same cream-colored stone of which I have before made mention. Between these magnificent columns were deep excavations, resembling different passages into the interior parts of the supposed building, whose roofs being the summit of the mountain, appeared to be wholly supported by these columns rising perpendicularly with the most mathematical exactness. These had a most beautiful appearance of human ingenuity and labor, but since it is not possible for the rude and very humble race of beings that are found to be the native inhabitants of this country, to suppose they could have been capable of raising such a structure, its being the production of nature cannot be questioned; and it may not

be preposterous to infer that it has been from familiar phenomena that man has received that architectural knowledge by which he has been able to raise these massy fabrics which have stood for ages in all civilized countries."

That is the opinion of a world-famous traveler, expressed over a century ago, regarding a spot of which most Californians are ignorant. But neither they, nor the country at large, will long remain so. The citizens of San Benito County, together with the various commercial bodies of the State, have begun an energetic campaign, which will undoubtedly result in the Congress of the United States passing a measure which will set aside the Pinnacles as a national park, and thus, after long neglect, give to it its rightful dues as one of the wonder spots of America. Congressman J. C. Needham has the matter in charge in Washington, and he will, during the present session, introduce a bill before Congress, setting aside the Pinnacles as a national park. The matter will undoubtedly receive favorable action at the hands of Congress, for the Bureau of Forestry has already sent a special agent, who has made a careful examination of the Pinnacles, and his favorable report is now on file in Washington. Not only has the spot received the approval of the Bureau, but most of the foremost scientists and nature-lovers of the West have been earnest in their advocacy of the cause of the Pinnacles. Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University; Dr. Dudley, of the botanical department; and Professor Kellogg, of the same institution, have each written reports which are now in the hands of the Legislators in Washington.

From Vancouver's vivid report of the place, one would be led to believe that the easiest way to reach the Pinnacles would be to journey to the old town of Monterey, and then follow up the river. This was true in Vancouver's case, but would not

be so for the ordinary tourist desiring to visit this little-known wonder spot to-day. The Pinnacles occupy six square miles in San Benito County, near the Monterey county line, and consist of massive rocks with huge spires jutting up many hundreds of feet.

Leaving San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Route, the would-be explorer must ride as far as Gilroy, in Santa Clara County, where he will take the Hollister branch division. Riding through the Salinas valley he may get off at the little station of Soledad. There, 9 miles to the westward on the edge of the valley, he will see the dim, blue, hazy outline of the famous craggy mountains. Two good wagon roads lead to the section, and, hiring a guide at the little town, he may reach his destination after a two hours' drive. Or, if he desires, he may journey to the end of the branch road to the little station of Tres Pinos. Here a good road, leading to the southward, will take him to the Pinnacles. Still another itinerary would be to journey to the city of Hollister, the countyseat of San Benito County, where livery teams are easily procurable. This latter route, however, would necessitate a longer time than either of the former.

Arriving at this freak spot of nature, the first impression experienced by the traveler would be that spoken of by Vancouver. He would need have only an ordinary imagination to see in the front face of the great mountain of rock the close resemblance to a ruined castle. Great cream-colored columns, 1,000 feet in height, and as carefully chiseled out by nature as ever man could do, would meet his gaze. He would notice that the front of this imaginary edifice contained three terraces, and great excavations would attract his attention to the spacious corridors and immense vault-like rooms within.

If he be so fortunate as to visit the place during the spring-time, the

beauty of the whole scene will be greatly intensified, for the reason that throughout the whole cavernous depths springs of crystal water drip continuously. This perpetual bath to which these great rocks have been subjected for countless centuries, has caused a moss-like fungi to grow upon their surfaces. The blue blossoms of this moss, set against the dull red of other boulders and the creamy-white of the pillars, constitute a color scheme of indescribable beauty.

Before you have finished, however, in gazing in astonished delight at this marvelous work of nature, the guide will hurry you to the first great wonder spot of the place. This consists of an immense canon, just in the rear of the castle, and between it a sheer precipice nearly 1,000 feet high. The canon is the result of centuries of erosion, and in the process has made a formation, the like of which, perhaps, cannot be duplicated anywhere else on the face of the globe. As the waters tore away the soft earth in cutting out the canon, great boulders were unloosened, so that for its entire length the gorge is more or less completely roofed with these. Looking up from the slippery floor under foot one can gaze on pebble-shaped rocks, many of which seem to be but slightly balanced. When it is considered that many of these rocks are hundreds of feet in circumference and weigh thousands of tons, the timid are apt to conjecture what would happen should one of them fall. Now and then, as one hurries on, he catches glimpses of the blue sky through the chinks in this strange roof.

Then the guide suddenly waves his hand, and one finds himself at the end of the canon, and looking down into a great, well-lighted cavern, the floor of which is forty feet below. The guide finds the one trail leading down to the subterranean depths, and then the party light candles. The venturesome proceed

to explore the mammoth caves which look so gloomy and forbidding before they are entered.

Once again out into the sunlight the real pleasures of the place begin to dawn on the observer. The guide points to a pine tree growing alongside some of the rocks, and so massive are the latter that the tree seems a mere shrub. Then the observer occupies himself with the shapes of the rocks, which are almost innumerable. In this great conglomerate mass almost any animal or object can be traced out in the rocks. Grotesque phenomena everywhere meets the eye. To the right is a well-formed Indian's face, near by is a perfectly shaped knife blade, giving the names to these two rocks. Dolls, slinking coyotes, a crafty fox, the eagle's face, in fact, almost any shape which an active imagination may conjure up, can be found. Palisade rock looms up in imposing majesty, thrusting its crest 1500 feet above its base. Immense balancing rocks, which seem about to tumble with a mighty crash and unearthly roar are also to be found here.

To see this wonderful park in its entirety would take at least a month's time, and it would be a dangerous proposition for one to attempt the feat without a reliable guide. The little canyons have a way of ending abruptly, and beyond are yawning chasms. While the

place is comparatively easy of access, it is yet more or less isolated, the nearest settler living miles away. One might meet with an accident here, and if alone, his bones would not be found for many years afterwards, then perhaps to be scraped over by a hoary-headed old scientist in an ill-smelling laboratory for the purpose, if possible, to glean some secret of the life and habits of pre-historic man.

Game abounds everywhere in this wild region, and so little has it been disturbed by man that it hardly knows fright. Mountain lions, wildcats, coyotes and foxes roam about through the caverns and canyons unmolested, and prey upon the quail and rabbits which are everywhere to be found.

It is safe to say that nowhere on the face of the earth has nature worked such a profound upheaval as here. The subterranean passages, with mushroom forms, the huge underground pools of water, the dark caves, twin and balancing rocks and innumerable other weird phenomena are advocates in themselves, and need but to be seen by the Legislators to make them enthusiastic supporters of a measure to set aside this region as a national park. That such a bill will in the near future become a law, is undoubted. Then the Pinnacles, along with Yosemite and Yellowstone, will rank as one of the wonders of the West.



LET THE SNAKE BE SCOTCHED

BY A SAN FRANCISCAN

RUSSIA and Japan will come to terms sometime, but it is of less moment than possible consequences arising from the arousing of all Asia by the success of Japan on land and on water. Asiatics everywhere have a very much higher opinion of themselves than ever before, and, in fact, they are greatly overestimating their capabilities. Numerically, Asia might be considered threatening to Europe and America, but no doubt the growing arrogance of Japan and China is the outgrowth of theorizing, but their statesmen know very well that a "solid Asia," or a cry of "Asia for Asiatics" would quickly be confronted by all the world outside of Asia, and that the outcome of the drawing of such hard and fast lines as a struggle for supremacy would oblige, would be disastrous to Asia's ambition. In such an event, Asiatic numbers would fail utterly against European and American civilization, and, moreover, in order to secure immunity from future aggressiveness, the so-called Christian nations would certainly reduce the area of Asia under its several governments by awarding enough of it to the other nations to minimize possible danger from consolidation. Moralists would call such a policy "brutal and inhuman," but sometimes civilization has to be merciless, and such a time will be at hand when Asia attempts to dominate in the concerns of the world.

But in spite of the more conservative statesmen of Asia—of China and Japan more especially—there may come just such a crisis in the not distant future. There is such a thing, or rather such a thing is not improbable as the ruling houses of the several Asiatic nations being swept off their feet and into a wild,

rushing stream of public sentiment that demands "Asia for Asiatics." Such a public sentiment, with the cry of the "white man peril," would incite the masses to the highest pitch of racial hatred and fanaticism. The most casual observer has not failed to see symptoms of arrogance or feelings of superiority in the Japanese population in America. Prior to the Russo-Japanese war, the deportment of these Japanese importations was within the lines of politeness, and of appreciation of the advantages that residence here secured, but the almost uninterrupted march from victory to victory of their countrymen in Manchuria has revealed characteristics that are well calculated to make their presence very objectionable in time. If this appeared only in isolated cases, there would be no occasion to notice it, but "Japanese arrogance," as it is now called, is seen everywhere. Japanese merchants, or many of them, give the impression that they feel that their presence confers an honor upon the business community, and they swagger accordingly. Those attending the public schools are beginning to assume a toploftiness which seems to mean that, in their judgment, white school children have no rights that a Japanese is in any way bound to respect, while those in domestic service are becoming more disagreeable, exacting and careless all the time.

Now, is it fair to use this sudden transformation of the Japanese in America from willing and attentive servers, grateful pupils in our public schools, and polite and accommodating merchants, into arrogant and self-sufficient subjects of the Mikado as a measure to determine what might be expected of them as a nation were they to secure a footing in

the family of powers? And if all this be true of the Japanese, why shall it be true of them and not of all other Asiatics? Undoubtedly, the Japanese in America are, by revealing their true nature, giving us object lessons that might be well

for us to profit by. A scotched snake is safer than one at large, but the fangless snake is the better reptile. Japan has thrilled all Asia with dreams of Asiatic supremacy, and it behooves Europe and America to see to it that they are only a dream.

A MODERN DIOGENES

APOSTLES of the "new thought" movement seem to entertain only contempt for the memory of men who spent their best years in making grammars that the art of speaking and writing correctly might be saved from the slaughter-pens of just such butchers of the King's English. Sometimes, I wonder if they did not have their beginnings in the things that the Lord sent to pester King Pharaoh.

Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that the atom is composed of super-physical entities, and then he informs us of their weight and size and number. Will Sir Oliver be good enough to tell us how he weighs and measures and counts super-physical things with physical weights and measures? But then, Sir Oliver is a great scientist, and may not be questioned too closely. Analysis is one thing, synthesis is another thing, but neither should make faces at common sense and reason.

I have attended several meetings of Socialists during the last month, and I found that the principle of the conservation of energy is wholly unknown to them. They throw the whole of their physical and mental force into an alleged argument for the utter destruction of our social and political systems for the space of a quarter of an hour, and then sit down in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. Will some one please tell me where the spot in the

harmony of colors is located where red hair may safely be called auburn? I want to find out where Socialism leaves off and Anarchy begins.

Emerson says, "Insist on yourself," but he did not mean that you might insist on yourself to the point where you are the whole show. A little is a good thing, especially when others are waiting to have their say—others who forget more every day than you are likely to know in a lifetime. Still, I say, insist on yourself, or rather, insist on your possibilities, but possess something worth while before boasting of it to others.

It is wise to look on the bright side of things if their brightness is reflected in your thoughts and acts. Midnight darkness discoursing on the grandeur of a cloudless sunrise is a sentimental contradiction. Smut lies when it says it loves the purity and whiteness of the driven snow.

"As ye sow ye reap," says the law of Causation. Then do not look for a harvest of peace and virtue and purity if you sow the seed of vice. All the gods together have not the power to change the field of your life into good wheat when you planted only poison weeds, nor does a venerated robe of righteousness deceive the eyes of Karma, no more than the whited sepulchre is able to shut out the stench of the putrid

stuff within. And, again, if you want to enjoy the blessings of heaven after this life, you will have to make heaven here, and take it with you. "To be a god in hereafter, one must be a god here and now," says the sage of Concord.

If you want to make good wages every day, just look on the bright side of things. The pay will not be in cash, but in coins that are the product of the mint of the Infinite, and they redeem themselves in love, peace and righteousness at the teller's window of your soul. But if you really prefer to loaf around and snarl and find fault, why do so, and you will get wages just the same, but they will be in fiat money that is redeemable only in the ashes that fall from your own altar, whereon you fed the fires with the rotten sticks of opportunity sneeringly rejected.

The good king and the good beggar are widely separated by social conventions in this world, but in heaven they hob-nob and sing in the same chorus on a parity of character worth.

We all grievously err in the sight of others, but perhaps it would be just as well if others would consider their own beams and motes and the like. He is getting close upon the rocks of moral degradation who measures the best in others by the depravity of his own soul.

A friend rushed up to me and frothed at the mouth as he said: "Diogenes, that man over there called me a liar, and I restrained myself. I did not strike him." "Why should you strike him?" I replied. "If you are a liar he told the truth, and surely you should find no fault with truth, no matter in what form it comes to you. But if you are not a liar, the man over there is a liar—lied about you to your face—and if you resent it, will you not first have to get down to his level of base-

ness?" My friend thought a moment, and then said: "Diogenes, your philosophy is good, but it is hard to live it."

God is not to be condemned because waters fall upon noisome places and become stagnant. Remember that the water lily lives and grows amid the most noisome companions and influences, but it sanctifies and glorifies them, and then appropriates what it needs from the filthy waters. That is why it is white and spotless when it opens its soul and heart to the warming rays of the morning's sun. Do not run away from evil. What you call evil may be good, discolored by your own low measure of it.

Light chases away darkness, it is said, but it does nothing of the kind. Light removes darkness by penetration and absorption. The darkness is thus not destroyed, but its elements are transformed into the opposite of what they were. Withdraw the elements of light and darkness returns. So it is in the realm of morals. Where there is no light of righteousness moral darkness pervades the mind and soul and heart. Man is in moral light or moral darkness as he elects to be, yet however persistent he may be to robe himself in blackness, the attributes of light never cease their struggle to penetrate and dispel it, but the struggle avails light nothing unless man himself aids light in the battle.

The "new psychology," which we hear so much about in these days of fads and faddists, simply means a lot of newly discovered tricks to hurry the not very strong-minded into the snares of itinerant fake peddlers. Their list of goods and wares includes auto-suggestion or hypnotism, psychic research, drugless healing, personal magnetism and will power. Separately or collectively, these isms will lead the "student," if he be at all credulous, into

a deep and almost pathless forest, metaphorically speaking, wherein roam all kinds of beasts and reptiles without so much protection as a walking cane would afford. There is a vast difference between a scientist or a philosopher putting these things to the severest test, and accepting only results that are of themselves self-proving, and those "professors" and "swamis," who know how to cover up their ignorance by looking wise and quoting from the title pages of books they never read. Will the people never tire of being fooled by these adventurers?

The Bible history of creation was not written so much to make religionists as to make scientists and philosophers. That is to say, Moses wished to have man seek God through Himself in material manifestation. Hence it is that one well versed in natural law is enlightened, but that cannot be said truthfully of any theologian, unless he constructs

his dogmas in harmony with physics.

He was not far wrong who said "the greatest man in the world is the best cook." At least the most influential factors in man's social life seem to be a knife and fork, and a plate piled high with food. Is it because humanity is really just now emerging from the jungle? Anyway, if the banquet table should be laden with books instead of stuff cooked and uncooked, and the guests helped to selections from the classics, would they not think their host crazy? The fact is, the stomach, not the head, rules, and this is true of the learned as well as of the ignorant. And this leads me to say that about the only observable difference between the guests of live stock pens and of the banquet hall is that the latter can converse while they eat. But there is the same rush for the table when the doors are opened as there is for the trough when the gates are lifted—and often there is little or no difference in manners.





University of Arizona, Tucson. View of main building.

TUCSON, THE BEAUTIFUL

BY A TOURIST

ALL things considered, Arizona offers more advantages and fewer disadvantages than will be found elsewhere in a corresponding area of territory. In the first

place, the climate in all seasons of the year conduces to health, comfort and business enterprises. The creator kindly gave to this expanse of hill and dale, mountain and valley, of wide-reaching grazing lands and immense sweeps of the picturesque in nature, all the elements and compounds in soil and water and atmosphere that are required to give every needed condition to aid and encourage the industrious to gather those things which conduce to peace and happiness and long life.

But after all is said and done, without Tucson Arizona would be lacking in pretty much everything that distinguishes one community from another. Certainly there are other business centers in Arizona, but by nature, by artificial agencies and by common consent, Tucson is the "hub" of Arizona—the centre of the territory's activities—from which radiates to the smallest corners a quality and volume of energy that is irresistible for good, and yet Tucson is still in her infancy, even if she does have the energy and strength of giant manhood.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Tucson is one of the oldest cities in the United States, and a place with a past rich in anecdotes



Mr. Andrew Olsen, Tucson, Arizona.



Papago Indians with "Quljos" loaded with "ollas."

of the adventures of the Spanish conquerors and of the American invaders who came to the Southwest after the Gadsen purchase. As early as 1649 the missionaries from Sonora penetrated Arizona as far north as the Gila River, and established missions at Tubac and San Xavier. In the valley nine miles north of the San Xavier mission, the Spaniards built a post to protect their settlements from the Apache invasions, and the small village which grew up around the soldiers' barracks was called Tucson, a name which the Indians applied to the watering place in the valley near the town. Tucson remained an outpost for almost two hundred years peopled by the most venturesome Mexicans and Spaniards. In 1853 came the Gadsen purchase which added the territory in which Tucson is located to the United States. This was followed by an American invasion, and Tucson became a station for the overland mail and the largest and most important trading point in Arizona, a distinction which she has held down to this day.

In recent years, Tucson has been greatly beautified by public parks, private grounds, stately buildings,

and splendid thoroughfares. But what is of still greater importance is that the industrial and commercial lines of Tucson are constantly reaching out and widening on a basis that is as strong as it is conservative. There is nothing spectacular about Tucson, still it is one of the most charming and delightful residence cities of America, while social life there can boast of as much culture in the realms of literature, art and music as will be found in the older communities of the East.

Tucson is essentially a city of homes, and the business enterprises there are perfectly able to maintain such homes, which means that it is not a city of retired capitalists, but a business center where the activities of trade and commerce are great and where the social and intellectual side of every-day life draws its devotees from its own avenues of busy life. As is known the country over, Tucson's matchless climate and life-giving sunshine are without a rival, and that visitors, tourists and people of leisure flock there by the thousands during the winter months. And in this connection—reference to housing so many strangers—something more than a curiosity in hotel architecture is enjoyed in Tucson. It is the San Augustine, which was, in the long ago, a mis-



An Indian "Wickiup" on the outskirts of Tucson.



Making "Tortillas."

sion—Mission San Augustine—and is now one of the best appointed hotels in the Southwest. The massive walls, quaint old towers and tile roof are just as they were more than two hundred years ago, and the inside was left as nearly as it was as the architects could leave it, and at the same time secure any convenience and comfort that are required in a modern hotel of the first class.

The people of Tucson are very proud of San Augustine, because of its history, but there are several other equally up-to-date hotels, besides handsome homes everywhere in which tourists and visitors find most satisfying accommodations. Mission San Xavier is not an hotel, but it is one of the most interesting spots in Arizona, because it is the oldest building in America, and represents a style of architecture that fetches the imagination to such a high point of bewilderment that one can almost see the Jesuit fathers of centuries ago calmly and industriously rearing this edifice in the name of the Lord Christ. San Xavier is distant some nine miles from Tucson, but ample provisions are made for tourists to visit the sacred spot. And there are many other landmarks of the day when Spain ruled supreme over much of America, in which and about which there still lingers the impress of holy hands and zealous hearts of the days of this continent's first history-making. Properly speaking, the name is San Xavier del Bac, but just when it was

founded, history does not say, but tradition places the date at about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, or about 1550, when the region about what is now Tucson was penetrated by a little band of Jesuit Fathers, who established many missions, San Xavier del Bac being a center of operations among the natives.

To particularize a little concerning Tucson. It may be said that the population in round numbers is now about 15,000. The altitude is 2,369 feet; the annual rainfall is 12.02 in.; the mean winter temperature 52 degrees, and mean summer temperature 80 degrees. Some idea of the activity in business circles will be had when it is said that the banks, three in number, carry deposits aggregating more than \$1,500,000. Surprising as it is, there are twenty-five miles of graded streets, forty-one miles of water mains, six miles of street railway, fifteen miles of electric light and power lines, and 750 telephones in use. Another pointer concerning the retail merchandize trade of Tucson is the Southern Pacific Company maintains 900 employes there, who receive in wages every year more than \$1,000,000. And the little folk are well looked after in an educational way by provid-



Burros carrying wood



San Augustine Hotel, Tucson, formerly a Mission.

ing ample and comfortable school-houses for the city's nearly 3,000 pupils, besides 200 students attending the Indian schools, 450 attending parochial schools and over 100 at the St. Joseph's Academy. To be exact, Tucson maintains five splendid public parks, five up-to-date public schools, three denominational schools, six churches, a large public library, and free city and rural mail delivery, besides a sanitorium, a hospital and an orphanage near the city which are under the supervision of Catholic sisters.

A novel feature and a most interesting venture for Tucson's good in particular and for the scientific world in general, is the Desert Botanical Laboratory recently established just west of the city by the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C. The ground upon which the laboratory is located is rich in historical events. It is located on the side of a mountain on which the Spanish soldiers had constructed earthworks to defend Tucson against the attacks of Indians. The site is a thousand feet above the Santa Cruz Valley on a shelf of the mountain where the "look out" of the Spanish conquerors was maintained. It is on this picturesque spot that men of science will delve into the depths of nature and fetch from thence their secrets for humanity's good and advantage. And to accomplish their purpose in its fulness, these scientists have equipped the buildings with the latest scientific instruments, which are in the hands of distinguished professors who are as enthusiastic as they are proficient. For convenience, and to ex-



Preparing to visit San Xavier Mission.



St. Mary's Sanitorium, Tucson.

pedite work, the laboratory is connected by telephone with Tucson and the University of Arizona, while from Tucson goes the electric current that gives light and power to the laboratory. In this connection, it may be said that Tucson was selected as the site for the Desert Botanical Laboratory after the trustees of the Carnegie Institute at Washington had visited all parts of the United States looking for a suitable location.

But Tucson has much to boast of beside her immediate self. Pima County, in which Tucson is located, is a great source of wealth, and as this wealth is developed, it finds its natural channels leading to Tucson as the one center of distribution. The county is picturesque in mountain, valley and desert scenery, and the productiveness of the valleys guarantees to Tucson an inflow of agricultural and live stock products in large volume for all time. In much of the county, the natural grass is peculiarly fitted for live stock, but the ranchers are constantly improving its quality by cultivation and the introduction of alfalfa, etc. Tucson is in touch with the trade currents of the entire coun-

try. So far as Tucson is concerned, as one of the most desirable health and pleasure resorts in America, the city is known, and its importance appreciated by health-seekers, tourists, pleasure hunters the world over. Such a climate, such a country, such a city, could not be concealed. These advantages are known far and wide, and from far and wide all roads lead to Tucson, where comfort, pleasure and good health are found every day in the year.

And who are some of the enterprising spirits that have made the Tucson of to-day so famous for hos-



A Tucson Residence
Frost and Rust architects.

pitality, business energy, social splendor and intellectual accomplishment? First, let reference be made to those whose influence caused the University of Arizona, with its twenty-five professors, to be located in Tucson, and the organizers of the Country Club, the Botanical Laboratory, the Free Library, and the Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Masons, the Workmen and many other organizations, all having stately lodge buildings. The men back of all these social, fraternal and educational enterprises are made of the stuff that gave the Tucson of the long ago its modern establishments, its business enterprises, its thrift, its financial solidity and its possibilities and materials for still wider growth and expansion in all the avenues of enterprise.

Among these may be mentioned the F. Ronstadt Company, which requires about two acres of floor space and twenty men to care for its immense operations. First, its lines of goods and wares include everything in agricultural implements, wagons, buggies, harness and saddles. In addition to a wide field of operations in Arizona, the com-



The F. Ronstadt building.

pany has an extensive export trade with Mexico. The six years of business life of the company have been remarkable in that it is well and favorably known far beyond the territory, and it may be said that orders come from almost everywhere.

A feature of Tucson is the Olsen Addition at the terminus of the Speedway, which is peculiarly desirable for residences. Of course, there are scores of other business enterprises, and many of them as notable as the firm here mentioned, and it may be said in truth that no line of business or industrial enterprise is overdone. It is the over-



Hotel Santa Rita, Tucson, Arizona.



VIEW OF OFFICE FROM PARLOR FLOOR MEZZONINE



PARLOR FLOOR, (MEZZONINE.)



KITCHEN



DINING ROOM.



CAFÉ.

SANTA RITA HOTEL
(Interiors)
TUCSON,
ARIZONA.



Consolidated Bank of Tucson.

doing of things that retards, but in this Arizona city, new demands seem to keep pace with additional opportunities for trade and traffic, which may be attributed to the steadily increasing population and enlargement of old mining plants and the discovery of new ore fields.

But no doubt the man of leisure and the tourist find their chief interest centering in Tucson as a residence city. In the first place, the lay of the land is faultless, the ever-blooming flower gardens, the quaint but elegant architecture of the dwellings, their sumptuous furnishings, and an air everywhere of peace and plenty, all guarded, as it were, from warring elements by towering mountains between whose caverned bases there lie valleys rich in green and flowers.

Doubtless it would be difficult to find another Tucson in America. It would seem that all the elements of creation had conspired to make this spot rounded out perfection in everything that is calculated to conduce to man's advantage as to health, pleasures, business opportunity in

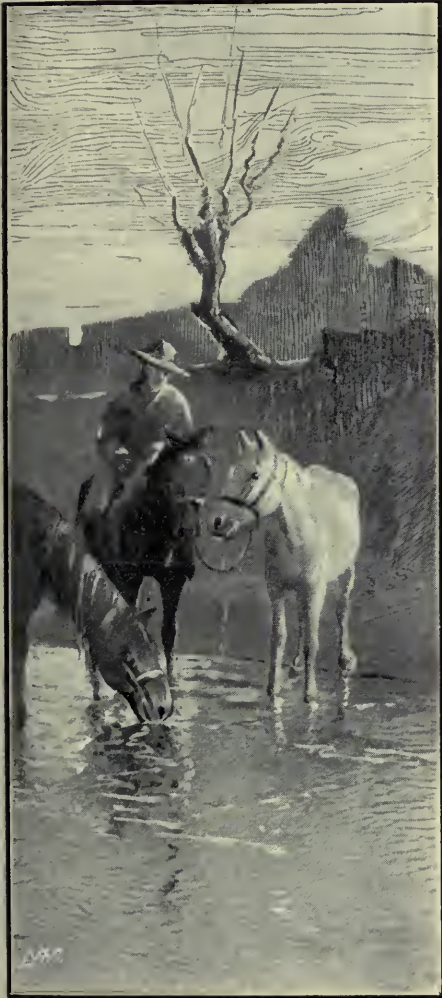
city and in country, and in the truest and best of social and fraternal association. The future of Tucson is not a mysterious problem. By its natural advantages and the force of character of its people, it is bound to go from strength to strength, and always gathering the golden sheaves from the best in the wide fields of existence, and where the spirit of long life rules with the scepter of good will under the law of the interdependence of all that lives in Tucson and in the territory tributary to it.



An Arizona Cactus.

SOME PICTURESQUE RUINS OF TUCSON

BY LAURA ADAMS ARMER



ture, most noticeable in the new southwest. There the remnants of two or three romantic ages are fast disappearing in the present prosaic commercialism. The mud walls of the Pueblo Indians are hardly distinguishable in their decay from the mouldering adobes of the Mexicans, while these are steadily giving way to the Americanos' sun-baked bricks.

The villages of the brown people were not as an ugly eruption on the desert. They were a fitting adornment, in harmony with their surroundings. The desert produced them and the desert could absorb them when their purpose was done. Dust would return to dust and leave no scar.

But now a new power, strong in its youth, competes with the gray old desert, hurrying the work of ab-



Mission San Xavier, from the rear.

WHILE we applaud the utilitarian we also deplore the passing of the picturesque. We can only anticipate the happy union of the two, as the age for that is not yet ripe. The novelty of producing mechanical wonders is all absorbing, but as it wears off, we will have thought for a combination of the esthetic and the useful.

The transition stage is accountable for a medley effect in architec-



Crumbling walls of Fort Lowell.

sorption that it may have room to expand—that it may replace the sleepy old walls and tiles with its



Dust to dust.

rows of new bricks and shingles. This strong young power is ruthless in its conquest. The throbbing of its busy life provokes a restless desire to see and to do, and the thought of the disappearing age of romance impels one to grasp it while yet he may, and to treasure it among other memories.

It leads him among the courtyards where swarms of little Mexicans laugh and roll in the sunshine. It leads him past the flat, low 'dobses of the town to the shallow river, where the Indian wash-women thrash the



Detail Exterior, San Xavier Mission.

dripping clothes on the flat stones. And while he listens absently to the splash-splash of the beaten linen, he is aware of a droning, crooning chant issuing from the ruined walls on the bank above. The chant is a lullaby sung by an Indian woman; it might well have been a *Te Deum* in so fitting a place, which was built for a church in the dim past—no one knows just when, or by whom, but no one ever knows prosaic facts in

Tucson on the borderland of Mexico.

Mexico: which gave forth her priests and builders in those zealous days of long ago, builders who toiled in the heat, who fought the ever-present Apache and who reared despite all obstacles, the beautiful mission of San Xavier. Truly it was a marvelous labor of love, the building of this house of worship. One cannot realize the patience expended in procuring the timber alone. The forests are high in the distant mountains and the way was beset with many perils.



Interior, San Xavier Mission.

The hand-hewn doors and balcony supports represent many a month's devotion. Originally beautiful in design, they borrowed a wealth of color from the centuries. Weathered oak, sun-painted in wonderful grays! Some of the doors are made with wooden pegs instead of nails and they creak and groan ominously when opened into the darkness beyond, which gradually reveals its barbaric splendors to the bewildered eye.



- 1 Fort Lowell.
- 2 Cultivated fields of the Pagagoes
- 3 Abandoned.

The whole interior is colored and gilded. The walls are crudely frescoed with great, elaborate compo-



Three of the oldest houses in Tucson.

sitions of the Last Supper, the Ascension and similar subjects which are now nearly obliterated by age. One wonders what poor artist monk wandered to the far-away desert,

two hundred years ago. Perhaps his is the lonely grave marked by a cross on top of the boulder mountain near by.

The intricate figures are minutely painted and the whole effect seems like a gigantic mis-application of energy; and this more especially so, when one steps into the school room and sees one hundred fat, black squaws mumbling over and over in a monotonous hum-drum tone an unintelligible lesson—whose only good, apparently, is in its lullaby effect on the wee black babies at half the breasts in the room. The wee black babies have been born and buried for three hundred years while the church is crumbling to the dust which swallows all in the desert.

The mission was built for the Papagoes, the good Indians, who cause the wilderness to bloom in its vicinity. Such a wealth of verdure have these Papagoes produced by utilizing the Rio Santa Cruz that one is forced to acknowledge the practicability of irrigation on a large scale, and to believe in the reclamation of Arizona. The day will come when this arid region will be like other places, producing its share of breadstuffs and its army of breadwinners. Then we will look in vain for the far reaches of desert flanked by desert hills. The gaunt cactus of the foothills will give place to teeming orchards, and where now we find an occasional arrow-head, we will sow grains of peace and plenty. We will forget the Apache wars when the deserted forts have crumbled away, while now their very passing recalls the time of their usefulness.

It is about twenty years since Fort Lowell, near Tucson, was abandoned. To learn its history, read Bancroft. To feel the desolation of its decay, visit it in the company of an old resident of Tucson, a woman who laughed and sang and danced with the fighting men, who prayed for their deliverance from the devilish Apaches, and who paled

at their tales of cruel warfare.

Wander with her through the roofless aisles littered with crumbling 'dobe on whose yellow heaps the sunrays brood. Know the silence of the desert in its entirety, emphasized by silence in detail, with no breeze to stir the leafless mesquite boughs, no sound but the rustle of a lizard in the greasewood. Silent walls through whose arches may be seen the silent Catalinas—blue in the silent distance.

The spell of stillness fell upon me as I moved noiselessly over the deserted parade ground with her at my side, but her thoughts in the past. I could not have spoken had I desired, for I had seen a dimness in her eyes which called the tears to my own.

The sky was so faultlessly blue, the sun so ceaselessly warm—the everlasting mountains imperturbable. The spell was becoming unbearable, and I almost longed for the shriek of an Apache from the rocks beyond, when the spirit of my companion returned from the past with a sigh.

"It was here," said she, "here by the messroom that we saw him last, happy, rollicking boy that he was, mocking at Fate, and swearing by his buttons to be gay. Before the next dress parade his company was ordered to the mountains. It returned with six Apaches, but without him."

"The sun is very warm," said I, irrelevantly.

"Warm, but this is only March, and it was in August that the fiends led him naked through the thorny cacti. In August, the sun is not warm. It burns—burns without mercy, and does not kill."

"But you are not sure," said I. "Perhaps he escaped."

"He never came back. It is more than twenty years. Let us go home," she said.

"Yes, we will go home," I echoed, as I looked across the mesa to the row of telegraph poles which mark-

ed the railroad. I welcomed the puff of smoke on the far horizon, for it told a story of security from savage raids. It was the sign of civilization; and it called me away from the brooding ruins of a past day whose work is done.

There beneath the Catalinas, the old fort crumbles, while not very far away the traces of an aboriginal village are barely discernible. So slight are the signs that only an experienced eye would notice the rock squares which once marked residences. Some broken pieces of pottery have been found by digging, and several arrow-heads lie on the ground.

For ages the desert has been a grim master of men—immovable, imperturbable, confessor of life and death—receiving the secrets of the centuries and guarding them securely—absorbing race after race—village after village. Tucson is built on the site of a pueblo village whose last bit of 'dobe wall is nearly gone. Soon the relics of the fervid past will be entirely replaced by the business-like structures of the competitive present; and let us hope that the new age of symmetry, of beauty, of adjustment of worthy purpose to practical attainment will not be too long in coming.

In the meantime, the southwest invites both those who prefer dying with a decaying civilization, and those who would grow with a new.



Ruins of Fort Lowell.

A rare combination allowing to the modern decadent in search of varied sensations the rush of new life and the peace of old.

And such a peace, perfect in its dreaminess under a quiet sky, in the

shade of an old wall, with the greasewood branches fading into the far-away mountains, and with a nearer view of arched facade lending to the senses the accumulated peace of time.



Indian washerwomen on the Santa Cruz river.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MONUMENT TO CHRISTIANITY

The Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

BY H. M. RISELEY

WORK on the Protestant-
Episcopal Cathedral of St.
John the Divine, on Morn-
ingside Heights, New York City,
has come to a standstill for the pres-
ent, or until the necessary funds
have been subscribed to warrant pro-
ceeding with the second stage of
construction.

On November 25th last, the enormous task of placing the eight great pillars which are to form one of the most imposing features of the Cathedral, was completed, and practically closed the first era of construction of this epoch making edifice in American architecture.

A million dollars are needed to carry through the next step in the process of construction, nearly half

of which has already been promised. It is hoped that if the necessary money is forthcoming, the next three or four years will see the structure far enough advanced to give an idea in solid stone work instead of mere plans and sketches, of what the great building will be like.

The plan for the second stage of the work is the completion of the choir and crossing, as the wide area is called between the four great arches on which the central tower is to rest. This grand central tower will be 425 feet high. Surrounding the choir it is proposed to build seven chapels. It is also proposed to erect the three remaining arches which bound the crossing; to surround the crossing with temporary

walls; to build the two subordinate towers, and to cover the crossing with a temporary roof, so that services may be held in this main section of the Cathedral instead of in the crypt, or basement, as at present.

The cathedral is conspicuously situated on a slightly elevation in the comparatively new or up-town sec-

tion of the city. This location commands a charming view of the Hudson river and city for miles around, and has been aptly called the Acropolis of New York. The erection of the cathedral was begun in 1892, and has now been over twelve years in construction, although hardly more than one-fifth completed. Many millions have already been expended, and at the past rate of progress, it will probably take half a century to finish the work, and nearly, if not quite, a hundred million dollars.

Some idea of its contemplated size may be gained from the fact that the famous cathedral at Cologne will be smaller, and Notre Dame but two-thirds as large. Snail progress is not in line with modern methods of construction, but cathedrals are not built in a day, even in this fast age, and the rearing of such an enormous edifice takes time. Notre Dame, in Paris, was 51 years in building; St. Paul's, in London, 35 years; St. Peter's, in Rome, 120 years, and the Canterbury Cathedral, begun in 1070, was not completed for 125 years.

For four or five years, the foundations and the huge central piers of masonry have stood bare, gaunt and unfinished. One of these, however, is now nearly completed. One of the seven chapels is also very nearly finished, and shows the general style and coloring of the outer walls. This chapel will form the easternmost extension of the building, and will be one of a great semi-circular chevet of seven chapels.

These seven chapels are to be a most interesting feature of the cathedral. Three of them will face the north, three the south, and the central one of the seven, the one just completed, the east. A committee appointed to suggest titles and designations for these chapels recommend that of the three chapels having a southern aspect, the first be called the chapel of the Italian Rite or Italian Chapel; the second the Chapel of the Gallican Rite or Hu-



- 1 Completed arch, chapel and pillars
- 2 Completed arch.
- 3 Buildings and grounds.



The Belmont Chapel, one of the seven yet to be built.



The eight giant pillars of the choir and the derrick used in hoisting them into place.

guenot Chapel, and the third the Chapel of the Mozarabic Rite or the Spanish Chapel.

Of the three having a northern aspect, it is proposed to name the first the Chapel of the Scandinavian Rite, or the Swedes' Chapel; the second the Chapel of the German Rite, or the Holland Chapel; and the third the Chapel of the British Rite, or the Scots' Chapel. The completed one facing the east will be known as the Chapel of the Oriental Rite, or the St. Saviour's Chapel. It will thus be seen that the evident intention of the Committee was to associate the chapels with the various social elements that have entered into the structure of American national life.

When the cathedral is finished, the eight great pillars, which have just been placed in position, will probably form the most impressive feature of the entire interior of the structure. They will rise in a stately semi-circular vestibule to a height of 54 feet. Each pillar is composed

of two sections. The lowest and largest section is a solid monolith, 36 feet high and 6 feet in diameter at the base, and weighs 90 tons. The smaller section is 18 feet long, 5 feet in diameter, and weighs about 40 tons. Each column is a memorial gift, and cost \$25,000 exclusive of the cost of transportation, which proved a very difficult problem indeed.

With the exception of the obelisk in Central Park these monoliths are the heaviest stones ever placed in America. The material is what is known as Fox Island granite, and was transported from Vinalhaven, Me., by lighter. To convey them from the landing to the Cathedral grounds, a distance of about two miles, a special truck was built, which was probably the largest wagon ever constructed. It was also found necessary to bring a special shipload of huge pine trunks from Oregon by way of Cape Horn, in order to make a derrick tall enough and strong enough to lift them into place.

THE POET AND THE POPPY

BY ADA LOUISE FALLEY

"Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises.
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine."

With this stanza, Wordsworth begins his ode "To the Small Celandine." How often we have read the familiar lines! Many of us doubtless know them by heart. But how many know the "little celandine?" What is this flower? What special beauty did it possess which so charmed the heart of the great poet as to cause him to choose it for his favorite, to celebrate it in his verse, and to have it after his death immortalized in marble on his tomb?

If we turn our attention to this little flower and study it for a while, may we hope to learn the secret of its charm? Perhaps not; for these great poet-souls saw wonders where we see only commonplace. Yet it is surely worth our while to learn something of the flower that was so beloved by Wordsworth.

To English readers it would be as superfluous to describe this little plant as to describe to Americans its cousin, the common field buttercup (*Ranunculus acris*.) In England, the lesser celandine (*Ranunculus ficaria*), is one of the commonest wild flowers. In fact, it grows so luxuriously that it must often be weeded out by the farmers as a pest. This, too, is a difficult matter, on account of the numerous fig-shaped tubers attached to the roots. These easily break off, and, remaining in the soil, soon send out sprouts and produce new plants; so that any attempt to eradicate them is apt to result in giving them a firmer foothold. It is the fig-like shape of these tu-

bers that has given to the plant its specific name.

Here in America the lesser celandine does not grow wild, except as an escape from some neglected garden. Many of its cousins, however, are native here, for it belongs to the numerous Crowfoot family, and bears the family name.

The lesser celandine, or swallowwort, has no relationship to the plant that is known as the greater celandine (*Chelidonium majus*.) This latter is the plant known to us in America as the celandine. It is not a crowfoot, but a poppy. There are plants as well as animals which seem to love the society of man, and have a tendency to domesticate themselves in the vicinity of dwellings. This is true of both the greater and the lesser celandine. It is, perhaps, this fact, as well as their similarity of coloring, that led the medieval herbalists to associate these plants in their crude and superficial classifications, and to give to each the same common name. The name celandine from the Greek word *chelidon*, meaning a swallow, was given to these two plants because they were supposed to make their first appearance at the same time as those graceful harbingers of spring. This was indeed faint praise for our little celandine, at least, for like that flower celebrated by another poet, it

"Comes before the swallow dares."

However, it is useless to try to correct an error in nomenclature that has stood for more than three centuries, and, besides, it pleases us to call the flower by that name by which Wordsworth loved to sing its praises.

The lesser celandine has an American cousin, familiar to all of

us, which is one of our earliest spring flowers. This is the liverwort (*Hepatica triloba*.) A comparison with this well-known plant, to which it bears a strong family resemblance, will help us to a more definite idea of the appearance of the little English stranger.

The most striking similarity between these two plants is in the blossom, and then the likeness is a matter of form and not of color. Both blossoms have a three-leaved involucre, which might easily be mistaken for the calyx, while the true calyx has its sepals developed into petal like forms which might as easily be mistaken for the corolla. This latter, however, is entirely lacking. The number of these petal-like sepals varies in different blossoms from six to nine. In both plants they sometimes reach the number of ten or eleven, but are most commonly eight.

When we compare the two cousins as to coloring, we find them differing radically. The *Hepatica* is often white, sometimes pink, but usually a delicate porcelain blue, while the lesser celandine has the brilliant golden hue of that other cousin, the common field buttercup. The inner surfaces of its sepals, like those of the petals of the buttercup, look as if freshly varnished.

The leaves of this plant, like those of the liverwort, are dark and glossy. There is a single pair of them growing opposite one another from the plant-stalk, on petioles or leaf-stems rather longer than the leaves themselves. Between them rises the longer and more slender flower-scape. These leaves are quite simple in form, having a triangular shaped outline, with a dentate or toothed margin.

This brief description may be of some assistance to those unacquainted with this plant, who wish to form a more definite idea of its general appearance. To learn to love it as Wordsworth loved it, one would need to become more familiar with

it in its native haunts. Even then it might require more study than we would be willing to bestow, in order that we might appreciate it as did the great poet of nature.

Thoreau says that it "requires infinite leisure as of a life-time to appreciate a single phenomenon." Here we have an invaluable hint, which, if we pay due heed to it, will prove a key to unlock to us much of that mysterious beauty that poets of nature have loved and sung. If we are willing to believe that the beauty is there, and look for it again and again, we at last catch a glimpse of it. This is the secret. When the beauty dawns upon us, it is like a revelation.

So it must have been with Wordsworth with regard to this little flower; how long had the poet been noticing it by the wayside, as he passed on those long musing rambles of which he was so fond? How often had he plucked a stem of it to examine it at closer range, before its full charm and beauty were revealed to him? In one of his poems addressed to the celandine, he says:

"I had seen thee high and low,
Thirty years and more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know."

Perhaps one reason why the poet loved the little celandine was that it is in England one of the earliest of wild flowers.

"First of all the vernal train,"

it may be depended upon to appear by the middle of February, which seems a very early date to us, and it has occasionally been found as early as the beginning of that month.

"February last my heart
First at sight of thee was glad."

sings the poet, and again:

"Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush

Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call.
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or
none."

Coming fully into flower about the middle of February, it blossoms for a period of more than three months. The month of April finds it in its greatest glory. This plant, being among the first of the year to blossom, is one of the earliest resources for the bees, and a great favorite with those industrious sippers of nectar. Neither do they desert their early friend when other plants come into bloom.

"Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Laboring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?"

In a note to one of his poems addressed to this flower, Wordsworth says: "What adds much to the interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air."

"While the patient primrose sits,
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slippest into thy sheltering hold."

Late in summer, one often notices here and there a buttercup blossom the petals of which look pale and faded; some parts of it may have entirely lost their color, and show a sickly white. It is exactly the same with this little English cousin. The lesser celandine becomes blanched with age, and

"Stiff in its members, withered,
changed of hue,"

is unable to close at the approach of rain or chilly weather. While still fresh, the blossom is very sensitive to changes in light and temperature, and on that account makes a fairly good "poor man's barometer."

The lesser celandine chooses for its favorite habitat the moist and shaded spots that are shunned by most plants. Here it flourishes, spreading in these dark waste places its carpet of glossy foliage enameled with golden stars.

"Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show a pleasant face,
On the moor and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee."

Such is the flower that Wordsworth loved. Within the limits of so short an article it is impossible to give more than a glimpse of the poet's enthusiasm for this little rustic beauty. Discovering these golden

"Stars that in earth's firmament do
shine,"

as astronomers discover a new star in the heavens, he says:

"Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower, I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer."

He not only loved it himself, but longed to have others enjoy it as well, not wishing

"to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure."

Like a true lover, he wished to add to the glory of the beloved rather than to his own, for at the close of one of his odes to "The Same Flower," we find these lines:

"Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little flower."

LEWIS AND CLARK

ONE hundred and one years ago—May 14th, 1804—the Lewis and Clark Expedition entered the Louisiana Purchase for the first time from the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, and started on their long and perilous journey of exploration. The original plan of Lewis and Clark was to enter the Missouri River in the fall of 1803, and begin the voyage up that river, but the Spanish commander of the territory refused to permit the expedition to enter the possessions on the ground that he had not been informed that Spain had ceded the territory to France, much less that France had sold the entire territory to the United States. This delayed the forward movement. In March, 1804, however, the formal transfer was made, the Spanish commander having been officially notified meanwhile of the change of ownership of the country, Captain Merriweather Lewis being a witness of the transaction. Owing to the severity of the weather and the Missouri River being full of floating ice, the formal start was delayed until May, 1804. The numerical strength of the "troops," as the Spanish commander put it, including officers, guides and hunters, was forty-five, and they moved up the Missouri River in three small boats that were provided with sails and oars. The propelling power, however, was generally men at the oars, except at shoals, which were many, when the men would "go ashore" and drag the boats by long ropes.

Captain Lewis, who was the real head of the expedition, and a personal friend and in a way a confidant of President Jefferson, whose private secretary he was for a time, was familiar with Indian character, and knew that presents would be better than soldiers to insure safe passage. Accordingly, he gave all the space

he possibly could to specially prepared medals, coats elaborately decorated with tinsel and flashy ribbon, flags, knives and tomahawks for the chiefs and beads and the like for other Indians. There were fourteen large bales of such things, besides a goodly supply of rum and whiskey. A quart of whiskey and a lot of tinsel and beads never failed to bring about amicable relations with the most hostile tribe. This Captain Lewis called "diplomacy," and President Jefferson heartily approved of it. In fact, it would have required a regiment of soldiers to accomplish what the fourteen bales of goods and wares, including rum and whiskey, did without firing a gun. But before going further into the history of this most unique expedition, let it be remarked that the Congress of the United States appropriated the generous sum of only \$2,500 to cover the entire expense of the venture, including expensive mathematical instruments and the fourteen bales of presents and whiskey. That sum would not begin to pay the expenses of a Congressional committee across the continent in a railway train, or to give decent burial to a fellow member these days.

The expedition moved up the Missouri River as rapidly as possible, but stopping to confer with and make friends of the Indians. One pest, however, was annoying in the extreme. Mosquitoes by the million invaded the boats, nor would they be appeased by tinsel, medals or whiskey. They demanded blood from the veins of the intruders upon their marsh and swamp homes, and they got what they demanded. Even dense smoke would not deter them, so viciously ravenous were they for the blood of the white man. At no time while the expedition was on the Missouri were the Indians nearly as

troublesome nor as much to be dreaded as the "gallon nippers." The first incident to mar the pleasure of the journey—for it had been thus far a pleasurable trip, the pleasure of frontier hardships—was the untimely death of Sergeant Charles Floyd, who fell sick at Council Bluff and died before Sioux City was reached. He was buried on top of a bluff, where his remains were marked by a cedar post. Ninety-five years afterward the people of Sioux City raised a fund to erect a stone shaft to his memory, and on the day the monument was unveiled, near the original burying place, the populace turned out in mass and marched to the new location where the bones of Floyd were deposited under a granite shaft on one of the highest bluffs of the upper Missouri. It is curious to note that Sergeant Floyd was the only loss by death the expedition sustained during its more than two years of peril, privation and exposure to storms.

Leaving the body of Sergeant Floyd in its last resting place, the expedition pushed onward, meeting

with strange adventure almost every day, and on November 7th, 1805, the heavy and almost dense fog lifted, and behold! the gallant band of explorers found themselves standing on the shores of the mighty Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia River. Thus eighteen months after the expedition entered the Missouri above St. Louis it rested upon the friendly shore of the nation's most distant confines, three thousand miles away. It is to celebrate this remarkable and conspicuous event in the nation's history that the whole country is moving upon Portland with substantial evidence of the growth of the United States in every avenue of human progress since then, there to exhibit and compare products of field and mine and factory in the regions which Lewis and Clark explored more than a century ago, when wild Indians and wilder animals ruled everywhere in the territory of upper Louisiana, and most appropriately it is called the Lewis and Clark Exposition, the centennial of one of the most important events in the history of the United States.

EXPRESSION

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

"Why come to me for Wisdom?" said the Sage,

"The same truth, men that listen well, will hear
Laughed from the lips of yonder careless page.

The fool will knowledge give a mindful ear."

Plead the Improvisitor: "Hear you naught

Of music in the clouds adrift the sun?

In a flower's heart, melody I sought.

Color and sound, motion and form, are one."

The Painter told them: "In a prison-place

I found my Virgin in a Sinner's face."

From the cold, closed lips of the Sphynx whose glance

Stony, unfathomed, stares through Egypt's night,

The Poet heard his masterpiece of love and light.

And mused the Atheist: "Genius is God, perchance."

BARBIZON AND BY

BY S. M. FARNHAM

ON a bright May morning, not so very long ago, a small party of Californians slipped out of Paris by rail, bound for Barbizon and By, two simple French villages, now made forever famous by the names of the great artists who once lived and wrought and died there. We were fortunate in having with us, as one of the party, Miss Matilda Lotz, our famous California animal painter. From her long residence in Paris, and her familiarity with the language and the customs of the French people, she formed an excellent guide; besides giving us the opportunity to renew the delightful comradeship of the early days at the San Francisco School of Design, when Virgil Williams was director.

Barbizon is situated at the extreme western edge of the forest of Fontainbleu, and By at the extreme eastern edge, with the Palace of Fontainbleu practically midway between them. At Melun we left the train, and took a carriage. A drive of an hour and a half through a level and not particularly interesting country brought us to Barbizon. The village is not specially attractive in itself. Its houses are mostly one story and a half; some are close on the highway; others stand a trifle back, with a yard in front which is shut in by a high wall. These walls are often whitewashed, and some have vines trailing over them. The streets are roughly paved, and the sidewalks are narrow. If a lover of Millais and Rousseau and Corot expects to find here some distinguishing characteristic, or some interesting souvenir that will speak of their genius and their lives he will be disappointed. One must draw on his imagination and people the air

in his dreams with visions of glory departed.

You alight at the Hotel Artistes and enter the open court where, under the shadow of a trellised vine, you partake of your lunch. Not far away is a group of young artists, similarly occupied. They have been sketching, and as they eat, they compare sketches and laugh and chat like so many blackbirds, and you wish you could turn back the years and be young again, and come here and join them in their work and their play.

The house where Millais lived, and the studio where he worked are still standing, but they are occupied by strangers, and visitors are not welcome; so you can only pass it by on the street, for it presses close upon the sidewalk, and picture to yourself the great-hearted, simple man who rollicked here with his children, and drew pictures for their amusement; who had much poverty and much happiness, but who was true to his ideals—who loved the peasants and painted them, and who is now written with the immortals.

Just at the entrance of the great forest of Fontainbleu stands a huge boulder with the medallion in relief of Millais and Rousseau. Maybe some day on some adjoining boulder, France will carve the features of Daubigny and Corot, and Diaz, and so the giant quintet of the Barbizon school shall be equally honored and their fame alike perpetuated.

From Barbizon you drive through the great forest of Fontainbleu, the finest in France, with its 43,500 acres. Of course, you will stop at the Palace and go through its halls, with their sad mementoes and their sadder histories; you will sip your

coffee in the open air at the cafe opposite the entrance, and then on to By. A drive of another hour and a half brings you out of the forest and into the village, which seemed to me to retain more of its peasant character and life than Barbizon. It certainly is richer in souvenirs of Rosa Bonheur than Barbizon is in mementoes of its great departed.

The chateau is by far the most pretentious structure here. Arriving at the gate of the walled enclosure, you notice that the handle of the bell you pull is a deer's foot, and at once you find yourself en rapport with the atmosphere of the place. A servant admits you to the flagged court upon which the doors of the chateau look. One or two gay plumaged birds from their sheltered nooks blink at you from off their perches. Across the court is the main doorway, which you enter, and turning to your right you are in a small salon. A long low table in the center of the room holds elegantly bound volumes of engravings and photographs of Rosa Bonheur's famous pictures, each having a little memoranda telling when it was painted, to whom sold, the name of the present owner, and various press and private notices of it.

While your cards are being taken up, you have an aggravatingly short time to look into these interesting volumes. The servant returns and you follow her across the salon into a small and rather dark hall, where you write your name in a book, and then up a narrow, winding stair case to the second story. Passing through one or two smaller rooms, each rich in original drawings, you come to the bedroom of Rosa Bonheur, which is kept just as it was in her life time. The bedstead, with its patch-work quilts, fits so perfectly into an alcove that you wonder how the bed was ever made up, for there is not an inch to spare around it. When the draperies in front of it are closed, the room is a small sitting room. Directly opposite this al-

cove is an open fire place, and on the rug in front of it lay two skye dogs, Charlie and Daisy, Rosa Bonheur's pets, and the only living ones of her canine family. On the wall is a small portrait of herself at four years of age, painted by her father.

From this room, you pass directly into the large studio, the main room of the house. Here Miss Klumpke and her mother and her talented sisters receive their guests. There is but one window, and this extends along the upper portion of the room, nearly the whole length of one side. This studio is a veritable Rosa Bonheur museum. Miss Klumpke has carefully preserved and arranged all the personal belongings of her friend, and the world at large owes her a debt of gratitude for it.

On the floor are rugs made from the pelts of animals that have lived and died on the place, a lion, a ram, a bear and other animals; and on the walls are the stuffed and mounted heads of others of the famous painter's menagerie. Perhaps the first thing that attracted our attention was a life-size portrait of Rosa Bonheur in a sitting posture, done from life by Miss Klumpke. It is a speaking portrait, and almost makes one feel her very presence in the room. The technique is excellent, and bespeaks a high order of talent in the artist. Miss Bonheur herself was much pleased with it. This picture was at the Exposition in St. Louis.

Directly opposite the entrance is a large fireplace, which juts out into the room, with brass reflectors on the sides, huge andirons, and in front a portable plate glass fire screen with the initials R. B. cut into it. At the left of the fire place was the portrait above mentioned. Opposite the large window, and extending along the whole wall of the room, was an unfinished picture of horses treading out grain, which was to be called "The Threshing Floor." Miss Bonheur left everything to Miss Klumpke, and after her death the latter had a sale of pictures and gave

the proceeds to the Bonheur family, even buying back those she wished to retain for herself, including "The Threshing Floor."

At your right is a writing table, with blotting pad, books and vases, box of pens, and a catch-all, just as Miss Bonheur left them. A case of shelves near it is filled with souvenirs, medals of honor, letters from crowned heads, a pair of gloves given her by Eugenie, brushes, modelling tools, her spectacles, etc. Over there is the chair she sat in when she was decorated with the Legion of Honor; near by is the sofa where Carnot sat, and, tell it not in Gath, yonder is an easy chair, beside a low table, on which is a smoker's outfit, a box of tobacco, cigarettes, etc. Saddest of all to me was her sketching

kit, the folding stool, the umbrella, the bag of brushes, the basket for lunch, the sketching board, and the thick boots for wet weather, all laid by themselves—silent but eloquent witnesses of something that was and is not. Outside quietly grazing on the fine lawns were a few fat old horses, the last of her models, kept now and until they die for her memory's sake.

Later on we sought her burial place in Pere la chaise, that most dismal and forbidding of all cemeteries in the world, not excepting a Mohammedan cemetery in Palestine. But she was not there. She painted her soul into her pictures in her life time, and it is there she will live in perennial youth as long as art shall last.

THE INDIAN CANNA

BY LEE CALHOUN DUFF

As wrapt in exaltation of his thought—
 'Tis writ in Burma's Oriental lore—
 Enlightened Buddha pensive paced the shore,
 O'er hung by cliffs with hidden peril fraught;
 A boulder, loosed by one whom hatred taught,
 Did bruise the foot of Gautama full sore;
 And, as celestial blood on earth did pour,
 The Indian Canna from the sands was wrought.
 Stand resolute, ye men, of high resolve,
 To seek the truth beneath the shams of life;
 As from the Buddha's blood the Canna be.
 So from your suffering there shall evolve
 A destiny of glory free from strife;
 For conquering knowledge springs from agony.

A RINGER THAT DID

BY CHARLES ELLIS NEWELL

MORRIGAN looked up from the quail he had been picking, with a smile of amusement in his keen gray eyes.

"It is singular," said he, "how trivial a thing as a half-eaten quail should bring to my mind an episode that I have never seen duplicated successfully in all my twenty-five years of racing experience. And it is more significant still that a quail—or rather a flock of them—should have been the means of my being on the trick, to the tune of about twenty thousand dollars of sure money. I have seen many attempts to run a ringer—

"Oh, I forgot," he laughed, in answer to my puzzled look, "that you are not up in race track parlance. A ringer is the substitution of a faster horse for a notoriously slow one; making the two horses so closely resemble each other—by manipulation—as to not only fool the people, but the judges as well, relying on the long odds to make a grand clean-up. But it always happens that the fraud is discovered sooner or later.

"But as I said before, although I have seen many ringers smuggled into a race, I have never known of but the one I am going to tell you about that went through without discovery or a roar.

"Let's see! Yes, fall of '93. Out at the old Bay District track. That was the year so many outsiders landed the money, and every piker in town was making the tenderloin district look like a continuous pyrotechnic performance with the money from the long shot harvest.

"I was backing a book pretty heavily out there at that time, and although we were hit as hard as any of the rest, my bank roll was large enough not to cause me any anxiety.

"I had noticed with no little satis-

faction that a filly—we will call her 'The Lass'—a splendid, well-built chestnut—was always heavily backed at a long price, but always proved a 'thorn in the side' to the hopeful, never showing anything better than a bad fourth.

"It is only natural that the bad running of the mare—bringing in as she did nothing but invectives of disappointment—should have caused me to observe her more particularly. As I said, she was a chestnut color all over, except a small white stocking on the right fore-foot.

"This circumstance would probably have never recurred to me again if it had not been brought to my mind in a most peculiar manner. Soon after this, the owners of 'The Lass,' presumably having had enough of her, suddenly withdrew her from the track, and I learned incidentally that they had put her out to pasture.

"Now, here's where the quail comes in. My! that's unlucky!" he said, frowning, as the waiter in clearing the table knocked over the salt. "I remember one time—but never mind, I'll give you that story later.

"Early one Sunday morning, a friend and myself took a trip into the country near Sonoma for a day's hunt, it then being open quail season. We separated upon arriving at our destination, arranging to meet about noon for lunch.

"I had splendid sport all morning, and by noon had twenty fat birds in my bag. It had been pretty hard work scrambling through the dense brush, climbing up hill and down; and I had just begun to think about lunch when I came upon a fence enclosing a small pasture of four or five acres.

"Two horses were quietly grazing

a short distance from me, and I should have passed them by unnoticed but for the perfect match. They were a pair or handsome chestnuts; as near alike as anything in this world can possibly be.

"As I stood there comparing them, trying to discover some point of difference, it came to me in a flash: One of them had a white stocking on the right fore-foot, and that the other had not. I knew the mare in a second. It was 'The Lass.'

"I did not at that moment have any other thought about the horses than the oddity of stumbling across the mare in company with such a perfect mate.

"Just then a bang, bang, rang out near by; the horses snorted, threw up their heads and started off in a mad race across the field with the 'Lass's' double leaving her behind at every stride. As I watched them tear over the ground, a thought struck me; from a thought it became a suspicion, from a suspicion it became a conviction, and from conviction a certainty, when my friend remarked, as we ate our lunch a little later: 'I ran across a dandy little half mile track back yonder, as I came around the other side.'

"That settled it, and I spent the balance of the afternoon nosing about, and what I saw only confirmed me in my belief that there was something doing. But I said nothing to my friend about it, who, I reckon, thought I had gone crazy by the way I spied around the ranch and neglected my sport.

"Seven o'clock Monday morning found me concealed in a clump of bushes on a hill, overlooking the track, with a pair of field glasses in my hand, waiting for what I intuitively knew would happen. In about half an hour a couple of men appeared on the track, followed immediately by two boys leading the chestnut mares saddled and bridled. One of the men I recognized as one of the best as well as the most unscrupulous trainers in California, who took

a stand at the finishing post, holding a split-second stop watch in his hand, while the other went with the boys and horses down the stretch to the fire furlong starting point.

"The boy who rode the 'Lass' took up a position at the rail, while the other took the extreme outside. At the word 'Go' the outsider took a long oblique course toward the rail, landing at least ten feet in front of the 'Lass' at the eighth, running as free as a swallow, finishing with the 'Lass' a good ten lengths behind, in 1.04, as near as I could tell by my own watch.

"This performance, on a half-mile track at that, gave me to understand at once that they had a crack-a-jack, and the game stood out as plain to me as though I were on the inside, and what was more, there was not the remotest chance of detection, after they had bleached a white stocking on the horse—which I knew could be done with no trouble at all.

"Well, I watched that same performance every morning for a week, and each morning I saw the hair on her right fore-foot grow lighter and lighter, until at the end of the week you couldn't have told those two mares apart with a microscope. Then I knew they were about ready for the big thing to come off.

"I was thoroughly convinced by this time that there were only three men concerned in this deal, and that some of the bookies were going to get knocked off the block, but I did not propose to be one of them; and I also resolved to make a little hay for myself on the only really lead-pipe cinch I had ever had, so I kept a close mouth and awaited developments.

"They were not long in coming, for the 'Lass' was entered the following Monday in a five furlong race—third event on Tuesday's programme. The return of the mare to the track excited no little comment among the backers of long odds, who, by now, were getting uneasy, for they had dropped a good

portion of their easy money by the continued winning of the form horses. And I reckon that some wise guy construed it into a tip; at least it got freely circulated about that the 'Lass' was a good thing. And that is the only reason I could ever ascribe for the amount of money that went up on her, at a hundred to one, which price was held unchanged from first to last.

"My blockman looked at me quizzically for a moment when I told him to take no bets on the 'Lass,' making no comment, however, only nodding sapiently; a little later I saw him pass some money to a friend, and one by one every employee of the book did the same thing. I was curious to know where it went, so I followed, and when I saw the fellow get the money down on the 'Lass,' I knew that I had given my hand away.

"There were twelve starters in the race, and as you well know, there is liable to be a good deal of mixing and pocketing at the start of such a large field; therefore it did not surprise me a bit when the flag fell to see the 'Lass'—who had occupied a position third from the rail—last in the get-away.

"A howl of derision went up from the grand stand, but the jockey—the same who had ridden her in the country—had evidently had his instructions, for he held her about half a length behind the others, gradually edging to the outside. And when he had got clear of the danger of being "sewed up," and forged ahead, abreast of the bunch, a roar burst from the onlookers that could have

been heard at the ferry, which was still further augmented—if possible—when from her outside position, the 'Lass,' as though hurled from a catapult, swept straight to the rail, setting a heart-breaking pace, and soon leaving the rest straggling behind. Once a long-limbed gray, under the strenuous impulse of the whip, crept up to her flank, but it was no use. The 'Lass,' running free and easy without whip or voice, drew away, sweeping into the stretch and under the wire lengths and lengths ahead of anything, amid the plaudits of thousands of people who had arisen—en masse—to render their homage to this marvelous exhibition of equine worth and the almost record breaking time of 1.00 flat.

"There was never the slightest question or doubt concerning the squareness of the race or the identity of the 'Lass,' and she was run for several years afterward all over the country.

"Although several bookmakers went down and out that day, I know of several business men right here who owe their start to that little piece of crooked work. One in particular—you know him—it was all owing to a dream he had. I'll get him to tell you about it at some future time.

"So, you see, the racing game is much like anything else. What is one man's loss is another man's gain. Anyway, you always have a chance, and that is more than you get in some so-called legitimate schemes, where you don't even get a run for your money."

AN APRIL PRIMROSE

BY MAY ETHELYN BOURNE

THE Colonel had long been a familiar figure to those who daily traveled on the horse-cars that, up to a few years ago, still "trundled" along Folsom street.

Indeed, there must be many who recall the days when that was the aristocratic quarter of San Francisco. But trade, like a steadily rising stream, has overflowed and washed away nearly all trace of leisure and elegance, leaving only an occasional isolated, stately dwelling that seems to hold itself aloof from its plebeian surroundings.

Under the roof of one of these old landmarks abided the Colonel. For many months we had exchanged greetings in our daily journeyings together, but we did not become friends until one night when a patient animal, that had labored through the long day, fell dead in the track just below the Colonel's gate.

This occurrence—one of the everyday tragedies of city life—aroused the Colonel's indignant sorrow, which found an echo in mine as we walked the remaining distance together.

"So you live just across the street from me, my lad? I am a lonely old codger; it's not late—come in and play a game of chess with me (you play, of course), it will help me to forget the fate of that poor beast."

I was only too glad to accept, and we went up the path together.

The stone house stood in the middle of a good-sized garden; the lawn in front sloping to the stone coping which was topped by a low iron railing; the gate being reached by a short flight of marble steps leading from the sidewalk. From the gate, a graveled path led to the door under a small, square porch overrun with a jasmine vine of the big, white starred variety.

The creamy blossoms swayed in the cool, damp breeze as we brushed against them on entering, filling the night with a sweetness that comes to me now in dreams and breathes into the gray, dying autumn of life something of the whiteness and perfume of spring.

From the hall, with the dark, carved staircase winding upward, we turned into the living room on the first floor.

"This is my den," said the Colonel with a gesture of hospitality; "this is where the most of my time is spent, and where I hope you will often find your way."

"Lose it would apply better," I answered, looking about me in astonishment at the immense room, and noting that, in spite of a bewilderment of furniture and ornaments, there was no sense of being crowded.

The Colonel smiled. "Yes, it is quite a roomy place, but when I was a lad I had a whole plantation to turn myself loose on, and I have never grown accustomed to little, stuffy rooms; then, I am not exactly a pigmy, you know, and need considerable space to turn in."

Truly he was no pigmy! As he stood under the old-fashioned chandelier, with its many crystal prisms, his figure seemed heroic.

In spite of seventy years, the Colonel carried his height of six feet and a half with the erectness of his West Point days, and though time and tears had whitened the still heavy hair, they had only softened the keen eyes to a misty, violet blue.

To give any idea of the Colonel's speech—his voice and accent, is beyond me. No written substitution of "ah" for "r," or omitting of final letters, avails in the least to convey its charm to those who have never

heard it; and to those who, like myself, have known and loved the speech of the South—provincial though it be—there is no need.

"Make yourself at home while I find my slippers. A trifling inheritance from some epicurean ancestor makes me averse to any but the most comfortable foot-gear."

The Colonel left the room as he spoke, and I made the most of his absence by examining with keenest interest the details of that vast apartment. I afterwards noticed that everything was shabby, with that peculiar shabbiness that clings to old furniture or garments, that have once been elegant; a shabbiness that is distinct from the dilapidation of modern commonplace things. This came to me, as I have said, only with repeated visits by daylight; but that night I felt as if, by some magic, I had been borne back across the years to a period that lives again in all its charm on the pages of Allen and Page.

Under the soft light the room seemed of the present rather than of the past. I forgot that black walnut etageres were no longer to be found every day, while in this room there were three, laden with frail old china, quaint curios from Japan, brasses and exquisite carvings from India that would make a collector wild with envy.

In one corner near the low, round window, stood a little old Stuttgart piano with keys of mother-of-pearl, while within the window itself was drawn a great Turkish lounging-chair with pillows galore. Odd, ancient cushions of cross-stitch, uncomfortable creations in beadwork, and one, of a pale gray stuff, was embroidered with a monogram done in silky yellow hair.

Over windows and doors—from massive cornices of gilt—hung heavy green lambrequins looped up with great cords and tassels. The gilt framed pictures were all portraits, family portraits, too, judging from the resemblance to the Col-

onel that was noticeable in each; whether gracious, feminine beauty, or stern uniformed hero.

A cavernous fireplace yawned at one end of the room, and just opposite the door from the hall was a narrow mirror that reached from the baseboard to within a foot of the ceiling, and was supported by an exquisite shelf on which stood a pair of vases that especially drew my attention. They were of some opaque, opalescent ware, graceful in shape and decorated with a miniature of a woman.

One, the portrait of a dark-eyed, glorious beauty, framed in a wreath of passion flowers; the other, outlined in primroses, might have been a personification of spring. From out a background of faint, pinkish clouds rose the head and shoulders of a girl, apparently little more than a child in years, but with the shadow of life in the gray eyes and masses of yellow hair drawn up to the crown of the dainty head, as a child will do in "playing lady."

I still held the vase in my hand when the Colonel re-entered.

"Like it! Bought those things in Paris when I was a mere lad. Was attracted to the one you hold because of the resemblance to a little sister of mine who had died the year before. We had no portrait of her that my mother liked, so I brought that home to her."

He took the vase from my hands, looking wistfully at the face a moment before putting it down.

"It's like her—so like her," he murmured, with a sigh; then cheerily: "Now for our game."

Months sped along and I went more and more often to play and dine with the Colonel. From the modern environment, the bustle of San Francisco, I had simply to close the door of the Colonel's home behind me to enter into rest and quiet, to breathe an old-time atmosphere. Two old colored men ran the domestic machinery of the household, making it seem, verily, a detached

bit of the South. Finally, at the Colonel's request, I moved my traps across the street and took up my quarters in one of the little-used, roomy chambers of the house; our pleasant companionship broken only by the occasional out-of-town details to which my editor assigned me. At that time I was a special writer on a morning paper.

It was in February that one of these trips took me over into Nevada to write up a mining boom. One thing after another detained me until it was April before I escaped, half frozen, to revel again in softer, warmer air.

I left the train at Oakland to look after some private business, crossing to the city on the 4:30 boat. Buoyantly glad to be once more at home, I disdained the cable, and taking a firmer grasp of my valise, began my walk up from the ferry.

The air was throbbing with new life. The crowds, gathering homeward, seemed an army of friends after the desolation of the sagebrush. The sky's soft blue was newly washed; the grime and smoke of the city seemed less; surely Mother Nature had been doing her spring cleaning in anticipation of my arrival, so very personal seemed the warmth, the light, and perfume.

At Lotta's Fountain I paused to take in the familiar sight of the flower vendors—their eager, dirty little faces upturned in vociferous appeal to passers-by—and noticed that, without exception, the flowers in the baskets were children of spring: hyacinths, tulips, starry Easter lilies, jonquils, cowslips; and one ragamuffin held up to me a bunch of fragile, golden primroses.

Though not so fresh as some of the hardier flowers, the memory of the vase, combined with a subtler something, stirred me to buy them.

Glancing at the clock in the Chronicle tower I saw that I would be late to dinner, and smiling at the thought of surprising the Colonel, I made my way rapidly down Third

street toward Folsom, and was soon letting myself into the house that had indeed become as a home to me.

Running hastily upstairs to make a toilette—the Colonel was most punctilious in such matters, always dining in evening clothes even when alone—I almost ran into an old colored woman who was passing through the hall near my bedroom door.

With hasty salutation and apology for the possible fright I might have given her, I closed the door behind me, explaining her presence with the thought that the Colonel had engaged her to do some cleaning, or something of that sort.

Completing my hurried dressing, I picked up the primroses, ran down stairs and into the living room to be confronted, not by the Colonel, but by a figure that seemed to be an incarnation of Spring. Involuntarily, I glanced at the vase to see if the portrait had merged into this living face that was brightened with a grave smile, as the figure moved toward me with outheld hand.

"I am April Chesley, and you must be Mr. John Lawrence. Cousin Andrew has told me about you, but he said he should not write you that I was here, for he wanted to surprise you. I reckon he has," and the odd little smile flashed again across the too sombre face.

I had been standing as woodenly as any of the hideous Indian idols on the etagere near me, but now gathered my wits together enough to stammeringly present the flowers I held. It was as if some good fairy had given me a talisman that was the open sesame to a hidden treasure place, and from that instant we were friends.

She took my primroses with a low cry that was almost a sob; touching each satiny, yellow blossom with eager, trembling lips and fingers.

"They are the flowers I love the best of all," she said, lifting wet, starry eyes to mine. "It has rained

ever since I came three weeks ago, until yesterday, and I have so missed my South! Your flowers are beautiful, glancing at the regal roses that seemed to fill the room with their fragrant growing, "but these, why these grow on the banks of every little stream that sings about my home! These mean to me—everything. Symbolize each golden memory; every joy of my whole life."

"See, Cousin Andrew," holding the primroses eagerly up to him as he entered; "see what Mr. Lawrence brought me!"

"Why, bless my soul, John, my boy, but you're a sight for tired eyes," and the Colonel put both hands on my shoulders, giving me an affectionate little shake.

"Old Martha told me you had come—April's mammy, you know, whom you bumped into upstairs. Put those flowers into water, honey; you can fix 'em after dinner, but we're ten minutes late as it is, and Joshua is fuming, I'll wager a dollar."

The Colonel led the way to the big, bare dining room, with its massive side-boards at either end; the yawning fire-place between, on one, the old cuckoo clock, with the weights, on the other side, and shabby druggist in the middle of the uncarpeted floor that Joshua had grown too feeble and rheumatic to keep properly polished.

A great lamp, with yellow shade, was suspended from the center of the ceiling, directly over the round table to which we had so long sat down in masculine solitude, but which on that night was brightened, not only by the gracious presence of "April's Lady," but old Martha stood, throughout the meal, behind her little mistress's chair and shared the labors of Joshua, who had served the Colonel's table for nearly forty years.

After dinner the primroses had to be arranged in the vase that the Colonel had bought because of the min-

ature's resemblance to his sister, and which might also have been a portrait of this little cousin.

The flowers tenderly clustered to her ladyship's liking, the skillful fingers coaxed from the piano all the sweet old melodies the Colonel loved until he had finished his smoke and was ready for our evening game of chess. And while we played, the little maid sat near us with her book or some exquisitely dainty piece of needle work.

This came to be our every evening programme; thus it was that in the twinkling of an eye, yet stilly as the lily blooms, grew the change that made the night brighter than the day and filled our life with perfume and with flowers.

Ah! If I could make you know her as we knew her; to see her with our eyes!

It is difficult, not because she was colorless—ah, no—she was a very definite piece of humanity—and the vision memory evokes is as vivid as the memory of a song you cannot sing, but whose melody goes surging, thrilling through your heart with harmony so clear and strong it seems as if the world must hush to hear.

And so I draw her portrait for myself, much as a child tries by crude, unsteady lines to draw the thing he sees in thought, nor cares for other eyes, so to himself the lines express a structure fair and beautiful.

April was small. With the highest of high heels, which she always wore in the house, and with her hair in a quaint, pointed coil on the top of her head, she measured only five feet. The little heart-shaped face had a mouth rather larger than it should have been for beauty, but her nose was very small and straight. The large eyes, grey as granite, set far apart, looked out from under brows much darker than her hair, and so arched they gave a surprised, whimsical expression, oddly at variance with the sombre sereneness of her eyes.

Her hair was that gold of childhood that has no tint of silver nor of red; nor had it any hint of curl; thick and straight it fell below her waist like so many strands of silk. And no palest pink ever so faintly flushed the perfect pallor of her skin.

She had that regalness of air that only tall and stately, or very tiny women have.

An odd habit was hers of wearing grey gowns, with somewhere about the costume a touch of primrose yellow. For some time I fancied it was mere chance that I saw her in no other color, but finally it came to be as much a part of her as the tones of her voice or the gleam of her smile.

I think she had no jewelry except some amber and two rings; one a band of alternate diamonds and topaz, the other a big oval topaz set round with diamonds. The band she wore on the thumb of her left, the other on the middle finger of her right hand; the massive setting—the ring had been her father's—making her tiny hand seem all the more childish by comparison. To this day I cannot see a hand adorned with a ring on the middle finger without something of the protecting longing that always swept over me when my eyes fell on April's hand—her right, I mean—for her two hands seemed to me to symbolize the variety of her nature. Her fragile, little right appealed to all the tenderness, the chivalry in me; while the left, with that quaint wearing of the ring upon the thumb, warned me of the moods—all too rare—when April tore through the house like some elf thing. Days when the hours were filled with mad, wild pranks that kept the brain and nerves on the qui vive in wonderment as to what daring thing she would do next.

April's amber was the most quaintly beautiful of anything of the sort that I have seen, and aside from the unusual delicacy of the carving, had a peculiar, faint, but penetrating

fragrance that clung to everything that April wore, and was the only perfume that she used. I have hunted the world over since for such scented amber and have been laughed at for my pains, except by one dealer in an out-of-the-way corner of Persia, who not only understood what I wanted, but had once possessed a necklace of it.

April's set comprised many pieces—a half-dozen small hair-pins, besides a high comb, a heart-shaped brooch, and one in the form of a spray of flowers with foliage, a round belt buckle, a necklace of graduated, carved beads, and a chain like it about a yard long that fastened at the belt at one end and had a clasp intended for a fan at the other.

Connected with this fan chain was a legend. The amber had been handed down through five generations of daughters of the house of Chesley, and this chain had originally been much longer, but as each successive owner died, a bead dropped from the string and was lost.

One might think that April would be an incongruous, conspicuous figure when outside the rooms which made a fitting and harmonious setting for her. But she was not, except that her beauty was remarkable. The grey, tailor-made street gowns that she wore were like many others, though usually adorned with a soft yellow velvet stock, and in following our charming California fashion of wearing flowers, she always chose yellow ones—jonquils, daffodills, marguerites, roses, whatever was in season—while her grey "tailor" or big felt hat was distinctive only because of the twist of pale yellow velvet tucked under the brim against her hair.

But in-doors she was a figure to dream of. As different from other women (I had almost said children, and in truth she was as much one as the other) as it is possible to conceive.

One day she'd come in to dinner

with her hair in two childish braids, her grey frock fastened in the back, made high at the throat, but with no covering nor ornament on the perfect arms. Then perhaps the next evening she would appear in all the dignity of high coiffeur, décolleté and train, with the amber gleaming in hair, on arms, at throat and belt.

Every night April played for us (and sometimes sang) such old airs as "Mary of Argyle," "Make me No Gaudy Chaplets," "Bonnie Doon," "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," or perhaps the Colonel's favorite, "Sweet Afton," and a host of others like them. Never by any chance tunes more modern than bits from the standard operas, of which she was passionately fond.

So the days and weeks and months slipped away until spring brought her bonnie blossoms to us again, and earth's April starred the world with primroses. But with their coming came a longing to our April's heart that showed in wistful eyes and long hours of idle silence that filled my heart with vague forebodings of—I knew not what. It dimmed the soft spring light; its shadow stretched across the summer, and October brings to me, always, a curious sense of being the anniversary of my own death.

April and I had dined alone that night, the Colonel being absent on a business trip, and after dinner we had gone into the dimly lighted living room, and April had curled up on a heap of floor cushions by the low window.

All day it had rained, but tonight there was a summer softness in the autumn air and the night was white and clear, with "a sickle moon gleaming 'mid the stars." The sash was up, and through the open window floated the sweet, "tangy" scent of the wetted earth, blended with the smell of the lavender in the bed just beneath the sill; but stronger, distinct from the mingled odors of the night, was the strange, subtle per-

fume of April's amber.

Her gown was of grey crepe with a low, heart-shaped bodice, and her arms were bare. She held them out to the cool air with a little longing gesture; the amber gleaming in the light.

"April, you must not sit by that open window," I remonstrated, "the Colonel would never forgive me if I allowed you to fall ill while he was away," and I pulled down the window in spite of her protest: "But I love it so! The moonlight is so perfect after the long, cloudy day; I'm just as warm—feel—" and she laid a fever-hot hand on mine.

"All the more reason for not taking cold. I'll fasten the curtain back—so—and put out the gas and fix your cushions all "comfy" so you can lie here and have a lovely view of the moon and garden without fear of the dampness."

Silence fell between us for nearly an hour. April's head pillowed upon her arms against the broad window sill, I lounging in the Turkish chair farther back in the shadow of the room.

"Do you know all about me? Why I came here, I mean?"

"No, but I should like very much to hear."

"I thought perhaps Cousin Andrew had told you," she answered, more as if thinking aloud than replying to me. "I never knew anything about him," she went on, "but it aches here," with a childish little movement of her hands against her breast, "and I'd like to tell some one—perhaps it would make it easier. You have been so good to me"—with a wistful smile—"you won't mind if I tell you?"

She looked so fragile, so young, the white light flooding the upturned face and striking tiny, yellow sparks from the amber in her hair—I longed to take her in my arms and fold her close and warm from all pain, from all heartache.

I leaned forward, taking the hand she had laid upon my chair, and was

glad the darkness hid from her my tearful eyes. She seemed to me a pathetic figure, always; even in her gaiety, and to-night something in her pleading face touched me to the quick.

"Tell me anything—everything—dear, if it will help you."

But, ah! I never dreamed that it would be what it was.

April turned, looking out into the garden for a time, then, without preface, she began her story.

"I think you know that my father and mother are dead—that I live with an aunt. But perhaps you do not know that this aunt had a son—Carroll. Carroll was four years older than I; you know I was seventeen my last birthday, on the 12th of April. I was only a baby when I went to live with Carroll's mother, and we grew up together. Ah, he was so good to me! Took care of me, played with me as I grew older, was always ready to leave his boy friends to go with me or do for me. All the memories of my babyhood, of my childhood and girlhood cluster around Carroll. He was everything to me; father, mother, brother and sister it seemed; all that one soul can be to another. In our family the cousins have inter-married for generations, so as we grew older, it was but natural that Carroll and I should be betrothed. Aunt Chesley did not approve; she said there had been too much of cousins marrying already. But all her arguments availed her nothing—though probably she was right. The only thing we would consent to was that we would wait until I was eighteen. I was more than willing; I wanted to study and make myself a worthy wife for Carroll. So I went away to school and he to college, to fill the years as best we might and plan and hope for the time when we should be together—always together," she repeated drearily—"ah, Carroll, Carroll!"

She spoke as if to herself, then went on: "His first vacation he spent

with some friends in Maryland, and while out hunting was accidentally shot. They brought him home to us—to Aunt Chesley and to me. He lived only three days after that, and I did not seem to get over the shock, so Aunt Chesley took me everywhere she could for a change for nearly a year; then at last she wrote and asked Cousin Andrew if I could come here for a while to see if I couldn't forget. You've been so good to me, but somehow I don't seem to forget, and lately I've begun to remember more than ever, and I think I'll go back to Virginia to Aunt Chesley. She must be very lonely; she's all alone, while Cousin Andrew has you. Besides, it isn't the same—quite. I've always lived with Aunt Chesley, and never knew much of Cousin Andrew till this year, so I reckon he won't miss me very much, and sometimes I think I wouldn't be so tired all the time if I were at home; then, too, I feel so far away from Carroll here, and there—I think," she added slowly, "I think I'll go home."

She finished bravely, calmly. Not a tear, not a sob, broke the pitiful story. As far as visible emotion went, she told it as something apart from herself. It was as if a whole lifetime of sorrow had been crowded into the few years she had lived. Child though she was, she had a woman's capacity for suffering.

She was so young—so young! Perhaps the elasticity of youth—The flame of hope for her flashed in me only to die instantly. I, too, was young, yet not for a moment did I doubt the inevitableness of my fate. This was not the beginning of sorrow for either, but the climax for both. Through what ages we had endured, or through what forms our souls had passed, did not matter; this was the culmination of pain. Youth, strength, time, nothing could avail. The blackness of that night would never lift. Joy had gone forever, and in her place was grey-garbed Grief.

April sat looking out at the ghostly snapes of the garden; the brave, sombre eyes undimmed, while I clenched my hands and teeth and thanked God for the darkness that hid my suffering from the tender heart, that, had it known, would have bled anew for me.

I never knew what I said to comfort April, nor how I managed to tell the Colonel of her desire to go home.

The dear old fellow placed not a single obstacle in her path; though his heart was well-nigh broken and he seemed to age from that moment. April felt the shadow of our sorrow and with something of wistful surprise that she had grown so dear, voluntarily offered to stay until after Christmas. "That our last Christmas together might be a merry one," she said. Oh, April! April!

* * * *

Let me pass over the weeks from then until she left us. All the strength that was in me was needed to hide my suffering from April's eyes. I was almost glad when the morning dawned, late in February, that took her from us. I cannot write of the parting—enough that she went, and the Colonel with her; at least to the point where Aunt Chesley would come to meet her. The Colonel was glad of this; he dreaded to waken old memories that would overwhelm him if he returned to Virginia, and though he would not hear of April's going alone with her old Mammy, it was a relief when he could once more close the door of the Past behind him and settle down to our old life, that was desolate indeed, because we had known something fuller and brighter.

It broke my heart to see his wistful eyes wander, evening after evening to the now ever empty vase—the symbol of our empty hearts and flowerless lives—and I almost rejoiced to note that his loneliness would not be long.

Little by little he failed; and the waning of the year found him unable to leave his room. Gradually he slipped away from us, and one morning in April, going in to see if he was awake, Joshua found him with peaceful face, from which Death had tenderly obliterated all lines of sorrow and regret.

The afternoon on which we buried the dear old Colonel, the 12th of April, was bitterly cold and wet; coming in late, chilled to the bone and weary to exhaustion, I threw myself on the divan near the fire in the living room.

For weeks I had hardly closed my eyes. In his weakness the Colonel had slept but little, and so long as he was awake, I would not leave him; now I slept as one only sleeps when responsibility is ended, and nature has reached the limit of endurance.

It was almost dawn when I was awakened by the imperative, insistent ring that heralds a messenger; and I staggered to my feet just as Joshua entered the room, a yellow envelope in his hand.

No need to read the telegram he gave me, for the room was filled with a pungently sweet perfume, and as he raised the curtain the growing light fell full upon the vase holding a bunch of primroses.

They swayed slightly, as if moved by some mysterious breath—while on the shelf beneath them lay a large amber bead.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND

BY FREDERICK ALFRED MARRIOTT



Portland Harbor.

“**P**ORTLAND the Rose City,”
“Portland, the Beautiful,”
“Portland, the Pearl of the
Pacific,” as the metropolis and pride
of the Northwest is variously called,

is fortunate in having more natural
advantages than is possessed by
many cities in the world, and to
these have been added artificial fa-
cilities of wide ramifications, which,



Portland Hotel.



GRACE M. E. CHURCH.



HIGH SCHOOL.



The "WHITE TEMPLE,"
1st Baptist Church.

together, gives Portland a most envious position in the family of cities. Perhaps those who selected the site did not know that they were locating a city right in the natural avenues of the going and coming of commerce and travel, in all the great Northwest, but that is what they did. Moreover, the city was destined to become the center and focus of transportation lines leading throughout the interior, down to the sea and across its waters. Portland is not only the metropolis of the Northwest, but it is a thoroughly metropolitan city in appearance and in



Oregon Savings Bank, Portland.

conveniences, and, what is still more, from its beginnings as a trade center, Portland has attracted to it men of great wealth, wide business experience and of enterprise. This is seen in the rapid growth in the numerical strength and in the self-evident fact that scarcely anywhere will so much individual wealth be found in a community of the same population. This insures, of course,



Ladd & Tilton Bank.

business houses in great number, whose commercial rating is the highest—the several firms being rated at more than \$50,000,000, with surplus bank deposits and current accounts that stand for millions of dollars. And the yearly bank clearings show a steady increase of such proportions that it is easy to see commercial operations are swelling in volume at a marvelous, yet healthy, rate.



The Hotel Eaton, Portland.



- 1 Wells Fargo Bank.
- 2 First National Bank.
- 3 Merchants' National Bank.
- 4 United States National Bank.



A prominent real estate firm.

As is well known, Portland is most beautifully situated on the Wilamette River, twelve miles above the confluence of that river and the Columbia. The picturesqueness of the location is never tiresome. The mighty mountains overhanging and

the broad and fertile valleys spreading out their richness never lose their attractiveness. Indeed, they seem to stimulate the activities of the business enterprises, and give fresh impetus to business ventures. If evidence is needed of how people



A. B. Steinbach & Co. building, Portland.



CUSTOM HOUSE



CITY HALL



CALUMET RESTAURANT.



CALUMET RESTAURANT, (Interior)





Fleishner Mayer Co., private offices.

are attracted to Portland, one need go no further than the last census and compare figures with the previous enumeration. In 1890 Portland had a population of 46,000; in 1900, 90,000; and at the beginning of 1904 about 125,000. This is a marvelous growth in that it represents for the most part acquisitions that represent new capital, new business enterprises, more mechanical skill, and more of that class who are so situated that they may lead a life of elegant leisure. Naturally, the business centers of the city have grown in stately business blocks, and in palatial residences beyond. Street transportation facilities, hotels and places of amusement have multiplied during this expansion in population and of employed capital.

The fact is, whatever Portland does, it does in the most substantial and attractive way. The city builds and expands for the future as well as for the day, and so long as that is the spirit of the people, there will be nothing to fear from any rival in the great Northwest. It is claimed by even those who have no direct interest that Portland is the most substantial city, both as to structures and commercial credit of any business center of America of proportional population. But of one thing there is no doubt. Portland's

commercial supremacy in the Northwest rests upon a firm basis, and the basis is the erection of business houses and public buildings in advance of pressing demands; added conveniences for trade and traffic; artificial advantages for expediting the accumulation and distribution of merchandise and factory products, and ample capital to further all legitimate and promising enterprises. Portland is great in all the ways of metropolitan energy, business capacity, and far-reaching common sense, and above all, the people are of one accord in their admiration for their town.

Among the more imposing buildings of recent erection that might be mentioned, which are herein illustrated, are the Meier & Frank Department store, which is the largest in the Northwest; the Neustadter Bros., the Behnke & Walker, the Fleishner-Mayer Co., the Goodyear Rubber Co., the Portland Hotel, the new Eaton Hotel, and the Rountree and Diamond. But of course this is far from being a complete list of Portland's business edifices. A necessary requirement, buildings or no



Equitable Savings and Loan Association.



buildings, is a place to get wholesome eatables, and as epicureans know, the Calumet restaurant's tables fairly groan under their weight of "good things to eat."

The Goodyear Rubber Company is one of the conspicuous business enterprises of Portland, at the corner of Pine and 4th streets. The building has seven stories and base-ment, with a frontage of one hundred feet, and was erected especially for the Goodyear Company, which carries the largest and most complete stock of rubber goods in the country. The officers of the Portland Company are R. H. Pease, President; J. A. Shepard, Secretary; F. S. West, manager.

Of course, in a great and active city like Portland, the real estate agent is an essential factor. And in this particular, the firm of Rountree & Diamond, composed of Newton W. Rountree and Arthur R. Diamond, supply the needed demands. For fifteen years, this firm has stood in the forefront of real estate transfers, its business aggregating over \$1,000,000, among these transactions being the Dekum building to Charles Sweeney for \$450,000, and the Council building to H. C. Breeden for \$100,000. But city property is not the only real estate Rountree & Diamond represent. Improved and unimproved lands in different parts of the Northwest with full description and maps, will be found on file in their office.

The railways centering at Portland have kept pace with the growing demands of travel and commerce by erecting handsome and convenient passenger stations and large freight houses so that trade and travel is expedited by service of the very best kind. In fact, nature and the genius of man have made Portland a wonderfully delightful residence and business city.

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- 1 Neustadter Bros.
 - 2 Goodyear Rubber Co.
 - 3 Meler & Frank department store.

THE MODEL ACADEMY

BY CORNELIUS WILLEMS

THE first aim of the Hill Military Academy of Portland, Ore., is to thoroughly prepare its pupils for admission to the best universities, or for pursuits in the channels of commerce and finance. But as a part of the first aim, the matter of inculcating sound ethical principles and fostering physical growth and health, is carefully considered. All schools present high ideals of conduct of life, but the restraints, the wholesome influence and the incentive to be great in the little as well as in the larger ways of advancement are hardly to be found complete in the ordinary day school. It is only during the hours of actual recitation that the day school can exercise much influence over pupils, and at those times everything is subordinated to the work in hand. There could be no social life nor means for ethical culture when the teachers come in contact with their pupils only for the little time set apart for recitation and review. But it is just as important, perhaps more important, that a proper code of ethics be the rule and guide out of the school room as that the recitations should be blameless. It is for this reason largely that purely day schools fail to impress their pupils with the very solemn and serious fact that to know what the books say is not enough. There are many avenues leading out into the busy world of stern realities, and only he whose heart as well as mind has been trained knows what to avoid and what to embrace.

In this matter, the Hill Academy seems to have the right understanding, and also a proper appreciation of the responsibility it assumes in undertaking the moral as well as the intellectual development of young gentlemen whose parents entrust

the social as well as the school life of their boys to the institution. But merely ethical culture as a part of the preparedness for the university or the field of business strife is not enough. Manners—good manners—a lofty sense of personal responsibility and the importance of avoidance of habits which belittle one in one's own estimation, do, or should, enter into the daily routine of school life. But unless the pupils are in touch with their teachers during all the days and hours of their school life, it does not seem possible to safeguard them from those things which lead astray.

Then another most decidedly helpful influence in and about the Hill Military Academy is a well-conducted system of social entertainments, which include socials, parties, hops, and the like, given by the officers and cadets. It is to be observed, too, that the quarters of the pupils are comfortable, home-like and almost bordering on the sumptuous. In short, every appointment for the home life of the school, as well as for the hours of study and recitation, as well as for outdoor recreation, is calculated to conduce to comfort, and to what is here made pleasurable, school days. That this is quite sustained by the facts could not be questioned in the face of the fact that during his career as an educator, Dr. Hill, Principal and Founder of the Academy, has had more than two thousand pupils under his charge, and no one, pupil or observer, has ever reflected upon the management of the school or the efficiency of the Academy's methods of training and instruction. More of just such schools are needed in America, if our institutions are to be maintained on a level of intellectual and moral worth with that inculcated by Dr. Hill.

HILL
MILITARY ACADEMY
PORTLAND
OREGON.



Cadet's Room.



Dress Parade, 1904.



Main Building, Facing South.



Band, 1904.



Assembly Room (1888)



Graduates-1904



Athletic Asse Club Room.



Athletic Asse Club Room.



Starting for a Game.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY,



Principal.

PORTLAND,
Oregon.



Base Ball Team



Football Team, 1904.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION

BY MALCOLM REEVES



J. M. Walker.
H. W. Behnke.

A BUSINESS education should have its beginnings in a theoretical knowledge of the principles of commodity interchange, and debits and credits. With this foundation for the activities of the realities of the bank, the factory, the store and the counting-room, the man builds his superstructure from such materials as experience, observation and current events. Very true, one may enter the avenues of life without even a theoretical insight into the philosophy of trade and traffic, or one may jump from the low level of no experience to the heights of supervision, but it would be through favoritism, not merit. But even so, he would still have to learn the lesson, and almost always it is at the expense of the enterprise,

which is crippled and retarded during the period of his learning the lesson.

The soldier is not assigned to positions of responsibility—even in the ranks as a private—until he is qualified by drill, discipline and precision in methods. The same is true, or should be true, in assigning young men more especially to positions of leadership, or subordinate responsibility in the field of commerce. To be successful, like the soldier, he must first be a theoretical business man, then assume actual duties.

The question, then, is what should be the theoretical training preparatory to supervising the several agencies in the conduct of actual enterprises? Perhaps the idea here intended to convey could not better be presented than by an analysis of the system of theoretical business training which the Behnke-Walker Business College of Portland, Or., has used for some years. This system, although theoretical, is made so real by imaginary commodities of commerce, of apparently real items of book entry and seemingly actual money-changing in bank operations that the student almost deals in and handles all the items of accounts in reality. The advantage, therefore, of the Behnke-Walker system lies in this. The student upon leaving the institution enters the channels of the activities of business operations so thoroughly equipped with a knowledge of the intricacies of detail that it seems to him that the actual is merely the continuation of the theoretical, so practical in all its ramifications was the theoretical experience. That is to say, a young man graduating from the Behnke-Walker Business College enters the currents of business life as a soldier assumes field duties after having acquired a thorough knowledge of the



Business Course.



Type writing Room.



Shorthand Room.



BEHNKE & WALKER
 BUSINESS COLLEGE,
 PORTLAND,
 Oregon.



College Building

art and science of war in the theoretical school.

It would be far better for the youth of the United States if there were more institutions like the Behnke-Walker College. Were that system generally adopted, the incoming managers of the nation's industrial, commercial and banking interests would be fully equal to any demand of the ever-changing conditions of trade movements, for it amply provides for a thorough knowledge of the details of the practical and the intellectual requirements of

the counting-room, the bank, the factory, the railway, the ship, and all the sources of material and production by a theoretical equipment bordering so hard upon the practical that it is essentially that kind of knowledge of business conduct which experience gives. That the Behnke-Walker system is thoroughly appreciated becomes self-evident when the scores of young men in attendance are seen bending over their studies. That sight alone is well worth a visit to the institution.



Smelting Works, Detroit Copper Company, Morenci, Arizona.

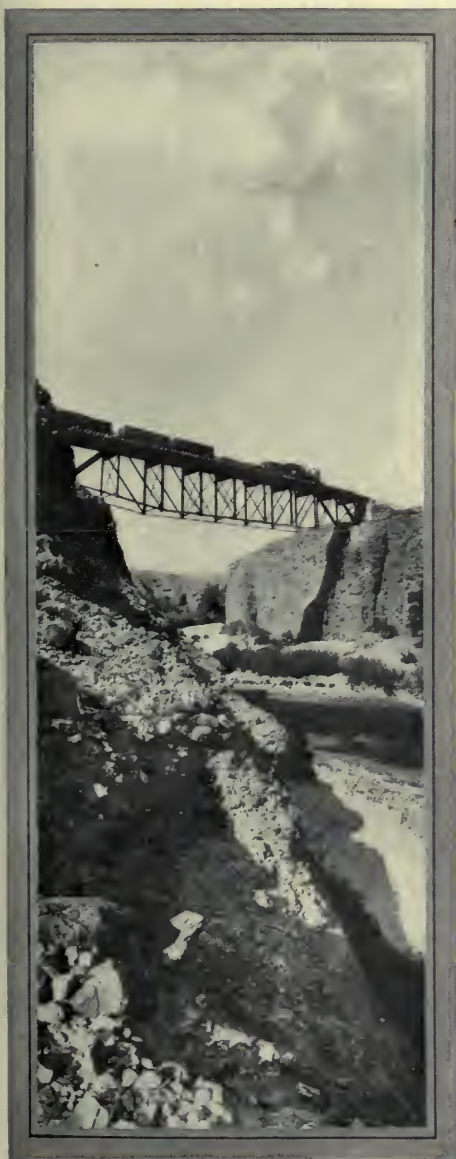
A GREAT COPPER PLANT

BY MARK SULLIVAN

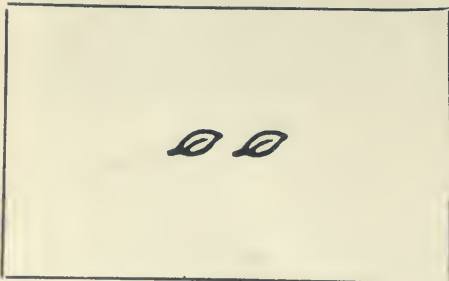
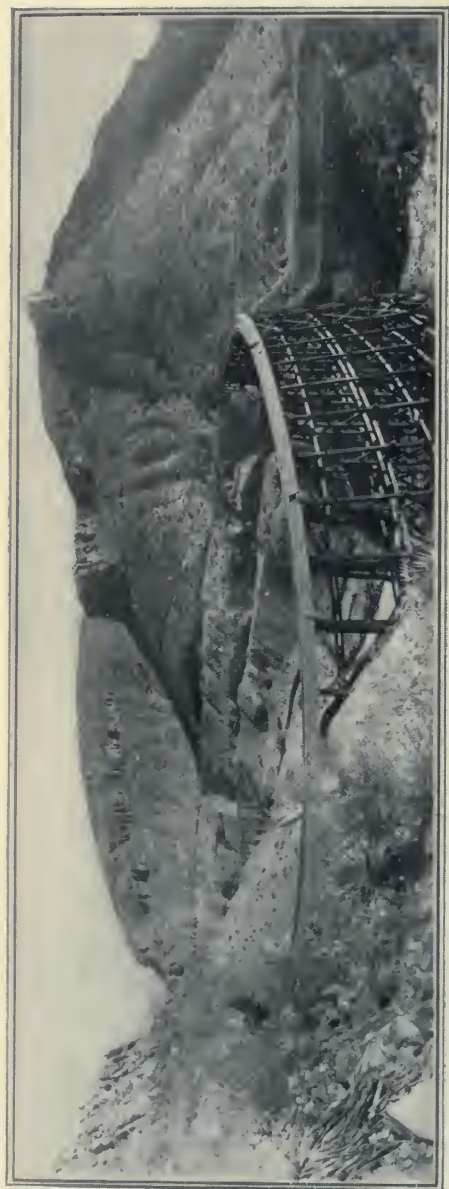
ONE of the most distinguished and forceful factors in the material unfoldment of Arizona is the Detroit Copper Company, whose plant is located at Morenci. It cannot be said to be the largest

mining enterprise in the territory, but it may be said that because of the company's clear and comprehensive business methods, its fiery energy and unyielding attacks upon and final removal of obstacles that would seriously impede the desired expansion of the channels of the company's operations, exert an influence in all lines of business enterprises which everywhere stimulates to greater energy and more determined effort. In a sense, the Detroit Company is leaven in Arizona's business world. That is, it sets the pace—a rapid yet conservative pace—in all the ways of thorough-going business activity, which stimulates and urges forward to overcome hesitation and doubt. All this is being felt in Arizona's business channels.

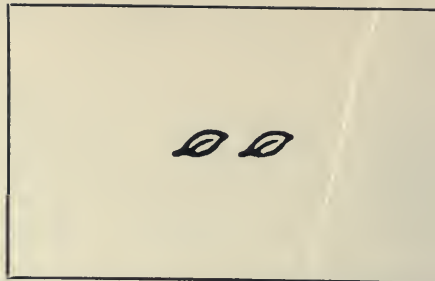
The evolution of the ownership of the Morenci mines shows how business discernment and daring is rewarded by the most satisfying results. Twenty-five years ago, these mines were scarcely known, and not known at all in their reality. A little development work had been done from year to year, though enough to create a belief in the minds of a few that the claims might be made valuable. About this time a Denver capitalist heard of the possibilities of the Morenci region, and later on he secured several of the claims, and at once began systematic development. In a little while the outside world was made aware that the Morenci field was rich in low-grade copper ore, and that the deposits were well-nigh inexhaustible. The fame of the new discovery was not long in reaching Michigan, nor was it long after it reached that far-away State that a few capitalists of Detroit visited the Morenci to see if it offered profitable employment of capital. They found it far more promising than the reports had suggested, and they at once secured the



On the Way to Morenci. The Train.



One of the Loops on the Detroit Copper Company's Railroad to Morenci.



several claims, and immediately organized what has since been known as the Detroit Copper Company.

In 1882 the company was seriously interrupted in its operations by Geronimo, the marauding Apache chief, who divided his band of murderers into small squads, and disastrously raided all that part of Arizona. Until 1884 the company had only discouragements, though the vast wealth of the deposits was never doubted. About this time, work was resumed, and ever since there has been a steady but conservative expansion of the enterprise, with additions to the machinery department as rapidly as the increasing volume of output demanded, until now it is one of the leading copper plants in America, with an equipment that is second to none in any country. The policy of the company seems to be to leave nothing undone that is calculated to reveal the entire wealth of the deposits, and for that reason the managers employ every agency that gives promise of aiding in expediting and cheapening the cost of production.

The people of Arizona fully appreciate the earnestness, energy and liberality of the Detroit Company. The first actual reduction of ore in Morenci was started by William Church, with and by means of the financial support of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York—the two at that time owning the stock of the company. In 1897 Mr. Church sold to Phelps, Dodge & Co. his interest, making them sole owners. The Detroit Company will always be held in high esteem by the people of Arizona for its force of character, business methods and liberal policy. In short, the Detroit Company is recognized as one of Arizona's greatest and best business enterprises.



South Side, Morenci, Arizona.



Railroad depot, Astoria.

TO BE A GREAT CITY

BY G. C. FRANCE

IN the year 1811, while the great Northwest was still, for the most part, an unexplored wilderness, John Jacob Astor, of New York, the venturesome fur buyer and exporter, established a trading post near the mouth of the Columbia River, and his agents named it Astoria. That was the beginning of this, one of Oregon's most active business centers. But the history of Astoria is the history of the entire Columbia River watershed, for Astoria was the one ocean shipping point, and from it business enterprises penetrated the interior. From the day that Astor established a fur agency at Astoria, the place has been conspicuous as the centre of produce and merchandise accumulation and distribution for the vast and highly productive region of what in recent years has been known as Northwestern Oregon and Southwestern Washington, and the chief supply point for more than 25,000 people living in the interior. Although the population of Astoria does not much exceed 14,000, it is a cosmopolitan city, its population representing almost every nationality, which means that its business channels are full of activity all the time.

In a sense, Astoria is the most important business point in Oregon,

although the second in size. It is so very enterprising that it keeps abreast of the times in whatever is calculated to add beauty, convenience and stability, and there is such a complete absence of petty jealousies that prospectors for business locations are encouraged to anchor right there and become a part of the city's commercial strength. Another thing about Astoria that a good many are ignorant of is, it has



Pyramid Rock and Columbia river, A. & C. R. R.



City water reservoir, Astoria.

the only fresh water harbor of importance in the world, with the Pacific Ocean only ten miles distant, which gives it shipping facilities that are not enjoyed by many deep-water trade cities; beside, the harbor is not only equal to the largest ships, but it is extensive enough to give ample accommodations to all the shipping of the Northwest, while

the wharf facilities are very extensive, and there is plenty of room for more.

Some idea of the enterprise of the people of Astoria will be had when it is stated that when the Astoria and Columbia River Railway project was undertaken, the citizens promptly subscribed \$1,500,000 in money and land, or nearly \$200 for



Astoria water supply—headgate.

every man, woman and child. No greater faith in the present strength and future greatness of a site could be shown, but the investment was in no sense a venture. It was a sound and paying investment. Being pre-eminently a Pacific Slope port, the transcontinental roads will be obliged sooner or later to add Astoria to their coast termini. But perhaps Astoria's greatest basis for future expansion is in the lumber and fishing industries. Why, the merchantable timber in the forests adjacent to the city is good for 75,000,000,000 feet of lumber. That alone is enough to make Astoria great and rich. The salmon industry is no small item in Astoria's future possibilities. At the rate of increase in recent years, in the not distant future the annual product will have a value of not less than \$10,000,000. Other lines of fishing industries are of no little importance and they, too, are destined to become great sources of wealth.

But while all these natural advantages are on every hand, the citi-



Chinook salmon.



View of Astoria, Oregon.

zens have not been so blinded by their magnitude as to forget that large, strong and commodious business houses, warehouses, banking institutions, electric street railways, high-class places of amusements, churches, schools, libraries and handsome residences on well-kept streets, are important. In these particulars, Astoria is altogether up to

date, and fully up to every present requirement, but the citizens are not stopping at that. Plans are being matured all the time to establish facilities to accommodate the growing volume of trade and merchandise. In fact, the business men of Astoria are exceedingly progressive, but conservative withal, and there is no good reason why the little city should not grow in every direction in the channels of commerce. Certainly nature has given the city's site superior advantages; besides, it is so situated that it lies in the

main trade currents of the coast country, and by all the laws of trade movements, Astoria could not be passed by. And, what is by no means a small matter, the business welfare of Astoria is in the hands of men who know how to utilize every one of the city's sources of growth.

(To be continued in the June and July issues. Meanwhile, the Astoria Chamber of Commerce will cheerfully furnish all desired information about Astoria and Clatsop County.)



Tongue Point Mill, Astoria.

THE GOLDEN STATE

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

The Golden State, by the Western Sea,
 Where the roses garland my world for me,
 And the blue waves reach for enchanted lands,
 And scatter their shells on the gleaming sands,
 Atune with their souls sweet melody.

A-swoon with its odorous ecstasy,
 The passion flower, a flaming plea,
 Reaches for love with her velvet hands
 In the Golden State.

O carry me back; for I fain would flee
 Where hearts are warm, as the winds are free,
 Where the peppers nod, and the palms expand,
 And my castles in Spain, on the gleaming strand,
 Are kissed by the tides of the purple sea,
 In the Golden State.

ECONOMIC FALLACIES

BY THOS. B. WILSON

“THE Economic Fact,” by Mr. Austin Lewis, in the February Overland Monthly, which was intended to be a reply to “An Appeal to the People of the West,” by Mr. John Roberts, in the January Overland Monthly, reads like one who is blind and uncertain of his footing, trying to lead another whose vision is obstructed by the shadows of vagaries out into the sun-lit open of the science and philosophy of Government. The conclusions of Mr. Roberts are as thin as air. His premises are lacking in every essential that is needed to give them those qualities of logical reasoning and stability of purpose that the experience of the ages affirms to be fundamentally right. From the viewpoint of history, Mr. Lewis is vainly chasing a drove of economic ignis fatuui over the miasmatic marshes of prejudice, and breathing a mental atmosphere that is burdened with poisonous effluvia of dead and decomposing failures to wreck natural law against the impossible, born of feverish hallucination. And yet the world is all the wiser for such wide circulation of th strangelv bewildering, quicksand-like utterances of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lewis, for in them is a lesson which the people might learn to their profit—a lesson that comes as a warning to students of the science of Government to avoid the danger that would lurk in becoming mentally dazed by the rhetorical embellishments and seductive sophistry of these two exponents of the most unreal and fanciful of economic idealism.

For our political ills, for our low level of intellectual and moral force, and for our lack of understanding and appreciation of our economic miseries, Mr. Roberts kindly ex-

cases us. It is not we who are to be blamed, because in the density of our ignorance and stupidity we, the people, are led by a “false standard-bearer.” Mr. Roberts is pleased, too, to further hold us, the masses, blameless because we are a “swinish multitude,” with rings in our noses, to which are fastened chains, the other ends of which are held and pulled by the hand of “the false standard-bearer.”

“Hush, rash prince,” the prelate said, “yon visioned form is thine own.”

Mr. Roberts is greatly mistaken. He is not acquainted with his fellow-citizens. Certainly there are “false standard bearers,” but they carry the banner of socialism, anarchism, lawlessness and kindred “economic” monstrosities. True, they draw the people unto them, but as does the passing circus when, socialistic-like, it is equipped with calliope, clown and animals. If Mr. Roberts sees only a “swinish multitude” conducting the industrial, commercial, financial, transportation and agricultural forces of the nation, and sees only “swinish” instinct and intellectuality in those whom the people commission from time to time to conduct and administer their national interests, will he be good enough to indicate his standard of measure?

But the burden of Mr. Roberts’ and Mr. Lewis’ philosophy of Government, though an effort is made by each to conceal the cloven-foot, is socialism as the fundamental principle of national life, and confiscation of private property for general distribution the ethical standard for the administration of the nation’s business concerns and interests. Mr. Roberts says: “What is used by the people must be installed by them, and we must mulct any other power

that reaches out for supremacy." Although Mr. Roberts' brand of "economics" contemplates the adoption of a system of "appropriation" of other people's property, it falls very far short of Mr. Lewis' ambition in that direction. The process proposed by Mr. Roberts to plunder those who have to give to those who have not, suits Mr. Lewis, but he rebels at even the faintest suggestion that when the "public utilities" are in the possession of the masses they shall be conducted, managed, operated or superintended by men who have the capacity and the experience necessary to operate such mammoth enterprises. The men who built up these great "utilities" are necessarily dishonest, else they could never have accomplished such gigantic results; hence, they are to be eliminated from the "new order of things," and in their stead the "masses of workers" will supply the brains, the executive ability and the necessary knowledge of detail to conduct all these stolen utilities.

Let us analyze, or at least make a rough estimate of what the effect would be if Mr. Lewis's socialistic theories of Government were adopted by the people as a national policy. First, we should have to resolve ourselves into a nation of thieves; second, steal by confiscation all the public utilities now owned by individuals; third, eliminate the tried and successful business brains of the country from the list of participants in the conduct and operation of the utilities; third, place these vast properties under the control of the "masses of workers," workers who have failed utterly to accumulate a surplus of \$100 from years of employment, men who are deficient in mental and moral force, who have not the capacity to rise above the "hand to mouth" condition of existence. But let us suppose the "utilities" are to be "installed" by the "will of the people." About what would be the magnitude of the robbery? According to the last census

the "public utilities" of the United States, including industrial plants, but not agricultural "trusts and combines," have an earning power value of twenty-five thousand million dollars. There is not enough cash in the world to buy and pay for them.

But the plan of the socialist does not contemplate re-imbursing the owners of the "utilities." The plan is to take possession of them by force, give them over to the "masses of workers" to superintend and operate, *pro bono publico*, and thus reduce the now utilities-owner class to a beggar class, and elevate the "masses of workers" to the epauletted class, and all by a system of confiscation that would put to shame the Chinese pirates of a century ago.

Did anybody ever see a socialist who was not willing to wear the epaulets of a capitalist? Did anybody ever see a socialist who did not condemn socialism when the Lord of good luck filled his coffers with gold? Did anybody ever see a socialist who did not expect to be a manager of some sort when socialism prevails? Did anybody ever see a socialist who was willing to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water when socialism rules the land? Did anybody ever see a socialist who was not making money for himself, directly or indirectly, by advocating socialism? Is it not true that socialistic theories of Government are a commercial commodity that is sold to the discontented as a "cure all," and that its orators and leaders live on the misfortunes and credulity of the never-to-do-well?

As an initial movement to national ownership of public utilities, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lewis would be willing to have the public utilities of San Francisco managed and conducted by the municipality. Let us see about that. The public utilities of San Francisco have a valuation of not far from fifty million dollars, with an operating force of several thousand men. To secure these

utilities, the city would have to bond itself or confiscate them to obtain possession. Several thousand men would be added to the list of "friends of the administration." The present managers of the utilities would be dismissed for the crime of having business sense and honesty. The material of the existing "ring" would be increased to cover the requirements of the utilities. Not one of them would have the required experience or capacity. The "graft" system would be widened to include the possibilities of the fifty millions of dollars' worth of utilities. The consequence would be that in a short time the now satisfying utilities would be crippled and inadequate. The municipal ring would be entrenched behind the utilities, and the added numerical strength, by reason of the additional employees, would make its defeat at the polls almost impossible. A reign of thievery and corruption would be inaugurated which would last until the utilities had been wasted; meanwhile taxes would be increased to make good the deficit in operating the utilities; and as for the little moral sense now in the conduct of the concerns of the city, it would be swept aside by the fresh opportunities to plunder the

public, which the fifty million dollars worth of utilities would afford. Practical socialism would be worse than fire, pestilence and famine. It is a political heresy that should be condemned as the worst form of high treason.

But, on the other hand, these preachers of the Gospel of hate and confiscation are really public benefactors. By the persistent ringing of their fire alarms the people have a constant reminder that vigilance is the price of liberty, and that socialism would, if it could, overthrow our political, social and religious institutions and substitute for them a system of government based upon the theory that men capable of mastering great business problems and of conducting mighty commercial enterprises, are necessarily rascals and robbers, else they could not have carved their way out of the caves and huts of the "masses of workers" into the open field of applied energy, brains and invention. That is to say, the theory of the socialists is that genius, industry, frugality, and integrity are evidence that the possessor of them is an economic knave, a commercial brigand and an industrial pirate.





Residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Auburn, Cal.

EL TOYON

JUST why there are not more first-class hotels in the rural districts of the more northern section of California no one seems to know, but pleasure and health seekers know it to be true, and they wonder why. It is conceded that the northern and north central parts of the State are infinitely superior in every way to the southern for either summer or winter hotel resi-

dence. And yet there are spots in the north central regions especially that seem to have been created with every requisite for health and the pleasing in nature. Conspicuously among these sites is Auburn, Placer County. Not only Auburn itself, but the region round about is particularly attractive and the wonder is that it has not been claimed for the location of a hotel that would



Pond in the grounds.



Dryeway.



Grounds of the Davis residence.

rival the best in the State, but it is more than likely that in the near future Auburn will be a center of attraction for pleasure and health-seekers and for those seeking recreation away from the noise and confusion of city life.

In the near future it is likely to be because Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis have decided to let their beautiful country home, El Toyon, at Auburn, be converted into a hostelry that will stand in the fore-front of rural hotels. El Toyon is most happily situated for such an enterprise in the matter of climatic advantages, while the house and grounds, comprising twenty acres, stables, greenhouse, fine tennis court, an orchard containing a large variety of fruit, and choice vineyard, are all that could be desired, though of course the residence would need to be extended, but electric lighting, an independent water-supply system and perfect sanitation are already installed. The grounds are, by nature, picturesque, commanding an extensive view of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains and the deep river canyons. What nature has failed to do, the horticulturist and landscape gardener and florist have

accomplished. Mr. and Mrs. Davis' plan is very feasible and should commend itself to capital, as well as to the fashionable and cultured people whose custom it is to retire for a season from the whirl and bustle of metropolitan environment to the quiet leisure and pleasing and



Roses on tea-house all the year.



Rose tree.

healthful recreation that a well-appointed country hotel affords. For all these desirable aims, El Toyon is most favorably located. Some one has said: "When one gets into Placer County, and especially in Auburn, one never wants to get out of it. The Creator has so adjusted climate and scenery that there is nothing more to be desired."

In order to put the enterprise up-

on a sound and permanent basis, Mr. and Mrs. Davis are of the opinion that a stock company should be formed to take the property and add whatever improvements may be needed. To that end they are willing to accept the price of \$45,000 for the entire property, and they would be pleased to take a given amount of the purchase price in the stock of the company. It would seem that this is a rare opportunity for the investment of money that would yield handsome returns from the start, for certain it is that a family hotel on the grounds of El Toyon would attract the best people in the State to it. Besides that, there is a pressing need for more of just such hotels as El Toyon would be in northern and central California, and while capital would be doing a great thing for the public in taking hold of this property, it would have returns that could not be expected from many business enterprises.

COMPANIONS.

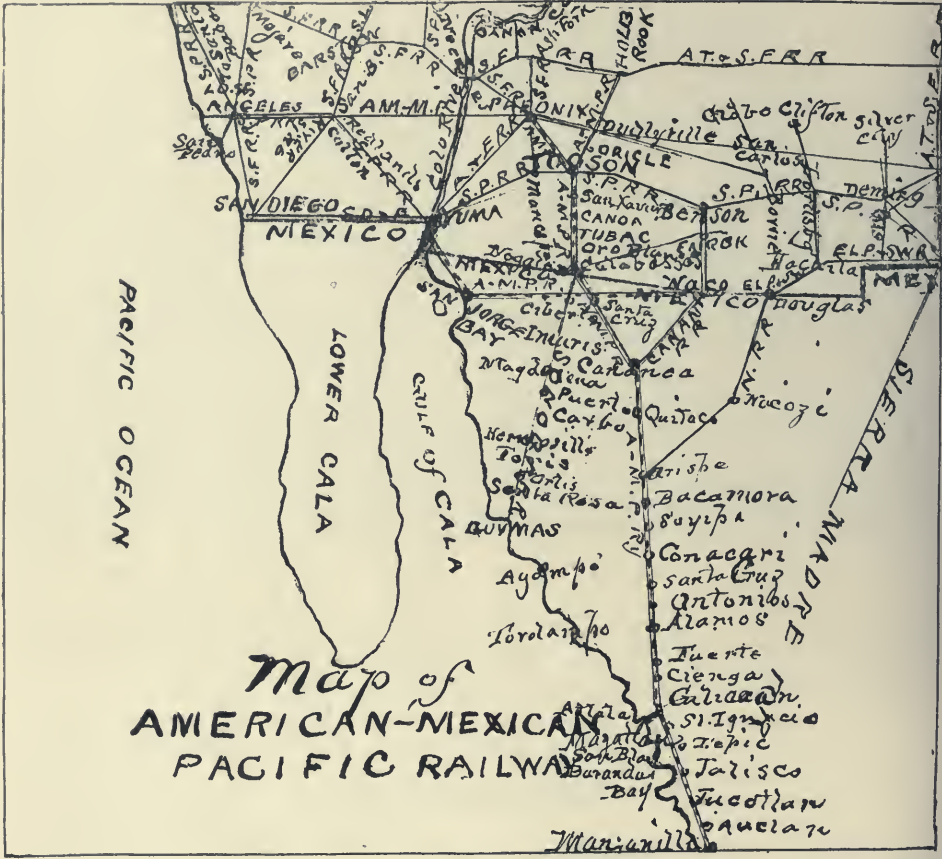
BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

We two, with no rival to come between
 To the death of your ruddy fire;
 I have you and my book and an easy chair,
 And the pictures you paint for me over there;
 And no maid that ever the world has seen
 Can mar the peace that we share, I ween;
 Myself, and my old black brier.

What secrets we share and what hopes divide
 And what sprites of the past invoke!
 There are shades of forgotten and dead desire,
 There are lips that e'en rival your scarlet fire,
 And the coal that presses your blackened side
 Seems not more real than the forms that glide
 Through haze of your curling smoke.

We two; with a book and an easy chair
 And the cheer of a glowing fire.
 With the peace of your comradeship all about,
 With the noise and the stress of the world shut out,
 We can scoff at sorrow and smile at care
 And dream of deeds that the bravest dare;
 Myself, and my old black brier.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®



AMERICAN-MEXICAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THIS long-needed North and South Railway, connecting with all the east and west railways in Arizona, and Sonora Railways in Mexico, and with Port San Jorge (with 35 feet of water), at the head of navigation on the Gulf of California, having tributary the best mines and mining and agricultural lands in Arizona, New Mexico and South-eastern California, now being developed into great producing districts, where rail and sail will meet at San Jorge Bay, which offers unusual facilities for establishing industrial plants, as well as a Mecca for tourists on the Pacific Coast.

This railway from Phoenix, via Tucson (where a large first-class smelting and reduction works is soon to be built), Calabassas, Nogales, to Naco, connecting with the El Paso and Southwestern R. R. and Cananea, and from Naco west to San Jorge Bay on the Gulf of Cala, connecting with the San Diego and Eastern R. R. at Yuma. also a branch from Tucson N. E. to Dudleyville, at the junction of Gila and San Pedro rivers, and eventually extended to Holbrook, on the main line of the Santa Fe R. R. Traffic arrangements will be made with the A. T. & S. F. Ry. to connect at Phoenix via Wick-



enburg, and the Needles, so that traffic from Tucson and Phoenix, west, to and from San Francisco, via Mojave, will be established, by this means saving fully 200 miles in distance over present routes, and north from the Needles via Manvel and the S. P. L. A. & S. L. Ry to Salt Lake City, will be connected, and main line extended from Phoenix via Ehernburg to Riverside and Los Angeles, California, which will shorten the distance 100 miles. Subsequently it is proposed to build south from Cananea, through Sonora, Sinaloa, Tepec and Jalisco to Banderos Bay and Manzanillo, in the Republic of Mexico, which will connect with the Pan-American Ry., through Mexico, via the Pacific Coast.

The Tcheuntepec National Railway across the Isthmus of Teheuntepec in Southern Mexico, having been rebuilt with up-to-date termi-

nals for the rail and sail traffic, with the world. A line of the Pacific Coast steamers will be established between San Jorge on the Gulf of Cala, and Salina Cruz, capable of carrying all the traffic developed. This route to the East and Europe is 1,000 miles shorter than by Panama.

The American-Mexican Pacific Railway, with its general offices at Tucson, Arizona, has under contract with W. C. Bradbury & Co., of Denver, Colorado, for two hundred and fifty miles of the proposed 2000 miles of standard gauge railway (in this growing and prosperous southwestern country), will locate their principal shops at Tucson. Their officers are able, practical and indefatigable in their efforts to merit the confidence of the people interested in this important enterprise in this, the richest, country of undeveloped natural resources that exists.

OFFICERS 1905.

President and Chief Engineer.

Col. Lyman Bridges.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. H. H. Pilling.

A. Bail.

D. McM. Shorb.

Secretary.

F. S. Speelman.

Treasurer and Assistant Secretary.

H. D. Corbett.

Auditor.

Dr. H. H. Pilling.

Purchasing Agent.

D. McM. Shorb.

Counsel.

Judge S. W. Purcell.

Master Mechanic.

P. B. Ziegler.

Directors (9).

The above named and F. E. A. Kimball.

The American-Mexican Pacific Railway have been fortunate in securing officers and promoters of ability and experience. The President and Chief Engineer, Col. Lyman Bridges, served on the construction of the Mississippi Central, Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Clinton and Western Railways. He was Chief Engineer and General Superintendent of the Nevada Central Railway during location and construction, and Chief Engineer of the California Central and United States Central Railways, and Civil Engineer U. S. Geological Survey in Nevada and California in 1889, and has been Chief Engineer of this railway since its incorporation in 1900. Dr. H. H. Pilling, the First Vice-President and Auditor, is one

of the most conservative capitalists in this country, and has given his time and aid to this company from the beginning.

Mr. A. Bail, Vice-President, is a successful merchant here at Tucson; has also been an efficient officer of the company from the start, fully appreciating its necessity and confident of its successful outcome. D. McM. Shorb, the Pacific Coast representative of C. F. Clarke & Co., bankers, of Philadelphia, Pa., at San Francisco, Cal., and a number of other strong firms throughout the United States and Europe, is Vice-President and Purchasing Agent. Mr. Shorb is a son of the late Hon. J. De Barth Shorb, well known as one of the most enterprising and progressive citizens of Southern California and a nephew of the late Dr. J. C. Shorb. Mr. H. D. Corbett, Treasurer, is one of the most reliable merchants in Tucson. Mr. F. S. Speelman, Secretary, has had a large experience in service with the Wabash, St. Louis and Iron Mountain, Missouri Pacific, Southern Pacific Railways, etc. Judge S. W. Purcell, Counsellor, is an able, careful, conservative lawyer.

P. B. Zeigler, Master Mechanic, has been in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railway over twenty years, and is a large property owner in Tucson and vicinity. All the officers of this railway work in harmony, and for success. There is no question but that this line will develop a great traffic, not only for this company, but for all its connecting railways and the cities, towns and country through which it passes.

"THE JEW"

Editor *Overland Monthly* :

San Francisco, April 12.

The Rev. Bernard M. Kaplan recently took one of the daily newspapers into his confidence concerning the outraged feelings of the children of Israel, and in fierce terms of denouncement attacked the hapless author of a story entitled "The Jew," which appeared in the April issue of the *Overland Monthly*.

It is a tale of the Barbary Coast district, and deals with a type of the Jewish race, a type that has found its prototype in fiction since the romancer and historian first took up the pen to treat of a glorious and an exiled race. It was written with no intention to give umbrage to any reader of the magazine, or to cause bias or prejudice in the slightest degree; it came before the writer's mind as a creation of the imagination, colored by the characteristics of the usurer, the usurer of parable and daily experience, whose existence cannot be denied by the most loyal and faithful child of the Ghetto. The Rev. Bernard Kaplan missed the fine motive of the fictional aspect, the cause and effect that ran through the mere romance, the human motive as a thing apart from all race prejudice, the parental love struggling above the mere greed, which had become fostered into a second nature, and then the swift influx of another passion sweeping all filial affection from the daughter's heart.

That was the main thread of the story, and while it kept to the racial instincts of a people, it did not choose the germ of "greed" as the one or most conspicuous attribute

of the Jewish race. The love of kind, remorse, heedlessness of the suddenly acquired wealth, these were the distinctive features of the story.

Did the ancient Scots quarrel with the playwright who made Lady Macbeth a murderess?

Human passion has neither race nor creed; it is inherent in human nature, and it is the fiction writer's privilege to take liberties with the individual hero and heroine. Literature, we would inform the learned rabbi, does not deal with glittering generalities. It is an exact and specific treatment, otherwise where would our Portia pitting herself against Shylock be?

Dr. Kaplan is guilty of sex prejudice when he takes the subject of gender into the controversy, for the question mark is relative to the merits of the work and a fair critic, one unhampered by the old-fashioned courtesy of taking off his hat to the woman's efforts irrespective of worth, has been relegated to the dust heap of bygone restrictions.

Few Christians are unwilling to coalesce with the members of the Jewish race; it is the strong racial cohesion of the Jew himself that makes of him a "marked people."

And, therefore, the call of the universal brotherhood must find an answer in the heart of each and every brother, be he Christian or Jew, with the faith of his fathers or the beliefs of other gods, and until narrow, petty spleen has been eradicated, there will be no answering echo in the minds and hearts of the thinker who claims as friend the man of worthy deeds.—Author of "The Jew."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Undoubtedly there is need of reform in our immigration system, but it is not an international question, as some claim. It is purely local to the country in interest. The right of a nation to determine for itself the moral, social and financial standard by which it shall measure fitness for citizenship is not to be questioned, nor is the right of a nation to turn away those whom it does not want to be denied. What might be a desirable class of immigrants to one country might be very objectionable to another; hence the right to enact exclusion laws could not be surrendered by any Government. Here in the United States, the necessity for drawing hard and fast lines is apparent. It is not a rare thing for a ship to land at an American port crowded with immigrants whose passage was paid by the localities from which they came to get rid of them, they being so objectionable in morals and so deficient in those attributes that characterize the good citizen that the money spent in clearing the country of them was a good investment. Practically every ship landing in an American port from Asia as well as from Europe fetches men and women for permanent residence here who should not be permitted to land, but their fitness or unfitness is a matter wholly concerning this country, nor could it become an international question, the more so because the country sending objectionable persons would protest against restraints by the country of their destination. It is easy to understand why certain foreign "humanitarian" and kindred societies are trying to arrange for an international congress to devise a basis to make immigration an international matter. They have people who are undesirable citizens or subjects, and they would send them elsewhere.

It is asserted that "hardly more than one-fourth of the homes regu-

larly receive the best, as well as the most popular, periodicals." No doubt that is true, more is the pity, but why is it true? The time was, and not so long ago, when it was considered disgraceful to read the "dime novel." It was deemed good evidence of degeneracy, and the boy or girl reading such "vile literature" was not recognized as a good companion for those who abstained on principle; but in these days such fiction is not deemed objectionable. Especially is it not condemned if a few threads of metaphysics, occultism, esotericism and psychology are woven into the theme. And it is the result of the education that is acquired in the school of the "yellow journal" educator. That is to say, the "yellow" newspaper, with its Sunday edition overflowing with themes that fetches the mind down to the realm of the vicious, the immoral, the sensational and the degrading, is responsible for the decline in the demand for good and wholesome periodicals.

The difference between Chinese and Japanese exclusion, so far as public sentiment goes at present, is this: For a quarter of a century, at least, the people of this country have taken very kindly to the Japanese, and since the little brown men have been thrashing Russia at every crossroads in Manchuria, we have looked upon the Jap as a hero, and have bestowed corresponding contempt upon the Chinese. Our sentimental nonsense has gotten us into trouble, and there is plenty of it left to make Japanese exclusion no easy task. Until we can look upon and deal with the question as a purely economic one, and measure it by the genius of our system of government, which does not contemplate America for Asiatics, shall we be able to abandon our sentimentalism and let our common sense have a chance at the problem.



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This map shows the surroundings of Bay View Park, and is worthy of careful study by the homeseeker and investor. It is the location that makes the value and insures the future.

There is only three-quarters of a mile between the Berkeley Hills and the Bay. So Bay View Park is the only outlet for future growth.

BAY VIEW PARK. LOCATION

This beautiful tract is located on the east side of San Francisco Bay, opposite San Francisco, between Point Richmond and Berkeley, at Stege Station on the main line of Southern Pacific and Schmidt Station on the Oakland Branch of the Santa Fe. Bay View Park is only forty-five minutes from San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railroad, forty minutes from San Francisco by the Key Route and Santa Fe—the Southern Pacific Station being right at the west end of the tract and the Santa Fe at the east end of the tract.

SURROUNDINGS

Stege, which joins Bay View Park on the west, is rapidly growing into a large manufacturing center. The Metropolitan Match Works, the Stauffer Chemical Works, the California Cap Works, the Johnson Lumber Yards are established at Stege, and afford employment for several hundred men, none of whom live at Stege, as there was no place available until Bay View Park was opened.

In ten years Berkeley has more than doubled its population. To-day Berkeley is growing toward Bay View Park with great rapidity, nearly half a mile a year. This alone assures the future value of Bay View Park.

Bay View Park is far enough from the manufactories of Point Richmond to be free from smoke and gas, the land is high and free from malaria and mosquitoes. The drainage is perfect, and ensures good sanitary conditions. We have sold over four hundred lots in the last four months. A great many of the best people in Point Richmond have bought to build in Bay View Park.

TROLLEY LINES AND RAILROADS

The East Shore and Suburban Railroad Company has now constructed its trolley lines so as to connect Point Richmond with Berkeley. This line runs directly by Bay View Park on San Pablo Avenue. Bay View Park is now accessible to all points across the Bay for a five-cent fare, and accessible to San Francisco for ten cents to commuters. You can reach the homes of over 125,000 people by trolley from Bay View Park.

When the Oakland and Marysville Railroad is completed there will be two railroads and two electric roads to Bay View Park. The route of this road is to begin at tide water in Oakland and run through Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, paralleling the Southern Pacific Railroad, thus making it necessary to run through the western end of Bay View Park. If you are looking for a real estate investment, come and see this property AT ONCE. It costs nothing to investigate. An early purchaser obtains the benefit of the rise in value. A franchise has been applied for to run a trolley line through the center of our tract.

We bought this property before there was a trolley line passing it, when prices were low, which now enables us to offer the best bargain in the market, either as a residence or an investment.

There is no place where there is such a rapid and substantial growth as in the country around Bay View Park.

CLIMATE

The climate is exceedingly healthful the entire year. Fogs, so frequent in San Francisco, are rarely seen here.

The following are some letters, which show what other people think of our property; all of whom bought.

San Francisco, Cal., March 13, 1905.

A. J. Johnsen, Esq., Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sir—I visited Bay View Park as I promised, and am perfectly satisfied with the property, and made another purchase of three (3) lots from the company. While I get a good profit, I am sorry I sold my corner lots. The future of Bay View Park seems assured to me.

Truly yours,

EDWARD T. NOLAN, Eureka, Cal.

San Francisco, Cal., February 13, 1905.

Messrs. Suburban Realty Co., 214-216 Rialto Building, San Francisco.

Gentlemen—I have been to see the lots in Bay View Park that I purchased through your Mr. Roberts, and find everything as represented by him, and am more than pleased with my purchase. You have one of the best subdivisions around the Bay, and its future is assured.

Yours very truly,

O. T. MOORE, 614 Grant Building.

San Francisco, Cal., November 21, 1905.

Mr. John F. Curley, Revere House, Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sir—I was to see your property in Bay View Park yesterday. Everything you told me about it is satisfactory. It is a fine tract of land.

Yours truly,

DANIEL BUCKLEY.

N. B.—Mr. Buckley's address is Eureka, Humboldt County, Cal.

San Francisco, Cal., February 28, 1905.

Suburban Realty Company, 214-216 Rialto Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen—I went over to Bay View Park yesterday and looked at the lots that you are selling in this tract. As an investment or for a residential site, I believe it to be a very good opportunity, and that it has a very good future. The location of your tract is all, and even more than your Mr. Curley represented it to be.

Yours very truly,

(MRS.) L. M. OTTO, Eureka, Cal.

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BREAKFAST MUFFINS—Two cups Allen's **B. B. B.** Flour, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk and 1 egg. Beat all together and bake in gem pans twenty minutes.

GRIDDLE CAKES—One cup Allen's **B. B. B.** Flour, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk. Beat well together and bake on hot griddle. If the batter seems too thick add a spoonful of water or sweet milk.

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 - 8977 He's Me Pal, Song, Beyzler & Nesbitt
 - 8979 In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Edison's symphony orchestra, Irving Gillette
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Bullfrog is young, but it looks like a Bonanza.

We have so much faith in this camp that we've supplied the money to the Bullfrog Syndicate Mines Company to begin development work.

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The property is in the heart of the Bullfrog District. It consists of four claims known as the Splurge group.

Several ledges crop upon the surface and assays have run as high as \$150.00 in gold and silver.

Our contract with the Company compels the management to do active development work.

Development work has begun and as the stock is sold shafts will be sunk and machinery installed for getting the minerals, the value of which has been shown to increase with depth.

We do not claim that the Bullfrog Syndicate Mines Co. owns a developed mine, but an excellent prospect.

We prophesy a golden future for this property. Remember, this is an absolutely safe investment. You can't lose your money. This is guaranteed.

Your chances for making a fortune are as good as were the chances of others who have made millions in these districts.

The great fortunes in mining are made by buying while stocks have still the low prospective value. Buy now while the stock is 10 cents a share and guaranteed.

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Full information on this and other mining properties of Southwestern Nevada will be furnished on application.

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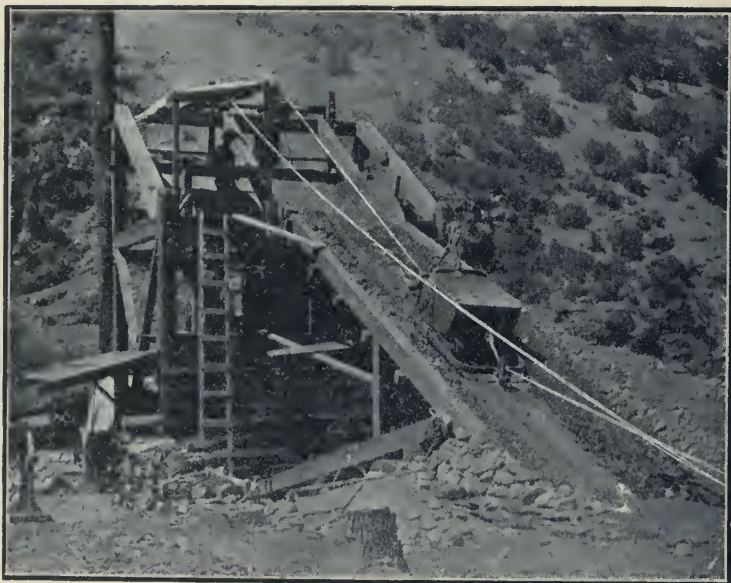
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View of French Steam Shovel handling 1800 cubic yards of gravel per day.

Discovery of Tin Ore in Alaska

Ever since Alaska was purchased by the United States in 1867 those hardy pioneers who found their way to our northern peninsula have been constantly at work prospecting and piling up evidence of the presence of the great deposits of placer gold that have been found within the borders of that snow-covered land. During those early years, many a venturesome spirit went forth from the congenial climate of his former home with a determination to withstand all the hardships of the frozen North in the hope of finding, somewhere within the borders of

this new territory, the gold that was to make his surroundings the more comfortable in his native heath. But it was not until 1897 that the whole world was startled by the news, flashed from the icebound shores of Alaska, that at last nature had lifted her veil and disclosed the presence of wondrous riches in the waterways of that far-off land. As a result, a wild rush was made, and thousands upon thousands of prospectors, poorly equipped by nature to withstand the hardships necessary, traversed the trackless wastes of the country, only to become discouraged, and one by one to give up the search to those

more fitted by experience for the task.

But there was one among them who came from far-off Australia, whose early experience and training had fitted his especially for the work before him. Samuel Colclough reached Alaska in 1898 with the assurance that whatever nature had planted there in the way of valuable minerals, must sooner or later be found by his well-trained eye. After prospecting the various sections with indifferent success, he finally discovered on the Pinguk River this valuable tin ore which heretofore had looked like ordinary gravel to the unskilled eye of the many prospectors who had searched this ground before.

All of our coast States and Territories have contributed their part to the vast mineral wealth of this God-favored land of ours, yet in no place in all America had tin ore of any consequence been found until Alaska, in addition to her already generous contribution to the mineral wealth of this great nation, gave up to the ceaseless search of her venturesome guests the ore which now promises to become so important a factor in the commercial life of the Pacific.

Great Demand for Tin Plate in the United States

The tin buyers of the United States pay out about ten million dollars annually in duty on tin plate imported from Great Britain. The Pacific Coast alone in the manufacture of tin-ware consumes about eighty thousand tons of tin plate annually. The tin ore of the world to-day is mined in the Straits (Malay Peninsula), Australia, Banca, Biliton, Bolivia and Cornwall, England. Alaska is the only place in the Western Hemisphere, excepting Bolivia, where tin is found in paying quantities.

The Mining of Tin Safer Than the Mining of Gold

In gold placer mining the particles of metal found in a yard of gravel are so small they cannot be detected with the naked eye, while in a yard of tin placer gravel an average of about twenty-five pounds of the gravel is recovered in the shape of tin ore. In gold the bulk is so small that it can easily be carried away by dishonest employes, while the tin is too bulky to tempt any one so inclined. In gold quartz the vein often pinches out or is lost entirely, and again the ore becomes refractory. In many ventures the cost of a plant to work is so high that many fall on that account. The working of stream tin deposits is the simplest of all mining ventures, requiring simply a large French shovel capable of handling the largest possible area of gravel per day, and the sluice boxes necessary to wash out the dirt from such a quantity of ore.

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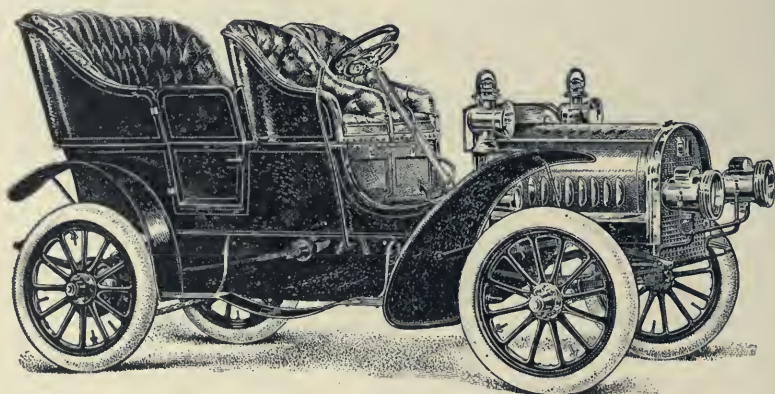
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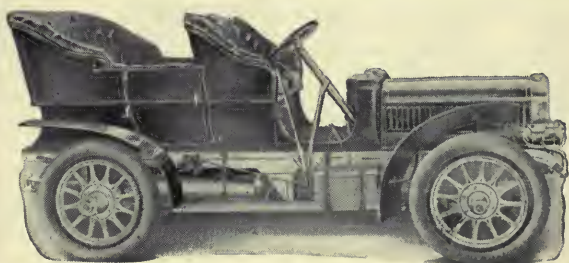
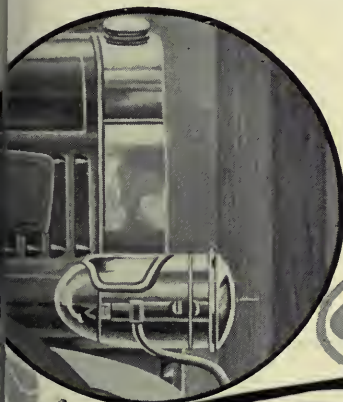
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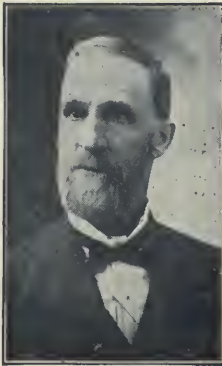
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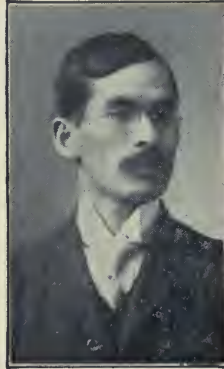
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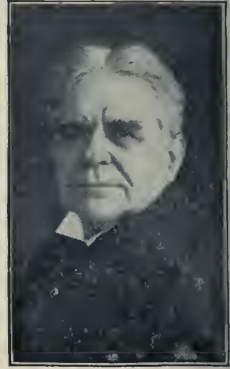
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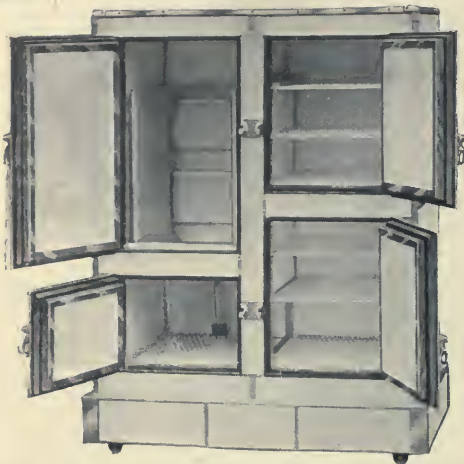
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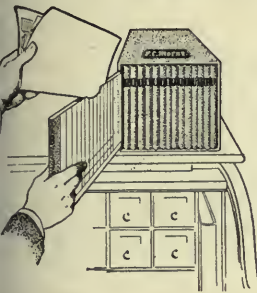
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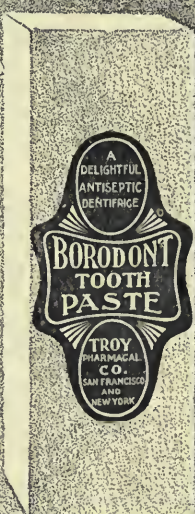
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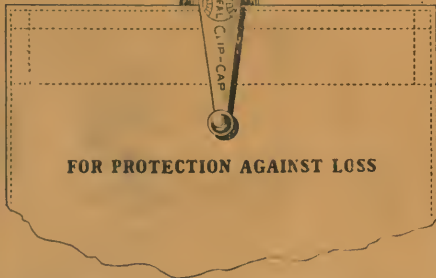
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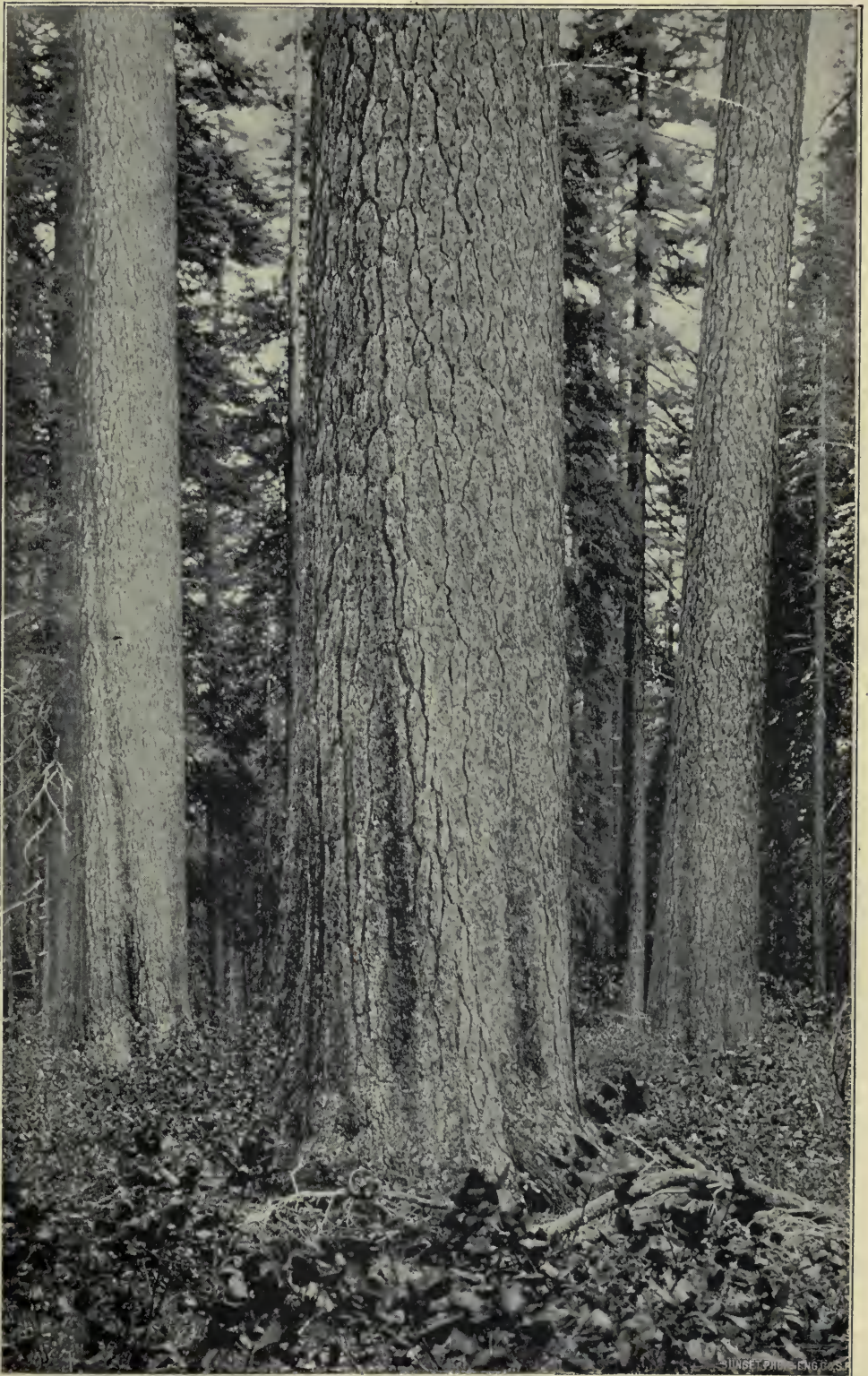
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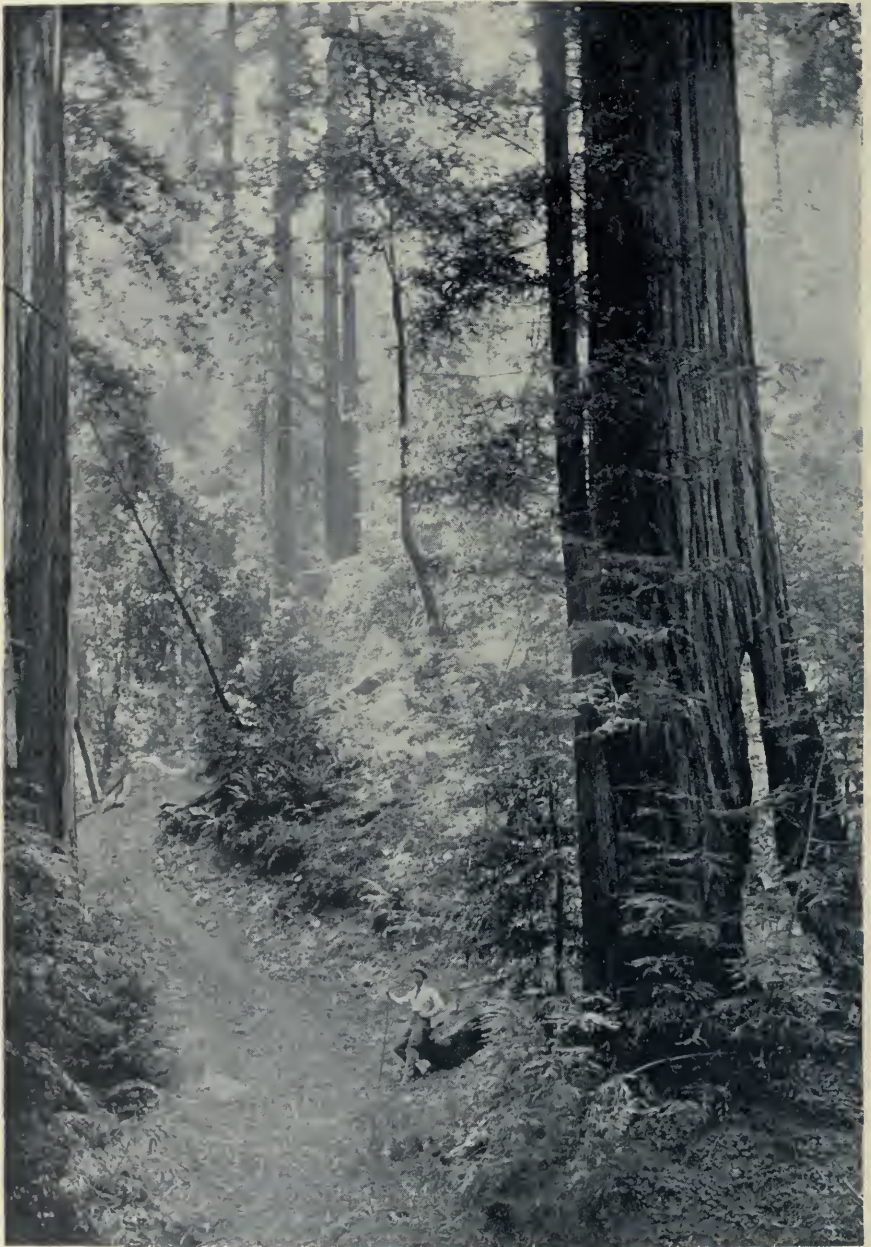
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June 1905



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Overland Monthly

Vol. XLV

June, 1905

No. 6

The War of the Classes

BY THOMAS B. WILSON

IT is said there is a war of the classes which is involving every civilized country, and no doubt it is true. In fact, it is true. Furthermore, there never was a time when it was not true. The Almighty himself inaugurated the class war when he gave Abel the preference, thus distinguishing him above Cain. Presumably, these two sons of Adam were classified on merit, but the standard of worth to which Abel adhered was not at all the standard which those who claim personal moral and intellectual superiority these days may be measured by. Indeed, we have more of the caste than the class law of social and commercial divisions, and for this we are indebted to Manu of India and Moses of Egypt. These two law-givers, acting, as they alleged, under instructions from the Deity, very naturally would place the priesthood on the topmost round of the caste ladder because they would, by virtue of their priestly office, be the connecting link and avenue of communication between the Creator and his creations. But Manu and Moses were not slow to see that since there must be kings, there must be nobility, gentry, tradesmen, hewers of wood and servants, so a sliding scale was provided to reach from the altar of the Most High God down to the lowest of the serving class, and the lines of class separation were like the gulf that kept Dives and Lazarus apart—impassable.

Thus we see where the beginnings of the present "war of the classes" were born, and it is very easy to see

that Cain set the pace for the conduct of the modern unionized working class, which it claims is in revolt against the capital class the world over. Cain's murderous club is still a favorite instrument for beating and killing, but science and invention have added bricks, cobble-stones, dynamite and powder and ball. As in the days of Cain and Abel, so in these days of ours, hatred and jealousy wield the club, but not as in the days of Cain and Abel, for now the club is resisted by Gatling guns, soldiers and policemen. Cain said he revolted against the favoritism shown Abel. Labor unions are revolting against what they say is favoritism shown to capital, and the struggle is world-wide. Ethics, philosophy, science and religion are ignored and tabooed. The spirit of brotherhood is cast aside as worthless sentimentalism. Reason is not permitted within the arena. In incentive and in purpose the belligerents do not differ. The objective point of achievement is control of the machinery of governments. With such control would come wealth and power to the victor. Victory for the capitalistic class would mean a stronger grip on the agencies of wealth production, and laws favorable to such consummation would be enacted, and the conditions of the working class would gradually sink to the level of Manu's sudras, who were the lowest of his castes. Victory for the working class would mean the complete reversal of conditions of existence for both sides, only that the working class would apply the principles of

socialism to the government of nations. This would mean the destruction of private and corporate owned agencies of production by governmental absorption, by force, of course, without compensating their owners, and also the elimination of the managers of the confiscated agencies from positions of trust and responsibility that their places might be taken by inexperienced and utterly incapable and unfit persons. In a little time, the former owners of the agencies of production would belong to the sudra class, or lower caste, and they would be joined by the "unlikely" of the working class so soon as the "chief men" of the socialistic movement had secured personal ownership of the property, wealth and capital they had "legislated" out of the hands of their rightful owners into the hands of the State—the State meaning themselves.

Will the working class forever persist in refusing to consider facts and gather from them wholesome lessons? The founders of all the great industrial and commercial enterprises in the world—the founder of every great fortune, came from the working class. For instance, the founder of the Vanderbilt millions worked as a deck hand on a Staten Island ferry boat. He saw there was money in the ferry-boat business. He saved his wages, lived frugally, and believed in himself. Presently he had an interest in a ferry-boat; later he ventured on the Hudson river with a boat, and he kept right on, working hard all the time, and accomplished in reality what hope founded on determination when he was a deck-hand. Why do not all deck hands lay the foundation of great fortunes? Partially because they have not the natural ability, partly because they will not submit to the slow and pains-taking requirements of the Gods of fortune-building; partly because they talk too much and think too little, and

partly because they spend too much time in swinging the Cainish club of envy and jealousy, engendered by seeing the more sensible and industrious of their fellows slowly but surely rolling the ball that gathers at every turn. And what is true of the foundation of the Vanderbilt fortune is true in spirit of every other great accumulation of wealth.

It is not in politics, it is not in religion, it is not in Cainish hatred and jealousy that the road to liberation from the tread-mill of labor's exactions will be found. It is to be found and only to be found in first understanding the principles of wealth accumulation, and then by honestly applying them. The principles are these: Wealth is the difference between income and expenditure. Capital is wealth in employment. It is then a wage-earner. The man who so hedges about his expenditures that at the end of the week he finds that his week's wages exceed his outlay one dollar, is possessed of that much wealth, and it is wealth as surely as millions of dollars would be. At the end of the year his wealth is \$52. If he shall judiciously employ this wealth it becomes capital and a co-worker with himself, and together they increase the second year's wealth accumulation, and so on and so on. That is the way all wealth foundations are begun, nor is there a working-man in the United States who may not thus create personal wealth, but not so if he is not a sober and frugal man. He must fully understand that his savings are laboring for him every day to make his income larger, and that in ratio to the margin he requires to remain between his income and his expenditure is his wealth, as employed capital, able to help widen the difference between outlay and income. But this philosophy of economics does not provide a place for socialism, labor unionism, nor for any otherism that dwarfs or weakens a man's

own individuality, personal liberty, freedom of individual action or right to contract for himself the hire of his own skill, brain and brawn.

Novelists and agitators, and aspirants for political preferment for the profits, comforts and authority of office, tell us that there is a widespread and deep-rooted social revolution in every land, which is true, always has been true and will continue to be true so long as there are two or more people on earth. The objective point of every man's endeavor in the world of flesh and blood is a condition which insures elegant leisure. Not that he would accept it, if acquired, but the satisfaction in knowing that he may enjoy it if he wants to is what the striving is for. It is this striving for that which one would not accept after acquiring the privilege that is the fire which heats the iron which the God of civilization fashions into ladders for human-kind to climb to higher and still higher levels of attainment in every avenue of human progress, and the "war of the classes" supplies the fuel that heats the iron. It is an irrepressible conflict between the working class and the capitalist class—it is the sudra class struggling to be the merchant class, the merchant class to be the gentry class, the gentry class to be the nobility class, and out of this comes only good, albeit all swing the Cainish club. It must be so by the law of being, and could not be otherwise unless the human family were reduced to two persons and one of them an idiot, but the sane one would himself become insane, for of the friction of competition is born mental vigor.

The striving of man for better conditions of existence, and all from the sudra to the king and on to the high priest are involved in the struggle, and the spirit of striving is the warp and the woof of the character fabric which every man weaves for himself on Divinity's loom of

human progress. Some call it "competition," some call it "the war of the classes," the philosopher calls it "the wheels of progress," the scientist calls it "the law of evolution," nature calls it "sowing and reaping," the gods call it "duty," but at its last analysis it is found to be the aspiring soul of man struggling to break the bonds of unsatisfying environment. But the struggle is all the harder, and defeats are all the more frequent because of fatally erroneous conceptions of what most people glibly call "freedom." Men are born neither free nor equal. The thesis of the concrete freedom of man as an individual or of a community of men collectively, is not sanctioned by the law of cause and effect, or ethical causation as the sages of Greek and Hindustan would put it. The law of the interdependence of the human family—of classes and castes—is a fundamental principal of existence. Cain's club inflicted far greater disaster upon Cain than it did upon Abel, albeit Abel lost his life. Freedom of aspiration obtains as a God-given right, but freedom of action is quite a different thing. The sudra has the right to aspire to the throne, and if he can possess himself of it by honest merit, it is his by sanction of the Eternal Purpose, but freedom of action does not contemplate trespassing upon the rights of another anywhere between sudraship and kingship. Personal liberty becomes personal tyranny when it encroaches upon the personal liberty of another, hence the field in which personal liberty may be exercised is extremely limited, as it should be, for otherwise the spirit, essence and incentive to human progress, both as to individuals and to races, would be too weak and indifferent to avail anything, and the Cainish club, the war of the classes and the struggle for supremacy would perish from inaction, leaving the race in a state of dreamy sentimentalism, mental

narrowness and physical laziness. Let the heathen rage, for would they rage unless they were dissatisfied with existing conditions of life and aspired to higher and better levels of going and coming? Let the eye

of the imagination penetrate boundless infinity that it may survey the empire of the possibilities of every man, and dampen not the fires of aspiration by whose blazing light heights still beyond may be seen.

A Critic's Criticism

Editor Overland Monthly: The author of "The Jew" is greatly in error if she thinks that literature is a "specific treatment." Literature as "belles lettres" is different from the newspaper in so far as the newspaper deals with specific cases and individuals, while literature, as the mirror of human nature and human consciousness, represents general types and general human traits. Every student of literature knows that literature as one of the fine arts is anything but a "specific treatment." The writer of this letter had the privilege of studying literature at Columbia University under Professors Brander Matthews and George Woodberry, and if he has learned anything at all from these recognized critics and scholars, he has learned that literature worthy of the name is something altogether different from the somewhat novel interpretation of literature as given by the author of "The Jew." Granting that literature is a "specific treatment," is the writer of the short sketch, "The Jew," warranted in calling her specific "creation of the imagination" by the generic name, "The Jew," which stands for all Israel

The author of "The Jew" asks: "Did the ancient Scots quarrel with the playwright who made Lady Macbeth a murderess?" Certainly not! But that "playwright" did not call that murderess by the general name, "The Scot." He was content to call the creation of his

genius by the specific name "Macbeth." There is the difference between Shakespeare and the author of "The Jew." Marlowe, in the sixteenth century, in an age of prejudice and hatred, described a Jewish character in one of his dramas in a manner which suited the prejudices of those benighted times, but he called the creation of his imagination by the more specific title of "The Jew of Malta," thus making an allowance for others in God's wide world outside of Malta. The author of "The Jew," in our enlightened age of the 20th century, seems to have less charity and less consideration for the feelings of others than the dissipated Marlowe had in the dark days of some 350 years ago.

Jewish men have been misrepresented in fiction, but Jewish women have always been treated with courtesy and respect. Abigail, in Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta," is a beautiful type of womanhood. Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe," is probably the noblest type of female character in all literature. Mirah, in "Daniel Deronda," is an idealist of the highest order; and so Jewish women have generally been represented in fiction as models of chastity, fidelity and charity. The author of "The Jew" has not even spared the Jewish women. The author of "The Jew" may know Barbary Coast, but I fear she knows very little of the true Jewish life and character.

—Bernard M. Kaplan, M. A.

The Revelation of Ambitious Adams

As Told by Dave Young of Utah.

BY TREVELYAN MILLER

I.

IF ever a man gets to thinking that the whole world's going wrong, and gets a longing 'round his heart for what we call riches, I refer him to my old partner, "Ambitious" Andy Adams. I can't give you his address just now, but he's somewhere down in the Piute Valley, between Otter Creek and the Wasatch Mountains. The last I saw of him was a few years ago in the little town of Marysvale on the Sevier River.

To the south of Marysvale lies a gap of some 300 miles where the howl of the coyote echoes across the wilderness and the rumble of a prairie schooner makes hope leap high in the heart of the cow-puncher who has been driven from the East and drifted out here to Man's country where he can put his religion in the end of the barrel of his gun, and the best Christian is the man that can shoot the quickest.

Now, you who know about human nature, can you blame a man for forgetting his manners when he scents a flask of rum coming down from civilization to a land where a man sets up his own laws and votes with his six-shooter. You who know how to stack the pack in the game of society and play it square, don't be too hard on us fellows who had mothers once, too, and learned to say our prayers. We ain't bad; we don't make laws to break, and we've got as many as we can keep. Our constitution's based on yours: "All men are born free and equal," and we only have as many wives as we can see fit, and any man worships God when he's dead beat and is down on his knees on the trail with his hands raised high and his

eyes looking down the muzzle of a greaser's gun.

It's down here somewhere you'll find my old pard, Adams. I've been thirty-three years out here in the Mormon country, and I know every foot of it that a human being can travel from Bear Lake to the Glen Canyon. I've fought mountain lions in the Uninita Gorge, and I've washed the blood from the flesh wounds of a grizzly in the waters of the Dirty Devil. I've sweltered under the hot suns of the Great Salt Lake Desert, and I've drunk the water from Dead Man's well. But I still live to tell many a good story about my own experiences and many a better one about "Ambitious" Andy Adams, the laziest man that ever sent a load of buckshot into a horse thief, the most ambitious man that ever saw the light of day.

II.

The first time I met Adams was back in 1877, on the 23rd day of March, out in Mountain Meadow. He sat on the stump of a fallen tree, his boots planted firmly in the turf, his long, gnarly fingers playing over a clumsy six-shooter in his belt, and his deep-set eyes peering from beneath a slouch hat at the twitching form of old John Lee dangling by the neck from a strong hempen rope.

"It's a shame," muttered Adams, as he took a firmer grip on his gun. "It's a shame that a country has come to a tyranny where a man cannot live without a set of Yankee-made laws, and tenderfoot at that."

"Young," he said, "there's only one way for a man to be righteous in the eyes of these heathen Easterners. That is to make money. It doesn't make any difference how you

make it, as long as you make it—counterfeit it, take it out of another man's pocket, but don't get caught."

"I don't care anything about making money enough to make laws to hang Yankees," he said. "All I want is money enough to make laws so that Yankees can't hang us."

Although this was many years before monopolies, Adams felt that there was a combination of influences working injustice against him.

"Why, even the sun rises in the East," he declared, "and then it sets on us."

For twenty-five years Adams argued the methods of money-making. When the first rays of light looked down into the gulch they found Andy sitting beside a camp-fire with his eyes set straight toward Yankee-land, and a sad-like expression of hope on his face. There never was a man in the Sevier Valley who labored so hard, and yet I never saw him do a stroke of work in his life. On cold days the only time he ever moved was to keep near the warmest side of the fire, and on hot days to keep in the shade, and even then he spent many hours trying to think out a scheme to make the shade come to him.

My word for it, I was coming down the mountain road one day, and as I passed the spring at the foot of the ledge, there sat Ambitious Andy wrapped in thought, as if it was a woollen blanket, shutting him in entirely from the outside world.

"Hallo there, my friend," I exclaimed.

"How do you do, Mr. Young," he replied.

"Dave's a good enough name for me, Andy," I suggested.

"I never had any great objection to the name of David, myself," he drooled. "But you came around the ledge so kind of quiet that it rather surprised me to see you here. You know, before a fellow gets his bear-

ings, he's mighty apt to feel his way with company manners."

"Then dignity ain't always natural," I exclaimed. "If there's anything in the world that I am bound to be, Andy, it's natural. If you'll take your foot out of the creek there a minute, I'll have a drink. It's been a blazing hot day along the plateau, and I'm nigh dead of thirst."

I am not much on filtered water, and I can tell you right now that in spite of its mineral, vegetable and animal matter, the sweetest water that ever got inside of a man comes from that little spring at the foot of the ledge. I sat down to rest for a little while, and Andy and I got to talking things over. It was that night, and I'll never forget it, that Andy confided with me that he was working out an idea that rattlesnake skins might make durable and appropriate upholstery for church pews, but that the only drawback that he found was in getting the ministers to come out to Utah and catch them.

"And there's another fortune," said Andy, confidentially, "in prairie dogs. I figured it out that when this country gets to be civilized there's going to be trouble in this meat question. You and I know, Dave, that a side of beef will go farther in making a man than all the other victuals that you can eat in a lifetime."

"But what's that got to do with prairie dogs?" I asked.

"More'n you and I can ever reckon," said Andy, running his fingers through his hair. "There 'pears to be no reason in my mind why these little runts wouldn't make as good eating as any rabbit that was ever caught in a snare."

"Why don't you try it?" I asked.

"That's just what I intend to do," said Ambitious Andy, with more vim than I had ever seen him show before. "But you can't make a stew without a fire, and I'm waiting for

some square chap to go partners and bring me the driftwood."

III.

Whether or not it was from the environment of Ambitious Adams that Marysvale was seized with a desire to get rich, I cannot swear, but it is nevertheless true that, within a year's time, every man in the Piute district began to let down easy on his job and talk about making a fortune. In less than 6 months' time, you couldn't hire a man to herd your cattle, so busy was each one of them trying to become a millionaire.

Any man who ever roved the West knows that it's richer in legend than in precious metals; put your ear up against any cavern in the Rockies, and you'll hear the echo of somebody's fool story of hidden treasure. There's a strong vein of superstition in us all, only some of us never tell it except to a close friend. The people in Marysvale are only human, and so it ain't surprising that when the superstition pot got to boiling, every one of them took a little whiff of the odor. It was whispered about the village that some time back in the sixteenth century an exploring expedition of Spaniards discovered rich deposits of gold and silver in the mountains in the central part of Utah. The old story told how the Spaniards stole the secret from a tribe of Indians, and it was said that even up to a few years ago the last members of the tribe still held the secret, but because they hated all white men, swore that no pale face would ever again leave the place of hidden treasure alive. I've heard old prospectors say that when they neared the mountains they were pierced with arrow heads of silver, and that many a man had been struck dead by nuggets of gold hurled by the savages from the precipices.

I well remember when I came to Utah there was but one member of the tribe left—an old squaw. A

trapper that I knew schemed to get possession of the secret and finally married her. Before the marriage she made him take an oath never to betray the hiding place. Her incantations so impressed his superstitious nature that after her death he lived in horror, and swore that her spirit haunted him day and night. The poor fellow finally died in poverty, and when we tried to get the secret out of him he raved like a mad man and begged us to dig him out from a grave of gold.

"My God, ain't you human?" he would cry. "See! See! See it glitter! See it glisten! Gold! Gold!"

I can hear his shrieks now. I can feel him as he clutched at my arm and pleaded: "Oh, God, have mercy on me! Can't you see it coming! Can't you see it falling! Help! Help! Take it off from me! It's crushing my heart out! Take it off! Take it off!"

And then he would fall face down on the earth and weep like a child. One morning we found him dead down in the Piute gulch, and a coyote was licking his bruised face.

IV.

Ambitious Andy Adams never tired of telling these incidents, and he believed in the legend with a faith only exceeded by that in his Mormon religion. Then when all Marysvale began to place credence in the tale, and every man, woman and child was searching the mountains for the buried wealth, Adams was more positive than ever before of its truth.

In my long life among the Mormons I have never seen one more devout than Adams. I do not care to argue his religion, other than to say that he never harmed another man half as much as he did himself. If a man isn't a Mormon out here, he generally isn't anything at all. As for myself, I'm not much on orthodoxy, and I've lived pretty close to the creed that a man's a man as long as he conducts himself

like a man, and not like a devil. Adams was a firm believer in revelations. One morning, two years ago (I think it was the 8th day of September) he came into the village with his face glowing with enthusiasm.

"What's up now, Adams?" I asked.

He did not reply, but there was a light in his eyes that told me that something had taken place in Andy's brain that might pan good.

"Got a new scheme?" I inquired.

"No," he replied.

"Been down to church?" I asked.

"No," he answered.

"Think you've solved the problem at last, do you?"

"I don't know."

"Where have you been all night, anyway?"

"At home."

"Have an inspiration?"

"Not exactly."

"Blast your soul, Adams, what have you got? Another wife?"

"Dave," he said, confidentially,

"I—I—I've had a—I've had a—"

"Revelation?"

"That's just it. And in that revelation I've seen—I've—I've—I've seen—"

"The Lord?"

"Joseph Smith!" he replied solemnly.

"You don't say!" I exclaimed. There always was something kind of interesting to me in Old Joe Smith. Worse men have lived than him.

"And—and—and Moses!" declared Adams.

"What! Seen him too?" I said in surprise.

"And the Angel Gabriel!"

"I'll be blasted, Adams," I exclaimed, for I couldn't help being expressive over his strike. "You're the luckiest man I ever knew."

"Dave," said Adams, reverently, "I place confidence in you as a man I can trust."

"Not for much, Andy," I said, "for I haven't made a strike in five years."

"For twenty-five years I've been praying for a revelation that would lead me to—to——"

"Yes, Andy, I know—the hidden treasure."

"Last night while I was sleeping, I should say it was somewhere 'round midnight, the prophets came to me. The three of them together. And—and—— Now, Dave, this is a matter of spirituality and must be argued with reverence."

"My word for it, Andy," I exclaimed. "No man in the world has greater respect and less faith in your prophets than Dave Young. I'm Yankee-born, Andy, from the good old Puritan stock, and while I've wandered away from the flock, I've never yet been known to say one word of desecration against another man's religion. I once had one of my own, and I love it like the memory of a dead child. No, sir, Adams, I'm too much of a man to try to rob another man of anything that may make him squarer with other men."

"In this revelation," continued Adams, "I have been led to the exact spot where the riches are hidden. With the three prophets last night I made the journey."

"But can you make it again," I asked.

"Make it, Dave, or die in the attempt," exclaimed Adams, emphatically.

"I marked the rocks and trees along the mountain side, and while the way is steep and dangerous, it's a clear path to me after last night's journey."

"Are you going to try it again?" I asked.

"Now," he replied, "and I want your word for it that you'll never breach the confidence. I have the secret in my possession. When I return, it will be with greater wealth than the world has ever seen."

I'm going to build churches. I'm going to help the poor. I'm going to make every man in Marysvale rich, and I'm going to beat the Yankee at his own game!"

As I stood there and shook hands with Andy Adams there was a feeling 'round my heart such as I knew when my mother used to caress my forehead, back in old New England.

I watched the old man until he was lost in the turn of the trail. Then I went down to the grog shop and sat down at the table. Somehow my luck ran bad, and I didn't take much interest in the pot.

V.

For two or three days my heart felt sort of unnatural. Then I was worried, and when a week had gone and nothing heard of Andy, I could hardly hold my tongue.

"I did promise him," I argued with myself, "but ain't it a man's duty to break a promise when it may do the very one you promised the most good."

During the second week the entire village was excited. I could stand it no longer, and going down to the center, I let myself out:

"Look here, men," I exclaimed, "it's time something was done. Here's Andy Adams, a man who never done any one a minute's harm gone two weeks and nobody knows where. Maybe he's fallen in with some wild animal that's got the best of him. Maybe he's fallen from the precipice and lies dead in the gorge or suffering from a broken leg and dying of starvation. What d' you say: shall we let his bones rot in the gulch or get out like men and bring him back to where he's known and respected, dead or alive!"

The shout that went up echoed down the valley five miles, I reckon. If it didn't point out to me duty, nothing ever did. If it didn't prove to me that a man's just as much a man in a country without law as in a country with law, then I don't know evidence when I hear it.

At 9 o'clock that morning, the 22d of September, nineteen of the best men in southern Utah spurred mounts down through the Sevier Valley. Five hours later we reached the Sevier Mountain, twenty-five miles to the south. It's a hard run across the wilds, and we couldn't make as fast time as under ordinary conditions. That night we camped on the Sevier plateau, and the folk up in Marysvale say that they knew we were safe because they could see our campfires burning clear into the morning.

VI.

I cannot describe the hardships of those next ten days. But the men had the courage that the good West breeds, and their aim was sure, so we didn't want for food. Somewhat to the southwest is the Coyote Canyon, and a hard journey ahead is the Piute Gulch. It was on the eleventh day (Andy had then been missing nearly four weeks) that we came up alongside a blind passage leading into the gulch.

"Shall we try it?" I asked.

"Mighty dangerous," replied several of the men.

"Take a risk?" I asked.

Before I had finished the sentence a dozen men were lost in the darkness. As I entered I could hear only the echoes of creeping steps in the ugly blackness ahead.

We had not gone far when strange sounds came from the dense night behind us. As I was the last, I could hear them plainly. There was a breathless silence, and I knew that every man had caught the suspicion and was standing stark still in his tracks. I began to creep back toward the way we had come. As I neared the end, I could catch the whirr of the wind at the mouth of the cavern, and with it the familiar sound of horses' hoofs.

Springing out into the daylight I gave a shout that nearly burst my lungs. There, disappearing over the gulch was a figure on a bronco.

his hat pulled far down over his head, his body bent forward, his mount spurred to breakneck speed. Behind he dragged one of our own. It was mine, and the most promising mustang in the Piute country.

I sprang to the bronco nearest me and dashed ahead as if the animal and I were gone mad. As I plunged down the gulch I caught sight again of my own "Bravado" tossing its noble head and neighing pathetically. I could see that I was gaining as the mustang tugged hard and caused my friend ahead much trouble. Then I lost sight of him. When he came in view it was in firing distance, and I sent a bullet ringing through the wilds.

The man ahead straightened in his mount.

"Wounded," I muttered.

He came to a sudden halt, swung full about and faced me. I tugged on the leather, and brought my bronco back on his haunches. My men came plunging from the rear like a cavalry.

The stranger ahead sat erect. His face was scarred by many struggles. His brows were shaggy and his piercing eyes spoke desperation.

With his head slightly forward and his body held in tension, he flashed two guns from his belt. With one grasped firmly in each hand, he leveled them at us.

"Gentlemen," he said in stern, deep tones. "Gentlemen! I await your pleasure. This is no time to waste words. One of you has invited my attention. If I knew which one of you it was, I would politely respond by picking him off his horse now. There is but one matter for you to decide, and the time to choose is now. I am willing to die. I am facing death. Which two of you gentlemen wish to go to hell with me?"

A dozen guns flashed in the light. I threw up my hand, from intuition, and as though struck with paralysis, not a finger moved on the levers of

the leveled six-shooters. I held my aim straight; my life depended upon it. My eyes met those of the strange friend ahead like balls of fire.

"Your courtesy," I exclaimed, summoning the gentility of my early home training, "demands consideration. You speak like a reasonable man. And as such, may I ask you what title you claim to the property beside you?"

"Title by possession!" he retorted gruffly.

"Do you understand that it does not belong to you?"

"I understand that it cannot be taken from me!"

"That mustang, sir, belongs to me."

"Perhaps so, once."

"And you, sir, are a thief."

An ironical expression passed over his furrowed countenance.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "this is no time for trivial exchange of opinion. I repeat the question. I am about to die. Which two of you prefer to go with me?"

Nineteen men gripped their guns more firmly. One man gripped two guns as I have never seen guns gripped before or since.

There was a terrible hush that seemed to me like silent prayers for the dying.

My friend ahead scowled in contempt, and with the defiance that stirs men's blood he exclaimed:

"COWARDS! COWAR——"

But the word was never repeated. Like a flash from a single gun, the air was rent with fire. And when the smoke cleared away he lay on the earth beside his mount. We threw the stranger's body over his horse and started for Marysvale. Along behind the men tenderly bore the lifeless forms of Good Bill Wheeler and Jake Johnson. On the journey back to the village there were but seventeen of us.

VII.

That night, every able-bodied

The Evolution of Artificial Lighting

BY RADHA-ANANDA

CONCERNING the discovery and evolution of artificial lighting, whatever has been accomplished in applying fire for man's advantage and convenience, man is not deserving of much credit, for fire had to be thrust upon him in the beginning, and necessity obliged him to use it. The process of evolving fire into an agency for lighting independent of its power to heat, seems at this distance from its earlier utilization, to have been remarkably slow, considering its value to humanity. That, however, is attributable to man's stupidity, rather than to any inherent reluctance of fire to be utilized for artificial lighting. But fire itself is co-existent with creation, and is a component part of the material world, the other four elements being earth, water, air and akasa.

But for the beginnings of artificial light we shall have to go back of the beginnings of history into the fantastic and imaginative field of mythology. However, the history of one age becomes the mythology of another; still, it must be conceded that most history is interlaced with the ignis fatuui of historians over vivid imagination, to an extent that it is hard to locate the exact spot in their narratives at which a line might properly be drawn to separate truth from fiction and facts from myths. So in dealing with the evolution of fire-light, the traditions and speculations of myths and myth-makers have to be considered as possessing valuable information, and accept its transmission down the ages as a logical sequence of unfolding events in civilization's channels of mental advancement. And, furthermore, let us not forget that very many of the events of to-day which historians are embellishing with spectacular trim-

mings will be spoken of a few thousand years hence as "mythological stories" of the twentieth century, but believed to be facts by the crude and undeveloped mentality of the barbarians of that benighted age."

This being at least a possibility, let us go right into the evolution of artificial light. When Prometheus discovered what sore distress humankind was suffering because Zeus would not permit a knowledge of fire to reach the earth, and stole the illuminating and heating substance from the very altar of the gods and brought it down to humanity, he made it possible for mankind to go from weakness to strength and on to still greater strength in working out man's destiny as foreordained by the unknown and unknowable Cause of existence. For this service to humanity, Prometheus was fed to more than his full on the fires of the wrath of the gods, but he lived through it all to do many other acts of kindness to the inhabitants of this earth. No doubt Prometheus was bent upon imparting to mankind a knowledge of fire because he saw in the human race great possibilities, and whose unfoldment, with a knowledge of fire and its many uses, might culminate in a race of gods. Hence he did not hesitate to steal fire from heaven and fetch it to earth, Zeus to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, in fact, Prometheus did not bring coals of fire, or fire at all, to the earth. He came and explained to man how that all material things contained more or less of the elements of fire; that wood, cedar in a larger degree than any other, could be made to confess its fire secret if two pieces were brought into vigorous contact and friction by boring or rubbing. It was in the mind

of Zeus to destroy the human race because he had become disgusted with the density of man's stupidity, and people the earth with a more desirable class of beings, yet all the time refusing to impart to man any knowledge of fire, but Prometheus was humanity's friend, and he cleverly outwitted Zeus and the other gods. It should be borne in mind that Prometheus was himself very much of a god. The ancient Greeks called him the "culture-god." All the primitive peoples and tribes had fire-gods under various names, and each one claimed to be the original god of fire, but by whatever name he was known, he stood for human rights, progress and learning. He taught that all knowledge was contained in a single fountain which diffused itself through innumerable channels; that fire was the soul of the fountain, and that into whatever form or to whatever use the elements of the fountain might be diverted, the product was art, and as art acts upon the mind, the senses are influenced by the impressions thus made upon them. And here let it be observed that in teaching the arts to man, Prometheus was careful to say that always fire is first developed by friction; i. e., rubbing two sticks or two flints in opposite directions. Of that idea of friction came the foundation and incentive for human activities in every channel of life, which are rivalry or competition—competition being the life or fire of the religious, social, commercial, political, industrial and professional world.

The ancient dwellers in the delta of the Nile claimed that the knowledge of fire was communicated to their progenitor, who was the first man upon the earth, and with it was revealed the next most important secret—that of ceramics. The first man, feeling cold, was taught by the fire god how to produce the opposite of cold by rubbing two sticks together until the friction developed fire, which he did. Then he added

grass and wood to the blaze until he had a bonfire. As the heat drove him back, he discovered that his foot-prints in the soft clay had been baked by the heat of the fire, whereupon he dug them out for drinking cups. Thus the first product of fire in manifestation was the beginning of the potter's art. The fire-light dispelled the darkness so that one could see by night as well as by day. That was the beginning of artificial lighting of localities. When the second man came upon the earth and settled in the foothills of the Nile's valley, the bonfire was invented for signals between the two men. That was the beginning of beacon lights. The next use of fire discovered was the hand torch to light the way into the forest in the night time. This was the beginning of movable lights. That was as far as the ancient Egyptians could go in utilizing fire—to dispel darkness, supply heat, long-distance communication, and baking clay into waterproof vessels; nor have any people since discovered any other uses for fire, only that its power to heat and light has been utilized in many ways and diverted into many channels of human aids and usefulness. The Hindu-Aryan fire god, Agni, or Agni Abhemanin, it is claimed by his friends, came down early in the beginnings of the race to teach man how to distinguish between solar fire, electric fire and fire produced by friction, and also to point out the beneficent and destructive nature of fire.

The evolution of artificial fire-light since that lone Egyptian stood before his first fire has not kept step with man's mental progress and material necessities. Indeed, until quite recently, man failed utterly to utilize fire to anywhere near the requirements of his needs. In fact, discoveries of new and better ways to employ fire in helping civilization forward have always lagged a long way in the rear. Man's utter failure to grasp even an idea

of the possibilities of fire and fire-light during the ages is most amazing. The more so does this appear when it is remembered that art, science, mathematics, architecture, philosophy and all other branches of learning have gone from strength to strength and constantly taking and fetching from thence almost the very keys of divine wisdom without ever once in all the ages stopping to consider the possibilities of fire and fire-light in the world of the material concerns of humanity. The cathedrals and palaces and coliseums, and the other exhibitions of mechanical skill, engineering and decoration in the world, except those erected in the last three-quarters of a century, were lighted by torches and lamps, and candles and lanterns. Seemingly, it never occurred to any one from the days of the lone Egyptian down to a few years ago that artificial light almost rivaling the sun might be had for the asking.

Very true, a Belgian chemist discovered gas about 1650 by the distillation of coal, but he killed his wonderful though perfectly natural find by arousing the superstitions of the people. Innocently enough, no doubt, in his glee at his discovery he proclaimed that "this vapor, hitherto unknown, I shall call 'gas.'" The people thought he derived the word from the German "geist"—a ghost or spirit—and he and his ghostly "vapor" were boycotted to their death. Consequently the old torch and candle and lamp and lantern continued to hold full sway as the acme of artificial methods for lighting streets and houses. In 1772, a factory owner at Redouth, Eng., took up the discovery of the Belgian "ghost-light infidel," and utilized it to the extent of lighting his premises, but it took him ten long years of nightly demonstration to convince the public that gas was not a wild devil nor a ghost bent upon the destruction of mankind. But the time did come at last when even religious

fanatics, who saw only the glaring eyes of Satan in the gas burner, conceded that gas was a safe and economical lighting substance, to say nothing of the enormous increase in the lighting power of a gas burner over a tallow candle.

As may well be supposed, "gas fire lighting" spread like the proverbial "wild fire," as fast as machinery and proper appliances for its manufacture and distribution could be secured. Next came lighting by electricity, which was discovered by experimentation from 1802 to 1810, but strange as it may seem, laboratories refused to employ the electric light as a "fixed principle" until 1844, and stranger still, it was not deemed wise or safe to use "that harnessed lightning" for street lighting until 1878, because if the harness should break the town would be at the mercy of electricity's deadly touch. But it took three whole years, to 1881, of demonstration that the electric light was safe and superior to all other methods of street lighting before any one would venture house-lighting with it. Thus the evolution of artificial light has been the slowest of all the arts and sciences. Indeed, it would seem that from the day Prometheus stole fire from heaven and gave it to that Adam of the Nile delta, there has been a conspiracy by common consent to prevent it reaching out into its natural and destined ramifications. It would seem, too, that purposely in all the long ages of the past, the mind of man was bent upon devising novel and artistic designs for lamp-wick holders, candle-sticks, lanterns and torch basins without ever once turning his thoughts toward developing the light-giving substance or to its improvement. The evolution of artificial light has been in spite of man's apparent opposition.

But however mighty and helpful Prometheus and Agni and the other kindly disposed gods have been in evolving the bonfire and fire-torch

of Adam's day into untold millions of gas jets, incandescent and arc electric lights, it is reasonable to suppose that these heavenly friends know of heights of fire's possibilities that would, if told to man, astonish him quite as much as an electric tower arc bonfire or an incandescent carbon torch would have amazed the lonely Egyptian. The evolution of the Nile delta bonfire and torch into indoor conveniences and usefulness was very slow. It took the gods many ages to make man believe that a bonfire in front of the house, or a torch suspended over the door entrance was not quite sufficient. Then came the metal or burnt clay bowl to serve as an indoor bonfire holder, and the lamp and candle to replace the torch. That was the beginning of the house lighting from within. In the fire basins or bowls a resinous substance and small pieces of wood made the light. Subsequently the basin was made smaller, with a handle, and oil or tallow became the light-giving substance, which was fed to the fire by a wick. That was the beginning of the lamp—a convenience the fashioning and decorating of which millions of money have been spent, and the best artistic taste and mechanical skill have been employed for thousands of years. The candle was born of observation. When it was seen that often the tallow in the lamp hardened, the wick could be cut out with sufficient tallow adhering to burn in a perpendicular position independent of the lamp, then was the beginning of candle lighting. It was easy then to see that if a wick were dipped in melted tallow and held up until the tallow

about it hardened and then re-dipped again and again, any desired size of candle could be made. That is the origin of the "dipped candles." But dipped candles were lacking in symmetrical size and finish for "polite society," so molds were invented. The candle holder or candle stick was born of necessity, and enormous sums of money have been expended in artistic designs for it. Like the lamp, the candlestick was an ardent lover of gold and silver and precious stones, and both are to this day, for that matter.

Less than half a century ago, it was the custom in all small cities in this country to "illuminate" the streets with candles two or three rows deep on the inside of windows, and with bonfires in the commons and on near-by hills, but to-day the fire Prometheus stole from heaven and gave to humanity in spite of the lordly opposition of Zeus, is a force so mighty that all the world keeps step to the music it makes upon ten thousand times ten thousand instruments of invention to distribute power and heat and light to all corners of the earth and to all habitations. Nations have risen and fallen, the earth has been re-populated many times, and continents have gone down into the seas and new continents have emerged from ocean depths, since Prometheus stole fire from heaven for man's good but the knowledge of fire which he imparted to humanity abideth forever with mankind, as do the rays of the solar fire-lamp and fire-torch which God fixed in the heavens when man was still in the mind of the Light Divine—unborn.

The Missionary Question

BY A. KNIGHT GREGSON

IT has been the writer's privilege during twenty years' residence in China, to become acquainted with many missionaries of various denominations, from numerous parts of the world. Whilst I have always regarded with interest the progress made by these worthy people in evangelizing the natives, it is nevertheless with a certain amount of diffidence that I venture to touch upon a subject of such magnitude and importance as missionary work, my knowledge of which at best must necessarily be limited. My primary object in dealing with the matter is to correct, as far as lies in my power, any erroneous impressions that may from time to time have been conveyed to the public, either by hearsay or through printed matter, on this much-discussed subject, and to show, if possible, that there are always two sides to every question, even to the missionary one.

Numerous, indeed, are the criticisms that I have both heard and read, especially of late years, concerning the missionaries and their work in China. Writers, after paying brief visits to the country, return to the home-lands with their pockets filled with valuable notes, obviously collected from those who are not over-friendly disposed towards the cause, and forthwith proceed in voluble language to denounce the present system of evangelizing the Chinese, offering at the same time all sorts of suggestions as to the particular kind of individuals required for the work, as though nothing short of a specialist—I use the term with all reverence—is in any way fitted to instruct the native in the plain teachings of the Bible. Is it not a fact that bears of no contradiction, that in every walk of life, both religious and secular, are to be

found those who attain greater success than others? It is not to be expected that every American citizen can hope to attain such honor and glory as did that great man, Abraham Lincoln; neither is it feasible to suppose that all naval officers have before them a record such as that of Lord Nelson.

The same reasoning, in my opinion, applies to the missionaries. It has been graciously conceded by certain writers that there are some capable missionaries in China, and I would like to go a point further than this by adding that there are many of such, not a few of whom I am personally acquainted with. Might it not be said with all fairness and truth, that the missionary body in China compares as a whole most favorably in every respect with any other class of evangelists throughout the entire world? And if this is admitted, as it most certainly must be, then in the name of all that is good and sacred, why is this eternal harping upon missionaries in China, that one is on every occasion having thrust into his ears? I quite agree with certain writers that the education of the natives in all branches of western civilization is a thing to be desired; but to do this without also giving to them a firm foundation in the Christian faith would, in the writer's opinion, be like despatching a ship to sea without either ballast or compasses, to be navigated through dangerous waters, amidst rocks and shoals, by a captain unprovided with a chronometer, sextant or charts. Such a vessel would surely be doomed to speedy destruction.

That some missionaries should wear the native dress calls for a certain amount of criticism as well as ridicule. The Jesuit Fathers were

the first to adopt the Chinese costume, and they did so for very good reasons, viz., in order not to attract undue attention amongst the natives while traveling in the interior, or during residence at the inland cities, where the very fact of a person being seen in foreign clothes would in itself be sufficient cause to collect a mob of roughs, who are ever ready for disturbances, the consequences to the one concerned probably not being at all pleasant. No doubt other missionaries have, for a like reason, taken to using the native dress, which, after all is said and done, is really very comfortable and cheap, as well as much more suited to the climate than any kind of foreign clothes could be.

Another charge preferred against missionaries—more especially of late years—is that they take up law suits on behalf of their converts, as well as aid them in their refusal to subscribe certain fees towards the annual religious festivals which are held in the different villages. In reference to this, I can only say that it has never yet come to my knowledge that the missionaries in China have ever been guilty in a true sense of any such actions as those they are here accused of. On the face of it, the whole thing appears to me somewhat ludicrous, as it is quite well known to those who live in China that the Mandarin is especially touchy on such matters, and never allows even a foreign official, if it can be avoided, to interfere with his prerogative in dealing out justice to the natives, let alone a missionary who, in most cases, while residing in the interior, is isolated and cut off from any backing power. Probably all such grossly exaggerated reports as these have sprung from native officials themselves, who are very indignant to think that a missionary should presume so far as to lodge with his Consul a "mild protest" against native converts being compelled to support anything in the shape of images and temples.

There are some, too, who seem to be terribly concerned about young unmarried ladies being sent as missionaries to the inland stations in China. Surely those who express themselves on this subject do not mean to suggest that a wholesale importation of old maids would be more preferable for the work? I think we can save ourselves all unnecessary worry on this score and safely leave the matter in the hands of capable mission heads who not only understand their own people thoroughly, but have a far-reaching knowledge of the masses they labor amongst.

In dealing with the question of sites chosen by missionaries for their chapels and private dwelling-places, and the offense given to the natives by so doing, I may state from what I know of the matter that it is not so much a question of lack of tact on the part of the missionaries as it is that the actual difficulty lies in their procuring any location at all that is suitable, and at a reasonable figure. To those who are unacquainted with the prejudices of the Chinese, it must be understood that it is extremely difficult for foreigners to purchase land in China, and for this reason there is little picking and choosing to be done, people being obliged to take, in most instances, just what they can get.

Taking it for granted that the Chinese are a most superstitious nation, are there not other people in the world equally if not more so, who do not now molest the missionary in his work? What about the natives of India, with their numerous sects and various forms of religion, who are recognized to be the most superstitious race in the whole world? The Indian mutiny was supposed to have been brought about by rumors circulated amongst the Brahman and Mohammedan troops that they were biting cartridges supplied them by the British Government greased with cow and pork fat—the Brahman's aversion to beef being quite

as strong as the Mohammedan's to pig. Besides this, I find in reading "Tales from Indian History," by J. Talbot Wheeler, that absurd stories were freely circulated at this period amongst the natives of India by those who were evilly disposed towards the Christian faith; that the bones of cows and pigs had been ground to powder and mingled with flour and butter in order to destroy their religion and compel them to become Christians. While these historical facts are no more heard of in India, it is interesting to note that the same writer observes that the cruel rites and observances which belong to some of the old Hindoo religions, have already disappeared. Widows are no longer condemned to burn or otherwise sacrifice themselves on the death of their husbands and children are no longer thrown into the river amongst alligators as propitiatory offerings to the wrathful gods.

If all this and much more has been done for the people of India, it seems to me that there is still some hope for China's millions. To this argument, doubtless, there are many who will say that India being under the control of Great Britain, the status of the missionary is properly acknowledged and protected. But might it not also with all truth be added that the present peaceable condition of affairs throughout the Indian Empire is very largely due to the hearty support afforded the British officials by the rajahs and their subordinates who, with native soldiers second to none in the world and an efficient police force, have for so many years right loyally assisted England in preserving order in their respective regions, and safely guarding both missionary and layman alike.

It appears to me that there is a somewhat striking similarity between methods adopted in India at the time of the mutiny—by using Christianity as a cloak to stir up the people—and the means employed by

the literati and others to raise disturbances in China. In both cases it is found that stories of a ridiculous and incredible nature were circulated broadcast amongst the people, for the express purpose of turning them against the foreigner. Briefly, then, the charges formulated against the missionaries in China are that they cause the water to be poisoned; they steal children for the purpose of converting their eyes and hearts into medicine, and they take up law suits on account of their converts; while the foreign critic denounces them for a want of tact displayed in choosing sites and in building houses and chapels unsuitable to the Chinese way of thinking; also of a morbid desire to appear too much Chinese by adopting their costume.

But in calling attention to these minor details, I submit that we are merely touching the fringe of this most momentous question in China. The late Boxer outbreak which so completely took by surprise and staggered the whole civilized world, was not directed solely against missionaries, but had for its ultimate object the extermination from the country of all foreigners, with whom the literati, backed up by certain high Chinese officials, wished to have no further dealings. The actual crisis was reached, in the writer's opinion, when Germany, Russia, and Great Britain made manifest their designs by seizing Chinese territory. The calamity which now, like a pall, hangs overhead and threatens to disturb the peace of China is the innate hatred of the literati and certain native officials for all foreigners, their ways and methods, and which, like a scourge, is spreading its evil influence amongst the masses of an over-taxed nation, threatening from all quarters to again burst forth, sweeping with the force of a cyclone throughout the empire, and causing rebellion, bloodshed and devastation to all.

Let us, therefore, hope and pray

that those Chinese rulers who have already proven themselves friendly to foreigners, and have done so much for their country of late, may use every means in their power to bring about speedy measures of reform so that an everlasting peace may be established between the foreigners and the people of Sinim.

To deal with each and every mission society in China would be something quite beyond the writer's capability, it being sufficient for such as I to know and realize that the combined army of the church will still, as in ages past, continue to steadfastly surmount every difficulty unto the end, while her soldiers ever pressing onward and buoyed up with the everlasting assurance given to them in the last sentence of our Savior's injunction, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," will eventually, after passing through life's sea of troubles, enter safely into the harbor of refuge where, at the great Tribunal, will be made manifest the works of all.

A grand work of the missionary, and one that appeals thoroughly to the Chinese, is the hospital. There both bodily and spiritual ailments are faithfully attended to. I have frequently visited the Wuhu hospital, of which Dr. Edgerton Hart is the resident physician, and on each occasion was particularly struck by the perfect cleanliness and order that prevailed in the cool and well-ventilated wards. The entire look of patience and resignation portrayed on the features of many of the patients, together with the gratitude that shone on their faces, spoke volumes as they watched the worthy medico passing to and fro with his native assistants, attending in turn to the wants of each and all.

Here was a confirmed opium smoker, who had implored the doctor's aid in helping him to overcome the baneful habit ere it became a disease. Cases of this kind are cared for just as faithfully as any others, and I regret to say that

their name is legion. In the woman's ward might be seen Mrs. Hart, the doctor's good wife, perchance soothing the fevered brow of some poor child, or speaking gentle words to a little band of eager listeners—words of love and encouragement.

Yes, how much has been achieved in this world by a little kindly encouragement! I recollect once hearing a story that substantiates the truth of this, probably more than anything else could ever do. In a large town in America, a house of considerable height was observed to be on fire. Very soon the firemen with their trucks and ladders were on the spot, endeavoring to get the flames under control, when suddenly a little girl was seen waving something from a window on the top story. A brave fireman soon had a ladder up to the place, and in a moment was on the perilous upward journey; but on reaching the second floor, where the flames were bursting forth with great fury and the smoke the thickest, it was observed by the crowd below that he seemed to falter for a moment. All at once some one called out, "Cheer him!" Immediately one tremendous cheer burst from the throats of thousands of anxious watchers, and as cheer after cheer fairly rent the air, the fireman, who then knew no fear but was full of courage, was seen pressing upward through flames and smoke, eventually reaching the child—whom he bore safely to the ground in his arms. The moral attached to this story is obvious.

To the millionaires, therefore, of that great country, America, as well as of Great Britain, the writer appeals for encouragement in the shape of funds to help carry on the work of evangelizing the Chinese and of providing schools and teachers for educating the natives in all methods of Western civilization; and to those who are unable to assist financially, instead of giving vent to unkind utterances about the missionaries, why, CHEER THEM!

Ah-lo-ma

BY BERT HUFFMAN

AS a peach tree bursts into pink, full bloom in a night, so had the name of Blanche Ramon suddenly become the happy theme in Boston's select circles.

"Her father is a millionaire Oregon ranchman," it was whispered.

"He has lands in his vast estates which he never sees," it was said by some.

At any rate, money was plentiful with him, and his daughter was being educated in music at the Conservatory. She was a charming, dark-eyed, bewitching creature, with drooping lashes, ruddy cheeks, glowing through a dark tint, that bespoke some distant touch of Castilian, French or Italian, possibly, and a voice that charmed and held the listener in an embrace of rapture and delight.

She was one of those self-contained types, which realizes its power, yet which never deigns to express it, except in emergencies, when the sudden display of reserve force is magnificent.

She was talented and adventurous—a daring horsewoman, a charming conversationalist, a dead shot, and a lover of nature. She would dream for hours before an old miniature in the drawing-room at the Conservatory, representing the decadence of the Indian race. The old print was not attractive to the ordinary artist. It consisted of a lone tepee, beside a silvery stream, an aged Indian woman bearing a monstrous load of driftwood, and a steamboat and railroad train sweeping past.

When Herr Von Plagen, director of piano music at the Conservatory, became her friend (and what was considered more than a mere friend in the select circles), all Boston was delighted. That this favorite artist of Boston should win the attention

of this queen of the wild Western border, herself so highly talented, so able in her own art, so rich in lands, cattle and sheep, and in all her accomplishments, so simply sensible and lovable, was a conquest of which Boston might well be proud.

It so rarely happens that great wealth and great talent for work go together, that this combination in Blanche Ramon's case was extremely remarkable. Wealth too often spoils its owners—or at least the heirs of its owners.

Once, only, had Blanche Ramon's father appeared in Boston. That was when he brought his beautiful daughter first to the Conservatory. He was the typical plainsman; tall, dashing, handsome, his waving hair tinged at the temples with gray, his perfect grace of manhood unstinted and his spirit of cosmopolitan familiarity contagious and refreshing.

Of her mother, nothing was known. Indeed, had she a mother? No one knew.

During the midwinter festivities, Von Plagen and Miss Ramon appeared together in light opera at several private events. Each successive appearance was a triumph. Her art was magnificent. Her interpretation was sublime. She had the temperament, the intellectual standard, the emotional tenderness, and was fitted by nature for the highest achievement.

After the successes, brilliant triumphs, in fact, with Von Plagen, this simple, powerful, remarkable Westerner, was lionized in the boudoirs.

Thereafter, she graced every private programme, led every function and was not spoiled by all this, either.

In the meantime, her studies were progressing without interruption.

She seemed so resourceful, so versatile, of such infinite power for activity. She seemed to appear everywhere, be master of every occasion, and yet her lessons were always perfectly learned. Never was she taken to task by her exacting instructors. Her versatility was as stunning as her personal charm.

And what was more astonishing to Boston than any other attribute of Miss Ramon, was that somewhere beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the shadowy, unlimited expanse of that wonderful Westland, this child of the plains had acquired the crowning glories of a classical education.

She could discuss Ruskin, at the literary club. She could criticise French art, dissect Italian tastes, or walk, in thought, with England's crowned heads of song and story.

These accomplishments, coming from the far West, that land of enigmas to New England, were all the more lovable and appreciated. To attain such learning in New England's cultured circles was commonplace. But to overcome the barriers of that wild frontier, and achieve such heights and depths of polished scholarship, was a coup extraordinary.

Winter festivities faded into the more delightful shades of April dreams and Easter yearnings.

The close of the season of gaiety in Boston's charming circles of culture and learning, saw added honors to the brilliant young Westerner. Von Plagen was heartily envied by all the millionaires and sons of millionaires, who make their roost, or have their feeding ground, in Boston.

Country rides, seacoast cruises, dashes on horseback, into New England's dreamy old districts of legendary lore and inspiring romance—all these were enjoyed, and still she sang, played and worked and triumphed over every obstacle in the deep art of music, as taught by the

world's greatest modern masters, in the famous old Conservatory.

Then the Easter season came. In the sacred Easter operas, Miss Ramon won new triumphs, attained new heights of well-won fame. Fair musicians from New York, Philadelphia, from sunny Richmond, and from sunnier Baltimore, came north to admire and criticise the Easter music and Easter performers in Boston—the head, heart and soul of music on the American continent.

"Ah, then she is not a Bostonian?"

"No; quite removed from Boston—she is an Oregonian."

"Such deep and restless eyes! Such volume and intensity of voice! Such a touch, such grace, such lovable abandon!"

"And the professor who accompanied her?"

"Ah, happy man! That's Von Plagen, director of piano music at the Conservatory. Perfectly infatuated! He is envied by young men who could buy him and his ancestors for six generations back, yet who cannot get on speaking terms with this adventuress from beyond the Rockies!"

"Does she come of a 'family pedigree'?"

"Her father is a millionaire ranchman in Oregon; owns lands he has never ridden over; if such ancestry may be called a pedigree, yes!"

"Perfectly delightful, they say; knows everything about her own country, and has studied, traveled, read, learned, remembered, and enjoyed, and is now capturing Boston—Von Plagen is already bound hand and foot."

At the end of the Easter season, after the full flush of Blanche Ramon's triumph had subsided, and boudoirs, parlors, clubs and homes had taken a few calm breaths after the season of delight and palpitation, Boston was again temporarily thrilled by the announcement that Miss Cordelia M——, daughter of Oregon's senior United States Senator,

was to be the guest of prominent friends during the summer months, while her father was performing important committee duty on the Atlantic coast.

This chilling, haughty, aristocratic child of political favoritism was already slightly known in Boston, having spent one winter there while her father attended the session of Congress. Through her father's influence, she had been introduced to influential friends, who had taken her into the most exclusive circles.

With shrugging shoulders, and up turned noses, it was hinted in many a secret session in Boston boudoirs that the introduction of this cold Miss M—— into Boston society depended rather on her father's commission as Senator, than upon any personal charm of her own.

When Miss M—— arrived, the name of Blanche Ramon was yet upon every tongue, although the festive season had passed, and she was seen but little outside the gloomy, resounding halls of the Conservatory. All her life was bent to the oars in endeavoring to master her music.

At the first public reception to Miss M——, the perfunctory process of greeting the Senator's daughter was progressing with all the gravity and cold form due the occasion, when Miss Ramon's name was mentioned to Miss M—— (Miss Ramon being absorbed in her studies, was not at the reception.)

Every person present, however, was a lover of that irrepressible Western elf.

At the mention of Blanche Ramon's name, Miss M—— was shocked, almost horrified at the universal sentiment of admiration and friendship for this other Oregonian who had preceded her into Boston's heart.

"Do I know Blanche Ramon of Oregon? No, horrors, no! Nobody there knows her, excepting her own people—the Umatillas! Why do you ask?" exclaimed Miss M——.

"Boston is her latest conquest. She has captured the city," replied a near friend.

"Ugh!" trembled Miss M——. "Blanche Ramon captured Boston! Her ancestors murdered Marcus Whitman and his colony of missionaries on the Walla Walla river in 1847. She is a quarter-breed Indian—her father married a half-breed Umatilla squaw, and is a rich, daring squaw man of the reservation. His daughter, Blanche Ramon, is an allotted Umatilla Indian, with her tribe!. Her Indian name, her true name, her only name, her name on the Government records, is Ah-lo-ma!"

Ten thousand hands were thrown up in horror, in Boston boudoirs, at this announcement, but they were immediately put down in resignation and pity. Boston was sensible. Had not her patriots entertained and loved Pocahontas and her descendants?

Sor Juana Inez De La Cruz

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

THE CHILD.

ON the outskirts of the pueblo San Miguel de Nepantla, there stood in the colonial days of Mexico a small country house in the midst of a walled garden.

This bright September morning a plump, black-eyed girl of perhaps seven years, quaintly dressed in big-flowered silk and lace mantilla, emerged from the house and skipped gaily down the garden walk, followed by a bent and wrinkled Indian woman carrying an embroidery frame and a small basket of dulces.

"Juanita," called the child.

A smaller girl in pink muslin rather the worse for play appeared from among the orange and mango trees.

"I'm going too!" she declared, clinging to old Gregoria's scant, purple-striped skirt.

"Naughty baby!" exclaimed her sister. "You're only three years old. You can't go to school."

"The brujo would get you," croaked Gregoria, "the wicked old brujo who catches little children and sucks their blood."

"He doesn't get Concha."

"She is too big and tough. You would be just a good mouthful."

"Don't scare her, Gregoria," commanded Concha. "Juanita shall go to school when she is a big girl like me. Adios, bebita."

The sprite would not be kissed, but fluttered away and settled on a stone at the edge of the fountain pool. She watched the others out of the gate except for turning away perversely whenever Concha looked back. She was less plump than Concha, but still exquisitely rounded; her coloring was softer and paler, her features small, but too delicately chiseled to be babyish.

This morning, instead of pecking fruitlessly at the confining adobe wall with an old wooden spoon, Juanita tugged at stones until she had a pile against the iron-bound garden door that enabled her to reach the clumsy wooden latch. The stones fell with her into the road, tripping her and bruising her ankles. She picked herself up, whimpering a little, but undiverted from her purpose.

Where the road turned, Juana came upon an old adobe hovel festooned with red peppers. The old Indian sunning himself in the doorway was evidently a brujo watching for runaway children. Doubtless a closer view would reveal finger-nails as long as her arm and great eyes white as peeled onions, with the brows and lashes horribly lacking. Juana crouched in a sheltering gateway. The brujo's head fell forward on his breast, and the child crept past him, somewhat reassured by his lusty snoring, though even after turning two corners, she kept mistaking the beating of her overworked little heart for pursuit.

The arrival of the weary, dusty pink mite at "La Amiga," as the school was called, caused a ripple of pleasant excitement among the girls seated on the back benches along the walls. Bewildered by the semi-darkness of the whitewashed room, lighted only by the low street door, she shyly endured both scolding and petting until she could slip away from her sister and creep into a corner where she was nearly hidden behind a shabby image of San Jose with three candles burning at his feet.

"The first class in reading will do itself the honor to approach me," announced the fat, good-natured

maestra, her hair and face smeared with some oily pomatum and her greasy embroidered shawl half-concealing her morning disarray.

Five girls ceased nibbling dulces, embraced their favorite friends in farewell, and loitered forward, bringing one well-worn life of Santa Rosa among them.

The eyes of the listening child grew big and dark with wonder; the unchildlike brain passed beyond the mere tale to the mystery of reading. Books, then, could talk. Books would not tell little girls to stop asking questions and run out to play. Books would not laugh when a child inquired if the slug left a trail of slime so he could find his way home, or if the cat, purring and rubbing against the priest, was confessing the number of mice she had killed.

Juana should have felt herself to be leading a triumphal procession some months later when la maestra walked home with the sisters after school, but the victor's feet dragged and her curls drooped despondently.

When they entered the garden, Juana broke away and hid herself among the roses, a little Eve who had tasted the forbidden fruit of knowledge and now awaited the judgment.

"Juana!" Her father's voice reached her in her hiding, and no more than the first Eve did she dare to disobey. Very reluctantly she stood on the threshold. The Virgin's face in a gaudy print stared at her reprovingly from the wall. All the little china saints standing on gilt tables in the corners seemed to point their fingers at her. The plump, black-eyed little mother, a larger pattern of Concha, first voiced the disapproval with which the sala was charged.

"You naughty thing—when we told you every day not to pay any heed to the lessons, and I said it would check your growth, and the saints know you are the slowest

grower I ever saw, though I must say it was a liberty for the teacher to take with another woman's child."

The teacher rose to go, her heavy face purple with indignation, her whole body bristling with the consciousness of virtue unappreciated and good works scorned. Even with their present strained relations, her hostess insisted on accompanying her to the gate and Juana was left alone with her father. As she stood by his side, it was easy to see from whom she had inherited regular, clear-cut, delicate features stamped with the subtle seal of intellectuality. Pride and anxiety struggled within him as he lifted the child to his knee and gently raised the little, old face to his.

"Daughter, wert thou happy those days in school when thou wert disobeying me?"

"No, Tatita."

"Has this reading brought thee any good?"

"I don't know. I—I like it."

"It has not, querida, nor will it. Thou art a woman-child. What is the use of wings when thou hast no air for flying, nor will have in thy life?"

"Why did God make me a little girl?"

"It was His will." Senor Asbaje strained the child to him with fiercely tender kisses. "Dost thou love me?"

"Si, Tatita."

"Dost thou love me better than the old books?"

"I love you both, Tatita. I beg you— Oh, let me go to school!"

With a pang of real jealousy in his heart, the father put her away from him.

"No more school for my baby. If she really loved her father, she would not tease to go away from him every day. Now run and find Conchita in the garden."

Instead of looking for her sister, Juana sought her secret burrow among the rose-bushes and passion

vine that clung to the garden wall. Here lay the "Life of Santa Rosa" and the wooden spoon. She flung the latter aside after a peck or two at the adobe, perhaps with some dim sense that there were other confines higher and thicker than this rampart of sun-dried earth.

Her childish soul craved a miracle. Santa Rosa's troubles had been easily disposed of in this fashion, though, to be sure, even as a child, the saint had been abnormally good, scourging herself daily and sacrificing her beautiful hair to the Virgin every year.

Kneeling under the rose-bushes, Juana offered her simple prayer.

"Dear Santa Rosa, please make me a little miracle so I can go to school, but don't do anything bad to my father, like the woman who had feathers grow out on her face because she stole your chickens. Amen."

The roses shed their red petals on the brown curls for a blessing. If Santa Rosa heard that petition, it must have been with smiling lips, but sorrowful eyes. Juana soon drooped forward and fell asleep with her cheek against the heavy brass clasp, and because the book was holy, the clasp was ornamented with a cross in sharp relief.

The shadow of the wall crept across the garden and the sun lingered only on the tops of the trees. Senor Asbaje, upon gathering the sleeping child into his arms, was startled to behold a perfect cross limned in livid red upon her cheek. Perceiving the cause, he would have flung away the book, but half-waking, she clung to it so that its sharp edges and clumsy bulk were between them.

"Tatita," she murmured, "something hurts me."

"My womanchild," he laughed, "it is the brand of that learning for which thou art so eager. Mayst thou never feel it upon thy heart."

"Please may I go to school, Ta-

tita?" she ventured, encouraged by his evident change of mood.

"When was I ever able to withstand thy desires, little daughter?" he answered, pressing an acquiescent kiss upon the dusky red cross.

THE WOMAN.

From a balcony of the low, flat Viceregal Palace a tall, swarthy young cavalier in a red Spanish cloak lounged indolently and watched the rabble of Indians and negroes haggling and quarreling below among their flimsy booths of cane and rushes.

The room behind him was evidently a study, and its books, paintings and tapestries indicated refined, scholarly taste. An older man of heavy build, grave of dress and demeanor, sat in a great carved arm-chair. This was the Marquis of Mancera, Viceroy of New Spain.

"Nephew," he queried kindly, "what fortunes do you seek in Mexico?"

The cavalier turned airily from the window. "There are only three matters to concern a young man in any country; its wars, its women and its wine."

"The English pirates have been growing bolder of late, and you may contend with these to your heart's content—even now an expedition is in preparation. Our wine is as good as any, and you will find no woman superior to Juana de Asbaje, our adopted daughter."

"Tell me of her."

"The Marquesa discovered her living with her grandfather, having come to the capital from her native village, San Miguel de Nepantla, because of her great inclination for learning. The Marquesa was all raptures and rhapsodies and must have her for a protegee and companion."

"Caramba, uncle! Women need philosophy and mathematics no more than sword and buckler. Theology enough to say their prayers

is sufficient. Even reading and writing should be kept from them. I'll be bound this prodigy is old and gray."

"Nay, she is only sixteen."

"But ugly as a witch."

"I would not consider her bad to look upon."

"Confess that she is bleary-eyed from pouring over musty tomes by candlelight."

"I have not noticed it, although lately she has begun the study of Latin."

"Your doting fondness for this woman monster has made you blind. I see her now, tall, angular, bent, with spectacles astride her hooked nose and a shrill, nasal voice to scrape one's ears like a cat pawing a lute."

The wrinkles at the corners of the Viceroy's eyes revealed possibilities of quiet fun.

"Truly, nephew, never before have I known one of our family to be gifted with the mysterious second sight they tell about. At this moment, the lady sits with your aunt, the Marquesa, at her embroidery. Come and pay them your respects."

"I confess I could meet the pirate Morgan with better courage."

"The bluestocking is not here," Don Pedro remarked to himself, glancing about the Marquesa's boudoir, a dainty apartment upholstered in pink silk bearing a pattern of festooned roses, while on the walls, woven tapestries with cupids holding other rose festoons alternated with huge mirrors.

The Marquesa, an imposing lady in stiff black brocade, a plump martyr to straight, flat stays and unbecoming cape-like sleeves, affected by Maria Ana of Austria, graciously extended her hand for the gallant's kiss.

"Juana, querida," called the Marquis softly, and she appeared from behind a huge embroidery frame.

"I wish to present my nephew, who has thee already in mind from

my prating. Come, caballero, is she not all your fancy painted?"

Don Pedro was not easily abashed, but now he stared confusedly at an exquisite slip of a girl all in white, with a delicate oval face, whose piquant beauty seemed to be reproved by the intensely serious brown eyes, yet claimed its own in the soft, upward curves of the sensitive mouth.

"I place myself at your feet, fair lady," he murmured, recovering himself somewhat. "I must confess myself surprised—that is, I did not expect to find——"

"I know," answered Juana, scornfully. "Because I have read a few books you thought to see a giantess of ugly and ferocious aspect."

"In my country it is not the custom," he faltered.

"Children!" interposed the Marquesa, "shame upon you that you are quarreling already!"

"I like him not, honored madam," pouted the girl, adorably. "I wish he had stayed in his own country where the customs please him more."

She vanished behind the embroidery frame. Don Pedro followed, as what gallant would not, and watched the dainty, childish fingers until they grew uncertain beneath his ardent gaze and tangled the silken threads.

"I do not believe you are so wise after all," he murmured, hopefully.

The little lady tossed back her heavy brown curls and her laugh was as the rippling of some hidden brook for sweetness.

"Was the journey, then, so long that you have forgotten your pretty speeches to the maidens of Spain?"

"Were there really maidens in Spain?" he responded, dreamily. "You say truly that it was long ago."

Juana de Asbaje, reading in the Marquis's study several weeks later was startled to have the volume slip from her hold and sail off beyond

her reach. Her bewildered gaze followed it, only to meet Don Pedro's black eyes smiling down upon her.

"Give me my book," she pleaded. "I would fain know how it fared with Queen Dido after Aeneas left her."

The gallant dropped on one knee before the armchair in which Juana was curled.

"What does it matter, sweet?" he coaxed. "They have been dead these thousand years. Does it not concern you more that to-day I leave you and go to fight the English pirates?"

"And you expect me to mourn even as did Queen Dido?"

"Cruel fair!" he laughed, touching a fragrant curl with one reverent finger. "I would you were not so wise, dear, and yet I would have you wiser, too. Only in the lore of loving are you a backward pupil, heedless and dull."

"I—I love my books."

"I am more jealous of your books than of your other lovers. Why, lovers can be fought, but what avails a man's strength against a stupid, passive book?"

"Books are faithful friends, while lovers sometimes——"

"But not your Pedro, beloved! He will never change. Sweet cousin, you love me a little. Nay, the curls cannot hide your blushes."

"You say you love me, Pedro, and yet it is so little of me that you love, and all the rest is an offense."

"Your stupid books are no part of you. Confess that you have scarcely opened one of them for a week."

"They are always calling me."

"Let them call. Our bans in the cathedral shall call louder."

"No, Pedro, it cannot be. My great sin is, that seeing this clearly from the first, I have yet—— But believe me, it was not vain love of conquest—I really tried—forgive me before you go!"

The cavalier gained forcible pos-

session of the little hands, but the brown eyes, now full of tears and the weariness of warring emotions would not meet his.

"I have nought to forgive, querida. This mood will pass, as it has before, and when I return——"

"When you return, I shall be——"

"In my arms, sweet, as now." He rose and tried to draw her to him, but she slipped away and the silver table was between them.

"Pedro!" she cried. "dear Pedro, listen. You must let me go as one under a curse. It is sweet to be loved: It is enough to pray, embroider, and love like other women. God knows why He inflicted this fierce thirst for knowledge upon me. I did not ask for it! I do not want it! But it is stronger than us both, my Pedro. My heart clings to you, but this other drags me away. My first vows——when you return—I cannot——"

"That bugle blast was for me, Juana. How can I leave my little love in this obstinate rebellious mood? Had I five minutes more I could move you from it."

A clatter of approaching spurs was heard in the corridor. Leaning across the little table, the lover snatched Juana's face between his hands and kissed brow, cheek, chin, and the quivering mouth. Then he sprang to the door just in time to intercept the intruding knights who had come to seek him, and they clattered off together.

Juana de Asbaje, the intellectual prodigy of New Spain, with her head buried in her arms on the silver table, sobbed like any other maiden of sixteen crossed in her heart's desire.

THE NUN.

The cell of Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz in the convent of San Gerónimo was full of contrasts. She slept on a rough bench, but read in a carved arm-chair at an ebony desk; the damp brick floor was unrelieved

by even a rush mat, but the walls were filled with shelves and shelves of vellum-bound books; a rusty iron scourge lay against a golden ink-stand set with rubies.

A window, leading the gaze, perforce to Heaven, by being too small and high for any glimpse of earth, grudgingly admitted the last pale light of afternoon which fell on the upturned face of the nun in the arm-chair. She wore a black, cloaklike garment fastened at the throat by a huge ivory medallion painted with the Annunciation. This great gaudy oval quite eclipsed the small pale face above it, while the unbecoming black head-dress with its catlike ears accentuated still more the wan sharpness of her features.

A letter of severe documentary appearance, filling a large sheet of parchment with fine, clear characters, lay on the desk. She pushed it aside scornfully. She understood perfectly that the fussy, spiteful old Bishop, who himself wrote lame verse and halting prose, was consumed with envy of her literary eminence, and that this was his real reason for demanding that she sacrifice her writing and secular studies upon the altar.

Sor Juana rose and paced her cell, trying to hasten the chilled currents of her veins and to rub some warmth into her bloodless fingers, waxen with the convent cold. She had powerful friends to stand between her and the Bishop, but no one to defend her from the tumult within her own breast. Was it thus she kept her vows? Was it obedience to resist a Bishop? Poverty—why the treasures in her cell would gild the high altar in the cathedral. Was it chastity to hold to that for which she had surrendered love itself?

"Tatita," she murmured, "better Santa Rosa's cross on the heart than on the soul." She saw herself once more a child digging at the old garden wall with a wooden spoon. She

was in a garden now, but its name was Gethsemane.

Above her bed hung the dying Christ, almost life-size, with gaping wounds, and the face so horribly distorted in human agony that one could not imagine it turning to the thief with speech of Paradise. Prayers, compassion and feminine tenderness, Juana poured daily at the feet of this image, but now she did not turn to it in her own hour of need. Over her desk was an oil sketch of the head of Christ left scarcely dry upon the easel by a young artist who had gone forth to aid a plague-stricken Indian village and died of the pest. A waxen flame floating in a silver dish threw a tender light upon the face, a prophetic suggestion of Hoffman's Christ.

"Esposo Divino!" she cried aloud. "Must I leave knowledge to follow Thee?"

In the compassionate sternness of that face she read the answer of Christ to the rich young man, and seating herself, she buried her face in her arms on her desk, for she, too, had great possessions. She did not weep; the crossing of the soul's desire is pain too deep for tears.

The nun started and lifted her head as a lute-string snapped, causing a mouse to scramble back to its hole in a small panic. She lighted a taper and unfastened the band about her thin left wrist. Slipping back the black sleeve, she took from a drawer a tiny jeweled knife used for sharpening quills. Her eyes traveled the shelves and she laid down the knife, for each separate book cried to her more eloquently than her lover's voice. Dragging her eyes away from the volumes and fixing them on the Christ, she reached for a small brass censer, fumbled to find the knife again, and plunged it bravely into her wrist. It seemed a miracle that the poor waxen arm could yield the red blood dripping into the censer. Snatching a quill

and a sheet of parchment, she wrote with ink drawn from her own veins:

"I, Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz, the worst sinner in the world, the most ungrateful, unworthy creature God ever made, do vow never again to open book save of prayer and devotion, nor to let word touch word in rhyming measure. Amen."

The nun would spend the night in prayer. She had descended from the mount of self sacrifice, where at

least there is stern joy in overcoming, and her feet were on the dreary plain beyond. Sinful thoughts would come. Seven times the largest scourge was used to drive away a haunting madrigal begging to be born, a foolish thing of a man who loved a maid.

At last Sor Juana's taper sputtered in the socket and went out, but already the first bleak light of dawn fell upon the distorted features of the dying Christ.

The Awakening of Simon Zacharias

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

IF, some twenty-five years ago, you had chanced to wander through the then squalid little Ghetto of San Francisco, you might have noticed in faded yellow lettering above the door of a certain junk shop the name "Simon Zacharias." The shop was not at all different from the dozens of its kind that lined the street, but like them was dark, dirty and weatherbeaten. Through its small-paned windows, almost opaque with dust, could be seen the shadowy outlines of guns, tools, knives and clocks. If you had cared to enter the shop you would have seen shelves crowded with dust-dulled piles of axes, old swords, and a multitude of odd-looking implements, the use of which you could only have conjectured. The whole place had the appearance of a huge scrap-heap.

On the right, as you entered, stood a cracked and battered show-case; and behind this show-case—day in and day out—sat Simon Zacharias. Simon was a withered little shrub of a man—so little, in fact, that when he stood up he could

scarcely see over the top of his show-case. But those who once saw him seldom forgot Simon Zacharias. His small eyes of palish green, though seemingly half-closed, were quick and penetrating. His great, aquiline nose, perfect in its massive contour, reminded one of an eagle's beak. His large, thick-lipped mouth, drawn habitually into a thin, hard line, seemed to indicate a struggle between a stubborn will and a passionate, impulsive nature. How old he was, no one knew. But his scanty white hair and withered figure could scarcely have belonged to a man of less than seventy years.

Among the Jews of the neighborhood, Simon had always been somewhat of a mystery. He had neither wife nor child, and lived alone in the little room at the rear of his shop. No one knew whence he had come, for his was the oldest shop on the street, and he had never been known to speak about his past life. Those who claimed to know him could tell you that he was Simon Zacharias, the junk dealer—and that was all.

He had few friends—indeed the

only man for whose friendship he seemed to care was the young Rabbi Benjamin. Rabbi Benjamin presided over the little synagogue that stood on the corner just two blocks below the shop of Simon Zacharias. Every Saturday you might have seen Simon, arrayed in his long, old-fashioned coat and badly-worn silk hat, laboriously making his way to the synagogue of the Rabbi Benjamin. Now and then the Rabbi came to visit him at his shop; and those who knew the young Rabbi and knew Simon Zacharias, wondered what the two men could have in common. Nobody had a good word to say for Simon Zacharias. All along the street he was known as a miser—a man who had no mercy or charity for others and mighty little for himself.

Now, it happened that the congregation of the Rabbi Benjamin was composed of very poor people. There was Samuels, the coat-maker, and his family; Drucger and Schwartz, who were pressers in a cloak factory; and Samish, the peddler. The others, too, were in equally humble walks of life. Indeed, Simon Zacharias was the only member who was even reputed to be rich—and as to this, nobody felt at all certain. They never had to worry, however, about paying their Rabbi. He had a little money of his own—enough to live on—and was perfectly willing to accept a very small salary even though this was paid in irregular installments. He labored among them because he loved the work of cheering men's souls. But, at the time when our story properly begins, a misfortune, as unforeseen as it was appalling, was threatening the little congregation. When they had bought and fitted up their synagogue some two years ago they had felt confident that before the expiration of another year the membership of the congregation would be much larger. They had reasoned, therefore, that the debt,

though it seemed a hopeless one for fifty poor men and women to meet, would be easily paid when the congregation comprised (as they thought it soon must) seventy-five or a hundred members. And so, full of hope, they had made a cash payment of several hundred dollars, and had given a mortgage on the property itself as security for the remaining indebtedness. But their hopes were destined to bitter disappointment. At the end of the year, the congregation had gained only ten members. Eleven months later, with the impending foreclosure of the mortgage only thirty days distant, and the congregation utterly unable to avert it, the loss of their synagogue seemed inevitable.

These were dark days for the little congregation. A gloom like that of impending death seemed to hang over them. The Rabbi Benjamin felt even more keenly than they the cruel tension of the situation, and tried to comfort and cheer them with the fervent, oft-repeated assurance that God would be with them in their hour of need. And thus three weeks passed by, each day dragging the disconsolate little band nearer to the relentless day of foreclosure.

During these last weeks, it was noticed by all that for the first time since the opening of the synagogue the chair of Simon Zacharias was empty. This continued day after day. Naturally, there was considerable shaking of heads over this circumstance. Some said that Simon was afraid to face the impending trouble and had deserted to another congregation. Others gave it as their belief that he was afraid of being asked for money to help pay the mortgage on the synagogue. All in the end agreed that his conduct in either case was shameful—and he was denounced as a hard-hearted old miser. What the Rabbi Benjamin thought about Simon's conduct is not known.

The last Sabbath before the fore-

closure of the mortgage was a most gloomy one for the little congregation. The Rabbi did not speak long that day—but when he was done, the silence that followed was broken by the sobs of men and women who could not be comforted. At the close of the services, Samish, the peddler, who had come in late, informed his friend, Drucker, in a loud voice, that he had passed the shop of Simon Zacharias that morning, and that it was closed—locked.

Upon hearing this there was considerable excitement among the congregation. Some declared that he had left the country; others that he was dead. The Rabbi Benjamin made no audible comment, but dismissed the congregation with his blessing and hurried straight to the shop of Simon Zacharias. When he arrived there, he found the door locked and the blinds of the show-windows drawn. He hesitated. Then he entered the alley at the side of the shop and went around to the rear door. "Simon! Simon!" he called.

In reply, a weak voice came faintly from within. "Who is there?"

"Benjamin!"

"Come in, Rabbi!" the voice answered, after a long pause.

The Rabbi entered. On a low, disordered bed in the far corner of the room lay Simon Zacharias. The Rabbi started at his changed appearance. His face, usually the color of parchment, was flushed with fever, and his eyes were strangely large and bright. His fingers picked nervously at the thin gray blankets. His skull-cap lay on the table beside him, and without it he looked preternaturally old—as old as the Wandering Jew. The kind heart of the young Rabbi went out to the broken old creature before him. He glanced at the table, on which lay some stale bread, a piece of cheese, and a half-used can of meat. The little stove was cold, and the scuttle beside it held nothing but a few grains of

coal dust. Going over to the old man he held out his hand. The other seized it, and held it eagerly.

"I have missed you lately from our congregation, Simon," the Rabbi said, softly. "You should have told me that you were sick," he went on in a gently reproachful tone, "and I would have taken care of you. I came twice, and could not even get in—so I thought you had gone away. Can't I do something for you now? Let me go and bring Dr. Levison!"

The old man's fingers tightened upon the Rabbi's wrist, and he lifted his head from the pillow with an expression of terror on his face. "For the love of God, don't leave me alone! When you are gone it will come creeping out of the shop again and jump upon me and choke the life out of me."

"Simon! What are you saying? What do you mean?"

"It is only when I sleep, Rabbi—I meant. But it is terrible! My sins have overtaken me, Rabbi. My sins have overtaken me! It is my punishment!"

The Rabbi looked pained and compassionate. "You must let me go, Simon—it will only be for a moment!"

The sick man's features underwent an utterly incongruous change. His eyes half-closed into their old expression and his face took on a cunning leer. "Doctors only want money," he whined, wagging his head slowly.

"And you need proper diet, Simon," the Rabbi went on, without regarding Simon's words. "This cold stuff is dangerous food for a man who is not well. I am going into the restaurant and get you some hot coffee, and a good, tender steak." There was a determined ring in the quiet voice.

"I'm not hungry," the sick man protested wearily. "Oh, let me die, Rabbi! Let me die!"

He clung to the Rabbi's arm and

tried to hold him back. The Rabbi gently pulled himself free and hurried from the room. Before long he reappeared, carrying a tray upon which were a cup of coffee, a well-broiled steak, and some fresh bread and butter.

The sight of the food affected Simon Zacharias strangely. "Give me food!" he cried. "Give me food—I'm starving!"

He attacked the food ravenously and ate like one who had not eaten for many hours.

The Rabbi watched him with puzzled concern. A few moments later there was a knock at the door, and a big, bearded, kindly-faced man entered the room. Simon Zacharias started up aggressively, but only to sink back quietly upon his pillow. After a rapid examination and a number of brief questions, the doctor called Rabbi Benjamin aside. "The man has simply been starving himself," he said in a low tone. "All he needs is proper and sufficient food." And he was gone.

"Did you pay for the food? Did you pay the doctor?" It was the voice of Simon Zacharias, shrill with eagerness and anxiety.

The Rabbi, with an expression of utter perplexity on his face, nodded.

"God reward you, Rabbi!" the sick man replied, in a voice so full of feeling that the Rabbi started. He glanced sharply at Simon. He could scarcely trust his eyes. The old man's face was glowing and his eyes were bright—not with the old glow of fever, but with the intensity of his emotion. The hard old mouth was softening into a smile.

The Rabbi did not understand. So he waited.

All at once, with new and unexpected strength, Simon Zacharias sat up in bed. With eager, trembling fingers he fumbled at his collar, and from a fine steel chain that hung loosely around his withered throat, took a tiny brass key which he placed in the hand of the Rabbi

Benjamin. "Rabbi," he said, quietly, "bring me the tin box that you will find in that trunk, there."

Wonderingly the Rabbi obeyed.

Simon Zacharias lifted the lid of the tin box, and for several moments rummaged feverishly among the heap of papers which it contained. All at once he gave a little exclamation of pleasure. Drawing from the heap a small, folded paper, he seized a pencil from the table, unfolded the paper for an instant and wrote something hastily upon it. Then he placed it in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the Rabbi Benjamin.

"Take care of what I have given you, good friend," he said with simple gravity. "As a favor to a foolish old man, do not open it until you are home. Not that it is much—but it may be of some little value. Now leave me, good friend. I feel quite strong again—and I would be alone."

"May the peace of God be with you!" responded the Rabbi fervently, and departed.

Puzzled and happy at the inexplicable transformation that had just taken place in the soul of Simon Zacharias, the Rabbi Benjamin hurried homeward—a little curious, it must be confessed, to learn what strange evidence of old Simon's eccentricity might be concealed within the mysterious envelope. Once in his own room, he lost no time in easing his curiosity. Carefully cutting the envelope open, he drew out a paper and unfolded it. For a moment he gazed at the printed words as if fascinated. Then with two big tears of happiness warm upon his cheeks, he knelt down and asked God to bless old Simon Zacharias.

It was the mortgage on the synagogue of the Rabbi Benjamin. And scrawled across its face, in the cramped, almost illegible hand of Simon Zacharias was the word: CANCELLED.

Frank Norris

BY MILNE B. LEVICK

FRANK NORRIS has been dead over two years. The rush of faddists, of readers of new books only, has passed. Norris has been honored with a limited, and, alas! complete edition. But his books are still in demand, and if, as he thought, in the end the people are always right, Norris will not soon be forgotten.

To understand his work, it is necessary for one to remember from what standpoint he himself regarded it.

The key-note of his point of view is that "life is better than literature." "Novel-writing, of all the arts, is the most virile; of all the arts it will not flourish indoors. Dependent solely on fidelity to life for existence, it must be practiced in the very heart's heart of life, on the street corner, in the market place, not in the studios."

Realism, brutality, Zola and Norris are often spoken of together. To deny brutality would have been ludicrous, even had Norris cared to do so. But realism, as he understood it, he did deny, and proclaimed his master of the period of "McTeague" to be, indeed, "the very head of the romanticists."

"Romance is the kind of fiction that takes cognizance of variations from the type of normal life," he says. "Realism is the kind of fiction that confines itself to the type of normal life." According to this definition, then, romance may even treat of the sordid, the unlovely—as, for instance, the novels of Zola. Zola has been dubbed a realist, but he is, on the contrary, the very head of the romanticists.

"Also, realism, used as it sometimes is, as a term of reproach, need not be in the remotest sense or de-

gree offensive, but on the other hand, respectable as a church and proper as a deacon—as, for instance, the novels of Mr. Howells.

"To romance belongs the wide world for range and the unplumbed depths of the human heart, and the mystery of sex, and the problems of life, and the black, unsearched pentalia of the human soul."

It is equally important for one to remember this: "The men and women of the story-teller's world are not apt to be, to him, so important in themselves as the whirl of things in which he chooses to involve them."

Frank Norris does not write of farmers and capitalists and outcasts—it is the wheat, the railroad, the terror of the city. He saw the epic value of forces, and in this lies the originality of his literary outlook.

It is typical of this man, who lived and saw so much that "he followed many masters." The influences of Kipling, Stevenson, Zola and Hugo are most evident in his work. Harding Davis was a power in the early days, and in "The Ship That Saw a Ghost," there is a suggestion of Poe's "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym." Although Condy Rivers, Norris' picture of himself in the early part of his career, was affected by De Maupassant, for one not thoroughly familiar with the Frenchman's work, it is difficult to find any trace of his power over Norris.

Of Stevenson's influence, no one that has read "Moran of the Lady Letty" need be reminded.

It may be that such minor slips as "the balance of the crew," "only two alternatives," and the like, which are to be found all through Norris' works, are due to the Scotch-

man's example, though they might be expected in a writer of Norris' temperament.

Naturally, Kipling's influence is most clearly seen in the short stories. One effect of his hold on Norris is the inclination toward mysticism found in all the latter's works—the warning sense of the pursued McTeague, the enemy of Lloyd Searight, the character of Varamée. But “the little, spectacled colonial, to whose song we must all listen, and to whose pipe we must all dance,” may be held partly responsible for a fault the direct opposite of this—excessive realism, or, adopting Norris' own terms, realism. The description of the dental operation in “McTeague,” for instance, is quite as tiresome as some of the technicalities of the engine room indulged in by Kipling.

“The Octopus,” Norris' greatest work, is distinctly Hugoesque. By imitating his masters, Stevenson, when at last he found himself, became “the greatest of the stylists.” Norris followed the same plan intentionally, if one can judge by “The Mechanics of Fiction.” His own individuality was developing rapidly, however, all the while he was following his preceptors.

Throughout all his works, from the curiosity that caused the hero of “Moran” to speak to the man in the sweater to the end of “The Pit,” we find him more interested in the whirl of things, in forces, than in men.

But perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of his style is his point of view that life is better than literature, that striving for “sincerity, sincerity, and again sincerity.”

Norris' climaxes often strike one like blows, yet if we examine them, we can find nothing unnatural in the abruptness.

For him everything had a particular odor—“aroma” and “redolent” are favorite words, a peculiarity which has a specially pleasing effect

in his description of women. A more mechanical characteristic is his habit of repeating certain phrases again and again, though at times the insistence is not so happy as in others. The local color in his books and tales is faultless. One can still have tea in the identical room where Blix and Condry agreed to be chums; Luna's is flourishing, and who can pass Polk street without looking for the big gold tooth? In a great measure the local color for “The Octopus” was gotten upon a large ranch near Tres Pinos, although in the book *Los Muertes* is located near “Bonnevillle” (Tulare.) Annixter is drawn largely from the owner of this ranch, whose wife served to some extent as a model for Mrs. Derrick.

From his essays, however, it is evident that Norris never regarded local color as other than a means to an end. But his fidelity to life does not stop even at actual names and incidents.

“There was the inevitable Studebaker” wagon; in “Moran” the ambergris was to go to Langley & Michaels; McTeague gave up Yale Mixture for Mastiff tobacco. The incident in “The Octopus” of the plows which, coming from the East, had to pass Bonneville, go to San Francisco, and then be returned to the farmers at the short haul rate, is founded on fact. The very climax of this, his masterpiece, is but an account of the Mussel Slough affair, which occurred in Tulare County, California, in 1878.

By some, “Moran,” Norris' first novel, is ranked among his best work. Despite its faults, it certainly has “all the roll and plunge of action.” Even here we find traces of his later style; for instance: the habit of repeating, and the sudden climax, and his sense of smell.

The forces in “McTeague” are much more clearly defined than those in “Moran.” Trina's avarice had its source centuries before her birth in the Swiss mountains, among

the race that saved they knew not why—saved merely to save. With the dentist, too, heredity is a power, though his fall is more of a reversion to his former life than a deterioration.

That wonderful picture of the growth of miserliness in Trina proves Norris to have been a sincere student of what he describes as "The Mechanics of Fiction." A sentence suffices for the first mention of her niggardliness, next it occupies a paragraph, then a page, and finally, working its way into the details, permeates the entire story. No less powerful is the description of the effects of alcohol on the ex-car boy.

Although the brutalities of "Mc-Teague" exceed those of "Moran," and the impression the book leaves is far from pleasant, it has, like all Norris wrote, much humor, often coarse, often over-drawn, like the character work, but still enough to relieve the general gloomy tone at the time of reading, at least. And despite Boston, in that story of the Polk street dentist, among the coarseness and cruelty and melodrama, Norris found romance.

Despite Norris' gift, that of the born story-teller, of knowing what points to omit and what ideas to inject, the character of Condy Rivers in "Blix" is the best picture of the early Frank Norris we can have. Realism leads him to introduce many ideas into the Love Idyl, in one way or another, that he actually "worked up" into stories, among them his first mention of the wheat.

Even here there is another force than love—the force of the swinging cycle of fate, the whirl of things.

"There, in that room, high above the city, a little climax had come swiftly to a head, a crisis in two lives had suddenly developed. The moment that had been in preparation for the last few months, the last few years, the last few centuries, behold! it had arrived."

In "A Man's Woman," also,

love is not the only power. Each of the two main characters has an antagonistic force, the Arctic region for Bennett and the enemy for Lloyd. Here, too, we have glimpses of the machine of the gods.

"For an instant Lloyd saw deep down into the black, mysterious gulf of sex—down, down, down, where, immeasurably below the world of little things, the changeless, dreadful machinery of life itself worked, clashing and resistless in its grooves. It was a glimpse fortunately brief, a vision that does not come too often, lest reason, brought to the edge of the abyss, grow giddy at the sight, and reeling, topple headlong."

The keynote of the story, however, lies in this:

"God, Man and the Work—the three elements of our entire system, the universal epitomized in the tremendous trinity."

It is curious that Norris, who had so much individuality, should have held the idea, brought forward in the essay, "Novelists to Order," in "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," that "every child contains in himself the elements of every profession, every occupation, every art, every industry," and that the developing of a novelist or soldier or business-man is a mere matter of specialization. Perhaps he was led to this belief by his professional view that characters are subservient to "the whirl of things in which the author chooses to involve them," and by the fact that he used himself for two of his principal characters—Condy and Presley.

The article published in the S. F. Argonaut, "In Defense of Dr. Lawlor," shows what a friend Norris was—a friend staunch enough to stand by a man when he was down, and more, to fight for him against every daily paper in San Francisco. Some of Norris' best short stories are in the book called "A Deal in Wheat," though that from which the

collection takes its name is inferior to most of the others. Of the tales of the "Three Black Crows," undoubtedly the best is "The Dual Personality of Slick Dick Nickerson." Though good, these stories are obviously too reminiscent of Kipling's trio to be ranked among Norris' distinctive work. Some of the others are not as good, perhaps, as many that have not found permanent homes. But the best thing in the book, and probably the best of all Norris' short work, is "A Memorandum of Sudden Death." So artfully written that one almost doubts it is fiction; it has for its subject a gradually contracting power, an idea we find in all of Norris' best work, reduced to an actual physical force.

Theoretically and practically, Norris defended the novel with a purpose. The purpose of "The Octopus" is found in Cedarquist's speech when he first meets Magnus Derrick: "We are both of us fighters, it seems, Mr. Derrick * * each with his particular enemy. We are well met, indeed, the farmer and the monied adventurer, both in the same grist between the two millstones of the lethargy of the public and the aggression of the trust; the two great evils of America." And he adds: "Presley, my boy, there is your epic poem to hand."

The influence of Hugo was at its greatest when "The Octopus" was written. Vanamee's dream realized Annixter's coming to himself, and the rise of the wheat, all on the same night, is Hugoesque. That Dyke should rob the train carrying Hilma and Annixter on their wedding trip, is Hugoesque. S. Behrman's escape from bomb and revolver, his death in the Wheat, and Presley's passage on the ship carrying his body, is Hugoesque. The very complexity of the plot reflects the Frenchman's hold on the young Westerner.

Like nearly all Norris' work, "The Octopus" is episodic, and the inter-

ests are diverse. In Vanamee, we have mysticism. We have a problem in Minna Hooven's fate. We have delicate suggestiveness in the story of Angele; we have brutality in Dyke's fight. We have satire in the picture of society and its fakers, and the literature of the "little toy magazines." There is the broad humor and tragedy of the Epic of the West in the dance at Annixter's barn, and above all are the two conflicting forces, the railroad and the wheat.

Nowhere are forces more apparent than in Norris' chef d'oeuvre; even Presley was compelled to recognize in his interview with Shelgrim, that the conflict in "The Octopus" is between forces, not men.

"Men were nothings, mere animaculae, mere ephemerides that fluttered and fell and were forgotten between dawn and dusk. Varamée had said there was no death. But for one second Presley could go one step further. Men were nought, death was nought, life was nought. Force only existed—Force that brought men into the world—Force that crowded them out of it to make way for the succeeding generation—Force that made the wheat grow—Force that garnered it from the soil to give place to the succeeding crop."

The engine—"the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon * * * the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the ranches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted power, the monster, the colossus, the Octopus."

"Men—motes in the sunshine—perished, were shot down in the very noon of life; hearts were broken; little children started in life lamentably handicapped; young girls

were brought to a life of shame; old women died in the heart of life for lack of food. In that little isolated group of human insects, misery, death, and anguish spun like a wheel of fire.

"But the Wheat remained, untouched, unassailable, that mighty world force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, resistless, moved onward in its appointed grooves. Through the welter of blood at the irrigation ditch, through the sham charity and shallow philanthropy of famine relief committees, the great harvest of Los Muertos rolled like a flood from the Sierras to the Himalayas to feed thousands of starving scare-crows on the barren plains of India."

Not till the time of "The Pit" was Norris freed from his masters. Here there is but one coincidence that shows the influence of even Hugo—the crash of the market coming on Laura's birthday. In spite of his emancipation, and the book's greater popular success, "The Pit" is inferior to "The Octopus." This is due, not to the handling of the subject, but to the subject itself.

Norris' style and temperament are better adapted to an Epic of the West than to a story of a nerve center like Chicago, a style that treats of forces as Norris' does, loses its power the farther it enters the artificiality of our so-called civilization. We have only to consider Norris' books individually to see this. And the forces of "The Pit" are the farthest from the soil of any he writes of. The principal force of the book is the conflict between the wheat

and the man who would control it, obviously less powerful than such a Titanic struggle as the conflict in "The Octopus." And while the actual grain is a living force all through "The Octopus," in the later book it is, for the most part, merely an excuse for gambling, until the climax, when it crushes Jadwin.

"All those millions and millions of bushels of wheat were gone now. The wheat that had killed Cressler, that had engulfed Jadwin's fortune and all but unseated reason itself, the wheat that had intervened like a great torrent to drag Laura's husband from her side and drown him in the roaring vortex of the Pit, had passed on, resistless, along its ordered and pre-determined courses, from West to East, like a vast Titanic flood; had passed, leaving death and ruin in its wake, but bearing life and prosperity to the crowded cities and centers of Europe."

"This huge, resistless nourisher of nations—why was it that it could not reach the people, could not fulfill its destiny, unmarred by all this suffering, unattended by all this misery?"

Frank Norris developed rapidly. At the time of his death, in his thirty-third year, he had written six books, all with exceptional vigor and power. One of them has been called great. He saw his responsibilities and fulfilled them with such sincerity, originality, broadness of view, and depth as could only lead him to heights not often attained.

As it is, the name of Norris is an important one in American letters. Who can say what it might have been?

Some Popular Fallacies About California

BY ELIZABETH A. WARD

THE many misconceptions, amusing and otherwise, that have arisen about life in California are noteworthy as an index to the workings of the imagination. Like the paleontologist, it will erect the whole structure upon a single known detail, but with this difference: the scientist works out his problem with infinite care and precision, while his unscientific friends indulge their fancies in the most unrestrained freedom. This is doubtless true in a measure of all sections of the country, but the application is to the East in particular, for obvious reasons; the majority of Western people are from the East directly or within a generation or two, while the greater part of Easterners have never seen the land beyond the Rockies. One of California's vigorous exponents of the gospel of the West speaks with good humored sarcasm of the "complacent illiteracy" of the East about matters western, and the expression is easily defended by the innocent questions and exclamations heard on all sides about California and other States in the far West.

It is this fact of far-awayness that raises very many of the superstructures people have built with logical ingenuity upon a mere fragment that contains such fantastical unlikenesses to the real West. Sweeping conclusions from very limited, or more often from second hand experience, and impressions received from early writers of Western fiction, must be held largely responsible for the many curious conceptions about California life. Indeed, the stories of the days of Forty-nine, and earlier, seem to have put an indelible stamp upon people's minds, and all recent travel and literature have been unable to

efface the picture of a wild, rough, untamed existence, where the busy, modern world never penetrates. Cultured dame and keen-witted lawyer, society belle and magazine editor, all come under the baleful spell of these fallacious ideas that take form in misty vagueness and stealthily fasten upon their victims.

Not many years ago a prominent member of the New York bar was chatting pleasantly with a friend from California about various phases of Western life, and was listening delightedly to an account of the possibilities for an out-of-door existence. Suddenly a look of concern came over the judge's face. "But how about the Indians?" he asked. "Don't they come down from the hills and annoy you?" In big-eyed surprise, his guest explained the complete disappearance of the red-man from California except on Government Reservations.

Imbued with much the same impression of California barbarity, a Milwaukee lady visited the old Spanish town of Santa Barbara about a decade ago. The sleepy comfort of the place has long been one of its romantic charms, even though the low adobe houses of the natives have largely given place to American homes, and nothing could be less in keeping with its setting than violence; but the visitor relates that she saw almost no Americans there, and she was in continual fear of a treacherous stab in the back by some swarthy-skinned Mexican. By her own confession this was the state of affairs she expected to find in California, and her conviction of its reality was shaken only by a chance sojourn in another part of the State. The astonishing extravagance of the remark makes the incident highly enjoyed by Santa Barbarans. They

are at a loss, however, to account for the unique impression made upon their Wisconsin visitor.

The amazing growth and progress of California give many a tourist a mental shake-up that leaves him uncertain whether he has reached the land of his dreams or not. "Will it be possible for me to get stage connection between San Pedro and Los Angeles?" asked a traveler of a fellow passenger on a Pacific Coast steamer a short time ago. And the gentleman addressed courteously explained that since the various steam and electric car-lines had been built between the harbor and the city the stages had quite gone out of business. Another misconception arising from California's remoteness from the older-settled portions of the country is that the aesthetics of life are quite unknown there, and that the ordinary comforts of the East are so scarce as to be considered the greatest luxuries. The story is told of a kind-hearted Canada lady who, in a burst of pity for her newly-married niece living in Southern California, sent her a roll of papers and magazines to while away her time and keep her a little in touch with the outside world. The young housekeeper was duly appreciative of the thoughtfulness, but the incongruity between the isolation in which her aunt pictured her, and the thriving, up-to-date little city where she lived, was provocative of many a laugh. The same illusion betrayed itself at a luncheon given in honor of some Easterners visiting California a few years ago when the conversation turned upon some illustrations in "Life." "I don't suppose," said one of the guests graciously to the man at her side, "that you ever see 'Life' out here, do you?" Doubting his ears, he betrayed a puzzled expression and the lady hastened to relieve his supposed embarrassment by explaining: "You know, 'Life' is our funny paper in New York."

Again, a certain Kansas City golf enthusiast was very happily disap-

pointed in finding that a particular brand of golf ball which had been on the market for some years in the East, had traversed the wastes of the American desert and was popularly used in California. Equally unique was the surprise of a Boston lady when she gathered, from a chance remark, that people in California ordinarily had turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. She had always associated this very American bird with New England only, and it was a new idea that it was raised as far West as the Pacific Slope. A California souvenir spoon proved an effective educator in its small way in shedding light upon California's architectural advancement. There was a handsome stone court-house engraved upon it, and the recipient wrote in acknowledgement that he was delighted to know there were such fine buildings in California.

The idea of the crudeness of California society seems to be much exaggerated and it is hard for the Easterner to understand how any considerable degree of culture can exist among so much newness. There is some ground for these impressions; it would be strange if there were not. An amusing instance of it was shown in a recent local celebration, the invitations to which summoned the patriotic public to a flag-raising on the "sight" of an old fort. Yet the fact of engraved invitations and of eager interest in maintaining historic monuments of the early days in California show in themselves the rapid drift of California's ambitions. Only a short time ago an Eastern woman sweepingly asserted that all California women were loud and vulgar. This hardly accords with Lyman Abbot's recent characterization regarding the people who are making Southern California. He says of them: "They are no philistines, no materialists, no worshipers of money, no runners after the American god success, but practical idealists who regard beauty as a virtue and are interested in the prob-

lems of the intellectual and spiritual life, and really believe and act on the belief that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

A benighted parent brushed aside the California question thus: "Go there to live? Of course I cannot. My boys must be educated first." Now, California's public school system is her particular boast, taking rank with and above that of many of the more advanced Eastern States, and her private preparatory schools are legion. City and rural high schools abound, and the system finds its culmination in the well-established State University, the pride of all loyal native sons and daughters, and they are justly proud of a record showing more rapid growth in the last few years than that of any other American university.

When Benjamin Ide Wheeler became its president, an Eastern periodical congratulated the West upon winning to its coast a man of such eminent scholarship, and, later, another article called attention to the wonderful growing zest of young Californians in pursuing the humanities, so that, within three years of President Wheeler's residence there, they were reproducing Greek plays upon the stage as successfully as was ever done in Harvard's classic halls, and he was styled the "pathfinder of the West," in classic languages and literature. President Wheeler has done much, indeed, for the Western educational world, and the university has grown rapidly since his coming. The "Antigone," however, which was referred to was given wholly by Stanford students, under the direction of the Stanford faculty. Plans for an enlarged campus and new buildings for the State University are being carried out under the patronage of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst which will appropriately typify the abundant wealth and glory of the State whose best life it stands for.

The great Stanford University is very different from that needed in

less than forty miles from the University of California at Berkeley, and twice as heavily endowed as any other university in the country, is already widely known in the Eastern States. It is becoming a popular thing for Eastern college students to arrange for a part of their course in a college in the West. They find advantages equal in nearly every respect to those of the Eastern institutions, and they have the added advantage of a taste of real Western life and climate. This fascination of climate has attracted to Western faculties many of their strong men, who are from Eastern institutions and have come West to find comfort in the milder climate.

Various small colleges are growing up, and every year interest in education is quickening among the young men and women of the State. In 1900 there was a larger percentage of college students in California in proportion to the population than in any other State of the Union. With all these things to back them, California people may be pardoned a little ruffling of the feathers when it is insinuated that a boy cannot be successfully educated in the Golden State.

The matter of seasons is a sad mind-twister to one who has never experienced them in California. "You mention spring sewing," wrote a lady to her California friend. "If your seasons are all alike, how do you know when to begin it?" The reasoning seems to be: If oranges ripen in winter and roses bloom the year round, what difference can there be in the seasons? People forget to take into account the shorter, and so cooler, days in winter, and the less direct sun rays. They do not realize that even in California certain members of the vegetable kingdom have an annual rest period to remind one of winter. The dampness from the rains and the winds from snowy mountains often make necessary winter clothing that is

the dry warmth of summer. But the greatest stumbling block in the matter of climate is the size of the State, with its range of weather from snow-capped Sierras to the great interior valleys, with their extremes of heat and cold, and on to balmy San Diego in the South, with the most even temperature in the world. "California climate" is indeed a very broad term. Another favorite deduction is shown in the following familiar remark: "I should not care to spend a summer in California if it is as warm as this in January." Here again is a total inability to comprehend a climate that is "cool in summer, warm in winter and comfortable without being enervating at all seasons." The beneficent Pacific is given too little credit for his tempering powers. But in spite of an equable temperature, one of the first lessons the tenderfoot must learn is to carry a wrap when going on a drive, summer or winter, for the ocean breezes and fogs are surprisingly penetrating, and sometimes most unexpected. The summers are not all sunshine, nor are the winters all rain, for fogs vary the warmer weather, and in winter the rains often come weeks apart.

"When does your rainy season begin?" asked a winter visitor to California. "Madam, we are in the midst of it now."

In late summer and early autumn, thunder storms in the mountains are not unusual, contrary to the prevalent idea that thunder and lightning are unknown in California.

A very erroneous notion exists regarding the monotony of California climate. An instance of this, which could probably be matched many times, was a letter from Massachusetts relative to a kinsman visiting on the coast. "Don't stay so long that the monotony will affect your reason," was the admonition. The proverbial sudden changes in the weather in California make this conception very laughable and amusing to the resident.

The great size of the State makes localities very bewildering to one who has neglected his geography. President Wheeler is pictured as dispensing culture within sight of the Sierras, whereas he must go a hundred miles to reach them. Many a tourist bound for Los Angeles has been pressed by friends to call upon certain people in San Francisco, a distance of 500 miles, or as great as that between New York and Cincinnati. Nor is this bewilderment of locality confined to Americans, for an Englishman, leaving for California, was cordially invited by a neighbor to drop in and see his cousin in Sydney when he happened to be taking a run over to Australia.

Exaggerated stories of earthquakes on the coast have been scattered through the East, but an old resident of the prairies, comparing his experience in an equally long residence in California, says the hardest earthquakes occur on the prairies. Statistics about earthquakes occurring on the Pacific Coast for a hundred years, show only four periods of extended seismic activity, during which there were only twenty-nine heavy shocks. A careful perusal of Dr. E. S. Holden's report for the Smithsonian Institution, on Pacific Coast earthquakes, shows almost no loss of life, though a number of miraculous escapes are reported.

The following are, in substance, a few typical extracts from the report:

1812—In Southern California there were nearly continuous shocks for four and one-half months, and most of the inhabitants abandoned their houses and lived out of doors. Some lives were lost at Santa Inez.

1872.—One thousand shocks in two days, but no one injured.

1889 (Napa).—Severest earthquake in 20 years, but no damage beyond cracked plaster.

1891 (Napa).—Heaviest earthquake on record, 17 shocks, much excitement, but no one injured.

1892 (San Diego).—Worst shock ever experienced, but no houses shaken down.

During the earthquakes of 1868, thirty casualties were reported at San Francisco, but only five deaths. In April, 1890, a report from San Jose tells of a shock that frightened people from their beds, but no damage was done. Newspaper reports from Mono Lake, in August, 1890, tell of a shock which threw men and beasts off their feet, but no lives were lost. The suspense of not knowing how severe the shock may prove is generally the most trying feature of experiencing an earthquake. So it has proved in California, at any rate, during the last one hundred years, and the data gathered during that time concerning both causes and results give geologists assurance in predicting that none heavier need be expected than have occurred in the past. Dr. Holden closes his report with these words: "When we take into account the whole damage to life and property produced by all the California earthquakes recorded, it is clear that a whole century in California has been less destructive than the tornadoes or floods of a single year in less favored regions."

The "get-rich-quick" idea is another that needs correcting. A few people have made some lucky strokes in California as elsewhere, but the vast majority of those who

go to the coast expecting to do likewise are doomed to weary disappointment, like the expectant Irishman who contemptuously kicked aside the double eagle he found in the road, exclaiming, "Be-gone! Wait till Oi reach the pile."

The "pile" is reached only by hard and intelligent toil, more incessant and unremitting in some respects than in other parts of the country. An orange or lemon orchard in California is by no means always synonymous with a bank account, and when it is, there is the invariable story behind it of discouraging struggles with plant diseases and injurious insects, of scanty rainfall, blighting winds or killing frosts, of water problems and labor problems, and of market conditions; a modern series of Herculean labors which only giants of ability and determination can perform.

California is a wonderful land, fabulously endowed by nature with nearly every blessing the mind or heart can conjure up, but the romantic visitor may forget that it is yet of the earth, with some of the earth's imperfections and drawbacks. Sometimes, too, he has heard the unpleasant features unfairly heralded, and these few illustrative stories and incidents may serve to dispel some of the popular fallacies about California that reading and travel have failed to remove.

Their Law

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

“WILL Red Fox tell the white man why he and Black Bear killed their chief?” I asked, speaking in the Indian’s tongue

“The white man knows the tale now. We were tried in the courts, and all men heard of the deed,” Red Fox answered.

“True,” I said, “what you did was written down and printed, and it was read by many. But I have come to your prison to hear the tale from your own mouths, if you will speak. I wish to look into your hearts, and know if you are indeed brave men who obeyed your law, and did what you believed to be right.”

Red Fox’s glance rested long on my face, as he sat immovable upon the cot in his cell. Black Bear lay on a blanket upon the floor.

“We did right,” said Red Fox; his strong, young face was calm.

“Did you not know the white man’s law?” I asked.

“Yes; we were told by our old men what the white men would say and do,” he answered.

“Tell me, then, why you killed Mogul?” I said.

A rapt expression came upon the face of Red Fox. He looked out of the window a moment and then began, in a crooning tone: “Our great chief, Mogul, was always thinking, thinking upon something that grieved him. Our tribesmen could not rouse him. He cared not for the hunt nor the games. He would not look on at the dance. He listened not to the stories of the old men.”

He paused, and I asked: “How long did this last? How old was Mogul?”

“He was but fifty years of age,” Red Fox answered. “Old enough, our aged men said, not to grieve over certain things. But this was his na-

ture. He loved the young girl, Shining Eyes, when his wife was dead, but she laughed at him. She cared not for old men, she said, and her saying stuck in the heart of Mogul like a poisoned arrow. He was a brave man and had led his men in many a fight, but there was something sick in him, and his father had died mad.”

“Ah, his father was like him?” I interjected.

“Yes,” Red Fox nodded. “When Mogul had grieved till his face was thin and his eyes were like those of a hungry wolf, he would sit for days in his tent without a sign. And men feared to enter his tent or speak to him. Once he cast his hatchet at one who drew back the curtain of his tent.”

“Like Saul of Israel,” I said.

“Ah! What?” said Red Fox.

“Go on,” I answered.

“One day,” Red Fox resumed, “Mogul stood at his tent door and called the men who were near and commanded that all the men of the tribe should go to the Talking House, as he would speak with them. When presently all were in that place, one went and told Mogul, and then he came there also. He was thin and tall, and his face was sunken, and his blanket hung loose about him. His eyes were like fire as he came in. All the braves stood up as he entered.”

“Did you know for what he had called the braves together?” I asked.

“No, we knew nothing,” Red Fox said. “Then Mogul stood before us all, and raised his arm and spoke in the voice of a hungry wolf: ‘Mogul is going mad. His brain is sick. He must die. Choose men to send the bullets into his heart.’ Saying this he stalked out of the Talking House and went away to his tent.”

"Then what?" I asked.

"When Mogul was gone, all the braves were much grieved, for we loved him. After a long silence one of the old men stood up and spoke, saying: 'Mogul's word is according to our law. It has been our law for many ages that when a chief feels himself going mad, and orders it to be done, he must be killed. Mogul knows that law, and has been thinking upon it in his heart. It is a dreadful thing for a chief to go mad, for then his orders, which must be obeyed, may destroy his people.'

"Most true," I interrupted. "Among white men it is told that there were three great drunkards among kings in Britain long ago. Ceraint, the drunkard, in his drunkenness, burned all the corn far and near over the face of the country, so that a famine came from his deed. Gwrtheyrn, in his drink, gave the Isle of Thanet to Horsa for the privilege to sin with Rhomwen, his daughter. And Seithenyn, the drunkard, in his drink let the sea over a province, so that there were lost of houses and earth the whole that was there, where formerly were sixteen fortified towns."

"Ugh!" said Red Fox. "What do you say?"

"I say," I replied, "that white men also know that it is a bad thing to have a madman or a drunkard as a chief. What else did your braves say?"

"The old man said Mogul must be obeyed. And others said the same. But the braves who had been most with the white men declared that their law would not permit us to do as Mogul said, and that the braves who should shoot Mogul would be hanged as murderers. So we knew not well what to do. The chief's word was law to us, but the white men had power and soldiers; so for two days and nights we sat in the Talking House. But the old men declared always that Mogul must be obeyed, and they repeated the curses that would fall if we fail-

ed to do what the chief said. And they said that there must be braves among us who would be willing to be taken by the white men and killed for doing what Mogul ordered, and that he must be obeyed."

"And that was true," I said, "for you offered yourself."

"At last," continued Red Fox, "the old men asked what ones of us would venture to obey Mogul; and then two stepped forth, Black Bear and I, and we said we were willing. The old men spoke great words to us, and said we had the spirit of true Indians; so it was decided."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then," continued Red Fox, "word was sent to Mogul that he would be obeyed. Black Bear and I went to our tents for our rifles, and we cleansed them well, and placed the bullets carefully that were to kill our chief. The tribe all gathered by Mogul's tent, and then an old man spoke to Mogul and said: 'You are to be obeyed. Are you ready?'"

"Mogul was lying in his tent, and he threw his robe back from off his breast, and commanded that we come near with the guns. Then Mogul said: 'I am going mad. A mad chief is not fit to live and rule men. I must die. Shoot here.' He stood up, like a lean, hungry wolf, and he placed his hand on his heart. And then Black Bear and I raised our rifles and fired, and Mogul fell back dead."

"And then?" I asked.

"We took his body on the next day and kindled a great fire about it, and kept the fire piled high with branches and logs for two days and nights, until it had all been burned, and we had burned up his evil spirit also. And the tribe was saved, and Mogul was in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

"And then?" I asked.

"We chose a new chief," said Red Fox. "Many weeks afterward, the white men heard what had been done, and soldiers from the fort gal-

loped into our camp and demanded that those who had shot Mogul should be given into their hands.'

"Why did not the whole tribe take the blame?" I asked.

"We knew," said Red Fox, "that trouble would be brought upon the whole tribe unless we gave ourselves up. So we two, Black Bear and I, stood out and said we had shot Mogul. Then our hands were tied and we were carried away.

"When the white men's court met we were tried for murder. The white men said we should be hanged because we had killed our chief. The lawyer who was our friend asked that one of our old men should be allowed to speak. And when the court permitted him to do so, he stood up and said: 'It is true the white men claim the right to make their law superior to ours. And in many things we care not. But we are a people with our own laws and customs, and they are dear to us. Long before the white men came here, we had a law that when a chief found that he was going mad he could command that his braves kill him. Our people obey their chief. If he is a madman, his orders bring destruction upon us. It is not well that we should do what a madman says. Mogul's brain reeled. He knew he would soon be mad. He ordered that he be killed. All our people heard him say this. These men

did what Mogul commanded, and what all the tribe wished to be done. They are not murderers. Let them go free.' Our friend, the lawyer, said the same thing.

"But the judge told the twelve men that the law of the land must be kept. And these men said that we were guilty of the second kind of murder. And we were sent to live in this prison all our lives. But we did what Mogul said."

Black Bear sat up and looked searchingly at me, as Red Fox finished his tale and said: "Did we not do right? Had you been an Indian, would you not have done the same?"

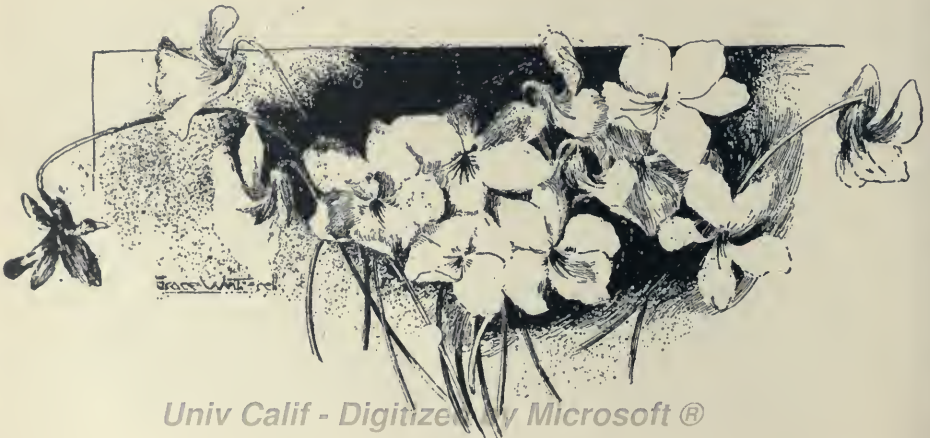
"I cannot say you were right," I replied.

"Is not a mad chief a danger to many?" urged Black Bear.

"Yes, truly, he may be." And I asked: "Are you content to have done this deed?"

"Yes," said Red Fox. "We are glad to have obeyed our chief. Our people think we did well. They honor us, and mourn for us in the camp as for brave men, though to white men we are wretches and criminals, companions of the vilest of the earth."

And as I left them, I looked back sorrowfully upon their lithe, strong forms, suited for the open and for bold deeds, but doomed to stifle in prisons because their law clashed with that of the white man.



The Gospel of the Flowers

BY C. E. CUNNINGHAM

THE first printed reference we have to plant life is found in the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, where it is recorded that in the creation God said: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb

opened the window of the ark which he had made and sent forth a dove from Him to see if the water was abated from off the face of the ground, but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot and returned.



Paradise Flowers.

yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after His kind whose seed is in itself upon the earth."

Further on in the 8th chapter of the same book, we find in an account of the flood: "And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah

Noah waited seven days, and again sent her forth, and she came to him in the evening, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off—so Noah knew that the waters were abated from the earth."

In the 12th chapter of St. Luke

we find Jesus saying: "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In the 13th chapter he asks: "Unto what is the Kingdom of God like, and whereunto shall I resemble it? It is like a grain of mustard which a man took and cast into his garden and it grew and waxed a great tree and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it."

Solomon spoke of trees from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. The hyssop mentioned many times in the Old Testament belonged to the mint family, and was a symbol of purification.

From these quotations we find that plant life has figured in history since the world began, and that the wisest men of the times have not disclaimed to acknowledge the place the plants hold in the great plan of nature. Before the word botany came into general use, the Greeks had a word formed of two—one meaning grass, the other divination, which related to foretelling of the future through means of written messages on large grasses and leaves, but as ignorance and superstition gave way to common sense and philosophy, other uses and forms of plants were discovered, and we find that the Romans and Arabs had given some study to the subject more than 300 years B. C. Up to the year 1231, about 1,400 plants were known. It was 1650 before the microscope came into use for the examination of plants, and in 1686 the first printed volume appeared upon the subject. From that publication, through the successive ages, others have followed, until now we have books treating of the different division of the entire vegetable kingdom, and yet the science of botany is only in an embryotic stage, so many new facts, in contradiction to old theories, are being es-

tablished. Until Darwin startled the world, after eleven years of experimental work and observation, with the discoveries he had made regarding the origin of plants and their relation to one another, the progress of botanical investigation was slow, only the student fond of delving into the abstruse caring to give it much study; and while botany, as a science, embracing a knowledge of names, internal and external organization, classification into orders, families, generas, species, and the laws regulating and governing their growth and propagation, must be a difficult study, it need not deter us from learning the simple facts of plant life; how plants waken and sleep, how they store up food for reserve, and how flowers lure insects to assist in fertilization.

Children may be taught at a very early age that plants live and breathe as we do, absorbing the poisonous gases from the animal kingdom and giving back to us in return the main sustenance of our being. We can tell them that the under side of leaves are covered with little cells, which open and close like tiny mouths, and that these little breathing places will get clogged and filled with dust in dry weather if not washed off. These facts create a new interest in the plant, which becomes to them another breathing thing, with its life to sustain, and they will be anxious to water the garden. When we tell them that long before man had invented plows and other farming implements, the Maker of the Universe had planned for the tilling of the soil and the growth of plants by placing under the surface of the earth His little army of toilers, the angle-worms and the ants, who day after day and year after year go steadily on turning over to the sunshine and rain the earth which is constantly enriched to a fine black loam to the depth of five or six inches, a new interest and respect is

attached to the worm and ant families.

When they learn that we are dependent upon plant life, not only for the purity of the air we breathe, but for our supply of food, clothing, medicine, fuel, and, in fact, for all the necessities of our well-being, a new world of thought is opened to them, and questions come thick and

ers, carrying pollen from one to another, which in time will cause the seeds to grow.

They find that while birds and insects are the enemies of plants when too numerous, that without any there would be no plants. They find that owls, jays and crows kill mice which steal from the granary and clover fields. That mice eat bumble-



California Winter Bridal Roses.

fast as to the whys and wherefors of the many mysterious facts now set before their wondering minds. They learn that the insects have long had secrets unknown to man, and that their relation to the plant world is most important. That many of them are the messengers of the flow-

ers, the best fertilizers we have for purple clover; that even the poor little despised mole has his work to do in the garden, and that in his search for his natural food, the wire worm, turnip-flies and other tiny insects, which infest and destroy the roots of plants, he unconsciously

tears away the soil, causing the plants to die, thus bringing upon himself in his legitimate method of self-support the penalty of death through poison or trap. "Poor little meat-eater, who cares not for vegetation," the children say, and henceforth they respect his vocation. Even the miserable stinging-wasps have their duties in the great field of floriculture, for they carry off flies and caterpillars who would steal the honey which nature has provided for the pollen-carriers, the bees, the butterflies and birds to whom we are indebted for the production of seed. Without birds of prey to keep the small bird in check, plants would suffer and farming be impossible. Even at night, when we are asleep, the night-moth is busy, and nature has provided that he shall have some flowers open for his time of coming.

In some parts of the world, brilliant blossoms are found so far above the head of man that we know the old theory that flowers were made only for his admiration certainly must be false. In countries where butterflies abound in such numbers that there are more than a thousand kinds, as in South America, we know that their work is to carry pollen from flowers which grow where bees do not abide.

Students of nature have found out for us that flowers make use of the wind, the waves, birds, beasts, fishes and insects to act as their messengers. The queer little devices of certain seed-pods for snapping open and sending to a great distance, like a handful of shot, their contents, are most wonderful to contemplate, and how unconscious are the animals, as they pass through the underbrush, of the fact that they are carrying in their coats of fur or wool the little spiral seeds of certain plants. We can even learn to smile at the bitter prick of the thorn, when we know that God created plants so protected from the rav-

ages of cattle, rabbits and other animals, while we marvel that no provision is made on the same plant against the ant which, in turn, will keep away the caterpillars, who would crawl along the stem to reach the leaves. Again, provision has wisely been made, in other cases, against the raid of ants through the presence on the stems of a resinous or sticky substance, a bitter milky juice, and other liquids.

Snails and slugs find their paths to honey vessels cut off by bristles, hairs and fringes, which cover the surface and some stalks.

Not only do we find all these wonderful provisions for the harmonious labor in the vegetable world, but we see them repeated season after season without a flaw. The countenance of the human face may become distorted by a nose too long or too short, a mouth too large or too small, but no such mistake will happen to the flower. The lily which blooms to-day is just as perfect as the one which blossomed from the same bulb last year, or in the years to come. We shall find the petals of the poppy as symmetrical and as brilliant each season; the apple blossom just as delicate in perfume and color.

When we contemplate all these wonderful facts, and know how some plants are so constructed as to entrap insects into their corollas or leaves for food, which they absorb, how others live upon the roots of their neighbors, making no more effort to gain their own livelihood than the idlest beggar of the human family, how some kinds, notably the plantain and pusley, seem to follow civilization, never being found far from the habitation of man, while others thrive best in the remotest forests far from man's abode, we become overwhelmed with wonder and admiration for the great Creator who promised us in the first chapter of Genesis that "the herb would yield seed and the fruit tree

yield fruit after His kind whose seed is in itself upon the earth."

There is a flora for every region from the Equator to the frozen circles, and for the most barren as well as the most fertile soils, with conditions under which all may contrive to get a living and with their insect messengers pass on from one generation to another.

Already in sunny California, while snow mantles the Middle and Eastern States, our wild flowers are in bloom. Weeks ago we had the wake robin, a harbinger of spring, all over America, and it is being followed every day by varieties in purple and yellow, so we will anticipate a little and ramble into the valleys where the golden poppy, purple lupin, blue lobelia and scarlet penstemon intermingle in profusion; then up the mountain-sides where the brilliant mariposa lilies wave their spotted petals, the baby-eyes lift their faces to the broad sunlight, and the buttercup breaks the monotony of pastures green; down into the canyons, among the sweet-scented blossoms of our lilac and other flowering shrubs, close to the loamy, moist earth at their roots, where we shall find the violet, the oxalis and lilies of many varieties; far away into the

deep forest, where are hidden, under the shade and protection of the giant trees, the orchids, snowy white ghost plant, beautiful flowering mosses, bleeding-heart and other dainty, drooping things, too fragile to live any nearer the haunts of man; down to the water's edge, where the sedges cast long shadows and the slender grasses dance all day upon the passing ripples; back to the busy world again, where the roar of canon, political strife and patriotic lore make us feel that we are not loyal enough to these beautiful gifts of God to this particular clime, our own sunny California. Their habits, their growth, their form, colors and names should be as familiar to us all as those of the cereals for which the State was so long noted. They are a part of the history of the early days, and many a little blossom has been pressed with loving thought into the letters which were sent from the mines, in pioneer days, to the loved ones in the far-away East. Shall we let them go unnoticed or educate ourselves to their beauty and perpetuate them with the giant trees, the wonderful, cultivated flowers, the fruits and other great productions for which our State is famed?





Thousands of seals, showing bull seals with their wives and pups.

Our Fur Seal Industry

BY G. P. BLACKISTON

YEAR by year, the valuable and once plentiful fur-bearing animals of North America are becoming more rare—in fact, extinct, and are thus more valuable and interesting. The mighty buffalo, a once common object upon the great plains of the West, is now seen only in the most richly stocked zoological gardens of our largest cities. Commercially, he is extinct. With his departure, those heavy, warm robes, and the comfortable coats made of his fine thick fur, will be things of the past and objects of curiosity.

Almost as rapidly are those queer, yet priceless and interesting animals, the fur seals, becoming candidates for the historical societies. This can readily be understood when it is stated that over two hundred thousand fur and nine hundred thousand hair seals are annually required to meet the great demand of the world. In 1867, the Pribilof Islands, the headquarters for the northern fur seal, possessed between three and five million seals, but so strong was the greed for money that these were soon slaughtered, regardless of circumstances, until 1902 they were re-

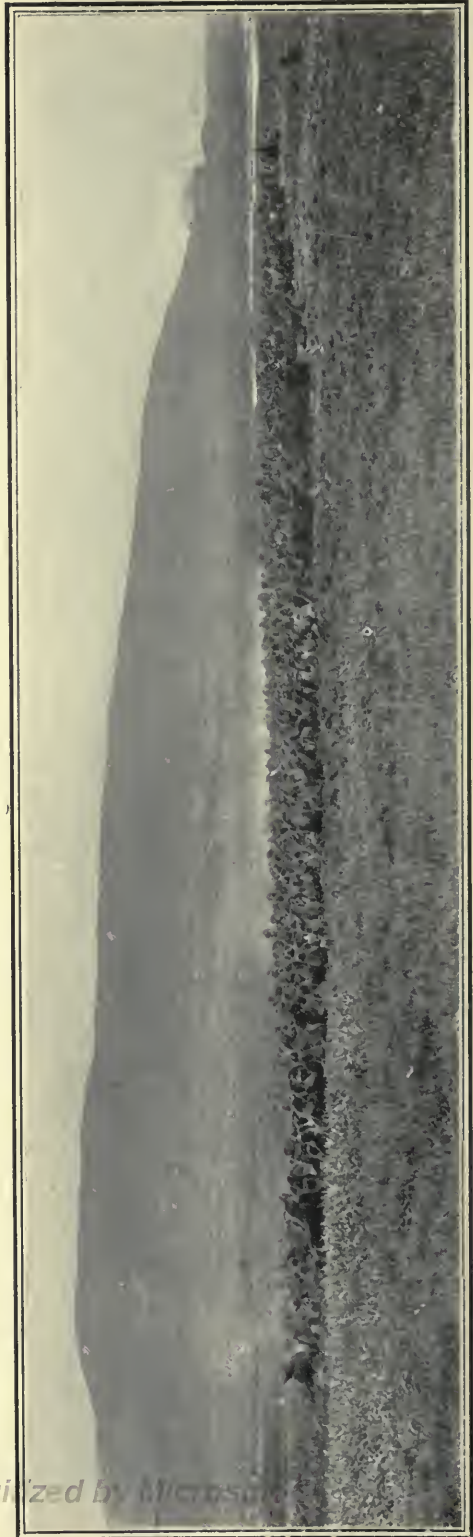
duced to a clan, as it were of four hundred thousand. At this ratio the future of the fur seal can easily be surmised.

Law after law has been passed and placed in force by the United States, but in spite of these, those daring pelagic hunters are ever finding a new method of defying the strict laws, and consequently reducing the already small supply of these rare and valuable creatures.

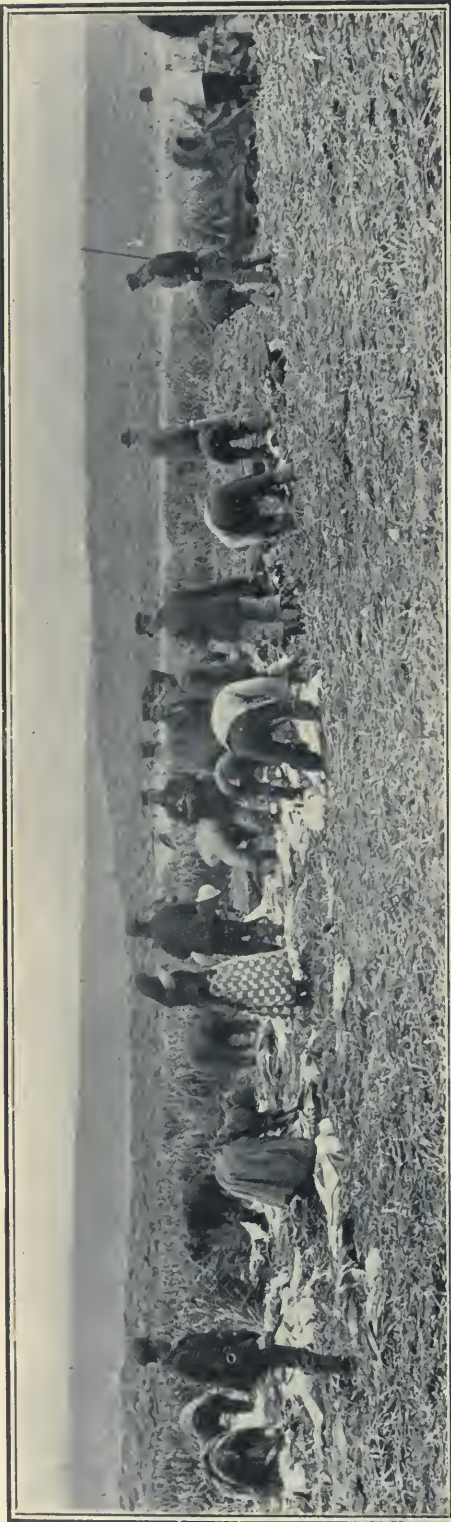
As the celebrated banks off Newfoundland are the resort of the cod, so are the Pribilof Islands associated with the fur seal. This small group of islands is situated in the Bering Sea, about three hundred miles west of Alaska. They were included in the purchase of Alaska in 1867, for which the United States paid the small amount of \$7,200,000, a then very enormous sum, but which, fortunately, has proven one of the many treasure boxes of this great nation.

Ever since 1870, the United States has rented the islands to the company that paid the best annual rental, as well as duty on each and every skin. The company that was fortunate enough to secure this monopoly was restricted as to the number of seals killed, age, sex, etc., thus somewhat checking the dreadful slaughter of a most valuable species of fur bearing animal. At present the North American Commercial Co. possesses this supreme privilege, the annual rental being eliminated, but a definite amount, \$8.50, being paid for every skin, the restrictions remaining the same.

The fur seal, contrary to the common belief is an extraordinarily bright and intelligent animal, quick to see, hear and act, tame and gentle when domestic, but a most wild and desperate fighter when made angry. Their brown eyes are large and most intelligent, their bodies long and heavy; the males sometimes measure eight to ten feet long and seven to nine feet around the



A drove of seals being driven to the killing grounds.



Killing and skinning seals.

body, the total tipping the scales at five to ten hundred pounds. They live to a great age as is fully substantiated by Buffon, the world-famed French naturalist, who states: "I am of the opinion these animals live upward of a hundred years, for we know that cetaceous animals in general live much longer than quadruped, as the seal fills up the chasm between the one and the other, it must participate of the nature of the former, and consequently live much longer than the latter."

Similar to their physical construction, these polygamous creatures possess most queer and erratic manners and customs. Promptly each fall they leave the islands and travel south; the females and their pups going as far as Santa Barbara, while the males remain further north. During this winter trip they never touch shore, but to the contrary, can usually be found several hundred miles out at sea, sleeping on their backs in the hot sun or diving after fish. Here they remain until April, when their homeward journey begins, the males arriving on the Pribilof Islands about May, the cows or females not joining them for some two or three weeks later.

Upon their arrival, the males at once begin to fight over the selection of their particular rookery, which once gained is never left for fear of losing it. These rookeries consist of a space about twenty-four feet square, not far from the water's edge which is leveled and cleared by the proud possessor. This having been done, the old male seal waits the arrival of the cows, each being met at the water's edge and accompanied to his special rookery. After securing a harem of ten to fifteen females he sets and guards them most savagely, never once leaving or permitting them to leave the sacred spot. Upon the birth of the pups, each seal having two; the mother is allowed to wander away to the open sea in quest of food, the old buck leaving

or forming another harem. At the expiration of a month the young pups change their diet from milk to fish, and during the third month they are forced to acquire the art of swimming and taking care of themselves. Without a mouthful of food for three months, it can readily be understood what a queer creature the fur seal is.

During the late summer months and early fall the fur companies are constantly kept in a dreadful state of rush and excitement, driving, slaughtering, skinning and shipping the seals. The hunters first creep down to the rookery, where they separate, by long sharp rods, the seals of proper age and sex. Forming a mass of one thousand or more, in this manner, they begin to drive them over the hill and away to the slaughtering grounds, three miles distant. To a novice, it is a strange sight to see the many and excited gesticulations of the men as they yell at the top of their lungs, frightening the wabbling, sliding awkward creatures before them, each movement demonstrating the wonderful speed possessed by a creature comparatively devoid of legs.

Arriving at the slaughtering grounds, the Aleuts swiftly pass among them, dealing each a Herculean blow on the head with his immense club. Following upon the heels of these are the skinners, who, with a few skillful movements of the skinning blade, remove the soft warm skins. These are then collected and packed with salt in casks, each containing about forty skins. After becoming thoroughly salt-cured, they are baled and shipped to

San Francisco, where in turn they are consigned to that great fur market—London.

Similar to everything of the Twentieth Century, nothing goes to waste—the carcass serving as food for the natives, the blubber as light and heat, the offal for the dogs, the pelt or skin as covering for boats or traces and whips for the dogs.

But this does not end the history of the seal skin, for a very important branch is still to come, namely, the preparing of the skin for commercial use, which is almost altogether done in London.

After the bales are unfastened and the skins separated, they are subjected to an operation known as "pulling," which consists of removing or splitting the skin. The skin having been warmed on the fur side, the long gray hairs are pulled out by handfulls, leaving the light brown fur, the real seal fur. This being done they are tubbed by machinery, thus softening the leather. It is then repaired and dyed, after which it is scraped or shaved and cleaned by saw dust drums, the entire process requiring some two or three months.

But if the nations interested in these valuable creatures would combine and place in force an international law whereby no seals could be killed by shooting or spearing in the open waters during their annual winter trip, many thousands of seals a year, both females and males, could be spared, and this wonderful clan increased and the industry extended through many years.

From the Mississippi to the Valley of the Sacramento

Memories of Fifty Years by Judge T. H. Cann, of Seattle, Wash.



Judge T. H. Cann.

DURING the fall and winter of 1853, the California gold fever raged throughout the Middle West. The States of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa had caught the contagion in the worst form. In the early spring of 1854, there was a general breaking up of households. The young farmer boys that had put their hands to the plow, had turned back and joined the great company that faced to the Golden West. Many the husbandman who had placed the bow on the neck of the ox, and laden the covered wagon with their all—wife and little ones, and joined the great van pushing pellmell to get the lead in the great procession and face the dangers and

hardships of a journey that neither tongue nor pen can ever describe.

Looking back over the great highway after fifty years have passed, we see it strewn with the bleaching bones of men and animals.

Our journey began in April, on the banks of the great Mississippi river, making our way across the State of Missouri to St. Joseph, and from that point westward to the south fork of the Platte river at Fort Kearney. Just here I will say that after leaving the Missouri river, we saw but one wooden building until we reached the valley of the Sacramento.

From St. Joseph we traveled over a beautiful open country, inhabited only by wild Indian tribes. The savage, painted warrior was ever in view. That year the two great Indian tribes, the Sioux and Pawnees, were at war. The former being the friend of the white man, this fact saved the lives of the emigrants. The Sioux was along the line of the emigrant road, and kept the hostile Pawnee back. Had it not been for this fact, the Sioux Indians themselves would have massacred the last one of us, as few Indians ever have any love for a white man. This I learned after many years' experience, traveling in the Indian country.

Our line of march from Fort Kearney, following up the east banks of the South Platte, was difficult. The sands were deep, and just here let me say the emigrants had made a great mistake in having heavy wagons and much heavy furniture, etc., and useless plunder, to haul and light teams—it should have been re-

versed. The consequence was that hundreds of pine wagons had to be left by the wayside, and the teams that had been calculated to draw two wagons were all placed on one, and stacks of costly furniture were also piled along the way. It became impossible to haul it over the deep sand beds.

It was a wonderful procession. That year there were thousands of emigrants—the great procession a thousand miles in length moving day by day, struggling through deep sand beds, crossing high mountains and vast deserts. The march was wonderful. The great stream of human life, men and women, with faces turned towards the Golden West, burned and browned by the parching rays of the desert sun, with tattered garments and unsandaled feet, tired and hungry, they traveled the deep, dark canyon and climbed the timbered mountain peaks on which perpetual snow and ice were found—all for the sake of gold.

We journeyed up the South Platte river about thirty-five miles east of a place called Ash Hollow, and forded the river where it was one mile wide, the water being about 2 to 4 feet deep, flowing over a bed of moving quicksand. From the west bank of the Platte river, we made our way to the North Fork of the Platte, following up and crossing the Black Hills, on westward. Leaving Salt Lake City to the south, up the Sweet river, crossing the South Pass of the Rockies, down the Humboldt river to the sink thereof, crossing the great sandy desert to Carson river, up that stream to the Sierras, crossing over to the promised land. We were not forty years, as was our ancient Hebrew brethren, but we were five months—five months of toil, hardships and dangers. When we camped in the evening, we did not know but we would be massacred by the Indians before the next morning's sun should rise. We guarded our animals every night

during the whole journey, as this was our only hope.

On our arrival in California, the land of sunshine and plenty, it was a Paradise. We slept and rested. All our wants were cared for by the noble-hearted California miners. Our clothing was tattered; we were neither barefoot nor shod; our strength had well nigh gone from us; I weighed only 102 pounds, was 6 feet high. They called me the "beanpole." Thank God, it was over.

We arrived at a place called Hang Town (now Placerville) on Friday evening. Saturday I strolled around among the mining claims. On Sunday morning, I discovered a small church near the village and sat myself on a rock some little distance away, to see if any one attended church in this far-off land. I did not intend to go until I had gotten some clothing, so I might appear at least respectable. Soon I saw neatly dressed children collecting with their books, and hearing their sweet songs in the Sunday school I was rejoiced. I had not long to wait until the people began to collect for church, and I could not resist the temptation, as ragged and sunburned as I was. I stepped in behind some men and dodged in behind the door and sat down, doubled up in as small a knot as possible, just where the janitor had set his broom. Nicely-dressed ladies and gentlemen came in and were seated, until the little church was full. Then, in came the broad-shouldered clergyman, stalked up the aisle and entered his pulpit. He picked up his hymnbook to begin the service. I saw him cast his eye towards me, and I saw at a glance that I was done for. I would have given my interest in the mines if I had been out of doors, but to add to my trouble he came down where I was to see what it was behind the door. He asked me if I was an emigrant; I said I was. If I was a Christian; I said: "Yes; at least, I hope so." He said: "Do you

belong to any church?" By this time, all eyes were upon me. He had taken me by the hand and undoubled me to plain view, and I had no escape. I said I had belonged to church at home; that I had a letter in my shirt pocket that I had carried across the plains. He said: "Let me see it." With some trouble, I produced the letter. It was a dirty piece of paper. He unfolded it and read it aloud. It only said that I had been an acceptable member, and was signed by the clergyman from where I came. I never heard a man shout: "Glory to God!" so loud, and by main strength he dragged me forward with my tattered garments, worn-out shoes and sunburned face right into the presence of all the people. My embarrassment was simply terrible, but I was surrounded by friends from that hour.

Our emigrant party consisted of Dr. T. L. Barnes, wife and three children, Mr. Samuel Haskett and wife, Deacon Michael Barnes, Erastur Clark, Joseph Dawes, Mr. Dale,

Morris Baker, Abram Jacobs, Henry Robinson, Warren Lippincott and myself.

In the near future, I hope to find the time to give the particulars of the journey spoken of above and a letter entitled "The Sluice Box and the Miner's Cabin." And if I can find language sufficient to describe the generous and noble character of the early California miner, also the wonderful growth of the State of California, Oregon and Washington, made within the last 50 years, and some facts relating to the Indian of the north, the country then being a part of Washington Territory, coming under my observation while traveling in that country for Wells, Fargo & Co., beginning with 1861.

In the fifty years, I have seen four great States built up and three great cities—California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. What will the next 50 years bring forth?

A Modern Diogenes

HE told me he was discouraged because his work lagged. I told him he was not discouraged because his work lagged, but because he permitted it to lag. Work in itself is not an actor, but he who directs it is. If, then, the work in hand becomes burdensome, let zeal and determination be applied and get it out of the way by completing it. In all the concerns of life difficulties arise, and their power to disturb is immensely increased by our own weakness, or rather by lack of determination to overcome. The hardest work is not discouraging to the man who denies that the task before him is greater than he. More-

over, discouragement is laziness in disguise, and is born of excuses for letting the work lag. The man who is not greater than circumstances is the slave of circumstances. The job will be the master if the man will let it, but it will quickly yield obedience if taken in hand vigorously.

"All is good—there is no evil," is the declaration of a modern cult, but unfortunately for its logic its chief aim and mission is to rescue mankind from the snares of evil. Evidently consistency is foolishness. But what most amazes me is, these cultists will assert that evil has no

existence whatever, and then discourse for an hour to prove it—to prove the non-existence of the non-existent. Until these wise people entered the arena of mental gymnastics it was supposed that the mind could not contemplate nothing—that there must be a thing to command the formation of a thought before the mind could formulate it. The wonder is that this cult has such a large following of very intelligent people—people who will sit by the hour and give their close attention to addresses, the burden of which is a flat denial that sin, evil and sickness exist, and then conclude the entertainment by telling how to avoid falling into sin and evil and how to cure sickness. I confess that the way of their minds is too much of a knot for me to untie.

In 1837, Darwin said, upon the completion of his theory of the origin of species: "My theory will lead to a new philosophy." How well the great scientist prophesied we all know. The new philosophy, which had for its foundation the philosophy of ethics, was proclaimed by Emerson, and subsequently taken up by the liberal thinkers of America and Europe. To-day the fulfillment of the prophecy is seen in nearly all literature, in nearly all religious organizations, and in the legislation of nearly all countries. When Darwin prophesied, dogmatic religion and "thus saith the Lord" were the center and circumference of the field of thought. To-day the religionist, the philosopher or the scientist who does not demand ethical culture for the basis of conduct of life is considered a dyspeptic who thinks and reasons with a disordered stomach rather than with a clear mind and a healthy brain.

Because a dog, a horse, a cat or an ant is incapable of building a railway, it does not follow that it can-

not discover and utilize for its best good artificial facilities that are to it quite as much as a railway is to man; besides, are not most men on a level with the beast of the field in inventive genius? Solomon was not far wrong when he said that man has no pre-eminence over the beast.

I attended a Free Thought meeting a few Sundays ago. I was struck by two things. One was by the dense ignorance of nearly all the speakers, and the other was the boldness of some of them in their attacks upon religious sects, about which they knew nothing at all. I was reminded of the fly in the fable—the fly that perched itself upon the outside of the dome of a cathedral and audaciously criticised the architecture of the entire building, when its observation and knowledge of architecture were confined within the narrow limits of about one inch on either side of its little head.

Ingratitude is the basest feature of the human heart, and yet there is more of that article in the social and business world than of any other. In fact, it may be called a commodity that is produced in large quantities in every community in the world, and strangely enough, the higher the civilization and the louder the professions of religion the larger is the output and greater the demand.

A life insurance company without a Wall street alliance; a public official who has more patriotism than greed; a railway pass that has no reason back of it for the giving of it; the reason why people persist in sandwiching themselves on a street car platform when there is plenty of room inside; a newspaper man who believes all he writes; a preacher who does not think very highly of his stomach; a doctor of medicine who believes in his own doctrines; a free thinker who is not a dogmatic

tyrant, are—well, think on these things.

Build all the air castles your imagination can plan. The labor will not be in vain, but be careful to insure only those that are comfortable to ethical culture against the fires of disappointment. Man's greatest happiness comes from contemplating his possibilities and contemplating them in castle building. It is not true, however, that the greater comfort is found in contemplation rather than in possession, only that when possessed of the castle, there must be a constant adding to it of those things which beautify and enrich the heart and soul. The man who builds no castles from materials fetched by the hand of the imagination from the aspirations of the soul is dangerous to himself and his fellows.

I have located the vilest of the new-fangled cults. It is the "Harmony or Attraction," and it is designed to operate in that broad field of domestic discontent in which there is a constant chasing after a "twin soul." The "Professor" says he employs a psychic force, which is unseen, but never fails. The plain fact of his "process" is about this: Men and women chasers after the twin soul phantom call upon the professor for lessons in the art and science of harmony and attraction. There they are introduced. What follows is simply the inevitable, but both parties in interest must count

out gold to the "Professor." He and his cult are an abomination in the sight of all that is good and decent.

The man who has not a message of love every day for some one has not advanced God-ward as far as his brother in the jungle. But it should not be a message of love only, though that should be the actuating force. His message should be overflowing with cheery words and hope all set in a frame of loving sincerity made from eye-glasses that reflect the deepest and sweetest things in life, which are Christ-love manifesting through a responsive heart. Sing a song of love every day, nor look about for listeners. The music and the theme will find welcome lodgment in some aching breast. Yes! You are your brother's keeper.

"I will cure your ailment by thought power."

"But if you can cure me by the power of your thought, can you not make me ill again by the same power?"

"Yes, very true; but I would not so exercise my power."

"How do I know that?"

"You must trust me."

"Why should I. I do not know you; besides, you require money to cure me, and may you not make me ill again for the sake of the fee that would follow the cure?"

"Your 'mortal mind' has the better of you."

"Bah!"

Only A Tramp Musician

BY EVELYN SINGER

THE wind moaned through the bare trees, sighed dismally as it passed the pines, or shrieked like some wraith as it tossed their branches. In sheltered spots the rain fell, a steady drip, drip; in more open places it was driven in fitful gusts against the windows, or drenched the unlucky pedestrians.

All those abroad who had homes sought their cosy firesides; but there was one who wandered along, heedless of the weather; in his arms he carried a bundle, which at times he patted lovingly and murmured some inarticulate words of endearment. As he turned the corner of a street his attention was attracted by a merry peal of laughter. Involuntarily he followed the sound, clasping still closer his bundle; soon he reached a deserted summer-house, and seated himself on the dry bench opposite the windows of a big old-fashioned kitchen. The blinds had not been drawn, and through the large windows he saw a group of merry boys and girls before a wide hearth, piled full of blazing logs, and in a moment he was a boy again.

He saw himself, the baby of the family, with brother and sister sitting beside the fireplace, his mother opposite with her knitting, the spinning-wheel silent for once. The door opened and his father came in with a pan of apples and a pitcher of cider, which he placed on the table; then he drew a chair in front of the fire as he said:

"There, youngsters, make merry; but first, Roger, give us a tune. How you can make that harp talk! Beats all I ever heard."

Years rolled by. He saw the old home left behind as he sought the great city where his talent would bring him fame. He saw himself

courted, sought after, praised, won away from home and dear ones by the flattery of the public. His name was on everyone's lips; no function was complete without him; money flowed in; riches were his, fame was his; the old home and its dear ones were forgotten. Hark! What was that?

A stronger gust of wind than usual brought him to the present, when he took up his bundle and passed out into the street.

The rain had ceased; the clouds were chasing across the sky; the trees tossed their great naked arms; the man saw it all with unseeing eyes, as he wandered aimlessly from street to street. Listen! A burst of music; his mother's favorite hymn, rolled around him in a great gush of melody. He looked about and saw that he was standing before a large hall. Through the open door streamed a brilliant light, and clearly and distinctly he heard the words:

"Nearer, My God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Mechanically he passed up the broad steps and along the crowded aisle, till he stood beside the platform of that crowded building.

* * *

A large audience had gathered in St. John's Mission Hall to listen to the sacred concert given by that society to raise funds for the furtherance of their work. Suddenly an old man, carrying a large bundle, stood beside the organ. He seemed to listen intently, as if drinking in every

word; then he tenderly removed the cover of his beloved harp, rested his arm against it, as he so often had done in days long past, then drew his fingers across the strings and joined the singers.

"Then let my way appear steps unto Heaven,
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Far above the other voices soared that of the man who, clad in rags, his gray hair falling about his face, his dark eyes gazing upward as at some unseen vision, drew his fingers with the touch of a master across the strings of his harp, and sent the sweet strains to the furthest corners of the room.

"Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise;"

He was singing alone now. One by one the others had ceased till his harp, his voice, were the only sounds heard through that vast hall.

"Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be."

He was back with his mother again. He could see her dear face, long since crumbled into dust—he could hear the lowing of cattle—the bleating of sheep—the rapturous song of wood-thrush and oriole. At his feet rippled the waters of the brook, as it did when he and his mother used to sing together in the long-forgotten past.

"Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly."

There was an almost triumphant note in his music now. Little did he know that the audience had long since recognized in him a master musician and sat spell-bound, every eye intent on him, every heart feeling the depth of his song, and when, silently the tears coursed down his cheeks and dropped on his hand, his were not the only tears that fell.

"Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

A moment he paused, then:

"Tho' like a wanderer, the sun gone down."

What pathos in the notes that echoed through the room!

"Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God——"

His head fell forward, his gray locks mingled with the strings, his body swayed, then leaned against the organ. Motionless and spell-bound, the audience sat, waiting for they knew not what, gazing upon that silent figure. Presently a man went up and placed a kindly hand on his shoulder. No response; then he sought to raise the strange figure; the harp slipped from the nerveless hand, and fell to the floor with a crash.

On those last sweet chords of that beautiful hymn the freed soul had soared upward, and was "Nearer my God to Thee."

An Ideal California County

[Placer County, as a whole, is one of the best counties in the State. Until some twenty years ago, the chief interest was the mining industry, which is still large—the annual product of the precious metals being not far from \$1,000,000. But the greatest opportunities the county offers are in the several branches of farming and fruit growing. The several altitudes of the surface of the country adapts the county to every fruit that grows in California, and what is more, fruits and berries are raised at a greater profit in Placer County than in almost any other part of the State. Stock raising is equally profitable, as all kinds of grasses are cultivated with great ease. This industry is destined to grow rapidly, as the demand for cattle, hogs, sheep and horses is steadily increasing all over the coast country. Factories for the production of food, fruit and dairy products are being established in different parts of the county. The fact that the raw material is right at hand greatly reduces the cost of production, while the climate all the year is favorable to continuous industrial operations. Grain farmers are adding new acres to their possessions, and, in fact, there is a steady expansion in every line of investment and employment, which is very certain to continue, for new-comers are reaching the county every week to locate and become permanently identified with some interest or other. The fame that Placer County has acquired in the East and Middle West arose from the care its residents take not to forget to give data and descriptions of the soil, climate and products when they write to their friends. This method gives altogether reliable information, so that one in the East does not have first to make an inspection tour. He can, without hesitation, move to the county for permanent settlement because he will know beforehand exactly what to expect.

But aside from all this, Placer County has justly acquired the reputation of being one of the most desirable regions in the State for the tourist and city folk to rest and enjoy life in leisure, amid fruits and flowers, and mountain, hill and dale, with picturesque driveways all over the county. It is this that is drawing capital to the county to erect hotels and resorts, nor is there scarcely a spot in the whole county that does not furnish every requisite for such a resort.

At Lincoln is located one of the finest stone quarries on the Pacific Coast, and the town has become a center of industry that must necessarily grow, for the demand for the product of the quarries is increasing all the time from a wider and still wider territory of stone consumption. But there are many other business centers in this county, and one could hardly go amiss if looking for opportunity to establish a profitable business, nor would one make a mistake were he to move to the county expecting to find a particular opening for business operations. He surely would find what he was hunting for. So, altogether, Placer County is an ideal region for practically all kinds of business enterprises, and as a health and pleasure resort, it is doubtful if exactly its like could be found anywhere else. The fact that no one who has become identified with the interests of Placer County cares to seek opportunities elsewhere, is quite sufficient proof that there is nothing wanting to satisfy any one.]



Panoramic view of Lincoln, Placer County, Cal.

Placer County, the Gateway to California

BY JIM

IN New England one December day—with the thermometer around zero—shivering with cold and impossible to keep comfortable, all nature seemed to be in the cold winter's grasp, impossible to do any work on the farm or more than take care of the stock in the barns, and sit and read before a blazing fire, and while I was meditating and thinking of that Western country, California, the mail arrives, bringing me letters, one from Brother Bill in Placer County, California, my wife Sarah's brother, who had gone to California in early days and settled on a fruit ranch, and who had been writing us about the beautiful country of California, and especially Placer County. He spoke of the wild flowers in bloom, the grass six inches high, and oranges on the trees, and said to me: "John, why do you stay in the frozen East? Why don't you and Sarah come to Placer County?"

Now, Sarah is one of those home people, who was born and reared

on "the old farm," and also her folks before her, and said: "We don't want to go to California and leave all our relatives, friends and the social conditions here." "But," says I, "we ought to go and see this beautiful country, and perhaps we can induce our people to move out. Possibly we can find all the social conditions in Placer County that we are enjoying here. I would like to go and see this beautiful country which Bill describes. I think he is over enthusiastic, though, and wants to see us more than we seeing the county. I cannot believe all he writes about it can be true." Well, Sarah says to me: "Suppose, John, you go out and see for yourself." Well, this was what I wanted. I did not like to tell her that I would leave her to come. "John, take your camera and photograph those different flowers and beautiful scenes that Bill writes us about."

So the following Monday sees me fully equipped with camera, good sized grip—bound for Placer



View of Lincoln, Placer County, Cal.

County, speeding toward the Pacific over snow and ice. Many stops on the way on account of blizzards and snow drifts—arriving at Truckee on the summit of the Sierras. We were told this is the gate to California, but I says this cannot be California, for I see snow and ice. I think Bill has been in California too long; he has become one of those California boomers and must be snow blind.

I asked the conductor about it. "Why," he says, "we do have snow and ice in the high mountains and lots of it. This is an elevation of 6,000 feet." "But I was told you did not have snow or ice, but all was orange groves, flowers and fruits." "Yes," he says, "we have all of these but we have snow and ice besides. The Almighty, who does all things well, has seen fit to let us have snow and ice, which he has placed on these high mountains during the winter months, to be stored to provide us with abundance of water for irrigation and keep our streams flowing full all the summer to provide water for our electric power plants." Our conductor seemed to be well acquainted with the conditions. "Now," he says, "we are at Truckee. You see they are packing and storing the ice, and you see the

banks of snow which will be greater as we cross the summit, and you will be in the upper portion of Placer County and begin to go down the western slope where you can see the great Golden Gate and the grand Pacific and the great valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin." After crossing the summit, I says to our conductor: "I think I will take a shot at this with my camera. I will present it to Bill and accuse him of being a boomer for California."

"You see yonder is a large lake. This is what we call a storage reservoir. This catches the water from melting snows. That canal, leading from it conveys the water down the mountain for use in the foothills and valleys, for irrigation in summer. On this canal, as it falls down the mountain side, you will see electric power houses and natural fall of the water for hundreds of feet. The power generated here is conducted to the cities and towns in the valley, and is used for running manufactories." "But," he says, "we have not the manufactories, but we need them. There is a splendid chance for numerous ones here." "Well, this is a fine chance," I said. "I think I will tell my friend in Boston who is in the shoe business

what a splendid chance for a factory." "Why," the conductor says, "the people will offer him a free site to locate, and will give him many inducements to come here." "Why, if that is the case," I said, "I know of other manufacturers who would like to come."

We were going down the mountain at a rapid rate, and I had not observed that we had got out of snow. "Why," I said to the conductor, "where is all the snow we were in." "We have left it on the

"here at Gold Run we will find the peddler, and you can buy some apples." Which I did, and I will have to acknowledge that they were equal to any I got at home. "This is Colfax; here is where you will see a nice little village, surrounded by pear orchards and grape vineyards; the finest flavored grapes and pears are grown here." Coming down the line he says: "Here's Applegate. This place has a sanitorium, many asthmatic people come here and find relief. Now you see Bowman, an



Snow scene on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, December 24, 1905.

summit," said he. "What are those excavations for," I asked—"looks like a stone quarry or gravel pit. "Why," he says, "there is where the extensive gravel mines are and where millions of gold was extracted, which our government was very thankful for, and which helped to save our union in our late unpleasantness. That is the little village of Dutch Flat. You see those apple orchards—there they raise apples equal to those you get in the East." "Well, if you do this, you will have to show me." "Well," he said,

enterprising little burg with post-office and store." I told the conductor that I believed Bill told the truth. "Well," said he, "did you have any doubt about it " I had to confess to him that I had doubted my brother when he told me about the glorious things. "Why," said he, "these people at Bowman think they have the best site in the country for a tourist hotel, and they have agreed to give a twenty acre site to any one who will build one." After passing Bowman and nearing Auburn, seeing the wild flowers in

bloom, and thinking of wife Sarah at home in the snow and ice, I was interrupted from my reverie by my genial conductor:

"Say," says he, "we are nearing Auburn, and you will find it equal in beauty to Goldsmith's 'Auburn.'" And behold! it came in view. Bill is right. I always knew he was truthful. "There to the right, you see the beautiful city," said the conductor. "On the left Aeolia, and the palatial mansion of Col. W. S. Davis, of Boston." "They say," said the conductor, "that there is a good natured rivalry for a tourist hotel between Mr. Birdsall and the

such good information. Well, here was Bill and his family, who were glad to see me. Said they thought I "would never get out here, but we will now go to our home."

Going down the quaint streets of Auburn, with fine-paved sidewalks, beautiful residences, fine front lawns, with flowers in full bloom, palm trees, orange trees and their golden fruits, we passed by Placer's court house. Says Bill: "This court house was made principally from Placer County material, granite from Rocklin, Penryn and Lincoln, and terra cotta and press brick from Lincoln pottery, which is known all



Auburn residence.

Colonel. The Colonel is very anxious for it." He says: "We must have it, for then I can invite my Boston friends to visit me." My conductor said: "Either of these parties are willing to give sites."

"My friend in New York would like to know of this hotel proposition," I said to the conductor. "I will write him of the opportunity to invest."

My genial conductor announced: "You are at Auburn, and at your destination."

I was very sorry to leave my interesting friend, who had given me

over the Pacific Coast for its excellence and artistic designs. Besides this, Lincoln itself is one of the prettiest towns in the county, and as a residence and general business centre it possesses about every requirement. The courthouse cost us \$200,000, and what's better, it is almost paid for." Well we are at Bill's cottage, surrounded by blooming roses, orange trees loaded with their golden fruit. "Now," says I to Bill, "Sarah had me take my camera so I could bring a picture back to her of this glorious country." So next morning, on December 25th,



Orange trees. Taken at Auburn, Placer County, December 24, 1903.

Bill and his neighbor, both of whom had been around the yard with their coats off, stood, as you see them.

This picture is for Sarah in the cold East.

Bill says to me: "What do you think of Placer County now?" "Well," says I, "you have made good your word. You did not tell as much of the beauties as I have seen." "But," says Bill, "I will have to take you on a drive to see the rest and most important part of our county."

Leaving Auburn, and winding down the beautiful Auburn Creek with its fine stream of water, we came to the mining town of Ophir. Here, Bill told me, were some of the best gold quartz mines in the State. He said: "There's an opportunity to mine for gold. You can interest your friends in these mines. The surface diggings made us wealthy in the early days, but now we need capital to develop the deep

mines, which, when properly managed, yield large returns. Many of these mines can now be obtained at reasonable prices."

Passing on to Newcastle, Bill says: "There is where the fresh fruits in season are shipped." I was informed that one-fourth of the deciduous fruits which are sent from California are from Placer County, and mostly from Newcastle.

My friend who gave this information says: "Here's a photograph taken of our fruit industries in summer. You see, the rancher here with his wagon loaded with fine peaches and plums, and they are received here by the packing companies, who put them in the refrigerator cars, and in a short time they are on their way to you Eastern people." Bill says in Newcastle they are enterprising people; they also want a tourist hotel, and have offered a fine site. "We will now go to that spot over there where we

can see the glistening Sacramento river in the distance, and the acres upon acres of orchards and homes. You see those fine dwellings," says Bill. "These the ranchers build; there is one on that distant knoll which cost \$30,000. Here is another at \$10,000."

"Why, Bill, you live in luxury in this beautiful country. How do you do it?" "Well," he said, "they do not all succeed, but those who attend to their farms and do their work intelligently, get their reward."

"You see that smoke rising at a distance? That is the city of Lincoln. There they manufacture all kinds of building material, pressed brick, terra-cotta pipe, pottery of all kinds. Around the vicinity of this city are large wheat fields, grape vineyards, orange groves. It is one

of our best towns in the county. The people are progressive; they are on the Northern route out of California. You will notice among the orchards on the railroad line small villages. They are the towns of Penryn and Loomis. Next you come to Rocklin. Here there will be built a modern tourist hotel in the near future. This section is noted for its early ripening oranges. They ripen here six weeks earlier than in the southern part of California. Many acres of trees are now in full bearing, and several hundred new trees have been planted out. Next, you see Roseville. This is where they grow wheat, raise cattle, sheep, horses and hogs. Lately they have been growing grapes for wine, and now are going to put up a large winery."

"Now, Jim," Bill says, "I have



Here is the rancher bringing in his fruit to packing house at Newcastle, Placer County, Cal.

taken you over our county, and have shown you all the various industries. Now, I will take you back to Auburn, where you will see olive oil made from olives—not the cottonseed oil we used to get at the corner grocery labeled 'olive oil,' but the pure article, made from ripe olives. You see ripe olives on the trees. They are taken and cleaned and pressed, and the oil, when extracted, is clarified; then it is bottled and ready for the market. This oil has taken two gold medals—one at

Omaha and at World's Fair at St. Louis, and is "Birdsall's Pure."

"Now, Bill," I says, "this is truly a wonderful country. You seem to be able to take care of yourself without any assistance. All these wonderful things you have told me about, and I have seen, has convinced me. I am going back and sell the old farm and bring Sarah out here, buy a ranch and enjoy ourselves the rest of our days. I believe there is only one California in the world."



Hauling logs for making lumber, Placer County, Cal.

An Inland Empire

BY BERT H. ELFORD

IN all the wide world a region of country could not be found that possesses more of those things which conduce to man's comfort than the State of Oregon. Indeed, it may be said that the Creator has given to Oregon a climate, a soil, a variety of mineral and vegetable wealth and a degree of picturesqueness that is not equaled anywhere, taking the commonwealth as a whole. Certainly not every one of the 96,030 square miles of surface is highly productive, but it is true that some of every square mile is profitably productive of a commercial commodity—mineral, agriculture, lumber, live stock, fish or fruit. Necessarily, such a highly-favored land would present opportunities for satisfying employment in every avenue of human activity. One-half of the population of the United States could acquire good homes and profitable employment in Oregon, and then its population would not be as dense as it is in some of the Eastern States; hence, the present population of 500,000 is little more than the van-guard of the hosts that will ultimately seek peace, plenty and contentment on Oregon's broad acres, and in urban occupations.

The healthfulness of Oregon as a whole could not be better indicated than is pointed out by the official statistics of the National Government, which shows the annual death rate of the State to be only about 9.5 to the thousand, which is fully two-thirds less than of the Eastern States. Practically there are but two seasons in Oregon—the rainy and the dry. From November until April an abundance of rainfall can be relied upon, but it never comes in storms—like April showers, rather, as in the East. From April

until November, it is continuous sunshine, but while at times the days are quite warm, the nights are invariably cool and refreshing, requiring one or two blankets to make sleep comfortable. The mean annual temperature west of the Cascade mountains is a little less than 50 degrees, and for Portland it is about 53 degrees. There are very many small valleys that are so well sheltered by towering mountains that the weather is tempered to a delightful degree the year round. The Willamette Valley, with its 5,000,000 acres, is an exception to all rules. The climate could not be improved upon; the rainfall is never too great or too little; the soil is all that could be desired, and the "lay of the land" conforms to every requirement. It is quite safe to say that there is not another region in the world that is as near the ideal as the Willamette valley.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the soil of Oregon is basalt. That is to say, it is a volcanic creation—disintegrated lava. The elements during ages of wear and tear, together with the fierce action of nature's forces during the glacial period, and other causes, the lava has been ground and pulverized until it is now not only the most productive of soils, but it is practically inexhaustible. The question of the expense of fertilizers does not enter into the economies of farming in Oregon. The compounds of which the soil is composed make it self-renewing in productiveness. And what is more, the soil is so constituted for the most part that it gathers unto itself and holds enough moisture during the rainy season to supply the needs of vegetation during the dry months. In

the valleys, however, the falling and decomposition of foliage during the ages have added richness to it, and is generally spoken of as a clay loam or loam with a clay subsoil. Of course, the soil varies in places from sandy loam to black alluvial. But any of it and all of it possesses extraordinary producing properties, as its products universally and unmistakably testify. There are plenty of farms in the valleys of Oregon that after being under continuous cultivation for forty years, yield just as much, with no more labor, as they did in answer to the first plowing and sowing.

A great deal of attention is paid to the cultivation of grasses and forage plants by the agriculturists of Oregon. Among the varieties that do exceedingly well are vetch, timothy, alsike clover, red clover, Kentucky blue grass, Italian rye grass, red top, orchard grass, brown grass, rape, tall meadow oat grass, English rye grass, kale and also alfalfa. These grasses are given great attention because of the dairying industry, which is growing to mammoth proportions. Already there are more than one hundred creameries and upwards of fifty cheese factories in full operation, and several new ones are being erected in the western half of the State. Because of the summers being moderately cool and the winters free from low temperatures, and grass lands available the year round, the business of dairy farming is decidedly profitable, and at the rate it is growing just now, in a few years Oregon will take high rank among the dairy and cheese producing States.

Climatic and soil conditions that favor diversified farming are becoming more and more attractive to agriculturists, which does not mean that the more staple field grains are being neglected, but rather that the farmer is learning to not depend upon any one specialty.

The fame of Oregon as a wheat State is world-wide, and needs no comment here.

It is doubtful if there is a civilized country that is unacquainted with Oregon fruit, especially apples. But fruit culture is by no means confined to apples. More than 25,000,000 pounds of prunes every year would not suggest that Oregon is not the home of that fruit. But there is scarcely a fruit or berry or vegetable known in the markets of the world that is not at home in Oregon. The market value of the fruit crop of Oregon is something over \$3,000,000, and increasing at the rate of about \$200,000 a year, but these sums give but a dim reflection of the fruit and berry possibilities of the State. There is still another industry, about which not much is said, whose proportions are already immense, and yet it is only in its beginning. We refer to hop culture. Every requirement for successful hop raising is always present from planting to gathering. Already the returns from this industry run up to over \$3,000,000 annually, and there is room and conditions to double that sum many times over. The present demand for pickers is about 40,000, but the supply is always adequate, because the remuneration is so liberal that whole families leave the cities and towns and camp in the yards and pick the hops. The average income to hop pickers is about \$10 a day for a family of four. The net profits of hop culture ranges from \$125 to \$225 per acre, according to conditions, and what will be news to very many in the East and Middle West is that the finest kind of hop land can be bought at from \$25 to \$100 per acre, according to location.

The minerals of Oregon embrace nearly the whole range, including gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, zinc, nickel, platinum, quicksilver, coal, salt, marble, sulphur, granite, aluminum, synite, graphite, corundum

and porcelain. In the item of gold, the placer mines alone of Oregon have yielded \$120,000,000 since the early sixties. These immense deposits of valuable minerals await machinery and human energy to yield their wealth. As yet the outer edges have scarcely been prospected. In time, these minerals will be a source of wealth that will astonish all the world.

It is considered poor stumpage in the forest regions of Oregon that will not cut 15,000 feet of lumber to the acre. In some parts of the State the forests are so heavy that acres and acres will be found that are good for 100,000 feet per acre. The lumber regions of Oregon cover 54,300 square miles, which is 57 per cent of the area of the State. Some idea of the present development of the lumber industry of Oregon will be had when it is said that the mills of Portland alone cut more than 1,000,000,000 feet daily, "and there are others." And there is another thing worth remembering. When these forest lands are cleared of trees, they become the very best of soil for grazing and agricultural uses. The fish industry is apparently of less magnitude than the other sources of wealth just mentioned, but it has an importance that could not be estimated, for fish enters into the economies of every home. The Columbia River and its tributaries are the home of the famous Royal Chinook salmon, which is admitted to be the richest and most delicately flavored of fish food. The production is about 500,000 cases of canned and packed salmon annually, with a value of more than \$3,000,000. Still, notwithstanding this large volume, the industry has not reached very far beyond its infancy.

Rail and water transportation facilities of Oregon are fully equal to all present demands, but they are ever on the alert to extend themselves in anticipation of the require-

ments of the steady expanding of the channels of trade movement. The railways are equipped with the best class of rolling-stock and motive power, while great pains is taken to beautify the station grounds, and to adopt such methods and conveniences as are calculated to expedite receiving and forwarding goods and wares. And of all this vast inland empire, Portland is the chief financial, commercial, social and intellectual center, and royally, nobly and firmly does she carry the great honor.

The public school system of Oregon is on a generous financial basis, and the State has reason to be proud of the annual provisions it makes for the maintenance of these places of learning.

The grammar schools, the high schools, the normal schools and the State university are as well equipped as money and the ingenuity of man could make them; besides, great care is taken to keep the supply of facilities in advance of the increasing requirements so that in Oregon the cry of "too many pupils for the accommodations" is never heard. In addition to the State's provisions for educating the young, there are many private institutions of learning in the State, notably the Behnke and Walker institute at Portland, where, in addition to a thorough business education being acquired, and in addition to book-keeping in all its branches, a course is given in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography and history. Another popular institution of learning is the Hill Military Academy at Portland, which is not only a preparatory school for entrance to the leading universities, but of itself gives a finished education equal to that secured at the best colleges of the country. The religious sentiment of Oregon is reflected in the great number and elegance of the churches.

The irrigation projects of Oregon

are of the most approved scientific character. For general purposes the rainfall is quite adequate, but for fruits, vegetables and the like that need to be expedited in their growth, there is need of irrigation. The Deschutes Irrigation and

Power Company of Portland have practically all this work under its supervision, and it is now irrigating over 220,000 acres, but there is no limit to its ability to reach out over the State and meet the requirements of the increasing demand.

The Call of the Wind

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

The wind comes whimpering out of the West
 (Oh, wind of the West, so free!)
 With the scent of the plains on it's heaving breast.
 (Oh, plains that I no more see!)
 It cries through the smoky and roaring town
 Of the tossing grass and the hillsides brown
 Where the cattle graze as the sun goes down.
 (Oh, sun on the prairie sea!)

And this is the call that the West wind sings,
 (Oh, call of the wind, have done!)
 That the worth of life is the joy it brings.
 (Oh, joy that is never won!)
 That the stainless sky and the virgin sod
 Hold richer wealth, of the peace of God,
 Than the streets where the weary toilers plod.
 (Oh, streets that the heart would shun!)

But wind of the West, in vain thy voice,
 (Oh, why must the voice be vain?)
 If joy were all, 'twere an easy choice.
 (Oh, choice that is fraught with pain!)
 The road of life is a hard, hard way,
 But yet, if we hold to the path, it may
 Lead back to the land of dreams some day.
 (Yes, back to the plains again!)



• A FEW ASTORIA HOMES •

A Great Timber Country

BY WILLIAM E. BROWN

A. J. Johnson, U. S. Government forestry expert, says in his official report that "the mouth of the Columbia river has the greatest body of timber tributary and available of any point in the world."

"Tributary and available" because all this vast area of timber land has at Astoria one of the finest and largest harbors in the world. Besides that most desirable fact, Astoria is so situated with reference to these immense forests that the minimum cost of reaching deep water shipping is secured, which lumber makers know to be an item of expense that often determines the advisability of establishing mill plants, however valuable in timber the forest may be. But the forests that are tributary to Astoria possess topographical advantages which seem to have been established by nature for the express purpose of reducing the cost of logging to the mills and of reaching water and rail lines of transportation with the finished product to the lowest possible point. In fact, it is conceded by lumber-men who are acquainted with the country that the cost of production and marketing lumber in these forests should be less than in any other region of America, and it is this fact that is opening the eyes of capital to see and measure this opportunity for safe, lasting and profitable employment.

Perhaps not many, even the best-informed business men of the country, are aware of the magnitude the lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest has already reached, and that for some of which Astoria is the recognized center of accumulation and distribution. No other product reaches to so high a figure



Millions of these trees in the forests of Clatsop County, Oregon.

in value. Although the annual production of gold, silver, coal, cattle, sheep, wool, fish and fruit is enormous in comparison with some other regions—regions that boast



A hunter's paradise.

users of lumber because of its great strength and extreme lightness, to say nothing of its susceptibility to high and lasting polish, and because of its charm and beauty it is in high favor everywhere for inside finishings, yet it is equally in favor for the heaviest bridges and ship-masts. The forests of this kind of wood that almost lap over into the corporate limits of Astoria are estimated to be equal to the production of 75,000,000,000 feet of lumber, and as they stand in their untouched and native grandeur they have an estimated cash value of all of \$75,000,000. No wonder the people of Astoria are proud of their present and prospective city. No wonder that shrewd and far-sighted business men are studying the possibilities of Astoria, and the vast resources of the contiguous forests of lumber, mountains of coal and precious met-

of their great yield of these articles of commerce—yet large as their value aggregates, it falls below the lumber industry. Even wheat, whose volume is almost dazzling, falls below the products of the forest in market value—the total wheat value reaching \$17,000,000, and the lumber output reaching \$18,000,000. And must not the commercial center that has all required facilities for the accommodation and cheap handling of such volumes of commerce necessarily grow and expand in all directions of population, capital, business enterprises and in rail and water lines of transportation. All that is not only secured to Astoria for present advantage, but the products of forest, hill, mountain, valley, field and water are necessary commodities in the consumption markets of the world, and the raw material of all of these are in almost exhaustless quantity in the region of which Astoria is the natural centre of ownership and management.

Oregon pine is known the world over, and it has the confidence of



A perpendicular group.



Rock Cut. Astoria and Columbia River Railroad.

als, fields of grain and live stock and rivers of fish.

The commercial and industrial future of Astoria may safely be measured by the wide expanse of wealth-producing materials that stretch

from the city's feet away as far as the eye can reach. Old John Jacob Astor builded wiser than he knew when a century ago he chose the site of Astoria to be the center and objective point of all his widely extended business enterprises in the great Northwest. And yet, in reality, a glance at the harbor, the mighty Columbia and its rich watershed, and the near-by Pacific, would convince any one that such a spot—a spot possessing every essential natural requirement—would some day be the commercial, industrial and financial center of a rich, powerful and industrious people. Astoria, therefore, is great now, and prospectively a mighty center of business activity, because nature designed and enterprising men are making her so.

In April

BY MAY-ETHELYN BOURNE

Dear love, if I to-day could take your hand,
And go with you thro' quick'ning woods and fields,
Could rest beneath these pines on Earth's brown
breast,

And listen to the song of building birds,
The hum of homeward-wending bees, laden
With honey from the almond—all abloom
And glowing pink against a turquoise sky—
Could I but walk with you among these hills—
Our hills—now greening with returning life;
Hearken, with you, unto the meadow-lark
Whose mellow fluting sounds, then sounds again,
As if in ecstasy of thankfulness.

For life, and love, and hope, and spring!
O, Love, if we could be together thus,
I think that all the heart-ache and the wrong
We each have done to each might be forgot:
Yea, and forgiv'n, if you but knew the tears
With which I've wept away my youth!
Here in God's merciful, re-newing spring,
We two might find, again, the Spring of Love.
O longing vain! O vain regret! when thou
Dost sleep so far, so deep, not any spring,
Nor love, nor tears, shall ever waken thee. ^(B)



Bird's-eye view of Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition.



Colonial entrance and Administration Building, Lewis and Clark Fair.

A Conspicuous Success

BY FREDERICK ALFRED MARRIOTT

THERE was surprising preparedness in all the departments when the wide portals of Portland's Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition swung on their great hinges to let the people of the nations in upon the spacious grounds of this wonderful congress of the products of man's genius. Entering through the gates was like leaving the busy channels of everyday life to dwell for a season in fairy-land, where the gods live amid fragrant flowers, gentle atmosphere, peaceful art in the embrace of poetry, and rill and waterfall making music that only gladdens. Such were the feelings and sentiments of those who

first entered—such are the feelings and sentiments that the splendor and brilliancy of it all inspires in every one who crosses the threshold of the Colonial Way.

The accompanying illustration presents a very clear and comprehensive bird's-eye view of the elaborately beautiful grounds, the stately buildings, and the charming environment scenery which stretches over waters near and far, through valley and dale and steep up-hill away to snow-capped mountains. Not only are the buildings in a finished state, but the landscape is equally as far advanced. Green lawns dotted with beds of roses and other flowers,

freshened by the winter rains, have been brought forth in a riot of color by the spring sunshine. The courts and gardens are adorned with statuary executed by some of the most famous sculptors of the country, and everywhere the grounds wear the delicate touches of finish which, added to the unrivaled natural beauty, make the exposition a bower of loveliness.

Many features not possible at previous fairs are found bordering on the lake, which is the largest body of water ever enclosed within an exposition fence. The mainland is connected with the peninsula by the Bridge of Nations, which is a half mile in length, being the longest bridge ever constructed at an exposition. On the mainland end, the bridge is 170 feet wide and this portion is given over to the "Trail," the gaiety boulevard of the fair. The

buildings on the trail are wide open and the barker is at his place in front.

The Grand Esplanade, a boulevard erected on piles over the water, extending for more than half a mile around the shore of the lake, will be the most popular promenade both day and night. Along the shore of the lake are situated some of the State buildings, including New York, Washington, Utah, Idaho and Pennsylvania. On an eminence in the western part of the grounds are situated the Massachusetts and California buildings. Across Guild's Lake, on the peninsula, the United States Government buildings loom up in imposing grandeur. Far in their rear, but appearing to be only a few miles away, Mt. St. Helena and Mt. Adams bound the horizon. The main Government building is



Festival Hall.



Mines and Metallurgy Building.

surmounted by two towers, each 260 feet high.

Exhibits from all over the world have come by the carload, and are installed in place. From now until the 15th of October, Portland will bustle with activity. Sixteen States of the Union are participating in the exposition, and twelve of these have erected handsome buildings. State participation is on a scale not hoped for at first, the several commonwealths expending more than a million dollars.

Almost every nation of the world is represented by a comprehensive display. The cream of the foreign exhibits at St. Louis have been transferred to Portland and have been supplemented by new and attractive features. Among the participating nations are: England, France, Russia, China, Japan, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Australia, Holland, Switzerland, East India, Egypt, Persia, Turkey and Algeria.

The main entrance to the Exposition is through an ornate colonnade of Corinthian columns. On the facade is inscribed the prophetic words of which the Exposition is the fulfillment: "Westward the Course

of Empire Takes Its Way." On the left of the entrance is the Administration building. The Oregon State building, a handsome structure where the "Webfoot" State will welcome the world, stands to the left of the entrance. The scene into which the entrance ushers the public, both man and nature have worked hand in hand to make one of rare attractiveness. Here nature has done what it would have taken years of skilled labor and millions of dollars to even partially create. Vistas of hill and dale, which were created at other expositions only after years of work by an army of workmen, are found here as nature laid them out centuries ago. Where imitation mountains were erected at former fairs, nature has raised snow covered peaks to please the eye. Where trees were set out to afford shade, Centennial Park, a natural woodland of trees and shrubs, invites the visitor to shady paths and restful retreats.

What nature has left undone, man has accomplished. Upon the slopes leading down to the lake are terraced gardens and the open spaces between the buildings have been en-

riched with flowers, fountains and statuary. Twenty thousand roses bloom in a garden overlooking the Experimental Gardens, where all the different kinds of crops raised in the Pacific Northwest are growing side by side. Sunken gardens of exotic plants grace Columbia Court. The radiant beauty of the night scene surpasses all expectations. The architect's rich designs, the landscape gardener's clever arrangement of fountains, plants, flowers and trees all take on a new beauty under the electric glow of more than a hundred thousand bulbs.

All of the main exposition structures are in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, except the Forestry building, which is a true American type, being constructed of huge logs in their virgin state, thus exemplifying in its composition the timber resources of the Columbia River region. The structure is 206 feet in length by 102 feet in width, and its extreme height is 70 feet. In its construction, two miles of five and six foot fir logs, eight miles of poles and tons of shakes and cedar shingles were used. One of the monster logs weighs 32 tons, and many of this size were used.

The beauty of the site and the superb view to be had from it, coupled with the artistic grace of the buildings, will be an agreeable surprise to all visitors. Nestling at the base of the foothills of the Cascade Range, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking Guild's Lake and the Willamette River, with an unobstructed view of 65 miles, which embraces the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helena, the site presents a picture entirely original in exposition building. There is no need here to build papier mache mountains as scenic accessories for refreshment purposes. One may sit on a commanding roof garden, and, while drinking, drink in the pictorial sublimeness of real snow-peaks of mountains that rival the

Alps in grandeur. Of the gross area of the site, 126 acres are on the mainland and 60 acres form a peninsula extending out into Guild's Lake, a fresh water body 220 acres in extent, which is separated from the Willamette River by a narrow strip of land.

On the mainland, on the crest of the grassy slopes leading down to the lake, is situated the main group of exhibit palaces, consisting of eight structures, their coats of white making a striking contrast with the fir-covered foothills of the Cascades in the background. These buildings, which form nearly a straight line with their short sides facing the water, are: Agriculture, European Exhibits, Liberal Arts, Oriental Exhibits, Forestry, Mines and Metallurgy, Fine Arts and Machinery, Electricity and Transportation.

Leading from Lakeview Terrace, which stands at the end of Columbia Court, the main plaza of the Exposition, is the Grand Stairway, flanked on either side by massive balustrades supporting statuary. On each side of the gateway are flowered terraces interspersed with benches, where the visitor may rest. Here at night on this entrancing spot, with thousands of lights reflected in the waters of the lake, the visitor may listen to the band concerts and view the pyrotechnic displays and other outdoor features.

Near the Territorial and Irrigation Buildings stands the Fisheries Building, and on the western shore of the Peninsula is the United States Life Saving Station. Guild's Lake is plied by many different kinds of craft, and those who do not care to walk to the Government peninsula by the way of the Bridge of Nations, may embark for a delightful water trip in either a Venetian gondola, a row boat, an electric launch, or a canoe propelled by a real American Indian. In the Willamette River, near the Peninsula Entrance, there



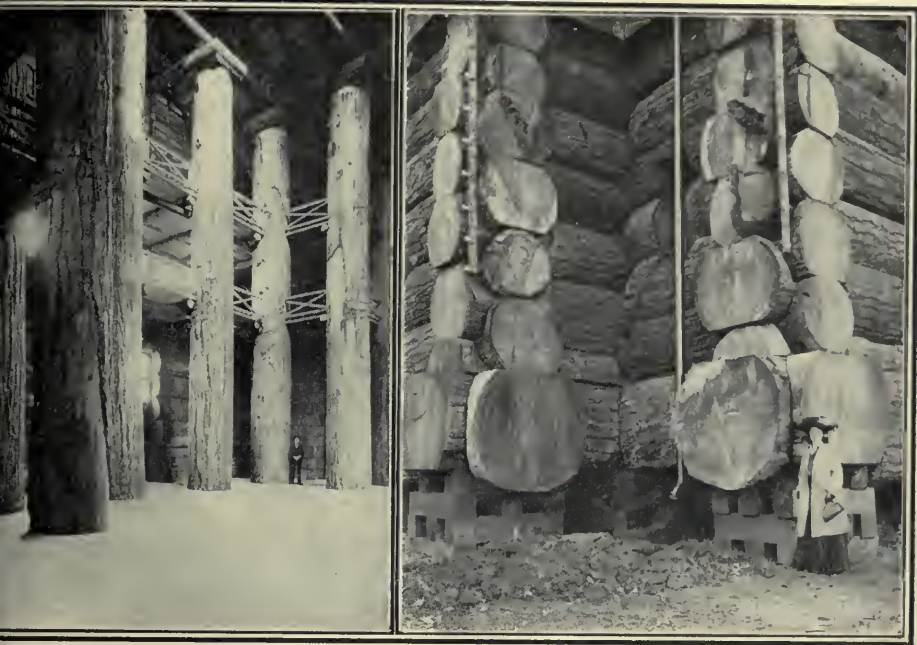
Interior Forestry Building.

is stationed war vessels of our own and foreign navies. This feature was not possible at previous fairs, and will give the inland sightseer a chance to inspect the fighting craft perhaps for the first time.

The people of the East and Middle West here have the greatest opportunity ever offered to see the country this summer. The railroads, on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, have made unprecedented low rates to Portland. The rate from Missouri River points will be \$45 for the round trip. From Chicago, the fare will be \$56.50, and \$52 will purchase a ticket from St. Louis. From the far eastern points, the rate will be one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for ninety days, and will provide for liberal stop-over privileges. Portland offers many side trips which embrace some of the finest scenery in the world. In a few hours one may sleep at Cloud Cap Inn, a hotel on the side of Mt. Hood, and in the morning climb the mountain

in true Switzerland style. Three hours by rail finds one at the Pacific Coast, which abounds in unrivaled beaches and places of historical interest. Up the Columbia through Columbia Gorge and the Dalles is a trip well worth the journey across the continent, and the scenery viewed will never be forgotten. There are numerous other points of historical and scenic interest that may be taken in at small cost and the little time the visitor has at his disposal.

Grouped about the Alaskan Building may be seen a number of motley-hued and grotesquely carved poles. They are clumsy, but vivid, examples of the painter's art and of varied design. Here is seen a awful apology for a man, squatted upon the head of a cream-colored frog. Below this strangely appearing amphibian is seen the effigy of a woman, and so on. The figures multiply until the bottom of the pole is reached. Another of these old monuments is crowned with a for-



Corner exterior.

midable looking raven. Under this bird of prey is a bear which sits on the head of a man holding a cane. Each figure has its particular significance. Collectively, they tell a marvelous story of the superstitions and customs which prevail among the Indians of the District of Alaska. Such are the totems, the heraldic signs of these far-northern natives. Aside from any amusement the totems may afford, as ethnological specimens, they are of unusual moment; as genealogical records they are without parallel, and as carvings they are strikingly original in both conception and execution. Some are erected as monuments to absurdities of belief, and others are silent eulogies to departed parents or rulers. The totem poles, sixteen in all, are from two different tribes living on Prince of Wales Island. At an old village called Tuxekan, four were obtained. Another was presented to the commission by Chief "Tom," a Thlingit of

Klawack. The very large poles are from the Hydah villages, Sukwan, Klinkwan, Onhonklis and Kasaan. All of the poles together, with an enormous dugout war canoe, were loaned by the natives, but must be returned to them at the close of the Exposition. The totem pole is as sacred to the Alaskan family as is the old family Bible to a Caucasian.

July 6th has been selected as Sacajawea and Order of Red Men day at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. On this date the bronze statue of Sacajawea will be unveiled with formal ceremonies. The Sacajawea Statue Association will share the honors of the day with the order of Red Men in giving due recognition to the neglected heroine. The exercises will be attended by many noted women who will come to attend the National Woman's Suffrage convention and the National Association of Charities and Corrections, which will be held at that time. Sacajawea was an Indian girl, a member

of the Shoshone tribe, who joined the Lewis and Clark expedition, which crossed the mountains to the Pacific a century ago, while the party was in mid-winter quarters among the Mandan Indians, in what is now North Dakota. Sacajawea was at that time the mother of a young babe. She was the only woman on the expedition, and shared with the men the hardships of the toilsome journey across the continent. She was the friend of Captains Clark and Lewis, and generally rode with them in advance of the party, where her presence served to allay the suspicions of the tribes through whose country they passed.

It may be safely said that if it had not been for this Indian girl, Lewis and Clark would probably never have reached the Pacific. The women of the country deserve great credit for making it possible for this heroine to share the honors of the explorers at the Exposition commemorating the expedition of a century ago.

Ample accommodations have been provided for the thousands who will visit Portland this summer, and reasonable rates have been assured by written agreements between the hotel and lodging house keepers and the Exposition Accommodation Bureau.

Gnosticism vs. Agnosticism

BY AN F. T. S.

IT is held by many, and certainly erroneously, that it matters not what religious opinions a man may hold, or if none at all, indeed, so far as the State and society are concerned; that the religionist, the agnostic and the atheist are all on the same footing on Boards of Trade and in the channels of commerce. A New York banker told Henry Ward Beecher that a borrower's credit was neither strengthened nor weakened by his being a professor of religion, and this misunderstood assertion was handed about in easy fashion to show that even in supposedly religiously inclined money circles church membership is not considered any evidence at all that the would-be borrower is honest. But is life merely a game of chance, and that to win one may separate one's

religion from one's business and play the game to win without reference to the ties that bind, or should bind, business conduct of life to religious faith?

However, it cannot be denied that even such a religionist, or the atheist or the infidel, is far less dangerous to the social and political well-being of the community than the agnostic. His is pure speculation in the coldest and most unsympathetic realms of thought. If he would let his speculations reach out into the imagination's fields of idealism, he would have something to compensate, but he will not do that. "I do not know" is his answer to everything that the heart hopes for and longs for in the unseen. Or if he loosens the bands which hold his thoughts in the narrow and rigid

groove of the observable and tangible, he is sure to mistake the ignes fatui or the tancy for the realities which the imagination senses, and upon his return to his old haunts of unreason, rather than of reason, he proclaims that his agnosticism is further fortified by the illusions and delusions. God pity the man who is so soul-blind and so spiritually blind he cannot see that he knows, and feels that he knows, by inwardly sensing the realities of the super-physical world, and by coming in touch with the deeper meaning of the philosophy of the continuity of life.

But there is a phase or principle of agnosticism that is positively hurtful and well calculated to lead the community into mental and moral decay. It is agnosticism's attitude of indifference concerning man's whence and whither. Practically the philosophy of the agnostic, if one may call agnosticism a philosophy, denies that religious creeds, ethical codes and analytical and synthetical philosophies exert either a wholesome or unwholesome influence in the world. That is, the agnostic says he does not know that they do, and since he does not know it, they most likely do not. That is agnosticism, but it is not reason or logic; much less does it suggest that the agnostic is even a superficial thinker. The Cynics, the Stoics, the Sophists and the other old schools of philosophers, were not agnoilogists. They insisted that they knew something, and that their beliefs were founded on reason, even if they could not be demonstrated like a problem in mathematics.

The agnostic of to-day quotes glibly from Ingersoll, but Ingersoll was in no sense a reasoner, a logician or a thinker. He was a spectacular actor on the stage of so-called "free thought"—that, and nothing more. But he was not a free thinker after all. He was the most dogmatic of men. He formulated a religious, or rather an anti-

religious doctrine to which he was so irrationally wedded that he had no patience with those who refused to accept his views as the conclusions, not of an agnostic, though as of a gnostic. There is no comparison between Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll. The former was an able reasoner, a profound thinker and a master logician. The latter was a master rhetorician with a flow of words that pleased but did not edify. The former appealed to reason, the latter appealed to that in human nature which enjoys ridicule of sacred memories and beliefs. Paine tried very hard to be an optimist, and was, so far as the rights of man being ultimately recognized by crowned heads. Ingersoll was a pessimist in all things, except as to the gate money at his lectures. Paine abhorred the iconoclast who tore down for personal amusement or advantage. It pleased Ingersoll to be called an "Iconoclast." Paine often went hungry because of his positivism. Ingersoll's "agnosticism" was a money-making enterprise. It took a mighty brain to keep pace with Paine's profound philosophy, whether he was right or wrong. Paine instructed. Ingersoll amused. Paine took life and the concerns of humanity very seriously. Ingersoll took all things lightly. Paine's was a giant intellect, and only he thought it was not. Ingersoll thought himself an intellectual mountain, but he was only a foothill. Every scholar, whatever his religious belief, has a handy shelf for Paine. No scholar needs Ingersoll. Paine was a gnostic in the broadest meaning of the word. Ingersoll was an agnostic in the narrowest meaning of the term.

Strictly speaking, Professor Huxley is the father of agnosticism, but his agnosticism is not the kind that little minds of this day fling out with such airs of self-sufficiency. The underlying basis of Huxley's philosophy was that, without ideals,

chosen with great deliberation, and standing for possible acquirement, society would not only not improve, but would surely fall back. In his famous Romans lecture at Oxford fifteen years ago, after taking the position that nature is governed by cosmic forces, he said: "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best." This is an assertion that breathes only gnosticism, and in every line is a repudiation of the present school of agnostics.

The present school of agnostics is a menace to the social, religious and political well being of the State and the community because of its lack of well-defined ethical principles and incentive to cultivate the imagination (not fancy), the idealistic and the emotional. No doubt the cultivation of these qualities might be harmful; it would be indeed, if there were no ideal character in history to

measure by. But who is bold enough to say that the ethical code of the Lord Christ, or the Lord Buddha, is not sufficiently high and far enough removed from the contaminating influences of our standard of practice to be a safe foundation for the imagination, the idealistic and the emotional to build upon? All this the agnostic denies because—well, because he is perverse, stupid and lacking in mental strength to grasp the meaning of noble and lofty aspiration. And it is this want of faith, this lack of ability to reason from cause to effect, that makes the agnostic a dangerous factor in the world of little minds and dwarfed souls. Huxley, the father of true agnosticism, insisted upon an ethical code that would make for righteousness, or right conduct, and an idealism that would strengthen faith in the realities of the unseen and of the continuity of individualized life. In the absence of all this, would not the moral order of things grow weaker? And what other than the moral order of existence leads civilization from level to level toward the ideal?

Little Bobby of the Streets

BY CARLOTTA REYNAL

YES, Bobby was certainly bad. He smoked, he swore, he had even been known to steal and lie, and yet—Bobby was not all bad.

Bobby was very pretty. He had wonderful eyes, great, sad, haunting eyes, whose gaze seemed vainly reaching out after something his hungry soul longed for, but never had found. Just because of these marvelous eyes, we ask you to believe, at the very beginning, that Bobby was not all bad.

As for the rest of him, Bobby was twelve years of age, nearly always dirty, nearly always ragged, nearly always in some scrape or other; in short, Bobby was a regular New York street Arab, and lived, whenever he was at home, way up in one of the tallest, gloomiest tenements of the East side. Bobby remembered no mother, although the old woman with whom he lived, in her sober moments, would tell of a certain gentle, beautiful woman whose untrained, undisciplined nature could so ill endure the misery of her life that one rainy night she left her husband, her babes and her wretched home, and rashly sought relief beneath the foaming waters that splashed and sparkled under one of the big piers on the banks of the East River.

This is all Bobby knew. A common story to him, and yet (another proof that Bobby was not all bad), he would sometimes go to that fatal pier, look wistfully into the blue waters, and wish that she had waited for him to grow big enough to take care of her, and make her life better to her. Bobby had a father. A tall, handsome man, whose life was a mystery to his children. He was rarely with them, had little interest in them, no money for them,

and still he always dressed well, and looked as though the world treated him generously. Bobby remembered once, when he had broken his leg, and was lying, pale and thin, on his narrow cot, his father came, looked closely into his face, looked deep down into those great, sad eyes of his, and turned swiftly and silently away. Granny said Bobby had eyes like his mother.

Bobby had two sisters. Alas! the older one he seldom saw. She went away once, and never came back. Bobby saw her twice afterwards. She was drunk the first time, and a man was leading her along. The next time she was dressed like a fine lady, and the same man was with her. She was very pretty, this lost sister of Bobby's, but not so pretty as Rita, the sister Bobby loved with all his heart and soul. Rita was three years older than Bobby, and worked in a candy-store on upper Broadway. In all the wide world Bobby loved no one but this beautiful sister of his, with her tall, lovely figure, her fair face, and gentle, tender heart.

And now we have introduced Bobby, and take up the tangled threads of his sorrowful life right here.

Bobby was tired. He had sold all his papers, made several extra pennies doing odd jobs, and he felt tired and pretty hungry. It was six o'clock in the month of April, and everybody was hurrying home. Bobby was on his way to Rita. But, upon arriving at the candy-store on Broadway, he heard she had gone out with "a very fine gentleman." Now somehow this troubled Bobby, but he did not know why it should. Rita had plenty of admirers, and one, honest Jack Bligh, a good-look-

ing conductor on the Broadway cars, Bobby knew thought as much of Rita as Bobby did himself. But this "fine gentleman" bothered Bobby, for he never remembered seeing Rita with any such.

Bobby knew all about sin and crime, and nothing about God and goodness, but he never connected sin and crime with Rita, even in his unholy little heart. She was his one pure belief, and he could not tarnish his ideal ever so slightly, by even one distrustful thought. (Still another proof that Bobby was not all bad.)

So on he went, whistling a little to help himself along, his hands in his pockets, jingling his pennies, his face unusually dirty and his whole aspect most unattractive. All at once he noticed that a lady in front of him had dropped her pocket-book. Quick as lightning, Bobby put his foot on it, and then swiftly picked it up. It was heavy, and Bobby was chuckling over his good fortune when he saw that the lady had missed it, and was retracing her steps slowly and anxiously. Wicked Bobby smiled in a very knowing fashion, muttering to himself:

"Guess she hain't a-goin' to find it werry soon," and then still whistling and shuffling along, he covertly watched her. She was a lady, yes—he knew that. She was very young, very lovely, and she did not look as though she had very much money. Suddenly he saw her eyes fill with tears, and she hurried on, not looking any more. Somehow, Bobby felt queer; he unconsciously kept pace with her, and he thought how badly Rita would feel if she had lost her pocket-book. Quite suddenly, and with a sort of shocked surprise at himself, he resolved that he would give it back. So, running up beside her, he said, holding out the pocket-book awkwardly:

"'Ere's yer pocket-book, mam; I seen ye drop it."

And then Bobby's whole life

changed; yes, right there and then, for the lady turned the loveliest pair of blue eyes upon him he had ever seen, and said, while a smile like purest sunshine gleamed down into Bobby's very heart.

"Oh, thank you, little boy! You have helped me so much by your honesty. I thank you just ever so much."

Again she smiled, opened the pocket-book and laid a big silver dollar in Bobby's dirty hand. He mechanically took it, touched his apology for a cap, and she passed on. Her words were all commonplace words, but oh! that smile! No one had ever smiled upon poor, neglected Bobby like that. Unconsciously he still followed her, and finally saw her stop before a pretty, quiet house, on one of the nice side streets.

As Bobby stood there, strangely unwilling to go, two bright little faces parted the curtains of the lower windows, and two curly-headed children merrily nodded to him. The boy drew back, but not before he had distinctly seen the lady he had "helped" enter, clasp the little ones close, and rain happy kisses upon each sweet, up-turned face.

Something rose in Bobby's throat, and he felt all at once so very tired, so very dirty, so very lonely. He could not understand the feeling himself; he did not know why it came, but he turned away from that quiet house, in that quiet street, and with an odd little ache in his heart, quickly made his way home.

Somehow, his home had never seemed so wretched to him. Granny was drunk, and Rita was preparing their evening meal, with a flushed face, and a new, rather bitter expression, marred its fair beauty.

Bobby sat down on the edge of a chair, and looked at her. "I say, Rita, who was that feller you came home with to-night?"

The flush deepened upon his sister's cheek, and she stumbled quite

awkwardly over a ragged rent in the carpet.

"Yes, who was he, I say?" repeated the boy, a vague fear rendering the words sharp and harsh.

"Well, he was a friend of mine, Bob; and I don't see what difference it makes to you who he was," said the girl.

Her voice, usually so sweet in Bobby's ears, sounded strangely out of tune to-night, and he cried out:

"I tell ye, I will know. I'm yer brother. I kin go fur ye, and come home wid ye, and no strange feller need be monkeyin' 'round this place wid ye."

"Why, Bob," said she with a soft laugh, as she stopped in her work and laid her hand gently over his mouth.

"Why, Bob, what ails ye? It was only Jack—nobody else at all."

The boy's passion died instantly at her gentle touch, at her soft laugh, and with that odd little ache still in his heart, he threw his arms about her, and sobbed out:

"Oh, Rita, Rita; ye're all I've got to love, and if anything happened to ye, it 'ud kill me."

She soothed and kissed him very tenderly, with a half-frightened look in her eyes, and then after their meal was over, before she went back to her work, they sat quietly together, this poor boy and poor girl, and each heart held its own pain.

Bobby's thoughts went back to that quiet house, in that quiet street, and he told his sister about it. The girl listened as he told his story in his halting, ignorant fashion, and when he had finished, she said, with a curious break in her voice:

"I'm glad ye gave it back, Bob," and then, after a minute: "If only us could have had a chance, Bob, we might hev turned out better."

Pitiful words, and neither of them knew how pitiful they were, either. Rita went back to work, and late that same evening, when a handsome, black-whiskered man waited in the

shadow for her, she brushed by him clinging to the arm of a small, ragged boy, and she shivered a little as she passed him, although the night was quite mild.

The next day, by some chance, Bobby found himself walking down that quiet street, and, quite involuntarily, stopped before that quiet house. For a few seconds he saw no sign of life, and was turning away disappointed, when the front door opened, and the two little children came out with their nurse. He drew closer, and the little girl said:

"How are you, boy? I saw you last night. You are very dirty, but I like you."

And then they passed on. Bobby stood there lost in thought. Dirty! Yes, so he was, but why shouldn't he be? It was such a lot of bother to wash, and besides, what difference did it make? To be sure, Rita wouldn't let him go out with her Sundays unless he was clean, but Sunday came only once a week. Still, the child's words came back to him. "Very dirty." Yes, and he sighed rather helplessly, wishing he might have been clean when she saw him. It was strange what a hold these people had upon him, and all because of one sweet smile, and a look of sunshine from two deep blue eyes. He shuffled along, not caring about his papers, or getting any jobs. Bobby was naturally lazy, and especially so to-day.

After a while he found himself in Fifth Avenue in front of a stone church. Now, Bobby had never been in a church; he didn't even know what they were intended for. He knew that "swells" went there, and he had heard of boys who sang in them on Sundays, and this is all he knew. To-day he felt a sudden inclination to enter, and see what these great, silent places were like. So, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he ran up the steps and cautiously looked in. No one was there, but oh, what was that! The

boy stopped, his big eyes fixed upon that wonderful face, away up in front! Who was it!

He ventured nearer, fearfully, timidly, still with gaze intent upon that one face. It drew him. It held him. Its gracious figure, with outstretched arms, seemed drawing poor little Bobby right into their embrace. All at once he paused, at the foot of the chancel, and sank, half-sobbing on the floor. Then he heard a voice say, while friendly hands touched him: "Why, why, what's all this? What's the matter, my boy?" And looking up in a dazed way, Bobby saw a kind old man bending over him.

The lad pointed to the picture of the great "Christus Consolator," and whispered:

"Who is He?"

"That is the Christ-child, the holy Christ-child, who came to save us from our sins," the good man said.

Bobby raised himself, looked once more at that Gracious Figure, and then down at himself, at his soiled garments. A little sigh escaped him, and then his native assurance come in a measure back to him.

"Well, I'll go," he said, "this ain't no place fur me, I reckon."

The old man, who was none other than the sexton of the church, looked still more kindly into the boyish face, touched by its pitiful contradictions, and by its rough beauty most of all.

"Nay," he said, "come back again on Sunday night, early, and I'll let ye sit where ye can hear the choir-boys sing."

Again that unusual little sigh escaped Bobby, as he answered slowly, "Thankee, old man, but I guess there hain't much chance fur me and Rita. The "swells" get all the good things, I'm thinking." Then suddenly becoming aware that he was still standing right in front of that Wonderful Face, he gave a half-frightened, wholly amazed look around the silent church, and strangely

hushed and impressed, hurriedly stole down the aisle and out into the street again.

What ailed poor Bobby? Ever since he had found that pocket-book and had seen that gentle woman and her quiet home, he had felt altogether different from the wild, bad Bobby of the East side. If he and Rita only had a chance—perhaps even to them the Christ-child would come if they knew where to find him. The old man said He came from somewhere to "Save us from cur sins." What did that mean? He would ask Rita. She used to go to a Mission school, and perhaps she would know.

But that night Rita did not come home until late, and all Bobby's questions remained unanswered.

* * *

The next day was Saturday, the day before Easter. Bobby was up and out early down by the piers, sitting idly on the wharves, bothering the men, laughing at their rude jests, teasing small dogs, frightening dirty children, and alas! the Christ-child seemed a long way off to Bobby this bright morning. Later on he picked up an odd job or two, and at mid-day found himself again at home, where Granny, a little better tempered than usual, had scraped together a small dinner for the two in her unworthy care. Rita had a half-holiday, and Bobby sat and watched her as she arrayed herself in her best dress and put on the shabby finery her girlish heart so loved.

Very pretty she was, with a natural grace about her, and a natural pride in her own youth and fairness.

To-day she seemed unusually pretty to Bobby as he watched her, and something in her feverish haste and uncertain gaiety troubled his loyal soul. She was all he had, and he felt she was growing away from him.

"My eye! but ye do look a real swell, Rita," he said.

She laughed constrainedly. She was standing all ready to go before the old cracked mirror, and caught sight of her little brother's admiring yearning face behind her. Swiftly she turned, took his tangled curly head between her two hands and kissed him.

"Oh, Bob, Bob," she cried, "I'll never go back on ye, never, never, so help me, God."

The boy gazed wonderingly into her excited face, as his rough hand still caressed her.

"In course ye won't, Sis! You and me is all alone, hain't we? And we'll stick together always. I hain't much good anyhow, Sis, but I do luv ye, an' ye're all I've got."

With a quick sob she pushed him from her and rushed out.

* * *

Two hours later, and up and down in one of Central Park's most secluded glades, paces a man and a girl. The man, tall and handsome, the girl, Rita. He is pleading earnestly, and she listens, her eyes filled with doubt and uncertainty.

"No, no! I don't believe you!" she cries. "You don't mean to marry me."

His eyes do not meet hers fairly and honestly, but he says, tenderly and passionately:

"O Rita, don't doubt me. Indeed I do love you; come with me, my beautiful darling, and let us be happy."

The girl hesitates, and (O Bobby, your poor life is not in vain, after all), a vision of a boy's wistful face rises before her, and a boy's earnest words filled with a love she could not doubt, return to her: "I hain't much good, but I do luv ye, sis, and ye're all I've got."

She hesitates no longer, and they part forever, the man sobered and shamed as she tells him of that wild little brother, for whose sake she has resisted the greatest temptation

of her life. And Bobby? An hour earlier, and on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street, stood a hushed and awe-struck crowd.

What is it that they murmur? Why do strong men turn pale and tremble, and women weep and faint? Only a few moments these passers-by pause, only a brief stopping in that ceaseless bustle and restless hurrying of feet. Then the startled mass parts, as an ambulance dashes up, and every murmur is stilled into intense silence as a tall, manly fellow, tears streaming down his honest cheeks, bears swiftly through the throng the crushed and mangled form of a little curly-headed boy. Keeping closely to his side is a pale distracted woman, whose blue eyes are filled with infinite compassion.

Is that white face Bobby's? Are those quiet, calm features his? Ah, Bobby! the story of your brief life is too quickly told. Once again you have "helped" your blue-eyed friend, and this time to your own fearful hurt.

As usual Bobby had found himself that afternoon going in the direction of that quiet house where she lived, in that quiet street.

But unexpectedly, on Broadway, he saw her and her little girl. Fascinated, he watched the happy child skipping merrily along with her doll in her arms. All at once, in the midst of the sunshine, the end came.

The lady and child turned to cross the street. They were nearly across in safety when the child dropped her doll, and sprang away from her mother to regain her treasure. Just at that instant a shout of horror was heard, for around the corner of Thirtieth street dashed a maddened horse, attached to a light wagon. People held their breaths and shut their eyes, as their terrified fancy saw the sweet form of that sunny-haired child trodden down.

But, like lightning, almost before one could realize the dreadful thing, a light, boyish form darted in and

out among the horses and carts, and with one last mighty effort, caught up the baby form, tossing it high over to the side-walk (so close at hand) into her mother's arms.

But Bobby! Brave, careless, ignorant Bobby lay there, still and white.

Men pulled up their teams. The crowd melted away from that poor little figure, but the blue-eyed lady knelt beside him, right there in the street, weeping over him and seeking to lift him. Then the terror gave way to sense, and eager hands were outstretched, but a young conductor, whose car had just stopped, pushed his way through, and with white, set face, lifted our hero in his arms, murmuring, half-aloud:

"Little Bobby! Rita's boy."

A few moments later and Bobby lay in a snowy cot, in a beautiful hospital, where pitying doctor and nurses ministered unto him, and the dainty lady knelt beside him, her head bowed in grief over his rough—but such brave—little hands.

No hope, the gray-haired doctor said. At this verdict, the tall conductor quietly left the room, and in mad haste rushed through the streets until he reached poor Bobby's house.

Rita, coming in, met him there with that new look of awe upon his face. Startled, she cried sharply:

"What is it, Jack?"

He, weeping like a baby, told her. She wept no tears then, but just lifted her white face towards heaven, and whispered: "Thank God." Then to the man who loved her, she said:

"Take me to him, Jack," and fell like one dead at his feet.

* * *

Just before the Easter day-break,

when even the throbbing city seemed comparatively still, Bobby opened his eyes, and turned them slowly upon the group around him. There was the nurse in her white cap and apron; there was the blue-eyed lady, and there, kneeling close beside him, was Rita. The sufferer looked from one to another, and then around the room. All at once he spoke, with a new note of fearful weakness in his voice:

"Say, Sis., where am I? Is this the Christ-child's home?"

"Yes," some one answered. "This is the Christ-child's home, and He wants you to come and live with Him, Bobby."

A very faint smile showed itself for a single second upon the boy's white face, and then his eyes fell upon a picture on the opposite wall.

"I seen Him! I seen Him afore in church."

Only a sob broke that holy silence. He put forth one rough little hand and laid it upon Rita's head.

"Sis.," he whispered, "let's go and live with Him. He's a-calling me. We never had no chance afore. But—Sis.—I couldn't go without ye went too."

Then strained eyes closed, and so, with a strange majesty upon him just at the Easter dawn, Bobby fell asleep, and awoke in Paradise.

And that fair Easter morning, while white-robed choristers carolled forth their joyous hymns of triumph, Bobby lay at rest, the glory of that last wonderful smile still pervading him, his brave heart stilled, and his soul—cleansed and purified—among those of whom the Christ-child said: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

BOOK LORE

BY ARMOND

"Return," by Grace McGowan Cooke and Alice McGowan, illustrated by C. D. Williams, is a love story of a century ago in which is a forceful contrast between the courtly and chivalrous social customs of the Colonial days of Charles Town, South Carolina, and of the self-named fashionable world of to-day. It is a story in which history and fiction are so delicately interwoven that the one merges into the other at the point of their interdependence. Although the story was born of an imagination that dared ascend to the heights of ideality and fetch from thence the best of the creative genius in description and poetry, it grew to rounded out completeness in the field of austere realities. The word-paintings at times take on the hues of all colors and tints when blended into a degree of harmony that destroys all lines of separateness. The threads of the story twine themselves about the materials of the pattern and weave a fabric of sublime gentleness in the protecting embrace of heroism. "Return" stands for the ideal in fiction, the truth in history, and the ethics of the higher self. It is a most worthy addition to the very best in fiction literature.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Psyche," by Walter S. Cramp, is a story as well as a romance of the reign of the brutal Roman Emperor Tiberius. Psyche, the heroine, is a beautiful Greek dancer, betrothed to a charioteer of the Roman circus. About these two lovers the author weaves a story of the Rome of that day, its corruption, its intrigues, and its hopes that is as thrilling as it is interesting and instructive. The illustrations are by W. F. Benda.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Princess Elopes," by Harold MacGrath, is not unwholesome fiction, as the title of the book would indicate. This is the first of a series of "Pocket Books," as the publisher wittily or otherwise puts it. Anyway, if those to follow shall prove to be as interesting and—well, I might say instructive—as "The Princess Elopes," the capacity of the publisher's press will be tried. But, then, MacGrath has not yet found out how to write a poor story. Still he should spell it "Mc" and not "Mac."

The second of the series rejoices in the title of "The House in the Mist," and is by Anna Katharine Green. It is well written and interesting. In fact, the book contains two stories, the one widely different from the other. That is to say, the authoress shifted the eyes of her vivid imagination from the "Mist" lens to the "Ruby" lens. Both stories are worth reading.

The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language," by Sherwood Cody, is in four volumes, and the drift of the "art" is in the direction of teaching the untaught how to write fiction; also, how to become a professional writer. No doubt the book will help some people to see whether or not the Creator equipped them with the right sort of gray matter for literary pursuits. On the whole, Mr. Cody's suggestions will be found valuable to old as well as new writers.

Old Greek Press, Chicago.

"Alaska and the Klondike," by John Scudder McLean, is more of a description than a history of our northern possessions. Mr. McLean

accompanied the United States Senate Committee on its tour of inspection and observation, which gave him advantages to dig into the facts. Every present interest and possible future of the country he traversed is clearly set forth without the slightest purpose to magnify. It may be considered a standard work on Alaska. The public is under obligations to the author for his effort.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

“Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism,” by Richard Barry, the distinguished war correspondent, is a story of the siege of Port Arthur, and it may be said that it is the clearest and most comprehensive word-painting of that event in the Russo-Japanese war that has yet been given to the public. It is not only a narrative of events from the beginning of the investment to the fall of the stronghold, but it is tactically exact in its description of the several stages of the siege. Undoubtedly Mr. Barry’s observations will be taken by the future historian as his data when he writes of the war in Manchuria. The book is too valuable in reliable information to be passed by if one wants to know something of one of the greatest and most brilliant military achievements of modern times.

Moffat, Yard & Company, New York.

“The New York Review,” edited by James F. Driscoll, D. D., with Francis P. Duffy as associate editor, will make its appearance early in this month, and hereafter be issued every two months. The Review has a list of about twenty contributors, including many of the most distinguished educators and prelates of the Catholic Church. The objects in view in founding the Review are several, the leading one being to treat in a scholarly fashion, yet in a manner intelligible to the or-

dinary cultured mind, topics of interest bearing on theology, scripture, philosophy, and the cognate sciences. The annual subscription is three dollars. All communications should be addressed to Dr. John F. Brady, managing editor the New York Review, New York.

“Slaves of Success,” by Elliott Flower, and illustrated by Jay Hambridge, takes in every phase of the wild, mad chase after success. The ludicrous, the serious, the pious and the wicked environment of the chaser is graphically portrayed, as he goes from strength to strength and from weakness to weakness in love matters, in business matters, and in politics. The story is full of interest; besides, it teaches a lesson that all of us might profit by to our advantage.

“THE OVERLAND.” — From the San Francisco “Call” of May 7th: “The Overland Monthly” for May is one of the most excellent magazine publications that has ever appeared in California. The diversity of the articles and the high standard of quality of each are sufficient to impress every one who gives it even so much as casual consideration. It is evident that the new literary editor, Thomas B. Wilson, is going to make a great success in the conduct of that old and popular publication. In addition to being a good editor, Mr. Wilson is also a versatile and attractive writer, and the new number contains several articles from his pen. Taken altogether, the first issue under the new management gives promise of starting something like a new era for the “Overland Monthly,” and if promises be fulfilled, there will be good cause for congratulation among the readers of the paper and all those great interests of California of which the Overland has for so long a time been a conspicuous champion.”

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