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Overland Monthly

July, 1912 15 Cents

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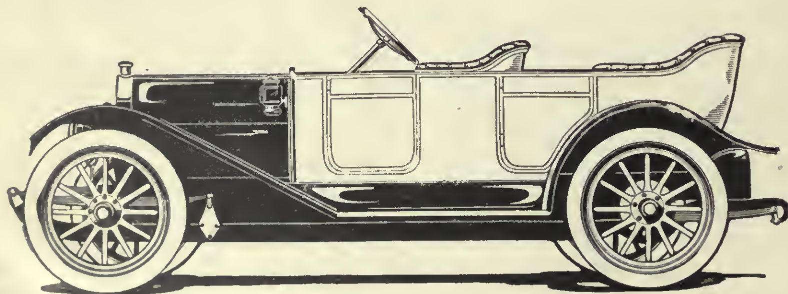

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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LX--Second Series

July-December 1912

The OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

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The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York and Chicago.

But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

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The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

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Vol. LX **No. 1**

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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TWO DAYS

But yesterday you shared this place
beneath the leaves,
You listened to the morning call of
joyous birds,
And watched the noonday shadows
cross the fallen leaves.

Down through the long still after-
noon we lay alone
And felt the wistful yearning of the
twilight hour,
And in the soft, dark night we heard
the hoot owl's moan.

To-day alone I wander through the
silent ways
Denied your love. The twilight
comes with purpling mist
Across the hills, and o'er my soul
death's shadow plays.

—Grace E. Doud.

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Remarkable ancient stone walls in Old Mexico. The dome of the chapel of the Holy Well left center, and near it a century plant in bloom.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Patio of San Angel Inn. —Photo by Sumner Matson.

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Floating gardens near Mexico City.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LX San Francisco, July 1912 No. 1

Types seen from a Mexican "balcon."

MEXICO FROM A "BALCON" AND OTHERWISE

Some of the Sights Seen by an Observant Woman as She Gazed from Her Window

BY E. A. SEMPLE

IN THEORY, I agree perfectly with the dictum laid down by Mr. Charles Loomis—that no person should presume to write about a country in which he has not lived at least a year, or whose language is not entirely familiar. Yet, though I say "in theory," I trust the gifted author of "The Awakening of a Nation" will not deny to me the pleasure of making a slight record of what I saw and enjoyed as I leaned over the tiny "balcon" just outside the window of my room to gaze at the street below.

In Mexico City it is quite possible to see a number of human moving pictures (yes, and moving human pictures, too!) scarcely less novel than

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A water-carrier on his rounds.

they are often diverting, without troubling to leave one's "balcon"—particularly if this happens to overhang the *Calle de San Francisco,* which, in the case of the average tourist, it is almost certain to do. For this is the main as well as the most modern thoroughfare of the city, running from the dusty *Alameda* to the equally dusty square where *el Cathedral* stands. *Calle de San Francisco* itself is not only well-paved, but is kept marvelously clean; and the same is true of the majority of those streets which cross it in the central locality where hotels, shops and theatres are all crowded together, forming a sort of imitation Paris, beyond which the transient and casual visitor has small need to penetrate; for he will find squalor rather than beauty, and as for any characteristic native features, these can be found far more easily in any one of the small cities.

Within the district of the clean and well-paved streets, Americans are much in evidence. Nine o'clock in the morning is not too early to see them sallying forth from the hotels, and, save during the time of the *siesta* (one to two-thirty, when all the shops are closed), they throng the streets till after dark, appearing to find here their chief diversions. No wonder, for most attractive are the displays to be seen in each shop window of native opals and drawn-work; filigree silver (largely imported from Italy, by the way); carved and embossed leathers, and innumerable settings of turquoise matrix. The lavish purchases made by our countrymen and women of these and many other tempting trinkets conduce materially to the strong conviction current among Mexicans of all classes—that *los Americanos* are without exception a nation of capitalists. Nor are they without some grounds for such a belief, since a large number of these systematic shoppers (if the local press is to be credited) are prone to arrive in their private cars. Curiously enough, the majority of moneyed magnates who visit Mexico seem to come from the West; New York and New England have been but sparsely represented in the lists of visitors conscientiously set forth in the Mexican Herald during my visit there.

How large a portion leave any part of their wealth permanently invested in Mexico can only be conjectured, but certainly their mere presence is a God-send to the shop keepers and hotel proprietors of the capital city. During the season(winter) the hotels are almost invariably crowded to such an extent that many visitors are compelled to accept quarters which, at home, they would reject with disdain; nor is this mitigated by the knowledge that even the best, when judged by American standards, is none too good.

It did seem to me that some enterprising Yankee was losing time in not endeavoring to reap a harvest in sev-

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Flower Festival on the famous Viga Canal.

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A Mexican carrier climbing a street stairway.

eral profitable fields of endeavor right in Mexico City. For example, if any one undertook to rent out American oil stoves or fur coats by the day or week, I am convinced that he would do a rushing business. Each Mexican winter seems to live up nobly to the reputation of every cold winter in a warm climate—by being "the most severe ever known in the Republic." To us who, at home, look on Mexico as a tropical country, it comes like a slap in the face to find that not only has the mercury the audacity to go down to 40 deg.—but it does it frequently; and 40 deg. in an entirely unheated room, and one, moreover, with a stone floor, in a house likewise without a vestige of heat, means considerable discomfort to those dwellers therein who are accustomed to carpets and steam heat.

The average *Mejicano* serenely muffles himself in his *zerape,* and, secure in the conviction that the sun must come out in the end, sends forth occasional suggestions from beneath its folds that artificial heat is very unwholesome. Sometimes you know Spanish enough to reply that freezing is unwholesome, too—and then again you don't. So, in the long run, the tourist, dwelling perforce in a hotel, decides that he must make the best of it, and accepts the Mexican philosophy that the sun will shine some time, and that comfortable warmth, nay, often real heat, will come with each sunny noonday. Moreover, at all times of the day it is apt to be warmer out of the house than in it, so the wise visitor seeks the "balcon" and studies, at leisure, the hurrying rush of life and color in the *calle* below.

Never is this seen to better advantage than on a Sunday, between noon and half-past one, because every one in Mexico City seems to be passing by, and the sidewalks, narrow enough at best, are thronged. Dusky Indians stride along, in spotless Sabbath white or bright colored cotton trousers, with a *zerape* of an equally brilliant, if usually entirely different, hue: Indian women, whose heads and shoulders are draped in the graceful *rebozos* falling in lovely folds that drive visiting artists wild. Now comes a conservative Mexican of the old school, so to speak, a marked figure in his suit of soft, untanned leather, accompanied, perchance, by an *amigo* resplendent in the latest Parisian fashion.

No material, however conspicuous, is considered to be unsuited to the street by Mexican *senoras* and *senoritas,* nor any fashion too elaborate. So we may behold gowns of white lace, pink silk, sky-blue muslin, knocking elbows with those of purple plush, green velvet and white corduroy, as the wearers trail along *Calle de San Francisco* in the glaring sun of a Mexican noonday.

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Gateway of a typical Mexican home.

1. The nearby spring used for the village washing. 2. Watching the fish at play. 3. A wayside stable used by the packers.

But wait—we must not become so much absorbed by the pedestrians that we fail to note the constant stream of carriages, whose occupants are sure to wear garments even more brilliant. Mexican horses are superb creatures, perfectly groomed and frequently attached to exceedingly handsome private carriages; indeed, the equipages form the most picturesque part of Sunday's "passing show." One sees, too, an inordinate number of motors (usually entirely up-to-date models) all with gongs so extraordinarily musical that these notes of warning really become a pleasure to the ear. All these vehicles and the foot-passengers crowd *Calle de San Francisco* to its utmost capacity, and during the latter part of my stay, measures were being taken to regulate the traffic press by passing a municipal ordinance requiring vehicles to go up one street and down another.

As I just said, costumes worn by the people in the carriages and motors might be described as like those of the people on foot—only more so! In one sumptuous limousine sits a stately dowager clad in a purple velvet gown over which is draped a magnificent cloak of Russian sables; I think she probably found them oppressive then, but late that night I recalled her again—this time with distinct envy. At her side is a younger woman, presumably her daughter, wearing a white lace frock and a toque of chinchilla fur adorned with pink roses, her tiny white-kid shod feet resting daintily on a sort of *plaque* of fresh violets, as large round as the top of a water-pail. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, these two women look singularly alike, and, moreover, they look about like all other women of their class one sees in Mexico; for every one powders her face so liberally that any individuality of complexion is discreetly veiled in a sort of neutral gray haze. From the oldest to the youngest, no Mexican woman would feel herself properly dressed without this thick powder coating, which causes women of every age to resemble each other to a wonderful degree. Old women or young women—they all appear, when seen from any distance—particularly in a moving vehicle—to be about thirty-five years old. Their faces are impassive, usually rather hard, and as expressionless and lacking in character as if carved out of wood by machinery, and then gone over with colors. There may be any number of women with expressive faces and fine natural complexions in Mexico—but, if there are, they don't come out on Sundays; certainly, I could never discover any such in the carriages and

"Freaks" displayed in an Xmas booth, Mexico City.

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motors that passed, week after week, beneath my window.

Even the children, grandly bedecked as they always are, poor little things! sit in their places with countenances quite as immobile and unjoyful as those of their elders. It is a singular spectacle; for an hour or more, these wooden-faced men, women and children slowly drive up and down the length of *Calle de San Francisco*, seldom smiling, and scarcely speaking to each other, their brilliantly clad bodies held in a sort of frozen erectness, and their wonderfully shod feet resting on great cushions of gorgeous natural flowers.

Yet, none the less is the sight one long to be remembered, nor is there a single recollection of Mexico City that it gives me more pleasure to recall. I love to close my eyes, sometimes, and try to feel in fancy the soft caress of the hot sun, as it beat down on the bewildering color pageant made up of gowns, *zerapes* and flowers; and I imagine I can actually see again the stately stride of the magnificent horses with their splendid trappings, drawing carriages wherein sat bejeweled women; or hear the horns of motors, restrained to a measured pace, uttering musical calls of warning that harmonize, somehow, with the soft strains of a military band playing in the far distance. To see Mexico City thus is to see it at its best.

During the closing years of the Diaz administration and also at the present time, bull-fighting has not been given any great amount of official encouragement, or, much more important, patronage. None the less, it still flourishes, and nearly every Sunday afternoon during the winter months, vast concourses of enthusiastic people seek the sport offered at the *Plaza de los Toros*.

The attitude of Americans toward this sport is striking—not to say analogous. Very few who visit the "Ring" are ready to admit, publicly, that they really take pleasure in it—yet most of them do go! This, one carefully explained to me, was because the Americans are so eminently fair and just that they desire personally to investigate things for themselves in order to judge them solely on their merits and not from hearsay. This sounds plausible enough; it would seem, however, that in a number of cases, several trips are necessary 'ere unprejudiced judgment can be pronounced. Huge automobiles ticketed "to the Ring" seem to do a rushing business every Sunday, yet always on the Tuesday following the newspapers will print letters from foreign visitors, usually deploring the cruelty of such an exhibition. Quite a commotion was created by one man (a private car magnate, by the way) who wrote an indignant epistle to the Mexican Herald—which it printed *verbatim*—declaring he would not remain in a country where such atrocious cruelty was allowed to exist, and, true to his word, he and his family hastened away in high dudgeon. The position generally taken by Americans who have resided a long time in Mexico is that bull fighting is one of the national amusements—and if you don't like it, why, don't go: an eminently common-sense point of view.

The Mexicans themselves are by no means so tolerant of American prejudice on this score. They take every opportunity to twit us with tales of lynchings in the South (apparently regarding these as some form of national entertainment), prize-fights and football games. Well do I recall the intense enthusiasm and satisfaction evoked when Dr. Eliot's condemnation of the last-mentioned sport was made public.

Unlike the bull rings, Mexican theatres do not seem to derive much additional patronage from the American invasion of the past few years. During one of my visits to Mexico City a few winters ago, there was a short season of Italian opera, the bright particular star of the company being Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini. Yet, though the famous prima donna is much beloved by the Mexicans, this engage-

ment proved to be a disastrous one financially, and finally the company was obliged to disband.

Delighted at the prospect of a musical treat, with several music lovers from my hotel I eagerly set forth to hear "Traviata," one of the attractions of the opening week. Though Mme. Tetrazzini was Violetta, the house was not half filled, and at least a third of the audience (particularly in the gallery), appeared to be composed of small children, who, like children of other countries, couldn't be either still or silent.

Indeed, one excessively full-throated infant in arms yelled lustily throughout the duet in the first act, reaching a veritable climax during "*Ah fors' e lui!*" in a series of ear-splitting shrieks.

Poor Madame Tetrazzini! It surely was most annoying to be forced to compete with a human accordion—and realize that your rival was winning, hands down! We were very far from blaming her when she glared furiously in the direction of the disturbance, then dashed into the sparkling ripples of "*Sempre liberia.*" Suddenly, a most appalling combination of sounds merged itself with the pearly rhythm of Violetta's scales. Like soldiers at the word of command, every one looked upward. There, standing in the front of a box in the second tier, was a well-dressed woman, vigorously tossing the disturbing element with one hand, while in the other, with equal energy, she twirled a small watchman's rattle. The wails of the baby quickly changed to crows of pleasure, but the now thoroughly outraged audience hastened to bestow on the entirely unmoved parent a storm of vehement hisses.

Mme. Tetrazzini, meanwhile, had rushed from the stage, and it was fully three-quarters of an hour before the performance was continued.

It was but a short time after this that I attended another musical function, a concert this time, where the pianist was so manifestly disconcerted and annoyed by the constant bawling of a small child among those present that, suddenly, in the midst of his admirable playing of an "Impromptu" of Schubert's, he stopped, clapped both hands to his temples with a gesture of despair, and fled from the stage, stoutly refusing to continue his part of the program.

This incident seemed to have been the cause that brought forth an editorial in one of the leading papers, *El Imparcial*, inquiring whether those persons who had paid money to hear music were being fairly treated when deprived of their enjoyment by the antics of naughty children; was it just to the buyers? *El Imparcial* asked in all seriousness; adding, naively, that, even should a proceeding seem high-handed, it would be better for managers of all places of amusement in Mexico City to refuse admission to infants and small children as was done in Europe and the United States.

I've often thought that I should like to know whether that editorial produced any more practical results than giving me a good laugh.

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Head of secretary bird, showing the many singular radiating plumes from which its name is derived.

A FEATHERED ST. PATRICK

This Foe of Snakes Not Only Pursues Reptiles, but Kills Them

BY LILLIAN E. ZEH

TWO CREATURES entirely new to the eyes of the general public, are the fine pair of secretary birds, male and female, just received from Africa, and now on exhibition at the New York Zoological Park. These stately, long-legged bipeds, with ashy gray plumage and tail feathers two feet long, are the champion snake killers of the world. The secretary is really a hawk adapted especially for ground hunting. The male stands four feet high, the greater part of this being made up of legs and neck.

The bird gets its odd name from a crest of long, dark plumage rising from the back of the head, which gives him a fanciful resemblance to a clerk having a bunch of quill pens

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1. The secretary bird in the act of killing a snake. The bird strikes the snake on the head with a lightning like blow of its powerful foot.
2. The bird scrutinizing the snake for signs of life.

stuck behind his ears. The naked skin of the face is yellow. The fine gray eyes have heavy, long lashes. In South Africa the birds are said to be of a considerable economic use to the community as a destroyer of venomous pests, for they kill and eat cobras, vipers and other poisonous reptiles.

The writer had a special opportunity to make photographs showing how this curious and wiry bird attacks and quickly makes a meal out of his victim. All its food must be alive, and as garter snakes sell at ten cents each, there is likely to be a good market in the Zoological Park for youthful snake hunters.

A garter snake was thrown some distance from the male secretary bird on the runway of the enclosure. Unlike a hawk or vulture, he did not fly upon the prey at once, but cautiously approached the snake with wings partly outspread, so as to be ready to escape any sudden lunge of the enemy. Still watching its movements, the secretary slowly circled around his antagonist, looking for an opening, but keeping well out of danger. Suddenly, like a flash, the bird raised and shot out one of his powerful feet, with sharp talons, and struck the snake fairly on the head. This was quickly followed by another sharp blow, which proved a knockout.

Another three-foot snake given to the bird proved more active than the first and showed a disposition to fight, making several angry lunges at the secretary, which dodged them in prize-ring style. In avoiding these lunges, the bird put out its widespread foot to protect the abdomen. The secretary feinted and dodged for a minute or more, watching for a good opening. Suddenly, up shot the heavy foot, and a sledge hammer blow, surely aimed, struck the snake on the head, stunning and putting the reptile out of action. The talons were drawn together when the blow started, spreading out while in the air, and were brought together slightly at the instant of impact with the snake, so that the victim received not only the force of the blow, but the piercing of the sharp claws.

When the snake lay quiet after the blows, the bird eyed it sharply for a moment to see if it were quite harmless, and then, lowering his head slowly, for a bit, he suddenly shot out his beak like an arrow and transfixed the snake just behind the head. After

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that the reptile was eaten with as little ceremony as a chicken swallows a worm.

In South Africa, the secretaries are found in the higher dry districts, and travel in pairs, male and female. If disturbed, they make off in a rush, like an ostrich, using their wings to aid their legs, and their pace is very fast. They seem actually to skim the ground when pursued. They seldom leave the earth, and if compelled to do so, make only short flights. They build large, bulky nests, which are utilized at night as a roosting place. Where trees are to be had, they select a place sixty or one hundred feet above the ground for the nests. These are built of sticks and sod, and lined with grass, and measure as much as five feet in diameter and three feet in thickness.

As a rule, only two eggs are laid. Incubation takes six weeks. The young have to remain in the nest five or six months before they can walk on their long, slender legs, which are very brittle and easily break if the birds are forced to run before they are of the proper age.

NOCTURN

Plessis-lèse-Tours, Reign of Louis XI.

BY WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

Hush—low—the wind in the oak!
What is it hangs dark from the limb of the oak-tree?
It is wet with the dew, it is cold with the dew,
It swings in the wind—and glisteningly
The moon shines through the gaunt oak-tree.

"Father! father! is it thou——"
A gypsy girl creeps to the foot of the oak-tree.
With shrinking fingers she touches the thing—
It swings in the wind—it can but swing.
She crouches back with a wild, wild eye—
Where on the moor died out that cry?

Hush—chill—the wind in the oak!
What is it lies pale on the roots of the oak-tree?
It is wet with the dew, it is cold with the dew,
It moveth never—and glitteringly
The moon shines through the black oak-tree.

THE HOME RANCH OF THE COWELLS

NO. 3

BY JOSEPHINE C. McCRACKIN

"Waving trees and gurgling spring." The Cascade, Casa del Rey, Golf Links, Santa Cruz, Cal.

THE GATE through which we drove had been put up in 1854, and every pointed paling brought from San Francisco, together with the posts supporting the arch which even now proclaims the grandeur of the place to which it led. Not that it was at all picturesquely dilapidated, any more than was the house, which had been the home, those early years, of Harry Cowell, one of the very largest of the large landholders of California throughout the State, who still had a fondness for this, his country home, near Santa Cruz. The son now living, S. H. Cowell, spends about one-half his time here, year in, year out, living in the same house, modernized only as far as necessary, but in the same state of stupendous completeness as the entrance gate.

I had long wanted to see "the old Cowell place;" I had heard so much of the gardens and the grounds and the ancient Monterey Cypress there, but was always told that though I might walk to the place, I should never be able to walk over it, which I realized while driving over it in a very comfortable carriage.

Any one familiar with the growth

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A glimpse through the old cedar trees, Cowell's ranch, near Santa Cruz, Cal.

of trees in California can imagine the size of the English walnuts forming the avenue from the gate to the wide circle of Monterey cypress, and the size of these latter trees. Those who have not seen these cypress can never picture to themselves the great, straight trunks of the trees, about which fluted columns are clustered that reach up into the branches, where these rise tall and dark from the shaft. Nearer to the house, the cypress avenue opens upon a view of the building, one-storied, dark red, with wide veranda and windows wide and deep. Roses, fifty years old; the Passion vine of Mission times; a jessamine that has learned to climb by force of circumstances, all these droop and sway from the branches of locust, elm and other New England trees that seem to hold house and garden in their shelter. And here is something else from New England, a water-lily in the fountain basin, the particular Nymphaea that has the light pink fragrant blossom; and it came from Wrentham, Massachusetts, from the old, old Cowell home, which still belongs to this conservative family. In the center of this fountain basin, where ferns and foliage plants are always kept moist and cool by the drip and the spray, is a most remarkable growth—a young Monterey cypress, which has seeded itself and is pushing its way up among a lot of other things that were never planted, but grew there at their own sweet will.

Though I was a complete stranger at the place, the dogs seemed to take me on trust. Wonder, the big water spaniel, and Hector, a lovely satin-haired Irish setter, quite deaf and almost blind with age; but Nigger, the watch dog at the stable, said: "How do I know but what you want some of our fine horses?" So I said: "Never mind, Nig.; here are lots of things to welcome me."

For though I was greeted at the front door, two fat little lambs came around from the kitchen door; they were orphans, and they never lost sight of each other; and a fat, black cat

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A flock of Angora goats, called "Swanton's lawn mowers," on the Cowell ranch, near Santa Cruz, Cal.

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came, and a fat, short-tailed yellow cat, and pretty soon they all lay down together, the nearest approach to the lion and the lamb, for Buffy may have been the descendant of a wild cat.

Hector, the Irish setter, immediately took possession of the seat I had occupied in the buggy, and before it was fairly on the way again he was fast asleep. In this way he drove all over the ranch, and to the farthest outposts at Felton, well aware that he was carefully looked after and protected.

The day was fine; we were in no hurry to go in, and I was out to discover what I could. A peacock! The most magnificent, proudest, most graceful bird I ever saw. Yes, graceful; no lady could have managed her six-yard-long train better, and his train must have been fully that length, and of the most gorgeous, green-gold shimmering colors that ever were, with a neck and breast of the rarest blue under the heavens. How I did want to see his tail spread! It was said that the vain bird would go into a trance when he spread his tail and you held a looking glass before him. Yet you could not help but respect the bird for his domestic habits; he sleeps every night on the same locust tree, a main stem bending clear over like a branch, and the places of his wife and the four pea-chicks are beside him, rain or moonshine. Their daytime residence is in the orchard, where there is most always bloom of some kind among the trees, oranges, almonds, lemons, cherries, peaches, olives, quince and pears.

But they are not the only residents there, gold pheasants, silver pheasants, Japanese importations, beautiful black Minorca chickens, white turkeys, young and old, numberless wild birds, robins, larks, anything that will feed with the chickens; though the flock of tame quail generally feed with the pigeons in the other corral, where the trout basin is situated. And every step or two you see another horse, one of the fine carriage horses, either taken out of a buggy or harnessed into a buggy, or tethered for a bite of grass, or led for exercise; and all these fine-grained, fine-strained horses are pets, and Mr. Cowell calls them all by name.

I had seen so much of this part of the ranch that while we were taking lunch in front of the open fire-place, above which a niche is let into the wall higher up, I ventured to make a suggestion to Mr. Cowell. I said: "The interior of your house, or this part of it, is in Mission tints; that niche is certainly a reminder of Mission days; then why not take down the large vase and put a small statue in place of it, the statue of some saint, of course."

At the time I had Saint Francis in my mind, who called the birds his little brothers of the air; but when I had seen the rest of the ranch, or a greater portion of it, I came to the conclusion it should be Saint Anthony, for he takes care of beasts as well as birds; and though Mr. Cowell is not a saint, nor even a Catholic, he said, simply: "Every living creature wants a home;" and every living creature for miles around drifts to that ranch for food and shelter, whether wild or tame.

Before leaving the house for our drive, Mr. Cowell laid before me a book, day-book or entry-book, I believe it is called, in clean, clear handwriting, his father's, and he turned to the day and the month we were writing, but it was in 1860.

Beautiful though the ranch is with its long stretches of green fields and meadows, its hill plateaux covered with great, spreading live-oaks, its mountain sides o'ertopped with redwoods, its glens and canyons filled with laurel and madrone, ever and again there rises a sheer, threatening wall of rock suddenly from out among waving trees and gurgling springs, or a deep fissure drops suddenly hundreds of feet beside the road you are passing over. This, strange to say, is where the lime rock was taken out in years gone by, and if you keep your eyes open, you will see some of the

"Pack mules, sleek and fat," used as lime carriers, Cowell ranch, near Santa Cruz, Cal.

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ancient lime kilns, more picturesque now than while the fires were hot in them, for redwood and madrones now grow from their top.

To be sure, there are still lime-kilns of that kind on this vast estate; but I knew there was quite a modern institution at their Rincon kiln, where oil is burned, and this Mr. Cowell had promised to show us at the end of our drive. But there are so many things new to me: the factories, mills, blacksmith shops, on the place; the vegetable gardens for the three hundred odd men to be fed from; the abattoir, the corrals, the pastures; the dams with their colts; the cows with their calves; the sheep in care of their herder; and one band without herder, the fat porkers ready for the oven.

Then come the heavy teams meeting us, enormous, heavy horses, six of them always, all bred on the ranch, drawing enormous loads. I know these well; many a word of praise had their drivers had from me, an officer of the Humane Society, on the streets of Santa Cruz, though I did not know Cowell was the owner. Mule teams, too, and pack-mules, sleek and fat, and working hard.

Across, on a rising hillside, a glistening snow seems spread. "Fred Swanton's lawn-mowers," I am told; the flock of Angora goats that keep the grass down on the new Casa del Rey Golf Links, at the Country Club home.

But it is not this I am looking at; oh, no. The golf grounds lie away down at our feet, though it is said there is a superb view even from there. What, then, must it be from here, so many hundred feet higher that the golfers below look like ants, and the golf links like a child's play-ground. All this below is of the Cowell land, too; but the most sublime point is this, where the carriage stops. I thought I had seen all of Santa Cruz, separately and in one, on different occasions, but I see it now for the first time as a whole. Now, really, I don't want to boast of Santa Cruz because it is my home, but only because it is truly a grand sight. A large, wide-spread, picturesque, city, white, with strips of green forest in its outskirts, and the broad, blue, sun-smiling ocean enfolding it, till the green hills and the dark blue mountains of the Santa Cruz Range, come down to the Bay of Monterey in the east, to hold the City of the Holy Cross in their embrace.

Then we drive on, for miles, it seems to me, to Rincon, quite a village of workmen's houses with the boarding house in the center, across the track from the formidable-looking plant of tank houses, oil reservoirs, and I don't know what-all on this side of the railroad track. I heard the noises long before we got here, but I said nothing: I only tried to think, "Who's afraid?" Then we enter this most modern-constructed of kilns, and all sorts of blazing, super-heated, red-hot wonders pass before my bewildered eyes.

"Now, we'll go above," says Mr. Cowell, holding out his hand to help me up a sort of iron staircase, no doubt quite safe to mount.

But I shrink back. "N-n-no, th-thank you, not to-day," I quaver; "I'm a little nervous."

"Oh, you're afraid," he says, quite dispassionately. "Very well, you can look at it from a distance." And another ton of lime rock being dumped into one of the cylinders above, with the rush and the crash of an earthquake, just then, I get down and out as quickly as I know how.

Then moving away to a convenient distance from this modern imitation of a—we will say Biblical place of eternal punishment, I sum up my impression of this wonder of our century in the words: "A Hades in three stories; and since I have been through a part of it myself, I mean to be very careful after this how I consign my worst enemy to eternal torment in that hottest of all hot places."

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Entrance of the residence on the Cowell home ranch, Santa Cruz.

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stood up on four stones; the lid cut and flattened, and lo! a presentable camper's delight. The door had the usual wooden latch and inside string.

Four posts; four rails partly way up and canvas tacked on, and the bed was manufactured in short space!

"Boards, and fir needles, ain't bed enough for a gel!" said Jim, as if apologizing for his work.

"Jim's a mighty fine woods' man—finer'n me!" said Uncle Tim.

"Don't know as I be' cept as I was brang up to it like!" came his modest reply.

"Here," he'd say, "you take that little chap, and I'll have the monster!" adding with a grin, sometimes, "you haven't sense enough to last through the night."

And Uncle Tim would give in.

"Here, Miss Molly, a cent for your opinion?" Jim offered one day. "Uncle Tim says you want a door back, to chuck your rubbish through, let alone your needing the wind to drive you out t'other way!"

"Uncle takes me for a fresh-air fiend. Say, put me a window back—that'll do."

"Windows are meant to peer through—there you'll see nothin'!"

"When Uncle's done chopping back there I'll see out," she settled. The shanty was a live-long interest, day in and day out. "Leddies want shelves and pegs, and books and bars and bolts that us men don't think of. Tell us, Miss Molly, how much of it you want?" Turning on a new track he went on: "Say, can you drive a team, and cut your capers right? We'll be having County Road in here soon, and teams on it."

"Yes; I've driven a shay and a pony."

"Oh, that cuts no ice with a team!" was his quencher.

Uncle got restless after mail, and sent Jim over to the Agency. "Let 'em know we're going pretty often, and they'll be 'round, all of 'em, like chicks after feed."

By his return Molly had got supper. "My, but aren't your biscuits mouth-melters!" was his remark, as usual.

"I wish I had an oven, and I'd bake the deer meat, instead of frying all the time!"

"What's the odds: it all goes to the same place; so one's as good as the other." She fetched the ham, and Jim cut it up ready for the frying-pan. "My sakes," he bawled out, from the open, at the first whiff. "See the front part of my pants bulge out a'ready!" Which was followed by Molly's "Shame on you for a 'G. G.'"

"What's that stand for? 'Great George?' Not my name, howsomever. But, Miss Molly, you're a fine cook. Great guns, you are that, what with your mouth-melters and your pant-swellers! You're just the whole push of the claim!"

"Shame on you! You are a G. G.!" she repeated.

"Molly! Molly! (dropping the Miss) but you'd keep a feller happy all his days, that way!" as he looked at her with big, warm eyes. She turned, pretending to fetch something from under the big fir.

"Jim, Jim, here comes another girl!" she called out.

"Sure; and by Jimminie, it's Kate Garner after her mail."

Molly kept the neighbors' mail in alphabetical order, so no time was lost hunting for "G."

Introductions were unnecessary. Everybody knows everybody, as Jim said, "blazes (miles) around, even if they's never winked the eye at 'em."

"I want to borrow some soap of you, please," she said.

"Sakes, Miss Kate; there's never a mite around here after washing-day."

"Nonsense, Jim; I've got plenty."

"You do say! Not enough to shake a stick at, I bet."

Having given her thanks, she added, "Wouldn't you like to go fishing with me, Miss Moreland?"

"Yes, delighted—if you'll call me Molly."

Jim cut the poles, found Uncle Tim's fishing tackle, and off they

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started for Little Creek; had a good time; brought back a bagful of trout and a boy from the Agency, their fellow-fisherman.

"They're done to a T, but Tommy, I don't like watching you eat so many."

"Don't leave enough for you, that's what?" as the boy twinkled his left eye.

"Not that, but I'm afeared that you might turn into one, same as the boy who filled the other side of his shirt with so much dog-salmon that he turned into one; he grew a big bone, hooked to his nose; right under it were three spikes of teeth. Uncle Tim'll give you a dose of 'strych'; to poison the creature afore he grows the bone."

"You're only joshing! What do I care for your josh?" was the boy's assurance. "Why didn't Big Charlie's dog-salmon turn into a cabbage when he came up the creek and ate all his cabbages up?"

"Say, youngster, if you're so fresh, you'll need salting down. I don't let a boy fire his mouth like that," was Jim's threat.

"It's you raising Cain; but then you are just nutty, that's all!" Yet the boys left together good friends.

Next day brought Kate back, asking: "Wouldn't you like to go fishing in the Siletz?"

"Why, we're *in* the Siletz, ain't we?"

"Yes, in what's the old Reservation. It's the river I'm talking about.

In the Siletz woods: "Squawrines" of a former generation rehearsing in pantomime for a woodland dance.

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Siletz means to the Indians 'Beautiful River.' A deal too far to walk past the Agency, so we had better ride there."

Settled and done. The girls trailed it through heavy timber till they came down suddenly on what looked like a lovely village—blue hill background, and green fields around it; a little church; a clean looking hospital; a school, with the agent's house; the doctor's, and a store—all white, with civilized fencing. "My, what a treat to see white houses again!" said the newcomer. "And there's the river; ain't it just beautiful, though?"

Turbid with its quick rush after a mountain storm, wide and grand, with the little creeks that fed it.

After a lovely time, the sinking sun bade them go home or be benighted in the dense forest.

"Come to my shanty. It's nearer, and it'll be splendid to have company," pressed Molly. "Uncle'll be back."

He soon announced: "We're all off from our claim reckonings." Seeing the fall in Molly's face, he went on: "Don't drop your mouth-corners like that! Nobody's going to burn the cabin! Appears Sam Drew never sent those fool papers. He was argued off it. He tells me he'll give you a relinquishment instead for five hundred dollars."

"But, Uncle, I haven't got five hundred dollars. What do you mean?"

"No, my gel; but I have. You can pay me back when you sell your timber, with interest to boot, if that'll please you. That'd be square enough for Sam even!"

"Thank you ever so much, Uncle; it's awfully good of you. You're——"

He stopped her with "Not a bit. As I always tell you, 'tis for your mother, not you! We must get off some more office letters sharp, and you may sign 'Mary,' or better still, from this distance, I'll take you to Toledo; it's the proper place!"

Jim must come, of course, to congratulate. That done, he inquired: "How do you measure Kate up, anyhow?"

"Why, I like her ever so much, don't you?"

"My, she's as ugly as a mud fence, with the roots torn up!"

"How can you get off such things?"

"She's no cook, neither, as the likes of you! She can't turn a fellow's hair nor get his eyes snapping, nor goggling, same as you do!" As he said this he took a stride across the kitchen, saying: "You better believe I do want to have you to squint at all the time! Couldn't you let me?"

"Don't be such a donkey! Of course not," and she again went to find something under the fir-tree. Noticing another advancing stride of his, she went on determinedly: "Hush up, will you, or I'll go off somewhere to find Uncle, and you can talk to the dinner on the stove!" She seized her hat; made for the trail to Kate Garner's, and he did not attempt to follow.

She watched the smoke rise now and again and listened, fearing his footsteps. Finding at length they were going in another direction, she went back to the cabin. She felt sorry for Jim, with all his kind-heartedness, and didn't like to tell her Uncle. She was glad at Kate's appearance, pole in hand, and bag slung over her shoulder.

"Let's go off to the 'Beautiful' again," she proposed.

They were delayed by Chitco Charlie's coming in, heralded by a bad cough.

"Me sick! Hoh-hoh (which stood for a cough). You got mes-sen?"

Molly remembered her uncle's partly used bottle, and said "Ugh-ugh" (with the accent on the last syllable, as her uncle had practiced her.) She placed the bottle on the table, and started to get a spoon, when Chitco Charlie took it up, and tossed it off to the last drain. "Oh, Kate; what shall we do? It might kill him!" she lamented.

"Don't be scared. Indians don't die as easy as that. He'll go home and

sleep it off! We'll go and see after him before leaving the Agency!"

"Why, we'll have enough fish to salt down," said Molly, eagerly; "that's to say, if Jim isn't always showing up!"

After a few hours' sport, Kate suggested: "We'll get on that raft. We can do better than here, close to the bank."

A small jump, and they were safe on, being well repaid for the effort. Utterly engrossed, Kate after awhile discovered this, exclaiming: "Why, Molly, we're right away from the bank and going down stream without knowing it. That's far worse than Chitco Charlie's cough mixture."

"Oh, dear! Our poles are not strong enough to do anything. I never thought but that the logs were tied to that post we saw on the bank."

"Looks as though our fish'll get sea-salted!" said Kate, trying to laugh. "I wish I knew how many blazes (as Jim'd call it) away Depot Bay is! Folks live 'round there; Indians that are white, and could help us!"

Heavy spring rains flushed the creek —and, through them, the river.

"Anybody might think it was Mt. Hood's melting snow that did it," said Molly, who wished herself back in the Willamette Valley.

Wishes were in vain. Anxiety and fear too strong for much thinking. There seemed nothing they could do to save themselves.

"Gracious, Molly, we're getting near the big riffles, and it'll be all up with us! I may be wrong, but I'm afraid I'm right," and she set her teeth tight, although there was no exertion to make.

"Oh, if we were but near the bank and had even a hooked umbrella! Why didn't the boys cut the poles with hooks. A life might be saved!" Molly grieved uselessly.

The situation grew too bad for words. They pursued their own thoughts in solemn silence. Kate thought of the angels of help she had learned a hymn about, and Molly wondered whether any one would be *sent* to save them? Thoughts of her mother were sharp swords to her. What would become of her?

The raft floated on and on, leaving wooded banks and grassy banks behind.

"Kate, Kate, there's a shanty—there, under that big tree!"

"A trapper's deserted cabin!" Kate feared. And yet, both girls sent up loud cries for help as they neared the landing place—just two logs chained to a post with a fence rail along the logs. Two boats were moored to it.

As they were straining every nerve their eyes possessed, Molly cried, "A man's running down."

"And there's another!" added Kate, "a white man and an Indian!"

The canoes were untied as they spoke, and both were making for the raft mid-stream.

"What if we get beyond reach, after all!" moaned Molly.

"They'll paddle quick after us, Molly; the canoes are long—twice the width of our distance."

Each man had good, strong poles. They were within touching reach, and they felt the jerk on the raft.

"Klo-she!" called out the Indian. "Good!" translated Kate.

"Chu-ken!" "That's kick or push!" said the alert girl.

The white man was silent, but followed suit with the Indian. It was tense work—hard to keep the log from drifting off with the current. The white man found at length the longed-for hook at the bottom of the canoe, and with it his strong hand laid hold of the rope, where it lay knitting the two logs together.

Each girl demurred: "What if it breaks?" But no word was uttered.

Then Molly said, with a pent-up sigh of relief: "You've saved us! How can we thank you?"

Kate knew enough to say to the other: "Mas-sa, Mas-sa."

The men quickly hauled them to the landing place, and let the logs go now at the mercy of the current.

The day was not too far gone to let

them get back to the Agency, where they had left their horses, the white man accompanying them. He neither gave his name nor asked theirs, but spoke occasionally, as though names were of no consequence.

Having seen them mounted, Mrs. Clinton, of the store, informed him: "The girl with Kate Garner is Tim Weston's niece."

"Tim Weston's niece, do you say? Why, she's on my claim!"

"Jumped it, eh, Sam?" asked the woman with a hearty laugh.

"No; the other way round!" and bid her good-day, while she called out after him: "I've got a hunch you'll see her again!"

"A fine tale I've heard at the Agency!" Uncle Tim said the next day. "What did you do to offend Jim Carson? You're the whole bottom of it, Molly!"

"Nothing! Nothing!" came from her lips, with her mounting color.

"What are you giving me, Molly? Jim did all a man could, even to running up and down our trails, midnights, to show as how he meant it! You've knocked the stuffin's out of poor Jim. What was the matter, anyhow? He's a good fellow enough, with better claim than yours!"

"Well, Uncle, how could I dream of having a man who hadn't another thought above his stomach?"

"Holy Moses! That was his way of courting: praising your cooking! He's done it to rights now—passed it all on to Chitco Charlie's daughter. He's been pinning up his notes, 'You home evening, I come. No. 195.' She's done one better than you can. She's got another string to her. Young Tim Batiste and her rode off on the same horse, and got married like white folks at Toledo. What do you say to that?"

"That I'm awfully glad of it, Uncle, as far as I'm concerned. And you know, yourself, that a good Indian girl generally makes a good wife!"

"You so anxious to help your mother out, too! Why, Jim's got plenty of dough (money) beside his timber."

"Never mind, Uncle; mother'd never wish it, I know. I dare say half of his stuff is only simple backwoods fun, but——"

She went on with her bread-kneading with a vim and said no more. Molly made her trip to Toledo, by the worst thing that could be called a road. She did her filing, and brought back her notices to tack onto her trees.

Uncle had the tact to ask Sam Drew to come to the cabin after his five hundred dollar check. Whereupon Molly made off to Kate's.

As Fate would have it, who should be standing at the fork of the trail but the silent man of the log-landing. He took off his hat, and showed Jim was right when he said "There was nothing between his head and heaven"—as he described his baldness.

Looking deep from the depths of his eyes into hers, he got out: "So you're the young lady I met on the Siletz River!"

"Yes," she replied, "and I'm going now to the other one!" to which he added the name, "Miss Garner? I met her once before!"

"Yes? She's getting to be quite a friend of mine, and I must hurry on now to her place!"

She looked back once to see him still standing, as if undecided yet, at the fork of the trail. "Which trail shall it be?" he questioned himself. "The lonely one forever, or the one merging into a meeting place?" Uncle Tim kept him so long chatting that the dark forest and the "dark o' the moon" made it too black for him to traverse.

Where hospitality reigns supreme, the backwoods guest-pressing is always ready.

Molly had to get back in the morning for her day's cooking, according to contract, as she considered: "Uncle's been so good in doing his part!" There was so much clearing done in front of her cabin that as she stood on the slope of the hill, with a valley between that and the next the girl took a real delight in the view across, bounded as it was. On getting back, she found her uncle

hard at work, platting a garden for her.

"It was smart of you having my cabin cornering with yours!" she said ever so often. "That's nothing! Why, there's a cabin I know of, where four homesteader friends touch corners. The cabin holds all four, each on his own claim."

When she entered her uncle's for the cooking, the visitor got up from his paper, and placed a chair for her —unheard-of politeness, she thought, for the backwoods, and excused himself from interfering with her work. "I'll go right on. Biscuits, as usual, potatoes, beans and bacon for dinner, and plenty of washing up!"

He looked round the paper now and again, remarking at last: "Your uncle handed me a very handsome relinquishment check. I'm only glad you've had no locator to fee!"

"No; Uncle's been my locator, and a pretty good one, too! To tell the truth, I hardly like taking your claim like this!"

"No need for you to think that way, Miss Moreland. It wouldn't have been one bit honest if I had proved up the way the claim was. It was this way: My mother was very sick, and I literally had to go and care for her. She had no one else, and I felt, after her death, I couldn't do my duty by the youngsters out here. If there'd been a school handy, I would have had them with me."

"And this is the man I dubbed 'silent,'" thought the girl. "Why, he's told me everything."

"Don't have a single misgiving. You don't know how glad I am that it's happened so," he finished, as she set the table for dinner.

The meal was none too silent, either. Uncle Tim cracked his usual jokes, many of which Sam Drew rose to with a hearty laugh. Molly became the silent one.

He seemed to feel he had reached an ear with a leading to a heart. On a succeeding visit he said: "I would like to take you to the old cabin: there is a good trail to it!"

"Oh, Mr. Drew, Uncle declared you didn't own it any more and we stripped the shelves of plates and things. He said you would rather—which I thought hardly fair and honest!"

"If you knew how I wish there had been something more than those old tin cups!" turning round from his place as guide to look deep into her soft gray eyes. "Too deep," her instinct told her, as she lowered them, stooping to gather some wild lilies on the trail, saying, "These are the things I love!"

"Perhaps you'll gradually add to the list!" he rejoined, smiling.

"I have already. These golden tassels to the firs are just too lovely."

"Yes, they tell beautiful tales of spring. I hope you may come to more yet some day!"

As they struck deeper and deeper across his homestead, she exclaimed: "Trees, trees, everywhere—and not a speck of sky to see!"

"Hardly worth while to break your neck in hunting it—as bad as breaking a heart for what's beyond reach!"

Turning the topic, she inquired what was his guess of the comparative height of the two trees facing them.

He regarded her as though she were a Euclid problem in human form, but complied with her request.

He remarked on reaching the cabin: "Any one needing change of air and scene need only to cross over here! Another range, see! I felt, like you, that I must see out of my claim. I had a wider valley than from yours. The near hills are lower, leaving a sight of the distant blue! It's some time since I was over here, and I have a closet you never found out."

"It seems nobody has any kind of closet in the backwoods. Open shelves have to be all in all!"

He took a knife from his pocket and pried open a trapdoor in the floor.

"When I came first, I brought this," as he handed her a faded photo of a sweet, aged face, "and this: the Martin Luther version of the Bible—this was her's. She was German!" he

Molly's timber claim near the Siletz River.

spoke in half a whisper. "I have shown this to no one but to you! My mother was too dear to forget, and I should like you to know her by her picture!"

Molly's hand shook a little as she took it from his, which touched her own ever so gently. The invisible lid was lowered again, and they retraced their steps. "I have to be back in Toledo," he told her on opening her door. "Keep these for me, will you, and let me one day share them!"

And he was down the steep zigzag, and below her sight in no time! She sat on a low bench, and studied the expressive face. "Yes, her son was certainly like her."

On the fore-page, in German script, was the name Emilie Stephan, and "1 Moses, 22.14."

She hunted the passage, and her school knowledge helped to translate, "Upon the mountain: there the Lord sees."

And she wondered to herself: "Was it that text that made it impossible for him to prove up?"

But in a few days and the joint owner of the buried treasure re-appeared. "It's vacation time for the youngsters, and if you'll let me, I'd like to bring them down to the further cabin. They'll help me clear for you."

"Why, of course, Mr. Drew," she replied, rather plaintively, as though she were the intruder.

"You see, I had to keep them in school, and work outside for them; that's why I neglected things here!" he added, coming close to her, whispering. "Can't we go shares on the claim, Mary. That's your name to me. I don't need relinquishment money, and won't let your uncle advance it."

He took her hand in his. She let him do it. He went further. He sealed his faith, trust and love with a kiss upon her lips.

* * * *

The happiest vacation of her life, and the merriest, with the company of the young folks.

The "requirements" were amply complied with, the details of proving up accomplished, and the claim became a sacred and happy home.

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OLD LETTERS

A Story of Independence Day

BY VERA VERNON

"AND Avis Metcalf!"

"Certainly! No house party would be complete without her!"

"And, of course, Arthur Raymond!"

"Yes, but why 'of course?' "

"Well, you know," began Mr. Carleton, but stopped, as Mrs. Carleton, nibbling at her pencil meditatively, remarked, apropos of nothing, "What a lovely day!"

Mr. Carleton smiled knowingly and returned to his paper, while his wife knit her brows in the perplexity of getting together a thoroughly congenial house party, where peculiarities of disposition and temperament are most likely to be felt.

An inspiration came to her, and she completed her list with a smile of satisfaction and sat down to her desk to pen her invitations.

So it was that two mornings later Avis Metcalf read her's while finishing her breakfast rolls and coffee.

"Just like Rose," she murmured, as she finished a hasty perusal of the note.

"What is it?" asked her aunt Gertrude from the opposite side of the table.

"An invitation from Rose Carleton," replied Avis. "I will read it to you."

"June 1, 19—.

"My dear Avis:

"Now don't tell me you are engaged and can't come! I know that I ought to have asked you months ago, to be sure of your acceptance, but this is a very hastily planned house party which Laurence and I agree will not be complete without you.

"You see, we both hate the noise of a Fourth in the city. We are usually at the beach then, you know, but we had planned something else this year, which did not materialize, and it looked as if we should be here through most of the summer, until a bright idea struck me.

"You may remember that my uncle Amos died recently and left me his old homestead on the Hudson. We went to the funeral, and after a hasty survey of the estate, we left an old couple in charge and I had almost forgotten about it until we were talking over plans to escape the Fourth here, when it occurred to me that it would be real fun to get a nice party together and spend a fortnight in that old house. It is in fairly good condition, and I am going down there next week and find out what will be needed to make us comfortable. It is near enough to the city so I can easily remedy all deficiencies.

"Now, wire me at once that you will come. I am inviting the same crowd that was at the island two years ago.

"Lovingly and supplicatingly,

"ROSE CARLETON."

"Well," observed aunt Gertrude, "I suppose you will go!"

"Oh, yes, I presume so!" said Avis dreamily, for already she was reviewing that exquisitely happy summer. But that was before she and Arthur had misunderstood each other. And now—was Rose trying to get them together again?

"You *had* planned——" began aunt Gertrude, hesitatingly.

"Yes, I know!" said Avis, hurriedly, "but that was because I feared I should be invited to go to Asbury Park with

the Mortons. It is all right now, as you are going to aunt Laura's, anyway!"

Telegraphing her acceptance of the invitation, Avis began her preparations, and when a second letter announced June 15th as the date her guests were expected, Avis arranged to meet her friend in the city and go down to the country house with her on that day.

It was delightful on the river that golden afternoon, and they arrived at their landing just as the sun was setting, and walked up to the house through rose-bordered paths and found a number of the guests on the broad piazzas. They were all well acquainted and there were gay greetings as the two ladies went up the steps.

"Stella!" commanded Mrs. Carleton, in her charmingly imperious manner, "Avis is to share your room: so please show her up, and mind you be ready for dinner in twenty minutes!"

It was a lively company of about twenty persons gathered at the board, and "the feast of reason and flow of soul" was quite as much appreciated as the sumptuous viands on the table.

The evening that followed was typical of most of the others of that delightful fortnight, in music, conversation and pleasant rambles in the old garden that sloped down to the Hudson, with grand trees set in the velvety turf.

The young people had been felicitously paired off by the managing hostess, and by common consent Arthur Raymond and Avis Metcalf were left together. Probably no one but Rose Carleton herself knew of the misunderstanding which seemed effectually to separate these two, though wandering side by side in garden paths or singing together in the improvised concerts.

On the evening before the Fourth, all the guests were scattered on the lawn after dinner, watching distant fireworks and angry clouds which seemed to promise a storm of some kind. It had been a very hot day, and they all agreed that a thunder storm to cool the air would be most welcome.

Arthur and Avis were sitting under a spreading elm tree, resting after a prolonged ramble by the river bank.

"Avis!" said Arthur suddenly, after a period of silence, "it's of no use! We may pretend, but we both know we are constantly thinking of those happy days on the island before—before—"

He broke off with a choke in his voice, but recovered himself and continued: "Are they never to return—those happy days, Avis?"

"It depends on you, as I told you then," said Avis in low tones, which trembled in spite of herself.

"And that means," said Arthur, with obstinacy showing in every line of his face, "that you are to choose what I am to do in life!"

"No, Arthur!" replied Avis, steadying her voice. "I do not care what you do, providing you do *something*, something worthy a man. Because a man is rich enough, so he does not need to work for his daily bread, is no reason why he should idle away his time. I can't help—caring for you, Arthur," she faltered, "but I could never be happy with a husband who had no part in the work of the world. I must have my part, too!"

Arthur's expression softened as he listened to the sweet, low voice he loved so well, and for an instant made no reply; then he said: "I am sure you are sincere, but I am not convinced yet that you have a right to insist—I want to think it out. Meanwhile, Avis, be sure that nothing can change my love."

He rose to his feet and held out his hand to help her. They walked slowly back to the house. Most of the party was gathered on the piazza. The atmosphere was oppressive, and vivid lightning flashes darted across the blackness of the sky. Soon the thunder began to roll and the storm came up rapidly, with a high wind and sheeting rain which drove them into the house, where the air was almost

unbearable. They anticipated a clearing, cool atmosphere to follow the severe storm, but, as occasionally happens, it kept on raining after the thunder storm had spent itself, and, in fact, rained all night, and the morning of the Fourth found a dismayed company of young people at the breakfast table, for still it rained, with no prospect of stopping, and the garden party with a private patriotic celebration was an impossibility.

Mrs. Carleton, although as much disappointed as any of her guests, shone in her usual cheerful optimism, as she said: "Now, let me think! I am sure we shall manage, some way, to have a royal good time! We didn't come down here to mope on our country's birthday, I assure you!"

They all laughed, and then laughed again and clapped their hands as she cried: "I have it! We shall spend the morning in the attic! Uncle Amos used to say there were enough old things up there to furnish a house and entertain crowds with costumes for tableaux!"

The proposition pleased the guests, and soon after they left the table the hostess led them all up to the spacious attic, where soon each one found something of interest or amusement.

They ransacked the old chests and boxes, and dressed up in the queer old clothes, and improvised tableaux—in fact, spent nearly all of the daylight hours of that rainy Independence Day in the old Colonial attic.

Avis Metcalf, with Arthur looking over her shoulder, began to investigate an old desk, and presently found a bundle of letters, the paper yellow with age and smelling of rose leaves. She glanced around and beckoned to Mrs. Carleton. "Oh, Rose! I wonder if I might look these over! I should rather do that than anything else!"

"Certainly!" cried her hostess gaily. "Everything here is at your disposal for to-day! I presume they are bills, or prosy old sermons, or possibly love letters. You may be able to get a plot for a novel out of them!"

She smiled wickedly as she saw the red mount to the roots of her friend's wavy brown hair. She knew she had guessed the secret of Avis' hours of seclusion.

"Come!" said Avis to Arthur, "let us take those two old chairs way over by the south window—we shall be out of the crowd—and see what there is of human history in this little bundle."

They seated themselves comfortably and Avis proceeded to untie the bundle, sniffing the delicate fragrance of the rose leaves.

She found that two bundles had been tied together, one labeled "From Richard to Dorothy," and the other, "From Dorothy to Richard." Avis read the labels softly, and then, with a grave smile, laid the first bundle on Arthur's knee, as she said: "You be Richard and I'll be Dorothy. Let's see what the Revolutionary young men and women thought and said. You see these are dated—1776."

Arthur turned over the letters reverently, and selecting one of the earliest date, glanced it over, reading here and there a passage of passing events, or expressive of the deepest love and devotion. Then Avis read the reply, and while enjoying to the utmost this glimpse of those historic days, they felt almost as if they were profaning a grave.

"But Rose gave us permission!" said Avis, "and they are gone to their rest, where none of these problems can trouble them any more!"

She sighed, and Arthur, looking up quickly, detected a little tremble of the mobile mouth that accorded with the sadness of the tones, and his conscience smote him uncomfortably as he thought of the one contested point between them.

"Oh, here!" cried Avis, who had been looking over a letter she held in her hand. "Listen to this, Arthur, and then read what Richard says in reply!"

She read:

"And now I must say it, my dear Richard—how can you, in these terri-

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bly perilous times, pass the days, weeks and months in frivolous amusements? Do not think I am harsh, my dearest! It is only recently I have realized it myself, and now I find myself wishing I were a man so I could take part in the real things of to-day. Now that I do realize the seriousness of the situation, I must tell you I cannot have one I love a mere dangler in Fashion's drawing rooms! Offer yourself to His Majesty's service in putting down these rebels! To be sure, I have not been long in the colonies, but already I see that they will not be easily subdued. I have even heard whispers of independence on their part. England has hard work before her, and you, my Richard, will help, and share in the glory!"

Arthur flushed uncomfortably under the earnestness of Avis' tones as she read, and he murmured, "Little Tory!"

"Tory or not, she was a woman!" retorted Avis. "Come, read what Richard says! Surely he must heed that clarion call to duty!"

Avis spoke half laughingly, half seriously, and Arthur fumbled with the letters, apparently having hard work to find the proper date.

"June 20, 1776," read Arthur from the open letter. "That is pretty close to the real day, isn't it?"

Avis nodded, and he continued reading:

"My dearest Dorothy—The contents of your last note astonished me! I had no idea you were such a little tyrant! Yes, that is the word, for you not only want to tyrannize over me, your loyal subject, but want our dear old England to tyrannize over these colonies. I have not made the condition of affairs much of a study, but I have been here longer than you have, and, looking at things with an unprejudiced eye, I can't see but what the colonies have the right of it! Now, don't get that lovely danger signal in your cheek! I can almost see your eyes snap, and I ought to be glad I am not there, but, truth to tell, I am not. Honestly, however, and jesting aside, I love you well enough to seriously consider what I have never before—a real work in the world. I have not felt it important, as my means have enabled me to live comfortably, and I always thought work for those who needed the compensation to live on. After thinking it over, I begin to see what you mean, and I promise you that I will consider what part I can take in affairs—where I can take a man's part, for, my dear Dorothy, I assure you that if I take any part in the struggle now going on, it shall be where I think I am most needed, and according to my own conscience!"

"That's all on that line," said Arthur, folding up the letter. "The rest is—is not for other eyes than Dorothy's."

"Richard is splendid!" declared Avis, sitting up straight, with red cheeks, and sparkling eyes. "I must see if Dorothy responds properly. 'June 24, 1776.' That must be her reply:

"My dearest Richard: I have just received your note, as I have been for a short visit in the country, and found it on my return. I must say that I have found Boston a very delightful place to visit! Indeed, when I came over with my father, at the earnest solicitation of my cousin, I really expected to be bored to death in a sort of half-civilized country, but, first of all, I seem to have been brought over the ocean to meet you, and find, besides, much pleasant society. I shall be glad, however, to return to Philadelphia, when I find it possible to do so. My aunt dreads for me to undertake the journey—such a long one, while the country is in such a state of unrest.

"As to the matter in controversy between us, I am delighted that you see, after consideration, that I am not a tyrant, but have only a proper appreciation of a man's duty to the world!

"I must, I suppose, grant you the liberty to follow the dictates of your conscience after studying the matter, but I warn you that if you take up the

cause of the rebels, it will make things difficult for us. My father and uncle both being in the king's service—— You see, I could not—but I will not think of such a contingency! There is position and glory and—Dorothy, on the right side!"

Avis dropped the letter in her lap.

"There is trouble ahead! I feel it!" she said, solemnly, but ended with a nervous little laugh. "Let's have Richard's next word, quick!"

Glancing down the page he held, Arthur began to read:

"July 4, 1776. My own Dorothy: You may have reason to think I have forgotten you, but you have not been out of my thoughts day or night, since your last letter reached me. We have been unusually fortunate in being able to hear from each other so regularly and so often. You will be surprised to see this dated Philadelphia, but the opportunity to play the man's part came sooner than either of us thought. General D., whom I had met several times and admired greatly (although a rebel) was sending a message to this city, and as I had thought I would come here before deciding upon my position, I put myself under the protection of his men. We traveled as rapidly as possible, for, as I have since learned, it was a very important message. Passing through a wood on our way, a stray bullet from some men who claimed to be hunters (a fact that I doubt) struck down the officer who carried the papers. He did not lose consciousness at once, and beckoned to me, and whispered to me, 'Are you a friend of General D?'

" 'I am indeed!' I replied. 'You are true?' he faltered; and, hardly knowing what I said, but frightened by the film of death in his eyes, I said eagerly, 'I certainly am!'

"Of course I thought he meant to ask if I were a true friend of the General, but now I know he meant to know if I were true to the cause of the rebels. However, with his last remaining strength, he drew the papers We traveled faster than ever, after burying poor Roberts, and reached here last evening, and I delivered the papers to the person for whom they were intended. We do not write names in these days, but I do not know as there is longer any reason for fear, for, my dear Dorothy, even now the bells are ringing the news that these colonies have declared their independence of England! Do I rejoice with them? I do not know, but through much study and struggle, I have come to believe in their cause, and, Dorothy, I am with them! That is my work! Can you forgive me? It will be a long struggle, no doubt, for these are too valuable possessions to be lightly given up, and I am persuaded that they —*we* shall *never* give up!

"Can you, will you, wait for me, if I come out alive?"

"What does Dorothy say?" almost whispered Arthur. "This is the last," said Avis in the same hushed tones, "and it says—See! Just one line: 'I will wait!' "

Arthur and Avis sat in perfect silence for a few minutes, and then he said: "I wonder——"

"What do you wonder?" queried a gay voice behind them. It was Rose Carleton, whose light step had not aroused them from their abstraction.

"How it came out!" finished Arthur.

"Rose," said Avis, suddenly, "who built this house?"

"My uncle's grandfather, Richard Melrose," replied Mrs. Carleton. "Why?"

"Was his wife's name Dorothy?" demanded Avis excitedly.

"It was," said Rose, laughing. "And there is quite a romance about them! Think you can use it?" she added with another daring smile.

"Tell us," said Arthur, briefly.

"Well, I really don't know much about it, only that Richard and his Dorothy were in love, and she was a Tory and he was with the Colonists, and, although she did not believe he was right, at the time of the Declara-

wait for him. And she did, undergoing quite a lot of persecution on account of it, I believe.

"He went clear through the war and made quite a record for wisdom and bravery. She returned to England because of the illness and death of her mother, and then arranged her property and came back to this country. They did not meet for several months after the war closed, but when they did they were married. After a few years he built this house, and it has always been occupied by our family until Uncle Amos died two years ago."

"And I should live here myself if it belonged to me!" said Avis with conviction.

"Rose!" called some one from the opposite end of the long attic.

"Coming!" said Rose, flitting away with a wave of her hand.

"There is no war now, thank God," began Arthur in low tones, "but I will look for my place in the world. Will you wait, Avis?"

"I will wait!" said Avis, as her eyes sought his with a glad new trust; and then they noticed for the first time that the rain had ceased, and the sun shone in at the small south window.

THE REPENTANCE OF HELOISE

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

"And then—and then came Spring with rose in hand, and tore my thread-bare penitence apieces."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Beneath these vestments black I wear a rose, a blood-red rose.
Its jagged thorns my bosom tear and leave me no repose;
And yet for all the pain it holds, dimming my mortal sight,
Its fragrance all my soul enfolds, its radiance the light
My inner self sees Heaven by; and when white visions rise
That teach my heart to prophesy of shining Paradise,
'Tis when I most remember him—he placed it on my breast
When, to the golden goblet's brim our eager lips close pressed,
We drank from off Life's altar, dim,
We stole from guardian Cherubim,
Wine ne'er by prelate blessed.
But it was sweet as nectared dew distilled from asphodel;
Nor red of rose nor wine I rue, and when my beads I tell
I count each perfumed petal o'er, and ev'ry thorn and stem;
Nor penance will I e'er do more than say a prayer by them.
I'd sooner flaunt it on my breast, a scarlet badge, than dare
In prayer to breathe, as sin confessed, his name who placed it
there. (Signed) "HELOISE."

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THE FLOATING ISLAND

BY CATHERINE CANINE

TEN DAYS of quiet delight! I was so tired when I came!"

"You were physically and mentally tired. I was world weary and soul weary."

"Of course—your recent bereavement," the girl murmured sympathetically.

"Let us have done with that fiction. I've accepted condolences from all the world, but between us there has always been truth. I am not bereaved."

Ruth Hayden's handsome blue eyes opened wide in amazement.

"I tell you partly as a warning. He was a good man as men go. I don't blame him. Silly girls make ideals and marry them; and they turn out plain men with all the masculine instincts that women know nothing about. It's doubtful if any woman of refinement would marry if she didn't idealize her lover. That's all, dear. I loved something which didn't exist. The man I did not love and the chains galled."

"But you endured it! You were not Ibseniteish or Shavian."

"Theoretically I was. In action I never could quite get down to the level of a divorcee."

Mrs. Rockwood leaned her beautiful, dark head against the trunk of a great, scarlet-besprinkled pepper tree and looked about her. "I always wanted a bit of solitude like this—books, music and you! I've loved you since you were a little girl and we went camping together in the mountains. But I never thought to attain it. It always seemed that God didn't want any one to be happy."

Ruth looked away until the mist had cleared from her eyes. Then she said:

"There's enough beauty here to make us both happy."

Isabel Rockwood smiled her appreciation of the girl's delicacy.

"It's a strange spot, different from any other coast I know; neither beach nor rock—just water-loving trees and plants leaning toward the sea. They were artistic people, too, those Caldwells, covering their cot with Marechal Niels and making even a vegetable plot pretty. I shall buy it if all turns out as well as it appears. But it is hard to understand why they abandoned it, so I took a lease and an option."

"I can't think why any one should give it up—this home comfort in the heart of a glory of wilderness."

"City-sick, perhaps."

Their attention was taken by the sound of hoofs and of wheels crunching gravel. In a moment there appeared through the trees a little buckskin horse and a big man in a light road wagon. He raised his hat, but spoke without descending:

"Are you Mrs. Rockwood?"

"Yes."

"I came out here to do a neighborly duty that you'll not take amiss. I'm Brown, the real estate man over at Lakeside. Now, I've just heard something that will be of great interest to you if you think of buying here—and I guess you do, for I've heard you've taken an option."

"Yes."

"Well, I know now why Caldwell left in such a panic and why he didn't put his land in my hands but waited till he got to the city. Of course, if he'd given it to me I couldn't have said a word, but he's no customer of mine; so here goes: I learned it from the Professor himself—he's back here again.

He told Caldwell and he tells me that this is not solid ground at all—that it's an island formed of floating bits of—what did he call it. Oh, Sphagnum! Marsh grasses took hold first, then bigger water plants, and then all this other vegetation. He says there was another such island in the Atlantic in 1892."

"I've read of it."

"Well, he says that some day in a big storm this island will just let loose and drift out to sea. So I just ran over to advise you not to purchase, ma'am. If you want something good, now, I've got a splendid proposition that I'll show you any day you name."

"If I don't buy this I shall consider nothing in the neighborhood."

"You may ride back with me and talk the thing over with the professor himself, if you like."

"Thank you, no. Good-day."

Ruth smiled at the cool dismissal.

"It was merely to do his old neighbor an ill turn," said Isabel.

"But is there anything in his story?"

"I'm inclined to believe there is. This is a queer bit of formation, without visible rock wall or beach."

"Shall you consult the professor?"

"Perhaps. Still, we don't know his standing. I'll run over to the city tomorrow for an expert—which will quite spoil our good time. Why must flaws appear in everything earthly?"

That night those coasts were visited by the Great Storm. The wind, raging from the beginning, rapidly became a hurricane. And above its demoniac roaring through the trees could be heard the heavy cannonading of the sea.

Annette, the Canadian-French woman of all work, dropped on her knees. Her groanings and prayers being scarcely audible to herself, she could not believe that God heard; so, throwing herself on the floor, she screamed at the top of her old lungs: "Jesus save! Jesus save!"

Mrs. Rockwood had gone to Ruth's door. Opening it softly, she approached the little white bed. "Ruth, are you frightened?" she whispered.

"No, but I don't quite like it."

"Don't worry. It's splendid, and will probably be over in the morning."

"Suppose we're afloat in the morning?"

A lull in the wind's roar admitted a cry which dominated the roar of the ocean. Ruth shuddered, but laughed the next instant.

"A banshee!"

"It shall be exorcised," promised Isabel.

After she returned from Annette's room nothing was heard but the waves and the wind.

"We're not afloat now," she told Ruth. "This trembling is probably due to wave concussion. That's doubtless nonsense, anyway, about this land being a sphagnum formation. It may last a hundred years; but it's all too glorious to let one sleep."

"That isn't exactly the way I would express it," Ruth said.

Toward morning, when the storm had somewhat abated, the tremor of the earth altered to a rocking motion. Both young women feared that they were adrift, but each concealed her terror from the other.

Dawn saw the sea soothed, softened.

Hastily Isabel and Ruth walked east, toward the mainland. Soon they had another and unaccustomed view of the ocean, which was now streaked with bronze, turquoise and rose. In the distance across the glowing water were trees and the lines of a ragged coast. They faced each other in pallid consternation. They turned again toward the slowly receding land. With white lips, Ruth said:

"Adrift!"

Isabel did not speak until she could command her voice.

"Our state is not so desperate," she said. "The island which floated in the Atlantic in '92 rode the waves over a thousand miles without going to pieces—perhaps we shall anchor on a projecting coast or on another island."

The girl stood motionless.

"There were about three acres in that, with trees thirty feet high," Isabel continued. "Our trees are still

larger and probably their strong roots will hold the surface for a long time. And we've a much bigger chunk of land to start with." She could smile now reassuringly. "Come, dear. Let's see what's left of the garden and forest."

Slowly they started on a tour of exploration. Well known trees, shrubs and flowers looked unfamiliar with the glow upon them from the strange eastern waters. Suddenly Ruth stopped, pointing in speechless fright toward a dark object under a great eucalyptus tree. A shudder ran through Isabel's nerves.

"A man! Could the waves have washed him up here?"

"Surely not," Ruth whispered. "The waves beat from the south and west. He must have come from an easterly direction."

Fearfully they made a wide detour around the prostrate figure, approaching slowly a point from whence the countenance was visible. It was a long face, with a slender, delicate nose, finely chiseled lips, heavy black lashes and straight brows surmounted by wavy, dark hair.

"Not a smuggler," said Isabel. "Not—not anything I can think of."

As she spoke he opened large dark eyes. Attempting to spring to his feet, he collapsed into a semi-sitting posture against the trunk of the tree.

"How came you here?" asked Isabel.

"On my honor, I don't know. Are you enchanted women of this southern land, and am I in a beautiful dream?" His eyes rested on Ruth's pale blonde face.

"I wish we were all dreaming," said Isabel. "Our situation is precarious enough. It may help you regain your senses to know we are drifting in the ocean on a little raft of land which was broken from the coast in last night's storm."

"Is it true, fair one?" He looked languidly at Ruth.

The girl laughed, in spite of consternation.

"Come! He has been hurt. Perhaps Annette's coffee will bring him back to realities."

As they passed behind the thick shrubbery which banked his tree, they heard him murmur:

"Sweet princesses! Of course they'd vanish on some pretext."

Upon their return he started up. "The vision again!"

"A coffee-bearing apparition. Rouse yourself!" Isabel commanded. "Drink this!"

When he had taken two cups of strong coffee and a few morsels of bread and meat he arose.

"Now, who are you?" said Isabel, sternly. "And how came you here?"

"I am Ralph Farnsworth." As he hesitated, recollection dawned slowly in his eyes. "It shames me to say it to you, ladies, but my last remembrance is—a gaming table in San Diego; large winnings—then darkness." His pale face flushed with the confession. "Believe me, I didn't often do it. Can you tell me now where I am?"

"You are south of San Diego. Probably you were drugged, robbed and carried to our forest land."

The young man hastily explored his pockets.

"Empty! I must phone my bank. Watch, too, and stud. And, damn it, the ring! I beg your pardon—it was once my mother's."

He grew white with the discovery of the loss of the ring. Isabel said, gently:

"Come to our house and rest."

When he was comfortably ensconced on the couch, the young women went to the dining room.

"I'm as prosaically hungry now as if we had a solid foundation under us. Annette doesn't know yet. Drink deep of her coffee. It won't be so good when she finds out."

"And *he* doesn't know," observed Ruth.

"His wits are too scattered at present. Let him have first the comfortable sense of reality that the reading room gives. If he detects a slight rocking he'll think it's his head."

When Annette appeared for dinner

directions she put her hands to her brow.

"There's a queer feeling here, ma'am," she said pathetically. "A feeling of rocking and whirling. It must be of the storm last night."

"Don't allow yourself to go into hysterics," replied Isabel.

She calmly instructed the old woman to prepare such vegetables as would keep her in that end of the garden which was near the house.

Toward noon the servant took a substantial luncheon to the stranger in the reading room. An hour later, when Isabel entered, he was evidently preparing to depart. He thanked her heartily for her goodness, and hoped he might soon return.

"Are you quite yourself? Do you recall everything you wish to remember?"

"Yes. And much that I wish to forget. And now—in spite of all, may I come again to this charming place by the sea?"

"We are very much by the sea."

He flushed. "I'm stupid to-day. Must I understand that you do not wish me to return?"

"There's no question of coming back," answered Mrs. Rockwood, gently. "You cannot go. The storm last night wrenched off our bit of land from the coast. We are being carried out to sea."

The only sign his courtesy permitted him to make was a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

She smiled, and again explained their situation.

When he comprehended he said: "Your courage would put most soldiers to shame. You knew—this morning?"

She gave a careless, affirmative nod.

"And you made me comfortable until I recovered! Such consideration—such heroism!" His eyes lighted with enthusiastic fire.

"You are not lacking in courage, yourself; and my friend, Miss Hayden, is braver than I. Life is just opening for her, but she makes no sign."

"It is surely not closing for you."

"It is closed," she replied, with a finality which dulled the fire in his eyes.

She then told him her name and gave a sketch of their circumstances.

"And I should explain more fully," said Farnsworth. "My father is a banker in Chicago—Richard Farnsworth. I dislike to seem anxious to vindicate my past, but I really am anxious! Gaming is my one lapse—truly! And we have such an abundance, such a superfluity, rather——" He broke off abruptly. "May I explore your island? Perhaps I may devise some means of escape."

"Yes; but you will find no means of escape. The only hope is to anchor on some inhabited island. If we crossed the path of a ship it would not dare to approach such a large moving mass."

"If we could but tap the wireless we might get an airship!"

"It would prove difficult to land among our large trees."

"Of course. And probably there's no wireless system in these waters. We learned the code at college," he continued wistfully, "just for pranks."

There was a nervous tap at the door. Old Annette appeared.

"I hate to bother you, ma'am," said she, "but if this rocking and turning don't stop soon, I'll have to get a doctor for my head."

"This gentleman is a doctor, Annette," and she explained that she was frightened last night—frightened into hysterics.

Farnsworth gravely felt her pulse.

"Those hysterics drove too much blood into your head," he gravely said to Annette. "You'll soon be alright. Drink hot water and—and peppermint. And don't get scared again, no matter what happens."

When Annette had gone, they laughed in goodfellowship. Then Isabel said sadly:

"Poor, faithful creature! She left all her kinfolk to come with me."

When Farnsworth returned from a thorough exploration of the floating island he found Mrs. Rockwood and her friend quietly watching a golden

sunset glory. He stood silent while the light quickly dimmed.

"I miss the afterglow," he observed. The pair raised appreciative eyes. "You were right," he continued, addressing Isabel. "About our only hope is an island landing. No ship would venture to approach us."

"The rocking has ceased," Ruth remarked, and our trend is southward. We must be in the current of California. A vessel might approach from the north."

"Yes, or send out a life boat," Farnsworth agreed.

"Let's light signal fires," the girl cried.

"Oh, for a recent atlas showing steamship courses. All I have is an old Britannica; but that will show us what islands await us."

"Guadalupe for one," Ruth said, as she started with Mr. Farnsworth for firewood.

A great pile of driftwood had been collected when Mrs. Rockwood returned. Farnsworth protested against the work Miss Hayden did until she said, scornfully: "One doesn't enjoy sitting idle in a crisis because one happens to be a girl."

In the firelight, Isabel spread out the map she had torn from her encyclopedia.

"If we pass Guadalupe we may touch Cape San Lucas or Socorro," said the young man.

"I speak for Socorro," cried Ruth, gaily. "We've enough provisions to last to Socorro, haven't we, Isabel?"

"And for many days longer. Only at the end we won't have a balanced ration."

As they sat in the weird light produced by the blending of the white rays of the full moon with the strong reds, yellows and blues from the signal fire, Isabel perceived a form at the edge of the tree shadows. After looking closely she called:

"Annette!"

"Yes'm."

"Come here."

The old woman's gaunt figure appeared.

"Anything the matter?"

"No, ma'am. That is, not so much as there was. The rocking keeps up, just quiet like; but I drank two quarts of hot water with peppermint, and the whirling has quit."

"And do you want anything now?"

"No, ma'am. I just came to see if it was really a fire, or if my head was up to more tricks."

"It's a real fire," laughed Isabel. "We're playing bear."

After the old servant had gone, Mrs. Rockwood said: "Poor Annette. She will have to know, of course; but I'm keeping it from her as long as possible for the sake of her peace of mind —and the cooking."

"Any danger of the bottom going out of the cistern?" questioned Ruth.

"How could I have been so thoughtless! It may go any time. We'd best pump a supply and reserve it. Annette will have to know now."

"I'll tell her, and then she and I will pump," said Farnsworth.

"She may be too hysterical to work."

"I'll scare her out of hysterics before I frighten her with realities."

Isabel and Ruth sat still looking westward.

"How long did the Atlantic island last?" the girl asked at length.

"It was known to have floated for two months. When last seen it had passed through a heavy storm. Eventually it may have reached the coast of Europe."

Soon Mr. Farnsworth returned, and they cheered one another by repartee and stories of romance and adventure; and each evening while the dry wood lasted, the three sat together by the shore line, always keeping an outlook for a passing ship. Every morning the young man chopped trees and put the wood to dry for other signal fires. In the afternoon they had music or read, chiefly from the works of that supreme optimist, Browning, with a sprinkling of the absorbing fiction of Balzac, Thackeray and Hardy.

The stranger proved a charming companion. Besides apparently ex-

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haustless stores of legend and romantic adventure, he had a tenor voice of great compass and sweetness. Often the trio sang together, Mrs. Rockwood's strong contralto almost balancing the soprano and tenor. Even after no more signal fires were possible, the evenings were invariably spent near the ocean under the trees, for the better hoarding of their oil supply.

Once only was a ship sighted. The wood had long since been exhausted. They waved white sheets frantically, but the steamer kept her course.

They had drifted away from the coast too far for any fishing smack to sight them. After the passing of the first keen disappointments, which left a feeling of despair, they began to have that sense of security which the presence of an imminent but daily averted danger often gives. They enjoyed the novelty of certain little economies which none of them had ever before practiced, such as eating vegetables and fruit abundantly in order to save bacon and ham, and cutting down to one-third their customary supply of sugar, coffee and tea. Ruth insisted, Crusoe-like, upon planting garden seed.

"How do we know," she said, "that we may not anchor on some uninhabited isle and remain there till we're gray?"

"Are there any such in this current?"

"The Revillaggedos."

"They're too far west. We're not likely to touch them."

"I'm expecting the unlikely," and she persisted with her planting.

Although they had used all their slender means to attract attention, having floated many bottles containing messages, in addition to their fires, there seemed slight chance of rescue. Day succeeded day without change, except a growing heat and a more coppery tinge on sea and sky. When at last there was sight of land it was a maddening glimpse of trees and rocks, which they surmised to be the Guadalupes. On and on they drifted slowly southward, their hope now being San Lucas or Socorro.

They had been on the water almost a month and the moon was new, when one evening land was sighted far eastward. Simultaneously they cried:

"San Lucas!"

Their despair was deep as they drifted on, and they realized that in the dim light no mariner was likely to see their precarious raft.

As the last glimpse of coast faded, Isabel said gaily: "It's Socorro, then. Ruth spoke for Socorro."

"I seldom get what I want," the girl replied. "It's to be the volcanic Revillaggedos. See the storm gathering in the east."

The moon was quickly darkened, and the storm arose with a tropical fury. Wind and sea lashed and raged together. Lightning lent its terrible illumination to the angry waters and the sullen sky. The gentle rocking which had been experienced for the past weeks changed to a whirling, choppy motion which was extremely distressing. No one slept. Isabel called Annette into the reading room in order that her terror might not be augmented by solitude; and the little group watched from the cottage windows the gorgeous panoply of a tropical ocean storm. Toward four o'clock there appeared a ruddy glow which seemed too constant for the flicker of lightning.

"The volcanic isles!" Ruth exclaimed. "I knew it!"

The earth-raft whirled onward toward the light.

Annette dropped on her knees, crying:

"We're running into Judgment Day. Streams of fire pour forth!"

In truth the incandescent molten lava, which was visible through two jagged fissures on the sides of the highest volcano, looked like veritable rivers of fire; while from the cone there ascended constantly a lurid column of scoriae and stones, the most of which fell back into the crater.

With dawn the magnificence and

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terror of the scene gave way before a sense of utter desolation. As far as sight could reach lay stretches of rough black lava, diversified only by a red hot gleam shining through an occasional rent. The air, humid and hot in the early day, grew suffocating at midday.

The drifting island had come to anchorage near cones which seemed extinct. It was difficult to convince Annette, however, that the red lava showing through the fissures might have lain there many years; and between the heat and the stress of her extreme anxiety, they feared for her reason. She became quiet, however, as days elapsed and there were no eruptions in their immediate neighborhood.

Isabel, Ruth and Ralph gained sufficient confidence to land and explore the great black waste. One day, when they had penetrated farther than usual toward the southeast, they came upon a most astounding oasis in the lava desert. In a little valley within sight, but apparently out of reach of the dread crater, now in molten activity, lay a luxuriant strip of tropical forest—rosewood, rubber trees, mahogany, copal, jalap, and many others whose names they did not know. From the great branches monkeys mouthed and grimaced; through the shadows a tapir stole away; and the air, melodious with bird-song, was frequently rent by the raucous screaming of parrots and parroquets. They wished to explore further the little forest which seemed a most marvelous thing in its black lava setting; but the heat was increasing, and Isabel feared to give alarm to Annette. The old creature needed to be treated with every consideration to keep her tottering reason from a fall.

The following morning, having persuaded Annette to accompany them, they returned to the wonderful bit of land. The old woman was pleased and re-hearted at sight of the wood; but she soon wearied and begged to be left to rest in the dense shade while the others continued their exploration.

Beyond the edge of the most dense forest growth they found, to their amazement, a tropical garden, somewhat out of repair, but showing signs of husbandry and care. A tract of rice, another of tobacco, a bit of pineapple culture mingled with bananas, with cotton all about the edges, attested an owner and an agricultural effort; of other signs of human life they found none.

Collecting as much rice, pineapple and banana product to replete their now scanty stores as could well be carried, they returned to the spot where Annette had been left. She was not to be found nor did their shouts awaken any response. But soon she appeared, running, with hair flying and a terrified face.

"The pestilence! The corpse!" she shrieked. "Don't go down there. Don't. I shall die! One is enough!"

By persistent, gentle questioning, it was learned that she had wandered toward the shore, and had inadvertently touched with her foot a blackened corpse which was half concealed by the debris of the storm. She could give no reason for thinking the death due to pestilence, but she was none the less sure of her statement.

Within a short time serious illness proved her intuition true. It was the dread yellow fever, and although she passed safely through the febrile period, she sank rapidly after her temperature was reduced. The fourth day a coma ensued from which she never roused.

Mrs. Rockwood had nursed her tenderly, not permitting Ruth or Farnsworth to come near the apartment. Food and water were placed on the steps, from whence Isabel carried them to the sick chamber.

On the day of the death of the old creature, when heaviest gloom lowered over all, Farnsworth, looking skyward as was his hourly custom, espied an unusual object. He peered again and again.

"I believe I see an airship," he shouted to Ruth.

But an aeroplane the strange object proved. It circled and swooped, circled again and alighted on the great lava bed against which the floating island was anchored. Ruth and Ralph ran toward it. The occupant, a large, fair man, made everything snug and safe before appearing to notice them. Then he grasped their hands, telling them that their disappearance had been noted and widely commented upon by the press; that he had been upon his errand of rescue for a month, but had been obliged to make various landings on the Lower Californian and Mexican coasts, whence he had explored the ocean west and southward. The storm they had weathered had almost wrecked his bird-ship. Now he wished to take them away immediately. The case of yellow fever was reported with all its attendant circumstances, and Ruth said she feared that Isabel would not come until the utmost limit of time had passed for the incubation. Douglas Armstrong strode up to the little window and gave Isabel news of the manner of his arrival and of his desire to take away all living members of the party. She shook her dark head.

"Take Miss Hayden and Mr. Farnsworth. I have the germs of contagion about me. I will not endanger the lives of others."

Armstrong's large blue eyes shone with admiration, but more with determination.

"Go to the east room," he said, "throw your clothing out of that window. Wash your hair thoroughly, and then dress. Miss Hayden will take fresh clothing there for you."

"It isn't safe for me to do that," she replied.

The man disappeared from the window. There came a gentle tapping at the door.

"I cannot open," said Isabel, her voice quivering with the weakness brought on by her lonely vigil. In an instant the frail door was burst down. Douglas Armstrong's fair face was both pleasing and shocking to her. He had but one thought, and its execution made him stern.

"If you don't go at once I'll carry you to that east room. We're willing to take the chance of contagion. Come or we'll bring you by force."

Seeing that he was inexorable, Isabel went to the east room.

When Isabel appeared in her fresh garments, she found the trio in the airship awaiting her. They set forth toward Acapulco, whence ships were frequently sailing for northern ports. With all its novelty and interest, the flight was uneventful, although it was made consequently piquant by the element of danger inseparable from a voyage of several score of miles over the ocean.

Once in town, Isabel communicated with a physician, and determinedly isolated herself from her friends, telling them that, when the dangerous eight days ended she would again join them. On the sixth day, however, they learned that she had called the doctor in the night and that an ambulance had hastily carried her away. Ruth made desperate efforts to gain admittance to the hospital, but all were unavailing. The physician assured her, however, that Mrs. Rockwood had a light attack of the fever, and that recovery was certain unless some heart weakness developed. The most her friends could do was to send her flowers and words of love and cheer.

As the doctor had predicted, she recovered quickly, and the party then sailed for San Diego, except Armstrong, who went thither in his aeroplane.

The old city seemed lovely even to Isabel's eyes, although she had imagined that never again could anything pertaining to the civilization which she believed to be founded on false standards, affect her deeply or favorably.

Douglas Armstrong soon joined them, and Ralph arranged for the group a series of sails, operas, plays and country jaunts which proved to be enchanting after the perilous experiences of the preceding weeks.

Returning one night from a charming rendition of "Love's Labor Lost," Ruth declined the auto, saying: "Let's walk. I want the starlight, and it's good to feel the solid ground—even pavements, under foot."

This was the opportunity Farnsworth had been awaiting. "I couldn't speak on the island," he said, "although I sometimes felt as volcanic as our surroundings. But now we're home, I can tell you—I love you!"

"Not Isabel?"

"No. Although I might had she not headed me off so sternly. But that was before I saw you—the possibility, I mean; before I saw you except in a sort of vision."

"That vision was before you got back your ordinary senses," Ruth laughed. "You called me Fair Lady and Sweet Princess."

"I must have had some sense if I said those things. I've had other visions of you since—visions mingled with dusk of evening, light of dawn, fire flames and cool moonbeams. Will you marry me?"

She made no response, and he continued:

"Leave your career—I hate work for women. I can give you everything—I believe even happiness."

"I rather hate work, too. But I'm not sure I wouldn't dislike marriage more."

"Oh, come, dear. Women always marry."

"Mrs. Rockwood warns me against it. She knows."

"Surely not seriously!"

"Yes; she says I must not. For some girls it's well enough, as a sort of makeshift; but she thinks I would certainly be unhappy."

His face became tragic. "Don't you care for me?"

"I think you are very nice," and Ruth smiled a little. "In fact, I like you rather especially."

"Darling!"

"Well, if in a year we're both of the same mind, I may marry you as an experiment—for, say, an agreed term of two years."

"Oh, that would be a sort of floating marriage."

"An agreement of some kind like that might help us avoid the volcanic isles, too."

"That isn't my notion. I've felt something old-fashioned about the sanctity of marriage—something pre-Shavian. But I'll do anything if you'll consent. You'll be so happy you won't want to insist on a short-time agreement."

"I don't promise even that, please understand."

"Oh, but you will marry me—you *must*. All Nature, yours and mine as well, demands it."

In a little less than a year, Ralph's hope and his prophecy were realized. It was for his wedding trip that he purchased the handsome yacht in which he and Ruth, Isabel and Douglas Armstrong, visited again those southern waters, going past and far beyond the Revillaggedos.

And during that year Armstrong had been as persistent in his wooing as had Farnsworth; but it was on this trip that he realized definitely that Isabel would never become his wife, nor the wife of any man. He was masterful even in defeat. "You love me," he asserted.

"Yes," she admitted, "and shall always, whether or not you prove equal to the grand test of loving without the customary gratifications."

"I will, I promise it!" he said, gently. "Your love is sufficient."

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HER FOURTH OF JULY IN THE CITY

BY A. S. JONES

IT WAS the last day of June, and the long, hot day was fast drawing to a close as the judge's secretary laid the freshly typed sheets before him for his approval. She was perfectly certain what would happen next. He looked them over carefully, affixed his big, scrawling signature, and then shuffled coins, partially concealed in one hand.

"I—er—my dear Miss Maud," he began nervously, "I am going out to my daughter Lucinda's to celebrate Independence Day, and to make her a little visit. Consequently I shall be obliged to close the office from Tuesday night until the following Monday, thus giving you a needed vacation and myself a little rest. As a slight return for your faithful and efficient service, I have ventured to add a small sum to your salary this week. I hope your holiday will prove a happy one."

"I'm sure it will," Maud answered heartily, "and I'm very grateful to you for the kind wish and the gift."

"Er—a trifle—nothing to what you deserve for bearing with the whims of a cranky old man," he answered, crushing her small fingers in his vigorous grasp.

Maud slipped her letters into their envelopes, covered up her machine, and presently, with ten extra dollars jingling merrily in her pocket, hurried down the street to catch her car. The people surging past her were all intent on their Fourth of July shopping, and the air was full of laughter and scraps of light-hearted conversation and hints of coming re-unions.

"I wish," sighed Maud, a little fretfully, "that I was a grandparent, or an aunt, or cousin, not too many times removed, so that for once in my life I could go with a party to a celebration and be really patriotic.

"It's pretty hard to work up any enthusiasm over a dinner eaten in a boarding house, even if it is a good one, among people like Miss Lycurgus and Rosco Dobney. "You are a very fortunate person, Maud Rowley," declared the invisible monitor. "You work for the kindest, dearest old gentleman in the world. You earn more money than you can spend. What more do you want to stimulate your patriotism?" "Relatives, friends, somebody to ask me to join their party," straightway came the answer from her other self.

Then almost immediately she thought: "Why, you have kinfolk in this city—father's far-away cousins. Since nobody's likely to invite you to dinner, why don't you write to them and invite yourself, just for fun? Maud Rowley, I dare you to do it."

Secure in the retreat of her rather cozy little room, Maud spread out the big directory and opened it at the R's. A careful search revealed three Rowleys—a Miss Hannah, a Mrs. George, and a Mr. Calvin. To each of these in turn she wrote a polite little note, which read like this: "Dear Cousin of Mine: May I celebrate Independence Day with you this week? I am Maud Rowley, a stenographer in the office of Duncan, Duncan & Company. I am all alone in the city and hungry for friends and relatives. If you have other company, or if this note strikes you as a bit too audacious, won't you please send me a line to that effect?

"Yours sincerely,

"MAUD ROWLEY."

She added in one corner the old Scotch family motto, and after a moment's hesitation, addressed and mailed all three of the envelopes.

"If Mrs. George and Calvin say 'No,' at least I'll have Cousin Hannah to fall back on. She sounds just like a nice old lady, and oh, I do hope I haven't shocked her."

During luncheon hour the next day the telephone rang briskly, and when she answered, a clear, boyish voice said: "Hello, Cousin Maud. This is Calvin. I got your note, and I'll be delighted to have you dine with me at the Park: it is just across the street from Lincoln Park. Eight o'clock suit you? Alright: then we can hear the band concert at the same time, and afterward we'll see the fireworks and look in at the opera. And say, if you want references, I've just hung out my shingle as attorney-at-law. Dr. Stewart, of the First Avenue Church, will vouch for me. I don't know a girl in the city, and I'll be awful glad to meet you. I'll call for you about seven-thirty."

"Oh, dear," thought Maud, as she hung up the receiver, "I hope you'll prove as nice as you sound."

That evening she found beside her plate a note which she opened with a flutter of excitement, and read:

"Maud dear: What a clever idea: I am exceedingly glad to know that somebody in this big, lonesome city cares about being friends with me. I will be glad to have you come to my private office as early as nine-thirty Friday morning, and view the parade with me. We'll dine at the old-fashioned hour of twelve in my rooms. Our Official Staff has divided our work in such a way that I will be at liberty from ten-thirty until two p. m.

"Yours in all sincerity,

"HANNAH."

"Two dinners in one day," laughed Maud. "I certainly am celebrating in clover. The dear people. Now, if Mrs. George will only invite me to breakfast, the day will be just perfect."

The morning brought another note, written in a rounded, childish hand, which aroused her curiosity. It had not occurred to her that Mrs. George might have children.

"Dear Cousin Maud (ran the letter), I'm writing for mother, and she wants me to say that we—there's five of us—will be very glad to have you come to dinner. We are going to have it at five, out under the trees, 'cause John and Mary have to work till three. It's going to be a very nice dinner, only mother's worrying for fear you'll mind the tin spoons and steel knives and forks. But your letter sounds as though you are nice.

"Your loving cousin,

"PET."

"Bless the child," said Maud, softly; "it must be my Scotch second sight that tells me she isn't strong and rugged like the others. I am going to take them some flowers and candy. What a jolly day it's going to be."

Cousin Hannah proved easy to find, and when Maud leisurely got off the car in front of the Daily News office she caught a glimpse of a charming interior. The girl who advanced to meet her was about her own age. Her gray eyes were very friendly, and the slim hand she extended had little telltale stains upon it. "So dear of you to come early," she said. "First I want you to get acquainted with my surroundings. This is my private office, where I do my writing. I did my own decorating. I do so love flags, and the children keep me supplied with flowers."

The parade was unusually long and interesting. By eleven o'clock the girls reached Hannah's rooms in a nearby flat, she had a liberal supply of books, magazines and newspapers. The kitchen was small and marvelously complete.

"Now we'll get dinner. Can you cook? We might have gone out for dinner, but I thought it would be a lot

more homey and give us a better chance to visit to get it ourselves. Besides, I love to show off my table and china."

"Your job is to make the pudding in the chafing dish," Hannah explained. "I'll show you; then I'll fry the chicken and make the lemonade. I adore cooking. The cream will be here promptly at half-past twelve." When the feast was finally ready, two excited girls faced each other at the pretty table, with its rare old china. "It's the jolliest Fourth of July dinner I've ever eaten," said Maud finally, as she finished her cream and cake, for the festivities ended all too soon, and the girls separated with many plans for future good times—Hannah to write up the parade and Maud to make her way to Mrs. George's.

When, laden with candy and flowers, she paused before a shabby cottage in the suburbs, she heard a scurry of childish feet and a suppressed "Oh, goody; she's come at last." Then the screen door opened, and she was nearly buried in the embrace of two pairs of arms belonging to a sturdy little boy of seven and a slight, undersized girl of eleven. She walked with a limp, this Pet of the big blue eyes, and she wore a shabby little frock, and her wealth of bright hair was tied back with ribbons that had been many times washed. But she was as gay and lighthearted as a song sparrow. The room into which she ushered her guest was very homelike and cozy, though the furniture was old and faded. Mrs. George came in presently, and Maud heard the story of the past seven years —the struggle to keep the little family together, and the slow, sure winning of success, now that the older children were at work.

"It was pretty hard," said the mother softly; "yet we always had enough to eat and something to wear. I am grateful for that." "Enough to eat, and grateful for it," Maud repeated to herself, "while you, Maud Rowley, were blue and mopy because you hadn't more friends."

"You are Pet's especial cause for rejoicing this Fourth," said Mrs. George; "she has always sighed for cousins, and when your note came she was too happy for words. There are the other children now. I will leave them to entertain you while I finish dinner."

Getting acquainted with this interesting family of young folks proved such a delightful occupation that Maud half-regretted the engagement with Calvin which forced her to leave so soon. Still, the afternoon was a merry one, and she left with a promise to return soon.

"There are things I can do for that family, plucky and independent though they are," she said to herself, "and it's going to make me very happy to do them. I'll tell Hannah, and she will help, too. Now, for my nice boy."

When Maud, with her pretty evening gown hidden beneath a long coat, tripped down the stairs at precisely seven-thirty, she found waiting before the door a trim runabout, and in it a boy whose frank brown eyes and friendly smile completely disarmed suspicion.

"You are a sure enough Rowley," she said, catching a glimpse of his flaming hair as he bent to tuck her in.

"Say, do you know, I thought of that right away?" he laughed. "I knew it would be my best letter of introduction. It's awfully jolly to be going out to dine with you. I've been here six months, and you're the first girl I've had a chance to talk to." He chatted on in his frank, boyish fashion, telling her all about his home and his sisters, his plans for the future and his work, until Maud felt as if she had known him for years.

He eyed her a little suspiciously when she only made a pretense of eating the elaborate dinner he ordered, and at last he said: "What's the matter, cousin Maud? You don't seem to have a very hearty appetite. Aren't you hungry?"

"Who would be, after eating two other Fourth of July dinners?" laughed Maud. "Calvin, I'm a fraud."

Then she told the story of the day, beginning with Hannah. "I never dreamed you'd all accept," she explained; "but when you did, I couldn't bear to disappoint any one of you," and she smiled.

"Well, I'm mighty glad you didn't," was Calvin's comment. "Suppose you had cut me out! I haven't had such a good time since I left home. Besides, I am interested in that little crippled girl. My sister Anna was deformed, too. I am going to look her up. Then we'll see, we Rowleys, what can be done. At Christmas time we'll have a family reunion. Here's to future good times and a united clan."

He lifted his cup of coffee and touched it to Maud's, and together they drank the toast, which proved a happy omen.

"I am glad," said Maud to herself, when the evening was ever, "that I dared—oh, very glad indeed,." Then she quoted softly:

"Who joy would win must share it.
Happiness was born a twin."

A THRENODY

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

The tender zephyrs waft the grass,
    And wrestle with the bees and clover;
But I can only see thy grave
    With cold, shrill breezes whistling over.

The birds applaud the new-born day,
    The dew is bright as were thine eyes;
But I turn from the shining morn
    To think how all that's lovely dies.

The scarlet sunsets dye the west,
    And rose-hued dusk comes softly on;
And gladly I turn to the night
    To dream of thy sweet face till dawn.

The days and years still glide along,
    And Time's great wonders all unfold;
But all the joy of life I lost
    With thee, dear little heart grown cold.

A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH PACIFIC

BY F. W. HARRISON

A BIT of history, a tragedy of the North Pacific Coast, was told to me under dramatic circumstances, and its truth impressed indelibly upon my mind. The chief actor, the sole survivor, told it, not as a confession, but as a triumph of which he was proud, of the skill and cunning by which he outwitted his enemies.

Captain Jack was the only name given to me, and I met him but once, and that was twenty odd years ago, on the San Juan Island that floats in the waters between the Straits of Georgia and those of San Juan del Fuca. He was then some 80 years old—a quaint character. Rather under the average stature of man, he was grizzled and swarthy from the exposure of years to the elements and hardships of the pioneer. He was of German descent, I was told, but his face and figure were not Teutonic. His hair had been black in younger days, but then it was a mop of tangled white—though his shaggy eyebrows still retained the jet of youth, and beneath them small black eyes snapped and flashed as he narrated his story with a rejoicing in his grim vengeance that was uncanny.

We stood on a sandy spit of land that is known thereabouts as Jack's Point, that stretches out into the bay—just a reach of sand with low sweep of a bar. An acre or two of soil accumulated during the years of Nature's building, and a few scattered pines that had established themselves in prehistoric times were the only indication of its usefulness from the sea view.

The girls were down at the water's edge, digging clams: yes, that, of course, is why I was there—I had brought the girls on an excursion—the sisters, one of them is my wife now, but this is not a love story, else I would not have told you about it. Captain Jack was a friend of the family, visiting there for a sort of farewell. He came up from Seattle or San Francisco, just to see his old home again.

He and I set out to find the site of his cabin, and he directed me across the wide beach, to a spot close by the trees. A few posts in the ground were the only indication I could find that there had ever been a habitation, and I said: "Here are a few timbers, Jack: this must be where your cabin stood."

His eyes were dimmed by age, and he stooped and felt of them with his hands.

"Yaw, yaw, dis is the place. I squared them logs mineself."

"The cabin is almost gone, Jack," I said.

"Sure; and Jack, he most gone, too," replied the old fellow falteringly.

"Forty years ago I come here, all by mineself, and I build me a cabin; I raise potatoes, on the ground what is back there. They grow big and lots of dem potatoes, an' I sell them over dere at dat fort. The post people pay sometime fifty cents a pound. Potatoes in dem days was worth big money, for the sojer men and dose sailors what come up mighty glad to get spuds, and nobody in dose times but me raise the potato. Mebbe I got rich. Mebbe not, but I vould made money, but for dose red devils. They steal mine potatoes, they steal every-t'ing dat I get till I make 'em quit."

From where we stood there ranged a low, grass-grown ridge of ground for a distance of 75 or 100 feet, and at the further extremity was a bowl-like excavation in which the weeds and hackberry bushes were growing.

"Did you have a water works here, Jack, to irrigate with, or what is this ridge?" I asked him.

"Is dot here yet?" he exclaimed, seizing me by the arm. "Dot is how I make 'em quit, and the Injuns came no more to Jack's Point. I dig dot mineself from the back door of my house, and out behin' some bushes, the Injun don't fin' me home, but I am out dere yoost de same, and I get 'em, I get 'em, before they go. The las' time what they come to my place vas three of those rascals. I see them come roun' the point vay out yonder. I haf no fire, no smoke; they come in canoes, and they think mebbe that I am gone, or dat I sleep, but Jack no sleep. He see dem fust. An' oudt I goes by my back door and I crawl so on my hans unt knees oudt to dat hole in the ground. I can see through the bush, as they came to shore, 'bout vere we lan' to-day. Three big fellows in a cedar canoe. They pull the boat up oudt of de vater, and look at dot cabin. Von of dem haf a rifle; anoder von haf a tomahawk, and they walk behin' each oder right up the way to mine house.

"De von mit de gun he get ready to shoot, and the oder ones walk to the door and push it open vide, and den, vell den, I shoots myself, and that redskin mid the gun he fall dead vere he stood. The oder fellows run for the canoe, but they nefer get to it: bote of them was laid sprawled out on the sand.

"I vent back to mine cabin, undt I t'ink mebbe some more Injun come to mine place, and find canoe and find dot I kill dose tiefs. So vat I do told you, I go back yonder and dig a hole, a bigger hole, undt I drag dem goot Injuns ofer dere undt dump 'em into it. After dot, I goes undt gets dot canoe undt I pulls dot oop, too, and drop it in on top of de tree of dem. Then I fill oop the hole."

The girls were calling us to the clam bake they had improvised, and as he talked, we were responding to the calls and he did not notice that we were close to them, when, to shake off the influence of his tale I said something to indicate I doubted his story, when he excitedly shouted: "By Gott in Himmel, I show you——"

"Look out, here are the ladies," I interrupted him, and he promptly doffed his old cap and bowed.

"Oxcoose me, Miss Mollie; I did not indend dot you hear me to swear."

I drove away the thought of the tragedy he had narrated during the lunch, and enjoyed to the utmost the company of the girls, but through it all, as we feasted, Old Jack tasted scarcely a bite, but busily scanned the surrounding country, shading his eyes with his hand and muttering in German to himself. When it was concluded, and the girls were busy, woman-fashion, in picking up the things about, he pulled me to one side and whispered huskily:

"Get dot shovel vot dey dug those clams mit, undt come mit me und I show you somedings vot prove I tell you vat is right."

More to humor the old chap's mood and to please him, rather than myself, for I wanted to go wandering on the beach with the girls, I finally consented, and picking up the shovel again followed him up the rolling hillside. We passed the cabin site and were again on a sandy knoll, when he stopped and demanded of me:

"Is dere a mound anyvere here yoost a little vays from de big pine?"

I searched around awhile, and soon found a long, low mound such as he had indicated.

"Vell, now, you dig undt see vat you find."

"Did you bury your gold here, Jack, or your treasure?"

"Mine treasure? Yaw, mine enemies," said he, grimly.

It was very easy digging, for the

sandy soil was loose, and in a few minutes I had made a large excavation.

"Nothing doing, Jack. You must be mistaken. I am down four feet now." I was getting tired and wanted to quit.

"Dot is deep enough, den; now mebbe you dig to the north; mebbe you find sometings."

I threw out a shovelful or two, when suddenly, as I plunged the implement into the ground, I hit something hard, and as I pulled out the shovel, a cedar splinter was on the tip of it.

A few more strokes revealed the prow of a carved canoe; then I shoved the blade underneath it and scooped out a space, and a grinning skull rolled down at my feet. I tossed it out on the shovel, exclaiming:

"You told the truth, Jack!"

Faint and sick, I clambered out of the charnel pit. The old man seized the skull in his hands, and bending over to see it better, grumbled:

"Yaw, yaw, I told notings but de truth. He came to steal my potatoes, an' to kill me, and he and his friends mit him are here yet. Let heem stay," and he dropped the ghastly remnant back into the desecrated grave, with only the words:

"Fill it up again."

He turned away and tottered back to the cabin ruins, where he sat for the rest of the afternoon in solitary reminiscence, while I, glad to be free, joined my sweetheart and tried to forget the gruesome adventure. I succeeded temporarily, but it comes back to me often, vividly recalling the stern struggle for existence that was made by the pioneers, who blazed the way for the present empire on the Puget Sound.

SONNET TO NIGHT

BY OLIVE BENSON

In robe of shimm'ring moonlight comst thou clad,
With flowers trailing in thy star-kissed hair;
Thy coming makes the restless lover glad—
Thy subtle presence stirs the languid air.

Again, thy form enshrouded in deep gloom,
(A single star upon thy bosom gleams),
Thou crouchest low o'er Earth's still, sleeping tomb;
Thy pallid lips invoke Man's sterner dreams.

Oh, Night, and do thy pale lips faintly move
In prayer for the stricken race within
That dungeon whence the soul may seek to rove—
But seeks in vain, and sinks again in sin?

In this last guise thou suitest best, sad Night,
The thoughts that gather in the soul's twilight.

THE TRADE-RAT OF CHUCKAWALLA

BY FRANK GAFFEY

ACTING as field zoologist for a scientific institution, I spent the winter of 1907, in the Chimahuevis Valley, Arizona. My tent was pitched on a sandy rise fringed with cottonwoods, through the branches of which I could see the broad expanse of the Colorado River, and nestling in a little cove, scarce a hundred yards away, the flat-bottomed boat in which I had traveled at least forty miles from the town of Needles. My immediate surroundings were convenient and picturesque, but the dry and rock-strewn waste, stretching toward the Chimahuevis Mountains, was better adapted to the particular object of my present quest: the procuration of reptilian species.

One day I chose for my destination a black butte, rising abruptly from the open desert, and seemingly distant about an hour's brisk walk. A tall cactus was outlined against the dark background, and the fancy occurred to me that it resembled some giant of fable guarding a treasure cave.

The similitude was not weakened when, arriving at the butte, I saw that it had been the scene of mining operations. Two broken and rust-encrusted shovels lying in a wash to one side, and various shallow pits and drifts, told of golden hopes once shared, and aroused in me the curiosity to know something further about them.

I sat down on a convenient slab of phonolite to rest my weary limbs, for my estimate of distance in this deceptive country had fallen far short of the reality, and I had traveled at least ten miles, although I had calculated on about four.

However, I felt the exhilaration which comes from exercise in the uncontaminated air, and I had particular reason to be happy this day, in having secured two specimens of life both new to me: one a small lizard of the family iguanidae, with markings of distinctive character from any hitherto recorded in works on herpetology; the other a rat, slightly smaller than the ordinary brown rat, more grayish than brown in color, and its underside was of a hue almost white.

The capture of this latter specimen had been accomplished after a swift chase, broken by a sharp fall, and only then by good luck, combined with the skillful use of a handy dip-net of my own contrivance.

There we were, alone in the silence of the desert, three living specimens of the wonderful handiwork of Omnipotence: a rat, a lizard, and a man, each perfect in its way, but with what tremendous differences between us: three specks of animated dust, fellow mortals imprisoned on a whirling world. I remember forming conceptions such as these, and wondering what relation my little fellow-passengers bore to me in the voyage of life.

My habit of philosophical abstraction followed naturally from my calling, and starting from the great principle of the interdependence of plant and animal life, I had formed what might be termed a hobby of ascertaining of what benefit all lower species were to Man.

I was soon to learn how, through the concurrence of peculiar circumstances, one of the most despised of the lower creatures had strangely acted on a man's destiny.

Looking up the wash, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a laden burro headed toward me far in

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the distance; this solitary animal puzzled me at first, but soon another appeared, and then I noticed that the wash made a sharp turn to the right. A man soon followed the donkeys around the bend, shouting at them, I thought for a few moments, but I quickly recognized the cadence of a song. His voice was deep, and by close attention I caught the words:

"My friend, John Royce, was a merry
scamp."

Upon the man's nearer approach the rest of the words of the little ditty fell distinctly upon my ears:

"Sich like thar was in Roarin' Camp;
Sich like was thar in Poker Flat.
He won my roll, Friend John did
that."

I soon perceived that the prospector was of medium height, broad and thick-chested, with a strong, determined face, and wore long hair, reaching below his shoulders.

As he extended a hand, he greeted me in a voice well suited to his massive proportions: " 'Lo, stranger; what are you doin' yere?"

I explained the object of my presence in that desolate country, and probably from mere force of habit, and in ill accord with my unconventional surroundings, presented my card.

"Glad to know you, sir. So you're a perfessor! Well, you ain't the fust one I've seen in this country, though you shore are the second, and I've been yer nigh on twenty years. What have you thar in the box? I'll be hornswoggled if 'tain't a rat, and a horned toad, too. You shore remind me of Hobo McGettigan. Bill Parker's my name, stranger, a good one it is, and I was once United States marshal, sir."

I didn't care to question the value of the cognomen of my brusque acquaintance, but his reference to the other "perfessor" aroused my curiosity, and I asked him to tell me about Mr. Gettigan.

"Well," he began, as he mopped his forehead with a red bandana and gave a twirl to the ends of his extraordinarily long gray mustache, "Hobo McGettigan was a man 'bout forty, tall and lean, with bushy, sandy whiskers, and his feet was so big that he kind of lifted 'em from the ground with jerks; he knew 'bout horn-toads and snakes and sich like from A to Izzard—you shore remind me of Hobo McGettigan."

I did not relish the hobo part of the comparison, but as my companion seemed totally and blissfully oblivious to it, I let it pass unquestioned.

"You see," he continued, "this hobo perfessor seemed to be jest a common prospector like myself, with handkerchiefs on his feet fur socks, saves water, easy to give 'em a dry wash, easy to shake the dirt out of 'em."

"But," I questioned, "what was McGettigan's first name?"

"His fust name was Hobo," was the reply, "but his real name was Dan, and he answered to both." Having drawn this nice distinction, Mr. Parker drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket, took a chew, and continued his description. "Dan was a kind of quiet sort of chap, and I never suspicioned he was so edicated till out on a prospectin' trip with him wonst, he picked up a horn-toad 'bout the size of that one in the box, and says he: 'Bill, one of this feller's grandfathers,' or rather he says ancestors, 'one of this feller's ancestors which lived 'bout a 100,000 years ago, had three horns and stood 'bout twenty feet high.' Then Dan, with one hand, held the horn-toad by the tail, and with the other broke a twig of mesquite. 'Bill, you watch,' he says; then he scratched the toad a little rough, and shore's my name's Bill Parker, that horn-toad squirted a stream of blood, fust out of one eye, then out of t'other. 'Poor little feller,' says Dan, and let it go.

" 'Nother day I was walkin' in the wash, and Dan was 'bout a hundred yards to one side on the bank. I heard him give a yell, and went up to

whar he was, and thar was a rattlesnake coiled up ready to strike, and Dan jist a-standing thar watching it.

" 'That's a crotalus,' he says. 'That's a sidewinder,' says I, and afore Dan could prevent me, I dropped a slab of rock on that snake that settled its hash forever.

" 'That snake didn't harm you,' Dan says. 'That's right,' I says, 'but I've jist made shore that it won't, nur anybody else either.' All of which goes to show what kind of a feller Hobo McGettigan was.

" 'I love the lower creatures,' he used to say; 'they is my friends.' But his love was tolerable well mixed with caution when it come to handlin' sich of 'em as had pizen, though he would not even harm a Gila monster on the desert. And that reminds me that I wonst heard Dan say 'tis the only pizenous lizard known, fur which I'm powerful thankful, seein' as I live whar lizards is no rare bird.

"But that rat," and Bill Parker took my little glass-faced box across his knees and gazed curiously at the little rodent cowering in the corner of one partition. "When I look at this yer trade-rat, I can almost imagine Hobo McGettigan has his camp pitched right yer at this butte, and that's what I'm a comin' to. I'm a goin' to tell you 'bout him and the trade-rat of these diggin's. But beggin' your pardon, stranger, whar did you ketch this rat?"

I informed Mr. Parker that I had made the capture down the wash, about a hundred yards or so away. Then I asked him why he called the little animal a trade-rat.

"Jist 'cause he trades, that's all. I don't know whether it's 'cause he has a business instinct fur swoppin' or what it is, but every time he takes anythin', he always brings somethin' back to put in its place, and he gen'rally gets a good deal the best of the bargain, too."

"Remarkable!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, it is remarkable," continued Mr. Parker, "and humans often do the same thing. Take your good money, fur instance, and give you somethin' not much account instead.

"But I was goin' to tell you 'bout Hobo McGettigan. Well, he got so poor and shabby that he act'ally traded clothes with a scare-crow, and says, 'Now both of us looks better,' and even then his toes peeked through the leather, and his coat looked like a crazy quilt some terrier pup had been fighting with.

"I gave him a different coat, some grub, and an old pair of hob-nail boots —still good, though to tell the truth I wasn't much richer nur Dan hisself. Shortly after this—to be exact, it was the last day of March—a boat comin' from Needles brought a letter which was left at my cabin, and the letter was fur Dan. His camp was only a short ways down from mine; I hollered to him and he come over. When I give it, he handed it to me to read and left the cabin, sayin' he would be right back, and I saw the tears runnin' down his cheeks, and knew that he was troubled.

"The letter was from his mother way back in Maine, and begged her darlin' boy to come home. Thar was somethin' in it, too, 'bout a gal being still unmarried, but only a shadder of her former self.

"In 'bout half an hour Dan come back with a pichur of as purty a black-haired little gal as ever I seen. 'That's my gal's pichur,' he says. 'I left Maine to make a fortune fur her and me; she was jist twenty then, and she's waited ten years fur a fool like me. Bill Parker,' says he, 'do you know what I'm going to do to-day: I'm going prospectin', and I'm goin' to start inside an hour.' I told him he oughter wait awhile, because I was goin' to brew a fine Mulligan stew next day. But he jist wouldn't wait. He put the pack-saddle on his burro, two coal-oil cans full of water on one side; his blankets, grub and a few tools on the other, and struck out fur this butte. Well, he spread his bed jist 'bout a hundred feet in front of that cactus,

and put the hobbles on his burro down in the wash.

"Dan's grub was carried in a wooden box: bacon, sugar, coffee, flour and the rest. This time he had some hard, small biscuit, nearly all crust. He put the box to the head of his bed and went to sleep right away, fur he was purty tired. 'Long 'bout towards mornin', he was wakened by some noise, but not hearin' it again, after listenin' a few minutes, he fell asleep and slept on till most sun-up, when he was again wakened; this time the noise seemed to come right from the box. Dan pitched a pebble against the side, and was surprised to see a big he rat climb out and run right over to the foot of the cactus yonder and go into a hole near that pile of twigs; you can see a hole thar now. 'Poor little feller,' said Dan, 'I guess I frightened him afore he got a chance to take any of my grub. Thar's plenty fur both of us;' and so he lays very quiet, peekin' through his eye-lashes, waitin' fur that rat to come an' steal from him. All of which goes to show what kind of a feller Hobo Mc-Gettigan was.

"Well, he didn't have long to wait; the trade-rat soon come out of the hole, looked around, ran out 'bout twenty feet in front of the cactus, stopped and picked up a rock in his mouth; then he come straight fur the box, climbs into it, drops the rock, took a biscuit this time and scampered back home. Well, when Dan looked in the box, he saw that the trade-rat had cleaned him out of biscuit, and had traded rocks fur them. Then he remembered that right after supper thirteen biscuits was left, and in the box thar was thirteen small rocks instead. The count was correct, and the trade-rat didn't come back with a rock after he took the last biscuit, 'cause, you see, he was reckonin' on that time he got scared, and give a rock without taking a biscuit away. He didn't try to make a swop on the bacon, fur that was too heavy fur him to pack.

"The strangest part of it was, but natural 'nuff when you come to think of it, some of those pieces was rotten quartz, and one had in it a few colors of gold, plain to be seen. Dan knew what gold seams in the quartz looked like, but the thought came to him, as he hisself told me: 'That fool rat is tryin' to fool me with fool's gold.'

"But thar was no foolin' 'bout it, and Dan got mighty busy right away, and after lookin' around fur 'bout an hour, he found a pocket of the ore jist a-peekin' through the ground; right thar whar you see that big hole in front of the cactus. That rotten quartz got powerful rich as Dan dug into it with his pick, more than half pure leaf gold, and the diggin' was so soft that he soon had 'bout two hundred pounds out. Then he piled up a heap of rocks and made a location. Next he put the ore on his burro, and leaving the other things thar, came to my camp.

"I shore was a mighty surprised and a mighty glad man when I saw that quartz. Though to be exact, thar wasn't much quartz to it. After we washed it out, Dan had nearly one hundred and twenty-one pounds of pure gold. He give me the twenty-one pounds. We weighed it out on my old scales, and I'm not broke yet, stranger. I've got a fine little ranch in this valley, but I believe thar's gold in these hills, and I like to get out to prospect fur it when I'm feelin' good."

At this point in Mr. Parker's narrative, a braying from one of the donkeys directed our attention and his remarks to them. "That's old Blucher jist a feelin' his feed. I wouldn't be surprised if he's over seventy, jist like the old General was at Waterloo. Did you ever see a dead jackass? No, nur I either, nur ever met a man who told me that he had; and I almost believe that when they do die, as my old friend, Judge Butte, used to say: 'They rise unadulterated from their ashes like the Pyramids of Egypt.'"

Not wishing to add by contributory negligence to the mass of error already

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extant concerning those monuments of the Pharoahs, I asked: "Are you sure he said Pyramids?"

"Come to think of it," replied Mr. Parker, reflectively, "course it wasn't Pyramids. I think he said it was a bird called the Sphinx."

"Were you ever in the city of Phoenix?" I persisted.

"Phoenix? Yes. Phoenix—why, stranger, that's the very word he used, and if ever I buy another burro I think I'll call him Phoenix in token that to see a dead jackass is shore a lookin' at a rare bird."

"How about mules? What do you think of them?" I asked.

"I guess they're pretty much the same," replied Mr. Parker. "Once I made a trade with my friend, John Royce, givin' him a hoss fur one, and a good horse, too, it was, barrin' a spavin' and bein' windbroken. 'Bill,' says John, 'to be honest with you, that mule has two faults, but if you want him, you'll have to take him with his two faults, without my tellin' you what they are.' I made the swop, and John delivered the mule in my pasture and took the hoss, a good hoss, too, it was. Well, sir, I spent near two days tryin' to ketch that mule, and finally druv him into my barn and shut the door. But right smart quick he kicked the side of the barn out and got away.

"I met John a few days after, and says I: 'That mule is givin' me lots of trouble, John.'

"'Well, I told you he had two faults,' says John.

"'What are they?' I asks.

"'Well,' says he, 'in the fust place that mule's hard to ketch, and in the second place, he ain't wuth a tinker's damn after you do ketch him.'"

A smile spread over Mr. Parker's swarthy face at the reminiscence.

"Stranger," he continued, "I like burros' ways better nur mules' ways, and that's my experience. That other burro thar I bought from a Mexican who called him Chihuahua, after a chief of the 'Paches, and that's the only name he'll answer to. Ain't that so, Chi-hua-hua?" Mr. Parker slightly elevated the tone of the last word, and Chihuahua quickly raised his ears from a recumbent to a vertical position in token that he understood.

"Them is what you can call friends, stranger: faithful, tried, patient and true friends—friends in good weather, and friends in bad weather; their shoulders is ready for your burden when the sun shines bright and ready for your burden in the storm—true friends."

"Mr. Parker," I said, "did Mr. McGettigan marry the young lady?"

"You bet he did, fur money is the wings you fly with, as they say, and a man in love and without it is like a chicken with one wing clipped."

Having relieved the treasure house of his imagination of these beautiful metaphors, Mr. Parker took another chew of tobacco, and proceeded: "Dan's clean-up was something over $25,000. He bought a ranch out Los Angeles way, then went and got the gal. They stopped over at Needles on their weddin' trip, and of course I goes up to see 'em; 'specially as Dan had given me a half interest in what was left of the mine, but the ore was jist a pocket, and Dan had cleaned it out that fust time.

"The gal was pretty, with dimples and a smilin' manner, and her hair was as black as a Piute squaw's. Hobo McGettigan was mighty proud of her, I tell you, and as he handed me a cigar from a silver case, he give me the tip to say nothin' 'bout a swop of clothes he made once with a scarecrow. A cigar from a silver case! Stranger, many a time I've seen Hobo McGettigan put a quid of chewing tobacco on the stove to dry it out, then smoke it, and use the ashes fur snuff.

"We three had supper together, usin' 'bout fifty plates, and when it was over, washed our hands in lemonade. Stranger, many's the time I've seen Hobo McGettigan comin' in tired from a trip, turn a dirty plate over and eat from t'other side, without washing his hands in lemonade or anything else.

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"But Dan is alright now; so is his wife. Jist think, every Christmas fur the past four years I've got a letter from her tellin' me as how Hobo—I mean Mr. McGettigan," corrected Mr. Parker, "and she and her mother-in-law will be glad to entertain me at any time. That's nice of them. Sometime I'll go, God willin', but, stranger, I want to ask you a question: Do you think a man seventy-two years old is too old to get married?"

I courteously dissented.

"Chihuahua!"

The shout that rang from Mr. Parker not only startled the humble bearer of that warlike appellation, but also the animal which bore the honored name of the hero of Waterloo.

"Chee-wah-wah! I'll ask her, shore's my name's Bill Parker. I've been thinkin' 'bout it near all day. Now it's settled. Now I'm satisfied."

"But," I commenced to explain, wishing to qualify my opinion on a matter of such gravity.

"Never mind, stranger, it's alright. Listen:

" 'Thar's a widder up at Needles
That I sometimes go to see;
And some day I may ask her
If she will marry me-e."

"Is that song your own?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, it is. I often make rhymes and sing 'em jist fur company to myself, but I'm gettin' so I want more substantial company nur that, and I've got one of the finest little ranches in the valley."

With a sudden, characteristic change of topic, Mr. Parker pointed to a dun-colored range of mountains in the east. "Over those hills yonder, over Jerome way, Bill Clarke has his United Verde. Ever hear of the big gold strike in the Harquahallas? Ever hear of Pegleg Smith? Ever hear of Dirty-Face Dugan and the silver pocket in the Buckskin Mountains? If ever you go prospectin', stranger, always look to the west of silver fur gold. See here—your camp must be close to my house. You saw that 'dobe in the cottonwood clearing? I thought so? That's mine. Well, you come on over to-night, but you'll be too tired, I guess. Come any time, and I'll tell you somethin' 'bout this country."

I promised to accept this hospitable invitation, and we both got ready to travel on the homeward trail. Mr. Parker proceeded to tighten the cinches on the burros, the animals judiciously inflating themselves in anticipation of the maneuvre.

Having completed these ceremonies to his satisfaction, he bent on one knee before the specimen box, again gazed curiously at the trade-rat and said: "Stranger, I think this poor little rat is that other rat of Hobo McGettigan's," and he gazed expectantly at me.

Although Mr. Parker's deduction was not founded on strictly syllogistic principles, it strengthened a resolution I had partly formed. But I was still wavering between the claims of science and sentiment; and perhaps for the space of a minute both Mr. Parker and myself remained silent. During that minute the Muse was hovering near my poetically gifted friend, for, giving a little premonitory and perhaps apologetic cough, he spoke in metric phrase:

"That trade-rat is not worth a shuck
fur you to take away;
Then let him go: he may bring luck to
another man some day."

"Do you really believe this rat is the one that made the trade with Mr. McGettigan?" I asked.

"I believe he's the same trade-rat as made Hobo McGettigan a rich man."

Taking a small memo. book from my pocket, I wrote about half a dozen lines of descriptive notations therein, then took the box and lifted the glass slide of the compartment where the trade-rat was confined. The sides of the timorous little animal were still palpitating with fear, and it seemed momentarily oblivious of its opportunity to escape, but only for a moment. Then it leaped from the box, and with

a directness that betokened familiarity with its surroundings, headed straight for the cactus and disappeared in the hole at its base.

"Jist as shore's my name's Bill Parker, and shore's I once was United States Marshal, I believe that's the same trade-rat as give Hobo McGettigan more'n $25,000 for thirteen biscuits," said Mr. Parker.

Perhaps it was.

"Git up, Blucher! Git up Chee-wah-wah!" At this order from my companion, the burros resumed their journey down the wash, and we walked in silence behind them.

The tint of Mr. Parker's thoughts was soon in evidence, for he suddenly broke into song:

"Thar's a widder up at Needles,
That soon I'm goin' to see;
And you bet I will ask her
If she will marry me-e."

I was thinking of Hobo McGettigan, his luck, and thinking that some night beneath this Arizona sky I would like to spread my bed upon the open desert and spread it near the home of that strange little creature, the trade-rat of Chuckawalla Diggings.

LIFE'S BUT A SONG AND A TEAR

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Life's but a song and a tear,
With perchance a dream or two;
But the song will live in the heart for aye,
If its theme be bright and the singer gay—
For the world loves a merry tune.

Life's but a song and a tear,
With perchance a dream or two.
But friends take wing, when the sad tears fall,
And it's only the way of the world, after all—
For it has no time to croon.

Life's but a song and a tear,
With perchance a dream or two;
No matter how sweet be the dream, it will pass,
Like the fleeting sands in Time's hour glass—
Or the red rose born in June.

WHAT OF THE LEGISLATURES?

BY LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE

IN THE GREATER number of these four dozen commonwealths there will take place, within a short time, more or less in conjunction with a national election, the choice of groups of legislators. For the most part the selection of the men who enact those statutes that bear most closely upon the life of the citizen will be done in a perfunctory manner; the national issues will overshadow the State issues, though these be, after all, far more vital than the former. Every two years the form is gone through with; every two years comes the inevitable storm of criticism that verges close upon abuse; and then will go up the sigh of relief when the legislative session has come and gone, mutual congratulations that no more harm was done, deep breaths when the total of the appropriations is footed up. Thereupon one is inclined to ask: To what end?

But in the same election there will be submitted, in some of these commonwealths, certain propositions to the electorate that it may deal with a few matters directly and thus remove them from the touch of the constituted legislative bodies. If the evidence of past experiences indicates anything, it is that in these matters of direct legislation a proposition, or perhaps two, will be so well defined, so vital, that almost as many votes will be cast respecting it as there will be for the elective officers; other issues, more technical, more remote, must be content with a less imposing poll, perhaps as small as a bare twenty-five per cent of the total. And again one is impelled to ask, to what end does the electorate provide for itself a hired servant and then proceed to do the work of that servant?

When, a few years ago, Professor Reinsch pointed out the shortcomings of these legislators of ours, epitomizing something of the current distrust which filled the public mind, he was but doing in somewhat greater detail what Mr. Bryce had done before in his American Commonwealth. And it is to be noted that the latter gentleman, in the recent revision of his book, has found little occasion to modify his earlier impressions. Neither of these commentators, however, had done more than crystallize what the American people have been conscious of for some generations. This feeling of dissatisfaction, this distrust, has manifested itself in various methods of hampering and restricting the field of action of the legislatures, till at last it appears that, in some States at least, the electorate has resolved to do the real work of lawmaking without an intermediary. Before long, proceeding as we have been for the past century, we shall have eliminated the necessity of any body such as those we seem to have despised so deeply. And perhaps it would not be so hard to get along without these aggregations as might at first be thought.

Consider for a moment what has been the course of their descent. When these commonwealths shook off their colonial swaddling clothes, existing conditions led men to think that all danger of governmental usurpation and tyranny lay with the executive—the personified intermeddling crown—and forthwith men placed their confidence in legislative bodies, rather numerous and frequently changed, so much had the spirit, which Rosseau put in classic form, entered into their hearts. Not only were legislative func-

tions lodged there, but executive and administrative duties were withdrawn from their accustomed channels and turned over to the repository of all trust, leaving the Governor, in many instances, very much like a figurehead. This touching confidence received rude blows in the course of the next generation or so. It was found that legislators were likely to be narrow-minded, local in their outlook, and sometimes not altogether above the accepting of valuable considerations for votes and influence. Thereupon followed a period of suppression, and a growing sentiment of suspicion. To the despised Governor were returned some of those functions of which he had been bereft; the appointing power came, to a considerable extent, again into his hands, bringing with it a degree of supervision of general administration. He was tendered the power of checking and prohibiting legislation through the veto. In short, the electorate began to look toward the once scorned executive for security from the foolishness and possible corruption of the legislature.

Alongside the increase in emphasis on the executive came the further development of that higher legislature which is known as the constitutional convention. To this body, perhaps called together only upon extraordinary occasions, perhaps meeting automatically from the process of its own ordaining, men looked for a still greater curtailing of the still too powerful competence of the legislature. By the higher law which this extraordinary legislature enacted, that is, by the constitution, the ordinary legislature was forbidden absolutely to tread upon certain ground. Not only were there great principles, embodied in the Bill of Rights, which might not be contravened, but special legislation along specified lines was prohibited. To such an extent has this process gone that to-day we find in the late constitutions of Oklahoma and Arizona more than a score of topics regarding which anything but general law is tabu. Still more drastic in its direction, the newer constitution entirely shuts out action by the legislature in a few fields. Moreover, the method of legislation is outlined; details of proceedure are specified, in the hope that irregularity of enactment may be reduced to a minimum.

A third line, whereby it was hoped that the ravages of the legislature might be lessened, is found in the increasing legislation by the courts. Comment to-day indicates to what an extent the court has assumed, in addition to its function of interpreting the law between man and man, the authority to add to or subtract from that law. There is little doubt but that this excess of zeal has grown largely from popular distrust of the bodies chosen to make the same law. In other words, the work of the commonwealth legislatures has been marked by so much carelessness, so much jobbery, that some instrument must be used to put matters in order; ill-drawn statutes, self-contradictory acts, "jokers" and hidden significance, are, unfortunately, not unknown in any one of these sovereign States.

Latest in the methods of restraining the legislature comes the use of direct legislation. One after another, commonwealths are viewing with growing approval this regenerated device; then it is tried in a tentative manner for ordinary legislation; and finally it comes, in one or two regions, to threaten to displace very largely the representative body. All this indicates that the electorate still feels that the legislature has not been rendered sufficiently innocuous, or, perhaps, has not been spurred to real creative action, marked by broadminded, statesmanlike foresight.

It becomes pertinent to examine our situation in order that we may know toward what we are going. Logical progression along the course on which we seem to be embarked would allow us to dispense with these increasingly superfluous representative legislatures. What else can be the outcome? To be sure, the forms may still be gone through with; there may be elected

every two years or so groups of men who, acting together, will be called legislatures. But it will be ever more apparent that their function is not legislative but administrative; the work will be, not to make laws, but to arrange the details in much the same manner that some branch of the administrative arm is left to perfect the details of a general law, and to apply it to actual conditions. All real legislation will proceed from two factors, the electorate and the constitutional convention. Would it be impossible, or would it be impracticable, to omit the elected representative body, still bearing the name of legislature, and to have some appointive body, purporting to be nothing more than administrative, perform the duty of working out details so far as it might be necessary? Surely this outcome is one of the alternatives which face the people of these commonwealths. The other alternative is a simple one, one toward which, perhaps, there has been a striving; that is, to find some means of making the representative legislature do what it is supposed to do, really legislate in the interests of the whole commonwealth. No doubt it was to this end that all these restrictions were imposed; but, granting it, the results seem to fall short of the desired goal. Perhaps it would not be too bold to state that this goal will never be reached by the path which has been followed for the past hundred years.

Before seeking to find other means to attain this second alternative, it may not be out of place to examine the first a bit more. Why is it not perfectly feasible to let the greater portion of real legislation be done by the newly emphasized departments of government, the constitutional convention and the electorate? Probably the first objection will be that this is not customary; we have always had legislatures, and it would be much like obtaining popular denial of the doctrine of natural rights to persuade the mass of the electorate that the real necessity of a legislature has been outgrown. The shell is bound to stay whether the spirit has departed or not. Assuming, however, that this objection might be overcome, there remains the need of considering how legislation actually works through the instrumentality of the electorate. No matter what general principles or detailed legislation may be laid down by the constitutional convention, there will arise new issues which must be faced and decided between the convenings of the extraordinary legislature. It is obvious that frequent meetings of a body to change the fundamental law would make it nothing more than an ordinary legislature, something which it already narrowly escapes in certain of these States. Therefore the electorate must legislate.

It is not the purpose here to thresh over again the pros and cons of direct legislation, its potential power as a coercive force, or its shortcomings from a theoretical standpoint. It is assumed that the initiative and the referendum have already demonstrated their possibilities for good in voicing the sentiments of a majority of the electorate on great and clear-cut issues. Here it is intended only to consider a few of the phases of the electorate as a legislative body, and first, the effect on the ballot calls for attention. On one side there is perceived the efforts of individuals and organizations to simplify the voting process, to make it concentrated and therefore effective. If these efforts amount to anything in statewide politics we shall find fewer names from among which to make choice of the small number of really important officials. To balance this gain, there is to come the overloading of the same ballot with issues in the form of statutes to be enacted or to be rejected. Surely, if the average elector is not to be trusted to use intelligently his ballot to select certain men from among many candidates, it is postulating a vast deal to assume that he will exercise care and calm judgment in decisions regarding intricate governmental principles. In the few cases where there are figures

and results from which to deduce some form of generalization, one or two points stand out distinctly; it is only the vital issues which command the intelligent attention of the electorate; it is only the well-defined principle, easily grasped, which the voter will exert himself to consider and decide upon. A study of the tables appended to an article (Referendum in Illinois) by C. O. Gardner, in the American Political Science Review for August, 1911, will demonstrate the fact that, even when there are but few matters on which to decide, the average voter slights even these few. The same thing is shown by an examination of the figures which Senator Bourne of Oregon adds to a recent article in which he defends the legislative ability and carefulness of the electorate. If there is anything technical or complex in the proposition submitted to the voter, he will not—or at least he *does* not—take the time to study the question and come to a rational decision. The fact that the average voter is not fitted by training and experience to show technical knowledge in a dozen different lines, economic, sociological and what not, in no way serves as an indictment against him. The time may come when the general average of intelligence and interest will make every man capable of performing such service for society; that time is surely much nearer at hand than Alexander Hamilton ever dreamed it would be. Yet, when that day is here, it is doubtful if men will voluntarily discard all the expedients which mankind has evolved for making life more simple in its workings, while more complex in its product.

Wherever there would issue directly from the body of voters a statute which pretends to do more than lay down a principle; where the law attempts, according to our unfortunate American system, to prepare for every eventuality and leave little or nothing to administrative discretion, there must be some individual or group of individuals to frame the bill. It has been urged that the initiative statute is more carefully drawn and more directly to the point than the legal verbiage produced by the representative assemblies. That this is possible no one denies. Nevertheless, it is still to be pointed out that this is actually the case. In spite of the difficulties which surround the matter, there is a very clear advantage emerging from this formation of bills by private individuals; a group of men, with a definite program, may place before the public for acceptance or rejection a proposition untrammeled by political jobbery under the surface. No bargains need be made; no compromises are necessary to secure the adherence of the machine. Yet beside this one must place the possibility of iniquitous measures, arrayed in sheep's clothing, parading before the voting populace and suing for favor. The affair is as broad as it is long.

But, comes the objection, it is understood that the electorate, which demands the implements of direct legislation, is capable of using them intelligently. It is all very true; and this hits the real core of the situation. While no one doubts that some tools are better for certain functions than are others, it takes a will and some skill to use them. One of the dangers into which any political society falls is the belief that, in the use of a new machine, all future troubles are eliminated, and the mechanism will run of itself, more or less with perpetual motion.

After the whole field is overlooked; when all the different methods whereby we have sought to eliminate these legislative organizations, while at the same time continuing to cherish them, are reviewed, the conclusion is irresistible that there has been very little constructive work after all. What are restrictions but negative, and really destructive? If it is the settled purpose of the American people, in these commonwealths to cling to what has been considered a fundamental of republican form of government, and this seems to be the case, it is time that the new implements, now used to do

the work of the legislatures, should be turned to the task of forcing the same legislatures to do their own work. All these restraining bonds have failed to turn little men into great, and the shifting of the burden to the electorate has not developed a robust and foresighted representative organization. Of course not. When it is really investigated, it seems absurd to think that it was ever believed that such measures would raise up sons of Numa. But the possibilities lie all before us. The same implement which has served as a goad in a few instances is now at hand to be used for the shaping of legislatures which will bear the burdens made for their shoulders. The tools are ready and the raw material waits. It remains only to find whether there may be anything to serve as a pattern.

Evidently the problem at the outset is one of procuring for our legislative bodies men who are counted among those above the average, rather than representatives of the average or sub-average voter. Then these men must be those who have eyes for the interests of the commonwealth at large and are not those who can see no farther than the chances for a re-election in their districts, or who can hear nothing for the whisperings of the manipulator of the machine. These are trite statements, and yet, hackneyed as they are, they stand for something yet to be achieved in most of these States. Had the desired result been attained, there would have been no piling of expedient upon expedient, no use of the initiative for bringing about the works long shirked by the lawmaking department. Each new remedy has but shown that the old had either no effect at all, or but a temporary, stimulated action, followed by a relapse in many instances. Hampering restrictions have failed; it is time for constructive measures, such measures as may be counted on to bring out those men needed.

Foremost among the possibilities stands the undoubted good that would come from a modification of our district system, which, while not present fully in the older States under their first constitutions, has now become all but universal and iron-clad. The feeling that every State representative and senator should be elected from a district of which he is a resident is probably as firmly fixed in our political mentality as any other principle that could be mentioned. And equally probable is the fact that nothing has done more to fix the hold of the machine upon these States, and to continue calling little and inefficient men to make our laws. Nearly a generation ago Mr. James Bryce pointed to the ill effects of this system, and, of course, had in mind the English system whereby any British citizen might stand for election in any Parliamentary district. At that time we had so little emerged from our provincialism that the almost universal reply would be, this is America, and conditions here are so different that the experience of European countries can teach us little, if anything. We are now beginning to outgrow that feeling, and are conceding that political and social and economic problems are everywhere much the same, and that one society cannot afford to ignore the lessons which others have learned. If provision were made whereby a senatorial district, say, in one of these commonwealths, might exercise its choice of State senator from among all the citizens of the State eligible on other grounds, there seems to be little question that good men, who had incurred the hostility of the organized party, would be much less easily shelved. If the residential district turned the cold shoulder there would be other districts proud to have such a representative. By this scheme it would be possible for a group of statesmen, unconnected with or properly ignoring national party issues, to become elected and carry out a definite State policy. Party names, meaningless for anything but national issues, could be thrown aside.

Not only by the English method of candidacy would it be possible to modify the evils of district elections as they are now. Starting from the

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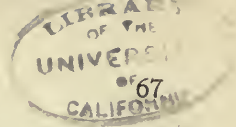
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

other side of the field, some form of proportionate representation would serve much the same end. Instead of the candidate's entering an alien district, let the voter from whatever district indicate his choice from among all in the field. Something of this sort was placed before the electorate of Washington at the last general election, but in this case the issue was not presented by itself, but combined with a number of equally radical measures, so that the resulting vote, by which the whole proposition was defeated, could not show how much sympathy actually existed for this particular innovation. The indignation, almost horror, with which the proposal was greeted in discussion, showed how deeply ingrained is the notion of the necessity of a candidate's residence in the district for which he stands. But our eyes are opening One ray of light has already appeared on the horizon. In the general law for establishing the commission form of government in cities in Wisconsin, provision is made whereby any municipality may select a non-resident for commissioner. Hence any city, if it so desires, may have the advantage of skilled services of whomsoever it can persuade to come, just as the German cities long have done. If the residence shibboleth can be overthrown in some few cities, the wedge has begun to enter.

It was from the recent tendency in city government, moreover, that commonwealths may take a lesson along another line. The last ten years has seen a remarkable development of commissions taking the place of long-abused and long-abusing councils, wherein the considerable number made for irresponsibility and general inefficiency. In the State legislatures it has been found in like manner that multiplication of members beyond the number which would adequately represent all localities and classes, has brought weakened responsibility, opportunity to hide among many, and a rich and fertile ground for bargaining, manipulation and corruption. It is not long before our national Congress will have to face the evil results which will surely come from a policy of constant increase in the lower house, making a body already tending to be cumbersome. The States have also yielded to the same demand for more districts and more and more members, usually to the joy of the cliques which run the party organizations.

Without going on to consider the effect of paying members of legislative bureaus, people's lobbies, or any other of those devices prompted either by the feeling that they tended to democracy or might lead to competency, in general, the need of eliminating many of the restrictions now imposed on legislatures ought to be emphasized. Perhaps so long as our systems tend to encourage the small man and discourage the better, these restrictions are well considered. It is yet to be shown, however, that prohibitions serve to bring out the best that is in men. More than once it has been noted that the constitutional convention always brings out a far more able body of men than does the average legislature; the big man does not often run after the job that he feels is unworthy his best efforts. Even with an ordinary body of men there are many of the present restrictions that defeat their own ends. For instance, those conditions which limit the session to forty or to sixty days were imposed because of the conviction that, as many poor laws could be enacted in a long session, the chances were that few poorer ones would emerge from a short session; it might be that urgent matters would take precedence and leave the questionable deals out from lack of time. Hopes of this kind seem doomed to the usual political disappointment.

Without pretending to have gone at all deeply into the field of possibilities which the electorate has before it, enough has been said to show that, on the whole, there has been an avoidance of the obvious, and that the latest cure, direct legislation, is but another attempt to accomplish an end by indirection. No thesis is taken to prove

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that the legislatures are sinners beyond the hope of redemption, nor is it the purpose of this paper to hold that there has been deterioration in general. There can be no denial that many States have cleaned up stables where the filth seemed almost bottomless, and, without doubt, there is a better tone throughout the whole number of commonwealths than ever existed before. All this, however, does not militate against the contention that the electorate has and is seeking an end by a very circuitous path, and that it is time to cut more directly to the line. If the newly furbished implements, which the voter has found so convenient, are to be used to do the task of another department, there is loss of energy, and there can but be work inferior to that which might be produced through the legislatures when they function as they ought. And they will so act when they are composed of men worthy their places, encouraged by the chance of taking the lead rather than sulkily dragging behind; when the conscientious man knows that his services are not to be buried in the resentment of some petty boss, one of whose schemes he has chanced to obstruct. The matter is in the hands of the electorate, where it has always been, and when this same electorate chooses to have efficient servants it may have them, for it has found a weapon with which to mow down all opposition.

KINDNESS

BY GEORGE B. STAFF

A mine is in each human heart,
  Wherein a boundless store
Of kindness waits to play its part,
  If we the mine explore.

With tools of love this wealth is mined;
  This wealth that has the power
To soothe the sorrows of mankind,
  Or cheer the darkest hour.

And shall this great wealth idle be,
  Unworked within its place,
Or shall we use it liberally
  To bless the human race?

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Officers of the State Board of Health setting the gathered narcotics on fire in a street of the Chinese quarters of San Francisco.

COMBATING THE DRUG EVIL IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY EUGENE B. BLOCK

THAT WRETCHED crowd of men, hopelessly enslaved to the drug habit, who dwell in the outskirts of San Francisco's Oriental quarter, was joined early last August by a stalwart young man, dressed in soiled and tattered clothes. He spent his time in the midst of the unfortunates, talking with them day and night in musty cellars and along gloomy alleys where they congregate.

To the drug fiends, with senses and minds dulled from constant use of opiates, the stranger resembled their kind in his appearance, for they saw only his torn clothes, his unshaven beard, his slow walk and idle manner. They did not observe through their dimmed eyes that his face bore not the pallor of the drug victim and that his eyes were bright and piercing.

But it did not take the fiends long to note a striking peculiarity about their new companion, and it aroused their curiosity intensely. He persistently refused to use drugs in their presence and in their haunts.

All that this mysterious stranger talked of to them were matters pertaining to the "dope." He inquired the easiest places to purchase it; he

asked the names and whereabouts of the men who peddled opiates on the streets, and he bought it frequently from street vendors and pharmacies. Yet, in spite of this, the newcomer declined to use his drugs in the presence of his fallen comrades, and his explanations tended only to increase their curiosity.

"I am a burglar and a highwayman, waiting for a chance to pull off a job," he told the fiends repeatedly. "I'll use this stuff in my room, but I can't use it here. If the bulls caught me at it here, they'd pinch me sure."

The doorway marked 732 is the entrance to a former notorious opium joint.

It was four months before their curiosity was satisfied and the identity of the stranger became known. The truth was revealed after he had been absent from the section for a month.

The stranger was Fred A. Sutherland, chief inspector of the California State Board of Pharmacy, who, for almost a year had been conducting the crusade in California against the illicit traffic in opium, cocaine and morphine.

When he began his investigations he believed that the unlawful traffic in opiates was confined strictly to the Oriental quarter and its outskirts, habited by habitual drug users. But before he had finished his work in San Francisco he had conducted one of the bitterest and most sensational drug crusades ever waged in a city in the United States. His investigations ultimately revealed that the traffic in drugs probably had been greater in San Francisco than in any other large American city. He learned that supposedly reputable pharmacies in all sections of the city, many that held enviable reputations as "family drug stores" were in reality distributing points for narcotics, and that scores of physicians were unlawfully selling prescriptions to habitual drug users for profit.

Before Sutherland had finished his sweeping campaign, which, by the way, was accomplished in less than sixty days, he had secured evidence that sent 68 men to jail, that caused 97 men and women to pay fines aggregating $11,300, and which resulted in the confiscating of 500 opium smoking "layouts," and narcotics valued at $5,000. Of those sent to jail and fined, more than fifty per cent were whites.

So well had Inspector Sutherland spread his nets in the four months that he lived among the drug fiends that in no case in which he gave testimony did the prosecution fail. The physicians, pharmacists, drug clerks, messenger boys and drug peddlers who were trapped were either sent to jail or made to pay heavy fines and turn to other pursuits. Yet justice was tempered with mercy during the entire campaign, and every victim of the drug habit who expressed a willingness to receive medical treatment was sent to a hospital.

To the bitter end was the campaign waged. Subsequent investigations and comparisons with statistics in the hands of the State Pharmacy Board have convinced the officials of that body that less drugs are being sold

Nine cylinders filled with contraband opium discovered on board a China liner by U. S. revenue officers.

and used unlawfully in San Francisco to-day than in any other city in America; and this in view of the fact that only a few months ago the traffic in the same city was greater than in any other municipality in the country.

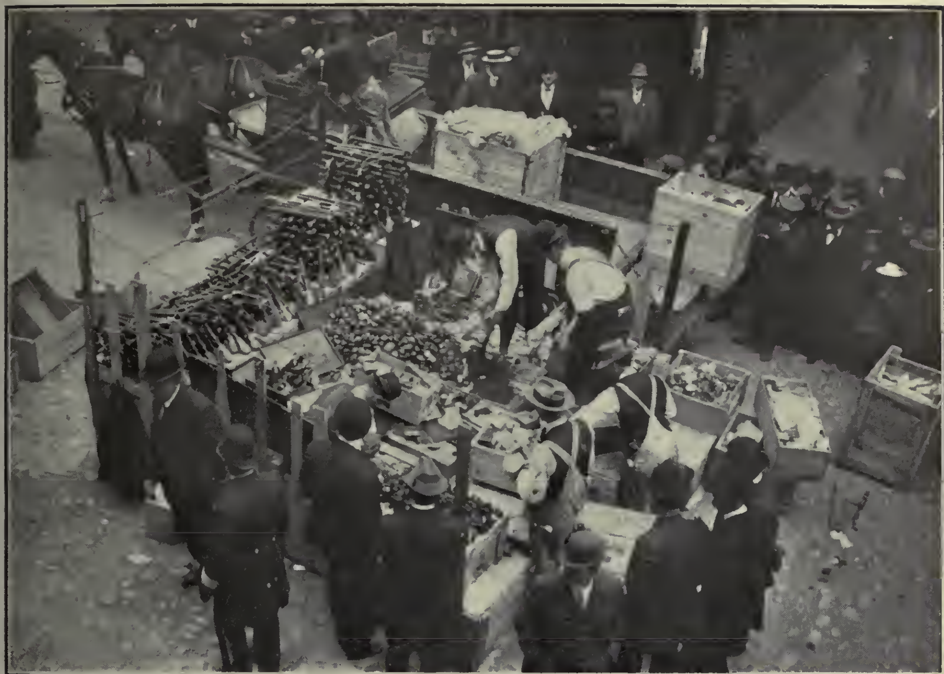
The crusade, besides ridding the city of the drug traffickers, had another strong, though incidental effect. It proved a vindication of the Police Courts. Previously, the courts had been the subject of scorn and criticism. The campaign against the drug trade literally put the courts on trial before the people of San Francisco. And when the campaign was over the people saw that the lower tribunals had stood the test, that they had co-operated with the Pharmacy board and the police. Maximum penalties had been prescribed for the worst offenders, and in no instance was a dismissal ordered except with the consent of the Pharmacy Board's counsel.

The State Board of Pharmacy ordered that the drug crusade be instituted in San Francisco as a last resort, after a year had been spent in fruitless efforts to wipe out the traffic in narcotics in the large cities of California. The illicit traffic had been State-wide for years, and thousands of dollars had been spent in conducting campaigns by Inspector Sutherland in Sacramento, Fresno, Bakersfield, and other cities. As soon as the campaign in one city was finished and the authorities believed that the unlawful trade had been wiped out there, it was learned that another city, which previously had been cleaned up, was again infested by the traders and fiends.

Inspector Sutherland realized the futility of his work and started to find out why he failed to obtain results. He concluded that it was the condition of San Francisco that caused his efforts in other cities of California to fail. He learned that San Francisco was the clearing house and center of the drug trade, and that whatever city he cleaned up, its supply of narcotics was almost immediately replenished by the illicit traders of San Francisco.

"We can fight the drug traffic in the interior for a million years without stopping it, for there are wealthy dealers in San Francisco always ready to violate the law and replenish the

Bobbie Bean's opium den at 43 John street, where white men and women were found smoking the drug in company with Chinese.



The raiders of the California State Board of Pharmacy preparing to destroy the opium and other drugs in a street of San Francisco.

supply of opiates in another city," said Sutherland to officials of the State Board.

"Go ahead and clean up San Francisco," was the reply. Sutherland lost no time in obeying orders.

Early in August he donned the tattered clothes that made the drug fiends regard him as one of their kind, and he moved to the haunts of those depraved individuals from whom he knew he could obtain the information that he needed most. He remained there until November. During that time he not only learned from the fiends where they purchased their drugs and what prices they paid, but he himself bought cocaine, morphine and opium from druggists, peddlers and messengers—from every one who would sell to him. He found that morphine and cocaine, costing about $3 an ounce, were sold by the Chinese venders in small quantities at such high prices as to net them profits fully 2,000 per cent. Apothecaries who engaged in the traffic sold these drugs for $6 an ounce—a profit of 100 per cent.

Sutherland soon had in his possession the evidence necessary to convict the offenders of violating the State poison law. This law makes it an offense punishable by a fine of not less than $100, nor more than $250, imprisonment for not more than 100 days, or both, for a pharmacy to sell, furnish or give away morphine, cocaine or opium without the prescription of a licensed physician. For individuals it is unlawful to sell or give away or even to have possession of narcotics. Wholesale druggists may sell such drugs to retail pharmacies only, and then must keep a careful record of their sales.

Sutherland, however, was not satisfied with the evidence that he had in hand. He had received information of greater interest, and he followed up what he had learned from the fiends. The disclosures that he made were a surprise to him. Not only did he trap

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supposed reputable pharmacies in the midst of residence districts selling narcotics in open violation of the law, but he found men engaged in other lines of business similarly violating the law.

All this opened Sutherland's eyes to the deep rootedness of the traffic. He had evidence at hand to warrant scores of arrests and convictions. But he knew that the time was not ripe. He must first learn from where the pharmacies engaged in the illicit traffic secured their drugs. To make arrests at this time would have meant utter failure in catching the most flagrant and wealthiest violators.

The books of the wholesale druggists who were doing a legitimate business showed that the average law-abiding pharmacy used no more than an ounce of cocaine and an ounce of morphine a year, so seldom and in such small doses are these drugs prescribed by physicians. The larger apothecaries purchase their narcotics, it was learned, one dram at a time, and that amount lasts for several months. This information was conclusive to show that druggists doing illicit business purchased their drugs from agents engaged solely in wholesaling narcotics to the smaller violators.

So the detective turned about to find the gross distributors, and before long he had learned who and where they were.

Then the State Board of Pharmacy engaged Attorney Thomas O'Connor, who had come into prominence by the handling of important criminal cases, to handle the legal phases of the campaign, and to act as special prosecutor against all offenders.

Sutherland enlisted the aid of the San Francisco Police Department, and Sergeant Arthur D. Layne, head of the Chinatown squad, and a posse of picked men, went to his aid. The actual fight began on the night of November 25th. That night Sutherland and his men swooped down on the Oriental quarter, and into the district of the drug fiends. One hundred and four men, who were found smoking opium or inhabiting the haunts of the fiends, were taken into custody. A large quantity of drugs and opium pipes were confiscated.

Then followed the arrest of the itinerant peddlers from whom Sutherland had purchased drugs while living in the guise of a "hop head." Some were sent to jail, some paid fines and promised to engage in other pursuits. Still others furnished the Pharmacy Board with valuable evidence against more important offenders.

Several days after the crusade was begun, Inspector Sutherland, with several police officers, armed with a search warrant, forced their way into a flat in Fillmore street occupied by John Edwards. The chief inspector had been advised that Edwards was one of the wholesale distributors. Edwards at first defied the men to search his abode. He drew a revolver, but his actions only increased the suspicions of the officers. The dwelling was searched, and hidden under a water tank in the garret was a box containing morphine and cocaine valued at $1500. Edwards was haled into court, and fined $500. Sutherland had learned his whereabouts from a druggist who had frequently sold the detective cocaine. After having made frequent purchases from the apothecary, Sutherland inquired where he could buy the drug in larger quantities. The druggist gave him Edwards' telephone number. Edwards met Sutherland, and after their conference a detective followed Edwards to his home.

The time now came to arrest the retail druggists who had unlawfully supplied Sutherland with cocaine and morphine. They were arrested, one after another. It did them no good to deny their guilt, for in the witness chair sat Sutherland, the man to whom they had made the unlawful sales.

The majority of the pharmacists who were thus trapped in their unlawful pursuits pleaded guilty, and willingly paid the maximum fines im-

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Fish Alley, Chinatown. The upper floors are the haunts of drug devotees.

posed by the court, aggregating more than $2,500. Nine proprietors of pharmacies and clerks in eight other drug stores were convicted. The fact that most amazed Sutherland, however, was that the majority of these pharmacies engaged in the traffic were not situated in the district habited by the fiends, but were in the most respectable sections of San Francisco. Fully half of the number were situated in the business district, some of them on the principal streets.

Among the druggists arrested and convicted was Edward H. Gleeson, who had come into the limelight two years before when his pharmacy was twice robbed by a mysterious highwayman whom the police had come to know as the "drug store bandit." The thug had eluded the police, and Gleeson was ever alert and eager to apprehend him. After his conviction, Gleeson told the authorities that when Sutherland had visited his store and asked to purchase cocaine, he believed the pharmacy inspector to bear a striking resemblance to the bandit, and sold him the drugs in the belief that his patron might be the robber and possibly could be tracked.

Another apothecary who made the fatal mistake of selling to Sutherland and thus fell into the meshes of the law seemed relieved when he was placed under arrest. "I'm glad you came," said he to Inspector Sutherland, when the latter served him with a warrant of arrest. "I knew you had not overlooked me, and I have waited a month for you to come."

It was while Sutherland was investigating the pharmacies that he inadvertently revealed a freak sale place that was very largely patronized by the drug fiends in that locality. He was walking along Octavia street in the residence district when he observed two men and a woman, whom he recognized to be victims of the drug habit, walking along in haste. He followed them and found that they entered a harness shop.

Concluding that this must be a distributing place for opiates, Sutherland secured a search warrant, and searched the place. He was about to abandon his search when several fiends entered, and it was through them that he learned the hiding place for a rich supply of cocaine and morphine. The drug was sewed inside horse collars. It was later learned, after the arrest of the proprietors, that certain hours were set aside each day for the illicit sale of the drugs, and that while one partner stood watch outside, the other supplied men and women drug users with narcotics. When selling hours were over, the "stock" was sewed up again in the horse collars.

For a time Sutherland had been investigating the conduct of a reputed wholesale druggist whom he suspected of being another of the wholesale distributors of narcotic drugs to the retail pharmacies. His suspicions were corroborated by the testimony of Osgan Syverson, a drug peddler, convicted of violating the law, who was repentant and anxious to help the State. Search warrants were secured, and early one morning a squad of police forced its way into the establishment of Clayton F. Richards, a supposed wholesale druggist. No one was in the place at the time, but evidence was secured that convinced the authorities that Richards was perhaps the largest wholesaler engaged in the unlawful sale of drugs. Richards' books showed that during the year he had disposed of 3900 ounces of morphine, which is calculated to be sufficient to kill 1,872,463 persons.

Corroborating Syverson's confession, the books showed that as much as fifty ounces of morphine had been sold to Syverson at a time. A reputable wholesale drug firm sells little more than a dram of morphine to a retailer once every few months.

Other pharmacies caught selling drugs unlawfully were mentioned in Richards' books as patrons. From evidence gathered, it was learned that Richards had done business on an immense scale, importing morphine, co-

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The basement on the right represents 874½ Washington street, one of the largest distributing "joints" in the city for opium, morphine and cocaine.

caine and opium direct from the Eastern manufacturers and selling it in immense quantities to the pharmacies engaged in the traffic. But to evade the law and protect himself in his trade, Richards, it was learned, operated by means of a fictitious concern in Reno, Nevada.

Richards had an agent stationed in Reno. When sales were made to San Francisco or nearby purchasers, Richards wrapped the drugs in packages addressed to the buyers, and then rewrapped them, consigning them to the Mountain Drug Company in Reno. The Mountain Drug Company was Richards' agent. The latter called for the packages, removed the first wrappers and reshipped them by express to the purchasers in California. Thus, if the packages were confiscated, Richards believed it would be impossible for the authorities to trace the shipments to him.

Several days after the raid, Richards was arrested. He finally pleaded guilty, admitted that he had engaged in the trade in the manner described, and paid fines aggregating $750, the highest amount paid by any individual punished during the crusade.

In the meantime, while peddlers of the drugs were being arrested, it was learned that scores of messenger boys, assigned to work in and about the Oriental quarter, were themselves engaged in the traffic of drugs, and sold opiates to whoever would pay their prices. Six of the lads were convicted and several were sent to jail. The investigation into the conduct of the boys revealed that the resourcefulness of the small boy is without limit. Two lads, neither more than fourteen years of age, were arrested for selling morphine while doing messenger service, and a quantity of powdered white crystal was taken from them. In court the boys declared that the supposed drug was only ground rock candy which they had been selling to drug fiends for morphine, and they shamefully admitted that they had been netting a bountiful profit by their swindle. A chemical analysis of the powder confirmed their claim.

A startling feature of one of the later raids on opium dens was the finding of a strikingly beautiful young woman in a shack occupied by opium smokers. Investigation showed that she was of good family, and had unwillingly become addicted to the drug habit. Through the efforts of the State Board of Pharmacy, she was reclaimed by her family, and her case was dismissed by the court. Bobbie Bean, keeper of the den, was sent to jail.

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As the crusade neared its end, mor-

phine and the other drugs which previously had been peddled about, became very scarce, and in consequence the fiends began to suffer untold agonies. No longer would the pharmacists who had engaged in the traffic take a chance of violating the law, and the peddlers who plied their trade unchecked for years were either sent to jail or driven from the city. In desperation the fiends prevailed on certain physicians to write prescriptions for them calling for doses of morphine and cocaine which would be honored by all retail pharmacies. For such a service the physicians were paid liberally.

It did not take long for Sutherland to learn of this scheme, and he stopped it by arresting the physicians under a special section of the State poison law which forbids physicians writing such prescriptions for habitual drug users when it is the intention of the patient to evade the law. In all, ten physicians, several of whom held good reputations in the community, were arrested and fined.

With their supply of drugs thus cut off from all possible sources, those of the habitual users of narcotics who could leave the city hurried away—to where, no one knows and no one cares. But that they did go, and that the unlawful traffic in narcotics was dead was evidenced to the satisfaction of the State Board of Pharmacy by the results of a raid through the Oriental quarter recently. On that night a posse of sixty men took the district unawares and covered all of the territory that had been raided on the first night of the campaign. They found eighteen persons unlawfully holding and using drugs. The first night they found one hundred and four.

TELL ME, OH MOON

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

Oh, Moon! you have watched so long this play
Of moving finger and pawns of clay;
Oh, sentient, sybil, silver Moon, say
Where are the pawns of yesterday?

Oh, Moon! can you see on the other side
Where the pushed-off, echoless, ghost-pawns hide?
Do they forever in silence abide?
Or will they again on the old squares glide
With the unseen finger still the guide?

Oh, Moon! will you watch till I come again
Back to this chess-board battle of men?
How will you and the world and the game look then?
Will I know that I've played, and why, and when?

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"I found my way out to them one shining morning."

THE SIMPLE LIFE VACATION

An Inexpensive Outing in California

BY DELLA PHILLIPS

(*Photographs by the Author.*)

MOST PEOPLE take a vacation from work. I took mine from the sticky, muggy heat of the Illinois corn belt. There the humidity is most humid and one is irritated by the thermometer registering a moderate amount of heat when one is sure that it is a hundred and three in the shade. The Turkish bath qualities of Central Illinois atmosphere may be good for corn, but it's bad for "humans," at least from the standpoint of comfort.

"Spend your summer in Southern California! Why, you'll roast alive!" chorused my friends, but I had roasted alive by steam heat for several summers, and was anxious to try the dry kiln method.

I was glad to see Southern California, but I didn't know she would be glad to see me. She was; there was welcome in every fronded palm and stately eucalyptus. The distant mountains looked friendly. The dark green orange trees, wonderously still in the brilliant sunshine, beckoned me with stiff, glossy leaves as if they had some secret to impart. And they had; for in two months all Southern California smelled of orange blossoms, and the wonderful secret was out.

The acacias were a fluff of yellow bloom when I arrived, and all the summer long some member of that wonderful family took its turn in beautifying the streets and parks of the little city.

The mocking bird was the spokesman for all the smiling, friendly land, and voiced a welcome to me from the shining-leaved magnolia on the first morning of my arrival.

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I began my vacation in Santa Ana, a quiet little California city nine miles

April and well into May. Thereafter, the roses bloomed periodically, but less lavishly, and the orange trees ceased flowering and began the serious business of taking on little hard, green balls that were to be next season's orange crop.

The weather was ideal, cool at night and bracing in the daytime. Now and then a few hot days came to remind us of how fortunate we were to have so few of them, but four o'clock always brought the quickening ocean breeze. For the most part, one perfect day succeeded another in glorious procession. There was dust, but in spite of the rainless season it was but little worse than the dust of the Eastern summers. There were abundant compensations for the few drawbacks of that beautiful vacation summer.

July came without July sultriness, and with it my first glimpse of the ocean. He seemed like an old friend. We had never met before, but I sat and watched him, wishing that people wouldn't talk to me until I'd had his greeting. He was noisy and blustering near the shore, but I knew that, far out, the great, green swells held a secret for me in their translucent depths. They couldn't tell me then, for I was on the shore; but afterward—I knew. I found my way out to them one shining morning, and when I had learned how to meet their seemingly resistless oncoming, they buoyed me up on their surging breasts.

"If you are not afraid and will surrender fully to us, we will not hurt you," was the secret they whispered to me.

As a vacationer in search of new experiences, and, incidentally, in need of money, I found myself in an apricot camp one deliciously cool July morning.

We worked under a long shed, open on all sides to the straying ocean breezes, seated at long tables with a tray in the center of each, on which we placed the golden halves of the fruit ready for the drying.

"Two bits," to use the California vernacular, was the price for pitting a hundred pounds of fruit; and, if we expected to make money, we must work fast. "So our fingers flew and our tongues ran, too, and laughter followed after," as one of our poetic workers expressed it. She was forgiven on promise of future good behavior.

At these camps there were lawyers' and merchants' sons and daughters, high school boys and girls, teachers, dress makers, clerks, housekeepers and ranchers, all united in the common purpose of saving the apricot crop of Southern California, and making some money.

Rarely, for me, had pleasure and money-making been combined as they were in the nine days spent in the apricot camp. It was a sort of extension picnic. Each day we ate our lunch under the great, spreading walnut trees, and helped ourselves to the juicy fruit of the nearby orange orchards. There were also the most delicious plums and

"The ocean seemed like an old friend."

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big, overgrown peaches to be had for the picking.

At night we were tired and our hands swollen, but each new day found us fresh and eager to begin again.

Lasting friendships were formed in the apricot camps, laughter and good cheer prevailed. The long days in the open air gave us health; and at the end of the season each of us had a neat little sum of money to his credit.

Long, sunlit days flitted by, each filled to the brim with simple pleasures. The pear tree yielded its gracious shade. The crape myrtle flung out its banners of feathery pink bloom. The sweet-scented La France rose, shy in blooming even in this land of roses, yielded to my persuasions and watering, and gave to me of its treasures. The long blackberry hedge that screened me on the north was first a drift of white bloom, and then a harvest of red and purple fruit. It bore three crops during the summer and fall, and there were ripe blackberries on the vines at Thanksgiving.

There were long rides with the family of the big house, and long walks through the flower-embroidered town and country; inexpensive little trips to the sea shore, and long rambles over the hills.

The most delicious fruit was to be had for the asking, and the big-eyed Jersey cow that supplied the children of the big house with their milk also had some to spare for me at a very reasonable price. The freshest of eggs could also be bought at the same place.

Friends came and shared my simple meals occasionally. Even the most fastidious of them enjoyed a cup of tea and home-made bread and butter under my pear tree; and the gorgeous sunsets, with which California so lavishly spreads the evening skies for the benefit of her guests. There was just work enough and play enough to fill full the golden days.

THE DAY'S AWAKENING

BY E. M. ROFF

The fitful breeze, the crow of cock,
The flame along the mountain top,
The timid twitter from the eaves,
The gentle rustling of the leaves
Proclaim the dawning.

Long streaks of red across the sky,
The milkman's wagon passing by,
The diamond dewdrops on the lawn,
The soaring lark's full-throated song—
Ah! now it's morning!

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CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA—NO. IV

BY CARDINAL GOODWIN

THE CONQUEST of California began during the period when that territory was occupied by Spain. Looking back from the pinnacle of the present, we can see that the event was perceptible from the beginning, and that every incident which brought the American and Spaniard together was a factor in the movement. The captains of American ships who smuggled goods into California ports, the United States sailors arrested and thrown into confinement by Spanish authorities, the contraband trade with Franciscan friars, all of these played a part in the conquest. As early as 1804, William Shaler, captain of the Lelia Byrd, wrote that the Spaniards had removed every obstacle from the path of an invading enemy. He said that they had stocked the country with such multitudes of cattle, horses and other useful animals that it would be impossible to destroy or remove them, that a number of defenseless inhabitants, whom they could not expect to act as enemies against those who should treat them well, had been spread over the territory, and that nothing was needed but a good government to enable California to assume an influential and important position in the commercial, industrial and political world. And closing the paragraph with probably the first published hint of a conquest, he says: "It would be as easy to keep California in spite of the Spaniards as it would be to wrest it from them in the first place."

Jacob Primer Leese, a prominent San Francisco pioneer of 1850. (From an old wood cut.)

A Beginning.

The Spanish laws forbade the Californians to trade with foreigners, and the presence of the latter in the territory had to be satisfactorily explained to His Catholic Majesty's officials. But despite these provisions, which were urged even more strenuously by the Spanish authority in Mexico as California developed, the American sailor and trader continued to make their appearance along the coast.

Sometimes ships loaded with Boston merchandise, having secured permission to anchor at San Diego or Monterey under the pretense of much-needed repairs, would quietly distribute their cargoes among the natives and sail away. Or again they might enter a secluded harbor without permission and carry on a clandestine trade with the padres, who were invariably eager to exchange their Mission produce for such merchandise as they could get. In fact a dire necessity compelled them to depend on foreigners for subsistence. When Eayrs, captain of the Mercury, was taken with his ship in 1813 at El Refugio for illicit trade with the natives, he offered in his defense the fact that Spanish officials resident on the coast encouraged him in it. He claimed that it was at their request that he had given them agricultural tools and other things that they needed. "I have provided the priests with what they required for instructing the natives, and for the ceremonies of religion. They have paid me with provisions and some few otter skins. I have clothed many naked, and they have given me in return products of the soil, as the officers of this district can inform Your Excellency."

And on the 12th of November, 1819, Arguello wrote as follows to Viceroy Calleja:

"The padres are concerned in illicit trade from a grave and general necessity of clothing and other materials which they have experienced in the past, and experience more and more from day to day in the jurisdiction of this government. A rule of canonical law says, 'Necessity makes lawful that which by the law is illicit!'"

Spanish Fear.

There can be no reasonable doubt that little or no hostility was felt by natives for Americans under the Spanish regime. There was practically no reason for such feeling. But this in itself might have tended to make Spain uneasy. Anyway the reports of the governors indicate that the officials in California became more nervous as American visits increased. In 1817 Sola urged large re-enforcements for the territory. Particularly did he warn his superiors against Americans. They were becoming too familiar, he said, with the natural richness and with the defenseless condition of the country. It was well known, he urged, that their purpose in coming was not merely to obtain supplies, and that smuggling even was not their sole aim. They came well armed, and they frequented the smaller bays and mingled with the people. Naturally the Indians could not be expected to defend the country, he continued, because they believed the Spaniards had deprived them of their liberty.

American Influence Increases.

A little later official uneasiness began to manifest itself in another form. Rumors of actual American invasion were spread. In September, 1821, a report was current that foreigners were fortified somewhere within forty or fifty leagues of San Francisco. Just where, no one pretended to know, but it was generally supposed to be somewhere southeast of San Jose. Sola organized a force, collected supplies from various Missions, and on the 18th of October the organization left San Francisco under the command of Arguello with the avowed intention of dislodging the strangers. A tedious march through the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, the occasional firing of canon to frighten hostile Indians and the drowning of a mule with two thousand cartridges on its back were the results of this farcical expedition.

Such was the situation in 1822 after Mexico became independent. The Americans had become acquainted with the California coast region; they had mingled with the natives; they had smuggled thousands of dollars worth of Yankee merchandise to Spanish priests and Spanish presidios, and

The first custom house on the Plaza, San Francisco, 1850.
(From an old woodcut.)

they had spread a fear of Americans among Spanish officials.

With the independence of Mexico a change occurred in the attitude of that government's officials toward foreigners. California ports were opened to foreign trade upon the payment of duties averaging, at first, about twenty-five per cent. Later, however, all ports except Monterey and San Diego were closed, and the duties were increased to forty-two and one-half per cent. But Yankee ingenuity soon contrived schemes for evading Mexican regulations. One method, practiced by the more timid, was to tip the custom officer. Another was to leave a part of the cargo in a secluded place near the port of entry, pay duties on the remainder, reload during the night, and the following day dispose of the entire shipment. If there were several loads of goods to be sold, the wily trader had still another way of evading the custom officer. One ship would boldly enter the harbor, pay duties on her entire cargo, and remain at anchor for several days selling goods, the supply being kept up by other vessels transferring their loads of merchandise into her hold during the night. Thus several shiploads of goods could be sold for the duties paid on one. John R. Cooper, William A. Gale, Nathan Spear, Bryant and Sturgis and other Bostonians, carried on trade in this manner for years. In many cases the natives knew what was being done, and not infrequently the Mexican officials must have been aware of it, but the necessities of trade on the part of the Californians, the profits to the smuggler and the American love of adventure which accompanied it, led to a constant increase in this form of traffic.

With the arrival of Jedediah Smith in 1826, Americans began to come into California overland. The following

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Celebration of the Fourth of July at Leese's house, San Francisco, 1859. (From an old wood cut.)

year Mexico took steps to prevent further immigration. General orders were forwarded to Echeandia to expel all foreigners from the territory who were not provided with passports, to keep a strict watch and render a monthly account of new arrivals, to grant no lands to them, and by no means to allow them to form settlements on the coast or islands. Attempts were made to enforce these orders, but this did not prevent the extension of American influence. In 1828 bands of American trappers along the frontiers excited no little apprehension among Mexican officials. And in the following year there was a revolt of the troops at Monterey (caused by destitution) led by Joaquin Solis, a convict, who had been banished to California from Mexico. The whole affair was of slight importance, but it is significant that Americans were influential in having all the prisoners released a short time after the revolt had been put down. The next year, 1830, Mexico showed her willingness to make slight concessions to foreigners already in the territory. In reply to petitions for land made by a few Americans, the governor of California was authorized (perhaps reluctantly) to make such distributions to foreigners as the laws would permit, but he was ordered to see to it that the Russians and Americans should be the least numerous, and that they should be located in the central parts. Such timid measures as Mexico enacted, however, had little effect. Americans continued to carry on contraband trade and to assist in overthrowing and setting up governors. In 1831, when the revolution against Victoria developed, Abel Stearns was one of the leaders in the movement; and during the following year while the struggle for the governorship between Zamorano and Echeandia was in progress, forty-one foreigners of Monterey, a large number of whom were Americans, banded themselves together in support of Zamorano. The authorities of Mexico, in the mean-

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Hand carts used by the early immigrant Mormons in their tramp over the Western plains to Utah.
(*From an old woodcut.*)

time, appointed Figueroa to the governorship of the territory, and sent him out with instructions to encourage colonization of both citizens and foreigners. Figueroa's appointment united the factions temporarily.

From this time until the revolution of 1836, Californians probably felt less prejudice against Americans than against Mexicans. The commercial benefits they had conferred and were still conferring, won the favor of the people and even of the authorities, while such dangers as they excited troubled the former none and the latter but little. The Americans who lived regular lives found little or no difficulty in procuring citizenship, wives and land. To be sure, there were certain formalities with which newcomers had to comply, but there seem to have been no cases of oppression recorded. "Tired of Mexico—her Victorias, her Chios, her Chlos and her tariff; and eager for a rule of native sons, the American theory of government appealed to Californian leaders, padres no less than politicians!" And by 1836 they were ready to put their theories into practical operation.

Until this time the part played by Americans in the political affairs in California had not been an especially active one. As we have seen, they had been participants in the struggle for the governorship between Zamorano and Echeandia in 1832, but this had been done to protect their business interests at Monterey rather than to assist Zamorano. In 1836, however, we find them organizing for offensive purposes.

Attempt at Independence.

It was in this same year that the young Californians, led by Juan Bautista Alvarado, a leader of the "native sons," and assisted by a band of about thirty riflemen, the most efficient of whom were Americans, determined to do for California what had been done in Texas by Sam Houston and other Americans a few months earlier. The ruling governor, Gutierrez, was driven from power, and on the 6th of November, California was declared independent of Mexico. On the 7th, Vallejo was made commandante-general of the new State, and just one month later Alvarado became Governor. The *disputasion,* or State Congress, passed a decree dividing the land into two cantons, that of Monterey and that of Los Angeles. This was on December 9th. In each place there was to be a *jefe politico*—at Monterey the Governor himself, and at Los Angeles some one to be appointed by the Governor from a *terna* elected by the Angelinos. Discontent and persistent revolution in the South finally induced Alvarado, however, to abandon his scheme for independence. Castillero became his representative at Mexico, and on the ninth of July, 1837, Alvarado attempted to circumvent his enemies by declaring in favor of uniting with the parent State. In the meantime, however, the Mexican government appointed Carlos Carrillo

A California pioneer on the old Emigrant trail.

governor. Alvarado refused to recognize the new appointee, and again mustered his forces. Carrillo was defeated and taken prisoner, and a little later, August 13, Alvarado received word that he had been recognized as chief executive of Mexico.

In all the early part of this struggle the Americans were influential. "Foreigners, with interested motives and with sound arguments, labored to prove that California had received nothing but neglect and ill treatment from Mexico." It was doubtless due to pressure brought to bear by Americans after Gutierrez had been defeated that an attempt at absolute independence was undertaken. There is evidence that the Americans had a "lone-star flag" all ready which they wished to hoist, and that they were desirous of placing California under the protection of the United States. The latter scheme was never carried out, however, because David Spence and other foreigners deemed it wise to curb American ambition. Disgusted with the whole affair, the Americans withdrew from active participation in the revolution.

During the next few years they were comparatively quiet, but the mere fact that in 1840 the Governor felt it necessary to secretly arrest forty Americans and send them to Mexico to be tried for a supposed uprising against the government, indicates that their influence had become paramount in politics, in commerce, in military affairs and in all the important undertakings of the territory. Every attempt which was made to counteract it brought out the fact that it had become a permanent, growing element with which the officials would be called upon to deal more leniently and more considerately with the passing of the years.

The next incident that brought any great number of Americans into active participation in California affairs occurred a few years later. When Manuel Micheltorena succeeded Alvarado as Governor in 1842, he brought with him from Mexico a company of soldiers composed of ex-convicts. They were habitual thieves, and the ever-increasing losses sustained by the people of the territory became so unendurable at the last that a revolt developed under the leadership of Alvarado. Sutter and Graham, for personal reasons, collected a company of one hundred riflemen and joined Micheltorena. In fact, the Governor was compelled to place his reliance almost entirely on the foreigners. The hostile forces met in the region north of Los Angeles. With Alvarado there were also a few Americans under the command of William Workman and Benjamin Wilson. When the latter learned that their opponents were also their countrymen, they communicated with them, and a mutual agreement was reached whereby the Americans on both sides withdrew from the contest. Shorn of his principal strength, Micheltorena promptly capitulated.

This was in February, 1845. A few months later, in July, the Mexican government instructed the Governor of California "to prevent the introduc-

tion of families from the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, as otherwise the general order of the department would be subverted, foreign relations complicated and embarrassment created." An attempt was made to enforce this order. The task was not made easier by the appearance a little later of John C. Fremont, with about sixty armed followers. He made his camp at Hartwell's rancho in the Salinas Valley, and on March 5th, 1846, was ordered by Prefect Manuel Castro to retire beyond the limits of the department. This Fremont not only refused to do, but fortified himself on Gavilan Peak, and raised the United States flag. After having been menaced by Castro with two hundred men, and warned against treachery by Larkin, the United States Consul at Monterey, Fremont withdrew slowly toward Oregon. In the meantime, Sub-Prefect Francisco Guerrero sent word to Larkin that the former would notify the authorities in each town to inform Americans who had bought land—a right of naturalized foreigners only—that the transactions were invalid, and that they themselves were subject to expulsion at any time.

It is not surprising that these things created considerable excitement, especially among American settlers. Reports were circulated and generally believed that Mexican officials were preparing to drive all foreigners from the country. In April, 1846, Larkin wrote "of rumors that Castro was collecting people to force settlers from the Sacramento!"

The Bear Flag.

The general unrest was not relieved by the sudden reappearance of Fremont from the North. He had been overtaken on the borders of Oregon by a naval officer, Gillespie, with letters from Washington. Upon his sudden return the settlers believed that he had been ordered to do so by the United States government. Very soon after Fremont had established his camp at the junction of Bear and Feather Rivers, about a dozen of his men under the command of Ezekiel Merritt, seized one hundred and seventy horses that were being sent South to General Jose Castro by Vallejo, and which, rumor declared, were to be used to free the land of foreigners and to establish a fort on Bear River. On the same day, June 11th, "it was decided to capture Sonoma, where, under Vallejo, nine small cannon and two hundred muskets constituted a kind of presidio." Merritt, with twenty followers, increased later by twelve or thirteen under the command of Dr. Robert Semple and John Grigsby, made their appearance before Vallejo's house at dawn on the 14th of June. "A capitulation, embracing Vallejo, his brother, Don Salvador, and his secretary, Victor Prudon, was drafted and signed, and, stimulated by liberal refreshments, the Americans withdrew." The capitulators were sent to Fremont who, though disclaiming any part in the Sonoma affair, gave orders for the arrest of Jacob Leese (the latter accompanied the prisoners as interpreter), and for the confinement of all in Sutter's Fort.

At Sonoma, in the meantime, Wm. B. Ide, who had assumed command, was busy indicting proclamations and establishing "a just, liberal and honorable government." A flag was constructed with a single star in the upper left hand corner, a bear in the center, and the words, "California Republic," printed across the bottom. Ide declared it to be his aim to establish a government that should secure civil and religious liberty, "insure security of life and property; detect and punish crime and injustice; encourage virtue, industry and literature; foster agriculture and manufactures, and guarantee freedom to commerce."

The appearance, however, of Commodore Sloat on the 7th of July, 1846, put an end to all schemes for establishing a California republic. He had reached Monterey on the 2d. Larkin, however, persuaded him to delay ac-

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tion for five days, at the end of which time he disembarked two hundred and fifty men, raised the American flag over the custom house, fired a salute, and posted a proclamation declaring California annexed to the United States. Two days later, July 9th, the flag was raised at San Francisco and Sonoma, and on the eleventh, at Sutter's Fort. On the 23d, Sloat turned over his command to Commodore Robert F. Stockton, and six days later sailed for home.

Stockton, in accordance with the terms of his proclamation, proceeded to drive Pico and Castro from the southern part of the territory where they had taken refuge. Fremont's men were accepted as a battalion of volunteers, with Fremont himself as major and Gillespie as captain. These troops were sent to San Diego, where they arrived on the 29th of July, and raised the United States flag. Meantime Stockton moved southward with three hundred and sixty men, and Fremont's troops came northward from San Diego. The two forces met in Los Angeles on the 13th of August, neither of them having experienced any serious opposition. The flag was raised, and the conquest was deemed complete.

Official Schemes at Washington.

The Californians had been comparatively passive spectators of all that had occurred. It was more than a month later, September 24th, that the indignation aroused by the treatment meted out to Vallejo—a native Californian—and his followers at Sonoma, led to a general uprising of his countrymen, and by that time steps had been taken at Washington to insure a speedy and permanent annexation of California to the United States.

Monterey, California, 1850. (From an old wood cut.)

As early as 1835, President Jackson had ordered Butler, *charge d'affaires* in Mexico, to purchase the Bay of San Francisco as a port for the numerous United States vessels engaged in the whaling business on the Pacific Coast. The price to be paid, according to one authority, was five million dollars. There is some indication that the proposition might have been favorably received had it not been for the opposition of the British. A few years

later, when the diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico were becoming more complicated over Texas, Commodore Thomas Catesby Jones was sent to take command of the Pacific squadron. His instructions ordered him to "afford . . . every aid, protection and security consistent with the law of nations," to Americans and American interests on the Pacific Coast. Doubtless he also had verbal instructions from the Secretary of War which were to govern his actions provided certain contingencies should arise. Anyway, under the impression that war had begun between the United States and Mexico, Jones entered the harbor of Monterey on the 19th of October, 1842, and took possession of the town. Two days later, having been convinced that the relations between his country and Mexico were peaceable, he restored the Mexican flag, withdrew his troops, fired a salute, and after a brief stay, sailed away.

On March 4, 1845, James K. Polk became President. His policy of territorial acquisition was determined when he came into power. The minister sent to Mexico to adjust the boundary between the United States and that country was further authorized "to purchase for a pecuniary consideration Upper California and New Mexico." The amount to be paid was of secondary importance. The President thought these two territories might be had for fifteen or twenty million dollars, but he was ready to pay forty millions if necessary.

The relations between the two governments became even more strained during the first months of Polk's term, and in May, 1846, war began. By June, the President had expressed a desire to get possession of all the territory north of the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude in the treaty of peace with Mexico. At the suggestion of Benton a regiment of volunteers was raised to go from New York to California, with the understanding that they should be mustered out of service in the latter place after the war was over. According to orders sent out from Washington to Colonel Stevenson, of New York City, the regiment was to consist of men of various pursuits and regular habits. The object is obvious.

General Stephen Kearny had been sent into New Mexico with United States troops as soon as war was declared. Having completed the subjugation of that territory by August, he was ordered to proceed from Santa Fe to California. He arrived at Warner's Rancho on the 2d of December, 1846.

As already indicated the conquest was deemed complete the previous August. Later developments showed, however, that so far as war affected the subjugation of California the real struggle did not begin until September. On the twenty-fourth of that month, Gillespie, whom Stockton left in command of the South, with orders to maintain martial law, suddenly found that his indiscretionary measure had stirred up a revolt, which rapidly spread over the southern part of the territory. On September 30th, Gillespie was forced to accept the terms Flores offered him, and withdraw from the South. Meantime the messenger sent northward by the besieged commander reached Commodore Stockton, and the latter moved southward, arriving at San Diego by November. While here, he received a letter from General Kearny. To meet the General and conduct him to San Diego, Stockton sent Gillespie (Gillespie had joined Stockton at San Pedro) with thirty men. On December 6th, after the union of these troops with Kearny's, the battle of San Pascual was fought, an engagement that came near proving disastrous to the Americans. A few other minor skirmishes resulted in the triumph of the American cause, and on the 10th of January, 1847, the Stars and Stripes were raised a second time at Los Angeles. On March 1st, General Kearny became Governor, and issued a proclamation absolving all the

inhabitants of California from further allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, and the new era began.

"Americans and Californians! From henceforth one people." Thus ended the document. " Let us then indulge one desire, one hope; let that be for the peace and tranquility of our country. Let us unite like brothers and mutually strive for the mutual improvement and advancement of this, our beautiful country, which within a short period cannot fail to be not only beautiful, but also prosperous and happy."

THE PUNCHERS' HOLIDAY

BY JACK BURROUGHS

Been workin' on th' "Flyin' V,"
About a month, have Bill an' me.
Nary a chanst fer fight or fun,
Nary a call to pull a gun;
Been a-champin' at th' bit,
Waitin' fer th' time to git;
An' now, ez payday rolls aroun'
We're on th' trail that leads to town:

Clickety, click! Clackety, clack!
Skin fer cover! Clear th' track!
Gallopin' down th' street we come,
Full o' th' devil, an' full o' rum;
I plug a winder, an' Bill a light,
Poppin' our Colts to left an' right;
Clickety, click! Clackety, clack!
We'll shoot 'er up 'fore we go back!

An' now our money's gone, so we
Must hit th' trail fer th' "Flyin' V."
Good-bye to th' crowds an' buildin's tall;
Good-bye to th' glitter, an' glare, an' all.
We're leavin' th' lights an' th' auto honks,
An' it's back to punchin' an' bustin' bronchs.
But wait another month, an' then
You'll hear th' same ole song agen.

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BE CONTENT WITH YOUR WAGES

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"The soldiers likewise demanded of John the Baptist, saying, What shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages."—Luke 3:14.

WE HAVE our Lord Jesus' words to the effect that John, His forerunner, was a Prophet of the very highest order: "There hath not arisen a greater Prophet than John the Baptist." John was not preaching to Christians; he was not preaching the Message that Jesus preached, namely, that "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." He was preaching merely the demands of the Jewish Law; he was telling the Jews that their long expected Messiah was about to be presented to them, and that only the holy, faithful ones would be in readiness to receive Him, and would be accepted by Him and be blessed. Various classes asked what they should do to manifest their obedience, and to show a fruitage of repentance of sin. The words we are considering were a reply to the soldiers. It is just such advice as would be applicable to a soldier to-day.

The declaration, "Do violence to no man," did not signify that they were to prove unfaithful to the duties devolving upon them as soldiers; it did not mean that if a man were ordered to be arrested that they should let him go free. It did not mean that if he attempted to escape he might not suffer violence at their hands. They were soldiers, and a soldier is a representative of the Law, and he is under orders from his superior; and, unless the matter would be very exceptional indeed, he should obey the commands of his superior to the very letter. The responsibility is with the superior. Having enlisted, he is responsible to the terms and conditions of that contract. When his period of service shall expire, he may use his judgment and liberty about re-enlistment, but until then he is a servant of the government, and bound by its general regulations.

"Do violence to no man" must, therefore, be understood to mean, "Do not use your position of authority and power improperly, unnecessarily. If you are a soldier, be a good soldier, a kind soldier, a gentle soldier, a patient soldier, a generous soldier, an obedient soldier, 'enduring hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.'" The general difficulty in our day is, not that the law requires soldiers to do violent things, but that they frequently take advantage of the situation and give greater violence than the law permits or sanctions. All who desire to walk in the way of righteousness should take heed of this wise counsel, "Do violence to no man"—violate no man's rights or interests, nor even his feelings or his reputation.

Accuse No Man Falsely.

In olden times, most of the military duty was in the nature of police service. It could scarcely be within the province of any soldier to-day to falsely accuse any one. A policeman, however, would have such an opportunity. Either spite, or revenge, or malice, or affronted dignity, might lead

some police officer to exaggerate some fault, and thus to falsely accuse—to accuse more than would be proper, or to make an accusation out of whole cloth. All this, of course, would be contrary to the principles of righteousness, and hence contrary to the Divine will.

"Be Content With Your Wages."

We are not to understand that those who love righteousness and seek to do the Lord's will must take whatever wages are offered to them, and therewith be content. If in slavery, this might be proper enough—to be thankful and content with the best that could be done under all the circumstances, desirous, nevertheless, and patiently waiting for an improvement of conditions.

The thought of the Prophet evidently is, You have enlisted for a certain period of time; you bargained for a certain amount of wage. If later on you wish you had done otherwise, it is too late to alter the matter until your enlistment term expires. If your wages seem small, and you see others about you with no more ability earning much more, nevertheless be content with your wages, because it is what you bargained for. You have, therefore, agreed to accept it as right, and are not at liberty to denounce it, or to murmur, or to demand more. If your faithful service is appreciated, and a larger compensation than agreed upon comes to you, be thankful correspondingly. But in any event, and always, be content.

Godliness With Contentment.

St. Paul declares, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." With intelligent people there can scarcely be contentment without godliness. Only the unintelligent could be content without godliness. Why? Because all persons of intelligence have hopes, aims, aspirations and ambitions. If their hearts be set upon these ambitions, they can only be content while success is with them, and they are apparently attaining their desires.

As a matter of fact, comparatively few people find themselves very successful in attaining their ambitions. More or less of disappointment seems to come to nine out of every ten. It is difficult for the intelligent under such conditions to be content. The greater the intelligence the stronger the ambitions, and the more there will be of discontent in their frustration, and a feverish desire to overcome all difficulties, or to wear out life in the attempt to gain the ideal, the ambition.

It is here that godliness comes in, as a great assistance, to a comparatively small portion of humanity. The godly are those who desire to do God's will, and who desire God's will to be done in them, and in respect to all of their affairs. To these alone it is possible to have contentment, even "when all around the soul gives way," and disappointment and disaster to desires, ambition and hopes comes, and yet not thereby be crushed. These concede the Lord's will, and trust in the Divine promise that "all things will work together for their good, "because they love God, and because they have been "called according to His purpose"—these can be calm and serene in the midst of all the storms of life. They have an anchorage "within the veil, whither Jesus has for them entered."

Godly Contentment a Growth.

Nor do any find that this blessed state of godly contentment can be reached in a moment. It is a result of growth in grace and in the knowledge and in the love of God. It marks a development of knowledge and faith and of obedience as children of God, to which the majority of mankind are strangers. This is, however, the ideal Christian life. It can be entered only by the straight and narrow way—by a full consecration to the service of the Redeemer—the doing of the Divine will. Gradually, day by day, this

character or disposition, which was so marked in the Lord Jesus, becomes impressed upon those who are seeking to walk in His steps, and thus, day by day, they are being made meet, fit, "for the inheritance of the saints in light."

Those who are of the world, who have not made a consecration, and who therefore are not "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ" to the Heavenly inheritance, are, nevertheless, to partake of a great blessing which God promised nearly four thousand years ago, saying to Abraham, "In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." This promise guarantees that when the Church shall have reached the plane of glory, and shall have become the spiritual Seed of Abraham, all mankind will receive a blessing through the glorified Church.

The blessing will consist of an opportunity for a return to human perfection and all that was lost by Adam's disobedience, and redeemed by the obedience of Jesus; they will not only have an earthly perfection, but, additionally, everlasting life and a share in the world-wide Eden, in which there will be no more sighing, no more crying, no more dying.

But, be it noted, the attitude of each individual in the present life is either that of maintaining what he has received of his parents of honor, justice, truth, righteousness and mercy, or a degradation of these qualities more or less, or an increase of them. And, according as he shall use well, or fail to use wisely the opportunities and experiences of this present life, will be his state or condition in the life to come, when Messiah shall be King, and the Church shall be with Christ on the Throne—when the promise to Abraham shall be fulfilled through them.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR

BY GEORGE B. STAFF

He hears a call across the low-hung hills
That lures him from the busy haunts of men.
He longs to sit beside the red camp fire,
And watch the golden light of sunset fade.
While silently the myriad friendly stars
Gleam one by one, and out across the hills
A lone wolf wakes weird echoes in the gloom.

But now the hand of Time, relentlessly,
Has laid upon his back the weight of years.
Before his little shack he sits alone,
And as the twilight shadows touch the hills
He prospects in a golden land of dreams!

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IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"The Yosemite," by John Muir, author of "The Mountains of California," "My First Summer in the Sierras," etc. Thirty-two full-page insets in tint. Three maps; beautifully bound. Gilt top. 8vo, 284 pages. Price, $2.40 net, postage 16 cents.

Those who love Nature and Nature's moods will find in this book a steadfast and sympathetic companion in the world of eternal charm. John Muir is a pagan in his passion for the woods, the mountains, and the roving streams; and the deities dwelling in those recesses have endowed him with the rare gift of expressing their subtle messages. In "The Yosemite," Mr. Muir has given ordinary readers pages of practical advice on how to best see the wonders and beauties of the valley, and over it all he has thrown the charms of his own intimate descriptions which cannot fail to stimulate them with aspirations to become better acquainted with the life that never tires. Mr. Muir is at his best when he forgets that he is acting the part of guide, and becomes the confidential interpreter of woodland spirits, and talks intimately to them and about them, in a manner after that arch confidante of Nature, Shelley, when betraying the confidences of the winds, the clouds and the streams. He feels that same intimate relationship as did another Scot, Burns, and, despite his less tutored pen, he quickens the sympathies of the reader with his fine perceptions and abundant love of woodland and the lurking woodfolk. No more vivid view of the Yosemite has been put between covers. The usual dryness of detail and prolixity have been eliminated, and you have the valley as it really is to those who visualize it physically and feel its all-pervading spiritual charms.

With the reader by his side, he climbs the drenching way beside the thundering falls, sports laughingly in the rainbow showers of spray, drags you up the bare sides of a Dome, where a misstep or a thoughtless grip may plunge one down a sheer thousand feet; pilots you across narrow mountain ledges from which you glance down a dizzy 4000 feet and discern cattle as spots on the valley floor below; points out the snow plants and the other peculiar flora thriving lustily, and for a brief season, in the land above the clouds; he tells you fantastic stories of the "Spirit of the Brocken" and other uncanny, weird and "unnatural" things, as the iron-bound materialist would term them, that he has seen in this nook of Nature's wonderland.

To him they speak an inner language as the field of daffodils did to Wordsworth, and he writes of it all with a freshness, a spontaneity and an assurance that sweeps the reader into a world where youth is eternal.

Threading it all is the learning of a man who thoroughly understands the scientific side of Nature's laws, for Muir received a solid foundation in scholarship in Scotland and at the University of Wisconsin, and took honorary degrees from Harvard and Yale. The book is so round and complete that those who seek practical helpfulness or information will find the end of their interrogations in its pages. For this purpose, three excellent maps are provided, a map of the geological survey, a travel guide map giving all the trails and roads of the Yosemite National Park, and a travel guide map of the Yosemite Valley. The falls, domes and other chief natural features of the valley are illustrated in very fine photographs. The volume is dedicated to Robert Underwood Johnson, "Defender of Our Glorious Forests, and Originator of the Yosemite National Park."

"The Guardians of the Columbia."

John W. Williams, the Tacoma author and publisher, announces for publication in June a companion volume to his richly illustrated book, "The Mountain that Was 'God,'" which has done much to attract attention to the great mountain scenery of the Northwest, and of which more than 40,000 copies have been sold in less than two years. The new book will be entitled "The Guardians of the Columbia." Not only will it cover the story and scenery of the great river itself, but its principal theme will be the three fine snowpeaks which sentinel the lower Columbia, Mt. Hood in Oregon and Mts. Adams and St. Helens in Washington, with their glaciers, canyons, lava fields, lava and ice caves, etc. A feature of the book that will arouse widespread interest is a chapter describing the wonderful forests of the Columbia, contributed by H. D. Langille, of Portland, a former expert in the United States Forest Service. This has been published in advance, in an attractive pamphlet, illustrated with a large number of magnificent forest, river and mountain views; and may be had for 25 cents by addressing the publisher. Judging from these advance pages of text and engraving, the new volume will be even more beautiful than its predecessor, "The Mountain that Was 'God.'" More than 200 illustrations, eight of them in colors, representing the best work of nearly fifty photographers, will enrich it. A remarkable sale is already assured. One Portland bookseller has placed an order for 10,000 copies, while other orders already received bring the advance subscription to more than one-half the first edition of 35,000. It is said that no other book of travels or for travelers published in the United States has ever scored so great a success in advance of publication. Mr. Williams announces a third volume in this series, to exhibit the scenery of Puget Sound and its mountains, including the Olympics and Mt. Baker, and to be published in 1913.

"A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

It is quite unnecessary to call attention to the importance of a new book by Jane Addams. As a servant of the public good Miss Addams, both through her work at Hull House and through her writings, has made for herself a name all over the world. She does not view things from a standpoint of destructive criticism, but rather from that of constructive, her aim being always to better the conditions in the particular field which she is considering. In "A New Conscience and An Ancient Evil," her new work, which is to be published early this month, she considers sanely and frankly questions which civilized society has always had confronting it, and in all probability always will. Something of her attitude of mind and of her purpose in writing this book, as well as a glimpse of the character of the volume itself, may be seen from the following paragraphs taken from her preface: "'A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil' was written, not from the point of view of the expert, but because of my own need for a counter-knowledge to a bewildering mass of information which came to me through the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago. The reports which its twenty field officers daily brought to its main office adjoining Hull House became to me a revelation of the dangers incident to city conditions and of the allurements which are designedly placed around many young girls in order to draw them into an evil life."

"A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," by Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company, New York, Publishers.

Browning Day.

The hundredth anniversary of Robert Browning's birth was celebrated May 7th. In one of Browning's remarkable letters written to Elizabeth Barrett a few months before their marriage, he mentions the day: "Have you forgotten that birthday? Do, my Ba, forget it. My day, as I told you,

is the 20th—my true, happiest day! But I thank you all I can, dearest.—All good to me comes through you, or for you—every wish and hope ends in you." But on the morning of the 7th she replied to him: "Beloved, my thoughts go to you this morning, loving and blessing you! May God bless you for both His worlds—not for this alone. So I am to forget to-day, I am told in the letter. Ah! But I shall forget and remember what I please." The letters of both the Brownings are included in the book, "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett." The subtitle shows the date of this remarkable courtship—1845-46. It will be remembered that the letters caused much comment at the time of their publication several years ago.

"Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett." Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Record of a City."

There is a growing tendency to-day in cities and towns of all sizes to have a social survey made on some scale. The great questions of method or of how to secure material are most important, and to the many who are engaged in such work or who are interested as students in social surveys, Dr. Kenngott's story of the industrial changes that have taken place in Lowell in the last twenty years will be particularly suggestive. Dr. Kenngott has been for many years in charge of one of the principal churches of Lowell. He knows the situation thoroughly, and has been a studious observer of the important industrial changes that have taken place there. He has made the study based on schedules filled out with the assistance of his fellow clergymen and others. The book shows this old New England town in process of rapid industrial change. It is of very great interest, therefore, to the people of Lowell, and especially to those of its residents who are working with these problems.

The volume is also of very great value for the general student of practical sociology and economics, to whom the changes in a New England mill village, which transformed it to a great industrial factory city, would be of interest as a typical historical study of great value. It will also be of very great use as a guide for those who are planning similar surveys for other cities. For this purpose, the present volume has an immense value in regard to the question of method and of how to secure material. By careful analysis of different conditions the author shows the necessity for new and adequate conceptions, and points out the direction in which these must be sought.

"The Record of a City," a Social Survey by George K. Kenngott, Ph. D. Illustrated; decorated cloth, $3 net. The Macmillan Company, New York, Publishers.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, "Tante," now in its fourth large edition, is the author's first striking success with a book, although all of her previous eight novels have found a number of appreciative readers. But "Tante" seems to have "caught on" with that wider circle, the general public. Miss Sedgwick (who is now Mrs. Basil Selincourt) is an American who has for several years made her home in England, and it is there that the identification of "the world's greatest pianist," the "Tante" of the novel, is exciting much interest.

"Tante," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Co., publishers, Union Square, New York.

"The Nets."

Mr. Henry has long been known as an American authority on Paris life. He lived for years with French people and numbers some of the Forty Immortals among his friends. He was well equipped to write this lively novel dealing with love, intrigue and artistic Bohemianism in that unknown but fascinating twilight zone which

borders on the Latin Quarter. The story has received high and unanimous praise in the English press. From Dublin to Calcutta it has awakened the enthusiasm of the stolid British reviewers. It presents a curious conflict between American and French temperaments and habits of life. The lovely ripeness of a rich and decaying civilization contrasts sharply with that of the new-born Yankee. The American hero stands forth in an entangling mesh of mystery and combat. He is ardently assailed by the charms of witchery, grace and all the arts in which the French excel. The plot, the stirring characters, the magic of that strange life under the shadows of historic palace and church, engage and absorb the reader's attention.

The wonderful old professor, the gay dancing girl, the splendid Venus de Milo model, the Puritan New England editor and his false chum, are thrown together in a vivacious setting replete with surprises and delights. The quarrel scene in the public garden has greatly amused the English public.

Forgotten streets and mysterious old houses loom here with the illusions of legendary antiquity, and are occupied with living, passionate figures in the throbbing atmosphere of to-day.

"The Nets." By Stuart Henry, author of "Hours With Famous Parisians," etc. Imported by Brentanos. $1.25 net.

"In Desert and Wilderness," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

It is now nineteen years since Henryk Sienkiewicz took the reading world by storm with his famous novel "Quo Vadis," of which nearly a million copies have been sold. While "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael" brought this Polish author greater literary fame, it was not until "Quo Vadis" appeared in 1895 that he leaped into popularity. A dozen other novels followed the Nobel literary prize of $40,000, but of late Mr. Sienkiewicz has written less frequently. In his newest novel, "In Desert and Wilderness," translated from the original Polish by Max A. Drezmal, Sienkiewicz conducts the reader on a real journey through Africa in company with two kidnaped children. The author's extraordinary power of observation and faculty of description make the book glow with the atmosphere and color of the desert. "Sienkiewicz," says William Lyons Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale University, "is undoubtedly one of the great masters of the realistic novel. He takes all human nature for his province. He has the very exuberance of power, and an endless wealth of material . . . and also the stimulating influence of a great moral force."

First English Copyright.

The newspaper copyright controversy has brought to light the fact that a long period of struggle has been required to protect even partially an author's right to his property. J. Henry Harper, whose book "The House of Harper," has recently been published, is authority for the statement that it was 200 years ago that the first copyright was taken out on an English book. This was by the Rev. Dr. Hammond, one of the most accomplished scholars of his day, and the work was his "Annota on the New Testament." In "The House of Harper" is a detailed account of the agitation for international copyright, beginning with President Fillmore's letter to Harper & Brothers in 1852, asking for their views on a proposed copyright treaty with England.

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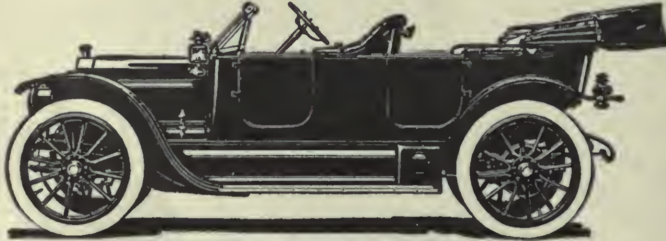
Who will be the next President?

He won't be happy 'till he gets it!

"All rights secured".

The Rambler Cross Country Has Made Good



THE RAMBLER CROSS COUNTRY—$1650

We Guarantee Every Rambler for Ten Thousand Miles

Subject to the conditions of our signed guarantee which we will give with each car

Ten thousand miles! Think what it means!

Step into the Rambler in New York and journey across four States to Chicago. Take your bearings and strike due west across seven States to the Golden Gate.

Run down the Coast to Los Angeles. Turn back over the mountains and on through eight hundred miles of desert to El Paso. Then on to New Orleans and back, by way of Atlanta, through eight States to the city of New York.

Strike out again cross country for Chicago. Then drive your car straightway across the American continent to San Francisco. Yet you have not exhausted the ten thousand mile Rambler guarantee backed by a company of known stability.

We give this guarantee to prove to you our unbounded confidence in every single part that goes into every Rambler car.

The first Rambler Cross Country that left the factory made a three thousand mile test trip through nine States, over the mountains of Pennsylvania to New York, Albany, Boston and back to the factory.

Since then the fame of the Cross Country has spread, and its service has extended to every State in the Union, to every province of Canada, to Mexico, to Australia, South America, Europe and the Orient.

Everywhere this Rambler has gone its performance has strengthened our confidence in its ability to fulfill this guarantee. That is why we do not hesitate to give it.

Eleven years of success in motor car building has so established the stability of this company in manufacturing and financial resources as to make definitely known the responsibility back of this guarantee.

Such a car with this guarantee, backed by such a company whose liberal policy is so widely known, are the reasons why you should have a Rambler. A postal card will bring you a catalog at once.

Equipment —Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top with envelope, $80—wind shield, $35; demountable wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, $30—gas operated self-starter, $50.

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THE Detroit Electric can be depended upon for all-around service because dependability has been ***built into it.*** Not only great strength, but great mechanical and electrical principles are ***inborn*** in this superior motor car.

They are the foundation of your investment and will yield inestimable dividends of pleasure for yourself and friends.

The body designs of the 1912 Detroit Electrics have anticipated the style for years to come. They are dignified and have both character and correct taste. There is nothing "make-believe" or freakish either in the body designs, interior finish or mechanical construction of the Detroit Electric.

Let us tell you about the many *exclusive* features that have contributed to the ascendancy of the Detroit Electric as Society's Town Car.

We offer a selection of nine body designs. Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

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Selling representatives in all leading Cities

California Electric Garage Co.,	Los Angeles, Cal.	L. J. Kitt,	Stockton, Cal.
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United Electric Vehicle Co.,	Oakland, Cal.	Frank C. Riggs,	Portland, Ore.
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Over 650 1912 Cadillacs are in the hands of owners in California. Any of these can give you PROOF of the car in general, and the Delco Self-Starter and Lights in particular.

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Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,631,282.84
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Deposits December 30, 1911	46,205,741.40
Total Assets	48,837,024.24

Remittances may be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

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PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 65 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Gouraud's Oriental Toilet Powder

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves skin troubles, cures sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25c. by mail.

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Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1 by mail.

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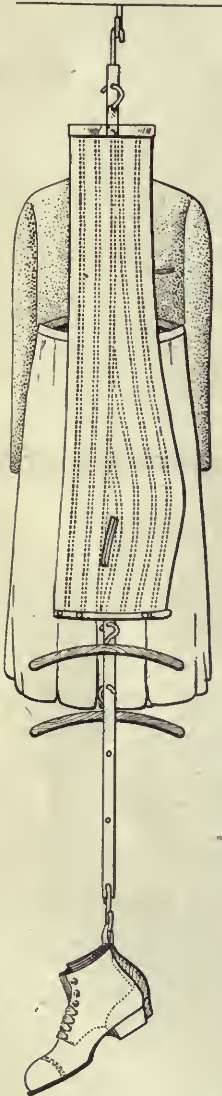
Needed in every home, by every man and woman, young or old, rich or poor. Something the batchelor, the housewife or the traveler has been longing for and it is so good that you will wonder how you ever lived without it.



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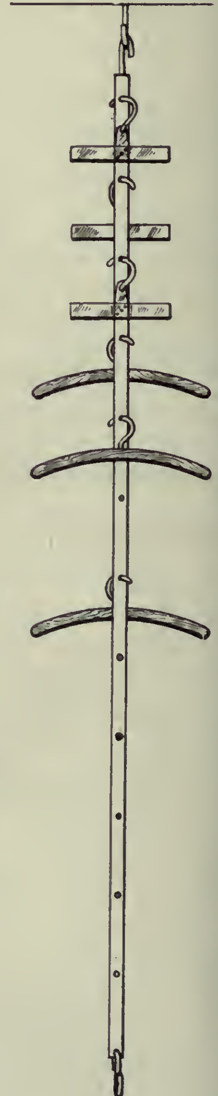
The wearing apparel of two persons can be hung on one strap—your clothes are "out of the way" and don't need continual pressing—gives you extra space and more comfort while traveling and saves two-thirds the space in your clothes closet at home. Can be carried in the vest pocket when not in use.



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6 P. M. The Owl Limited

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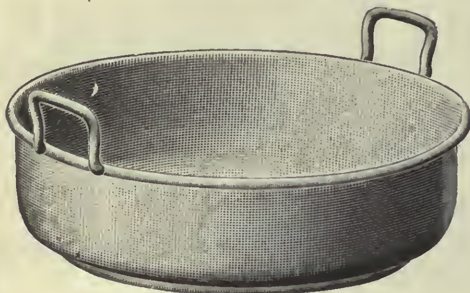
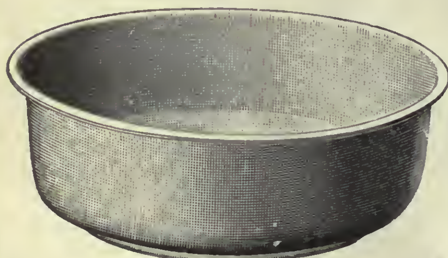


CAPACITY 6 PINTS

CAPACITY 6 PINTS



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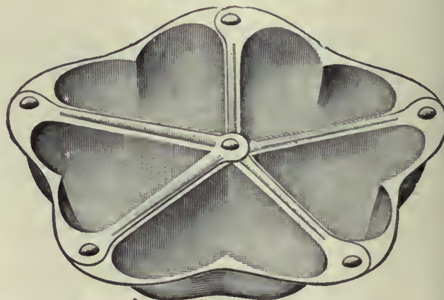

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Detroit special construction combines more speed with safety than any other boats made.

Ask any of the 12,500 satisfied owners! Detroit boats lead at every boating point in the country. **Get our confidential proposition and special prices to demonstrating agents.** Don't delay. Let us hear from you at once! (155)

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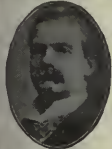

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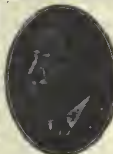

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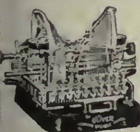

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Properties Owned by the Kennett Consolidated Copper Companies

1. Big Back Bone Group. 2. The Elsie Group. 3. Keystone

These three groups of claims comprise 50 U. S. mining locations, 20, 18 and 12 respectively, approximating 1000 acres, and are situated in the Back Bone Mining District of the Shasta County Copper Belt, in Sections 18, 19 and 20, Township 34 North, Range 5 West, about six miles by wagon road from the railroad and smelter town of Kennett on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 18 miles north of Redding, the county seat.

They lie on the same belt as the *Mountain Copper Company's (Iron Mountain) properties, the Trinity, Balaklala, Shasta King and Mammoth,* and are less than two miles from the workings of the Mammoth Mine, a property owned by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company of Boston, a corporation capitalized at $75,000,000.

DEVELOPMENT. More than 1000 feet of tunnels have already been run on the property, disclosing conditions exceedingly favorable to the opening up of extentive ore reserves. Active work is at present under way in Tunnels Nos. 4 and 7.

Tunnel No. 7 is a cross-cut tunnel being run 75 feet below Tunnel No. 6, where oxidized ore has been encountered for 120 feet in length and in crosscuts 60 feet wide. Assays from this tunnel run very high for this belt, and it is believed that the tunnel now being run below will reach and open up an immense body of sulphide ore carrying higher values than are usual on the west side Copper Belt. Tunnel No. 4 is being run on the west side of the Elsie and is in nearly 400 feet, disclosing apparently a body of low grade ore of the character usually found here.

A 12-pound rail track and ore cars are installed in this tunnel and crosscuts are being run at 250 and 285 feet respectively.

The Mammoth Mine is now yielding a daily output of 1200 tons of ore. Ten years ago it was showing less favorable conditions than the Big Back Bone and Elsie properties are to-day.

In July, 1910, another ore body richer than that of the Mammoth proper was discovered by the Mammoth Company just *1700 feet from the south line of the Elsie property,* and the development of this new find has established a large camp, new transportation facilities and brought the Northern California Power Line within 1700 feet of the Kennett Consolidated Copper Company's holdings. Already shafts and tunnels aggregating 1200 feet have been driven, and active operations disclose the fact that the discovery is a very important one for the Company, and has greatly enhanced the value of the *KENNETT CONSOLIDATED properties.*

SHASTA COUNTY COPPER.

The Shasta County Copper Belt already ranks *fifth in the Copper production of the United States*, and is one of the few copper districts where copper can be profitably mined when the metal is selling at less than 12 cents per pound.

Copper is the chief product and the basis of the mining prosperity and prospects of Shasta County, which is far in the lead of the mineral producing counties of the State of California.

From 1894 to 1910, this county has produced copper of a value of over Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000.)

Briefly summarized, the advantages of the Kennett Consolidated are:

1. A Porphyry Copper—the kind that pays the biggest dividends.
2. The properties cover an extensive mineralized area—nearly 1000 acres.
3. Located in a copper belt ranking FIFTH IN PRODUCTION in the United States.
4. Adjacent to the greatest producing mine in California, a regular dividend payer.
5. Surface and underground similarity to the other big mines of the district.
6. Formation indicative of extensive ore bodies.
7. Worked by tunnels, reducing working costs to a minimum. No expensive hoisting and pumping.
8. Timber and water abundant.
9. Smelters, power and railroads close at hand.
10. Small capitalization for a big Porphyry Copper.
11. First issues of stock at a very low price.
12. Celebrated Engineer's Report says: "The formation is identical with that of the MAMMOTH property, which it adjoins, and when I first examined the MAMMOTH property in 1896 there was no better showing at that time than there is now on the Big Back Bone property."

This is the first great Porphyry Copper stock ever offered in the United States on such a small capitalization.

For six years the properties have been developed by the owners on a business basis and with their own capital. They will continue to be so managed for the profit of all.

They have now reached the stage where large capital is absolutely necessary to continue operations on a large scale and provide diamond drills, machinery, etc.

It is assumed that the proceeds of this First Issue will furnish all the capital required, and make of the properties another "Mammoth" Mine. At the present market price of copper (17½ cents per pound) the "Mammoth" is yielding an annual profit of two million dollars.

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Such are the possibilities of these properties. Copper will be a scarce metal in a few years.

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"In copper the demand is growing prodigiously. If the growth of demand continous through the next thirty years in the ratio of the past three decades, the annual demand for copper will be over 3,000,000 tons. Where such a stupendous amount of this metal is to come from is far beyond any apparent source of supply."

Horace J. Stevens, the world's greatest authority on copper, predicts that in from two to four years there will be the greatest boom in copper that the world has ever seen.

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We will send you free a booklet called "Porphyry Coppers," which more fully describes these properties, if you will send us your name and address. Don't wait a week or a month before you write for it, because only a few people can be accommodated with shares, as some large blocks are already spoken for.

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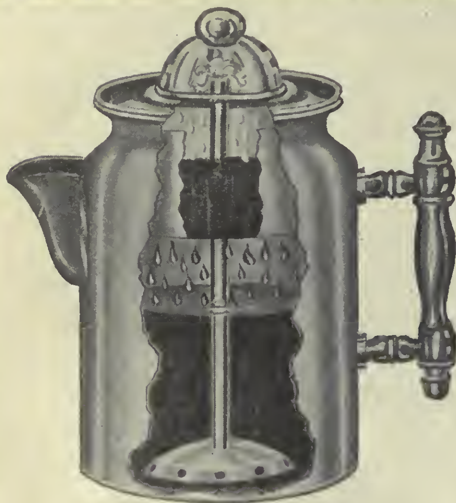

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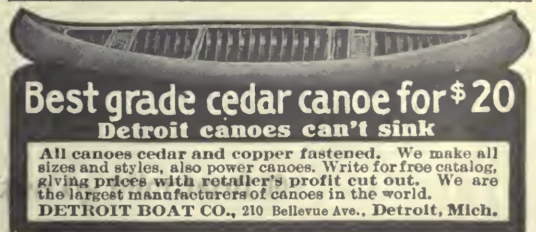

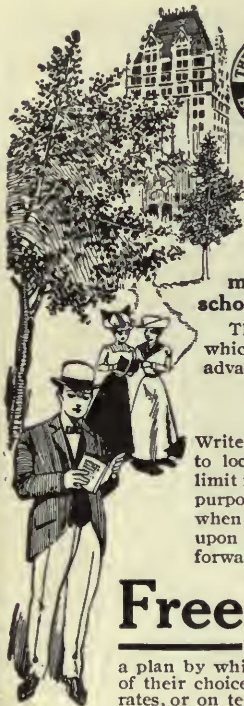

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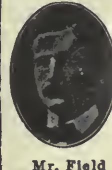
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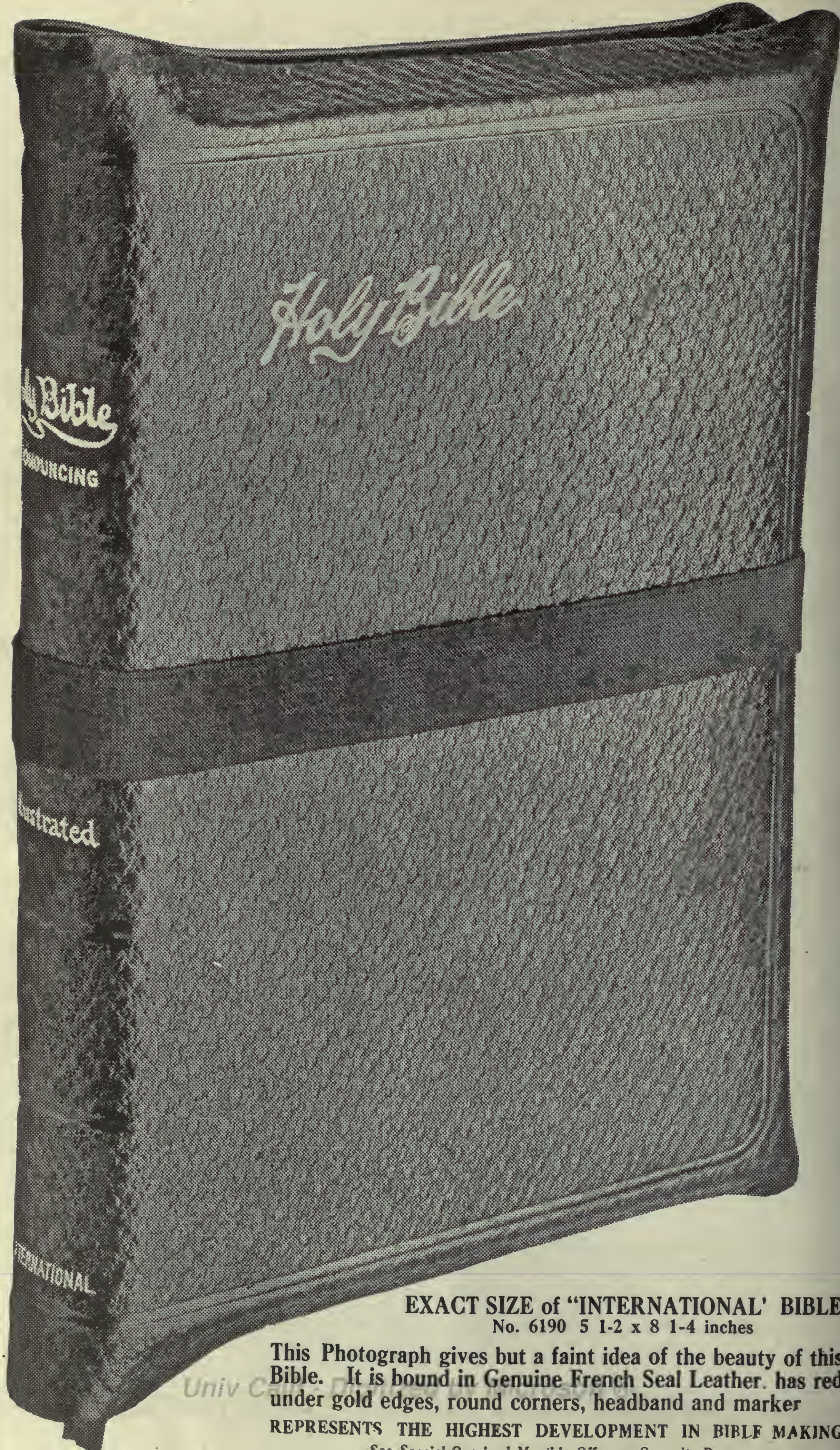
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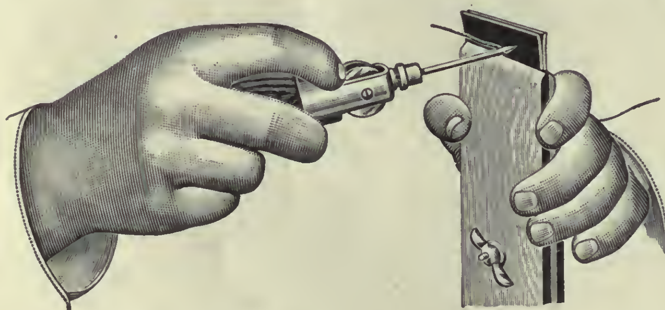

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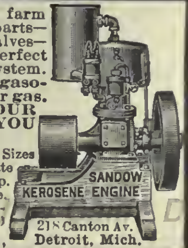

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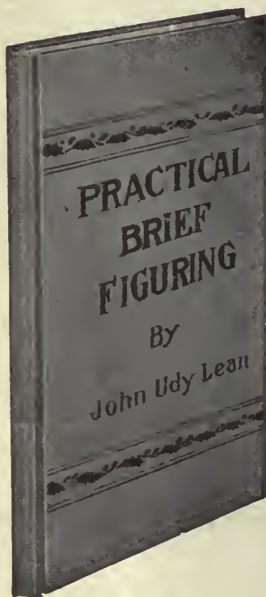

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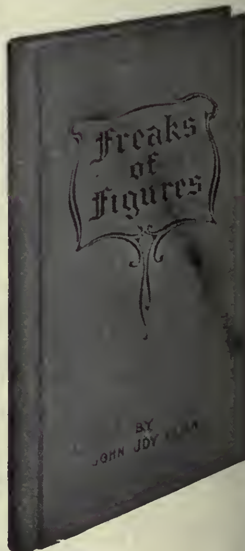

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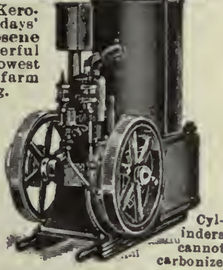

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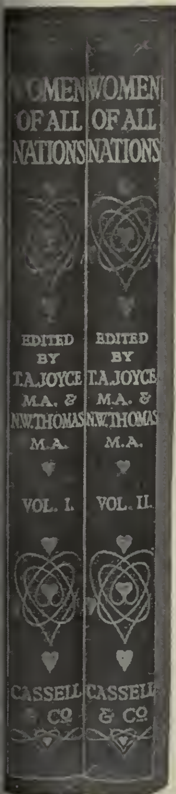

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Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

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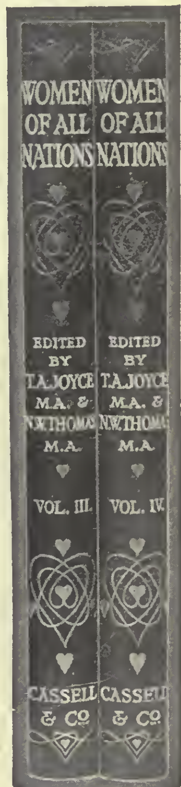

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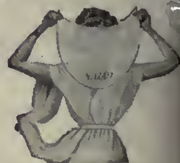

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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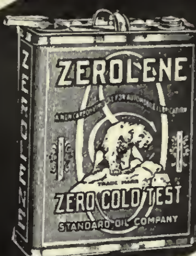

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On the Oregon coast, near the mouth of the Columbia River. *See page 117.*

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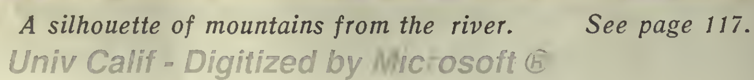

A silhouette of mountains from the river. *See page 117.*

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

A moonlight scene near the mouth of the Columbia River. See page 117.

Robert I. Aitken, sculptor.

selected Manhattan as the city to do work that is making their names familiar wherever art is spoken of—or seen.

In proof of this, let us speak for a short time of two sculptors who are helping to illumine the roll of fame jealously guarded by their native Golden State—Gutzon Borglum and Robert Aitken.

"I began my art study in San Francisco in 1888," Mr. Borglum told the writer, "at the old San Francisco Art Association, under Virgil Williams and Narjot; there, too, I came to have the friendship of the late William Keith—which I consider to have been of the greatest benefit to me at various periods of my career; likewise one of my most valuable inspirations. When I left San Francisco I spent eleven years abroad, and for the last seven years my home has been in New York City.

"My work, along monumental lines is partly represented in the sixty figures on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York; in Washington, D. C., will be found my colossal bronze equestrian statue of General Philip Sheridan; the marble head of Lincoln, in the rotunda of the Capitol; marble groups of 'Washington's Farewell to his Officers" and "America" on the Pan-American Building; also in the Rock Creek Cemetery the bronze figure of Mary coming from the Tomb, which I have called simply 'Rabboni.' Within the past year my heroic bronze figure of Lincoln was unveiled in Newark, N. J.

"However, my work is by no means confined to the monumental, for I believe, most strongly, in the *creative* as well as what we might designate as the *reproductive* spirit in my art. As an example of this, let me mention my bronze group in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, 'The Mares of Diomedes,' likewise what I call 'The Modern Atlas.' This is a large marble figure of a modern woman, kneeling, bearing the whole world in her outstretched arms—because women, especially mothers, bear the real burdens of the world, and bear them in their arms—not on their backs, as any slave could do. Thus the world's real burdens are borne *in love.* I have dedicated this figure to my mother. And I should like to say that I am convinced that whatever is *good* in my art came from my mother and the old Danish race to which she belonged; but whatever gives to my art the *strength,* which makes it prevail here, comes from the courage imparted by the West. The East is too near the tombs of Egypt, Greece and Rome to shake off their overpowering influence. Artists, sculptors and architects, in their honest admiration for the works of these great nations, too often succumb to their charms. No wonder the people who see follow and fall. I hope and pray that the Rocky Mountains may prove a barrier, impassable and impossible, that will save our still young and fresh world on the Pacific Coast from much of this worn-out and forgotten art, with its symbols of a past in no way our own. I believe the men who will build our great

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Gutzon Borglum, who says, "Whatever gives to my art strength, comes from the courage imparted by the West."

Exposition of 1915 are too creative themselves to fail in appreciation of the vital fact that its everlasting success will come from what *we have ourselves,* and not what *we import.*"

At the present time Mr. Borglum is engaged in cutting in marble a number of subjects, mainly along the purely creative lines of which he speaks above; for this sculptor is, withal, so sincere a craftsman that he prefers not to trust even the mechanical work of his art to unknown and perhaps unsympathetic workmen; so he oversees—yes, does it with his own hands.

The people of San Francisco need no introduction to the work of Robert Aitkin. Who, in passing through Union Square, has not, at some time, paused to gaze upward at the bronze figure, so lightly poised on the tall shaft; or which of us does not know the Hall McAllister Monument, and still other examples of his skill that help to beautify his native city?

Mr. Aitkin entered upon his apprenticeship for his destined career at the

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Maynard Dixon in his summer studio at Royalton, Vt.

Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, studying under Arthur F. Matthews and Douglas Tilden; later, he, himself, became an instructor here—a teacher so enthusiastic and inspiring that he could not fail to bring out (as in so many instances he did) the very best in each one of his pupils. Though a large portion of Mr. Aitkin's work has been of a monumental character, it must not be imagined that the creative side of his art makes no appeal to him, for it does—and that very strongly. And to such subjects he brings all the fire of his ardent imagination, his deep yet enthusiastic reverence for his art, added and controlled, as it were, by an amount of purely technical skill that renders each creation not alone admirable in the highest sense, but at the same time an absolutely individual example of the sculptor's genius. That he possesses those subtle qualities distinguishing the genuine portraitist becomes more and more apparent from close study of his busts; and it is doubtless his intuitive sympathy with the inborn spirit prompting every manifestation of art that has enabled him to invest the bust portraits he has made of his fellow-artists with their vital and almost mysterious quality of

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Gordon H. Grant, one of the "California" group of illustrators.

"character;" for example, his busts of Douglas Tilden, Charles Rollo Peters, George Bellows and Willard Metcalf, which, as well as the many others Mr. Aitkin has done, make a direct appeal, not only to the cultivated critic, but to the humble lover of beauty, thus indisputably proving their right to be ranked as "American art" in its truest sense.

No longer can New York claim Chester Beach as one of its "Californians," since for almost three years he has lived in Italy. Mr. Beach began his art-study in San Francisco—the city of his birth—under Robert Aitkin; later he went to Paris, from whence he returned to his native country to make his home in New York, working in one of the stables transformed into studios in that quaint corner of Manhattan, Macdougal Alley. Incidentally, this studio is now occupied by one of the first of American painters, George De Forest Brush.

In the Golden Gate Park, San Fran-

Geo. A. Herman.

Tom McNamara.
New York Journal.

G. C. Pug

ciscans may see a fountain designed and executed by Edgar Walter, also a California sculptor. Mr. Walter first studied here, then in Paris, and also in the city where he now resides—New York.

Though Clara Taggart McChesney was born in Brownsville, it was in San Francisco she placed her feet on the first rung of her art's ladder when she became a pupil of Virgil Williams at the San Francisco Institute of Art. Later she went to New York to study under H. S. Mowbray and J. Carroll Beckwith, but even this did not suffice her ambition, and soon we learn of her migration to Paris—ever the Mecca of the art student, and her entrance into the Academie Colorossi, where she worked with Courtois and Giardot, giving indisputable evidence of her marked ability by winning three medals offered to pupils. Nor has her own land failed to bestow substantial recognition of its admiration on this admirable painter; Miss McChesney won the Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Arts Club, 1900; the Second Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design (N. Y.), 1901; bronze medals at the Pan-American and the St. Louis Expositions, as well as many other rewards. New Yorkers have the pleasure of viewing her work each season, not only at one or both of the Exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, but at the various showings of what is interesting and good in American art made by galleries and art associations, public and private.

Of all the pictures shown at the Winter Academy Exhibition, N. Y., in the year 1910, scarce one was honored by such a chorus of unanimous praise as the quaint yet alluring figure of a young woman, called, simply, "The Fan," by its creator, Miss Susan Watkins. The Art Students' League, New York, is where this gifted young painter began her career, laying a firm foundation which stood her in good stead when she went to Paris. Here she gained not only Honorable Mention at the Salon of 1899, but the year following, a gold medal. Miss Watkins retains a studio in New York,

Homer Davenport, Cartoonist.

T. A. Dorgan ("Tad"), New York Journal.

Frank A. Nankievell, Portrait painter and illustrator.

even though she spends several months of every year abroad—chiefly in France.

San Francisco was the birthplace of yet another painter whose name is associated with so much that is good in the contemporary art of America—Louis Kenyon-Cox, whose marriage has furnished one of the many instances where "art has mated with art;" and it is interesting to note that each one of these unions have been peculiarly congenial and happy. Mrs. Cox makes a specialty of children's portraits, and some of her happiest results have been obtained when her own charming children have acted as her models. She and her husband were pioneers, so to speak, among the famous art colony at Cornish, New Hampshire, inaugurated by the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, where they spend many happy days in a delightful summer home.

Harry Wilson Watrous, who, for many years, has filled the exacting requirements of Secretary of the National Academy of Design to admiration, is a Californian, and his studio, in that good old artistic landmark, the Sherwood, on the southeast corner of 57th street and 6th avenue, is a favorite haunt of his many friends—artists and laymen. Here, too, will be found the workshop of Ernest Peixotto, one of those men who are so many different things (and all of them well) that it is something of a responsibility to presume to assign him, even temporarily, to any particular class. You call him an illustrator—until you see his paintings; then you may, knowingly or by some happy chance, pick up one of his books, "By Italian Seas," perhaps, or "Romantic California"—and realize, in a flash, that you must begin to appreciate him all over again—this time as an author. At the present time, Mr. Peixotto and his wife (likewise a painter of no mean ability) are traveling through South America to enable him to gather material and illustrations for a series of articles which will make their appearance in Scribner's Magazine, where so much of his work

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has always given joy to discerning souls.

Frank A. Nankievell likewise furnishes another notable example of art's versatility, since he, too, is a portrait painter, a landscapeist and an illustrator. Though he admits he is an "Australian by birth," he hastens to add that he is a "Californian by adoption," and he has an especially warm feeling in his heart for San Francisco, where, as he says, "my work really began." His first work in America appeared in the San Francisco News Letter, under the guidance of W. C. Morrow, the novelist. The illustrations were used to accompany a series of articles by Ed. Cucuel, who is now a famous artist of Berlin, Germany.

He delights to look back to those days when he and "Bob" Davis were partners in what they grandly called "a publishing enterprise," the fruit of which was "Chic."

"I was the illustrator, and 'Bob' was the rest of the staff," Mr. Nankievell said, with a reminiscent smile, "but the San Francisco public wasn't really educated up to it—and we didn't have sufficient capital to continue a purely gratuitous experiment in culture; so it faded away—from lack of funds—which, singularly enough, was the very reason that led to its being started at all!" During the years of his residence in Manhattan, Mr. Nankievell's studio has always been in the Washington Square region, a district ever popular with Californians.

The studio of Blendon Campbell, portraitist, mural painter and illustrator, is down this way, too, in Macdougal Alley, already mentioned of the former residence of Chester Beach, the sculptor. Here Mr. Campbell lives, as well as works, with his wife and his small daughter Alice, who, if not a "chip of the old block," is at least, a very minute fraction of the paternal pencil.

"What are you playing?" a visitor to the Alley asked Alice, in that tone of would-be playfulness grown-ups are so fond of using in their conversation with Small Persons, pointing to a huge tome under her arm.

Alice fixed on the questioner a gaze in which pity and contempt for ignorance so vast were mingled, as she replied, in a tone of repression:

"I'm *not* playing: I'm a book agent. I'm selling books!"

"Oh," the visitor observed, and went her way.

From which it may be gathered that, even at six years of age, Alice is an uncompromising realist; you are quite sure of it, when you see her work—some of which came into being on a tiny easel placed next to her father's, where she works (from a model, if you please!) no less diligently than he. Experts agree that, for one of her years, these productions, signed "Alice" off in one corner, are truly remarkable; and "The Alley" (as dwellers therein term it) feels great pride in its youngest artist.

The name of J. W. Clawson has recently been added to the list of portrait painters who have found their way from California to Manhattan Island; but, in an inverse ratio, Gardner Symonds is a New York artist who came to California to find rich and satisfactory material for his individual art-expression—and so has proved his right to be looked on as an adopted son. The oak-hung canyons and golden mesas of the region about Los Angeles have become endeared to him—since he and his wife have what they call "their real home" here; and New York has, during the past year, enjoyed the privilege of seeing results of his enthusiastic admiration for California's beauties.

Nor must Sidney D. Shaw's name be omitted, in mentioning landscape painters who have found in California their true inspiration in their comprehension of its eminently "paintable" qualities. A study of the work he has done during the past year, round about Pasadena, makes one feel that he has, indeed, found his *metier* in depicting the wondrous color harmonies to be found in their fullest perfection in

Blendon Campbell,
Portrait painter, illustrator and mural decorator.

this always summer land.

There are probably very few magazine readers in this country who have not, at some time, admired the virile and essentially characteristic illustrations of the West, signed "Maynard Dixon," but it is California that claims the pleasure of calling him son, for, as he himself says:

"I was born in Fresno in 1875, my father having been one of the pioneers in the San Joaquin Valley; and I first remember it as a prairie with a few ranches, houses, barns and trees standing like islands in a sea, and, beyond, the snowy tops of the Sierra Nevadas, always in sight. Naturally, my first impressions were of mountains and prairie, and I was about seven when I began to try to draw the scenes about me. Later, when we moved to Coronado I was deeply stirred by the reminders of the old Spanish days—an enthusiasm I have never quite lost.

"When I was sixteen I left school to try studying art alone; then I came to San Francisco and worked, for a time, in the School of Design, at that time over the old California Market. I made a number of sketching trips into the interior of the State—particularly to the old placer diggings in Placer and Nevada Counties, for old-time spots, as well as wild country always had a fascination for me; and this led me to visit the sheep country southeast of the Yosemite on the old Mono Trail and the Spanish relics about Monterey."

Mr. Dixon's enthusiasm for "life in the open" led him to join a brother artist, Edward Borein (now, also, a temporary New Yorker—though the writer fears such a designation would not approve itself to Mr. Borein—who never thinks of himself as one!) in a horseback trip during which they covered a distance of over 1,000 miles and visited the reservations of the Bannock and the Shoshone Indians. In the year 1905 he visited Mexico, in company with Mr. Xavier Martinez, where he spent some time in and about Guadalajara—a city that has, of late, been much in the public eye, since its importance (it is the second city of the Republic), and its situation have made it a storm center in the present insurrection.

Of his coming East, Mr. Dixon remarks quaintly: "I put it off as long as I could—for I was 32 before I went East of El Paso."

Since that time (1907) he has made several Western trips, to what he calls "those wonderful prairies that, to me,

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are an inspiration and a setting for action. My work, outside the limits of illustration, is not the regulation 'wild West' type of border ruffians and shooting affrays. It seems, rather, to interpret the vastness, the loneliness, and yet the sense of freedom this country inspires. I want to make my paintings show people part of that spirit; to me the wind of the prairie has a color—the opalescent ranges in the desert seem to me music; and sometimes the giant clouds of storm, piled far above the mountains, take form as of 'lost and forgotten gods, serene and terrible.'"

Gordon Grant is also a name well-known to magazine readers. Mr. Grant is a keen observer of people; moreover, he has the happy art of visualizing in his work his own delightful sense of humor.

Who does not know the "Girls" of Harrison Fisher? No wonder that San Francisco, the city where he first studied, and later made his initial experiments in illustration, feels pride in the fact.

Those familiar with the work of Mrs. Albertine Randall Whelan realize that her illustrations, charming and sympathetic as they are, form but a small part of her artistic activity. Mrs. Whelan has a marked sense of what, an authority in such matters not long ago termed "the purely decorative," and this gift, super-added to a knowledge of true form (the result of much hard work and study) has been turned to its best account in designing not only theatrical costumes but unique stage pictures; as an instance of which may be cited the production of "The Rose of the Rancho," for it was her art that imparted to the costumes and many of the pictorial effects their unique and unforgettable charm.

Dr. Arnold Genthe is a recent addition to New York's California colony, for it is only within the past few months that he settled himself in a beautiful studio on upper Fifth avenue in that city.

The Golden State is so ably represented among the newspaper illustrators of New York that they seem almost to constitute a group by themselves, and not one among all of them was better loved—by his fellow workers, as well as the public, than the late Homer Davenport.

It was a little over twenty years ago that there appeared at the office of the San Francisco Examiner a long-legged youngster with a singularly captivating manner, which he brought into active play in explaining his desire for a job. The sketches he showed plainly indicated that he had never studied art—and, indeed, he naively explained he had never been to an art school or any other sort, either. He added, with engaging candor, that his native town of Silverton, Oregon, was "too slow—so I joined a circus."

"And why did you quit the circus," the Art Editor asked.

"I quit," explained the young man with the engaging manner, "because they asked me to oil the elephant; it was too much of a job. They gave me a bucket of linseed oil and a rough brush, then put me on top of the beast and said: 'Begin on that spot between his shoulders.' So I rubbed it on till the whole bucket was gone, and looked at the place, and say! it wasn't even greasy! I decided it would need about a year to oil that whole elephant, and it would be quicker to draw pictures; so I'm looking for a job."

He got it; and this was the beginning of the career of one of America's most famous cartoonists. James Swinnerton, not unknown to fame, was another youngster connected with the Examiner's art department, and, one day, Davenport felt, as a British politician once remarked in connection with some unexpected voting among his constituents, "that he had been discriminated against!"—which resulted in his leaving the Examiner for the Chronicle, where his work attracted so much attention that the Examiner persuaded him to come back to them; their arguments were pecul-

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iarly convincing—in fact, it was one of the instances where "money talks."

Mr. Davenport did for San Francisco what Thomas Nast did for New York at the time of the Tweed scandal, and his picture, headed simply "The Boss," was a duplicate, as far as nation-wide success was concerned, of Nast's famous "What Are You Going to Do About It?"

"The Boss" was Sam Rainey, who had what Davenport called "a rudimentary face"—and he drew him in a characteristic attitude—slightly emphasizing the coarseness of the "Boss'" features and distorting his "rudimentary nose" a trifle. It opened the eyes of San Francisco's citizens to their shame as nothing else had done; the day it appeared the whole town had copies of the Examiner, which they waved in their anger, asking each other: "Is this the kind of a man who's running our town?" And it was the beginning of the end—for it was not long afterwards that Rainey was indicted—causing him to hasten to Montreal till the storm should blow over.

Davenport's first work of a national character was when he "created" C. P. Huntington as a comic character; and in 1896 he went to New York to cement his growing fame by the cartoons of the presidential campaign of that year. His "Dollar Mark" of Mark Hanna, the Republican manager, made a hit seldom repeated in the history of American caricature.

It was the peculiar privilege of Homer Davenport on more than one occasion to absolutely reverse the strong current of a public sentiment, and no instance of this was more marked than when, after Admiral Dewey had made his celebrated marriage gift to his wife, Davenport showed to an ungrateful, snarling, teeth-gnashing nation his celebrated cartoon, showing Dewey sailing into Manila Bay on the Olympia, and destroying the Spanish fleet, bearing the simple caption: "Lest We Forget!"

Mr. Davenport once told a friend how he came to make this masterpiece, adding that the Admiral's gratitude had been so deep, so touching, for *simply understanding* the position of the veteran hero, and endeavoring to bring the nation to a similar position:

"Why, when I saw how the old hero was suffering at the thought of having offended the nation he had fought for, I was so affected that I'm not ashamed to own I cried like a baby," he said.

Mr. Davenport's hobby was the raising of horses, and for years he cherished an ambition to become the possessor of an Arabian steed, a desire that was finally gratified through his friendship with the then president, Theodore Roosevelt, who gave him a personal letter to the Sultan of Morocco, which led to his being received with open arms by the tribe of the Anizehs, the greatest horse-breeders in his Majesty's dominions, and from them he was able to obtain, not one Arabian horse, but several, which formed the nucleus of his stud at Morristown, N. J.

It would appear to be a regular habit for newspaper illustrators to go from San Francisco to New York and make good. Take the case of Henry Goldberg of the N. Y. Mail, whose cartoons are copied by papers all over this country—and even in foreign ones, just for the reason that they are good! There may, too, be a few individuals who don't know Thomas A. Dorgan, yet it would be rather difficult to find any one who didn't know "Tad."

"I first tried to be a lawyer," he answered, when asked for details about the beginning of his career, "but they caught me at it—so I turned out after the laurels of Michael Angelo by making fashion drawings for the San Francisco Bulletin. Stayed there for eight years, until the 'call of the tame'—money—yelled so loud I just had to listen to it—and here I am. And I might add," he continued with a characteristic, whimsical smile, "I have the original 'nothing to do till to-morrow job!'"

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The first San Francisco newspaper Tom McNamara worked for was the Chronicle, where he made "frames for society pictures."

Next we hear of him "rustling all sorts of jobs in a boom mining camp somewhere in Nevada; later I went to Salt Lake and worked on the Herald; went to Denver, and from there started out in a vaudeville sketch under the team name of Mack and Marcus—I was the Mack—in which we traveled all over the United States, and finally went to London, where we played one night for the late King Edward VII. When we came back home the team dissolved, and I started on the New York Journal. I'm there yet."

George A. Grant (Art Manager of the American), "Bud" Fisher, the inimitable creator of "Mutt and Jeff;" Gerrge Herriman, Gordon C. Pugsley and P. A. Carter, must be mentioned in the list of Californians who help to keep up the general average of comic illustration in the metropolis, and, as a presumably disgruntled Easterner once remarked, "seem to manage to make good holding down a lot of the best jobs, just because they are Californians!"

Probably there is more truth in that statement than the speaker realized!

MIDSUMMER

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

The languid warmth of summer fills the air
  And purple wayside flowers nod and gleam,
While all the hills are flushed with beauty rare,
  And golden fields lie fair as any dream.

The meadows millions of fair flowers hold
  That gently sway and smile back at the sun,
And all the land is like a cloth of gold
  With threads of wondrous colors overrun.

The lazy butterflies go flitting by—
  Frail wraiths of beauty wafted here and there,
And misty visions float against the sky,
  All formed of clouds and dream-born pictures fair.

The woods are warm and sweet and filled with songs
  Of birds and bees and softly rippling streams;
Fern beds and reedy brakes hide nymphic throngs
  That glide in sight and dance through summer dreams.

And in each vision and each mystic thing
  The beauty that thrills deep with fervent charm,
While speaks each bloom and each faint whispering
  Of love that made the frozen earth grow warm.

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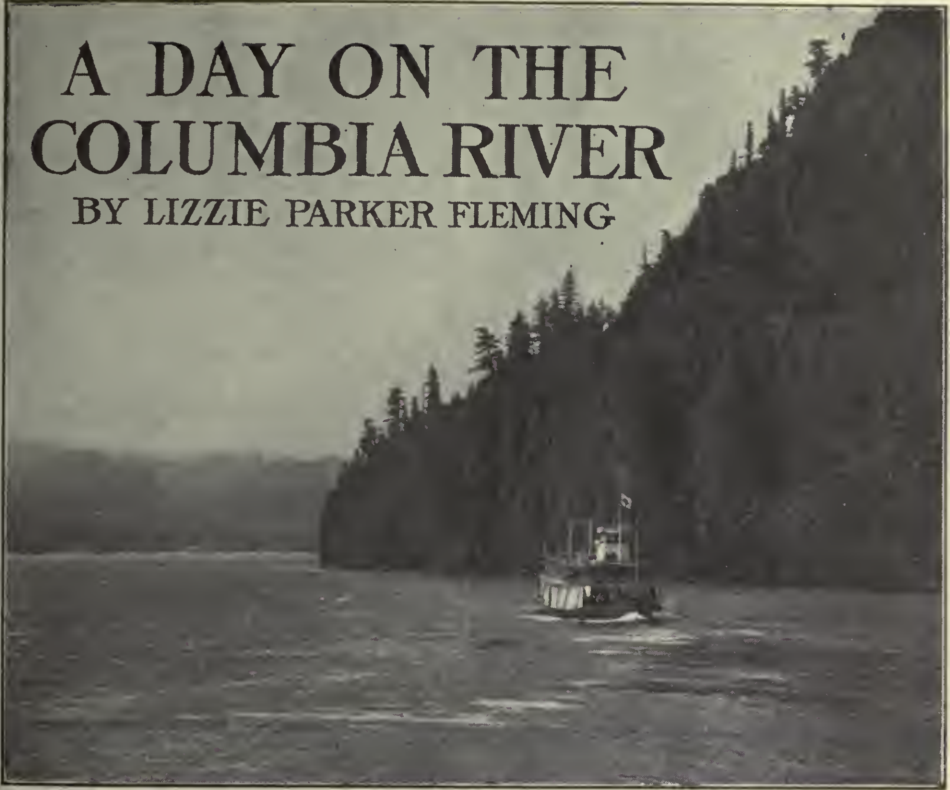

A DAY ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

BY LIZZIE PARKER FLEMING

WHEN Lewis and Clark, the first Americans to cross the continent to Oregon, discovered the sunset land, they found not only one of the finest regions in the world, but one of rare beauty. The hardships they endured can only be imagined, for to-day our pathway lies free and clear.

To those who enjoy Nature, we would say that a visit to the Pacific Coast is incomplete without a trip up the Columbia, or "Great River," as the Indians called it.

Three nations contributed to the discovery of this water, Spain, Great Britain and the United States. It has also borne several names. The Oregon, given by an American named Carver, in 1774, being, I think, the most appropriate, but like many others, he only viewed it from the sea.

In 1792 Captain Grey sailed up the river, and by right of discovery, claimed it for the United States, and named it for his ship, the Columbia.

Following the explorers by sea came those by foot, canoe and horse. In 1804, Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri, crossed the Rocky Mountains, descended the Snake River until it emptied into the Columbia, which, next to the Yukon, is the largest on the Western coast. Although jostled by the railroad along its eastern shore, in scenic effect the river has remained unchanged since its discovery, and so far has escaped the invasion of the summer hotel and the advertising man.

Passing through the heart of the Cascade Mountains the scenery presents a panorama of magnificent pictures: immense rocky capes jut out into the stream, for miles the banks are very precipitous and the Palisades are unsurpassed. The water hurries through narrow gates, foams over

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Oneonta Gorge, cleft by Nature's hand, Columbia River.

boulders, passes isolated peaks, then broadens into a placid stream.

It was my pleasure to take this delightful trip in the month of May, when Nature had put on her most beautiful garments.

Leaving Portland, at whose docks may be seen craft from China, Japan, Honolulu, Alaska and Pacific Coast ports, we steam down the Willamette River for several miles, and in less than an hour round a sharp bend, and soon reach Vancouver. This is the only village until we reach the Cascades, although the boat will stop on signal wherever she can make a landing. On one stop, I remember, the vessel's bow was run into the bank, a plank was put out, and a man walked ashore. There was not a sign of life or habitation, but there must have been a woman somewhere, for the man was bowed under the weight of a sewing machine. Similar stops were frequent.

At Vancouver is located the fort where General Grant, then Lieutenant Grant, was quartered for some time. The white barracks show bravely against acres of well kept lawns.

Afar off can be seen along the horizon, five great mountains: Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Jefferson and Hood. The highest of these is Rainier, 14,526 feet. St. Helens, in pure white, and symmetrical, is like a great dome, and all day Mt. Hood lifts his glistening head to the clouds, towering above the lesser fir clad mountains, which seem dwarfed to mere hills by his superior height.

Steaming up the river we head directly toward this peak. On the opposite side is Mt. Adams, and they seem to stretch their mountain ridges like arms, to bar the passing of the river. All of these peaks are snow crowned, and when touched by the rays of the sinking sun, glow like great opals set in the sky.

The scenery is ever changing: now we are confronted by the Palisades of the Columbia, Cape Horn. This grand colonnade is from five to twenty-five hundred feet high, and is surmounted

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by cone shaped pillars called "The Needles." It is composed of dark, basaltic rock of apparent bark formation, and is so erected upon a base of perpendicular stones that it has the appearance of piling. The great mass rises abruptly from the water's edge, and beside it our little steamer seems like a mere toy.

Near by, on the Oregonian shore, is the famous Rooster Rock, standing like a huge sentinel in the water. Nature's artist has been at work, for on one side the picturesque formation of moss and lichen outlines a face which is called "The Man Who Owns the Rooster." This rock might be styled the sun dial, so well it tells by its moving shadow the passing hour.

The mountains now rise more abruptly, and over the cliffs cascades spring from every crevice, and many little streams trickle down. The unfeeling captain said, "Those are widows' tears, and will soon dry up."

As we neared Oneonta Gorge, it looked as though, in the long ages of the past, some mighty force of Nature had cleft the earth's crust to form it, and water, bearing seed, came through and over the broken edges, and little by little, trees, flowers and ferns covered the scars and clothed them in green.

At La Tournelle, No Wonder, Horse Tail and Multnomah Falls, there is cliff scenery of surpassing beauty, kept moist by ever drifting spray, the rocks are covered with moss and flowers. Multnomah, falling from a height of eight hundred and fifty feet, is a picture of rare beauty. Bridal Veil, broad and strong, leaps many feet, pauses an instant in a whirling pool, then takes the final plunge into the river below.

Steaming on, we pass Castle Rock, which is one of the prominent scenic features along the shore, and is of the columnar form so often assumed by basaltic rock. It covers an area of forty acres, and is said to belong to the Vanderbilts.

Commerce, however, is present, for

Bridal Veil, lifted an instant by the wind, and then swept into the river far below.

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A typical bit of the Oregon woods along the banks of the Columbia.

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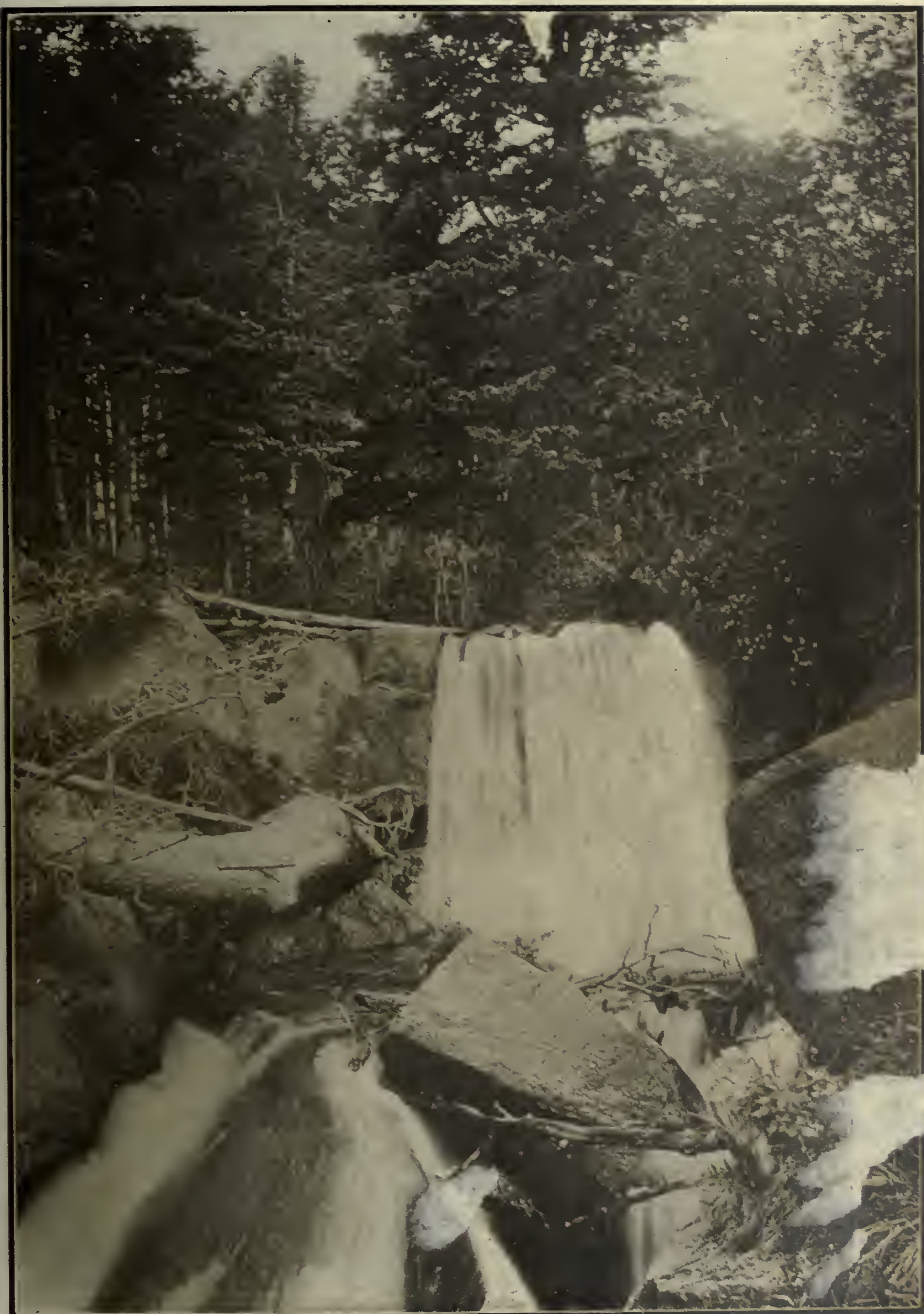

One of the countless mountain streams rushing to join the Columbia.

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dotted along the banks are many fish wheels, the action of the water keeping them in constant motion. In the spring and early summer the salmon go up the river to spawn, and no matter how rapid the current is, they force their swift way. Often they leap small falls. Not suspecting any danger, thousands of them are annually caught in the wheels along the stream, and whirled into a box-like receiver. They are taken from these receptacles and shipped to the canning factory, to be prepared for the world's consumption.

As the river narrows, it becomes more tortuous, and we soon reach the Cascade Falls, which form an effectual barrier to free navigation. The little steamer is tossed about some time before she effects a landing. The village at the Cascades was a fortified post during the early Indian wars with the Cayuse tribe: it was here that Phil Sheridan passed some of his early military days.

While the shores of the Columbia have little recorded history, there are Indian legends that may do duty for the uncertain historic record of the red man's wars.

The Indians claim that the Cascades were formed by the falling of a great natural bridge, "The Bridge of the Gods," and there is every indication that this is true, for fragments of its buttresses still remain, and when the water is clear, submerged trees are seen in its depths.

The pith of the most popular legend

A fish wheel, where the unsuspecting salmon meets his end.

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is that the spirit of the storm abode in Mt. Hood, and the spirit of lightning dwelt in Mt. Adams, and these warring against each other caused the destruction of the bridge, which fell into the stream.

As the river was navigable by fair-sized boats as far as the Dalles, the construction of the Cascade locks was commenced in 1876, and after twenty years of surveying, reference of projects to boards of engineers, and dribbling appropriations by the government, the Cascade Locks were formally opened November 5, 1896, at a cost, I believe, of about $10,000,000.

The lock as completed is 462 feet long, 90 feet wide, lift 24 feet, and the gates 70 feet wide. The canal prism is 300 feet long, 90 feet wide at the bottom and 8 feet deep. The opening of the locks gave 230 miles of continuous navigation to the Columbia River between its mouth and the Dalles.

From the Cascades to the Dalles the scenery presents a constant succession of pictures; some places are so narrow and deep that the river is said to run edgewise through the rocky bed. In the Middle Columbia, not far from the Dalles, is Mem-a-loose Island (land of the dead), an old Indian burial place—a simple granite shaft is seen here—marking the grave of Victor Trevitt, the red man's friend.

Few years, comparatively, have passed since this great river sped on in solitude; its silence unbroken save by the voice of the red man as he guided his light canoe over the broad waters of "Great River." His wigwam and his camp fire were upon the grassy slopes; now it is the white man's boat on the water and the white man's home upon the mossy banks. But it was not without a struggle that he yielded the land of his fathers to the pale face.

Joaquin Miller, I think it is, who wrote:

"Alas for them: their day is o'er;
Their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plow is on their hunting grounds.
The pale man's ax rings through the woods;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry.
Their children—look, by powers oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West
Their children go to die!"

Our day is over, and as we return in the evening a mist creeps up from the river, a blue haze hangs over the mountains, and we listen to the night song of the Columbia.

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Black Kettle and his head warriors.

VAGARIES OF THE VOGUE IN FASHION

BY FRED A. HUNT

THE TITLE of this story has not a vast amount to do with the narrative itself, save by way of contrast. Being progressive, we Americans change; being unprogressive, our Indian ancestors and predecessors remain unafflicted, in mind or in body or in dittybag (the little pouch—ki-e-mis-tits—that answered for a purse and peripatetic boudoir) with the mutations of fashion, but still seem to have set the fashion (involuntarily) for their descendants.

Not alone does the custom as to raiment and its contour change with the varying seasons, but our speech is also mutable and impregnated with novelties. Thomas Babington Macaulay's "History of England," and Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son," used to be esteemed models of accurate diction and mirrors of classical English; contrast their phraseology with the articles current in our magazines and estimate where the student of philology "gets off at," that is, if he be a stickler for the purity of our colloquial language.

In striking opposition to this variance of speech and apparel were the dress and customs of the American Indians; civilized women change the mode of dressing their hair according to some inscrutable freakishness; Indians maintained their tonsorial method for centuries, and by the way the hair was dressed the various tribes

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Eyo-etse-uts vone-how (Scorched Lightning), head warrior, Assinaboine Sioux, one who cooks by the use of stones. He wears the highly prized token of prowess, the necklace of bears' claws.
Copyright by L. A. Huffman.

were distinguished, for instance: the shave-headed Osages; the pompadour Crows, etc. So it was with their raiment. The gee-string (In ikh po so is toot) was the universal deference paid to decency; the two and a half or three point Mackinac "lanket" (home) embroidered and beaded according to the taste and skill of the squaw (Ha) was the prevalent state robe for pleasant weather, and the buffalo robe (Ho-too-ah-e-vut) the overcoat, for cold temperature.

Exhibit No. 1 is of Scorched Lightning, an Assinaboine, or Assiniboine Sioux; his hair was dressed according to no especial method of coiffure on the skull, but one way of braiding it in two braids, one on either side and hanging down over the breasts, was the Sioux distinguishment. The hunting shirt was of tanned buckskin, embroidered, beaded and decorated with stained porcupine quills and was worn outside the leggings (hah-vo-to), the latter being usually of red (mi-e) or blue (o-tal-uv-e) blanket (ho-me), fringed on the outer seam and often with a stripe of beaded ornament adjoining the fringed seam. The necklace of bears' claws was a Victoria Cross signifying the brave's (okh-has) valor, for the claws had to be taken from the paws of a grizzly slain by the wearer.

Exhibit No. 2 is of Chief American Horse, the younger, and displays the Indian full-dress for high ceremonial or warpath purposes. Across his right arm is the invariable ceremonial pipe

Chief American Horse (Washi-Ta-Tonga), Ogalalla Sioux. E-vo-om (horse), ve-yo (American), in Cheyenne.

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Low Dog, infamous for his cruel and bloodthirsty character.

(ha-yookh), the bowl whereof was fashioned from the red stone (mi-e ho-o-ni) obtained in Pipestone County, Minnesota; the stem made of hickory and adorned according to the unique taste of the proprietor. This was the calumet that was passed from one to the other of the braves around the Council Fire (ase-e-tsis-tuv ho-ist). Depending from his right hand is the tobacco (tsin-e-mo) bag, containing the Indian's incense to "My Lady Nicotine," and composed of dried and chopped red willow bark (mok-o-me e-yo-his), and sliced plug tobacco. The bag was also made of tanned buckskin, beaded and fringed, the beads (ho-ne-ah-wookst) being obtained from traders. From his waist hung the ditty-bag, *a la chatelaine,* that held the warrior's (Tse hah-tom ot) paints (mi-e vo-in), piece of looking-glass (ah-mo-e-mits), tweezers (o ke va a nus) that were used to pull all hairs from the eyebrows, face and body, and other petty toilet accessories; the

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Crow King (Okh-kukh-e Ve Yun-e.)

bag was usually made from stiff leather, small in dimensions and adorned with beads and jingles. Also attached to the belt, or girdle, was the scalping knife (mit-tokh-mutchk) in a parfleche, or leather sheath; likewise beaded and ornamented. The German silver cross on the breast was not typical of any especial theological bent, but was a symbol of intercourse with some of the Mission padres. The war bonnet (ko-ko-yo-sa) was the last and crowning feature of a most picturesque costume, and was the crowning glory of the warrior. It was trimmed with a broad band of beaded cloth as a forepiece, and eagle feathers (nit-se a-wo-tunst) were attached by their quills to the broad band of clòth that hung down the back. At the tip of the feathers will be perceived little strands; these were, preferably, of golden hair taken from the scalps (mit-tokh-e) of women, the yellow hair being held in high esteem for this species of adornment, and was called

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Braves of the Flathead Nation.

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Flathead Indians in holiday attire.

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Fool Dog (Ho-tom Mah-sun-e), and Medicine Pipe (Mi-yun-e Ha-yookhk), Northern Arapahos.

he-yo-vi-e. The Winchester rifle—good gun (mi-i-tun pow-wah), does not appear in the photograph, but was the warrior's inseparable companion.

Exhibit No. 3 is of Messrs. Fool Dog (Ho-tom Mah-son-e) and Medicine Pipe (Mi-yun-e Ḥa-yookh), Northern Arapahoes. In this picture the blanket robe and leggings are distinctly shown, as well as the distinctive method of braiding the side-locks. At the breast of Fool Dog appears a very favorite ornament among the Indians; a breast-plate of pipe beads that were strung on sinew (corresponding to the *barbe* of a civilized belle.) These pipe beads were obtained from traders, were manufactured in New Jersey, and were about the size and shape of a bone crochet needle. All the beadwork was sown with sinew, an awl being used to make the perforations, wherefore any genuine antique Indian work can be easily distinguished from that which is putative.

Exhibit No. 4 is of Lance, a Mandan warrior (called Kho-mo in Cheyenne—in which language the names given herein are designated) and this brave is an exemplar of the Mandan style of hairdressing, somewhat in the mode of the feminine bangs of some years since. His costume is a fine specimen of the fringed and beaded art work of the Mandan women. Lance visited Washington in 1874 as one of a joint delegation of Arickarees and Mandans, the latter affiliating with the former in 1838 after the smallpox had devastated the Mandan tribe, so that out of eighteen hundred souls but twenty-three grown men, forty women and some sixty young people were left. A little of the mythology and of the history of the Mandans may not be without interest. Lewis and Clark give this as their tradition:

"The whole nation resided in one large village underground near a subterraneous lake; a grapevine extended its roots down to the habitation and gave them a view of the light; some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo and rich in every kind of fruits; returning with the grapes they had gathered (like the spies sent by Moses to Canaan) their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper regions; men, women and children ascended by means of the vine; but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a corpulent woman, who was clambering up the vine, broke it with her weight, and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun. Those who were left on earth made a village below, where we saw the nine villages; and when the Mandan die they expect to return to the original seats of their forefathers, the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which

Me-ra-pa-ra-pa (lance), Mandan head soldier, or brave.

the burden of the sins of the wicked will not enable them to cross."

The following is an excerpt from an authentic historic account of the tribe:

"In their personal appearance, prior to the ravages of the smallpox, they were not surpassed by any nation in the Northwest. The men were tall and well made, with regular features and a mild expression of countenance not usually seen among Indians. The complexion, also, was a shade lighter than that of other tribes, often approaching very near to some European nations, as the Spaniards. Another peculiarity was that some of them had fair hair, and some gray or blue eyes, which are very rarely met with among other tribes. A majority of the women, particularly the young, were quite handsome, with fair complexions, and modest in their deportment. They were also noted for their virtue. This was regarded as an honorable and most valuable quality among the young women, and each year a ceremony was performed in the presence of the whole village, at which time all the females who had preserved their virginity came forward, struck a post, and challenged the world to say aught derogatory to their character."

By inspecting the photographs, the feminine readers of this article will readily appreciate how little is new under the sun in the matter of feminine costume, or that has not had at some period of history an ancestral sample. Even the much-vaunted and squint-eyed harem skirt is seen in the leggings(which were worn by male and female alike) and in the matter of quasi-jewelry, Miss Little Frog (Hah-ke O-an-hah) exceeds the plastron of her civilized sisters at the most exalted function.

The accompanying picture of Scout H. C. Thompson's Cheyenne Indian

Scout H. C. Thompson's Cheyenne Indian wife and sister, showing the mixed effects of costume in the intercommunication of races.

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wife and her sister will manifest that the Cheyenne ladies were not entirely unprogressive, when they became deteriorated by association with the white race, and made a compromise between their usual costumes and that of their American sisters. Just so, many points of similarity may be discerned whereby a dispassionate observer might deem that some white sisters had compromised the attire of the white by taking a few adaptations from the costumes of the Cheyenne (Tsis-tah) ladies.

BLOSSOM TIME

BY ROY NEWBERRY

The valley lies before me clothed in night;
High in the tranquil sky the planets burn;
Below is spread earth's loveliest, richest sight—
The votive tribute to the Spring's return.

For miles the orchards yield their perfume rare—
A million times a million blossoms stir
With their sweet offering, until the air
Fills with their subtle frankincense and myrrh.

Across the sweep of gently-rolling gloom,
Pricked here and yon with glowing spots of light,
Steals the warm breeze to tease the fragrant bloom
And sway the boughs which beckon in the night.

Dim in the distance rise the protecting hills,
Behind whose sombre front the moon's advance
Tinges their contour and with radiance fills
The vast periphery where the zephyrs dance.

Prying and blinking from their vantage high,
The stars draw nearer to this trysting place,
Where, to the thrall of Spring's seductive cry,
Earth yields her lips to heaven in rapt embrace!

One pregnant kiss, fraught with the world's first need!
See! All the blossoms throb with vital power!
Stars, moon and wind upon their courses speed
To fulfill the destiny of this natal hour!

THE GIRL FROM ILOILO

A Picturesque Story of the Orient

BY WIRT GERRARE

Author of "Greater Russia," "Without Precedence," "The Warstock," etc.

WHEN readjusting the political engine at Washington, one little wheel was found with a cog too many. Richard T. Sprague was that cog. He was straightway yanked from the center of the machine and given a place on the government periphery—first Consul of the United States to be appointed to Chien-chow in the backlands of China.

On the imperial map of the twenty-three provinces there are one hundred and seventeen places named Chien-chow. In this one there was no American citizen fit and willing to become Marshal. Among the British residents, John Reeves was commended to Sprague as an "old timer" and quite respectable—so good a man that he had failed more or less in every business he had undertaken. Young Sidney Mostyn was thought to be engaged in irregular trading, and had hitherto been successful. The political instinct of Sprague induced him to take the younger man. He explained that, a bachelor himself, he preferred as Marshal a man without encumbrance.

Sidney Mostyn spoke Chinese and knew China within one hundred and fifty *li* of Chien-chow. His father had been a commission merchant. Sidney called himself one. His real business was to get produce and goods conveyed along the highways without too tight a squeeze at the toll bars, so he saw the advantages of being a Marshal and gave the bond.

The event of the first year was the visit of Rockwell E. Durkin, a celebrated traveler and collector of curiosities, officially notified to Sprague from Peking. Some time later Durkin wrote the Consul, advising the date of his arrival at Chien-chow, and mentioned that he had his daughter with him, and one of her college friends from Vassar.

Sprague made great preparations; borrowed extra furniture from the missionaries, and got in supplies. On the day named he wore a long coat and the white, bell-topped hat with black band, which he donned on great occasions only. The day passed without any tidings of the distinguished traveler's party. At sundown, Sprague and Mostyn were on the veranda of the consulate discussing possibilities and probabilities, when a covered country cart stopped opposite the entrance to the compound.

To the Consul it was merely a Chinese cart, with a lob-legged white pony between the shafts, a couple of she-mules in the traces, one with a short hind leg and the shoe prolonged at the toe into a stilt; on the cratch behind the cart the usual pikang, or skin trunk, and miscellaneous bundles. Mostyn, who liked to air his knowledge, volunteered that it was a Khe-yai cart and had come one hundred and fifty *li* since sunrise. He was about to walk to the gate to question the driver when the Consul drew him back into the office.

A young woman descended from the cart, divesting herself of her dust coat, and by the time the Consul was seated they saw walking up the path an affabrous blonde, in a smartly cut dress

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of brown silk, soft, lustrous and deep toned. Her Panama hat had a brown band; a long brown necktie in a sailor's knot reached to her nineteen-inch waist, which was encircled with a tan belt. Her skirts were short, displaying highly polished brown boots and an inch or so of brown stocking above a small ankle. She had a light, springy step, and exhibited an air of confidence and independence new to Chien-chow and to Mostyn.

"American?" queried Mostyn.

"Sure!" answered the Consul, as she entered.

"It's like home to see 'Old Glory' again," the visitor began.

"Then why not sit down? Don't you run away, Mostyn."

"Why, yes; maybe the Marshal can help," and with a smile she turned to Sid a face that was interesting rather than beautiful. "Say, I've lost my man!"

The Consul made the right pause. "I'm sorry. What happened?"

She sighed. "He went away—quite ordinary—and did not come back."

"Don't you know anything more?" She shook her head, pulled her gloves through her left hand, then said, quietly: "No, I don't know more than that."

"What was his name?"

"Yos."

"Yos what? What else?"

"Just Yos. Nothing to it."

The Consul looked enquiringly from her to Mostyn. "I'm from Washington," he pleaded.

"And I'm from Iloilo."

Perhaps that explained the slightly turned back lips which marred an otherwise regular profile, and puzzled the Consul.

"Then, Mrs. Yos—am I right in addressing you as Mrs. Yos?"

"Guess not. Yos is not the sort of name that goes round. It is more of a title: Yos is *the* Man of the Yao and hill people, so I've no right to it that way, though we were married."

"Where?" asked the Consul.

"'At Yu-peh; not in the tribal fashion, but with a grand ceremony."

"Did it change your name? Legally, I mean?"

"Guess not. Yos always called me by my middle name—Liliulokealoa. Cut that out. You can write my first name as Eve, and my bookname as Gardner."

"And you say Yos went away as usual?"

"Sure. He often went on journeys in the Tong country. Before he started this time he told me if he was not back in forty-eight hours I was to get up and git with the mazuma; but I waited fifty before I lit out for the foreign flag-poles, and—and here I am."

The Consul affected to feel relieved. "Yep; but you gave him only two hours of grace! Nothing!—when he may have been delayed a while by any—"

"You don't know the hill people," she interrupted.

"What difference does that make? You haven't given your Yos a chance to make good. If you've no strings to him, maybe he's no quitter—not stung for keeps, that is—but only too much fun fest in the market has put him down for the count. He's slipped a cog, that's all, madam!"

"Ach, mein Mann jetzt ist verloren; er ist gestorben—das glaub' ich, gestorben!" she lamented. "Say, why don't you get a move on?"

"I'll do what I can. Sure. I'll notify the Taotai, start an inquiry and see what there is to it. It's a cinch I'll get wise to this high-brow alright, alright," returned the Consul earnestly.

His manner reassured her, and she rose smiling. "You're a winner, for sure, Consul. Say, now, where can I get a shake down in this giddy burg? Maskee its walls this Chien-chow is only a one pump town, I guess!"

"I hate to let you go, but I'm expecting company, official visitors, to the Consulate to-night, or you might—"

"The guest room is free in my home, if you like to take pot luck there," interrupted Mostyn.

"Won't I just," she said, putting both hands in his. "I have had the double

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cross; but Consul says there's no kick coming. After three nights on a kiang the sight of a bed should make me snore—me for the hay, Marshal. Let's fade away!"

They walked by the cart in silence the few hundred paces that separated Mostyn's compound from the Consulate. His bungalow was of the usual type, with a broad veranda the whole length of the front; a central entrance led to a spacious hall with a large room on each side, separated from the three bedrooms behind by a corridor. The guest-room had glazed doors opening into a garden court, thickly shaded by vines, the bloom of wisteria and cool with the plashing water from a tiny fountain where a white stone nymph was watched by silver, gold and blue fish amidst the water lilies in the basin below.

When the girl found this corner she shrieked out with delight. "Fine! I call it cute. It's a dream—a dream for angels! Oh, I forgot you were English—thanks, awfully, old man!"

"Alright, old girl, what is it? I'll be with you instant-er," shouted Mostyn, hurrying along the corridor.

When he reached the door she barred his entrance. "Keep out," she said, angrily, flourishing a magazine pistol within a few feet of him. "This room is mine as long as I am in it. I want you to know that!" Small screens were hinged on the door posts, face high, so that servants passing along the corridor could not see into the room when the doors were open. She slammed these together energetically. "I shall shoot at any face I see above or below that screen—and I do not miss!"

Mostyn felt amused. "That's right! Don't forget dinner is ready."

Wearing a blue dress with turquoise ornaments, Mostyn thought her dazzlingly beautiful. The dinner pleased her. She was eager to hear, not to talk. Later, when she was smoking a cigarette and reclining at ease in a full length deck chair, Sid drew nearer to her.

"Where did Yos leave you?"

"At our home in the hills."

"Which way did he go?"

"Search me!"

"You mean that you don't know?"

"If I knew I wouldn't say. Yos always treated me white—but he was white, white all through; you never met a man so white as Yos."

There was a sincerity in her tone that convinced Mostyn, and he hesitated to pursue the topic. "What am I to call you? What did you say Yos called you?"

"Liliulokealoa?"

"I can't say that all at once," he explained; "so I shall call you Face!"

"Maskee!" she muttered, with a tiny deprecatory shrug of the shoulders. "Have you got a euchre deck, Sid.?"

"Euchre? That's the Consul's game—not mine; and he can't get anybody to play it. He goes to the Dutch flag for sechs-und-sechsig on Tuesdays, plays ecarte with Mosoo on Wednesdays, whist with 'Pills' Thursdays, has a hand at vint with the Russki's Saturdays, and fills up odd evenings with chess, draughts and dominoes at the Mission house. Don't you play euchre with *him!*"

She smiled. "I've got up to $2,000 Mex. in my pikang, and it would not hurt me to stake the pile with a joker in the deck!"

"You would lose every zapeek you have in the world."

"I'd hate to tell you what I think. I'm ready to play him if he'll put up the chips. Cut! And I'll deal for coon-can! Have you a pony broken to skirts, Sid?"

"Old Peh-lung, the dapple stallion, has carried a lady, but he's the limit for me."

"Guess I can make any stunt that's been done in this Chien-chow circus. That's my trick, too, thank you—not yours. I should like a gallop in the morning."

"Whartons' have a pilch they are not using. I'll go with you."

"Right! How far is it to Chih-t'ong?"

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"About 45 *li* by the Lu-tai road. Why?"

"Can we get there by the time market opens to-morrow?"

"If we start now, perhaps, but I don't know that it's market there to-morrow."

"It is. We can pack some crackers with us. There's sure to be tea there, and we can be home to tiffin."

"When—were — you — in Chien-chow before?"

"Never. Nor in Chih-t'ong. That's game. Your deal."

As he picked up the cards and played, he wondered how this woman knew of Chih-t'ong and the variable date of its market, to which he had been but twice in his life; whether she knew of the trail through the kiao-lang fields which cut off 15 *li*, and whether she would dare take it if she did know, and most of all why she wanted to go at all. He was so pre-occupied that she won the second game in record time.

By four o'clock they had started for Chih-t'ong, and the girl managed the horse so well that Mostyn sent the mafoo back after they gone a couple of miles. When they reached Chih-t'ong, the traders were just setting up their booths, the country folk were still in groups, and the riders entered the inn yard almost unnoticed. Soon the hubbub outside, and the many persistent cries of the peddlers warned them that a crowd had gathered.

"Face, I don't know what you have to do in Chih-t'ong, but be quick about it," said Mostyn, a trifle anxiously.

"I am ready to start back when you are," she answered.

"That's the limit! Why did you come here?"

"Just because," she said, evasively.

"There will be no market while we are here, so come along."

As soon as they got into the open, the girl rode alongside. "There was quite a bunch of hill men amongst that crowd of heathen, Sid; did you see them?"

"Did not want to see anybody. Phew! That brown habit of yours shows the dust, but it's smart!"

"Blue suits me better, but brown is our color—our flag."

Trying to think it out made Sid silent as they rode along the village tracks. When they came to the turn through the corn lands the girl said her mount fretted to follow, so she led. Sid then saw the neat brown habit round a very shapely figure, the bunch of yellow hair tied with brown ribbon in the nape of her neck, and he would have been dull had he not recognized that the appearance of this lady on horseback would be the talk of the market. The news would be carried far, even away to the West among the hill people, so Yos would be sure to hear where she had been. Any successful exercise of the intelligence produces a feeling of physical exhilaration, so when the riders again reached the highway Sid said she had ridden so well and fast that he had never enjoyed a gallop so much.

"You would like the hills, Sid. I love them! The world is still new up there—something fresh all the time. It's just the sort of life one of your English authors has written so much about. Scott—Walter Scott—that's his name. Our Miao people live in block houses perched on the top of some sugar loaf mountain, and they plot, and fight, and foray, just like those Scots did. They don't fight against the Chinese much, but never cease against each other. That's what keeps them so young and free—you've got to be very much alive all the time to keep alive at all if you belong to some families. Then we had a Dugal Dalgetty; his name was Chi-lin-wu. I think he must have been a Yao or a Tong, but he fought for the red Miao, the black Miao, the No-tse, the Chinese, and the Yao. Then Yos managed to capture him, and we kept him in our own dungeon in our blockhouse, and he and Yos would chin-chin together for hours about nothing at all until my whole blamed system ached, and I wished he would skip. He did

get away, and took some of my own fixings with him, too, and I don't know how he got free to this day, nor does Yos."

She went on talking of the family feuds and frays of the hill people until they neared Chien-chow. "Here's your nice mafoo again, Sid. Either he's been waiting, or thinks we have been away too long."

But the mafoo had been sent out after Mostyn by Sprague, as the Marshal was urgently wanted at the Consulate. When they reached the American flag, Sid excused himself, handed his pony to the mafoo, and turned into the office, where he found Sprague in shirt sleeves, but still wearing his white bell-topper.

"That nifty piece of goods I side-tracked on you yesterday seems to be taking up a lot of your time, Marshal. I wanted you ever so badly this morning, but you're out of the way when business comes along. Here's a cable from Durkin who was held up by bandits three days ago and robbed of all he had. I got a translation made and served on the Taotai."

"He knew what was in your wire before you did," said Mostyn.

"He knows now. Durkin is hurrying along so as to arrive here this afternoon. If the captain is ready, the posse can start out in pursuit as soon as we have seen Durkin. You must get a hustle on so that the brigands are caught p. d. q., Durkin's stuff retaken, and the matter finished by the time the first news of the outrage reaches Peking. I want a stunt to shoot home to Washington—so get busy."

"What does the Taotai say?"

"Says it's the doings of those thieving, scalping Miao people."

"He always says that about everything."

"Then if he keeps on he will be right one time. If I do not vision this proposition skewgeedly, that girl from Iloilo comes on again before the next act-drop. As I figure it, somewhere down river she hitched up with a heathen hop smuggler or gun runner, who has now turned road thief for a full wagon on the home run; gotten the pelf changed into silver already, and sent Liliulo-etcetera on in advance with the boodle. With her, don't act as if you were wise to anything; but keep your eyes skinned for a Pinkerton vigil on my lady with the blonde wool!"

"She is my guest," pleaded Mostyn.

"That makes it easy—you can do it with a wet finger. Keep her, and you catch Yos. He goes to chokee, where the Taotai will soon slice his howl from what's then left of a mutilated torso. Durkin gets his goods, or their equivalent, plus an indemnity; we get the kudos, and maybe your fairy from Iloilo will be lost in the shuffle."

The Marshal raised his hand to his forehead in a military salute. It was a trick he had learned from the constable at the British Consulate, and had gratified Sprague at first; later he found it was never omitted when his marshal had an opinion of his own.

"I want to hear what she says when she knows we are wise to this robbery," continued the Consul.

"Come to tiffin with us and tell her yourself," said Mostyn.

"Can't. I don't want to see her until I have the whole story from Durkin; so don't say anything about it. And don't come to dinner, but bring her along later."

The Consul's views might be right, but they annoyed Mostyn, and he could not get them out of his mind. The girl heard him in his bath, knocked at the door, and inquired eagerly if there were news of Yos at the Consulate. "Not yet," he shouted cheerily, and heard the girl walk away slowly as one dispirited. He saw her next at tiffin, when she had apparently recovered her former gaiety, and was brimming over with life and energy, whilst he was listless and preoccupied.

"You're not eating any," she remarked. "What news at the Consulate has made you sick?"

"There's no news," growled Sid.

"You're an easy liar, Sid. When I

got back to your compound there was a dazzling little chap waiting to see you about his sister's side-saddle. Guess he was wanting to see who was using it. He told me the Consul's visitors had been waylaid by the hill people, who had robbed them of everything, and stripped the ladies to their hairpins."

"Little Willie Wharton is the biggest liar in Chien-Chow. Durkin's party will be here by five o'clock today."

"So we shall see them at dinner tonight?"

"That dinner is off. I don't want to go."

She frowned. "But I do!"

"Do you, Face? Well, if you will make yourself look pretty, we will go in there later to-night."

She made a wrong guess at his motive. "If I could get a pom, some rats and a bit of huang to rouge my cheeks I'd make those Vassar fairies look like thirty cents."

"You will, Face! That's why. Without extras you'll make them look cheap. But I don't want to go there more often than I can help while you are here. Stay at home and play cards. I'm happy."

"Say, I mean to go!"

"Very well. Only this: the less you say there the more you will hear."

"Sure. In the meantime you can find a safe place for my pile."

She had silver money worth about $2,000, made up of fifty-six shoe-shaped ingots, a few rolls of Mexican dollars, others from Chinese mints, and a lot of small silver coins—a typical hoard of a native trader. They put it all in one of the usual hiding places under the floor, and she was business-like enough to ask for a receipt, and get one.

That afternoon three covered carts stopped at the Consulate. They were closely followed by two large open carts, drawn by full teams and stacked high with Saratoga trunks, pikangs, packing cases, boxes and bundles. Mr. Durkin was white haired, had the scholar's stoop, a quiet demeanor and a soft voice. Miss Durkin was the leading spirit of the party, but without any points not possessed by most women who have been well cared for during five and thirty winters. Her friend, Miss Johnson, was homely in comparison, and, moreover, was slightly lame from the hip. Mostyn associated them in his mind with the Kheyai team which had brought the girl from Iloilo to the Consulate: he thought them the human counterpart of that spur rig.

The story of the robbery was quite commonplace. Mr. Durkin left Lofan with eleven carts, escorted by an officer and ten men lent them from the camp. A few miles west of the stone-paved highway they met a long wedding procession, with many standard bearers, banners, umbrellas, and a litter borne by twenty-four coolies. When the parties met there was a dispute as to which had the right of road. The bearers put down the litter, and it was seen they wore false red beards. Some shots were fired, whereupon the escort galloped off back towards Lo-fan; the drivers of the covered carts pulled out of the mix-up, and did not stop until they reached the next town. There two of the carts with luggage arrived later, but six cart loads of the goods Mr. Durkin had collected vanished, together with the wedding procession, of whose origin or whereabouts nothing could be learned in the nearby villages. Mr. Durkin had left his comprador on the spot to identify the goods when recovered, as Mr. Durkin's party had to continue their journey to the coast without delay.

Mr. Durkin grieved at his loss, but the Consul expressed himself as pleased that no greater harm had been done, and assured his guest that the goods should be recovered. Liang, the chief clerk at the Consulate, told Mostyn the case presented interesting possibilities.

That evening Mostyn introduced his guest as Miss Gardner to the travelers.

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Durkin soon noticed a finely carved jade ornament she was wearing, and said he had one very much like it if the girls could find it. They tried, bringing in armfuls of native ornaments for him to identify. When he found the thing he wanted, Miss Gardner recognized it as one of several she missed when Chi-lin-wu made his escape.

"I don't know where it came from: my comprador got it," explained Durkin.

"Was his name Chi-lin-wu?" she asked.

"It may have been, but it was not what we called him. He was a wonderful man who had been among the hill savages a good deal, and no one could get so much from them for so little."

Her eyes sparkled, for that was quite the forte of Chi-lin-wu. "If it is mine, you will find it marked with a swastika underneath," and she removed a ring from her finger to show that what she wore was so marked.

"Allow me the pleasure of restoring to you your property," said Durkin.

"I shall be much more pleased if you will keep it as a souvenir of Chienchow. It is so long since I had it I should not know what to do with it now, and it may bring you good luck," she answered with a bright smile.

"We thank you. It will now always be associated in our minds with its donor, and those indeed are most lucky who can recall such pleasing memories as this jade tekke will henceforth reawaken whenever we see it."

"Miss Gardner may perhaps be kind enough to accept a small keepsake in return," said Miss Johnson, toying with a small carved image of a mewing cat. It was one of several on the table, all in the same posture, sitting on three legs, with one paw raised and the mouth open.

Miss Gardner looked at Mostyn and suppressed a titter. "I don't see anything I could possibly have a use for. If the bit of jade should remind you of me, mail any sort of book to the Consul for me—books are scarce here!"

"Of course. Our curios are not curiosities at all here. Why, we saw these cats wherever we stayed!" said Miss Durkin.

This was too much for Miss Gardner, who began to laugh boisterously. Mostyn came to her assistance. "Those cats won't bring you luck, Miss Durkin. Shoot the whole lot into the river, or leave them at the Consulate!"

The Consul was puzzled, and expressed his readiness to do whatever his guests thought would be right.

Mr. Durkin shook his head. "We want specimens of everything in order to show the life of the people. Idols, talismans, amulets, the things they wear and use and play with. That is what makes my loss so great. It is not the money value of the collection; its cost may have been a few hundred dollars' worth of trade rubbish which I bartered for things which were priceless to me. I don't want the money, or compensation, for nothing will compensate me: I want the goods I have lost.

"Sure," said the Consul. "You will get your goods, Professor. I stand pat for that."

Mostyn could not understand the collector's point of view. He had never seen a museum, but realized that in exchange for trade gin, some gaudy trifles and a few geegaws, villagers had bartered their family treasures, their gods, amulets, ornaments, weapons, apparel, utensils and things necessary to their existence. Everything of value in five prosperous villages could be packed on six carts. If this had been done, the lot of those simple villagers now was as bad as though they had been visited by bandits, or even a raiding tax-collector. However, their necessaries were of little value in China, and were useless to civilized white people.

The Consul entertained; Mr. Durkin returned calls, then departed, leaving behind only his legacy of trouble. The Chinese officials hinted that the

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robbery was the work of the hill tribes. The Consul accepted the explanation. He thought that Yos, with some outlaws, or the hill people, had robbed Durkin's convoy and sold the stuff. He thought the girl from Iloilo was wearing rings and ornaments which had once been purchased by Durkin, not that Durkin had acquired property which had formerly been hers. He wanted the Marshal to seize her property, but Mostyn said he could do that any time there was evidence against her.

The Consul put in a claim for the missing goods, and was very insistent. He wanted the carts, nothing but the carts, and wanted them at once. In vain Mostyn pleaded that this was not the Chinese way. The easy way was for an indemnity to be paid, and the sum, with additions, raised by levying a special tax on the district in which the loss had been sustained. As he conceived the Consul's business, it was for the Consul to find out what compensation the officials were prepared to pay, and haggle as to the amount. The Consul's own way was to get the officials hemmed in, leaving them without a loophole by which to escape. The Consul seemed intent upon proving that some official was either dishonest or inefficient. Everybody knew that in a district where there is a toll-bar every few miles on every road, six cartloads of merchandise could not disappear without connivance of the officials in charge of the barriers. The Consul made the mistake of pointing this out, and insisting upon the carts being traced. Soon the officials knew that the carts had been brought in to the headquarters of the local soldiery, and that the captain and his military underlings were the parties guilty of the seizure from Mr. Durkin. But this could not be admitted to the new foreign consul without the officials losing dignity. They made overtures towards a compromise, but the Consul refused to consider any other settlement than restitution. He felt sure he would win. Mostyn believed that rather than "lose face," the Yamen would throw China at the Consul, who would be buried under the heap without being aware of it. When it became a struggle between the Consul and "all China," the first indication officialdom gave of its attitude to this particular matter was the execution of Durkin's comprador on a charge of sedition. That effectively disposed of the only witness able to identify the stolen goods.

Liang pointed out to the Consul that this would deter any other Chinaman from offering evidence, so Sprague begged Mostyn to get some information from the teamsters attending the various markets.

Mostyn determined to make a show of complying by riding out to a distant market next day. The girl had to be told. "Say, Face, I shall be away all day to-morrow. I hope you won't be lonely."

"Guess I can find enough to do. The vines want tending, so I'll do some thinning. Has the Consul any news for me yet?"

"He says you'll know in a day or two," answered Mostyn.

"He talks like a dressmaker! But I suppose America thinks any old thing will do for Consul in this Chienchow!"

When Mostyn returned, some one heard him ride into the compound, and she was at the door to greet him. "Dinner will be ready as soon as you have had your bath, Sid. Liang has been round from the Consulate to see you, and is coming again by-and-bye."

"Alright, Face. I'll hurry."

He was conscious that many things were better ordered in his house than they had been even a week ago. It was more homelike and comfortable, a cheery place to live in now. He thought the girl might soon become reconciled to the loss of Yos. She seemed happy enough where she was, and he was content for her to remain. He might marry her even. When the servants had cleared the table, and he had fortified himself with another

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glass of whisky, he attempted to broach the subject.

"How have you got on to-day, Face?"

"Fine! You will have a nice lot of grapes this year."

"Stay here until they are ripe—next summer twelvemonths!"

She laughed. "That's very kind of you."

"Why not make Chien-chow your home?"

"I should tire of Chien-chow."

"When you do, we can make a trip to Shanghai."

She opened her eyes very wide, and shook her head.

"Hongkong, then!"

"Hell!" she shrieked, and stuffed her fingers in her ears.

Sid looked at her wonderingly, for it had always been the wish of his life to tread British soil.

"You don't understand, Sid. Say! Whether people are married or not, if they think they are married it is the same to them as if they really were married, isn't it?"

"As long as they think so," agreed Sid.

"Sure! Yos and I think we are married, and I am not buying transportation to South Dakota. Reach down a deck, Sid, and we'll have some more euchre."

Hardly were the cards dealt when Liang was announced. With him was a rough west-country drover named Mung, whose road-stained clothes, soiled face and uncouth manners contrasted sharply with the clear-cut features, black gown and smart urbanity of the astute young clerk.

"I heard to-day, Marshal, that stupid Captain is so disgusted with what he took from the American that he will send all the lot into Chien-chow."

"That's bully for the Consul," commented Mostyn. "Have a whisky?"

"And bad for the Yamen. Drover Mung saw the Captain to-day, and will tell you."

"Right! Have a whisky, Mung? What news on the road?"

"It was an unhappy day that foreign trader ever reached the hill people. There has been no business since—and now blood must flow," lamented Mung.

"Whose blood this time?" asked Mostyn, nonchalantly.

"That of an innocent man. A fine man, too: one of the brown coats. He overtook me, for he was hurrying after those six carts, as he meant to buy the stuff back for $500. The Captain took the money, and has put the hill man on the chains—until he shall confess to the robbery!"

"He was a fool to venture," observed Mostyn.

"Just a hill man," continued Mung. "The Captain says he will make him confess, but he never will. So the poor brown-coat will be impaled by the roadside. If the hill people see *that,* they will rise—and then more blood will flow."

"Again trouble for the Yamen," commented Liang.

"If the Captain would slice off his prisoner's head, there might be an end to the matter," sagaciously concluded Mung, "but the Captain wants a victim, and says this one shall confess to stealing those carts. As though a Tong would confess! And fancy this one confessing, when he is chief man of the Yao people, a Yos!"

"God!" ejaculated Mostyn, and he turned to the girl, who, not understanding much of their talk, was dealing the cards for patience. "Hear that, Face? Yos has been captured, and loses his head to-morrow."

The cards fell from her hands, her lips turned blue, and she slipped back in her chair as she motioned him to give her his glass. Mostyn hastily poured some whisky into a tumbler, and she took two gulps of the neat spirit, then sat helpless. Liang silently closed the door, while Mostyn filled up her tumbler from the syphon and pressed her to drink.

"My God! Poor Yos!" she gasped hysterically.

Liang crossed over to Mung, and

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was whispering an explanation, when she sprang to her feet.

"I must go to him. Yos must be let go, or I will shoot that Captain dead!"

"Be reasonable, Face! You can't do anything. There's a whole regiment there. Leave it to us." Mostyn forced her back into the chair, and stood bending over her sympathetically. "You know I care for you—you know I could love you—I would love you, if you would let me," he pleaded.

"Love?" she queried contemptuously. "If you only cared for me you would act white now!"

Mostyn was disconcerted. He did not know what to say or do, and could not think. "Face, do you want to save Yos?" he asked weakly.

"Do I want? Fool! When I would give my life for him, and he—he is on the chains."

"What can we do?" he pleaded.

"Do! Do something. After living here all these years can't you put the fear of God into these heathen? Aren't you the Marshal? Can't you seize that junk-dealer's muck, and Yos with it? For God's sake get a move on! Just think—he's on the chains now! Hell!" and she buried her face in her hands.

While Mostyn blurted out wild promises, Liang came quietly across to her chair, and in a manner so gentle and confident, spoke generalities which reassured her, that she turned to him.

"Help us, Liang. I'm fairly up against it this time, but you've enough gray matter to make good. What's to be done? Think! Qui-qui, Liang! Think—think—think!"

Liang remained unperturbed. "The Yos will not readily confess what he has not done, so perhaps his life may be saved if we find a way in time. But, again, the time is only the same length as the Captain's temper, and that is short," he answered glibly.

"Don't argue, Liang!" she protested. "You know this Captain. If you have any pull, use it now. Can't you send him a message which will hoodoo him if he dares to hurt Yos?"

The suggestion was not unheeded. With a crafty smile, Liang said: "Neither the Consul nor the Yamen has any hold of this military tiger, but if the Marshal would allow me to threaten the Captain in his name?"

"Do what you like, Liang," assented Mostyn readily.

"It is not enough to threaten such a creature. Will you also help me to make good?"

"Liang, I'll back you for all I'm worth," said Mostyn earnestly.

"Then we'll paralyze him," continued Liang, confidently.

"You can do it, Liang—do it with a turn of your wrist?" exclaimed Mostyn, now hopeful once more.

Liang relapsed into Chinese, explaining his method with a calmness and volubility that surprised Mostyn and rendered Mung speechless from admiration. A house boy put a light in the other room, official paper was found, and by the time Liang had moistened some ink and got his brush into trim, Mung found his tongue. "Boycott all the toll-bars in the Captain's district," he suggested bluntly.

"Don't forget to tell him that I shall have with me a witness who can identify every article in the six carts," shouted Mostyn. "That will frighten him, Face! The Captain doesn't know of you," he added, turning to the girl.

Liang was quite absorbed in his work. If he heard them he gave no sign that he heeded their calls.

The document he ultimately produced purported to be from one Ching, announcing to the Captain that the United States Marshal intended to visit the camp and seize the six carts there. He would have with him a sufficient force for the purpose, including an American lady able to identify every article stolen from the American traveler's party. The Captain was advised to send the carts away at once by the Khe-yai road with no other escort than the hill man who had purchased them of the Captain, and to return the warning by one Liang, of the U. S. Consulate, who would accom-

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pany the Marshal to make an inventory of the goods seized.

The paper, the seal, the characters used, and the composition of the letter proclaimed it the work of an official, a friendly disposed person whose warning ought not to be disregarded by any official capable of reading between the lines.

"I did not think you would ride so far as the camp with us, Liang," commented Mostyn.

Liang smiled. "I shall have my writing materials with me, so must go by mule cart, as etiquette requires."

Mung had insisted upon being the bearer of the document. He started as soon as it was ready, and carried in a plain envelope a short, unsigned message the girl had written to her Yos. She proffered payment, but Mostyn would not even suggest remuneration to Mung. Much remained to be done. There were yamen runners to be found, horses to be obtained, watchers to be sent on to Khe-yai, merchants to be interviewed, and the trade guilds to be interested, before a start could be made at daybreak.

Mostyn and his companion rode on ahead of the party. The sun was high in the heavens when they saw the camp in the far distance. As they neared it, the practiced eye of Mostyn noticed a suspicious object dangling from the boughs of a tree by the wayside, and he promptly proposed a detour, so as to approach the camp from the Khe-yai side.

The party was welcomed at the camp, because the carts were not there. The Captain shook hands with himself, denied all knowledge of the carts, and assured Mostyn they had never been in his district. From others it was learned that Mung had arrived before dawn, and soon after had left with the liberated Yos and six carts with strong teams by way of the Khe-yai road. When the last of the Guild Banners arrived at the camp, Mostyn and most of his party started out for home. They had not proceeded far before they came abreast of a human head suspended by its queue from a tree near the road.

The girl pulled up the dappled stallion suddenly. "That's Chi-lin-wu," she exclaimed, in horror.

"Don't stop," urged Mostyn. "I took you around the other way because I was afraid this might be the head of your Yos."

"Yos? How absurd! Don't you know it is only Chinese who wear pigtails?"

Mostyn would never admit his ignorance, and changed the subject.

"The Captain is in a blue funk by this time. The Guilds will make him think he is to lose all the tolls, and he will believe his whole district is in league against him. The Guilds will get their way, but do you know it will cost them a lot of cash, very likely as much as $1,000?"

The girl fumbled in her waist belt, and produced the receipt Mostyn had given her for her money. "Pay them out of this, Sid."

"They won't take anything. They just do it for me. Besides, its business, and they'll soon get it all back in other ways."

The girl seemed annoyed. She tore the receipt to bits and scattered them, without speaking.

"I'm glad your Yos got away safe, Face. You don't know how glad I am," continued Mostyn.

"He'll fetch me soon now, but I won't go with him, Sid, until you promise you will come and see us in our home. You'll come, won't you?"

"Never!" answered Mostyn, pertly, and they had something to wrangle about until they reached Chien-chow.

They saw nothing of Liang until next evening, when he came in to return the document sent to the Captain.

"Is that all?" asked Mostyn.

Liang helped himself to whisky and got a cigar well alight before he answered. "The Captain gave me $100 to bring it."

They tore the paper through and burned the fragments in a cuspidor.

"The Captain also gave me another

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$100 to give the writer of the warning," said Liang, who appeared to be on excellent terms with himself.

"And he gets it without a squeeze," laughed Mostyn. "But what about the Consul?"

"That is alright, too. As soon as Mr. Durkin has sailed from China, the Consul is to be faced with the logic of time, place and number. You know what that means! Mr. Durkin left with five carts, and arrived here with five carts. At no toll bar is there any evidence that he ever had more than five carts, but there is evidence that he had five; how, then, in the meantime, can he have been robbed of six? It is Consul Sprague who will have to prove there were eleven."

"He can't do it."

"It is preposterous!"

"But he must never know how near he was to recovering that lot of stuff," continued Mostyn.

"He never will—not as long as he stands pat, which means that he will never have a chance now to get even a brass cash compensation for anybody."

The watchers returned from Khe-yai and reported that Mung, the Yos, and six carts had arrived safely, and started at once with fresh teams for the hill country. They were not followed, and the Captain had all his men at the camp.

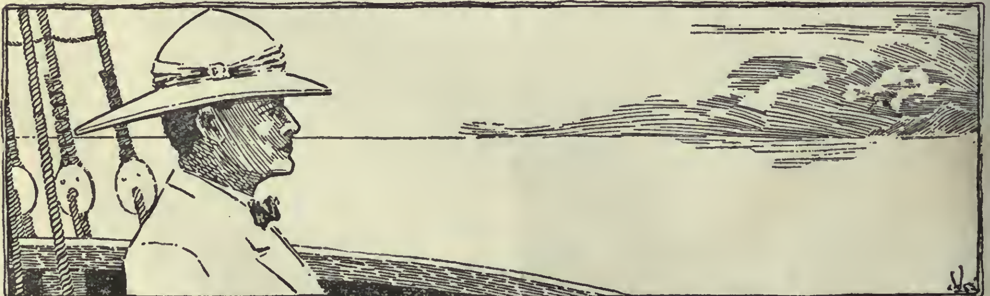
A few days later, as Consul Sprague went for a walk, he saw a strange cart outside Mostyn's compound. As he neared it, the fashion seemed familiar. There was a mule with a short hind leg in the traces, and a lob-legged white pony in the shafts. The girl from Iloilo was just buttoning up her dust cloak; then Mostyn himself placed the foot-stool for her, and helped her into the vehicle. The team was started at once. If the girl saw the Consul she did not notice him, but was shouting farewells to Mostyn and repeating the date of the next market at Khe-yai.

After the cart passed, the Consul saw in the road a tall, lean figure in the brown dress of a hill man, one wearing the hat with a myriad tassels. By his side was a big brown jackass—a magnificent animal, in exchange for which Mung, or any other Chinaman would willingly have given six of the best ponies that ever came out of Mongolia. As the Consul approached, Yos vaulted lightly into the saddle. Mostyn gave him a military salute as he passed; the hill man acknowledged it in Chinese fashion by elevating his thumbs, but he shot a look of recognition at the Consul as he trotted after the cart.

"That is Yos," explained Mostyn, with immovable face.

"Yos be damned! That's Joseph Randel. 'Royal' Randel, as we called him at Harvard, because he claimed descent from some king. I hear he got stuck on the Orient and mixed up with the missionary push. He recognized me, sure! And I know it's Joe Randel!"

"Right! He was Randel, but now is Yos. Come in this evening and have a game of euchre. I'll play you."



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AN UNEXPECTED HONEYMOON

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

Author of "Lady Pat," "Soft Snaps," etc.

RICHARD CHASE ran up the club steps with a self-satisfied smile that evidently denoted something of importance happily accomplished or a recent encounter with one of the fair sex that was pleasurable to a degree.

"I wish I could speak to her," he muttered wistfully to himself, as he passed through the swinging-doors and made for the broad staircase to his room, so it is safe to presume that, to one of the fair sex was to be attributed the fatuous smile.

He packed his suit case hurriedly, for it had taken rather longer than he expected to choose a suitable present for Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, with whom he was about to spend a Saturday to Monday amongst the orange groves at Riverside, and Richard Chase always felt it incumbent upon him to fasten a little token of his regard upon those from whom he accepted hospitality. He felt somewhat loth to leave Los Angeles just at present, however, for the fact has to be recorded that Richard was in love, and had just had the satisfaction of exchanging several ultra amorous glances with the lady of his admiration near the doorway of the jewelry store in which he had bought the silver fruit dish for Mr. and Mrs. Lyons.

From a haphazard flirtation commenced at a matinee performance at one of the theatres and renewed subsequently at other places of entertainment, or through chance meetings on the streets, the longing glances with which he favored the daintily dressed blonde were getting to be more pronounced each time he met her, and he was burning with an intense desire to speak, but she was so obviously a girl of the best class of society, and so undeniably a lady, that to do so without a formal introduction would, he knew, be hotly resented and preclude him forever of winning a sentiment akin to his own.

He was not an unusually impressionable young man, and gave himself more to looking energetically after his rapidly increasing brokerage business than to cultivating the society of the fair sex, so it was but natural that now that the disease that is so prone to attack healthy specimens of the male sex at or about the age of twenty-eight had him in its throes, that it should have assailed him in its most malignant form.

He was soon packed, and throwing his suit case, golf sticks and tennis racquet into a summoned taxi, reached the Arcade Depot with several good minutes to spare.

He made a hasty purchase at the bookstall of a number of magazines, but his eyes alone dwelt on the pages within their covers, for his thoughts were elsewhere. Who the girl was who had taken such a firm grip on his fancy he had not been able to ascertain, although he had, on more than one occasion, followed her and watched her board a car on the Grand Avenue line, but had restrained himself from getting on the same car, as he feared that such a proceeding would be too obvious, and maybe likely to annoy her.

She might, of course, be married, for all he knew, but she did not have the bearing of a flirtatious married woman, and did not look to be more

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than twenty-one or two years of age. To him she was the most beautiful girl in actual being, and that the open admiration that he did not attempt to conceal was evidently appreciated set the blood tingling in his veins feverishly afresh every time he met her.

The magazines one by one slipped from his fingers, and gazing dreamily from the window at the walnut, olive and orange groves through which the train was whirling him, he thought on many things, mostly culminating in a wistful desire for something that he could not foresee the slightest chance of ever coming to pass.

George Lyons was waiting for him in his big touring car at the station at Riverside, and on the road to his bungalow-built but large and elegantly furnished house, situated amongst the fragrant orange groves in the shelter of the foothills some six miles from the town, quickly diverted the lovelorn one's thoughts to matters of the more immediate present.

"Only three more days now, Dick, and you'll be a wealthy married man," his host remarked facetiously as he steered them past the big Mission Hotel to the well oiled road leading to the foothills. "A pretty wife and three hundred thousand dollars. You lucky dog!" Richard Chase flushed angrily, and turned quickly to his friend.

"No, I won't," he said sharply. "I've changed my mind, and nothing you can say or do will alter it."

"But, my dear Dick! What do you mean? You can't surely——"

"Yes, I have, and there's no use in discussing it at all. The whole thing is off!"

"But the money!" expostulated George, looking with astonishment at the other's determined face, and hardly crediting the words that fairly snapped from his lips. "The three hundred thous——"

"Oh, drat the money!" Richard burst in angrily. "I don't want it. I can make all the money I want without tying myself for life to a girl I don't like. I wouldn't do it for fifty millions, so there's no use trying to persuade me, George. No, let me explain," he went on in a more tolerant tone. "I've come down mainly to ask you and Mrs. Lyons to break it to Blanche Fleming and tell her that she's welcome to the whole thing, and you may bet your boots that she won't be sorry to hear that."

"But, my dear Dick, you don't understand. You don't know what it means if——"

"Oh, yes, I do. I know the will and I know why my crazy old aunt made it. She was once engaged to that girl's father, and nursed the foolish sentiment all her life. That's why she never married. And then she makes this crazy will, thinking she's doing both me and the girl a good turn. She did not give us much time to make up our minds, either. Three months is no time to get acquainted with a girl you have never seen before."

"Yes, but you went into all that the last time I saw you, and you both agreed to go through the ceremony and part immediately afterwards, so as to share the money, but I know very well, Dick, that when you see Blanche you won't stand for any arrangement like that. She's one of the nicest and prettiest girls I've ever——"

"Yes, I know; I've heard all that before," Richard broke in testily. "But I don't care what she's like. I'm not going to marry her, that's all."

"But, my dear fellow, don't you know that if you refuse to fulfill the arrangement that Blanche gets all the money? I thought you understood all that, and both agreed to go through the ceremony so as to save it from going to your aunt's cousins. You don't ever have to see her after the wedding, if you don't like."

"Yes, that was my idea, but I've made up my mind, now that I'm not going to tie myself up; so you'll have to get your wife to break it to the Fleming girl. She won't be sorry, I'll bet."

"Oh, don't be a fool," said George,

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impatiently. "You neeon't tie yourself up for life. Why, you can divorce each other after a reasonable time, and be just as free as you are now. It doesn't matter what you do after you get the money.

Richard pondered a moment. "No," he declared determinedly. "That will not do, either. It would take some time to get a divorce, and we'd have to wait for a year after getting the decree before either of us could marry again. No, I'd rather let the money go. I never do anything I don't want to do."

"I know you don't, and that's what makes me mad," said his friend, squeezing the horn to a vicious toot, and scattering a drove of shuffling Chinamen who were walking the road in single file and keeping up a singsong chatter as they wended their way for some grove where they had evidently been picking oranges, to their squat-built bunk houses on the outskirts of George Lyon's ranch. "Throwing away three hundred thousand dollars and the chance of a happy married life with a splendid girl just for the sake of some foolish notion! It's downright sinful."

"Oh, go on," retorted Richard, angrily. "There's no use telling me the same thing over and over again. It wouldn't make any difference if it was for fifty millions, so you may as well drop it, George."

"Alright," said his host sulkily, feeling somewhat injured at the other's querulous tone. "I will, but you need not think that Blanche is at all keen on marrying you, for she told old Harris, the lawyer, that she had changed her mind, too, and that she wasn't going to tie herself to a man she had never seen. So as you both refuse to carry out the terms of the old lady's will, the money will go to those cousins of hers. It's too bad."

"How do you know she's refused?" demanded Richard.

"Because old Harris called me up on long distance yesterday and asked me to use my influence to bring you together. He thinks the girl must be crazy, because she has very little money; about eight hundred dollars a year, which her father left her; and old Harris thinks that you and she would make a splendid couple if you would only agree to meet and talk things over. It was he who drew up the will, you know."

"Yes, and I believe he put the idea into my aunt's head," returned Richard, surlily. "Well, you can call him up and tell him that the refusal comes from me, not from Miss Fleming, and that she can have the three hundred thousand. It's only if we both refuse that the money goes to the cousins, so let her withdraw her refusal and I'll be the loser. No, no, say no more about it," he expostulated, as George again started in to protest. "If you don't want me to get real mad and go right back to Los Angeles, you must drop the subject, George. Telephone old Harris, and tell your wife that I don't want to discuss the subject at all. Let her break the news to the Fleming girl and not bother me any more about it. I shall only get mad, if you do."

Seeing that he was determinedly in earnest, Lyons drifted the conversation to less personal matters, and had his visitor in a more agreeable frame of mind ere they had reached their destination. He managed to whisper a few words of urgent warning to his wife immediately on their arrival, so the unwelcome topic was not touched upon during the saunter through the orange grove nor through the progression of the long course dinner. But after Richard had retired to his room for the night, George and his wife argued steadily towards the early hours in whispers that were interlarded with suppressed chuckles, and sundry mysterious glances were directed across the breakfast table the following morning, whenever they were safely assured that Richard was not looking.

Almost immediately after breakfast George proposed that he and his visitor should try their skill on the golf

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links at the Country Club, where they could lunch and spend the day, thus giving Mrs. Lyons an opportunity to run up to Los Angeles to do some shopping of which she claimed to be in urgent need, and incidentally, Richard felt certain, to convey the news to his co-legatee that she might feel free from any thoughts of matrimony with a man whom she had never seen.

They disported themselves on the golf course all the morning, and after lunch turned their attention to the tennis court, putting in a day that helped wonderfully to stiffen the muscles of the young city broker. Mrs. Lyons had returned from her shopping trip when they got back to the house, but she did not volunteer any statement regarding the other matter more nearly concerning Richard, and he did not like to propound a question on the subject, as he feared that attempts would be made to shake his firm resolution.

All the same, he could not restrain himself from buttonholing his host as they parted to retire for the night and asking him whether he had telephoned to Harris, the lawyer.

"Yes, I have, and Harris thinks you are crazy, and so you are, Dick, if you don't mind my saying so." George ventured cautiously. "My wife had a good talk with Blanche Fleming, too, and told her your wishes in the matter."

"Ah! Did she? And I suppose she was tickled to death?"

"No; she took the same stand that you're taking, and wants the whole thing to drop, but Bessie made her promise to go and talk it over with old Harris, so the chances are that he'll persuade her to withdraw her refusal and so leave herself eligible to get all the money. She'll be a terrible fool if she doesn't."

Richard laughed. "I guess she's a fool anyway," he said. "And I'll bet it's a lucky thing for me that I didn't attempt to carry out my aunt's wishes. However, I hope she decides to qualify for the money, because I guess she needs it."

"Yes, I hope she does," agreed George. "But Bessie says she's as stubborn as a mule. You're the most extraordinary pair I've ever heard of. I suppose there's no use my trying to persuade you to change your mind, Dick, or asking my wife to——"

"Not a bit!" snapped Richard, moving towards his room. "I'm out of it, and for goodness' sake, ask Mrs. Lyons not to badger me about it, because it won't do any good, George, and only spoil my visit. Must we go to church in the morning?"

"Not if you plead a bad headache," replied his host, facetiously. "Bessie likes going, of course, but if you can pretend to look sick, I'll persuade her to go with us for a drive to Arlington, and we can take in the Indian Mission school on the way back."

Chase promised to "act" to the best of his ability and betook him to his pillow, but not immediately to slumber, for, on snuggling his nose into the eiderdown his thoughts drifted to past and all too brief scenes, in which a certain face and form held prominent place, and found much pleasure in dwelling on the conjured vision. To the matter that was evidently troubling his host and hostess, or to the munificent legacy which he was so inconsequentially spurning, he did not devote one single drowsing thought.

The woeful expression he assumed at the breakfast table next morning had the desired effect, although he was forced to pay for his escape from Divine Service by swallowing two headache tablets which Mrs. Lyons insisted on administering with her own fair hands, and to which the culprit attributed the slight uneasiness of indigestion which he experienced for the greater part of the day. However, the drive was pleasant and well worthy of the sacrifice, and as they had brought luncheon with them in the car they were enabled to take in quite a bit of the surrounding country and the various places of note, and only

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just returned in time to change their dust covered garments for others more in keeping with the evening dinner.

Mrs. Lyons hopped from the car and bustled into the house, leaving her husband and Richard to pilot it to the garage at the rear, where, having placed it in the care of the Japanese outdoor servant, they left it and entered their rooms by a side entrance near the kitchen.

Bidding his visitor to hurry, as it was close to dinner time, George pushed him playfully to his room and then hastened to his own bathroom, from which the notes of a joyful song, sadly out of keeping with the Sabbath, soon emanated, mingling pleasantly with the splashings in the bath tub.

Richard prepared himself a bath also, and hastened to make himself presentable, but hurry as much as he could, the dinner gong sounded whilst he was fighting manfully with his collar, and as he reached for and struggled into his Tuxedo it was sounded impatiently again.

He rushed from his room and burst into the drawing room with a profuse apology for his tardiness on his lips, but it never passed them, for a gasp of extraordinary astonishment had usurped its place.

Standing, fronting him, in all the beauty that is imparted by stately evening dress, stood the girl he had been running after from street to street and from one theatre to another, on the chance of occasionally meeting! There she stood within six feet of him, alone, unheralded, and with a look of dazed astonishment on her face that was only equaled by his own!

For the space of fully a minute they gazed blankly at each other, their cheeks reddening and paling by turns, and then Richard spoke:

"Er—er—oh!" he said.

Not a very great speech, but it broke the silence and was evidently expressive, because the girl smiled and the frightened look disappeared from her eyes.

"You—you startled me," she said, recovering herself quickly, as girls do when they are in the knowledge that they are becomingly dressed and have nothing to fear save undisguised admiration. "I—I didn't know there was a visitor in the house. Mrs. Lyons never told me."

"N-n-nor me, either," faltered Richard, wishing he could pinch himself unobserved, to make sure that the vision facing him was a reality and not a fancied dream. "This is an awful surprise! Er-er-I mean it's a—a wonderful surprise!"

"Yes, quite," said the girl, delighted at his embarrassment, for she easily divined the cause, and did not feel by any means exempt herself, as she had instantly recognized the good-looking stranger as the young man whose eyes she had met in pleasurable encounter on various late occasions. "Are you staying here, too?"

"Yes, I came yesterday," replied Richard, regaining his composure and entering further to the center of the room and therefore closer to the being he was now happily convinced was of actual flesh and blood. "We've been out all day in George's machine, but neither he nor Mrs. Lyons said a word about—er—about you. When did you come down?"

"About an hour ago. It's quite an unexpected visit for me, too. I had no intention of leaving Los Angeles at all: only Mrs. Lyons came up yesterday and insisted on my coming down to-day. I couldn't make any excuse, because she wouldn't listen to anything I tried to say."

"By Jove, it's wonderful!" exclaimed Richard irrelevantly. "To think of meeting you here!"

The girl flushed deeply and lowered her eyes before the impassioned stare of those others whose depths she had several times probed at a safer distance. "H-h-how do you mean?" she faltered.

"*You—you,* of all people in the world!" declaimed Richard vehemently. "After waiting to meet you and not knowing how I could ever

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manage it! You remember when I met you Friday morning outside that jewelry store? Well, I——"

"Oh, stop, please!" urged the girl, turning away, covered with confusion. "You—you mustn't remember anything like that. I—I—I haven't seen you before. Never. You—you know I haven't!"

"What!" exclaimed Richard, moving closer and bending to catch her averted eyes. "Never seen me before! Why—why, don't you remember the Orpheum and Belasco's? That matinee—and—that symphony concert at the Shrine Auditorium? And that day that you were down at Ocean Park? You—you surely remember meeting me there?"

"Oh, don't! Please don't," murmured the girl, edging away from him and not knowing whether to laugh for very joy at hearing the places and times of encounter so accurately engraved on his mind, or whether to dissolve into tears. "We—we don't even know each other."

"Oh, I—er—I was forgetting all about that," stammered Richard, contritely and somewhat ashamed of himself for allowing himself to be so carried away by his enthusiasm. "My name's Richard Chase."

The girl wheeled sharply round and clutched the table for support. "What!" she gasped, and would most probably have fainted had not Richard sprung quickly to her side. At the touch of his arm around her waist she stiffened to full sensibility.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, releasing her. "Have I said anything?"

The girl drew herself up, and a hard look came into her eyes.

"Oh!" she ejaculated. "And so you knew who I was all along!"

"Me!" cried Richard, puzzled. "How do you mean? I don't know who you are."

"Oh, yes, you do," said the girl, sternly. "You knew I was coming here, and—and everything."

"No, I didn't," said Richard, amazed at her attitude. "I never knew anything about it. On my honor! Why, who—who are you?"

The girl searched his face closely, and evidently seeing that she was, perhaps, misjudging him, allowed her manner to slightly soften.

"Perhaps you had nothing to do with it," she allowed. "But it seems very peculiar to me if you don't know who I am. Of course I can't deny that I have seen you before—often—but you must not think that I had any idea who you were, because I hadn't."

"Why—why should I think that?" queried Richard. "I know you didn't, any more than I knew who you were—though I often wished that I could find out—and where you lived—and—and everything," he finished bravely.

"Then it's the Lyons! They must have planned this. I know you'll get a horrible surprise when I tell you who I am—but you've got to know it now. I'm Blanche Fleming."

Richard stared and stared at the beautiful girl facing him, and tried to grasp fully the astounding admission and all that it meant to him, and was only brought to a sense of reality on feeling his hostess' hand nervously touching his shoulder.

"The gong has sounded twice, Dick," she said, and held out her other hand beseechingly to the indignant Blanche. "I see you have already discovered my little plan of bringing you together, dear, and you must forgive me if I have done very wrong. I knew it was the last chance I should get, and I couldn't let it go by without trying it. Mr. Harris is coming down in the morning, so if I have failed, one or the other of you can make a formal refusal and allow the other to take all the money. Won't you forgive me, Blanche?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then stepped forward and kissed her, and tears shone in both their eyes.

"I—I know you did it for the b-best, Mrs. Lyons," she faltered tremulously, "but—but you see——"

"But nothing," Richard broke in,

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finding speech at last. "You've done a splendid thing, Mrs. Lyons, and made me the happiest man in California. If Miss Fleming wants to know the reason why I refused to carry out the terms of the will, she will understand when I tell her that it's because of a certain young lady whom I have been meeting at theatres and places, and I had made up my mind to marry no other girl in the world, no matter what money was at stake," and giving the girl a deep, yearning look, he squeezed his hostess' hand and walked soberly from the room.

A few minutes later, with eyes both moist, the two ladies entered the dining room, and to the credit of George Lyons be it said that the meal was struggled through without undue abatement of conversation.

Coffee was served on the porch and a stroll down the road subsequently suggested by Mrs. Lyons, but why she and her husband should have suddenly changed their minds when they had reached the gate and retraced their steps hurriedly, leaving the younger couple to follow at their leisure must forever remain a mystery.

As Richard was divesting himself of his outer raiment, preparatory to going to bed, George quietly entered his room with an ill-concealed air of triumph.

"Bessie and I are going up to San Francisco to-morrow," he declared. "I have some business up there that must be attended to, and I have promised her the trip ever so long. Now, old Harris will be here on the early train and there's a justice of the peace coming from Riverside the first thing after breakfast, so the wedding will take place before Bessie and I catch the 12:20."

Richard smiled happily at his host. "Do you think she'll agree, George?" he queried doubtfully.

"Sure," returned his friend, convincingly. "Bessie talked her into it. We'll be away for a month, so you'll have the house to yourselves, and if you can find a nicer place to spend a real good honeymoon in I'll eat my hat." He held out his hand and beamed at the young broker. "Good-night, old man, and happy dreams."

Richard seized the proffered member in both his own and squeezed it hard.

"You are a very good fellow, George," he assured him heartily. "The dandiest pal on earth!"

COMPENSATION

ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

Into the world of thought I went,
And gathered therefrom a branch half-bent,
And grafted it on to a life half-spent:
Then journeyed my way along.

The years went by, and the thought returned,
Bearing the fruit it had justly earned—
A smiling face for the heart that yearned—
And a life that was filled with song.

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ON THE SANDS

BY LILIAN DUCEY

"BUT YOU really ought to say 'yes,' you know." There was a lazy tone to the man's voice as it trailed along.

"Yes, I suppose so——" no less dreamily came the girl's reply. She laughed a little, then added: "In fact, what you suggest is quite in keeping with our rather tragic, submarine introduction."

"Quite." The man laughed, also, but when he spoke again, a hint of seriousness overlay the pleasant lightness of his voice. "It is the only natural sequence of such an introduction. How often do we see the papers' headlines: 'Girl, young and beautiful, marries man who rescues her from watery grave.'"

A smile lifted the corners of the girl's mouth. Just a second or so while she regarded him. As a little tragic light flew to her eyes, she transferred her gaze to the ocean. Then for a moment she lived over again that perilous time. The horror of it made her shudder, and as if understanding, the man put a protecting arm about her.

"You've got to forget that!" he spoke commandingly. "Put it out of your mind—and answer my question."

She sighed a little. "Almost," she breathed softly, "I feel it incumbent upon myself to follow the usual romantic order of things."

"Then do—do!" The arm about her tightened its hold. The pressure recalled to the girl her resolutions.

"Back!" She was twinkling once more. "Why, you've quite obliterated the dead line. Remember your promise—if I came here with you."

As he moved away with dogged reluctance, she dug her fingers into the sand, making two tiny ramparts with a three inch deep ditch lightly gashed between.

"Now," a charming blush washed the soft line of her cheeks, "I feel safe again. As I explained to you last night. it doesn't follow at all that because our acquaintance began with embraces a precedent has been established. I—I've submitted to them out of gratitude."

The man laughed heartily, quizzical eyes keeping her face suffused with roses.

"You'll be telling me next they were abhorrent," he said boldly. "When it comes to a question of love, it's great what frauds women can be."

The girl laughed in appreciation. "There's an element of truthfulness in what you said that is a trifle exasperating." Her eyes were very bright as she spoke.

"But to go back," she continued. "I have noted other versions of those newspaper headlines. For instance: Well-known, rising young lawyer wooes and marries poor school teacher he rescues from the ocean's clutch. Notice the wooes," she laughed.

The man drew himself up. Again the deadline was leveled. "You're quite mistaken," he laughed happily, as his arm went around her. "Never in my newspaper knowledge has the wooing part entered into the story. You see, in journalistic work everything must be short and concise; all unnecessary details are eliminated. He always marries her hard on the heels of the rescue. Lightning-like swiftness characterizes the whole affair."

"And then do they live happily ever

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afterwards?" She asked the question mockingly.

"Assuredly," was the swift retort. "And it's easily explained. It's perfectly reasonable."

"Go on—how?" Gently but certainly she unwound his encircling arm and pushed it from her, looking into his face accusingly. "Really, you mustn't," she admonished.

"Pardon me—and after my solemn promise!" he laughed a little.

She looked amusedly troubled. "That very reasonable explanation?" she urged in a gently suggestive tone.

"Oh, yes," he leaned forward and took one of her hands in his. "It is this way——"

The explanation, however, went no further, for she was trying to withdraw her hand. Finding the effort futile, she shook her head deprecatingly.

"I didn't promise not even to hold your hand," he asserted. "Did I?"

"No—but——"

"Well, then——"

"Of course if it's an aid to speech," she mocked.

"Not an aid to speech, exactly," answered the man with entire simplicity. "But it is an aid to understanding—your understanding. I've noticed frequently that the closer we are the more similarity there is to our thoughts. Why, during these past two weeks—you sitting here within my arms—I've advanced the most outlandishly visionary theories. And you have acquiesced with smiling approval, almost persuading me to believe them practical."

The slender line of the girl's brows raised itself, while two scarlet signals flew to either cheek. With a determined gesture this time she succeeded in withdrawing her hand.

"I shall endeavor to follow you without the aid of any occult powers or forces," she said, visibly embarrassed.

"Oh, very well," he laughed, keeping his eyes on hers, bending this way, twisting that, until of necessity she allowed them to rest. Then he commenced to speak lightly.

"You see it's this way," he said. "That's really an exploded theory, execrable on account of its unromantic, withering influence——" He paused.

"What is?" she hastened him. "Either you are not very lucid in your speech—or my powers of understanding *are* really defective."

"Why, that an engagement is the preliminary factor that goes to make the firm foundation on which to build the Castle of Love," he explained.

"Go on."

"Engagements," he smiled, "are supposed to furnish people with the opportunity to learn to know each other. Well, we start just that much ahead of these conventional people. We *don't* know each other—and so there is just that much more of Heaven allotted to us."

The girl shuddered, a charmingly assumed shudder of horror.

"Goodness! How cynical!" she exclaimed. "And after all the romantic nonsense you have been propounding these sunshiny days and moonlit nights."

"You forget: I am a lawyer by profession." Mock seriousness pervaded the man's voice now. "You refused to meet me on the bright plane of romance. You turned scoffer—even sneered at the gentle sentiment, 'love.' Well, I am only trying to meet you on your own grounds. For whatever your arguments, they must be beaten down. And I'm supposed to be an adept at the foils—hence my rapid rise in the profession. But I am really not so cynical as you imagine. When you interrupted me, I was about to say that——"

"Well, suppose, as an example, that you plunge the uninitiated into the intricacies of the binominal theorem. What happens? Without the preliminary knowledge of algebra, he founders around in a maze, dizzily, happily unsuspicious of the pitfalls more knowing minds foresee. (You see I'm using arguments in your line.) And

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there you are! The same argument holds good for us. The glamour is all there. After the plunge we can go dizzily on."

"Such an argument—and you a lawyer," she scoffed. "Light as thistledown. The least little puff from the realities of life and it would topple over. Moonshine, seashore, summer-holiday nonsense."

"Will you marry me?—to go back to my very first question," asked the man.

"Ask me two or three months from now." Sardonic raillery gleamed in the girl's eyes at his persistency. Her mouth twitched merrily. There was a long pause while each gazed off to where the white-capped waves dotted the ocean. It was the man who spoke first.

"On the previous occasions you claimed that it was the moon was influencing me." He was still lazily insistent. "You suggested the glaring sunlight as the proper stage setting. Well, here we are. Does the wind, perhaps, detract in any way from your idea of a suitable environment?"

She nodded briskly.

"Yes." She patted her hair. "I am conscious of the fact that I look mussy."

"And feel mussy, too, it seems," he added slangily.

Wickedly the eyes gazing into his gleamed. "Yes," she conceded easily. "With a woman her outward and visible appearance sets the pace for correspondingly amazing inward and spiritual humors."

"But you look adorable when the wind ruffles those wavy locks," said the man with a deeper note in his voice.

"Do I really?" At his frank admiration she colored, saying: "I'll return that compliment. As you lie there on the sand, you might be a Gibson man incarnated. Indeed, you are very pleasant to look upon."

"Our admiration for each other is certainly reciprocated," he smiled. "Now, if my love were also——" A deepening of his eyes belied the light tone of his voice.

"Yes—if it were," she smiled back. "If it were," she repeated, softly.

"And don't you believe it is? It might be, you know, without your realizing it."

She shook her head. "No." Then after an instant's hesitation: "It's nothing but midsummer madness."

The man's face clouded very perceptibly.

"You, see, I'm honest," she looked past him to the ocean. "This is the usual flirtation that takes place on sandy beaches and under moonlit skies. And if I had not happened here, in all probability you would be saying the same things to some other girl."

"Think so?" A little growl was in the man's voice. "I've been here before. Spent many pleasant holidays here. Sat on the beach with other girls—*under moonlit skies*."

"And made love to them?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"Certainly," was the quick reply. Then at her gasp: "But I never asked or wanted to marry one of them."

She sighed. A sigh of relief, if he had known it. But he immediately turned the tables on her.

"Perhaps," he said grimly, "*you* also sat on the sands—*and with other men*."

"Naturally," she laughed. "How else did you suppose I would recognize this summer madness?"

"Then you think—think——" he stammered.

"Go on," she urged.

"That our embraces were merely midsummer madness, as you characterize it. You think that!"

She maintained an eloquent silence after his outburst. The dead line had been entirely obliterated, but he made no motion to touch her.

"Well?" he asked, after the silence began to take on an ominous aspect.

"Well?" she returned.

"What have you to say about it?" he asked, threateningly.

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"About what?" complacently; she watched him writhe.

But the white light of anger began to mask the man's face. Before it, every vestige of laziness flew.

"Did you?" he asked, then stopped for a moment as if he could not go on. "Did you let them—kiss you, and put their arms around you?"

She let the question lie long enough to give significance to her answer. Then she said slowly:

"In lieu of what you told me about yourself—and other girls, I wish I could say yes—really wish now that I had allowed them to. For I can assure you they were most anxious," she twinkled. "Quite as anxious as you are."

"Ah!"

She could see the sudden light leap to his eyes, and the flush that mounted to his brows. The next moment he had gathered her close.

"You darling," he laughed happily. "I—I knew you weren't that kind."

"Your astuteness is marvelous." In defense she hid her face in his shoulder. Muffled and uncertain came her voice: "From the—the shameless way in which I behaved with you, I don't see how you formed such a good opinion of me."

A little low rumble grew in his throat.

"Listen," he said, and tried to turn her face to his. Not succeeding, he pressed his lips to her ear. "I'm the junior member of the firm—I've told you that. And I couldn't, even to die, get off for another vacation. But I've still ten days left. Will you—will you? Ten days aren't so bad for a honeymoon." There was a break in his voice as he finished that gave the lie to its former hint of laziness. Its earnestness swept the girl along.

"But how could I?" she parried. "A bride must make some sort of preparation—purchase some sort of regalia."

"Nonsense!" Determinedly he brought her face to his.

"No nonsense at all," she gave back. "Mere superficialities."

"But—but an absolute necessity to a woman," she entreated. "Almost as necessary to her happiness as the man himself."

For a long minute he looked deep into her eyes. Then as if defying her to veto anything he might suggest, he said commandingly:

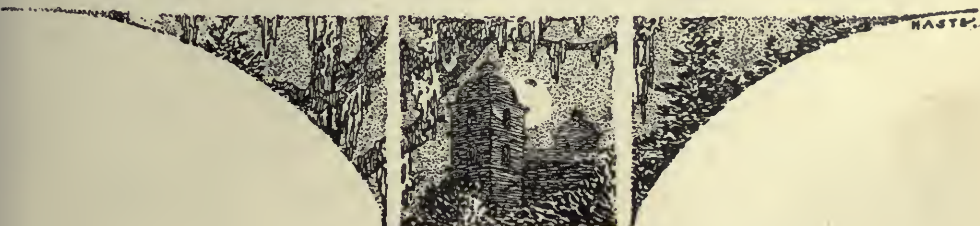
"Very well. To-morrow morning we will run to New York. We'll spend the day shopping. We'll be married in the evening, and come back here on the next train."

"What an autocratic young man it is." The light in her face broke into a swift, sweet smile. "Haven't I a word to say about it?"

"Not a word," he smiled back. "Not a single word——"

At which she sighed contentedly—quite as if, the burden of decision having been assumed by him, the relief experienced was a joy-bestowing gift. And the deadline was forgotten. The next moment the man was saying earnestly:

"There isn't any moon—but in honor of the sunlight, dear——" And with that his lips met hers as they had just once on a previous moonlit night.



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THE OUTLAW OF PARADISE FLAT

BY PERCY WALTON WHITAKER

THE TELEPHONE bell at Paradise Flat rang incessantly fully five minutes before the sheriff entered the office. Somebody was plainly excited, and a frown crossed the sheriff's face as he listened.

"Cool off, man," he exclaimed, impatiently; "now tell it again. At the end of the colloquy, Garth Doyle snapped the receiver on the hook and strode around the little office.

"Hell's broke loose, Chris," he growled in answer to a questioning look from the chief deputy.

"What's doing?" asked Chris, laconically.

"Indian George shot a prospector at Spanish Creek, and a horse missed at Big Bar last night."

"That horse thief is plumb cussed," exclaimed Chris, wrathfully. "Winter's coming on, an' them cayuses ain't worth lifting, anyway; besides he just rides 'em a little way, an' turns 'em loose to go home again. What do you make of it, Garth?" Doyle traced a heavy finger across a relief map of the district.

"From the places where horses is missing, he seems to be headed east, though it's blame funny, for the nags all come home again—but it's got to be stopped."

"Must be an interesting cuss, Garth; which of 'em shall I get, the Indian?"

"Want all the glory, don't you, you darned old buffalo, but be ready for a fight, and chances are you'll find him heading north to French Gulch. A civilized Indian gen'rally heads straight for the home rancherie to get help."

"But——" began Chris. The bang of the office door silenced the deputy, and a minute later the crack of a pistol echoed over the sound of galloping hoofs. The sheriff was testing his aim as he rode.

Barely a mile above Paradise Flat the roads forked, and Doyle dismounted, searching the ground carefully for fresh tracks. He wondered at the plain sign; no effort had been made to dust the trail; the horse thief had ridden straight up the river. Garth Doyle loved the chase of a resourceful, desperate man: it presented all the delight of a new chess problem to a master of the game. He was grim, deadly and tireless in the pursuit of a lawbreaker, but after the capture of his man invariably tried to befriend him in all ways consistent with duty.

Throughout the long fall day the sheriff rode steadily up river, following the tracks which grew plainer as the hours sped by. The sun sank behind a purple banner of cloud as he passed the deserted shanties of Beeman's Bar. Forty years ago the place had been a roaring El Dorado, but had now decayed into a bleached landmark indicating the path of the Argonauts of '49. "The bold days, the gold days —the days of '49," quoted Doyle, looking curiously down at the weather-beaten cabins.

Beyond the old camp the trail left the river, winding up the cliff in a series of stupendous curves to the highlands above. Doyle reached the summit and rode out on a point of land overlooking the valley of the American River. A life spent in the chase and capture of outlaws had not dimmed his love of the beautiful.

"God, ain't it great!" he cried in

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awe. A full moon sailed high over the Sierras, throwing silvery shafts of light on the fresh snow covering the high peaks. The heavy belt of green timber between the mountains and the deserted town gleamed pearl white under the rays. The undulations of the deep canyons appeared as giant waves on a stormy, tossing sea. Below the town, lost in the depth of the pass, the river threaded a winding course, shining as a silver border to the dark pine woods.

An unbidden thought came into Doyle's mind as he looked. Some day he would quit the man-hunting trade and build a home in such country as this. A minute later the dream was forgotten. His face hardened; the sharp eyes narrowed with the tenseness of his gaze; every latent instinct of the man-hunter was aroused. At the horizon's edge two sharp snow peaks soared high above the range. Drawing a night glass, the sheriff looked earnestly up the valley, with the focus on the base of the two peaks where a heavy fringe of pines lined the river. A tiny yellow speck of flame danced and flickered uncertainly for a minute, and then settled into the steady glow of a camp fire.

Doyle wheeled his horse, and spurred along the road at a sharp gallop. In the clear mountain air, the light had seemed but a short distance up the canyon, but he knew that Twin Peaks lay ten miles east of Beeman's Bar. Bending his head to clear the drooping branches, the rider dashed on through the night. In an open glade he passed a party of belated tourists seated in a circle around their camp fire. The women screamed as the huge black silhouette of horse and rider thundered by, and the sheriff smiled at the sound: a glance had revealed to him their character and their business.

The trail now descended to the river bed, winding over a little sandy flat through a glade of live oaks and cottonwoods. The sheriff rode more cautiously, and pulled up in the grove to tighten his saddle cinch. A few rods beyond the flat, the camp fire glowed, throwing ghostly shadows through the tall pines. Doyle unstrapped a short shotgun before remounting, and prepared for a final dash, but at the sound of rapid hoof-beats drew back into the shelter of the chaparral behind the grove. The cracking report of Doyle's gun followed his stern command to halt. The buckshot clipped through the leaves and the flash revealed a riderless horse galloping madly up the trail. Doyle, divining that the horse had broken loose, rode swiftly to the fire.

"Hold up your hands!" The sharp order rang out like the crack of a whip, and then Doyle dropped his gun across his arm and stared in blank surprise.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" he ejaculated.

"The jig is up, ain't it?" queried the outlaw coolly, as he held up his hands very straight. Doyle surveyed his captive with unmixed astonishment. The desperado was a boy, not over sixteen; he was slightly freckled, and his face wore a friendly grin that won the sheriff's heart instantly. The outlaw's eyes sparkled with joy: he evidently felt thrills of triumph at being tracked down by such a formidable adversary as this gigantic mountain sheriff. His grin was irresistible, and the sheriff grinned back in sheer sympathy.

"You may lower your hands, kid; and what made you lift the horses?" said the sheriff kindly.

"Gee, but it was fun being a bad man till you come along and spoilt it, though I didn't aim to sell the ponies," said the boy. Doyle marveled at this sublime naivete; he tried to look sternly at the prisoner, and considered him thoughtfully before replying.

"What's your name?"

"Dicky Brown. I uster live in the woods up north, but pap moved to San Francisco, an' it was too blame tame fer me, so I sloped. I knew well enough them nags would go home,"

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and Dicky smiled again. Doyle nodded gravely at the outlaw's statement.

"Well, Dicky, you've made a good beginning, but I'm a little afraid that it's the reform school for you. It's too bad; they'll make you into a good boy there." Dick's face paled visibly at the prospect. The heroes of the books he had read had never been threatened with anything but death, and they had always laughed at that. And he had once known a boy who had spent a year in the reform school, and returned home with horrible tales of dull routine, and whippings for violations of cast-iron rules.

The sheriff leaned his gun against a tree as the prisoner pondered over this new angle of an outlaw's life. Doyle returned to the fire and stooped to pick up a paper-covered book. Slowly he read the title, "The Exploits of Claude Duval."

"An' this is the stuff you've been reading! Why, you poor romantic little devil, no wonder——" Doyle finished his speech with a genuine oath as he leaped for his gun. The outlaw had taken advantage of the sheriff's preoccupation to escape. Doyle's horse stood barely five yards away, and before his captor realized it, Dick climbed agilely into the saddle and galloped off. In the full light of the fire the sheriff sighted straight for the middle of the back, then dropped the muzzle as the boyish face grinned back at him.

"It would be murder," he muttered, watching the fugitive disappear into the darkness. Doyle burst into a sudden roar of laughter. Never before had he let his man get away after capture, and he did not think the romantic kid would try to escape. The sheriff did not understand the inspiration that guided Dick—he was a realist living romance, and all his heroes had escaped from tight fixes hundreds of times. It was the proper thing to do.

After the escape the sheriff lingered at the scene of his discomfiture to think up a plan to head off the runaway. Cleveland's mine five miles up river was the nearest telephone station, and Doyle knew that he could get connection with Paradise Flat through the mountain system. He chuckled at the boy's audacity, as he swung along the trail with the long stride of the mountain man, and he covered the five miles in an hour flat.

Doyle lost no time calling up the office at Paradise Flat, and indulged his sense of humor by describing the outlaw as a desperado, and he gave them instructions to capture him alive, but omitted details of Dick's escape on his own horse. At break of dawn Paradise Flat and Big Bar sent out a joint posse in charge of the second deputy.

The spirit of romance will carry boy or man far in perilous undertaking, but Dick felt lonely as he rode the black trails through the darkening woods. When the moon sank behind the mountains with a final shower of silvery light, the boy almost wished himself back with his kindly captor. The strange and weird noises which came off the mountain side filled him with awe, and the moan of the wind through the solemn pines set his nerves on edge. He resolved to get rid of his horse when daylight came, for in similar plight his heroes always hid in the forests, and kept out of sight until things blew over.

The long night wore away as Dick rode steadily up the hills, following the trails which the horse picked out as the easiest footing. With dawn his nervous fears vanished, but the prospect of a long term in the reform school loomed up as a dreadful possibility. He turned loose the horse, first rifling the saddle bags of the sheriff's emergency rations which he carried for long chases. Then he left the road, following a little winding path through the chaparral down to the river bed. Huge rocks and boulders, remnants of the slides of ages, strewed the bottom of the canyon, and Dick felt that he could find a secure hiding place in such a wilderness, for he had ample provisions for a few days.

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His first act was to build a fire, quite oblivious that the smoke would betray his hiding place for a dozen miles of canyon view, and he cooked a substantial breakfast from the rations. Warmed by the fire and the sun which peeped over the rampart of grey peaks, his courage revived, and he thought gleefully that his escape ranked with similar exploits by the heroes of his books. Dick regretted the loss of "Claude Duval," which had remained in the possession of the sheriff, but he still had a copy of "Western Outlaws" and "Jack Shepard," bound in a bright yellow cover. The boy laid flat on the ground, and with his elbows extended, opened "Jack Shepard," and soon drifted back two centuries into a delightful world of wigs, postchaises, pistols and gentlemanly highwaymen. In a few minutes the warmth of the fire lulled him to drowsiness, the roar of the river became a distant murmur, the little, tired head nodded, and at last sprawled forward upon the open book. Dick slept peacefully, his finger pointing to the heroic sentence, "Surrender! A thousand deaths first!" And there Doyle found him.

After being turned loose, the sheriff's horse walked sedately in the direction of home, turning into the first corral, where Doyle caught him peacefully munching hay, and the telltale smoke guided the sheriff to Dick's hiding place.

The sheriff regarded the sleeping boy gravely, as he slept, utterly worn out with the night's adventures. The face was open and ingenuous; not a line indicated depravity, and Doyle's face became strangely gentle as he read the line pointed out by the pudgy finger.

"I'm a-looking into the heart of a real boy, an' not a bad one at that. I'm damned if the reform school ever gets him." The sheriff flushed as he spoke aloud; he really seemed rather angry at the idea of such a nice boy being sent away to be reformed, and he acted rather strangely for an officer of the law who had just recaptured an escaped criminal. He scattered the fire carefully, stepping upon each smoking brand, and he awakened Dick in a manner almost romantic.

"Hist! Be mum! I'm your friend: the posse is after us, an' we've got to make a quick getaway," called Doyle, gently shaking the sleeping boy. Dick opened his eyes slowly, and gazed at the big man wonderingly; then his friendly grin showed recognition.

"I guess the jig's up for good this time. Gee, but you're hard to shake, ain't yer?"

"Well, kid, if you'd known enough not to light fires, it might be folks wouldn't walk right to your camp," said the sheriff dryly. Dick got up and held out his hands expecting to be handcuffed and tied to the horse at least.

"It'll be the reform school sure now," and the boy's mouth quivered as he looked at Doyle anxiously.

"Do you know what compounding a felony is?" asked the sheriff.

"It sounds like doing something one hadn't oughter," said Dick.

"Exactly, only when a sheriff does it, it's worse. Say, if you'd a chance to reform in my office by tending telephone and such, you'd cut out this outlaw business, I s'pose."

"That would be bully, an' it's what I'd want, 'cause it's kinder like outlawing, only it's on the other side," said Dick, beaming up at Doyle.

"I'll try you, an' expect you to make good. Now get up behind me, for there's a posse of twelve dead shots after you, an' that's going some fer a kid." The sheriff threw back a mirthful glance as he spoke, and Dick felt great confidence in his late enemy as he climbed on the horse.

Doyle guided the horse down the shingly beach on the water's edge; then he stopped and listened anxiously for the sound of beating hoofs and jingling spurs carried up river.

"The posse after you," he commented laconically. Dick peeped through the leaves of the manzanita.

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thicket into which Doyle had ridden, and he felt a shiver of fear at the sight of armed men hunting himself. They were talking in low tones and passed by without crossing the river, taking the trail up to the foothills.

Then followed a wonderful ride. Doyle backed his horse into the river and rode down stream a full mile. He left the river at a wide point where a trail led off over the mountains, which had evidently been untraveled for months. Dick thought the river was miles away at times, but presently Doyle would slide the horse right down into the water, which seemed to come from nowhere. Once the sheriff alighted and covered the tracks with sand so skillfully that Dick was sure no one could follow their trail, and he was right.

"That's the way to make a getaway, sonny," grinned the sheriff, as he caught the look of wonder in the boy's eyes.

"How'd yer know how to do it—ever read any outlaw books?"

The big man roared with mirth, and Dick joined in, though he couldn't see the joke. As they rode on, the sheriff made Dick promise to keep the whole adventure secret, and Dick swore by all the friendship in the world, and so the matter rested.

They rode into Paradise Flat after dark, and the sheriff introduced Dick as a young friend who would clerk in the office. The posse returned at midnight, and they shook hands with Dick so friendly that he felt ashamed to have given them so much trouble. One of them opined that the outlaw must have had friends who helped him get away.

" 'Tain't likely that the cuss had friends; he's an old hand and a little too smart fer you fellows," said Doyle gravely, whereupon the new clerk startled the assemblage by giving vent to a shrill chuckle of delight.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

BY JULIETTE M. T. FRANCIS

When dreams come true,
When your dear hand shall be
Close clasped within mine own,
And you shall understand
What love is, sweetheart,
Such as I give you—
When dreams come true.

When dreams come true,
When your dear lips shall be
Given with joy, to me,
Those eyes of heaven's blue,
Shall answer back with love
Such as I feel for you—
When dreams come true.

When dreams come true,
Hope mounts on soaring wings
And softly, sweetly sings,
Be still, swift-throbbing heart—
Awake, sweet one, and hear
The song Love sings to you—
Oh, dreams, come true.

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THE TESTING OF A PREACHER

BY JOHN SOUTHERN

SOON AFTER the Rev. Ben Franklin graduated from the seminary he became the pastor of a small congregation in New York State. His church was made up of well-to-do people, not rich nor yet poor. They were good people and did not demand much of their pastor. It was a well established church, everything running smoothly and harmoniously. But it did not furnish a sufficient outlet for the Rev. Franklin's energies.

While still in the seminary one thing he had set out for himself to do was to go into some community where he was needed and build up his own church from the ground.

The young preacher had, long before going to the seminary, and several years before going to his New York pastorate, persuaded a fair young woman to share the life of a minister with him as his wife. When he went to New York his family consisted of himself, wife and three children.

After having been in his work in New York for three years he felt that he could be more useful in a more needy field. Being the pastor of a well-regulated church where there was little constructive work to do was far from what he had planned for himself anyway.

One bright day in autumn, while he was feeling this way there came a letter from far away California, asking if he would not take a work where a church was to be built up almost from the ground. He and his wife talked the matter over, and decided from the contents of the letter that it was their opportunity, and that they ought to seize it. No time was lost in writing back to California that they would come. He promised that he and his family would be at their place in the Far West within a month.

For such a journey much had to be done. The New York pastorate being practically the first after leaving the seminary, the young minister had accumulated no money. The proposed trip to California was an expensive one, but he finally succeeded in getting together barely enough for the trip. Among other things that he did while getting ready to take his little family across the continent was to visit New York City and consult the representatives of the different routes. Having decided upon the route, he consulted the agent of that road as to the tickets that he would need. The agent asked about the family, and he was told that there were three children, twelve, ten and five years old respectively. The twelve year old child had just passed her birthday. The agent therefore advised him to buy two whole tickets for himself and wife, and two half tickets for the oldest children. Since money was not very plentiful, the Rev. Franklin decided to buy second-class tickets, as they would admit them to tourist sleepers anyway.

All went well for the first part of the journey, the half ticket for the twelve year old child being accepted without question. But about half way or less through the journey, while traveling over the great plains of the Middle West, a conductor, who was particular, took charge of the train. When he came to the minister and his family for their tickets he inquired about the age of the children, and was told. He then demanded first-class

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fare for the twelve-year-old child for the rest of the way. But Franklin did not have the money.

He had not started out with the intention of defrauding the railroad. He had made no attempt to conceal the little girl's correct age. He had only followed out the advice given by the road's agent when he bought half tickets for the children. He had figured very closely on the amount it would take for the trip. He had to figure that way. He had already spent more than he had expected.

Not having money enough to meet the conductor's demands for more fare he had to refuse to pay any more. The conductor insisted on his point, and upon the refusal of the minister, he and his family were put off the train at a small station out on the plains.

He slowly came to the cold, hard fact of realizing where he was and what he was to do. Here he was nearly two thousand miles from his destination, and the train which should be carrying him and his loved ones had now gone, and the smoke still lingered over the dusty plain. He had but little money left with which to do anything. Almost stranded on the wide plains! Absolute strangers in a strange land! What was he to do? That question had to be decided quickly, for night was coming on. The first thing he did was to send a message to his waiting congregation in San Francisco that he was unavoidably delayed on the way.

Fortunately for the preacher, he had a brave little wife, and she said: "Never mind: we will go to work and make enough for the rest of the way." That was evidently the thing to do. Consequently the very next morning the preacher looked for a job. Before night he had succeeded in finding one on a ranch. The ranchman that employed him did not find out that his new hand was a preacher. But the ranchman made the discovery in a day or two, that a preacher who had been called to a church in San Francisco was his new hand.

He lost no time in telling his neighbors, and an arrangement was made for the minister to preach in a school house on the following Sunday. When Sunday came, the ranchman and all his neighbors had gathered to hear the farm-hand preach. Before the service, a collection for the benefit of the preacher was proposed, but he would not listen to such a proposition. He was going to make his way on out to the "Golden West."

In a short time he had earned enough money to complete his journey. By that time he and his family were much admired by the rancher and his neighbors. They were ready to respect and honor a man who had grit.

When the time came for them to leave, all the people of the community were gathered to see him off. A few weeks before he had been forced to leave the train here with but little money and no friends. Now all the neighbors were waving handkerchiefs as the train pulled out from the little station on the plains.

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THE STAMPEDE

BY CARDINAL GOODWIN

THE EVENING was growing prematurely dark, and the wind blew in gusts across the prairie. A black, lightning-tipped cloud rose muttering from behind the Western horizon and became more and more threatening as it mounted toward the zenith. Sam sat, his elbow resting on the pommel of his saddle, his chin in his hand, calmly watching a big red and white bull which was pawing the earth in front of him. The animal had been restless all the afternoon, and for the past two hours spasmodic fits of madness had possessed him. He would rush through the herd with lowered head, horning the cows to the right and left, and sometimes tossing calves into the air; or again he would stand bellowing and pawing great clods of earth and grass over his back as he was doing now. He had already created a restlessness among the cattle which was increasing perceptibly. Some were fighting, some were challenging a fight, some were dodging in and out among their companions trying to avoid being horned.

"Confound the brute!" muttered the cowboy.

"Suppose we cut 'im out," said Jim.

"Too late now; we can't do it without a fight, and I'm thinking we'll have that soon enough. Are all the boys well mounted?"

"Yep."

"Call 'em 'round to this side."

The order had barely been executed when the bull, with lowered head and straightened tail, charged the cowboys, giving vent to a loud, angry roar. They waited until the mad animal had approached to within a few feet of where they sat, and then, spurring their horses to one side, they applied whips and prods, so vigorously that the bull seemed satisfied to be driven back to the herd. His courage returned, however, as soon as he found himself surrounded by his agitated companions, and he manifested his anger by attacking them with increased fury.

"Boys," said Sam, "that ain't the end of this. He'll come agin, and he'll come with the whole herd behind 'im. Back up a ways and cinch up. We may have to run fur it, but we'll try a big bluff first."

In the meantime the darkness deepened, the wind increased, and in the distance could be heard the roar of the oncoming storm. The men had just time to throw on their "slickers" when the rain began to fall in dense, driving sheets. A forked flame arose out of the ground and shot across the heavens, and the crash which followed sounded as if the entire upper region had exploded. This was followed by flashes of lightning, and the rumbling of the thunder sounded like huge, heavily loaded wagons moving across the heavens from horizon to horizon, and jolting the rumbling world. Out of the darkness, a slim, dark form leaped into the air and snapped its teeth at a horse's nose. The animal whirled quickly and came near throwing Sam from the saddle.

"There goes a wolf for the herd! The whole bunch 'll be at 'im—they're ready fur somethin' like that to start a stampede! Jim, take a stand over by the branch. Bob, fall back near the woods! Git over 'tween me and Jim, Shorty! Quick, Bill, on th' other side! Rest of you fellows line up to

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help block the rush. When I give the word, everybody jump an' shoot the bull."

Before Sam had finished his orders the loud bellowing of several hundred cattle sounded high above the roaring of the elements and the stamp of a thousand feet shook the prairie as the mad herd, headed by the spotted bull, rushed toward the line of cowboys.

"Charge 'em!"

And the riders, with the reins thrown across their horses' necks and their whips and revolvers in their hands, spurred their well trained mounts toward the stampeding cattle. The vivid, intermittent flashes of lightning played over the set features of the men and gave them a death-like pallor, and the lowered heads and set horns of the cattle were enough to frighten more than the gray wolf which ran wildly between the two living bodies that were at each other with grim determination. Suddenly twenty spurts of flame cut the darkness, succeeded by a score of short, sharp reports. A sound like the coming together of all the furies pierced the night, followed by the plunging of horses, and the swearing of men, after which all was silent, save for the downpour of the rain and the rumble of the thunder.

* * * *

When Nature threw her flashlight on the scene again the spotted bull and three of his companions, two horses and the gray wolf, lay dead. Standing upon the side of the dead bull stood Sam, a pistol in one hand, a whip in the other, smiling triumphantly at the scared cattle, which were huddled together in front of him, each one trying to force its way to the center of the herd. Around him were the cowboys, some sitting loosely in their saddles, others standing on the ground holding their horses' reins. As Sam turned to his dead horse, which lay just in front of the bull, the latter's horn still hanging in its side, the smile faded from his face. He stroked the animal's wet skin affectionately, then turned and walked slowly toward the camp.

ON THE ROAD FROM CALABASAS

BY BEN FIELD

On the road from Calabasas
  Winding down by hill and dell,
In the summer droon and noontide
  Heard I faint, a mission bell.

For a moment I was dreaming
  Of the beauties life can hold,
On the road from Calabasas
  By Camino Real, old;

But the golden spell was broken—
  O that you had been there, friend!
To endear the subtle silence
  With the magic you can lend.

Then would we the old time padres
  Have beheld along the way
On their own Camino Real,
  Ghost-like in the light of day.

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"Face downward in front of the blazing campfire, we lay."

CAMPING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

BY LEORA CURRY SMITH

"TELL US another story, Frazier," Son remarked lazily, as we lay face downward before the fire after a strenuous day. Son had made his first kill, and I had managed to hook a fine string of trout; so both felt well satisfied with the day's sport.

Here we were, high up among the mountains of the Coast Range, nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level, where the air is crisp and keen the year round, and patches of snow lie in shaded places, even in mid-August. We had found this beauty spot of Northern California tucked away in a distant corner of Humboldt County, included within the limits of the Trinity Forest Reserve; the Trinity Summit region, its meadows banked deep with snow in winter, and waving with grasses and wild flowers in summer.

And what a time we were having, just Son and I, with Frazier, the forest ranger, for company, and Buster, his big Russian bear hound. "The homeliest dog I ever saw," was my mental comment at first sight, "but the nicest," I had to add when I became better acquainted with him.

Frazier, the ranger, broad of chest and grizzled of hair, but as rosy-cheeked as a girl, was our neighbor, and a mutual liking had sprung up between us at once; and how we enjoyed his visits to our camp! His stories of the great outdoors, and the many experiences he had to relate of his own or of others!

Frazier reached over, gave the fire a kick, which sent a shower of sparks flying upward, gave Buster's ear a friendly tweak, and remarked:

"I was just thinking when you spoke

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of Ez. Brown and his dog 'Bear.'

" 'Bear' was a short legged, ornery little cuss, not much as to size or looks, but the spunkiest little hunter that ever went on four legs, and Ez. was a thin, wiry little man that used to hunt through these mountains long before it was breaking the law to sell dried venison or hides, looking for several things, principally health, game and quartz ledges.

"If there was one thing that Ez. liked better than another, it was a piece of fat bear cub for dinner. Well, this day Ez. had set out, intending to go down to Sun Flower prairie to see if there might be any deer there a-feeding, when all of a sudden Bear gave a little sniff, and there, sure enough was the game: a big she-bear and the nicest, fattest cub—it just made Ez.'s mouth water for a slice.

"Ez. was a good shot, and at the crack of the rifle the cub rolled over dead, but Ez. was not quite prepared for what was to follow. The she-bear, instead of taking to the woods alone, or showing fight, caught up her dead cub in her arms and ran with it as fast as she could. Again the gun spoke, and this time the mother bear fell, but Ez. told me that he didn't eat any of that cub after all. He never had been chicken-hearted before, but that dead mother lying there with her baby cub clasped tight in her arms was too much for him: it was too human. He buried 'em 'under brush.' "

The next morning Son proposed: 'Let's go up to the summit to-day, daddy, around by that prairie Frazier was speaking about last night."

We started early, and I shall never forget that ride or the wonderful beauty of the ever-changing panorama that each turn in the trail presented.

Meadows, verdant with grass and brilliant with sunflowers; massive granite walls rising in solid bastions five or six hundred feet high, the dark wooded slopes and placid lakes. Color, fragrance and beauty eternal! Beauty of sky, cloud and wonderful distances; fragrance of flowers and pine-balsam, and over all a blissful silence, save for the tread of some wild thing that rustles a twig or brushes a pebble from its path, or the distant crack of a rifle.

We reached the summit at last, and as we stood gazing out over what

"We came to the upper end of a long meadow."

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"Son had made his first kill."

seemed an endless, primeval region, Son whispered: "Don't it seem, daddy, that we are the only people on earth?"

We rode slowly back through the pine forests, where soft footed bear go padding along amid the fallen needles, and wild-eyed deer bound, startled, away at their approach.

One morning a few days later we came upon Frazier, riding along with Buster ambling happily at his side. He was smiling to himself.

"I was just thinking, boys," he began, "of a lively little affair that another ranger and myself had just at this spot one morning last summer. Not very serious, but sure it was interesting enough while it lasted.

"A few cattle from the valley below came up here to range during the summer, and one morning Jack and I stumbled upon a big red steer that had got himself in a fix. He had come upon an empty tin can that had probably been used by campers to hold butter. The steer was hunting for salt, and had crammed his head so firmly into the can that he couldn't get it out, and was completely muzzled. As his was a sure case of slow starvation, we decided to help him out of the fix, but the big brute had ideas of his own about the matter. He couldn't eat, or he couldn't drink, or even make a decent bellow, but he could fight, and did, like a fiend, and we had to rope him, throw him, and finally tie him, before we could get that trap off his hay cutter. As we loosed him, we had to jump for safety, as he was mad plumb through. Seemed to think we were to blame for the whole shootin' match—just like some people never know what's good for them."

Frazier had been sweeping the country with his field glass while he talked. Suddenly he pointed to a faint column of smoke rising far away in the distance.

"Looks like a forest fire," he exclaimed. "If it isn't out in an hour or so I shall have to make tracks for it. Oh, yes, there are other rangers nearer," he answered our questioning faces, "but in case of fire it is everybody get there. During dry season, down in the valley where that smoke is coming from, it is as hot as blazes, and it does not take long for an ordinary fire to become a roaring wall of flame."

And a big fire this one proved to be. Frazier was gone for ten days, and

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"Through his field glasses he carefully swept the distant horizon."

came back looking worn and tired, but as cheery and big-hearted as ever.

"We had a hot time of it," he laughed. "We had to run for our lives a few times, and one of our men was fighting fire with the soles of his shoes worn through, so that his bare feet were blistered from the hot ashes, but that's all in the business.

"I'd rather fight fire or most anything than be the 'lookout' over on Ironsides Mountain, where a sixteen year old boy has been stationed all summer. Has a telephone and can warn the whole country at the first sign of a smoke, but that job would be too lonesome for me. I don't understand how the poor kid stands it!"

The weeks were slipping by, and Son and I were both as brown as the

"Frazier, the forest ranger, was our near neighbor."

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"Drifting on the blue surface of the m irrored skies."

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Indians, who used to rove over these same mountains. We had been successful with both rifle and rod, but we gloried most in the pictures we were to take away with us, both in our hearts and in the camera.

"We haven't taken the falls yet, daddy, and we mustn't forget that," Son reminded me, a day or two before we were to break camp, and ending one of the happiest vacations I had ever known, so the film went for a reminder of the lovely stream that had furnished such delicious trout for our table.

Tish-tang-a-tang, the creek with the long tongue, the Indians named it, many a long moon ago, so Frazier told us.

We left him there in his camp alone, patroling the ridges and valleys, watching for the smoke of forest fires and for those destroying campers who pay no attention to the law because they are on public domain. For such as these Uncle Sam's trusty forest rangers are always on the lookout with a Buster always at their heels.

THE PLEASURE FLEET

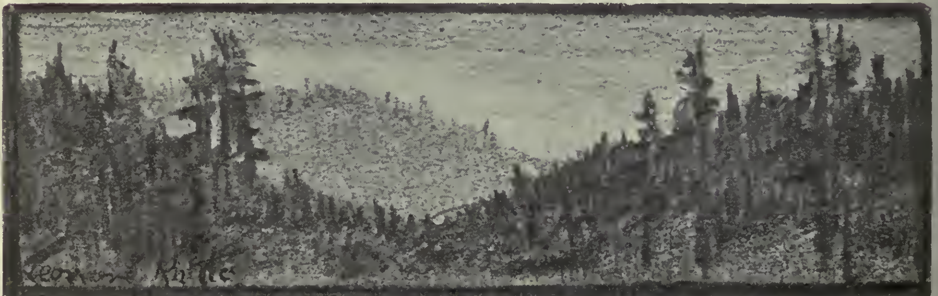
BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

From haunts idyllic known to stars alone
Where long they dallied drifting with the stream,
Like frightened swallows the canoes have flown.

A rushing wind hath risen in a breath,
And where the rivers join there is strife
As light with darkness and as life with death.

Frail craft, born but for summer and for song,
Blown through the darkness like a storm-tossed leaf—
Here is but highway for stout hearts and strong!

In windy flare of light the watchman stands—
The flying shapes speed onward to their mark—
How warm, O Love and Life, the welcoming hands!



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Exterior corridor and lounging hall, Y. M. C. A. building, Manila, Philippines.

THE Y. M. C. A. IN MANILA

BY H. W. DENNIE

RECENTLY the Manila Y. M. C. A. issued a publication in pamphlet form which contained upon the title page, among other sentences, the following:

"It is a high-grade, low-cost young men's club, Christian but non-sectarian. Its fellowship, clubrooms, gymnasium, baths, classes, and all other practical advantages are open to all young men of all faiths or of no faith.

"It is controlled by representatives of churches. This keeps it a Christian organization, and prevents it from becoming another church."

There are several other sentences, but these are enough to illustrate one

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Secretary of War Dickinson and party visiting Y. M. C. A. headquarters, Manila. Top row, left to right—Judge Jesse George, Court of Land Registration; Col. W. C. Rivers, Philippine Constabulary; Chas. W. Hubbell, Chief Engineer, Bureau of Public Works; Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, Chief of Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Chas. S. Banks, Entomologist, Bureau of Science. Lower row, left to right—Secretary of War Dickinson; E. S. Brown, Physical Director; Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General of the Philippines; J. M. Groves, Associate General Secretary.

of the main points of the institution—its latitude. And in this lies one of the chief charms of the place. It is a club, and a very good one at that, and differs from other clubs only in the fact that you cannot, of course, get liquor there. I do not know that other Manila clubs are any better, and some are not as good.

The directors, wisely recognizing the fact that in this land of the Far East seemingly 98 per cent of the men of all nations use tobacco, removed the strictures ordinarily placed on that habit, and in consequence a man may smoke when and where he pleases throughout the building. In a land where all the doors and windows are left wide open all the year round, and where the building is so advantageously situated as this one is with respect to the almost everlasting cool breezes blowing over the famous Luneta, there is never a lack of air,

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The Plaza McKinley, entrance to the Catholic Cathedral, Manila.

and hence the matter of hygiene does not enter into the smoke question. Of course, smoking is barred at the religious meetings on Sundays, but so is it barred in the churches. Otherwise there is hardly any place in Manila where the weed is not in use. That is simply a part of the general custom of the country.

The present magnificent building, which was opened two years ago last fall, is provided with every possible convenience known to similar institutions of the largest American cities—and, in addition, has more. For instance, the Manila Y. M. C. A. has probably the largest grounds of any branch in the world, possessing an area of 36,000 square meters in connection with the buildings. This will be utilized in the near future for baseball and football fields, a quarter mile track, and for general outdoor athletics. Already no less than six tennis courts have been arranged; also an outdoor handball court.

The present building was erected with the idea of entertaining Americans and Europeans solely, and so popular has it become as a place of residence that applications for rooms must be placed at least two months ahead, and it's a case of "doubling up" in nearly all the rooms at that, for most of them are intended for two men. The head officials are naturally Americans, the subordinates Filipinos, and the restaurant is leased and run by a Chinaman, who thoroughly understands his business, by the way. Rates for board are $27.50 per month, and for double rooms, $10 to each man. According to the rather high prices for accommodations in the Manila boarding house, it may be stated that these rates are a little under the ordinary schedules.

The membership is at present over 400, and is steadily growing, and in view of the fact that the American population of Manila has decreased from 5199 to 4174 during the last three years on account of the Filipinization of the government service, this

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Santo Domingo Church, illuminated for Holy Week.

is especially gratifying. In addition to the young fellows of the city, the organization has business men's classes in the gymnasium, and two days each week are set apart for the ladies, who may then indulge in "gym" practice, a swim, or otherwise divert themselves.

When General Secretary W. A. Tener returned from a vacation in the United States last fall, a new departure was planned. This was the establishment of two city branches intended for Filipinos entirely. These are to be located in different parts of the city, and will possess all the ordinary advantages of the parent institution, including night classes, etc. One will be particularly a student branch, devoted more to study than to athletics, but both will be thoroughly equipped with the indoor physical apparatus characteristic of the Association.

The money necessary for the erection of these buildings was already offered by American friends in the States on condition that the sites and furnishings be purchased from money raised in the Islands, and as that plan was successfully pursued with the initial building, no difficulty was anticipated in securing the $40,000 which was needed. A vigorous campaign was started in much the same manner that the original one was begun last fall, and in the course of a few days the necessary amount was pledged locally, one man subscribing $10,000 for a starter.

The history of the Manila branch, taken from a pamphlet, is as follows:

The Young Men's Christian Association came to the Philippines with the army of occupation in 1898. When the troops were moved to Fort McKinley, a few miles from the city, an independent organization was started for Manila in February, 1905. This was under the direction of the Army and Navy Department of the order. Later, the directors requested the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations in New York to render assistance, and in response, John R. Mott, General Secretary of the Foreign Department, was sent, arriving in Manila in January, 1907.

A conference with the directors re-

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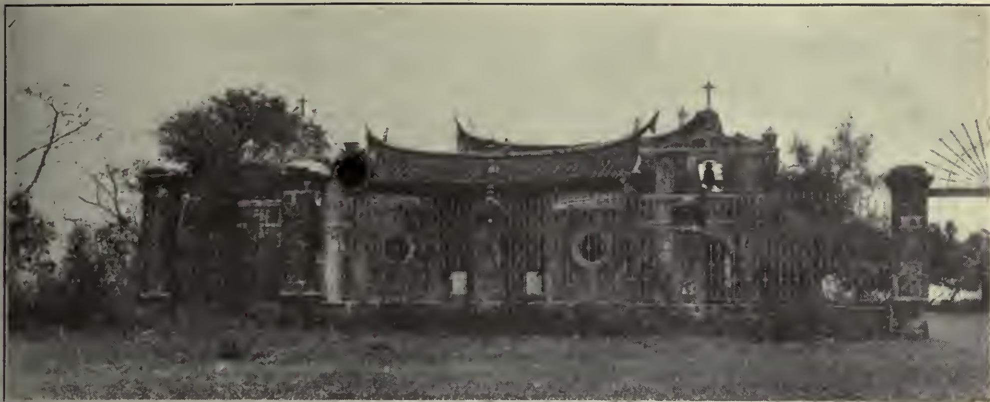

Chinese Catholic chapel and cemetery, Manila.

sulted in his guaranteeing to provide $85,000 for the construction of a building on condition that friends in the Islands would furnish the site and equipment. By February, 1907, the local men had donated $41,500, over a thousand people subscribing, and in June of 1907 the organization was incorporated. The corner stone was laid July 10, 1908, and the building dedicated October 20, 1909.

The site of the building is ideal in every way. To begin with, it is almost exactly in the geographical center of the city, which means that it is comparatively near to government, military and civic buildings of all sorts. The new Normal school is being built close by, and the site for the Insular Government Capitol will be in the near neighborhood.

There are no buildings very near, however, on the bay side, which allows the cooling breezes to "get action" at all times, a most desirable adjunct in the tropics, and one which makes the structure one of the coolest at all times in the city. Taken altogether, it would be hard to imagine a more desirable location, which accounts to a great extent for its popularity and growth.

THE BARE BROWN HILLS

(*Of San Francisco Bay.*)

BY LUCIA E. SMITH

She called them bare brown hills;
For she had never seen
The springtime velvet green,
The regal poppies' sheen,
Nor blue-fringed rills
Of lupins gay between;
Nor gold of morning's light;
The rose of coming night.
O singer of the North, our bare brown hills
A thousand colorings wear,
And each one thrills.

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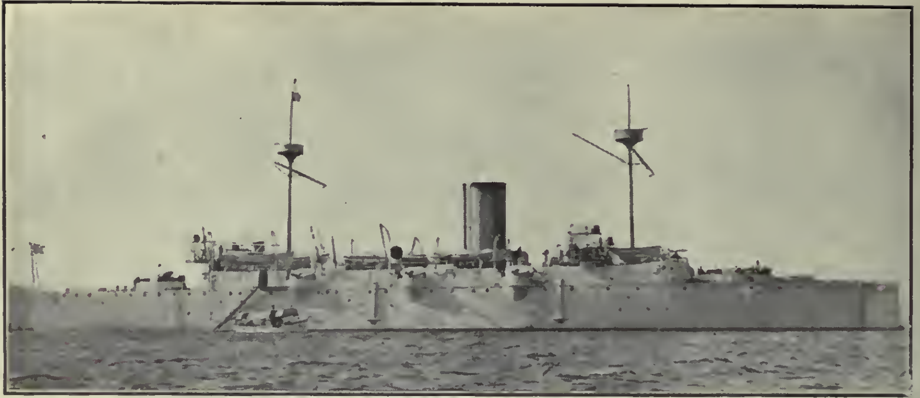

The first cruiser Charleston.

TWO HOODOO SHIPS OF THE SAME NAME

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

EVERY NAVY has its hoodoo ships—ships that seem pursued by misfortune,—if not from the start, at least from an early period of their existence—and the United States is no exception to this rule. It has had its Jonah-inhabited hulls, some of which lie beneath the waves, while others have spent or are spending their declining days in the "rotten rows" of navy yards.

The United States navy, however, is peculiar in having had two hoodoo ships of the same name—one built on the Pacific Coast and the other on the Atlantic Coast—both of which were assigned from the start to the Pacific fleet. These ships were both named Charleston, and both belonged to the same class, that of protected cruisers, as they are technically termed: steel cruisers, without armor, but "protected" by a watertight deck extending fore-and-aft, over their machinery and underwater bodies.

Charleston, indeed, has been an unfortunate name for the United States navy, for it was Charleston, South Carolina, that gave the Union fleet its hardest tussle of the Civil War. It was before Charleston that the North Atlantic blockading squadron met its most serious obstacles and suffered its heaviest losses, in both ships and men. It was there that the monitor Patapsco was sunk by a Confederate boat, the first case in naval history, if not the only one thus far, where a submarine actually attacked and sank her adversary. The deed was done by one of the crude old boats called "Davids," which the Confederates built and operated, often with more disaster to their own crews than to those of their foes.

But Charleston is now a good, loyal American city, and entitled to have her name represented in the navy. Hence it was that her name was given to two ships of the "new" navy.

The first Charleston was lost on an uncharted reef on the north coast of Luzon during the Philippine insurrection; the second, still afloat and in commission in reserve, became obsolete almost as soon as she was

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launched. She will probably end her days at a navy yard, as a receiving or practice ship.

The first Charleston had a picturesque career, and figured in some historic incidents. It was she that, under command of Captain George C. Remey, chased the steamer Itata during the Chilean revolution of 1891, and almost had conflict with the Chilean cruiser Esmeralda, belonging to the faction for which the arms on the Itata were intended. The two cruisers were of nearly equal force, and a fight between them was watched for with keen interest by naval experts the world over, for that was prior to the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-95, and a fight between modern steel warships had not then taken place. But all was peacefully settled, and the fight never came off.

The other picturesque incident in the first Charleston's career was her seizure of the island of Guam in 1898, while she was commanded by Captain Henry Glass, and conveying the First California and other volunteer regiments to Manila.

This Charleston was built at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, in 1887. Although built strictly according to the Navy Department's specifications, and a credit to her builders, the hoodoo made his appearance early. She was supposed to be patterned after the then new Japanese cruiser Naniwa-Kan, built by the Armstrongs in England. But the critics at once began to attack the American vessel. It was shown that the earlier Naniwa-Kan was her superior, and she was. The Naniwa-Kan carried two big 10-inch rifles in her main battery; the Charleston carried no guns heavier than 8-inch. The object of the Navy Department in adopting this distinct item of inferiority has never been satisfactorily explained. The Charleston was universally regarded by experts as an inferior ship to her Japanese predecessor.

However, the Charleston did good service, for peace times, but the hoodoo again appeared when the Spanish-American war broke out. She would have been a valuable adjunct to Dewey's squadron at Manila, but she was not ready. The hoodoo had her and she was held back. There was one delay after another in preparing her for war. The result was that she never heard a hostile shot fired except her own shot of warning at Guam. As if in despair and chagrin, she cruised around among the Philippines, after Dewey's destruction of Montejo's fleet weeks earlier, until, ordered by the Navy Department to do some surveying off the northern coast of Luzon —duty for which she was never intended—she ran upon a treacherous reef and became a total loss. She never saw a fight.

To perpetuate the name, another Charleston was built at Newport News, Va., in 1904. She was of the same type as the first Charleston, but larger, speedier, better protected and better armed. But she was not a success as a warship, however successful she was as a marine structure. The type to which she belonged, even at the time she was designed, was passing out of favor among naval men. The huge, heavy battleships and small, swift cruisers and still smaller gunboats were the recognized favorites. Too weak for the heavy work of the first line of battle, and too strong for the lesser work of the navy, the Charleston was finally acknowledged to be a misfit. She was sent to the Pacific Ocean, and there she is now, but not exactly on the ocean, for she is laid up at a navy yard, and there she will remain, in all probability, the rest of her days. She makes a good receiving ship for recruits, but, like her earlier sister, Charleston, she will probably never hear any gun but that of a saluting battery. The glory of the sea battle is not for her, and the only glory she may ever look for is that of training the fighting men of the future.

The navy has had unfortunate ships. They have existed from the early days, but that two ships bearing the same name should be hoodooed is regarded by navy men as interesting and unique.

THE GIRL FROM THE NORTH

A Story of an Actress, an Author, and an Artist

BY MERVYN WADSWORTH JACKSON

Author of "The Lost Secret," "The Expiation," etc.

BEFORE a fireplace in a large, roomy, leather chair sat a man. He was young, of good height and rather blonde. The soft light from a library lamp fell full upon him, bringing his clear-cut features into prominence. He was smoking a cigarette, and his gaze followed the pale blue smoke as it floated gracefully up into the light. Opposite, by a table, sat a slender girl. She was pretty, and noticeable above all was her beautiful complexion. Her eyes were as blue as the man's, and her hair, dark and lusterless, was piled upon a shapely head. Before her, half supported by a table, and resting partly upon her lap, was a drawing board of convenient size. She was sketching, and as she drew, the man apparently did not notice how often her eyes traveled from his face to her work, or how intently she studied him.

"So you don't believe in romance?" she said, half seriously, glancing up at him. Then she laughed. "You are a nice cousin. I think you must be a pessimist: no one with optimistic views would dare make so bold an assertion."

"Romance nowadays happens only in books," he said.

"Indeed it does not!" she insisted. "There is as much romance in the world to-day as in the days of Don Quixote."

"Perhaps you are correct." He knocked the ashes from his cigarette and continued: "Don't think that I believe there is no such thing as actual romance; it is of an entirely different sort to-day; modernizing has detracted from its Quixotic effect. I think you are a very romantic girl, Edna."

"Why did you write to her, then?" she persisted suddenly, pausing in her work to study him more closely.

"Why? How could I help writing?" he said, helplessly. "You do nothing but talk Eleanore, about Eleanore, and of Eleanore whenever we are together; in fact, we never meet that you do not discuss her for my benefit. I cannot help but become interested in her, can I?"

He produced a cigarette case of queer Egyptian design and selected a cigarette.

Edna worked intently at her drawing for several minutes in silence.

"Eleanor is the dearest girl I know, and it is predestined that you two shall meet. You would love her," she added, after a pause.

Brete laughed and blew a puff of smoke at her.

"Edna, you are a match maker. You have arranged matters between Eleanore and me beautifully. I am not certain how far ahead you are planning, but I have become suspicious. You introduced me to her by letter. She was courteous enough—I might say almost kind, to acknowledge the usual introduction, but further she was very reticent. We corresponded for a short time. Matters would have been better if we had not. Our letters were misunderstood. Her's became epistles of neatly penned sarcasms, and

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mine, well—I am naturally a sarcastic person, but in jest only."

Edna remained silent, but her pen moved rapidly. A little gold clock on the mantle struck the half hour. Brete glanced at the clock and rose quickly.

"Eight-thirty! I've an engagement with Max Dillman at the Garrick Theatre, and now I am half an hour late," he exclaimed, taking his overcoat from a chair.

"I am going to blame you for causing me to be late to-night. I dropped in early to discuss my play with you, and we have discussed Eleanore Bond instead. I will leave the copy with you and you can read it at your leisure. Clement wrote the music especially for it."

"I am sorry, Brete," she apologized, and helped him with his coat.

"Thanks," he said, struggling into it.

Edna waited until she heard him close the street door, then she crossed the room, dropping comfortably into the chair he had just vacated. She remained thinking for a moment, then taking her work from the table, she studied it carefully. A guilty smile played upon her face.

She was illustrating a story of popular romance for an Eastern publication, a romance such as she had hoped to see spring up in Brete's life. The girl in the story had reminded her of Eleanore, and she had reproduced in her drawings a likeness of that Northern beauty.

"Poor Brete!" she said aloud. She thought of how she had used him the entire evening as a model for the hero in the story, and he unconscious of it all. She had brought the two together, if only in pen and ink illustration, and was happy over it.

The following afternoon found Edna propped lazily in her arm chair, reading. The warm sunlight streamed into the studio, revealing the rich colorings of the tapestries. The room had the appearance of art forgotten. A cloth covered an unfinished painting—a new branch of art but recently attempted. The over-worked drawing board rested against the wall near the table, which was littered with inks, paints and every possible article that a studio should contain.

Eleanore entered unannounced.

"You look very comfortable!" she exclaimed, after watching Edna for a moment. "What are you reading that is so very interesting that you fail to notice my arrival?" she continued, advancing.

"Eleanore!" cried Edna, dropping her book and rushing to greet her. "You naughty girl: why didn't you tell me that you were coming?"

"I wished to surprise you, of course!"

"You certainly did surprise me!" she laughed, holding Eleanore at arms' length. "How long do you intend to remain?"

Eleanore dropped into the large leather chair. "Only a short time, I suppose, but one is never certain. Unexpected things often happen you know."

Edna drew a chair toward Eleanore's, seating herself on the book she had been reading, for safe keeping. How she wished the unexpected would happen!

The afternoon passed rapidly. The sunlight dwindled away until only a narrow shaft flung itself between the two girls as a barrier, the dull red color of the Oriental rug was stimulated into scarlet by its brilliancy.

"Gracious, I forgot the tea!" And Edna jumped immediately to prepare the table. The forgotten book now lay fully exposed to view upon the leather cushions of the chair—unprotected!

"So this is the literature that proved so interesting!" exclaimed Eleanore, as she eyed the inoffensive looking book. "I am going to investigate. Why, it is a manuscript—a play!" she cried in excitement.

Edna pounced upon her in a threatening manner.

"Why do you become so excited?" Eleanore laughed, placing the big chair between them.

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"You must not look at it," she cried in despair, remembering her promise to Brete.

"But why, my dear? Perhaps it is not so bad as you think it is," she teased.

"Oh, no, not that! It's—it's a secret and I promised not to let any one look at it," she stammered.

"A dark secret!" mused Eleanore. "This is exciting! Do tell me. I'll promise not to tell any one."

"Honest?" A pause. "N-no, I cannot tell you. Brete would never forgive me."

"Brete!" Eleanore made a hasty attempt to discover the author's name, but Edna prevented her doing so, and they stood looking foolishly at each other.

A woman is a woman and a secret is a secret, so Edna told Eleanore after she had pledged her very life not to breathe one single word of what she heard. When she had finished, Eleanore offered no comment other than rudely to begin a perusal of the manuscript.

"Oh, Edna, this is the very play I have been hunting for ages!" she suddenly cried. "I could never find a part I was suited to. That is the reason I left the stage."

"Don't say that! You mean a part that suited you!" corrected Edna. "Even parts that were written especially for me I did not make a success of. It was in me, I know, but they always lacked the very color that would have developed my style."

"I had forgotten you were ever on the stage," admitted Edna.

Eleanore straightened herself in the chair and became very serious.

"Edna," she said, earnestly, "I am going to play the leading role in your cousin's play."

The unexpected had happened, but Edna was not prepared for this. She was quite overwhelmed!

"Do—do you really mean it—do you really think you could?" she cried eagerly. "Do you?"

"Most assuredly I do!"

"How romantic that would be!" she cried.

"Hardly, having never met your cousin. It would be merely a business proposition."

The word business grated harshly on Edna's ears. "Would it?" she wondered.

"He has been unable to find an actress who can play the leading role to suit him, and he says he'll not produce it until he does."

Eleanore felt confident that if she studied the part, and had the opportunity of rehearsing it before Brete she could convince him that she could play it as he wished. She realized that the play suited her every style and manner. It was something that she had long sought for, and now that the opportunity presented itself she would lose no time availing herself of it, and put forth the best that was in her to succeed.

Edna, seated on the edge of a chair, where she had dropped as Eleanore read, studied her closely. It was her nature to study a person's character and discover the individuality which enabled her to portray to a nicety, and it was this little individuality of her own that made her realize that the role of Maude Du Pray was Eleanore's very self, as clearly and distinctly as if it had been written for her, and her very nature woven into it. She was positive, if Eleanore essayed the role before Brete, he would see in her the Maude Du Pray in real life, not acting a part but portraying her own character. "Who could act the role of one's self better than one's own self?" she mused, and felt happy for more reasons than one. Of course her discovering the ideal actress for the part would surprise Brete, but she must find a way to bring Eleanore, her friend, and Eleanore, the actress, before him without his guessing her purpose. But how?

The two sipped tea till almost the dinner hour, discussing the proper thing to do. They planned that with two weeks of study and rehearsing

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"She extended a small hand and smiled."

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Eleanore could be in readiness to face Brete for a try-out. He was not to know that she was in town until she was prepared, then Edna would invite him to the studio to meet an actress whom she had in view, and Eleanore would just drop in. The plan pleased both.

Few things ever turn out as they are planned. Brete called at the studio that very evening and insisted upon discussing his play. Edna was at work upon the unfinished drawing. Her memory of Eleanore had been refreshed. She had noted her carefully during the afternoon, and her pen proved it. The likeness was excellent.

"You do not seem inclined to be interested in the play to-night," he said in a disappointed tone. "Perhaps it may interest you to know that I have discovered a very promising actress for the leading role. I am to give her a try-out in a few days. She is studying the part now."

Edna's pen ceased its monotonous scratching, as she paused abruptly in her work.

What if this new actress suited Brete, and he booked her for an engagement? she thought.

"Indeed I am interested!" she responded. "I have not only read your play, but I have racked my brains in an effort to locate the type of woman you want. I think I have succeeded."

"What! You hunting an actress for me?" he laughed.

"I knew you would laugh at my well meaning efforts," she pouted, "but I thought an artist could find an ideal sooner than you could—hunting ideals is one branch of art."

Again he laughed. "Not at all. Who is this—er—ah—ideal woman? Seriously, Edna, I am willing to give any one with talent a try-out."

"You're teasing me!"

"No, I'm not! But I never thought of asking your assistance. Who knows: she may be the right woman," he reflected.

"She *will*," replied Edna, and thrust her drawing board flat on the table with a bang to emphasize her feelings.

Brete felt that he had peeved her and regretted it. "Who is she?" he asked encouragingly.

Edna ignored his question and answered discreetly: "I will invite her to the studio some evening when it is convenient for you to call. Will you come?"

"Most assuredly. You know I said that I would give——"

She interrupted him. "Promise not to engage another until you meet her?"

"Certainly. I'll surely do that much for you: only arrange the matter soon."

Two days later Brete received a very dainty note. It was addressed in an odd handwriting which he had not forgotten. (Three years is a long time, still he remembered.) He read the note. It was short, an invitation to call the following Saturday evening, if convenient, a telephone number with an address, and that was all.

That evening he called at the studio to tell Edna about the invitation. She had gone out, so he returned home, spending the evening writing letters—one was to a certain actress postponing an engagement.

Brete thought much of Saturday evening and Eleanore during the next day. Even though Edna had described her many times for his benefit, he had benefited little thereby. He had seen a picture of her when she was a very cute little girl, but that was of no help. Edna's sketches carried only vague impressions. Of course he had not seen her latest drawings, and picture the original he could not. Every time he placed his hand in his pocket he felt the note, and was reminded of it, and he was invariably putting his hand into his pocket.

He wished the week would pass more quickly.

Thursday found him out of humor. He was not of an excitable nature, but Edna had interested him in this girl against his will. And now at the time when he needed Edna most—when he

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would have been glad to discuss Eleanore with her, she avoided him.

When Saturday morning dawned, he heaved a sigh of relief, and was thankful she had not set the date two weeks ahead.

He had never known so slow a day. The minutes lagged interminably, the hours crawled forward with the most snail-like pace, and his impatience at this was tempered by a satirical amusement that all his friends seemed banded together in a conspiracy to engage his society for that particular evening.

As night drew on, he experienced an exciting sense of eluding them. Everything seemed to go wrong. He was detained at the office and dinner was late, as usual. The barber shops were crowded.

"Seems everybody wants to be shaved at precisely the same moment," he grumbled, and went home to shave himself.

He dressed with the emotions of a criminal who realizes that the sleuths are hard upon his trail, and every minute lost would only be the hastening of his doom.

When dressed at last, he rushed from the house. Alighting at Eighth avenue instead of Fourth, he proceeded to look for the telephone number instead of the house number, with no success. At last, after a fruitless search, he condescended to consult the letter and discovered his mistake. Retracing his steps to Fourth avenue, he located the house without difficulty, and found he was now over half an hour late. It was a quarter of nine, and the engagement had been arranged for eight-fifteen. However, he ascended the stairs with an apology ready framed.

"I suppose she has about given me up," he muttered, and jabbed his thumb against the bell. Some one touched the knob; the door opened, and two people stood staring at each other, one very small, the other quite tall.

Eleanore was in white, and a spangled shawl hung loosely about her shapely shoulders. She was the first to speak.

"Mr. Harding?" She extended a white arm from the folds of her shawl and smiled.

"Miss Bond," he nodded, accepting her outstretched hand. "At last we meet!"

She led him into the parlor. "I am horribly late," he apologized, for a clock on the mantel reminded him of his tardiness.

"You are very formal," she laughed. "I had almost given up expecting you, and was just beginning to think you were very unreliable."

Brete accepted the chair she offered him. For a full minute they studied each other closely. His vision of her as she opened the door was a small, white figure, an enormous wealth of brown hair, with many wonderful little curls dancing about her head and face, two very big eyes—black eyes that looked right at him—he found it impossible to keep from looking at them. Now as she sat in a large, easy chair opposite him, he gazed upon her with admiration—her oval face, her rounded chin, her big, dark eyes.

"You are different from what I had expected," she said frankly, and conversation was renewed.

"Of course, and for the better, I hope," he ventured. He was positive he would have pictured her the opposite if he could have pictured her at all.

"Well, I expected to find you much shorter," she admitted.

He laughed. Brete Harding was nearly six feet.

"You may smoke if you wish," she added, reading the expression on his face.

Conversation drifted into plays, and the hits of the season were discussed. Both were well versed in the season's plays.

Eleanore was prepared for her tryout. Since she had met Brete her confidence had risen. There could be but one result—success. Still, she must

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impress him favorably to-night.

The evening passed pleasantly. Brete forgot time. Later, when he boarded a car for home, he remained upon the outside platform, smoking contentedly. "Who would have ever thought it!" he mused. "I have read of such happenings in books, but to find such a girl in a real life adventure is a marvelous occurrence. After all, Edna's arguments did amount to something.

A week slipped quickly by. Brete kept his appointment with Edna at the studio, appearing earlier in the afternoon than expected. He was anxious to discuss Eleanore with her before the actress arrived. Now it was Brete who wished to talk about her, and for an hour he tried to induce Edna to talk, but she found pleasure in teasing him by avoiding the subject.

Eleanore's arrival was an agreeable surprise to him. He had not had the pleasure of seeing her since his call, and soon all were chatting merrily. Many glances at the clock told Brete the actress was long overdue.

Eleanore noted his frequent glances at the timepiece, and nudged Edna, then the two girls unobserved smiled knowingly.

"Have you an engagement?" asked Eleanore suddenly, turning abruptly towards him.

"Well—er—er—and no," he stammered. He was taken by surprise. "Excuse my rudeness in staring at the clock, but——"

"Oh, please do not let two foolish girls detain you. You look simply bored to death."

He looked at Edna for help, but she was interested at that particular moment in her cigarette.

"Who is she?" Eleanore teased.

"An actress," he confessed.

"An actress! How exciting! Now I am interested—do tell us."

She looked squarely at him. He looked vainly at Edna for help, but why should she interfere? She merely waited.

Brete knew he was getting in deeper water, and Eleanore's remark embarrassed him.

"I don't mean that exactly. I——"

"I thought you were rather frank to admit your guilt so easily. What *do* you mean?"

He felt more at ease. "Why—I have written a play——"

"A play! Do you write plays?" she asked, with well feigned surprise.

"Yes; I am a playwright, so the managers say. I have written one that is very original, and in which I portray my ideal of a woman in the leading role. That is why I have endeavored to keep it a secret from my friends. Edna was the only one who knew," he explained.

"Does this confidence make me one of——"

She paused, not knowing just how to finish her sentence.

"It makes you one of a chosen few," he finished for her. "I have had much difficulty in securing a leading lady for the role. The play's success lies in finding the exact type of woman. Edna has arranged to have a friend, the actress in question, call at her studio this afternoon for me to interview.

"My, this is a revelation," she gasped. "I hope I have not intruded?" And she arose to leave.

"Please wait," said Brete. "I am really very glad you called, because I am sure any criticism you may suggest will be appreciated. It does not appear as though your actress is coming. Eh, Edna?"

Edna was holding the copy of the play in her hand. This was her cue.

"May I show it?" she asked.

"Oh, do let me read it," Eleanore begged, extending her hand for the copy.

"Certainly. I did not think you would be interested," he said feeling highly complimented.

Eagerly she took the copy and was soon absorbed in its contents. Brete fished for a cigarette, all the while observing Eleanore as she read. Edna waited.

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Eleanore read apparently for some few minutes. "Oh, it is splendid!" she cried. "I have just read to Maude's entrance. She's a dear! I like her lines."

She read aloud—it was clever acting. Brete watched her and listened. He was amazed at her reading. Suddenly she dropped the copy to the floor and rose from her chair as Maude Du Pray did.

It was an exciting moment for Edna. She studied the expression on Brete's face in an effort to see what it might reveal.

Until now it had not dawned upon the unsuspecting Brete that Eleanore was really acting the role, but as she rehearsed, a feeling of awe crept over him. She was no longer Eleanore, reciting the lines of the play, but Maude Du Pray—his Maude, speaking his lines with the same emotions that he had felt when he wrote them.

"How do you like my acting?" she asked.

Edna waited anxiously for the answer.

"Great!" exclaimed Brete, enthusiastically. "Edna, you are a trump! I might have guessed it."

"But you didn't!" cried Edna.

"You are perfect as the heroine! Who planned this little surprise?"

Both looked at Edna.

"I'll accept all of the blame gladly," she laughed.

* * * *

The weeks that followed were busy ones. Brete's play was in the hands of his producer. The cast was chosen and the rehearsals called. No expense was spared. Brete rode home from the theatre after dress rehearsal. He viewed with pride the billboards displayed conspicuously along the streets.

He was not a man to waste perfectly good thought on such a thing as failure. He could think of nothing but Eleanore in the role of Maude—his Maude, the Maude he had created.

On the night of the premier he was very particular to plan his engagements. He telephoned to Techau's, and a table for a party of six for eleven-thirty. He found the company a little nervous and the stage manager out of humor. As he returned to the street he met Eleanore and her aunt. As she came smilingly towards him, he thought she looked radiantly beautiful.

"You look lost, Brete!" she greeted.

He nodded pleasantly to her aunt, but his eyes were all for Eleanore.

"I am lost! I've nothing more to do but wait, and it seems Time never advanced so slowly as it does this last hour."

"Then *wait!*" she cried, and ran quickly to her dressing room, her aunt following.

"'Wait!'" he repeated, still gazing after the retreating figures. He watched until her door closed, then he made his way to the street, seeking refuge from the crowd around the box office.

He watched the crowd file into the building for awhile. Then he mingled with the stream of people entering the theatre.

His seat was well in the rear. The overture had just begun as he glanced over the audience in search of friends. Edna and her party were in a stage box. Brete began to feel nervous, as he noted the curtain call. Another moment and the audience broke into applause, for the setting was indeed a beautiful one, enhanced by gorgeous costumes of Edna's designing. He sat through the act as he had at rehearsals; he forgot the audience; he did not hear the applause; he only saw Eleanore, listening to every word she spoke, and watching every move. At the finale the applause roused him. Some one called "Author!" and the next instant he found himself being dragged toward the exit by the manager and propelled quickly towards the stage entrance.

Eleanore and the principals were answering the third curtain as he stepped into the wings. She smiling drew him out upon the "boards."

"Speech! Speech! Speech!" punctuated the din of applause.

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He did his best—a poor effort, but it answered.

He remained behind the scenes during the remaining acts, where Edna and her party joined him after the show. Then a machine whirled them to supper.

It was late when Brete dropped the last of his party at their doors, and at last he was alone with Eleanore.

"Are you very tired?" he asked, as he climbed back into the tonneau.

"Not very. Why?" she asked.

"It is such a beautiful, warm night. Let us motor through Golden Gate Park to the Ocean Boulevard on our way home. I want to talk about the success of our first night."

"But my aunt?" Eleanore protested.

"I will explain to her. Then I am sure she will understand and not object."

They rode in silence until well into the Park, then Brete broke the silence.

"You are tired after the hard work and strain of to-night. So am I—worn with the weeks of labor. Now that it is over and a success, I want to forget everything, and free myself from the life of the city—to leave it all behind. I want to ride out into the calm night along the ocean shore, and hear its soothing monody."

"Your play met with big success to-night, Brete. It seems as if you had written the part specially for me. And you did not know me then," said Eleanore.

"Yes, I did know you—*then*. I have always known you," he returned. "When I wrote the play, I made Maude Du Pray a real, live woman. She really existed to me—she was my ideal, all that I thought a woman should be. After I had written the part I hunted for a woman who could *act* the role as I saw it. But all the candidates to act the heroine lacked the spirit of the part. Perhaps my ideal was too high. Yet I felt convinced that sometime, somewhere, I would find this ideal, this woman, even though she was *not* an actress."

Eleanore was silent. At last she said: "You have been a long time in finding her. Are you positive that she is the right woman?"

"When I first met you," he answered feelingly, "I never dreamed of your fitting the role of Maude Du Pray, but when you rehearsed in Edna's studio I realized that you were the one woman —my ideal!"

He took her hand and pressed it gently; she did not resist, and his arm stole about her slender waist.

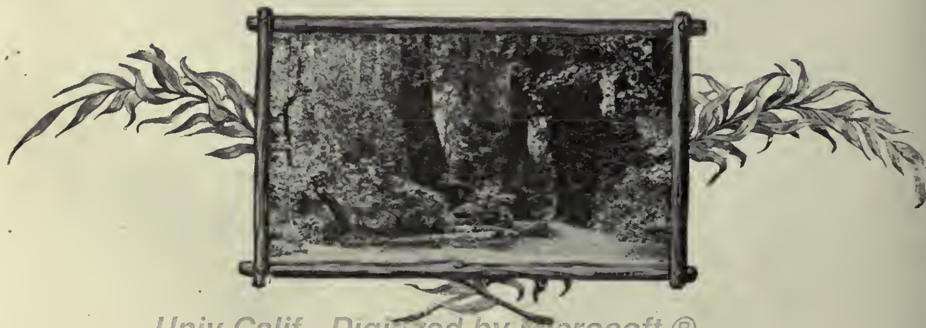
"In the weeks that we have worked together, dear, I have learned to love you—to idealize you. Eleanore, you are the woman who has always lived in my thoughts, the woman I would have created in real flesh and blood, and I want you to be the leading lady in my life."

He drew her closer.

"Do you think I could play the role?" she whispered.

He kissed her.

The machine glided forth from the shadow of the Park on to the open beach. The moon caught them both wrapped closely in each others' arms as they sped swiftly on toward the darkened city.



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A CALIFORNIA AEROPLANE DESTROYER

BY FRANK WILLARD KIMBALL

F. M. Rossi, inventor of a new aeroplane destroyer.

DESPITE the opinion recently advanced by army and navy ordnance experts that with the present type of ordnance it is practically impossible to bring down an aeroplane high in the air and in full flight, save by a chance shot, the value of the aeroplane as a martial weapon seems to have been greatly reduced in value by the aeroplane destroyer invented by F. M. Rossi, and given successful tests by V. Joseph Cornaggia. The inventor and mechanician are well known Santa Clara machinists, and are connected with the engineering department of Santa Clara College. They have been working on the invention with the utmost secrecy for the past two years under instructions from the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications of the United States War Department, during which time they have conducted experiments in the mountains east of San Jose with most encouraging results.

The designs prepared are in the custody of the War Department, which has been given exclusive rights to the invention, and in consequence no complete description can be given the public of the method employed to destroy aircraft. It is asserted, however, that the apparatus used has cut in twain iron bars of a gate one-fourth of an inch thick and three-fourths of an inch

Iron bars and heavy log chain cut in twain at a distance of 200 yards by the new aeroplane destroyer.

in width at a distance of two hundred yards, while at the same distance links of a log-chain measuring one-eighth inch in diameter have been severed. The projectile which accomplished this well-nigh impossible feat was fired from a 44-calibre rifle, but heavier ordnance may be used where a greater distance is required to be reached.

The invention is so adjusted that the projectile loses little of the force of the charge ordinarily fired from a gun. This is accomplished by a series of springs affixed to the weapon, which can be used on guns of any description.

A promising feature of the invention is the use of a compound in the shell which leaves a trail of dense black smoke. This enables the gunner to ascertain the range of the aeroplane.

Mr. Rossi is highly pleased with the recognition given the invention by the War Department, and he expresses himself as feeling confident that the apparatus will be adopted by Uncle Sam as the most likely means of rendering an aeroplane useless as a fighting machine in the hands of a possible enemy.

AMONG THE FIRS

BY ADA M. HEDGES

When I am far away from this,
And weary of the din,
That throbs and beats and whirls all day
Out in the world of men;

When I look out upon the throng
With undiscerning eye—
Come back to me when hope is dead,
A healing memory.

Blow, then, this pungent breath to me!
And weariness shall cease;
Once more the benediction fall
Of this hour's perfect peace.

WEEPING ALL NIGHT

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Weeping may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning."—Psa. 30.5

NO OTHER book treats the matter of human woe and sorrow in the wise, tender, sympathetic, helpful manner of the Bible. It assures us that however cold, heartless and disappointing the world may be and our friends may be, or those from whom we may have expected better things, we have, nevertheless, a God of sympathy—a God of love. No heathen religion knows anything of such a God. With them God's attributes are merely more or less of ferocity. Their gods are to be placated and worshipped *from fear* of what they otherwise would do to their creatures. The God of the Bible assures us of His love, His sympathy, in all of our distresses—His interest in our affairs, and His provision for the ultimate welfare of all those who will come into the attitude of loving righteousness and hating iniquity—the only proper attitude of heart, the only one which He can approve and bless with everlasting life.

A Night of Sorrow and Death.

The Scriptures point out to us what we recognize to be the truth—that the world has been under a pall and blight and curse of death for six thousand years. Appropriately our text describes this period as a dark time of hard, blighting experiences, a night of weeping—of sorrow. In harmony with this figure it declares that "darkness covers the (civilized) earth and gross darkness the heathen."

Not alone does this condition affect those who are in alienation from God through ignorance and superstition and the power of sin, but it affects also those who have accepted the grace of God, who have turned their backs upon sin and who are seeking to walk in the narrow way, in the footsteps of Jesus. Well does the Apostle say: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption; to wit, the redemption of our Body"—the Body of which Jesus is the Head or Chief and we are symbolical members or an underpriesthood (Romans viii, 22, 23.)

There is a difference, however, between the Church and the world in this groaning, as suggested by the Apostle's words. The world groans aloud without alleviation, and even its waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God is a waiting in ignorance; for, being out of touch with the Eternal One, they know not of His gracious purposes and arrangements—for these are kept secret from all except His sanctified ones. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear (reverence) Him and He will show them His Covenant" (Psalm xxv, 14), Those who possess the secret of the Lord "sorrow not as others who have no hope" (I Thessalonians iv, 13). They "groan inwardly" and wait for the glorification of themselves and all the brethren, members of the symbolical Body of Christ, by participation in the First Resurrection. The hopes of these must be realized first, before the blessing can come to the "groaning creation" in general. The latter are waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God; namely, the Church in glory.

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The Bible represents itself as being the candle of the Lord, the lamp of Divine Truth and Enlightenment. But it tells us that its light is not for the world—either now or at any time future. Its light is only for those who by faith and obedience unto consecration seek to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. They need the light. God provides it for them. These are represented by the Prophet as saying to the Lord, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (footsteps) (Psalm cxix, 105.) This light evidently does not shine far into the future, but enough for each onward step as it becomes due.

A Light in a Dark Place.

St. Peter amplifies the same thought. After telling us of the assurance which he himself and his associates had upon the Mount of Transfiguration when they beheld *"the vision"* (Matt. xvii 1-9) of the Lord miraculously transformed and with Him Moses and Elijah and heard the Voice from heaven, it was forceful to their minds as teaching the coming of Our Lord in glory, in due time. Nevertheless, says the Apostle, honoring the Bible above any vision, "We have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise" (II Peter i, 9), indicating that the morning is at hand and that the Sun of Righteousness will soon fulfill its mission of blessing all the families of the earth.

Why does God permit the reign of sin and death, injustice, unrighteousness, sorrow, trouble, pain, headaches, heartaches, etc.? Why does He not deal with humanity graciously, kindly, lovingly, as a Father, as He deals with the angelic sons of God? Is it just or loving on the part of our Creator to bring forth millions of His creatures under these admittedly unfavorable conditions—beset by weaknesses and sinwardness from their birth and surrounded by others similarly weak, and beset by Satan and his minions—wicked spirits? Is it just that we should thus be in an unequal fight subjected to weaknesses and dying and imperfect conditions on account of the sin of our first parents, and then, on the same account, be in danger of an eternity of torture with nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand against us?

No, thank God, that thought of eternal torture which came down to us from the Dark Ages, and which we for a time supposed to be Biblical, we find now is quite unscriptural, when judged in the light of the Bible's own testimony. The eternal torment doctrine assuredly is not of God, not of the Bible, but, as St. Paul declares, one of the "doctrines of devils."

The inheritance of weaknesses, blemishes, sorrows, pain and trouble, to which we were born, is quite sufficient, and according to the Scriptures, these are all part of death, and all reach their culmination in death, which is the *real penalty* for sin prescribed by our Creator. The fact that these blemishes still continue with the race proves that their sins are not yet blotted out, and to this agree the Scriptures which point us to the oncoming glorious day of blessing a thousand years long, the Millennium, in which Divine blessing will be bestowed upon every member of Adam's race. The merit of Christ's sacrifice, the ransom-price for sinners which He laid down, will by that time be made available "for the sins of the whole world."

Awarded Special Privileges.

The merit of that sacrifice has already been applied to the Church—"The household of faith"—since Pentecost. It has brought to this class very special privileges, though very different ones from those it will bring to the world during the Millennium. The willing and obedient of the world will then get *restitution* gradually (Acts iii, 20), back to human perfec-

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tion and a world-wide Edenic home. The blessing on the Church is different. The promise now made to those who can and will walk by faith and not by sight is a heavenly one. They are to have a heavenly or spiritual reward and in their resurrection become partakers of the Divine nature and have no share thereafter in human nature. The conditions of the present time are severe, proportionately to the greatness and grandeur of their heavenly calling. The terms of acceptance to the Divine nature include not only faith and love, but a self-sacrificing will. These sacrifice their earthly restitution rights and privileges for the privilege of suffering with Christ, that they may also reign with him in his Millennial Kingdom.

Learning By Suffering.

The same thought is elsewhere expressed. Only those who hear His voice and obey Him as the Teacher sent of God will be successful in their endeavor to become members of the "Royal Priesthood," now being selected from the world. Only those who, during the Millennial Age, will hear and obey will there receive this great blessing of eternal salvation—eternal life under Divine favor, free from the curse. The reward to the world in the close of the Millenium and the reward to the Church in the close of this Gospel Age will each be eternal salvation; but the Church's reward will include eternal glory, heavenly glory and joint-heirship with the Redeemer Himself in His great work of administering God's blessings to the world of mankind, as Mediator of the New Covenant between God and men—the world.

It seemed wise to our Heavenly Father that Lord Jesus should learn obedience through sufferings and be tested in respect to His willingness to endure suffering for righteousness' sake. How appropriate it is that the same Father should make similar arrangements for all of the Church, whom He will receive from amongst the race of Adam to be members of the Royal Priesthood under Jesus, the High Priest of our order. We see a necessity for this, not only as respects our own testings and a thorough proof of our own heart-loyalty to the Lord, but additionally we see a wisdom on God's part in thus preparing a priesthood of the future. The term priest as recognized amongst the Jews was not merely one who offered sacrifices, although every priest was of necessity a sacrificer. The special mission of the priestly tribe amongst the other tribes was that of instructing, helping, healing, teaching. And so God is preparing a Royal Priesthood for the Millennial Age to bless, to heal, to teach, to uplift all the willing and obedient.

The royalty of the priesthood signifies that it will no longer be a sacrificing class, for all sacrificing will be at an end. It will be a glorious class, royal, of the Divine nature, and representative with our Lord Jesus of the Divine power. As priests who will have to do with judging and chastening, healing and helping humanity, how much sympathy do we suppose that these Royal Priests should have? Are they not to be on the Divine plane of glory, "members of the Body" of Messiah, the great Kingly Priest after the order of Melchizedek? And of Him has not the Apostle written that he must be a faithful and merciful High Priest, able also to sympathize with the people in their infirmities? Does he not declare that it was for this reason that our Lord was touched with a feeling for humanity's infirmities? And is it not in perfect keeping with this that all those accepted as "members of His Body" should have such experiences in this sacrificing time as would demonstrate their loyalty to the Lord and guarantee their deep sympathetic interest in the world, then committed to their care? To such will be committed the work of human *restitution,* uplift out of sin and death conditions—mental, moral and physical?

How glad we should be that our Heavenly Father's sympathy for us will provide "a morning of joy" to be ushered in, in His "due time!" Additionally He sympathizes with us to the extent that He has given us in advance a message and Revelation and explanation to comfort us, to sustain us in the way! We have already seen that this Revelation is only for those who have the eyes of faith and the ears of faith at the present time. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." "He that hath an ear let him hear."

The Morning of Joy.

We recognize the wisdom of God in withholding the secret of His plan from the world in general. We recognize that for the world to know the deep things of God at the present time would be injurious rather than helpful to them. It might possibly work an interference with the Divine Program. Nevertheless we are bound to sympathize with the poor, groaning creation in its blindness and ignorance. The poor world knows not why it came into being. In an animal fashion, eating, drinking, etc., it seeks to use the opportunities of present life, and, after a few short years full of trouble, it goes down into the tomb, ignorant of the purposes of its creation, and usually considerably enthralled by fear respecting the future beyond the portals of Death.

How we may rejoice in spirit as we perceive the length and breadth and heighth and depth of the Divine Program for the future and the blessings which it will bring to this "groaning creation!" How we long for the time to come when the Church shall be made ready through the sufferings of this present time for the glories of the future—of the Kingdom! No wonder the Apostle declares, "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He (the Lord) is pure (I John iii, 3.) He is our Exemplar, our Pattern. We seek to copy Him. Although we cannot hope to be like Him in the flesh, we can be like Him in the spirit of our minds and thus be of the character-likeness which the Father will be pleased to honor with a share in the "First Resurrection." By that glorious "change" we shall be made like Him actually and see Him as He is and share His glory.

The morning of joy, the Millennial Morning, of course, cannot be ushered in until the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Its beams of Grace and Truth will flood the earth with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God to such a degree that it will drive out, expel, all ignorance, superstition and sin, which have worked such havoc in our race.

But what is this Sun of Righteousness? Whence comes it? The Bible answers the question by telling us that it symbolically represents the Lord Himself and the elect Church of this Gospel Age. The Sun of Righteousness is a synonym for the Seed of Abraham, of whom it is written: "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The Mystery hidden for a time from many is the fact that the Church is to share with her Lord in every feature of His glorious work, not only in suffering, but also in reigning. Thus we have St. Paul's assurance that the overcomers will be members of the Seed of Abraham (Galatians iii, 29.) And we have our Lord's own words that this faithful class will be represented in the great Sun of Righteousness, the great Messiah, the great Prophet, Priest, King and Mediator between God and men (Matthew xiii, 43.)

"What Manner of Persons."

St. Peter, in viewing the prospects of the Church, inquires as to "what manner of persons we ought to be in all manner of holy living and godliness." He refers to us, who know that the present order of things is the reign of sin and death from which our Lord died to deliver us. What manner of persons ought *we* to be who have heard

the Lord's invitation to joint-heirship in His Kingdom, and who know that we are now on trial to determine by our voluntary course our worthiness or unworthiness of that glorious position to which we have been called by God's favor! How paltry, how insignificant, do all the affairs of the world appear in comparison to this great *prize* set before us in the Gospel!

And what should be our attitude towards the world, seeing from this inside standpoint of Divine Revelation the real condition of the world and God's sympathy for it? Its ignorance should make us very sympathetic, and very much disposed to lend a helping hand of relief in every possible manner. We should be ever ready to remove the scales of blindness from the mental vision of all who give indication of a desire for God—any who seem to be "feeling after God, if haply they might find Him" (Acts xvii, 27.) Only such will be ready for the Kingdom, fit for the Royal Priesthood, every member of which must be "touched with a feeling" for earth's infirmities, full of sympathy and words of encouragement.

THE PATRIOT

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

Who is the truest patriot? Not he
Who loudly boasts his country's wealth and worth;
Nor he who fain would subjugate the earth
To his own nation's armed tyranny;
Not he who, heedless what the cost might be
Of toilers overwrought, of deadened mirth,
Of high ambitions strangled at their birth,
Would for his land win trade's supremacy.

Nay, none of these; nor doth our nation need
A patriot martyr, falling on his sword;
Rather account him patriot indeed
Who, by integrity of life and word,
Puts graft to shame, stamps falsehood with disgrace,
And shows true worth the ideal of his race.

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EVOLUTION

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

"EVOLUTION is adaptation to environments — surrender to surroundings." I like that definition—don't have to ask the dictionary to define it. The simplicity of the explanation should be in inverse ratio to the complexity of the explained. Most scientists explain the deep with the deeper, the profound with the profounder; what few know, in language fewer understand. Spencer's definition of Evolution, for instance! There are three mysteries I am done fooling with: the tariff, the Trinity and that definition.

We know no more of man's origin than of his destiny; his whence than his whither. Some attribute him to spontaneous generation; others destine him to spontaneous combustion. Some say God made him of mud; others, that the devil will make of him fuel. Haeckel says he begins here and ends where he begins; that soul and body are equally permanent; force and matter, tune and instrument, shadow and substance. I was taught that I was souled; would be sheep or goat; fly and eat milk and honey with ransomed muttons in a good climate, or herd with repudiated billies in a Presbyterian winter resort.

But to our subject: To begin with, don't cite Scripture to prove that Moses was tailless or history to show that Homer was of normal model. History is not over five thousand years old; ten thousand years before Herodotus wrote, man was as he is. What are five thousand years to biology, geology or paleontology? What touching a hot lamp chimney is to the substantiated promise of theology? when monkey stopped and you started? What a question! What second saw you leave infancy for childhood? childhood for youth? youth for manhood? *Natura non facit saltus;* nothing improper in those words. They mean: "Nature does nothing with a jump." There has always been ample leisure, and she took advantage of it—she does now. Only man hurries: he must economize his atom of eternity. Recently, I saw a paint advertisement containing all the rainbow colors, one merging so insensibly into another that I couldn't see where one ended and another began. So with your family.

Suppose you dug up an intact ancestor who started on the immortal home stretch a hundred and fifty thousand years ago this coming election. Suppose you dissected the old gentleman, overhauled everything from his forepeak to his stern-post; from his main truck to his garboard strake, finding only modern improvements. Would that falsify Evolution? Go to! Suppose you went back fifty thousand years more and exhumed another complete originator. Would he be the same? To you, yes! To the comparative anatomist helping you, no! He would notice that the jaw was more developed and mother-in-lawoid than in the modern male, owing to the tearing of tough meat with it during the prehistoric dearth of knives and forks. Which goes to show that abnormal use of that organ is conducive to pronounced maxillary development. Didn't know that? Married? No? Ah, indeed! Then his vermiform appendix would be aborted, or neither non-functional nor functional. Our wisdom teeth are aborted—dentists always pull them out if there is no excuse for a filling. Ever see a dentist

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who couldn't find a cavity? I heard of one, but the legend is rather vague and misty.

Well, you disturb another substantial author of your being, who had evaporated a hundred thousand years prior to Exhibit "B." He satisfies your curiosity and mitigates your family pride. His aborted has blossomed into the functional; his ornamental into the useful. Anatomists once wondered at these rudimentary organs; couldn't understand why God, with His time and memory for details, didn't finish His job. But the scientist's extremity was the theologian's opportunity. In those days, when the wise knew little and said less; the church, knowing less and saying more, invited inspiration to settle what perspiration stirred up; mendacity to solve what sagacity discovered. Rapacity, incapacity and mendacity was the "holy, blessed and glorious Trinity" of that age. The nightmare of the priest was advertised by the drivel of his pimps. When scientists marveled at the pineal gland, theologians called it "the seat of the soul;" the people of course saying "Amen!" You would have said so, too, if you had been there. Listening to your uncle? Now we know the pineal gland is a rudimentary eye, bequeathed to us by our reptilian ancestors. In old times, non-functional brains were in consecrated cahoot with functional tongues. Nor has the partnership been wholly dissolved.

When La Marck issued his work on biology and simian descent, he opened a hornets' nest; told a truth before his audience was ready for it. From which, dearly beloved, we gather that a truth told too soon is like a lie told too late: that your fact, before folks want to know it, is as foolish as your falsehood after they know you. The reception of the new doesn't depend on its logic, but on the receptive state of the public. The people accept sense only when they run out of nonsense; receive the truth because nobody is around to deceive with the false. La Marck arrived too late to be burned, but not too late to vomit venom upon; too recent to kill for fool's sake or kindle for God's sake, but not too much so for slander, vilification and ridicule. His theory, born before its time, followed him into obscurity; a miscarriage of genius! He was a great man, but a little "too previous" —ran too much to de-*tails*. Suppose you had heard your pedigree only theologically told; that you were shaped after the angels, imaged after your Maker; scheduled for B-flat catgut plunker in the heavenly choir. Would you welcome the information of your colored descent? Would past prolongation of backbone atone for future poverty of wings? Never tell a man what he is, but what he wants to be; not what you know he was, but what he is sorry he wasn't. I know a man who thinks he looks like George Washington. I never meet him without remarking on the likeness. It costs me nothing, makes him feel good, and George is dead. A medium who said her husband in life resembled Daniel Webster, showed me his portrait, which she had painted in a trance and under the "control" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She said she couldn't have painted like that if she had been conscious; and I said I thought so, too. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," especially if it's a woman! No! No! La Marck was a great man, but on family matters, somewhat abrupt.

But Darwin was coming, with a grandeur of intellect, an exhaustive knowledge of comparative anatomy and structural zoology, a tireless industry and a skill in marshalling facts, before unknown. He struck the keynote of conviction from the first. And Natural Selection is axiomatic with most scientists. What is it? Nature doesn't positively pick out those she wants; she is too busy killing those she doesn't. * * *

"How does she select?" We are confronted by agencies to resist; obstacles to surmount, difficulties to adjust, conditions to fit. And he who stands the pressure is said to be "naturally selected." We are not here to

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dictate all conditions and dominate surroundings, but to assimilate with what we can't improve. We exist because our existence is possible. The world wasn't made for us. Were you made for your boots? And Nature has no more use for a misfit man than you have for a misfit boot.

"Survival of the fittest" doesn't mean survival of the *best*. If you were in deep water with a fish, and couldn't swim, you wouldn't fit. The fish, if like the majority of fish, could swim and *would* fit. You might be a saint and the fish the most depraved of his kind. On land your respective outlooks would vary considerably. "Survival of the Fittest" and "Natural Selection," of course, are the same things differently expressed. In the aggregate, however, the best are the fittest. As conditions improve us, we improve conditions. If an epidemic kills half the people, the survivors take warning and clean up the town, obliterate dangerous conditions, improve bad environments. Our ancestors called unsuitable surroundings "God's will;" what killed everybody but themselves, "Special Providence;" neither preventing nor assimilating. With the average man, "supernatural" means "supercomprehension." The fewer brains the "more supernaturals." This accounts for the variegated creed of the majority. All fools burlesque Nature, travesty the true, parody the substantial, borrow the spectacles of Faith to see the unseeable. Since Balaam's ass saw what his rider couldn't see, his lineal descendants are swearing to what their riders say they see. Truth is not so hard to find as finding the man who believes the finder has found it.

My native town, for example. She is ideal in her idyls. Hospitality is a creed; cordiality, a doctrine; courtesy, a religion; retrospection, gilded with the setting sun, the chief employment. The fact of having been born there encourages the hope that I may be worthy of being buried there. But her people have "cast four anchors out of the stern and are waiting for the day." And each anchor is a grave stone, inscribed, "Sacred to Memory." Sometimes a live Yankee strays aboard and piles on the canvas, but is never allowed "to weigh." Her cemetery is a conservatory of examples, a treasury of recollections, a safe deposit of precedents. A beautiful spot, beautifully kept. Moonlight, magnolias, mocking birds! A pity to ruin it with a resurrection! The fact is, our people have made a specialty of being ladies and gentlemen, concentrated on the conventionalities!

Progressive Heredity teaches that functionally developed traits are inheritable. Not only do we receive naturally innate traits, but traits that originated with the preceding generation, and became second nature through habitual practice. Are there exceptions? Well, personally, I am not the target for my father's volcanic energy. His life was an eruption—his career, an explosion. I never saw anybody like him, and he said he never saw anybody like me. They say he is now "at rest," and I hope he is. But if the general Resurrection doesn't "get a wiggle" on her, I suspect he will get up alone. No telling what enforced and prolonged inactivity may suggest to a man of his energy and individuality. He was a "lightning striker" alright, but when it came to mental concentration and profound meditation, the old gentleman wasn't in it with the penner of these lines. He appeared to me a few years ago at a seance and held a bunch of violets over my head; probably thought I needed disinfecting. He said he wasn't dead, and I told him I never thought he was. He is the only first class argument I have in stock in behalf of immortality. I don't know which he hated most: dishonesty, secession, abolition or laziness. Sometimes I must have suggested a combination of John C. Calhoun and Wendell Phillips. Sleep on, old gentleman! more Napoleonic than Napoleon; "a planet in punctuality, a thunder-bolt in action;" mathematical in method, a by-word in benevolence! What I failed to learn

at another knee, I acquired across yours.

We can't credit our anthropoid ancestor with even the rudiments of our every vice and virtue. Yet many of our cardinal features and accomplishments, physical, moral and social, were his; but modified by each intervening generation between him and us. In apes and savages, crude essentials; in us, essentials softened with tenderness and perfumed with sentiment. Many ornaments that grace present society were born of past necessity in the struggle for existence. Few ornaments are useful, but ornamental, because they suggest their past usefulness. The mother love of the she ape has been refined into the maternal solicitude of the woman. The old ape biting the young ape to make him hunt up another tree, is continued in the human father using his foot to suggest filial independence and emphasize self maintenance. Perhaps the objective points of the respective reminders were identical. Who knows! It is a long stretch from the snarl of a misanthropic baboon to "Hamlet's Soliloquy," but it came; quite a journey from the yelp of a rutting orang-outang to one of Mary Garden's arias, but it arrived. Which settles what I have always claimed, that there is no need of exerting yourself with an inheritance in sight. Remember this: every trait we don't acquire independently "is the result of inherited modifications caused by accumulated experiences."

Does Evolution stop at you? If she does, she won't stop long; she came all that distance to get somewhere. * *

The transition from you to something better is as certain as the uphill drag from ape to you. Would your portrait embellish the ancestral gallery of your millionth century descendant? About as much as your gorilla forefather's photograph would grace your album's family group. So get the idea that you are the bull's-eye of universal design out of your head. Your scarcity of tail, my friend, is the source of your self-conceit. You refuse a modest compromise; to be an abbreviated souvenir of the unabridged, an amputated memento of the uncontracted, an epitomized forget-me-not of ancestral extension. You think because you can't wrap the continuation of your spinal column around things that you are a vest pocket edition of a heavenly aviator. "Anthropoid ape," I forgot to state, means "man-like ape." My father owned an extensive menagerie of them; the collection scattered in '65.

Preceding our anthropoid ancestor was a procession of prehensile and arboreal grand-daddies. Thence we wander back through the amphibia, reptilia and fish, to the monad, a gelatinous globule, from the water; the monad's origin is unknown. Christian Scientists charge him to "mental vibration." But the uninspired stop and ask questions, hazard vague hypotheses but no statements. So, from the monad we come down through the fish, reptilia, amphibia, tailed apes, tailless apes, or anthropoids, to the "missing link," or *pithecanthropus erectus*, whose remains were recently found in Java; "Pithecanthropus erectus" means erect man-ape. Our ancestors began to stand on their dignity by then, and travel down to us with fewer variations. Now we have our family pedigree "down fine." We *know* we are nothing but apes, enhanced by time, descent, variation and modification.

Ever dabble in embryology? Know anything of man's immediate prenatal state? He starts as a gelatinous microscopic germ. This grows to an amorphous mass, in no way differing from the prenatal state of any beast of the same stage of development. Then variation begins, and he assumes the characteristics of the fish, reptilia, amphibia, monkey and baby. If born before attaining baby shape, he is a "monster," and dies at birth. So, you see, the individual during the few months between conception and birth, recapitulates the various phases assumed by his species during the aeons of time from monad to man, furnishes a short synopsis of the inconceivable

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periods and imperceptible variations experienced by his family, a *multum in parvo* that opens to him the condensed stud book of his breed.

The rudimentary mammae of male vertebrates! Who has not wondered at their presence? Why are they always supplemented with equally useless mammary glands? Because man was once bi-sexual. Not since he assumed man's shape, but away back before the primates; before reaching the placental stage. Some modern worms and flowers are bi-sexual, and, of course, auto-impregnable. Upon this scientific foundation has been reared the airy structure of modern hermaphroditism; something unknown out of botany and entomology! Of course, among all vertebrates are instances of rudimentary suggestions of bi-sexualism, nothing more. But all rudimentary certificates bear functional signatures.

Man's age! We know nothing of it. All paleontological records are as vague as to date as fortuitous in discovery. Some say he has been here a quarter of a million years; others, a million or ten million. Christian Scientists say he has been a permanent boarder here or elsewhere; call him "a fragment of divine thought, a spiritual breath, an infinite essence." Think of being an "infinite essence!" Too much like being an everlasting skunk! I am inclined to conservatism on the subject of perfumery! He may be an "infinite essence," an extract of the finite or a four per cent solution of the indefinite. But Evolution chopped off that tail. And don't you forget it! The majority say they are too anxious to learn their future end to worry about their past *end*; what they will get, not what they have lost. I don't want to forget where I came from just because I don't know where I am going; where I started because I don't know where I'll stop; who my grandfather was because I haven't been introduced to my grandson; yesterday's history, because to-morrow's isn't written.

I saw an old woman go into a trance to settle the question; to sleep, to discover what she couldn't see with her eyes open. Most of what she said I knew before; what I didn't, I didn't believe. Scientists say there are three infinities: matter, space and eternity; I add human credulity. What wisdom declares to be unknowable, folly allied with unconsciousness, proclaims known. Revelation, like revolution, comes from the stomach; fullness breeds one; emptiness the other. Dyspepsia and dream are mother and daughter; starvation and sedition, parent and child. I have more faith in consciousness' "don't know" than in unconsciousness' "know." "Prophetic dream!" Why not inspired snore!

Some old philosophers suspected Evolution, and, in proportion to their suspicions, they were suspected. As the majority wanted nothing new told, the minority had nothing safe to tell. It takes a brave man to preach a new truth to an old congregation. A fact that doesn't assimilate is more dangerous than a falsehood that does. Even now, truth enjoys only the negative encouragement of toleration. Plebeian correction has little chance with pedigreed mistake. Vulgar enthusiasm for recent discovery is no match for the rooted prestige of false precedent. For this reason, the wise men of the past cloaked their meanings in allegory. There is something wrong when wisdom has to clothe her children in parables. Life is too short to solve riddles in search of facts. But allegory may be conducive to longevity; metaphor, favorable to health.

"Reversion" is returning to a past type for vice or virtue, beauty or ugliness, worth or worthlessness. Sometimes a fellow draws on his grandfather; sometimes on a savage ancestor, sometimes on an ancestral ape. This is also known as "atavism," and is the mystery of biology.

Frequently, reversion means perversion. The pervert is a moral beast in human form; perhaps an Apollo with the heart of a satyr; a Venus with the blood-thirst of a Mary Tudor. Or, he may look like the devil and behave

like an angel. He is well known to history and pathology, and is one of the strongest arguments for Evolution. This exhibit is morally insane, and to him is charged the crime and cruelty, not inspired by cupidity, invited by revenge or suggested by retaliation.

Domestic selection! While natural selection kills off the worthless, domestic selection prevents their birth. The stock breeder looks for "nothing good out of Nazareth;" knows that only good sires and good dams mean good offspring. Of course he has to contend with reversion. But reversion is the rare exception where, for generations, good parents have been the invariable selection. For this reason, no fair analogy can be drawn between human heredity and blooded brute heredity. We hear much of the indifferent progeny of great men. Few great men have great sons. Washington had a negative father but a sterling mother. Napoleon's father was a nonentity, but his mother a remarkable woman. Heredity in the father, when it reaches his children, generally enriches or curses his daughters; in the mother, her sons. But when greatness shows once, it generally shows again in that family. Most great musicians, actors and painters were sons, fathers, grandsons or cousins of equally endowed men of the same professions. Several of the Beechers and Adamses were either great or above mediocrity; Morgan and George Gould inherited wealth from their fathers and the abilities to increase it. For some reason, many clergymen have had great sons. Nelson, Cecil Rhodes and Aaron Burr were sons of clergymen. Burr's grandfather was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. Warren Hastings was the grandson of a clergyman. Illegitimacy is responsible for much greatness. William the Conqueror was illegitimate; so was Alexander Hamilton. Royalty has produced but few noted men; too much "breeding in." The House of Orange, however, is an exception. Frederick the Great, by the way, was the son of a lunatic.

The truth of domestic selection is too patent for argument, but natural selection has many opponents. Can the bitterest enemy of Evolution deny man's general improvement on his ancestors? And the howl about the present dearth of great men; formerly greatness was concentrated, now it is diffused. Brains are like dollars. It isn't the few with many, but the many with few that count. Shakespeare was a marvel, but how many Englishmen of his time could read what he wrote? One man wrote then what none can write now. But everybody can read now what few could read then. Bacon was a prodigy. But how did the rank and file of his day compare educationally and socially with our lowest negroes? The Elizabethan age produced very many more great men than this age. And from 1700 to 1850 was an era of greatness. But a few great men no more atone for general ignorance than a few hundred millionaires for general poverty. We hear much of the wealth of India, but India is poorer than Ireland. Great deal of wealth there? Yes, but owned by a very few. The many great men of the Elizabethan age exploited their greatness for posterity; for the many ordinary who can appreciate the few extraordinary.

People persist in arguing for the absolute. This is a world of relatives. Compared to what he was, man is nearly perfect; which, literally, he can never be. Darwin never claimed that Evolution evolves only good; only more good than bad; more better than worse. There is neither altruism, sentiment, mercy nor design in Nature. Nor is the unfitting moral paragon "fit to live" with the fitting moral monster whom society thinks fit neither to live nor die. The "absolutely perfect man" cannot exist here. He would starve, freeze or succumb to incongruous environments. If he didn't die a natural death, he would a violent one. Some normal brother would kill him on suspicion. We need the consciousness of our imperfection to spur us toward the

perfection we can never reach. Sometimes a fellow thinks he has arrived. Then he feels so lonesome, he steals something to restore the equilibrium.

Think of what Evolution has to contend with: marriage, for instance. The only institution that produces people is the only thing we neglect. We pay more attention to death than to life; to a corpse than a baby. Every day some pure girl is sold to some emulator of the quadrumana whose biography would be excluded from the mails. Not but what the tables are occasionally turned. Well, they are! All we ask is: "Are they married?" Just as if a ceremony should fit "two souls with but a single thought," and that thought to turn a home into a hell and breed children to fit it. There has been a superabundance of "hogwash" lavished on marriage and the franchise. The consistency in breeding fools, and then letting them run the country will be seen at a glance. Not until health, intelligence and morality command the premium that money does will domestic selection extend to man. As it is, men have no more equality with animals genealogically than white women with niggers politically.

In most of the essentials we have improved as much upon our remote savage ancestors as they have upon the apes. One proof of progress is the smaller family; multiplication always exceeds mortality. And if our fertility weren't in inverse proportion to our increased longevity, we should be swamped. The farther we leave the beast, the less we emulate his fecundity. Population owes its strength not so much to fertility, with its necessary poverty, as to relative sterility with its more than proportionate wealth. Fertility relies for equilibrium on death; sterility on life. Take "Lo, the poor Indian!" "Lo" is either as numerous as he was, more so, or soon will be one or the other. Does he produce more to the acre? Probably not so much. But in his untrammeled state, food was a novelty; disease, a monotony; shelter, the spice of variety; common decency, an affectation. Not to mention the philanthropic soul, who was always trying to kill him on general principles. Now his only moderator is natural death. He is not so romantic as he was; doesn't talk about the "Great Spirit," call white folks "pale faces," say "Ugh!" "fire-water," and indulge in other Cooperosities. But he is a much better all-round fellow. All of which settles the fact that an Indian grows in grace and population as he decreases his distance from the gallows.

The colored brother duplicates himself infinitely. And if any offshoot fails to evince practical appreciation of parental example, he must blame disease, the gallows, the penitentiary, the chain-gang, or some other prior engagement, not heredity. Southerners call this "special Providence." But it isn't. God doesn't take a club and go round killing niggers to make room for white folks. The vacant territory is owing to white longevity, the natural result of relative sterility, overbalancing negro mortality, the natural result of phenomenal fertility. Simply, outliving versus outbreeding. There is considerable difference between murdering somebody to make room, and finding room because the other fellow doesn't need murdering. If our dusky essential evinced the marked partiality for sanitary requirements that he lavishes upon adjacent hen roosts, he would overrun my native heath. As it is, the nigger funeral is among our most common and popular institutions. Occasionally, however, we feel called upon to enhance natural selection with a phase of domestic selection. That ten surviving white folks are more essential to the numerical strength of a population than a hundred dead niggers, hardly needs pointing out.

Another modern improvement is anticipating environments; preventing what we may not cure. Our ancestors awaited the attack, then prayed for help. We clean up things, substitute chloride of lime for dirt, and if piously inclined, thank God for health. And here let me say, I believe in prayer, if

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the brother engineering the invocation *works* for what he asks God to give him free of charge. Why? Because when you pray, you pray to yourself, determining to get what you pray for. For that reason, insincere prayer is useless because you *can't fool yourself*. Christian Scientists say: "Prayer is invisible something proceeding from substantial nothing, invoking spiritual aid from unseen something." Then there must be something the matter with nothing! What course would be proper in case nothing contracted a chronic case of something! The great anticipator of modern environments is the modern physician. He relies as much on his senses as on his sense; on his nose as on his brain. He is in rapport with Evolution, and does more good for less pay, and less bad for more abuse, than any other man on earth.

While Evolution has improved our essentials, she has suffered our non-essentials to atrophy. The elegant leisure, dilletanteism, polished conversation and letter writing of the past are relatively unknown. The unconscious compliance with conventional minutae, the indefinable manner of the old-school gentleman is but memory with the old and tradition with the young. Society talks, but doesn't converse. Ceremony is stilted, manners labored, and social ease the apathy of indifference. But we are morally better. The social lapses condoned by our grandfathers went out with the elegant laxity that gave them birth. If we steal a little more, remember there is a great deal more to steal and a great many more to do the stealing. The honesty of a small poor house is commendable, but the dishonesty of a large corporation shows more progress. If deficient in superficial chivalry, we allow women to claim something besides "her God and her children." If our offspring show less respect for parents, they don't dodge every time the old folks pick up something. In my youth, everything good in a boy had been licked into him; everything pious, scared into him. Now we know that the good licked into the boy turns to the bad that can't be licked out of the man; the piety scared into the young, to the cussedness that can't be prayed out of the old. In those days a father would tell his child of a burning hell packed with screaming children, and a God leaning over the pearly gates of heaven sniffing the culinary aroma and laughing; then flog a nigger for telling the same child ghost stories. We are told that people were "so bad they needed faith in such a hell to make them better." I don't see how they could have been bad enough to need such a belief unless they had been trying to emulate the God running the thing believed in. Within my recollection, man has improved a hundred per cent. How could the old folks be better than we, when their God was worse than our devil? As to the clergy's claim of "man's degeneration," who has been bossing the regeneration department all these years?

In those halcyon days of heat, hell and hallelujah, all remedies were heroic; from the devil who harried the sinner to God for grace, to the God who hurried him back to the devil for relief; from the hell that scared him to heaven for happiness, to the heaven that hastened him back to hell for variety. And pathological practice realized theological promise. The physician seemed to think disease was an entity, an undesirable tenant, and the only means of eviction was making the residence untenable. He paid little attention to prevention; the germ theory was unknown; sterilizing, unheard of. But he was a useful agent of selection, and what he couldn't kill has survived to propagate the present hardy stock. Yet, from his mistakes has largely grown the present physician's knowledge; from his cemetery, our sanitarium. But he was, invariably, a gentleman, his code exalted, his honor unimpeachable; shooting an insulter socially, finishing the murder professionally.

And the "good old times," so extolled by novelists, so dreamed of by

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lackadaisical young women and sentimental young men! That bewitching period, "when knighthood was in flower," and everybody said, "What, ho, within there!" and charged about on horse-back, dressed in hardware, trying to pick a fight. Telling some fellow he never saw before that his girl was freckled or cross-eyed or had corns, or had been expelled from the Cook Ladies' Union, just to start a row. Now, don't you know the author isn't taken in by such nonsense? Nay, nay, Pauline! I have lived long enough to doubt old compliment and suspect new abuse; what folks had "before the war" and why God smote Rockefeller with baldness and a ribald public.

After the collapse of the Roman Empire, Evolution "took a day off"—and for a thousand years Europe relapsed into a degradation that neither Dante could paint nor Dore picture; delirium conceive nor extravagance describe. Society was the supreme effort of indecency, the deification of immorality; the apotheosis of prostitution. Crime was consecrated; filth, sanctified; robbery, a doctrine; murder, a creed. Virtue was a legend; woman's honor, a tradition; female chastity, a blurred vision of diseased fancy. Every hope was drowned in blood and tears; every tenderness, strangled at its birth. Ladies and gentlemen were plastered with dirt and populated with vermin. In that aromatic epoch even the elite never bathed, but combated bodily bouquet with perfumery; personal piquancy with musk. The woods swarmed with monks who practiced every austerity but work; every mortification but an occasional wash; fasted till insanity emphasized indigestion; indigestion, inspiration; and biliousness, beatification. Does all this look like much improvement on a clean, over-vertebrated colored gentleman up a nice tree?

The awakening of Evolution is known as the Renaissance. May her first sleep be her last siesta! "Knighthood's Flower," rooted in medieval manure, has gone to seed. To-day, the vicious are conscious of their vice; the immoral of their immorality; while, to the most hopeless case of hydrophobia, soap suggests more sanctification than sacrilege. Too many of us live in the past, stimulate mistaken memory with rioting fancy, dress today's naked truth in the pinchbeck shadows of yesterday.

How must we account for the enchantment lent by the distance of time that mellows and purifies the hideous epoch of the medieval period? Why should romance wait on the dead past, the sweetness of sentiment on a resurrection?

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IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Henry Demarest Lloyd, 1847-1903: A Biography by Caro Lloyd, with an introduction by Charles Edward Russell. In two volumes; illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 1912. $5.00.

In these days of intense political and civic awakening, the biography of Henry Demarest Lloyd will prove a beacon light to those interested in sailing the present troublous seas of reform seeking a course leading to something better, something definite, something practical in our work-a-day conditions. Henry Demarest Lloyd was a pioneer pilot venturing on this uncharted sea of reform in the days when the most of us were amusing ourselves carelessly picking up pebbles along the shore, unconscious that the greatest of modern movements was gathering its titanic force in the background. In this biography the reader gets a clear and lively idea of the genesis of this tremendous movement against the trusts and the intrenched interests, and a more vivid conception of the methods by which it expanded into the uprising that voiced itself in the recent national conventions. Henry Demarest Lloyd was the pioneer and leader during the initial period of the movement, the period when the American mind was disillusioned of the smug complacency of living under prosperity, so called. He opened the public eyes and laid bare abominable industrial despotism. Following his trumpet note of warning, most unusual in such an idealist, he showed the people practical ways to escape the commercial and political tentacles of the octopus.

Caro Lloyd, who wrote the biography, and Charles Edward Russell, the well known socialist and publicist, furnished the introduction.

In explaining the reason of the book, Caro Lloyd prefaces: "The story of this life is offered to the people for two reasons: because of its relations to the great issues of the day, and because it depicts an inspiring personality. The period of my brother's life was coincident with the industrial revolution whereby competition has given way to the great basic principle of combination. A pioneer in revealing that the marvelous power of this new principle was being selfishly captured by a few, he endeavored also to inspire the people to develope a system which should turn it to the good of all. Believing that in the labor movement, the great counter-force of capitalism, lay justice and the principles of the new system, he entered its ranks, and became, on the one hand, the active champion of the workers, and, on the other, the most dangerous, because best-informed, foe of the trusts. Since the troublous struggles of his day seemed to him nothing less than the genesis of a new era, he projected his thought along all its avenues of progress, social, political, industrial, religious. He was temperamentally a practical idealist; therefore not from his books alone, but from the pictures of his life, with its remarkable interplay of thought and action, can we gather his full message to humanity. I have tried to tell the story so that it may go forth with a mission, that it may offer the guidance of a clear and honest thinker on the vital problems pressing each day more urgently for solution, and by noble example may help to spread righteousness among the people."

In the introduction, Charles Edward Russell sets forth some of the special gifts and methods of the reformer as follows: "His equipment for the work he was to do seemed to me almost perfect, and one of its strong elements was his strong and admirable poise. No one saw more plainly the imminent peril that threatened republican institutions in America, and no one felt more deeply on the subject; but he never allowed himself one extravagant or unwarranted expression, speaking always with the calm assurance, and therefore with the full weight of authority. For this reason he was always far more convincing than the man of excitable temperament can

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ever be; you feel that every sentence of Mr. Lloyd's had been weighed, considered and fortified, and that however revolutionary might be its import it was founded upon ascertained fact; and from his conclusions the only road of escape lay through not reading them.

"My own acquaintance with him was made in a way both sudden and summary. I was a student at St. Johnsbury Academy, in Vermont. One day in March, 1881, I strolled into the Public Atheneum, or public library, picked up the current number of the Atlantic Monthly, and began in a careless way to read an article about the Standard Oil Company. Only a year before an officer of the company had been seriously proposed and advocated as a candidate for president of the United States, and I felt a slight curiosity to see what kind of a corporation it was. Thus I began to read, but once launched upon that historical article, I was swept by an increasing and irresistible interest to the end, arising then with an entirely new sense and conception of the forces at work in my country and the first glimpse of an American's duty thereto. Yet I had been raised in an old-time Abolitionist family, where opposition to the corporations was held to be the next great work after the destruction of slavery, and my father had carried on a lifelong struggle against the growing power of the railroad companies. I knew then, in a general way, something of the menace of accumulated wealth, but it had never been made clear, vital and personal to me until I read that article, and from that time I could never question the author's conception of what lay before me. Moreover, the man's evident candor and sincerity, his convincing and intimate style, the lucid and sure arrangement of his facts, and the charm of himself that shone through his pages were qualities that made an indelible impression, and thereafter no other name was more familiar to me, and few other men seemed better known.

"No doubt my own experience merely duplicated that of thousands of others. That article in the March Atlantic, 1881, was a turning point in our social history; with it dawned upon Americans the first conviction that this industrial development of which we had been so proud was a source, not of strength, but of fatal weakness; that the republic could no more endure an oligarchy of capitalists than an oligarchy of slaveholders. We saw, for the first time, that those methods by which the overshadowing corporations had been built up were not different in any way from which a pirate accumulated his fortune; not different and not more admirable. * * Mr. Lloyd's great article was a note of profound warning and the first provocative of thought upon the greatest problem of the times. * * * Probably millions of men read or heard of Mr. Lloyd's ideas without being aware of the real authorship. But I judge that, with this condition, he was well content. No man ever entered such a fight with a smaller share of personal vanity to gratify. He desired that his countrymen should be informed of existing conditions, but not that he should gain fame or reward."

The twenty-seven chapters of the two volumes deal intimately with the daily life of the pioneer reformer of the present great social movement, his salient ideas and how he fought to transform them into concrete form and introduce them into day life despite the sleepless, strong and resourceful opposition of intrenched capital. The volumes are generously illustrated with photographs of Mr. Lloyd in the various stages of his career, with intimate scenes on the platform, on the street, during important labor strikes, conferences with his allies, Clarence Darrow, John Mitchell and others, and in his home life. The book is all that it is intended to be, a pen picture of Henry Demarest Lloyd, and an account of his method of awakening the American mind to the crushing dangers of allied corporate wealth and the practical remedies he offered.

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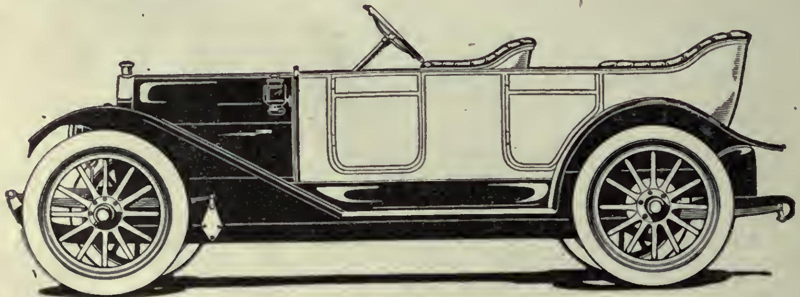

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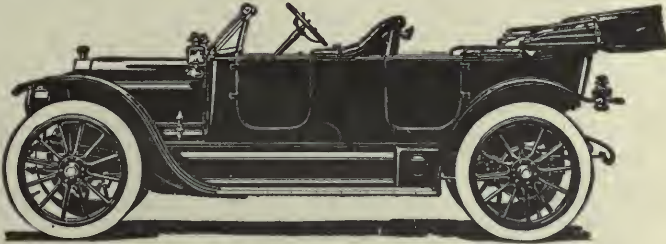

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Everywhere this Rambler has gone its performance has strengthened our confidence in its ability to fulfill this guarantee. That is why we do not hesitate to give it.

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Such a car with this guarantee, backed by such a company whose liberal policy is so widely known, are the reasons why you should have a Rambler. A postal card will bring you a catalog at once.

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Kennett Consolidated Copper Companies

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1. Big Back Bone Group. 2. The Elsie Group. 3. Keystone

These three groups of claims comprise 50 U. S. mining locations, 20, 18 and 12 respectively, approximating 1000 acres, and are situated in the Back Bone Mining District of the Shasta County Copper Belt, in Sections 18, 19 and 20, Township 34 North, Range 5 West, about six miles by wagon road from the railroad and smelter town of Kennett on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 18 miles north of Redding, the county seat.

They lie on the same belt as the *Mountain Copper Company's* (*Iron Mountain*) *properties, the Trinity, Balaklala, Shasta King and Mammoth,* and are less than two miles from the workings of the Mammoth Mine, a property owned by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company of Boston, a corporation capitalized at $75,000,000.

DEVELOPMENT. More than 1000 feet of tunnels have already been run on the property, disclosing conditions exceedingly favorable to the opening up of extensive ore reserves. Active work is at present under way in Tunnels Nos. 4 and 7.

Tunnel No. 7 is a cross-cut tunnel being run 75 feet below Tunnel No. 6, where oxidized ore has been encountered for 120 feet in length and in crosscuts 60 feet wide. Assays from this tunnel run very high for this belt, and it is believed that the tunnel now being run below will reach and open up an immense body of sulphide ore carrying higher values than are usual on the west side Copper Belt. Tunnel No. 4 is being run on the west side of the Elsie and is in nearly 400 feet, disclosing apparently a body of low grade ore of the character usually found here.

A 12-pound rail track and ore cars are installed in this tunnel and crosscuts are being run at 250 and 285 feet respectively.

The Mammoth Mine is now yielding a daily output of 1200 tons of ore. Ten years ago it was showing less favorable conditions than the Big Back Bone and Elsie properties are to-day.

In July, 1910, another ore body richer than that of the Mammoth proper was discovered by the Mammoth Company just *1700 feet from the south line of the Elsie property,* and the development of this new find has established a large camp, new transportation facilities and brought the Northern California Power Line within 1700 feet of the Kennett Consolidated Copper Company's holdings. Already shafts and tunnels aggregating 1200 feet have been driven, and active operations disclose the fact that the discovery is a very important one for the Company, and has greatly enhanced the value of the *KENNETT CONSOLIDATED properties.*

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SHASTA COUNTY COPPER.

The Shasta County Copper Belt already ranks *fifth in the Copper production of the United States*, and is one of the few copper districts where copper can be profitably mined when the metal is selling at less than 12 cents per pound.

Copper is the chief product and the basis of the mining prosperity and prospects of Shasta County, which is far in the lead of the mineral producing counties of the State of California.

From 1894 to 1910, this county has produced copper of a value of over Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000.)

Briefly summarized, the advantages of the Kennett Consolidated are:

1. A Porphyry Copper—the kind that pays the biggest dividends.
2. The properties cover an extensive mineralized area—nearly 1000 acres.
3. Located in a copper belt ranking FIFTH IN PRODUCTION in the United States.
4. Adjacent to the greatest producing mine in California, a regular dividend payer.
5. Surface and underground similarity to the other big mines of the district.
6. Formation indicative of extensive ore bodies.
7. Worked by tunnels, reducing working costs to a minimum. No expensive hoisting and pumping.
8. Timber and water abundant.
9. Smelters, power and railroads close at hand.
10. Small capitalization for a big Porphyry Copper.
11. First issues of stock at a very low price.
12. Celebrated Engineer's Report says: "The formation is identical with that of the MAMMOTH property, which it adjoins, and when I first examined the MAMMOTH property in 1896 there was no better showing at that time than there is now on the Big Back Bone property."

This is the first great Porphyry Copper stock ever offered in the United States on such a small capitalization.

For six years the properties have been developed by the owners on a business basis and with their own capital. They will continue to be so managed for the profit of all.

They have now reached the stage where large capital is absolutely necessary to continue operations on a large scale and provide diamond drills, machinery, etc.

It is assumed that the proceeds of this First Issue will furnish all the capital required, and make of the properties another "Mammoth" Mine. At the present market price of copper (17½ cents per pound) the "Mammoth" is yielding an annual profit of two million dollars.

Just think of a profit of $2,000,000 on such a small capitalization as ours.

Such are the possibilities of these properties. Copper will be a scarce metal in a few years.

HERBERT C. HOOVER, IN HIS "PRINCIPLES OF MINING," PAGE 38, SAYS:

"In copper the demand is growing prodigiously. If the growth of demand continues through the next thirty years in the ratio of the past three decades, the annual demand for copper will be over 3,000,000 tons. Where such a stupendous amount of this metal is to come from is far beyond any apparent source of supply."

Horace J. Stevens, the world's greatest authority on copper, predicts that in from two to four years there will be the greatest boom in copper that the world has ever seen.

No promoters are handling this stock. Usually such a copper stock would cost at least $5.00 a share if promoters were handling it.

And mark this innovation. We do not intend to maintain elegant and expensive offices, pay extravagant commissions to agents or pay big men for the use of their names on our Board of Directors.. These are the causes of failure of more than half of the corporations that go to the wall.

We will send you free a booklet called "Porphyry Coppers," which more fully describes these properties, if you will send us your name and address. Don't wait a week or a month before you write for it, because only a few people can be accommodated with shares, as some large blocks are already spoken for.

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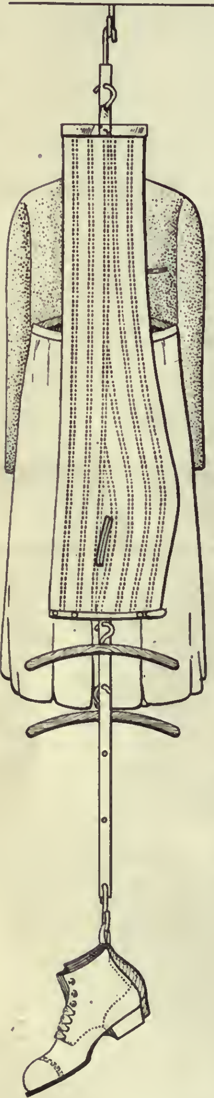
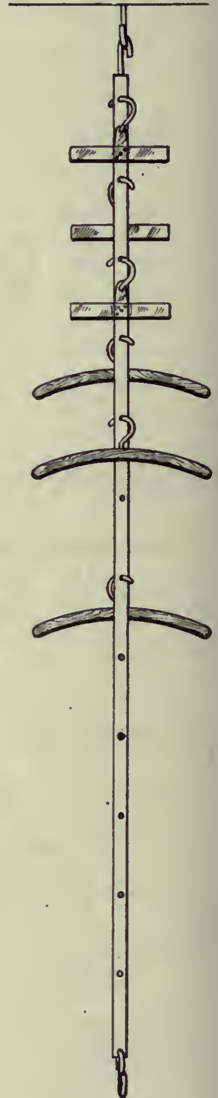
Needed in every home, by every man and woman, young or old, rich or poor. Something the batchelor, the housewife or the traveler has been longing for and it is so good that you will wonder how you ever lived without it.



The De Luxe Garment Strap



The wearing apparel of two persons can be hung on one strap — your clothes are "out of the way" and don't need continual pressing—gives you extra space and more comfort while traveling and saves two-thirds the space in your clothes closet at home. Can be carried in the vest pocket when not in use.

For sale by dealers or mailed post-paid for FIFTY CENTS
Is Guaranteed to Meet With Your Approval or Your Money Returned
Descriptive Booklet Mailed Upon Request
Manufactured By

F. A. MARRIOTT, 21 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

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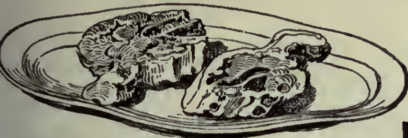

Gives Keen Edge To Appetite

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Chops *Roast Lamb*

Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds much to the real enjoyment of many dishes. It adds zest to every meal. Its popularity, extending over a period of *Eighty Years*, is based on qualities which no other table sauce possesses.

Improves the flavor of Hot or Cold Meats, Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews and Hashes. A necessity for good Chafing Dish Cooking.

An Appetizer.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

8 A. M. Shore Line Limited

8:05 A. M. The Coaster

10:40 A. M. The Los Angeles Passenger

4 P. M. The Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger

4:20 P. M. San Joaquin Valley Flyer

6 P. M. The Owl Limited

8 P. M. The Lark Limited

8:10 P. M. Sunset Express

EIGHT TRAINS EVERY DAY

Each Way Between San Francisco and Los Angeles CITY

LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED

Some by day for the tourist and the sightseer and those who would know the "Road of a Thousand Wonders." Others by night for the convenience of the busy man and merchant.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES

884 Market Street
Palace Hotel

San Francisco

Third and Townsend Streets
Market Street Ferry Depot

600 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

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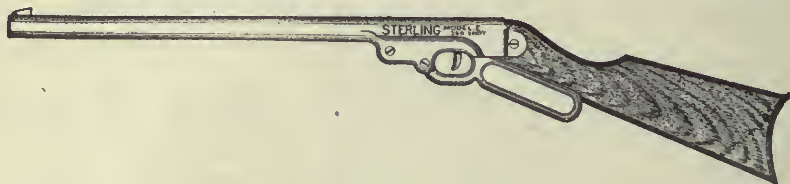
Boys---350 Shot Air Rifle

FREE

ALL REPAIRS GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR



Model E, Sterling 350 Shot Air Rifle

Shoots 350 times without reloading. Lever action, round tapering barrel, nickeled and polished. Automatic shot retainer, walnut stock, dull finish. Simple and effective. Weight 34 ounces, length 31½ in.

BOYS!

Go to your friends, they will help you get a STERLING Air Rifle. Tell your friends what you are doing and that we will give you the rifle free for four subscriptions. You can easily secure four subscriptions to the Overland Monthly for one year at $1.50 each. Do this, sending the amount to this office and we will have the Rifle sent direct to your address.

The Rifle will cost you nothing and you can get subscribers at odd times whenever you meet friends, or better still, you can go around your neighborhood and get enough in one afternoon to receive the Rifle. Start today. Get busy and get a rifle free. Send all letters to Subscription Department.

Overland Monthly

21 Sutter Street, San Francisco

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YOURS FOR THE ASKING

A New Book of Photographs of Distinctive Homes

Wouldn't you like to have the opportunity to study in detail the interiors, exteriors and garden settings of some of the best moderate priced houses, designed by leading architects, the country over? Wouldn't you like to have a book full of just such suggestions as the prospective builder appreciates, with an introduction on the choice of a style for the country or suburban home by Frank Miles Day, past president of the American Institute of Architects? Wouldn't you like to have this book of over 125 plans and photographs of houses that have actually been built, giving costs, interior details and construction? *Inexpensive Homes of Individuality* is just such a book and is yours for the asking to introduce

HOUSE & GARDEN

the magazine for the man or woman who wants to make the most of the home whether there is little or much to spend. *House & Garden* brings you into homes whose owners have planned them with wonderful ingenuity and individual taste, it shows distinctive decorative effects, portrays successful gardens and beautiful landscape results and, best of all, tells you just how to secure each one of these things and at what expense, while a profusion of actual photographs aid in planning the many details that insure a home of individualtiy. On receipt of 25c (regular price) and the names and addresses of only 15 people whom you know to be actively interested in housebuilding or gardening, we will send you March *House & Garden* and also *Inexpensive Homes of Individuality* FREE. Your name will not be used in connection with the list. Do it now while you think of it.

McBRIDE, NAST & CO., Union Square, New York

Peach Short Cake

A well made Peach Short Cake is a delightful dessert. Where perfectly ripe and mellow, fresh peaches cannot be had, the canned fruit is about as good. To get a rich, crisp, and fine-flavored crust, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix and sift two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt; rub into it one heaping tablespoon butter and mix lightly with four tablespoons Borden's Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water. This will make a soft dough, which spread on a buttered pie tin. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Split, and fill with sliced peaches that have been sweetened to the taste, and cover with whipped fresh cream.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 **New York**

TEN CENT MUSIC: Popular and Classic

Why pay from 25c to 75c

a copy for your music when you can get the same and better in the "CENTURY EDITION" for **only 10c a copy postpaid.** Positively the only difference is the price.

Send 10c for one of the following and if not more than satisfied we will refund the money:

		Regular Price
HUGUENOTS	Smith	$1 00
IL TROVATORE	Smith	1 25
LAST HOPE	Gottschalk	1 00
MOCKING BIRD	Hoffman	1 00
NORMA	Leybach	1 00
RIGOLETTO	Liszt	1 00
SILVER SPRING	Mason	1 00
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM	Smith	1 25
MOONLIGHT SONATA	Beethoven	1 25
LAST SMILE	Wollenhaupt	1 25

COMPLETE CATALOG OF 1600 TITLES SENT **FREE** ON REQUEST

Music Department, OVERLAND MONTHLY

21 SUTTER STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Wonderful Automatic Stitcher

Sews Leather Quickly

MYERS

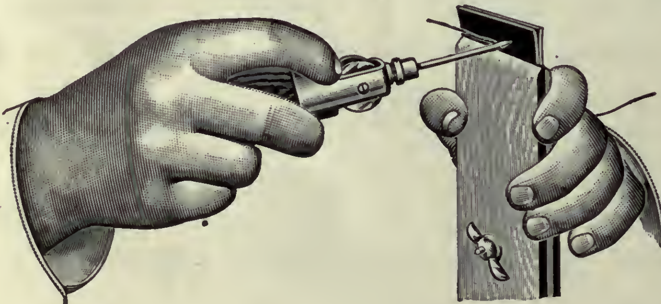
Famous Lock Stitch

SEWING AWL

Tools in the Handle

IS the original and only one of its kind ever invented. It is designed for speedy stitching, to be used by all classes, the **inexperienced** as well as the **mechanic.** Its simplicity makes it a practical tool for **all kinds of repair work,** even in the hands of the most unskilled. With this tool you can mend harness, shoes, tents, awnings, pulley-belts, carpets, saddles, buggy-tops, suitcases, dashboards or any heavy material. You can sew up wire cuts on horses and cattle, therefore the veterinarian and stockman find it indispensable. **The patent needle is diamond point and will cut through the thickest of leather. It has a groove to contain the thread, running the full length through the shank, overcoming any danger of cutting off the thread when sewing heavy material.**

The reel carrying the waxed thread is in a most convenient position under the fingers' ends, so that the tension can be controlled at will by a simple movement of the fingers on the reel and the thread can be taken up or let out as desired. This feature is very essential in a device of this kind. These are **exclusive features:** Convenient to carry—Always ready to **mend a rip or tear** in any emergency—Tools in the hollow of the handle—Assorted needles—A supply of waxed thread—Wrench and screw-driver combined. Complete with instructions, for **$1.00**



Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

Prices of Awl and Supplies Postpaid

Sewing Awl Complete, ready for use	- - - -	$1.00
Needles, extra assorted - - -	each 10c, per dozen	.75
Thread, 25-yard skeins, waxed - -	each 10c, per dozen	1.00
Reels, with thread, waxed - -	each 15c, per dozen	1.50

SPECIAL FREE OFFER:

OVERLAND MONTHLY, 21 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Please send MYERS FAMOUS LOCK STITCH AWL and OVERLAND MONTHLY for ONE year to the following address for $2 enclosed.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

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Pacific Mutual Life Ins. Co. of California

INSURE AGAINST

LOSS OF INCOME EARNING POWER or SALARY

$30,000,000 Paid Policyholders

F. A. Stearns

Manager Accident Department

SHREVE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

$1.00 brings this cut glass water set to your home.

One-quart water pitcher six half-pint glasses, 14-inch Beveled Mirror.

THIS GENUINE CUT GLASS WATER SET

is unsurpassed for its distinctive character. Positively guaranteed in every particular. Order quick—allotment is small. Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to COMMON-SENSE MAGAZINE. Afterwards you may pay $1.00 a month for eleven months, which completes the payments on both water set and Magazine. Our object is to introduce the Magazine into every home. Address Dept. 75.

Common-Sense Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

ONLY $1. A Perfect Time-Keeper. Calling the Hour and the Half-Hour. Nearly Two Feet High, 14 Inches Wide, in Solid Walnut Case.

The Inlaid Woods of Ash, Ebony and Mahogany Ornaments are put together with minute care.

You never had such an opportunity to get so beautiful and useful an ornament for your den or your home—on such easy terms—mail us $1.00 for one year's subscription to COMMON-SENSE, afterwards you may pay $1.00 a month for 8 months, which completes the payments on both the clock and the magazine.

Common-Sense Publishing Co.
Dept. 75, 91 Library Court. Chicago

Needle-weary, boy-tired mothers

find Blouse worries ended forever with the first trial of

K&E LOOK for the LOOP
BOYS' BLOUSE

It solves the drawstring problem. Fabrics, workmanship, strength, style unconditionally guaranteed.

No alteration necessary—Fits any boy—Once adjusted, always adjusted.

The patented drawstring cannot be lost, caught in the wringer or dangle outside.

—Ask the mother of boys that wear them—

Then ask your dealer.

K&E BLOUSE MAKERS
K & E BUILDING
CLEVELAND, O.

New York Salesroom,
220 Fifth Ave.

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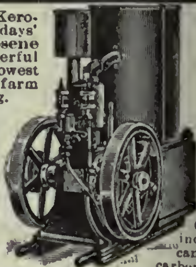
Use KEROSENE Engine FREE!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing.

Gasoline Going Up!

Automobile owners are burning up so much gasoline that the world's supply is running short. Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.



Cylinders cannot carbonize

Amazing "DETROIT"

The "DETROIT" is the only engine that handles coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Basic patent—only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h p. In stock ready to ship. Complete engine tested just before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric-lighting plant. **Prices (stripped), $29.50 up.**

Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate amazing, money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, we will allow you **Special Extra-Low Introductory** price. Write!

Detroit Engine Works 117 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Construction News Press Clippings

Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact, anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors, and before it has become common property.

Let us know what you want, and we will send you samples and quote you prices.

Press Clippings on any subject from all the leading current newspapers, magazines, trade and technical journals of the United States and Canada. Public speakers, writers, students, club women, can secure reliable data for speeches, essays, debates, etc. Special facilities for serving trade and class journals, railroads and large industrial corporations.

We read, through our staff of skilled readers, a more comprehensive and better selected list of publications than any other bureau.

We aim to give prompt and intelligent service at the lowest price consistent with good work.

Write us about it. Send stamp for booklet.

United States Press Clipping Bureau

147 Fifth Avenue. CHICAGO, ILL.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

(The German Bank.)

For the half year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account, and earn dividends from July 1, 1912.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

Office—526 California Street. Mission Branch—2572 Mission St., near 22d. Richmond District Branch—601 Clement St., corner 7th Ave. Haight-St. Branch—1456 Haight St., bet. Masonic and Ashbury.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

For the six months ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts, become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1912. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1912, will draw interest from July 1, 1912.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Office—Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast 443 Marquette Building, Chicago

736 Old South Bldg., Boston | 871 Monadnock Building, San Francisco
326 Whitehall Bldg., New York | 516 Central Bldg. Los Angeles
1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis

Write nearest o

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Lowest Launch Prices Ever Made!

$94.50 for this 14-foot model, complete with engine ready to run. 16, 18, 20, 23, 27 and 35-footers at proportionate prices.

We are the world's largest power boat manufacturers. By selling you direct at FACTORY PRICES we save you half!

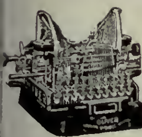
Send today for our 1912 Detroit Boat Catalog. It illustrates and describes all the Detroit Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats, Speed Power Canoes; Pullman Cruisers with cabins, sleeping berths and complete touring equipment. Sixty-four models, in all sizes, ready to ship. Each of these boats is equipped with the most efficient, smoothest running marine motor ever produced. Starts without cranking—reverses while in motion—has only three moving parts. **Guaranteed for 5 years.** A child can run it, so simple it is.

Detroit special construction combines more speed with safety than any other boats made.

Ask any of the 12,500 satisfied owners! Detroit boats lead at every boating point in the country. **Get our confidential proposition and special prices to demonstrating agents.** Don't delay. Let us hear from you at once! (155)

Detroit Boat Company, 1170 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A Plan to Sell 1,000 Typewriters Quickly!



Tremendous Price Saving—FREE TRIAL—Small Monthly Payments.

We have undertaken to buy, to get the minimum cost, 1,000 Oliver Typewriters (Model No. 3) per month, and to sell them direct to the user without incurring the expense of agents, salesmen, branch offices, etc. All of this saving—the saving on buying and the saving on selling—goes to the people who buy through this advertisement, and this saving amounts to practically half.

Our sensational book, "Typewriter Secrets," gives all the inside facts about prices, about second-hands, rebuilts and schemes. Sent absolutely free; no salesman will call. You will be under no obligation: just write your name and address on a postal card or on the margin of this page and mail today. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Even if you are not ready to buy now, you will find the book interesting. (111)

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, 166 S O. N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

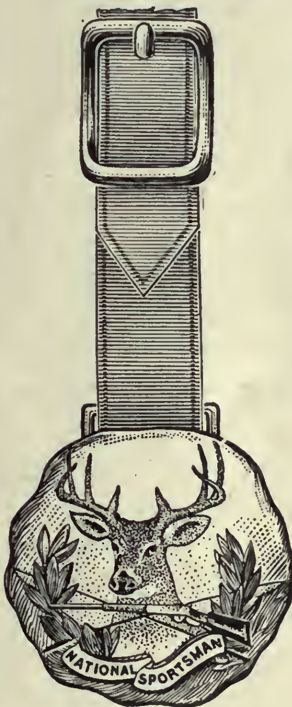
SAN FRANCISCO

NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.

A Weekly Periodical for the Cultured

ARE YOU A MEMBER



of our great big Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Nature-Loving National Sportsman Brotherhood? If not, now's the time to join. You don't have to "ride the goat" or "go to lodge." The lodge comes to you once every month in the shape of a 160 page richly illustrated magazine, crammed from cover to cover with a wealth of interesting stories and information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfits, the best places to go to get fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The National Sportsman Magazine is the lodge where thousands of brother sportsmen from all over the country gather together once a month and tell of their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

The annual dues of the National Sportsman Brotherhood are $1.00 (no initiation fee charged), and on receipt of this amount, we will enter your name on our mailing list so that you will receive the magazine regularly every month. We will also send you by return mail a National Sportsman Brotherhood emblem in the form of a Lapel Button, a Scarf Pin, or a Watch Fob, whichever you choose. Don't delay. Join our Brotherhood to-day.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN BROTHERHOOD,
57 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder,	$125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder,	57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder.	39.75

BUILT LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE.

2 to 20 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene. Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. 5-Year ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-Day Trial. Three moving parts—women and children run it. Starts without cranking. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost. BE FIRST IN TERRITORY TO GET OFFER. Sales plan and literature FREE, postpaid. Write today—NOW.

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co. 24 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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CHRONICLE LEADS

AS USUAL IN

Auto Display Ads

In the first six months of 1912 the SAN FRANCISCO "CHRONICLE" printed a total of 178,469 lines of automobile display advertising. This was

48,821 Lines *More* Than the Call
26,490 Lines *More* Than the Examiner

TRIBUTE OF A COMPETITOR

Reproduced from the San Francisco Examiner's statement of Automobile Advertising, July 3, 1912

	EXAMINER Agate Lines	CHRONICLE Agate Lines	CALL Agate Lines
Total Display - -	154,347	176,930	135,909

The "Chronicle" has carried the bulk of Automobile Advertising in San Francisco for years, and its lead continues to grow larger.

And Here's the Reason—

The automobile advertiser knows that he can reach more prospective purchasers of his cars through the "Chronicle" than through any other medium.

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FETTERS HOT SPRINGS

Modern, Convenient, Comfortable. Open all Year 'Round. Natural hot mineral springs, bath house 50 feet from hotel and cottages; electric lights, new garage; hot and cold mineral water in every room; hunting, fishing, swimming, orchard, vineyard and dairy; two blocks from station; auto and 'bus meet all trains. Buy ticket to Agua Caliente, via N. W. P. or S. P. Address GEO. FETTERS, Fetters Hot Springs, Sonoma County, Cal.

THE QUEEN OF LAKE COUNTY RESORTS.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

Open the year round. Strictly first-class management. Information and booklets at Peck-Judah's, 687 Market street. For particulars address W. H. MARSHALL, Prop., Highland Springs, Lake County, Cal.

RIONIDO HOTEL

AND TENTS

The ideal resort of the Russian River. Now open. Make your reservations now. Rates, $12 per week.

Address Rionido Co., Rionido, Cal.

EMERALD BAY CAMP

Beautifully situated, moderately equipped tents and cottages; boating, fishing, bathing, tramping. New management. Nelson L. Salter, Prop. Lee S. Seward, Manager. Address Manager, Emerald Bay P. O., Lake Tahoe, Cal., or Peck-Judah Co., 687 Market St., San Francisco.

Campers to Yosemite Valley

Can be supplied with tents, complete camping outfits and all kinds of provisions at the Yosemite Valley store. Parties outfitted for High Sierra trips and fishing excursions. Rates reasonable. NELSON L. SALTER, Proprietor.

Russian River Tavern

In the Beautiful Monte Rio.

Now open. American and European plan. For circulars or information address

LA FRANCHI & COMPANY,
Monte Rio, Cal.

Oaks Hotel

New and up-to-date, five minutes' walk from Boyes Hot Springs. First class Table. Cottages. Dancing Pavilion. Ideal Summer Resort.

Mrs. M. Farrell
R. F. D. Box 40a, Verano, Cal.

The Gables

The hotel that is different. Everything new. Nearest hot mineral springs to City. Paying guests received Address

H. P. Mathewson, Sonoma, Cal.

Buy tickets to Verano, N. W. P. Railway

HOTEL DE REDWOOD

Known for fifty years as the most delightful spot in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Elevation 1500 feet. Magnificent view of Monterey Bay. On the auto road from Los Gatos to Santa Cruz. Home comforts. Informal dances. Hunting, fishing, tennis; orchard, mineral and mountain springs.

Address W. H. HANSER, Wrights Station, Cal. Conveyance will meet guests at Laurel Station, S. P. R. R., on notification, 2½ miles' ride.

CAMERA OWNERS

If you would like to see a copy of a beautiful, practical, interesting, modern photographic magazine, written and edited with the purpose of teaching all photographers how to use their materials and skill to the best advantage, either for profit or amusement, send us your name on a postcard. Don't forget or delay, but write at once. The three latest numbers will be sent for 25 cents. $1.50 a year.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

187 Pope Building, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

is the oldest and brightest weekly on the Pacific Coast.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WRITE A HIT.

Hundreds of dollars have been made in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure a copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 184, Washington, D. C.

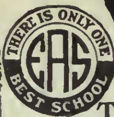
Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. DETROIT BOAT CO., 210 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

A dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse. A handy article for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



What School?

There Is Only One Best School for Each Boy Or Girl

THE selection of a school---the *best* school, is an important matter, and as difficult as it is important. *The best school for one is not the best school for another.* It is a serious question of requirements and qualifications.

Each good school offers special advantages. If students of different temperaments, capabilities and purposes could, with equal advantage, attend the same school, the problem of education would be simplified.

The **Educational Aid Society,** as one of its activities, maintains a **School Information Bureau,** which supplies, without charge, catalogues of all schools and reliable information concerning the advantages of various institutions and their comparative cost.

How to Select the Right School

Write to the Society, stating your requirements as follows: Kind of school desired; preference as to location, (city or state); religious denomination preferred; boarding or day school; expense limit for school year; name of prospective student; age; previous education; course of study desired; purpose in taking the course,—whether to prepare for a profession or only as an accomplishment; when enrollment will be made. Any special requirements should be stated fully. Immediately upon receipt of this information, catalogues of schools which offer the advantages desired will be forwarded to your address.

Free Book

If you send ten cents with your letter to cover cost of mailing, a copy of the latest edition of the **American College & Private School Directory,** a **252-page book** containing information regarding all colleges and private schools in the United States, will be sent you. This book also contains suggestions for those who seek counsel in deciding upon their life work; a plan by which ambitious young men and women of limited means may obtain an education in the school of their choice, and an explanation of the way in which the advantages of the best schools may be had at rates, or on terms equally favorable to those of inferior institutions. The price of this book in library binding is $2.00. It has been adopted by the leading libraries of the country as a reference book, the standard of its kind.

School Information Bureau, Educational Aid Society, 1625-48 First National Bank Building, CHICAGO

Manzanita Hall

PALO ALTO, CAL.

Makes a specialty of preparing boys and young men for entrance to the universities. The location adjacent to Stanford University and to Palo Alto, a town of remarkable culture, makes possible a school life of unusual advantages and opportunities.

Twentieth year opens August 27, 1912. For catalogue and specific information address

W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

Miss Harker's School

Home and Day School for Girls.

College Preparatory, Intermediate and Primary Departments. Accredited.

Ideal location, new buildings.
Catalogue upon Application.

PALO ALTO, California

THE

Paul Gerson

DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of California

The Largest Training School of Acting in America.

The Only Dramatic School on the Pacific Coast

TENTH YEAR

Elocution, Oratory, Dramatic Art

Advantages:
Professional Experience While Studying
Positions Secured for Graduates
Six Months Graduating Course
Students Can Enter Any Time

Arrangements can be made with Mr. Gerson for Amateur and Professional Coaching

Paul Gerson Dramatic School Building
408 Van Ness Avenue bet. McAllister and Fulton Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Write for Catalogue

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

This Magnificent Steel Launch

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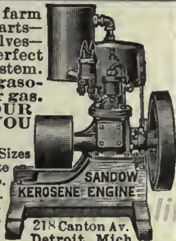

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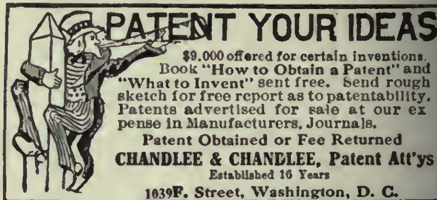

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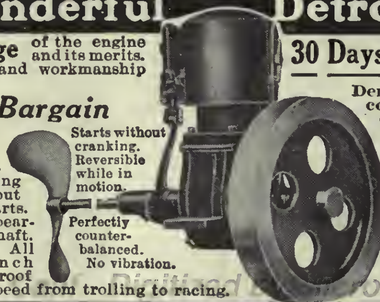

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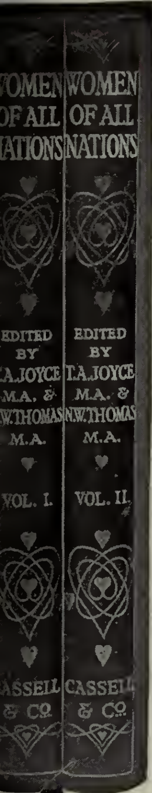

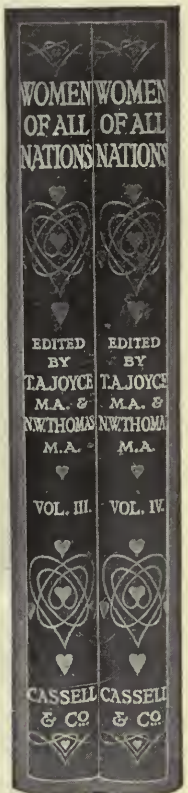

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Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M. A., and N. W. Thomas, M. A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

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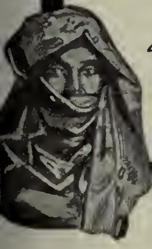

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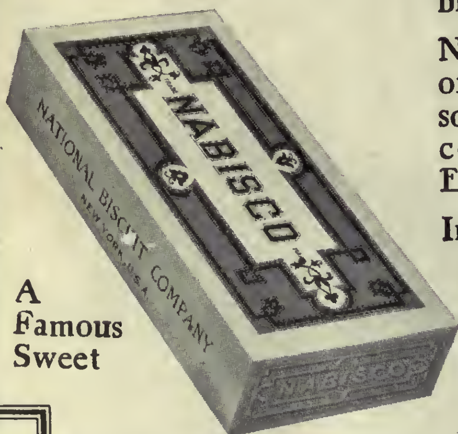

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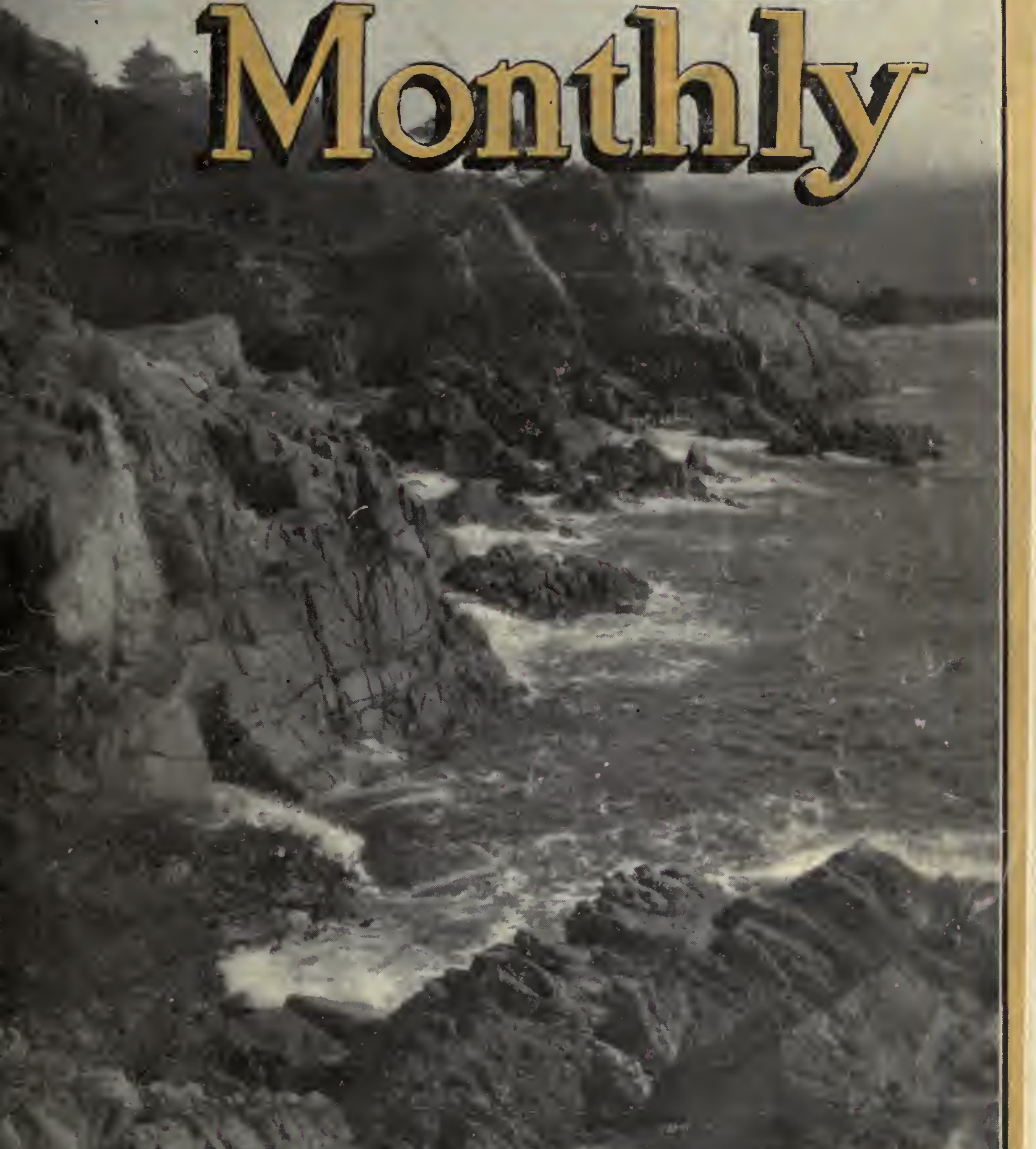

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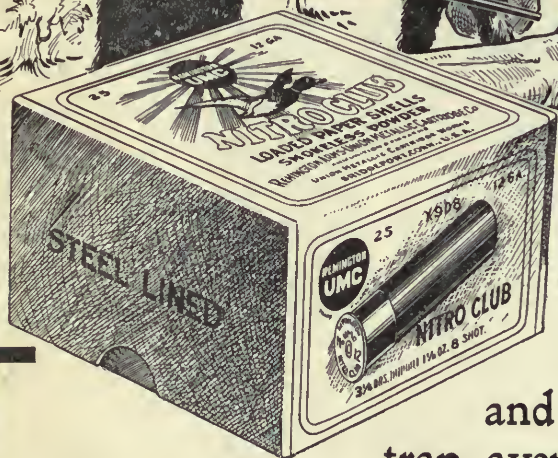

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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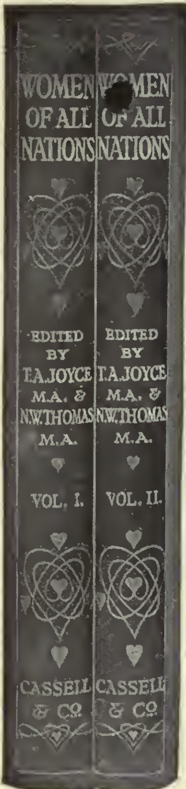

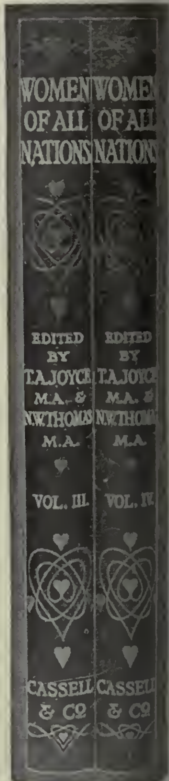

Their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence

Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M. A., and N. W. Thomas, M. A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

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Bridge over a river in Western China.

See page 209.

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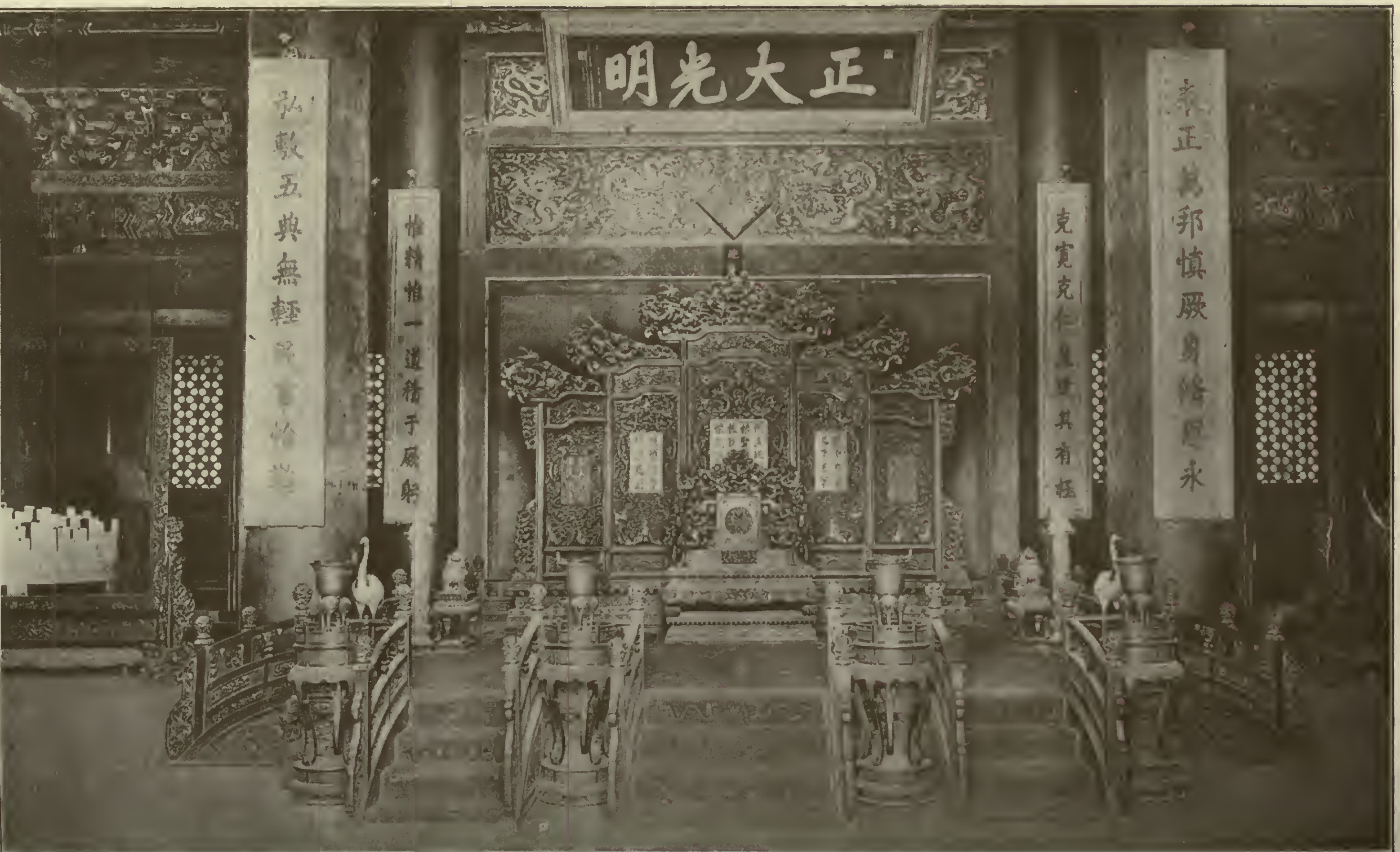

The Throne Room, Imperial Palace, Peking.

See page 209.

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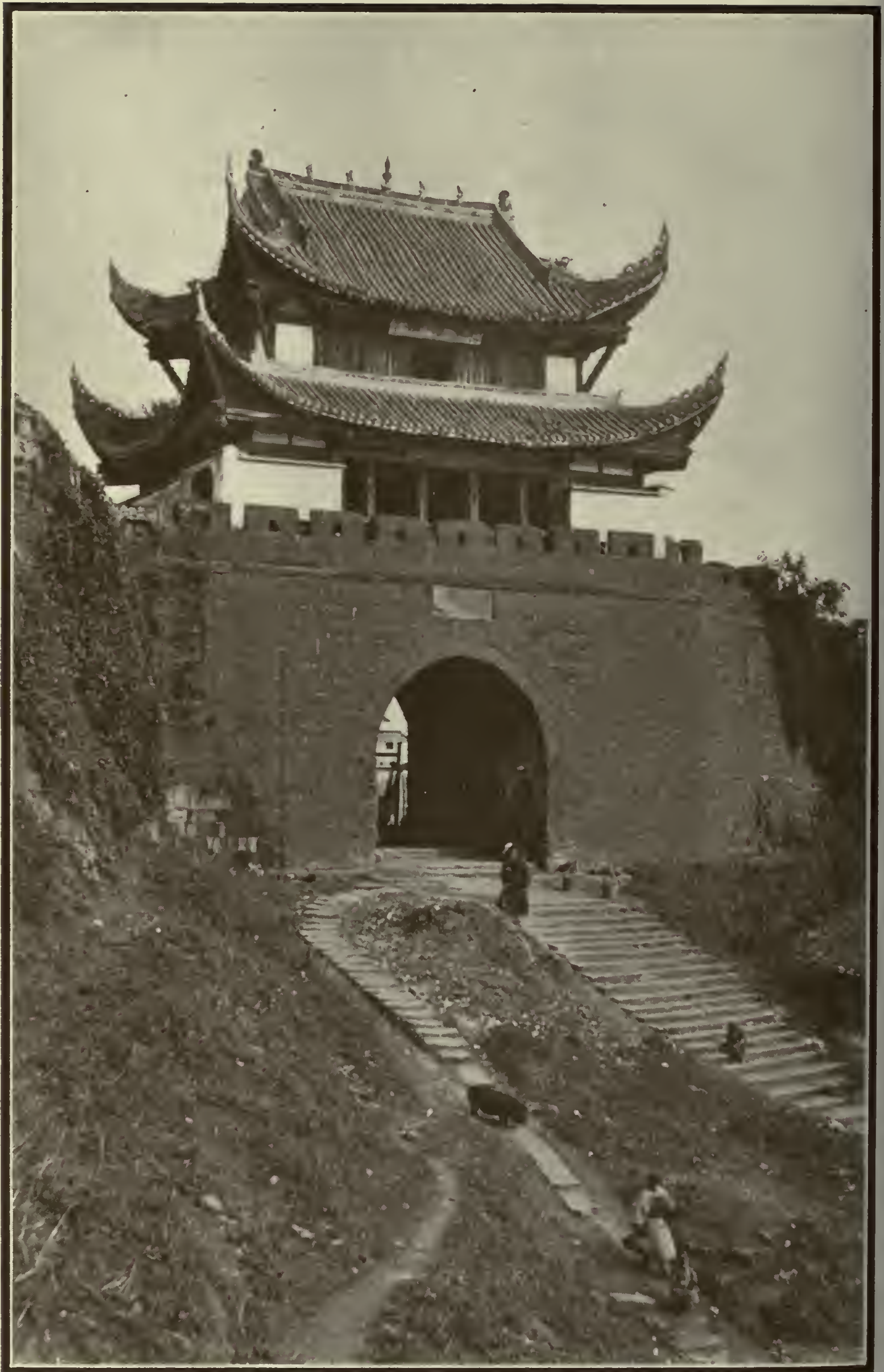
Buildings of the American Legation, Peking.

See page 209.



City gate Western China.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 BRET HARTE

VOL. LX San Francisco, September 1912 No. 3

LIFE IN CHINA DURING THE REVOLUTION

BY RODGER SPRAGUE

(Illustrated with Photos by the Author)

THE CITY of Yah Jo is located at a remote point, far in the west of China. In order to reach it, it would be necessary, after arriving on the eastern coast of Asia, to ascend the Yangtze, the great river of China. At first the stream is broad, sluggish and so vast as scarcely to be distinguished from the ocean. It narrows by degrees, and leads to populous cities—great commercial ports. If the river route were followed all of the way, it would be necessary to ascend the stream two thousand miles—stemming its current, battling its rapids, threading the dark and dangerous depths of its gorges.

For the first thousand miles, the way winds through the lowlands of China. Then the mountains rise before us, and it is necessary to plunge

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A Chinese temple.

Entrance to a guild hall.

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into the defile where the river has carved them to the core. Higher and higher rise the walls of rock on either hand, until they stand three and four thousand feet above the water. Gorge follows gorge, while between them, rapid succeeds rapid, until two hundred more miles have been overcome, and then we are in Western China—the most smiling, the most fertile, the most highly cultured part of the empire, the heart of China. Here the traveling is not so difficult, although many rapids still oppose all upward progress, until a point seventeen hundred miles from the sea has been reached, provided we measure according to the windings of the river. Three hundred miles to the north and west, Yah Jo stands on the banks of the river Yah. All steam navigation has long been left behind, and it is necessary for a traveler and his effects to be dragged up stream in a native boat by men walking along the bank, until a point is reached beyond which boats may not go, so tempestuous have the rapids become. The last stages of the journey are made by sedan chairs.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the isolation of that country. Perhaps I can do so best by means of an analogy. It will be necessary to seek the analogy in the pages of an English novelist. Some twenty-five years ago there was a writer whose works enjoyed an immense, though ephemeral, popularity. In those days his name was a household word, although it is doubtful to-day if the average novel reader of the younger generation would recognize it—H. Rider Haggard. In those days, Africa was still the Dark Continent, its interior but dimly known. One of the devices of this novelist was to represent the hero of his story as wandering far into Central Africa—into regions where no white man had ever penetrated—and discovering an unknown race. There they were, living entirely isolated from the rest of the world. In their isolation they had worked out a peculiar civilization of their own—barbarous enough in some

A typical Chinese gateway in a residence of distinction.

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Orange groves and rice fields splashing a Western Chinese landscape.

respects, but respectable enough in others. Western China is almost such a country. Hemmed in by mountains which divide it from the rest of China on the southwest and northeast, and bounded on the west by the immense Thibetan highland, it occupies an isolated triangular area, known as the Red Basin. It is on the extreme western edge of this basin, and at the commencement of the road leading into Thibet, that Yah Jo is located.

There, in this city, located on the farthest verge of what is known as Western China, remote, difficult of access, at the very foot of the immense Thibetan highland, tucked away in an almost unknown corner of the world, some American missionaries are living. There they remained during the recent revolution. Twice was the city besieged, once during the autumn of 1911, and again during the following winter. One of these Americans has sent home an account of his experiences, which is most interesting. He describes how the city gates were closed and barred on the first appearance of the revolutionaries, for—like all Chinese cities—Yah Jo is surrounded by a wall. As a rule, a Chinese city wall is stately and massive, lending a dignity, a tone, an impressiveness to the place which otherwise would be totally lacking. That around Yah Jo is comparatively low and insignificant—about fifteen feet high—but is still adequate for purposes of defense.

As soon as the gates were locked, account was taken of the stock of rice within the walls, which proved to be bountiful. The wildest kind of rumors were afloat. Shops were closed tight and the people were panic stricken. Many moved out of the city, being let down by ladders or ropes from the city wall.

A few days later a large contingent of soldiers arrived from Thibet, fight-

View on a branch of the River Yah.

ing their way through the revolutionaries, and the people took heart. The method of the besiegers was to camp around the city, cut off all communications, and use their spare time manufacturing ladders with which to climb over the wall. The regular soldiers within the walls would rush out, scatter the besiegers, steal or destroy their ladders, and then retire within the walls again. One of these engagements was quite a battle, hundreds of lives being lost, while the Americans, standing on the broad summit of the wall, beheld the spectacle from behind the shelter of the crenellated battlements. Two large, home-made cannons were captured from the besiegers, and brought into the city. These were made of oak trees, hollowed out and bound around with telegraph wire.

Finally the besiegers decamped without warning, going down the river. Two months later the revolutionaries re-appeared, renewed the siege, blew in the east gate by means of cannons, and took the city with trifling loss of life. During all this time, the Americans remained in the city, unmolested by either party, and only in danger from stray bullets, which sometimes whizzed into their homes. As two of them were M. D.'s, it is scarcely necessary to say that their services were in constant demand.

Nothing could be more mistaken than the idea which has been commonly current in the United States during the recent revolution that the lives and property of foreign residents in China were in danger. While there were isolated cases of attack and robbery—for the country was almost in a state of anarchy—the general feeling was most friendly, as is illustrated in almost every narrative sent in. A Presbyterian missionary has written a very explicit account of the mutiny of the troops in another city. These were imperial troops, commanded by General Chang Shun. One afternoon, during the General's absence to attend a conference with the revolutionaries, the soldiers broke loose.

As soon as the cry was raised, "It's the mutiny of Chang's troops," the rifles began to crack and the bullets to whiz. By the time the missionary had hurried home and had secreted a few valuables, the whole town was in a mad loot. The speed and accuracy with which the troops put their plans into execution was simply dumbfounding. Not only were the shops looted, but every rich man's house was spotted and looted. The home of the richest family in the city was only a few steps from the Presbyterian mission, the occupants of which had a perfect view of all that transpired. For half an hour a steady stream of soldiers poured into the gate and then poured out again, laden with silks, furs, quilts, silver, and even leading horses and mules. The booty was deposited in the west suburb, the soldiers returning for a second load, and by that time a living stream of the rabble was following in their wake.

As soon as this place had been looted clear, attention was turned to the business section. By midnight the shops were all done for, and during the remaining hours of the night families of any standing whatever were all included in the wreck.

At 3:30 a. m. a missionary had the unique experience of observing at close range the loot of a rich family whose front door was exactly opposite his. It must be remembered that a Chinese street is only about twelve feet wide. The missionary could have dropped a pebble on the heads of the soldiers who were trying to effect an entrance. They first tried the door, conversing in whispers all the time. They seemed averse to making any noise whatever, and rather than force the door, sent two men around to climb the back wall. The front gate was then thrown open, the soldiers swarmed in, and a sentry, as silent as a statue, was placed outside. Hardly

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Section of wall Chinese city, Shanghai.

The Pai Low, Chinese gateway.

a sound could be heard. They knew where to find what they wanted, and in a few minutes booty was being piled up in the street. After perhaps fifteen minutes, they all emerged, and each man had a large, neatly packed bundle as his share. By the light of their lanterns, their heavy pouches could be seen so loaded with coin that the straps were stretched. Not until they began to leave did they raise their voices above a whisper.

The one humorous feature of the disaster was the attempt of the looting soldiery to preserve order. Every soldier was imbued with the idea that the affair was by and for the soldiers alone, and any poor beggar who was caught with any spoil was mauled until he gave it up. It was a comical sight to see a soldier chasing a beggar who had not one-tenth of what the soldier had himself stolen.

By daylight most of the mutinous troops had either left the city and dispersed, or changed their gray uniforms and become plain, honest citizens. Not a hair of the missionaries' heads had been touched.

The following account of the mutiny of the troops in Chentu may prove interesting in this connection. It was written last winter by an Englishman who was an eye-witness of what he describes:

"The capital city of the West has been at the mercy of modern armed troops in mutiny, bands of brutal robbers from the mountains, and mobs of ne'er-do-wells in their wake. Fire

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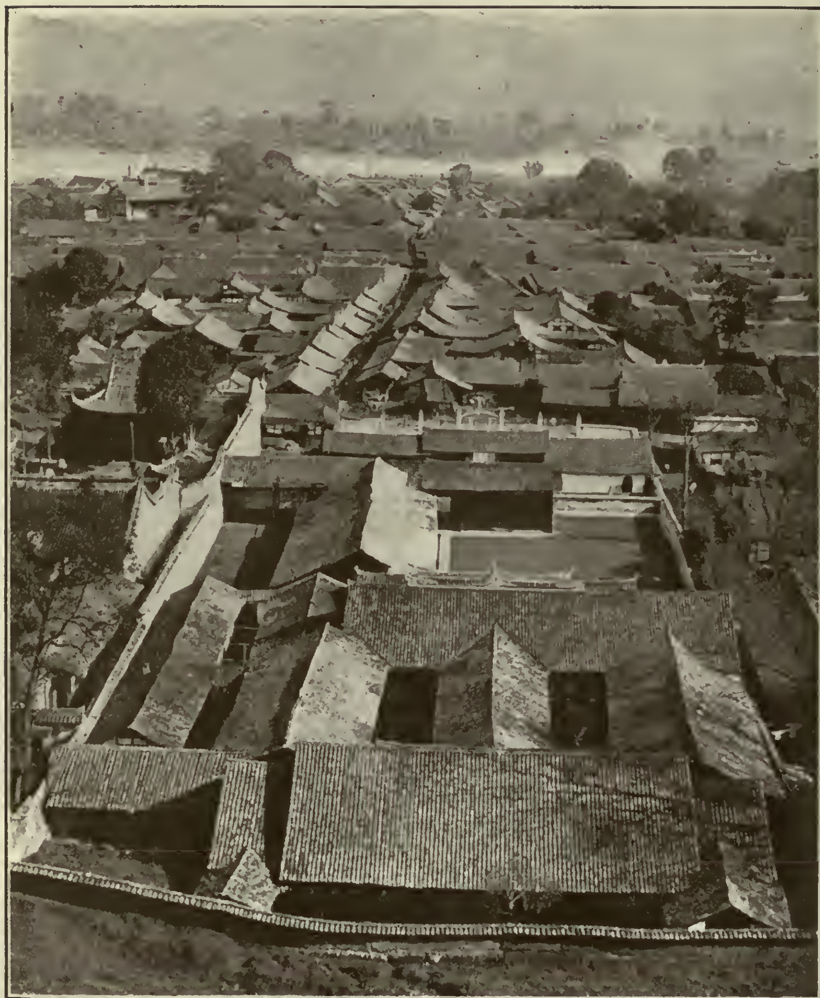

Bird's-eye view of Yah Jo.

and sword, plunder and pillage, have reigned supreme. On December 8th the new troops were fired on and fled from the East Parade, while the old troops wheeled and marched away in apparent order. Soon reports arrived from the center of the city. The Imperial Bank was first visited. 'The military government wants silver' was the laconic demand of the old troops as they marched in and made straight for the money vaults. There was no resistance. Word of the possible raid had, however, reached the authorities, and there was little silver found. A large bank across the way was less fortunate. Another squad reaching there looted it of several tens of thousands of dollars. Smaller banks were looted in quick succession. Next, the great Arcade, in the center of the city, filled with the wealthiest shops containing all varieties of foreign goods, was raided, smashed and pillaged. Then came the great east street with its line upon line of silk shops, the "fur streets," with their stacks of garments and robes, and all the most pro-

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A temple near Yah Jo.

gressive and wealthy business section of the capital.

"The soldiers began the work, but this was only the signal for the robber bands, which had been entering the capital for days. Added to these, a motley rabble of the riff-raff of the streets and suburbs scrambled and jostled and fought for loot. All along the streets one met men in blue cotton carrying away bundles of furs and silks of almost priceless value, or at the shop fronts one saw webs of cloth ripped up recklessly to provide a bag for the looted watches, clocks, bracelets, fans, knives, ornaments, satins, embroidery and scores of other imports, while costly lamps, vases and dishes fell crashing and disregarded in the general scramble. Crowds of onlookers, including the unfortunate shop-keepers themselves, and their clerks, thronged the streets, silent observers of the deluge of destruction."

No property belonging to foreign residents was taken.

Of course, as is well known, the country has quieted down since the occurrence of the above abnormal events. A few words regarding ordinary living conditions may not be out of place here. While it is true that railways are being built in China, and Western civilization is creeping into the larger centers, the country as a whole still seems incredibly primitive to an American. Throughout the interior conditions have changed very little from what they were when the Abbe Huc wrote his celebrated "Travels." This is especially true of the smaller cities of Western China. Perhaps I can best illustrate what life is like in those remote regions by referring to a set of pictures which appeared not long ago in one of our American illustrated journals.

The page was headed "In the Good Old Days," and the artist's idea was to compare life in the old Colonial times of one hundred and fifty years ago with what it is to-day. A tallow can-

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dle was pictured by the side of the electric incandescent bulb, with the statement that "The electric light was then unheard of." The next picture showed water being carried from the well by means of buckets suspended from a pole, to illustrate that "houses were not supplied with hot and cold water." Travel by sedan chair was pictured, showing one of the bearers stumbling and falling in the mud, for in those days "the taxicab was not even dreamed of." "Corporeal punishment was still in vogue" was the title of the next drawing. A view of the Mayflower illustrated "Trans-Atlantic travel," the record then being "three months." Above the statement that "the vestibule train was a thing of the future" was given a picture of a stage-coach, while a man galloping off on horseback was shown to illustrate that "we could not telephone for the doctor."

I suppose that the artist's idea was that the reader would enjoy a hearty laugh at the primitive ways which obtained in the old Colonial days, and would ask himself how it was possible for people to exist under such conditions. Well, those are the ways and customs which obtain in the interior of China, except as the conditions are still more primitive than those shown in the pictures. The Mayflower was quite awe-inspiring in comparison with the Chinese river junk; as for the stage coach, there is not a road in Western China over which one could travel. There, the principal beast of burden is man, although pack animals are also employed. Those pictures awoke in my mind many memories of life in Western China. Especially was this true of the one which showed the chair carrier slipping and falling in the mud.

In the course of this account I have tried to give an idea of the isolation of the interior of China, and of the immense difference between the life of the people of that country and that to which we are accustomed, because it is only when we view the events that

Memorial Arch on the road near Jah Ho.

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Manchu refugees, Nanking, supported by the Republican government.

take place there in their proper setting that we can appreciate them. The Chinese are still living under conditions that we have almost forgotten. Nevertheless, the empire is advancing rapidly. In spite of the crudities of the recent revolution, some of which I have tried to narrate, much good has resulted, and more will come. Transportation facilities are being improved, living conditions are being bettered, beggary is being swept away, education has been revolutionized, thousands of earnest men are at work trying to bring their country into line with the most favored nations. While the racial faults of the people—the innate tendency to look on public office as a private graft—tend to retard progress, the country has moved ahead. It may easily be that the Chinese of one hundred and fifty years hence will look back on the China of to-day as we regard the American colonies of one hundred and fifty years ago.

LIFE

BY DEWEY AUSTIN COBB

Only a shadow thrown from the night,
Out of the darkness into the light,
Never resting, ever in flight.

Chasing phantoms, both gay and brave—
Goals that a youthful fancy gave!
Eager but baffled from cradle to grave.

Only a shadow passing from view,
Out of the old life into the new;
Out of the false life into the true!

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CALIFORNIA BEARS A NOTABLE PART IN THE DRAMATIC SUCCESSES OF 1911-12

BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

AT THE VERY beginning of New York's 1911-12 dramatic season, certain discerning prophets cautiously scanned the horizon and triumphantly announced that they "heard the East a-callin'!!"

They did. Moreover, it continued to call, with such volume and resonance that, for a time, it looked as though the theatre-going public desired and intended to "heed nothin' else."

Perhaps this was because the aforesaid public had wearied somewhat of the type of drama relying for its chief attractions on a series of psychic soul-scourings; or, again, it may have resulted from the purely pictorial qualities combined in the "Garden of Allah's" production; for this was the first play to show how easily it was possible to follow the direct line of the Equator without once leaving the Great White Way.

California may be said to have been somewhat concerned in this event, as Mme. Navarro came from England to collaborate with Mr. Robert Hichens in the stage setting; and it is she who is still lovingly called "our own Mary Anderson," and to be reckoned a daughter of the Golden State—first, last and always?

It did not take long to prove that the "Garden of Allah" was going to be a record-breaker, not merely in scenic magnificence, but in that even more-to-be-desired item, box office receipts, for the first month, business averaged over three thousand dollars a performance, and during the whole length of the thirty continuous weeks at the Century Theatre (formerly the New Theatre) an average of over two thousand dollars was constantly maintained.

Next followed Mr. Otis Skinner's wonderful production of "Kismet," moving swiftly along the trail now clearly blazed toward the Orient; and here, again, California scored, in the work of two members of the cast, Miss Georgia Woodthorpe and Miss Merle Maddern, as well as in the wonderful dancing of Miss Violet Romer.

Already mention has been made in the Overland Monthly of Richard Watson Tully's play, "The Bird of Paradise," one of the most striking contributions to the season's dramatic successes; and just about the time when the Hawaiian romance was, as it were, settling into its stride, New York realized that it was to be the recipient of yet another thrill—and began to flock to see "Sumurun." This was described as a "wordless play in nine pictures," and previous to its New York opening, it was stamped with the cachet going with production at the Deutches Theatre in Berlin by that marvelous master of stage artifice, Max Reinhardt. With its two distinct yet deftly interwoven stories, it proved fascinating to a degree not to be imagined till it is actually witnessed, as San Franciscans will have an opportunity to do in the near future. Each of these fantastic narratives recalled, vaguely, half-forgotten lures of the "Arabian Nights," so strongly, in many cases, that the gazer actually seemed transported back to those delectable

Lord and Lady Beaconsfield in Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli," one of the leading big hits of the last New York season. Geo. Arliss as Benjamin Disraeli.

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days when childhood's innocence found innate beauty in what, at a later date, was discovered to be pure brutality.

And yet, after all, is it not a good thing to, occasionally, drift away from the present? Particularly when the separation visualizes itself in scenes of purest beauty, accompanied by the weird strains of Oriental music that are the only audible sounds to break the seemingly enchanted silence on the stage; and when the ever-moving, continually fluctuating decoration unrolled like a fairy tapestry in the weaving, did not even the most blase and hardened "theatre-trotter" achieve something strangely analogous to a brand-new sensation?

The not least remarkable feature of "Sumurun" was, indeed, catching the fleeting impressions, here and there, as the packed audiences slowly disentangled themselves from its spell and hied themselves (with reluctance, no doubt) back to the work-a-day world of every day.

"I know now what is the matter with my enjoyment at the opera," the writer heard a rather famous portrait painter declare to her escort as they made their way through the Casino foyer. "I've always wondered what it was—and now I know. It's the singing!"

Certainly a point of view sufficiently unique.

The production of "The Talker" gave California an opportunity to shine forth in unchallenged glory, for the leading man, Tully Marshall (own cousin, by the way, to Richard Watson Tully), and Lillian Albertson, leading woman, both called the Golden State their own; and as the writer of the play, Marion Fairfax, is Mrs. Marshall in private life, it may be that she, too, can be claimed as a Californian, by brevet, as it were.

Few plays even in a most discussion-producing season have created more stir than "Kindling," the work of Mr. Charles Kenyon of San Francisco. Certainly, heretofore, no drama has had the distinction of having every dramatic critic in New York City enrolled in a sort of league to promote its success.

"Green Stockings," which provided a charming comedy role for Miss Margaret Anglin, was among the early "drawing room" successes, as was Belasco's production, "The Woman." And, speaking of "the great David," it may be that some aspiring playwright has not heard the sad news that "The Belasco Play Reading Bureau" is abolished; and henceforth any MS. received will be returned not only unread but unopened.

"I have found actual peril in reading unsolicited manuscript," Mr. Belasco said, when asked about his reasons for this apparently drastic move. "In at least three instances in the past year I have been accused of appropriating ideas for use in a play of my own or some one else's. The notoriety these unknowns achieve by rushing to lawyers with their absurd contentions (which are never proved) is glory enough for them but annoying and expensive to me, so I have determined to quit."

Since Mr. Belasco further declared that "not one unsolicited manuscript in ten thousand is worth the time it takes to read," he probably is not losing such magnificent opportunities as a vast number of American near-dramatists are pleased to fancy.

New York City has become so certain of its right to be looked on as *the* producing center of this country that it probably received a shock when in the fall of last year (1911), the Windy City first placed the seal of its approbation on certain productions that, later, not only demonstrated Chicago's good judgment, but, furthermore, forced New York to admit that the judgment had been good!

"Disraeli" was one of these, that delightful portrayal of the "mid-Victorian manner," with George Arliss in the title role and which furnished him with one of the most remarkable opportunities in his whole remarkable career. So was "Bunty Pulls the Strings," another picture of the mid-Victorian era,

Scene from Margaret Anglin's new comedy, "Green Stockings."

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The big scene from "The Rose of Panama," as produced at Daly's Theatre, New York.

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Scene representing the famous palm garden near the oasis of Biskra in the Sahara Desert, as staged in "The Garden of Allah." The European travelers are having their fortunes told by an Arab sand diviner.

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this time from a Scottish viewpoint. Likewise "The Return of Peter Grimm," giving to David Warfield what his admirers enthusiastically termed a "true Warfield part"—all these numbering among the dramatic treats San Francisco looks forward to witnessing in the near future.

Probably no one feature of this Dickens centenary year will be remembered longer than "Oliver Twist," with Nat Goodwin as "Fagin," ("Yes, sure I'm a Californian," Mr. Goodwin always says; "don't I live there whenever I can?")—a masterly interpretation that added something even to his laurels. Marie Doro played "Oliver"—she whom many of her California friends love to call "little Marie Doro," remembering her in the days when she first appeared in her home city (San Francisco) in "The Runaway Girl." It is a very far cry from the dancing, jingling merriment of that delicious musical comedy to the soul-searing realism of her impersonation of "Oliver." Yet it shows how far Miss Doro's art has carried her.

Winthrop Ames' theatrical enterprise. so alluringly christened "The Little Theatre," opened its doors with "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy. It is the sort of a playhouse that women term "a regular duck of a place," and (perchance to live up to such a reputation) the management serves, between the acts, tea in the afternoon and coffee in the evening—and all for nothing. It sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it?

In the early nineties—in the fall of 1892, to be strictly accurate—Hoyt's farce, "A Trip to Chinatown," literally swept New York off its play-going feet; and now, after all these years, here it is again, bobbing up serenely, not changed at all—even to the loss of one whit of its popularity. Nor is this revival without interest to San Franciscans, for is not the lively "Trip" planned in the famous "Old Poodle Dog?"

Very well does this most fetching farce stand its transportation to another century; almost as well as do those immortal comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, the revival of which has been one of the marked features during the late spring and early summer season in New York. A feature, thanks to the masterly energy of William A. Brady, which San Francisco has been permitted to share, since it was his thoughtfulness for the city he loves so well that suggested the bringing of the all-star cast straight to the Pacific Coast, and thus enabling San Francisco to partake of New York's delight, not only at the work of the favorite players in roles well suited to them, but, also, to the delightfully captivating operas themselves!

DISDAIN

BY ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM

I will not grieve because he went
  And did not say good-bye.
'Tis time for tears when Youth is spent,
  And *she who cares* may cry.

Why should I mourn when other
  Loves full eager crave his place?
And yet, oh, Mary Mother—
  Let me once more see his face!

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FOUR WOMEN AND A DONKEY

BY JANE GAY DODGE

(With photographs by the author.)

GOING into the Valley? Aren't you lucky! I've never been, for all I was born in California. But I'm going some day. Stay a week? Well, I suppose you can see about all you want to in that time, but I always thought I'd wait until I could afford to have a real good taste of the place, and feel I knew the Yosemite."

Did you ever hear a man, or a girl, either, for that matter, lay this congratulatory regret on the pile of rubble for his far-off building of castles in New Spain? Perhaps it is you, yourself, who have watched the moss creep over that useless stone pile. Then you may like to hear how that animal so famous in the annals of adventure in Old Spain and Provence, patient beast of the mountains, the donkey, still lives in these hills, and how a Burr-rr-rr-o, with a good Mexican "r," will lead you, or, rather, follow you, man or maiden errant, up the trails of the Merced to the loftiest and most substantial castles in the whole world.

We had not packed the deck of cards that gave us a hand of "four queens and a jack"—it was a chance deal of Fate which we all objected to at the outset. But I must tell you about our outfit before we added Billy. First of all, the provisions for four persons for four weeks went into the Valley by freight as far as El Portal, and from there were hauled as directed to "the store," where they remained under the guardianship of that generous minded purveyor, Mr. Salter, until two of us arrived to choose and pitch camp. Even if you pretend to cut into trade by bringing in your own provisions and outfit, you are bound to rely at some point upon the good offices of "Salter's." One of our advance guard had been camping in the Valley last year "on her own," so she had little trouble in choosing a camp site, the best in the Valley, as she asserts after two seasons, and registering with the "First Minister" to the "Autocrat of all the Valley." The outfit, which belongs to our senior officers, went in with them as baggage.

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A pioneer sentry by the wayside.

To have arrived at the possession of this outfit and a model list of provisions is the result of successive summers spent in the mountains of California. Some day you may see it printed, if one of the popular magazines which like to go into the "cost of living itemized" knows a good thing when it is visible. The provisions which we brought in cost just $20, and we added very little to that while we were in camp, except the cost of butter and fresh bread, the latter a kind of self-denying luxury, as it was not in the same class for deliciousness with the biscuit and bran muffins made by our boss cook!

By the time the junior members of the company arrived, camp was in full swing, with the small tent to protect the provisions set up under a black oak, the camp stove mellowing the bark of a cotton-wood by the creek, and the army cots arranged under the sky. Tables and chairs rented from Mr. Salter were luxuries of our Valley quarters, too.

Adventures had begun at once, and our captain was introduced to us by a new title: "Diana Sminthia," for is not Apollo the Mouse-god, and the totem must be in the family. From the very first night all the wood mice in the neighborhood came to lay their children at the feet of this divinity: the provision box, if left open for a minute, neatly folded clothes of civilization, but most sacred place of all—the inmost folds of the captain's sleeping blankets themselves—every nook over which the goddess's special rule presided, served as a place of refuge and comfort. When it came to her bed, and the little ugly pink bed-fellows, Sminthia, able to cope with any four-footed beast of the chase bigger than she, was almost ready to disclaim her sacred totem. How the family shook with laughter in the night watches to see our sturdy captain plunge head foremost into her sleeping bag with an electric bull's-eye to search for comfort-loving mice mothers!

After we had eaten and slept away

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the wearinesses of the winter, and had taken all the Valley trails, had fought with the shadows and shouts of tourist gangs for a sight of Mirror Lake at sunrise, we longed to be up and off to the untrodden heights where the snow still lingered. So we calmly set the day when we should move camp to Glacier Point. Sminthia went to order our pack mules, but she came back with a long face: not a pack animal would the stables send out when they were driving such a furious tourist trade. "You're in the Valley for some weeks. Think of all these people who come from the East and from Europe who couldn't see the falls if they couldn't get animals to ride!" It seemed as if loyal Californians ought to be silenced by that; but it was discouraging and even subdued for a moment our assurance of succeeding with plans, "Dux femina facta." In a little while, however, Dux Femina recovered her spirits, and bade the captain try the powers of importunity; so three times a day she and Johanna planned to go cheerfully to the obdurate stable-keeper and ask the same old question as if for the first time. The second trip out, as they were crossing the nearest meadow, Johanna lifted her eyes to a coveted sight: a man picketing a "private" donkey. As with one accord the two made straight across the meadow.

"Excuse me, but is this your animal?"

"Yes," answered the blue-eyed Swiss.

"Would you rent him for a trip of a day or two?"

"No, I couldn't do that very well."

"Why not? We want an animal so very much." Then we both talked very fast at once. But the prospector, who had come in from his claim on a blacksmithing job for the government, was more eager to sell than to break the law by renting without a license.

"What'll you take for him?" demanded Sminthia.

"T'irty-five for de whole outfit. I paid de government twenty for de jack las' fall, and de kyacks are new—see for yoursel's jus' over here."

Captain Sminthia put on her most keen air of connoisseurship, and we

We braced hard, and tugged on the ropes with all our strength.

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tested and shook our heads at the price which we said (and knew) was steep. We tried in vain to convince the Swiss that one never sold at the cost price goods which one had used a whole year.

"Oh, but I pay for feed for 'im all de spring," and that was all we could get out of him.

"Well, we'll consult the rest of our party," and off we went back to camp.

"Let's buy him. Oh, do, dear Dux!" teased Sminthia, all her bargaining air suddenly disappearing. "I want to own a donkey."

"But is there feed yet up above? We can never pack enough if there is no grass!" objected suspicious Johanna.

"You're always a wet blanket!"

"Let's ask the Autocrat—he'll know!" soothed the Beanstalk, whose outlook upon life is always that of peaceful upper regions.

Once again we consulted the Prime Minister of the Autocrat, who was rather discouraging. Then we went once more to the stables, not to implore this time, but with a superior air of merely asking information about feed in the mountain meadows. There wasn't any, that was all we could gather. We even took our courage in our hands and stopped a very famous lady, who had already been in the high altitudes, what she thought about the practicability of trips with Billy. She could scarcely wait to answer, but we judged that she thought us crazy. Finally Dux Femina said wih finality:

"You know, we haven't really asked the Autocrat himself! Let us go to him in person."

"You go yourself, then; don't look at me!" retorted Sminthia. "I'm willing to buy Billy on my own responsibility, but I won't ask another question at the office, or indeed, of another man."

But as the Autocrat came to us, she asked him all the same. Next morning Johanna went out to forage for wood, and there on the trail just behind our tent, he came riding by in all his grandeur, and of course Johanna had to lay the family quandary before him. The Autocrat alone was encouraging about feed, and all the rest, except the price of Billy; and encouraged thus at headquarters, we bought Billy—at his owner's price.

Just to be sure that the captain's memory of cinches and hitches was good, we bargained that Billy's previous owner should come and see us pack the first time. He came and brought one feed of barley for Billy in case we did not find the Eagle Peak meadows. No blanket to keep the saddle from chafing appeared with the outfit.

"Ve alvays use our bedding!"

Once more we gave in, and drew lots for the comforter which we should hereafter dedicate to Billy's comfort.

Off they soon started, Billy and the captain, for they two were thereafter usually far in the lead. When we had been searching to hear if Billy had any faults, the Swiss had replied: "No, he's all right. He might try to run the trail mit you, dat's all."

He and the captain had it out together not many turns up the Eagle Peak trail that morning. Billy found out that his new mistress was game, and she sat down to wait for the rest of us and get her breath, that was all. All day long we had no adventures. One of us stayed by Billy at noon to see that he did not long too eagerly and well for a roll. Our humiliation came at the end of our trail, in a spot chosen by Billy, for he made camp that first day. The captain and Johanna had gone on ahead in search of those retreating meadows, and when they came back, there in the midst of a snow bank stood Billy, his pack clung to by the valiant Beanstalk, and Dux supporting Billy's head, lest he run. The captain's grin was bad enough—but who should emerge from the woods at that moment but the famous lady and her party of mountain climbers. As the two sufferers, knee-deep in snow, surrendered to the captain her stomach-untying knots, the famous lady, half way down the trail, murmured: "It's a warm day for a walk!"

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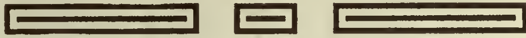

Grand Sentinel, Yosemite Valley.

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So we pitched camp in the midst of snow banks and laughed to think that it was not *our* cinch that slipped. And what is more, ours never did.

With this short trip as a trial, we set out the following week for Wawona, making it in two days from our main camp in the Valley. By the time we got there everybody knew "The four women and a donkey," and we knew everybody's comment upon us. We made a collection of remarks, which ranged from that of the lady in layers of veils who stared a long time before she exclaimed: "Why, it's a donkey! Isn't he sweet!" to that of one suffering dusty stage passenger who said with feeling in his voice: "That's the only way to travel!"

We had already learned Billy's aversion to water; no cat could be daintier of her feet. As all the streams had to be forded, we had several bouts at persuasion. At the end of our first day's tramp, just before we crossed Avalanche Creek, the captain sat down to invent a new way of inducing Billy to cross. Dux Femina was on the farther side of the foaming torrent, offering varied but unheard advice. Suddenly Billy reversed his predilections, or perhaps wished to get the agony over. Next that Dux in front and Johanna behind saw, was a very much surprised Sminthia splashing deep at Billy's heels, who was rapidly and firmly fording Avalanche Creek without regard to convenient stepping stones for Sminthia!

In spite of warnings that we should "be eaten by bears," we saw nothing more than their tracks in the dust of the road. At our loneliest and loveliest camp, on a western slope looking out from under huge yellow pines over the multitudinous ridges that lead out to the San Joaquin, we thought we might have an adventure, but all we did was to enjoy a perfect night of sleep in our blankets on the ground. To be sure, Dux Femina said the night was too beautiful to sleep, with the two great planets, each guarding one horizon until the light of the old but insistent moon came up to put out the latest lingerer. We saw more than deer tracks, however: one handsome buck stood for his picture in broad sunshine in the middle of the road, so long that only a stupid Johanna would have been capable of missing him. But her kodak was not loaded. Then later we all saw two does come one evening to get salt from one of their kindly friends, the guide made famous in Mr. Smeaton-Chase's book. Mr. Bodie was as hospitable to us as to the deer. We camped near him on our homeward trip one night, and ate of his beans cooked with a ham-bone, such as it takes "a higher education of forty years" to know how to concoct, as he said with some complaisance. He also promised to teach us some new hitches in the morning when we packed up to go. He did his part with energy, but the captain said it was no use for her to pay attention with her eyes, the only memory she had was in her fingers; and as we did not have time that morning for her to throw the Diamond and the Squaw hitch under Mr. Bodie's directions, watching him was only a diversion, not a lesson. Johanna had a secret hope that her eyes might remember, and she practiced all the way home with a shoe-string and the field-glasses, trying to tie them to a donkey shaped stick. She professes even yet to have the thing almost! Though we tramped that day with pride in a better looking pack, we were fain to return again to the double hitch which we had originally learned.

She took a great pride in her pack—but the donkey always wore a scornful expression.

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The pack well set and the party under full swing, with the only doubter at end of the rope.

We practiced division of labor in packing. Dux Femina and the Beanstalk planned the provisions for the day, then Dux packed the kyacks, and each one in camp hefted them to test their balance; Johanna and the Beanstalk put them on after the captain had saddled Billy; then came the bedding which had been folded usually by the captain and Johanna; next was the most important step of all for which we were each at her post: Dux Femina holding Billy's rope, the Beanstalk ready to throw the block, the captain to catch it, and Johanna in the exact middle to the rear to say when all was exactly balanced.

After we got back to the Valley and were ready to come out, we had to sell Billy. It quite broke our hearts to part with him. We hoped that two other women who had heard of our happy trip would buy him, but they did not appear immediately, and we made a bargain with some young fellows who were going into the high Sierras, and did not want to go out of the Valley to that oft-quoted place where "You can get a burro for a song." Sminthia said she should like so much to learn that tune. Our bargain was not quite so good as Grizzly Jack's, but the captain did it very well, and we were all quite satisfied when we came to check up accounts on our month in the Yosemite. Johanna had once been in the Valley for ten days in the conventional manner, and leaving out of account the railway expenses going and coming, which were the same both times, she found that her share of the month's vacation cost just half what she had paid for the ten days before. She went to the Big Trees both years, and her share in the cost of Billy was set over against the coaching trip—money on one side and dust and a glimpse of the giants, and on the other all the fun in the world and a sense of leisure. "Some blisters, too," says one truthful member of the party, but that confession is drowned by two voices, that of the victim herself, who shouts: "Oh, but with a *sufficient* supply of adhesive plaster even blisters don't matter!" and the scornful dictum of the captain: "If you buy the right kind of boots—not at a shoe store, but a sporting goods house—you won't have blisters."

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A TRIP THROUGH THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY

BY R. A. DOUB

A FEW YEARS ago a small party of us of San Francisco decided to spend our summer vacation in "The Bret Harte Country."

So one afternoon in the middle of July found us on the train bound for Stockton. One can leave the city in the morning and arrive in Calaveras County that night, but it is well worth while to stay over at Stockton for the night and following morning. Stockton is a delightful city, full of beautiful little parks and attractive homes. We left there at 1:30 p. m. the following afternoon, and a few hours later our train was climbing the Sierra foothills, our coach having been switched onto the Sierra Railway at Oakdale.

Nowhere else in California does one see more reminders of the early days than in Calaveras and Tuolumne Counties. The once populous towns, now almost deserted; the washed-out mountain sides where hydraulic mining has been carried on, at once bring to mind the days of '49.

We were first reminded of this shortly after leaving Cooperstown, when Table Mountain came into sight. What reader of Bret Harte has not heard of Table Mountain?

At Jamestown we changed cars for Angels. Here was waiting for us a mixed train made up of three box-cars and two passenger coaches, and drawn by an engine of the geared type, a Shay. The coaches are of ordinary width, but only about one-half as long as regular coaches. This is made necessary on account of the number of curves in the nineteen miles between Jamestown and Angels.

We found this part of our trip very interesting. Shortly after leaving Jamestown we began to climb Table Mountain, and passing over it we came to a stop at Tuttletown, a place which claims both Bret Harte and Mark Twain as former residents. Soon after we left there we entered the first switch-back which ended at Melones, in the bottom of a canyon on the Stanislaus River. From here the track crosses the river by means of a large steel bridge and ascends the other side of the canyon on a second switch-back.

When our train reached the summit of this side of the canyon a magnificent view was spread out before us. Here the bank dropped from the railroad almost perpendicularly, and hundreds of feet below flowed the river, looking like a silver thread. This spot is called "Gee Whiz Point," which we considered a very appropriate name. As this part of the railroad follows the famous Mother Lode, we were continually passing mines.

At Angels we found the stage waiting to take us to Murphy's, our destination for that night, a distance of seven miles. It was then about 6:30 p. m. The evening was all that one could wish for, the moon being at its full. Between Angels and Murphy's we passed through two famous old mining towns, Vallicita and Douglas Flat, full of reminders of early days, but now peaceful hamlets.

We arrived at Murphy's at 9:30 p. m., and put up at Mitchler's Hotel. This we found to be a very comfortable place to stop at, remarkably so for a mountain town hotel.

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The building is almost fire-proof, every partition being of stone. We retired very early that night, as it was necessary for us to be up and about at 5 a. m., the time when our stage would leave for the Big Trees.

The fifteen mile trip in the cool mountain atmosphere the next morning was certainly delightful. We arrived at the Trees about 11 o'clock, and spent the remainder of the day in resting. Immediately after breakfast the next morning we started on a tour of inspection through this wonderful region of trees.

The Calaveras group of big trees consists of two groves. The one at the hotel is known as the "Calaveras," and the other six miles south as the "South Park." These two groves contain 1380 trees from sixty-five to one hundred and four feet in circumference and from three hundred to three hundred and sixty-five feet in height. One prostrate tree, "The Father of the Forest," is said to have been, when standing, about four hundred and thirty-five feet tall. We walked through the hollow trunk of this tree, and could have climbed out through a knot-hole. Another tree has been cut down and smoothed off, making a dancing-floor twenty-five feet in diameter. In the "Tree of Refuge" sixteen head of cattle once sought shelter during a storm. All the important trees are named after well-known men.

During our stay at the Trees we took many interesting trips. One to the North Fork of the Stanislaus was particularly so. The trail starts a short distance from the hotel and leads up over a divide. From the summit of this, a magnificent view was spread out before us. In all directions rose the forest covered mountains. Directly eastward, the snow-capped peaks of the High Sierras could be seen, two of them, "The Dardanelles," towering above all. Keeping on down the trail and through Squaw Hollow, we soon reached the river. It is crossed here by a wooden bridge, and it was from this point that we saw one of the most beautiful river scenes imaginable. The green water sweeping around a bend, came rushing apparently without any noise, until it struck the boulders almost directly beneath us. Over these it rushed, becoming a mass of foam and roaring so that we found it necessary to shout in order to make ourselves heard. On each side of the banks rose the mountains covered with timber, and along the water's edge grew azaleas. Trout fishing is excellent all through this vicinity, Beaver Creek, a little farther south of the Stanislaus, being a particularly good trout stream.

We left the Trees the next day at 2 p. m., and a few hours later reached Murphy's. Here we stayed for several days, and became acquainted with many fine people. Some of them seem to be very much attached to this part of the State, as they never leave it. One old lady we spoke to had not been in San Francisco since she came around the Horn in 1850. Most of the old men seem to be living in the past, and never tire of speaking of events that happened in '52 or '68, and so forth.

By climbing one afternoon to an elevation of about twenty-eight hundred feet, we were afforded a view of a large portion of the foothill country. Directly in front of us to the westward lay the towns of Angels, Vallicita, Douglas Flat and Murphy's. Farther back rose Bear Mountain, where it is said a notorious outlaw once had his hiding place. On a clear day, from where we were standing, Mt. Diablo on the other side of the San Joaquin Valley may be easily seen.

Murphy's chief attraction is its cave. It is called Mercer's Cave, named after its discoverer. It is situated about a mile and a quarter on the road leading to Sheep Ranch. One moonlight night during our stay we hired a guide and set out for the Cave. An admission fee of seventy-five cents is charged. All visitors are requested to register. We found the entrance to the Cave to be covered by a wooden trap-door and entering to be some-

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what like going into the hold of a ship, the steps being perpendicular.

The first room we entered was the Gothic Chamber, two hundred and one feet long and sixty feet in length. Millions of stalactites hung all about us. The effect with the light of the electric lights was most beautiful, and made one think that he had entered Aladdin's Cave. Leaving the Gothic Chamber, and still descending, we passed many wonderful formations, among them being the "Fairy Grotto;" the "Diamond Cascade," which looks like a frozen waterfall of diamonds; "Angels' Wings," two sheets so thin as to be translucent; "The Flower Garden" and "The Grotto." The Grotto is the lowest point in the Cave, being three hundred and sixty-two feet from the starting point and one hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular depth below the surface. We next passed through the "Chrystal Chamber," and through a passage so narrow that it is named "Fat Man's Misery." This leads to "The Dome," an apartment almost circular in shape. This is the last point of interest. From here we passed out by another exit to the surface, all feeling that we had seen a great marvel of Nature's work, one worth going many miles to see. During the entire trip through we had felt no depression, the air being very pure, and good drinking water obtainable about half-way down.

A few mornings later we left Murphy's, and on arriving in San Francisco we felt that we had been through one of the most beautiful and interesting sections of California.

THE PROOF

BY IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

You came before me, clad in white,
The gathering twilight fell,
Bespreading with a purple light
The spotless snow that sparkled white
O'er field, and path, and dell.

"You never died, dear Love," I cried,
"You've answered to my call."
Then slowly did your hand unclose,
And I beheld the one white rose
I'd placed beneath your pall.

I held you closely to my heart;
Though never word you spoke,
I'm sure the spark of love still burned,
For all my kisses were returned,
'Till, weeping, I awoke.

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THE OLD HIBISCUS WREATH

Translated from the French of Pierre Loti

BY LUCILE RAY

HOW MANY poor things, carefully arranged, wrapped and classified, are lying upon the shelves of the deep cupboard hidden by Oriental silks and armor, in the most obscure corner of my dwelling! Opening this ossuary necessitates, in an ever-present discouraging dusk, removing a divan and many weapons, so it remains closed and forgotten throughout seasons and even years, and the poor little things, which are the accumulated souvenirs of my first naval campaigns, continue to exist in darkness and silence.

Nothing there can be less than twenty-five years old; this is the depot of the most ancient relics of my wandering life; relics of a period passed among Pacific isles, in Chile, and afterward on the sands of Senegal, from 1872 until my arrival in the Orient, and my initiation into Islam.

In boxes of metal, of cardboard, or of exotic wood carved for my use long ago by the sailors—in humble boxes precious to me from having sailed the seas with me in the delicious days of my poverty and my youth—flowers of Polynesia are sleeping, wreaths are crumbling which have adorned the hair of Tahitians for nocturnal fetes by the glimmer of the Southern stars.

There also may be found knots of satin, dainty bookmarks embroidered with mottoes, locks of brown or blonde hair fastened with pink favors; souvenirs of young girls of Valparaiso or Lima, whom I remember lithe and pale, hiding behind long lashes the play of their black eyes—and who may well be young grandmothers to-day, beautiful still, no doubt, despite the sly work of time, but assuredly metamorphosed, if only by the changes of modes and coiffures. Who can tell what my impression might be, on meeting them again? Who knows, after so many years, if I should still be interested in the pretty enigma of their eyes?

And the poor little relics, dead and mummified in dust, have kept always the power of awakening in me memories of life and youth—of recalling especially the white strands, the clouds and breezes of the Pacific.

Oh, a certain necklace of hibiscus flowers tied with strips of reed—what images it evokes when it reappears to me! Only at intervals of long years do I raise its little faded cover, for I should be afraid, were it too often opened, of letting evaporate its charm, and the vague atmosphere of that region, which it still keeps. As soon as I look upon it, far-away Polynesia returns to penetrate my soul with its mystery, its grand mystery of solitude and shadow, which I vainly sought to interpret in one of my early books. Wind and clouds, a wind strong, regular, eternal, as though it were the breath of the world—the southern trade wind, driving the billows of an immense ocean toward islands girdled with snowy coral; the whiteness of strands beaten by roaring surges, encircling a chaos of mountains and darkly silent forests, where are gathered and confined the clouds swept by that trade wind over the desert of waters. All this comes back to me, and still other things—the swinging gait of bare-footed girls; the amber of their flesh, the shy, sad caress of their eyes; then their evening songs under the tall, slender palm-trees which rustle at the slightest breath from the sea. Many other things come back, inexpressible things, when I lcok at the poor wreath of withered hibiscus flow-

ers, which, as the years pass, deposits at the bottom of its box a fine layer of dust.

It came to me, this wreath, from a young girl, met but once, on a solitary seashore, and ardently loved for an hour, while there blew upon our breasts a breeze humid and warm, as though saturated with life. I recall how white that shore became in the encroaching darkness; the coral, crumbling there for centuries, made upon it a snowy carpet which rustled lightly under our feet. The place unfolded infinite lines about us in the dusk of evening; it had the mighty unity of a scene of primitive epochs, and the ocean encircled it with a sovereign curve. On the water's surface still gleamed in places the last reflections of the dying sun, and against a curtain of clouds which shadowed all the base of the sky, the ocean's horizon was visible in wan light. Back of the white beach, upon a gray soil, commenced a dark colonnade of cocoas—the trees of the seashore in these Polynesian archipelagoes. Their verdure, their boquets of green plumes, grew so high that when walking we saw but their ash-colored trunks, too long and slender, it seemed, to support in the air all those palms; nothing but clusters of trunks, a forest of giant trunks bending in the sea wind like frightful reeds, making us seem altogether small and negligible beneath the movement of things immense.

The beauty of the young girl, met unexpectedly amid this solitude and drawn near me by chance, was shining savagely under her contracted brows, in her fearless, candid eyes. Like streams of black lava her straight hair fell down her sides; she had an unconscious, exquisite grace of motion, with an absolute perfection of form; all the original human splendor which the people of these isles have conserved. And glowing red against the clear bronze of her bare throat, I saw the wreath of hibiscus flowers, rising and falling to the rhythm of a fresh and superb life.

Twilight and gloom, the terrible or desolate aspects of the scene, combined to unite us the more closely—children that we were, children lost and alone amid surroundings so grim and wild. The dread of darkness, the magnificent horror of the place, aroused in us that need which every soul has for another soul, and—on a plane more humble, but, alas, as human—that desire which every body feels for another body, sweet to caress and clasp, to elude the anguish of feeling itself alone before the mystery of impassive things. While Nature there showed herself indifferent and threatening, we exchanged, we two, with all our hearts, in one spontaneous outburst, that almost childlike tenderness which, in the very young, mingles with love's animality an indescribable something infinitely kind and fraternal. In that tenderness there was, if one may so call it, a little of the universal pity which draws together men or animals in hours of indefinable anguish.

When the moment of parting came, night had almost fallen—the night which, in Polynesian imagination, brings beneath the great palms a fearsome promenade of tattooed phantoms with blue faces. Still beyond, to the farthest rim of the sea, shone pale gleams which made the waters less dark than the veiled sky. In memory I see it yet, after so many years, the weird light which persisted on the horizon that evening.

She, before taking flight, removed her wreath of hibiscus blossoms to place it about my neck; then, abruptly advancing, stood close, close, gazing at me, her brow almost against mine, her eyes shining into mine, wide and restless. In the strangeness of her smile afterward I felt between us, despite the tenderness exchanged, an abyss of incomprehension, as between two beings of different species, forever incapable of understanding one another.

The next day we were to have met again at the same hour, but a sudden storm raged, a deluge of rain was falling: she was not at the rendezvous.

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And on the following morning our frigate quitted the island, never to return.

I felt for several days an inexplicable sadness and a tender longing to see her—such as one feels sometimes for women met and loved in dreams, whom there is no hope of finding again—since they do not exist. For me, she seemed quite as impossible to recover as the vision of a dream, for I had then no means, poor little midshipman that I was, of bringing back a vessel to Oceania. Between us two, without doubt, something more had sprung up than the desire of our young flesh, else I should not have had this long heartache, and should no more remember.

But it is, above all, that gaze, the interrogation of that last gaze so close to mine—it is that which has engraved in my memory the hour and the place, all the sublime twilight scene, and the pale circle of the horizon.

And now, the evocation ended, I put it away, for years perhaps, the humble wreath in its humble box. It is, moreover, an evocation already confused, requiring at this time an effort of will to obtain it, for it vanishes more and more quickly, that moment so furtive, in Time's swift, infinite flight—the moment when these few sprays of discolored chaff were living flowers of crimson resting on that innocent, bare bosom. The throat so young and beautiful—what is it to-day and what are those great, questioning eyes?

And who knows into what hands it will fall, to be crushed and tossed among rubbish, and in what dust it will end, this garland which should long ago have returned to the soil of Oceania, but which my fancy persists in keeping in a quasi-existence, withered and fragile as the existence of mummies?

THE ETERNAL QUEST

BY WARREN McCULLOCH

Why? 'Twas a dew-drop whisper;
The daisy raised her head—
Ere the meadow heard the answer,
Profaned a careless tread.

Why? rang the fragile blue-bell.
As pondered the sturdy oak,
Who fain would tell the story,
Came a jagged lightning stroke.

Why? from the shaded forest.
The mountain, in stolid glee,
Was about to impart its harmony
When chided by the sea.

Why? the ocean questioned—
And the stars, from the azure height,
Were twinkling the great secret,
When the sun flashed on his light.

Then Time sent forth a courier,
For aeons, through the sky,
Vague as the dream of Eternity,
Came back the echo: Why!

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THE WEBFOOT

BY ROUBAIX L'ABRIE-RICHEY

And some bear home the spoils of wars,
And some bear home the fame;
(Play taps, taps, taps),
And some there be who carry the scars
That they won in the fighting game;
(Play taps, taps, taps),
And some sleep on in the cold, dim dawn
'Neath the eyes of the paling stars.
(Play taps.)

IT WAS MAY! The sun was shining in the clear sky of morning, but the blue was daubed with white clouds which lifted their silvery heads above the horizon. The earth was growing warm, and the warmth raised the last of April's dampness from the slimy streets and boulevards. In the gutters the sparrows were quarreling over straws. In the shops and in the houses men and women, and even children, were struggling for money. In the cemeteries the lizards came out and sunned themselves upon the gravestones. The young grass grew; flowers and weeds sprang up in the untrodden places, and the squirrels chattered in the trees. The parks were full of idle and of miserable people who had come forth to drink in the gladness of spring.

About the doors of the cheap saloons and in the open squares near the shops the striking railway employees and their sympathizers had begun to congregate to hurl bitter invectives at the soldiery, and brickbats at the already shattered windows, and so renew the struggle of the previous day. This was in the years before the army adopted the tan, and blue-coated soldiers, singly or in groups, dotted the broad, cinder-covered expanse of the railroad yards. They were weary from the night's vigil and were impatiently walking to and fro, or clicking their rifles or sitting upon the fragments of some demolished box cars with their guns between their knees, waiting to be relieved. The morning sun streaming down turned their brass buttons to gold, and streaked their dark weapons with silver lines.

This same sunlight filtered down through the dingy windows and fell upon the puffy red face of the commanding officer as he sat asleep in his chair in an office in the freight depot which was being utilized as headquarters for the regiment. His cap had fallen from his head, and lay on the dusty floor behind him, revealing his shortly cropped, grisly, reddish hair, and the little, round, shiny spot about the size of a half dollar which had begun to show upon his crown. Slightly obese, he breathed heavily, and his breath, escaping through his mouth, shot out his stubby mustache and filled his round, rubicund cheeks, which curved upward from a deeply dented chin. The strong light awakened him, and he opened his gray, Scotch eyes, which would have seemed large had not the pads of fat above the lids rolled over them, making them appear keen and narrow. He awoke with a dull headache. He had dined out the previous evening, and had returned at a very late hour. Yawning and stretching himself, he gazed at the cobwebbed ceiling before arising from his chair, and going and bending over his desk, which was littered with papers, and, like the whole room, was in great disorder.

He helped himself to a liberal draught of whiskey from a bottle

which he took out of a drawer, together with a tin cup, from which he drank. These were barely replaced when he heard a knock at the door. "Come in!" he cried, hoarsely.

The sergeant entered. His subordinate was a tall, bony, elderly man, who closed the door behind him and saluted with those stiff, jerky movements peculiar to military men, and which remind one of puppets or mechanical toys.

"What have you to report?" asked the commanding officer.

"All quiet, at present. I reported to Lieutenant Kelvins before your return last evening. The rioters had set fire to some ties in the outer yards. My men put it out at once. No further trouble."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir: only a big mob has gathered by the park, on the other side, where we had the trouble yesterday. They're a desperate crowd."

"Well, tell Captain Verdin to give 'em hell if they start anything. Not to relieve anybody from duty. To double the guard over by the park and around the oil cars. And—see that these despatches are sent immediately."

The commanding officer seated himself once more in the creaking chair, and for a quarter of an hour the sergeant stood by and heard the scratching of the pen over the paper. At the end of that time he turned and handed his subordinate three or four sealed envelopes. The man took them, saluted, and started to go.

"Another moment," said his superior hastily. "I must send a card to my wife," he mumbled, half to himself, and picking up a postal card, scribbled a few words upon it. "Drop this in the nearest letter box," he said.

This time the sergeant saluted and departed.

After he was gone, the officer sat for a while with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, puffing the smoke of a black cigar into the stuffy air of the room. Finally he partially unbuttoned his muchly-braided coat and drew forth a package done up neatly in white tissue paper. This he laid upon the soiled blotter of the desk and untied the blue ribbon which bound it. It contained the photograph of a ravishingly beautiful woman of about twenty-five years. Her hair, which showed light in the picture, must have been golden. The features were quite regular and pleasing, save for the mouth, which wore an indescribable hardness of expression. Placing the photograph upright against some books, the man studied the face for a long time.

It was at this woman's house that the commanding officer had spent the previous evening, and for this reason he had fallen asleep in his chair early in the morning, only to awaken with a headache from having imbibed slightly too much champagne. Now he glanced at his watch. It was growing late. He kissed the picture, rewrapped it very carefully in the white tissue paper, and again placed it in his pocket. During the ensuing hour he wrote, and at the end of that time several sealed envelopes lay beside him on the desk; took out the old pen from the holder, and replaced it with a new one; got some more paper from a drawer and was about to recommence his writing when the door opened and a private entered.

"A despatch from Captain Verdin," he said, saluting awkwardly.

This common soldier who had just entered was a big man, overtopping his superior by more than half a head. Also, he was young. Perhaps he was twenty-one or two, but his shoulders were broad and his muscles hard, and he had a mouth which was rather firmly set. He might have been a youthful giant, inspiring terror in those about him, except that his big brown eyes betrayed his gentleness. He was an Oregonian, a rare case of a Westerner who had drifted into the barrack life of the Eastern States. His comrades called him "The Webfoot." Having been enlisted but two months, he was known to the officers of the regiment as a "raw recruit."

The commanding officer read the despatch. "I must go at once," he said excitedly, "but I must send this note. Can you carry it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a recruit, are you not?"

"Yes, sir—from Oregon."

"Well, you look it. Never carried a despatch before, I suppose. No matter: you'll do for this well enough," the officer went on saying half to himself. "You'll have to go down through that bunch of thugs. Not afraid, are you?" he asked, sneeringly.

"No, sir," the recruit replied, quietly.

This officer was fond of humiliating his inferiors, and never missed a chance to tyrannize over the newly enlisted. Perhaps this had not at first arisen from any badness of heart, but he had cherished it as a necessary to discipline, and had fallen into this habit, which became more chronic with his years. This is the vulgar mistake of those in petty authority. He wrote a few lines on the paper which he had just prepared, and having sealed it satisfactorily, handed it to the private, saying: "You will be responsible for its delivery with your life." And then, being moved by the man's quiet manner, added in a more kindly tone of voice, "You will find a horse in the freight sheds."

The commander emerging from his office a little later, saw the recruit riding across the yards in the direction of the square.

The name of this recruit was Clarke Morrison. This was the first despatch that he had ever carried, and being an infantryman, it was the first time he had ridden in uniform. He felt very proud and held himself very straight upon his mount. Evidently Fate and Chance had been very kind to him that a circumstance should arise to permit him to fulfill his present mission. Amidst all this strife and turmoil; amidst all this war of brother upon brother, the joy of spring penetrated his heart as he rode along. He heard the birds singing, saw the first swallows cutting the clear atmosphere with swift wings, and caught the odor of the damp earth under the sun. It brought back the memory of the plowed fields which border the Tualatin and the flowers which bloom there. It brought back, too, the memory of a little, yellow-haired girl with freckles on her nose who had walked with him on the red Yamhill slopes which bend down to the Willamette. It was there that they had told their love and he had confided his longing to become a soldier. There, even as children, they had walked with bare feet in the wet grass when the first warmth of the year was touching the hills with green and they had heard the larks singing in the nearby meadows.

In those days the blue of a uniform had been more dazzling and the brass buttons had been brighter, and he had not known that all of army life is not to stand on dress parade nor to go away to foreign shores to vanquish strange and distant foes amid the blare of bugles and the roll of drums. He had little liking for war between men of the same mother, but he resolved to be brave and true. The lightness of the May lifted his soul, and he so forgot his dignity for a moment as to break into a merry whistle.

He had reached the park and passed the outer guards. Great crowds of people had gathered there beneath the trees; gaunt, worn, illy-clad women, disheveled men and puny, starved children. In all his life he thought that he had not seen so much restless misery. He turned down a side street bordered with cheap, garish houses, now falling into decay. At a turning of the street an angry crowd was applauding a speaker who was haranguing them from the shoulders of his comrades. The people, this insane mass of humanity, blocked the way. The recruit hesitated. It was here that the soldiers and the mob had met on the previous afternoon, when the latter had left several of their number on the pavement. Now the soldier rode among them alone.

An old fruit woman, evidently

crazed with grief, rushed out from her booth toward this horseman in blue, crying: "A soldier, a soldier—they killed my son!"

Several great, bare-throated men pressed toward him with anger written on their swarthy, sun-burned faces. This sea of humanity closed up and around the recruit, and his horse, barring him from advance or retreat. For the first time the Oregonian felt the fear of the multitude gripping his heart, but he set his teeth hard. The windows of the squalid buildings opened above him, and women screamed down profane abuse and urged the crowd to violence. One of the men took hold of the horse's rein.

Clarke Morrison looked at this man with his big brown eyes. The man standing before him was big like himself, young like himself, and like himself, his eyes were brown. They might have been brothers. For a moment they gazed steadily at one another. "Let loose of my horse," said the recruit firmly, but without anger.

The other, who was evidently a leader among these people, replied: "Hand over the despatches and you can go!"

The mob became as silent as carven images in order to hear what these two were saying. Greek had met Greek.

"I represent the United States," said the soldier; "let go of my bridle." The other's hand was slipping from the leather strap when a missile, hurled probably from a neighboring window, struck the rider upon the head. A gash was cut in his forehead. The blood ran down about his eyebrows and streaked his left cheek.

At the sight of this blood the mob became wild. Cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" rent the soft spring air. Ferocious eyes gleamed in the sunlight; white teeth, red open mouths and pitiless, upturned faces, spread out in an undulating ocean about him. They were like tigers scenting the first odor of gore. The rider reached toward the holster in the saddle. It was empty. These waves of beings suddenly threw themselves upon him with the fury of vengeance. The young fellow at his horse's head sprang toward him.

The soldier drew his bayonet and brought it down with terrible force. The workman's head opened like a ripe melon. The doom of the recruit was sealed; he would never gaze upon the Oregon ranges again, nor hear the singing of the morning birds, nor walk again in those meadows when the dew was on the grass. But he resolved to make them buy his young life dearly. His weapon was bathed in red, but he was overwhelmed with numbers.

They tore him from his horse. They rent his clothes from his body and broke his strong young limbs. Could the lass with the yellow hair and the freckles on her nose have seen him then, she would not have recognized her lover in that mass of lifeless, bleeding human flesh.

Down the street the police and his comrades were rushing to his rescue, but too late. From an inner pocket of the soldier's coat a thoughtful switchman drew forth the despatch. Inside the big white envelope, now spotted with blood, he found a smaller, daintier envelope, addressed to a woman. He tore it open in haste as he ran. It was signed with the commanding officer's name, and read:

"My dearest—A million kisses. I think of you always."

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STATE'S EVIDENCE

BY EDITH VAN ALLEN REDWINE

QUEER THING, this State's evidence proposition, isn't it? You know scientists claim that that phase of mind goes in waves, like the waves of crime; that it's contagious like the spirit that animates a lynch mob."

The traveling man turned and regarded his companion speculatively, as if inviting comment upon the confession of the MacNamara brothers, which had blazed forth in huge headlines in all the evening papers a few days previous.

Outdoors the rain fell in torrents, making the brightly lighted lobby of the "Argonaut," with its numerous roaring fireplaces, seem even cozier and more cheerful than usual.

Just then one of the double doors was blown open by a gust of wind, and the 'bus driver's voice was heard proclaiming:

"Hotel Argonaut! The Winchester next stop."

Without replying to his friend's tentative remark, the old doctor rose abruptly and hurried to the entrance, as if in response to the 'bus driver's peremptory summons. He was met at the door by a lone passenger, followed by the driver, burdened with baggage.

Returning to his friend's surprised gaze, Dr. Stone explained somewhat sheepishly: "This 'bus brings passengers from the N. W. Pacific from as far north as Eureka. All the old Round Valleyans know I live here, and when they come to San Francisco, they come here to stay and talk over early days with me. After the rainy season sets in in earnest up there, there is not much they can do for awhile, and just before Christmas some of the 'boys' generally come down for 'a time.' None of them have arrived as yet, but I look for them on every train.

"But about that State's evidence idea! You know I roughed it a good deal in my youth, and when I was doctor on the Round Valley Indian Reservation, saw a good deal of the seamy side of frontier life. I've helped to patch up a good many dangerous wounds, saved more than one 'bad man' for the hangman's noose, and what chiefly impressed me, as I look back on those days, was the amount a man could actually see and hear, without being put on the witness stand."

Pausing abruptly to relight his pipe, he stooped to the bed of coals in the fireplace, tamped the tobacco down carefully with his forefinger, drew a meditative puff or two, and went on: "This MacNamara case has undoubtedly stirred up the country more than anything that has happened for years. You remember that when McManigal turned State's evidence there was nothing but curses and execrations for him; even his wife turned against him, and now, when the real criminals, the brains of the conspiracy, confess, McManigal's statement is corroborated at every turn.

"I knew a somewhat similar chain of circumstances once, up in Mendocino County. Since you've never been there, I'll explain the lay of the country a bit to elucidate my story. Round Valley takes its name from its form—perfectly round and surrounded by high mountains. Between Round Valley and the Sacramento side of the mountains lies a wild, thinly settled country, heavily timbered, and but little traveled. In early days when 'free grass' was a reality and gov-

ernment land to be had for the asking, men originally possessed of small bands of cattle speedily increased their herds by 'rustling.' Stock belonging to the Sacramento settlers disappeared in a night, and with changed brands and cut over ear marks, made their appearance on the Mendocino ranges. Similarly, Mendocino County cattle worked their way over precipitous trails and ridges, and found a ready market on the Sacramento side. Those were wild days, and the boldest rustlers, most daring riders and surest shots prospered the fastest.

"But, like all practiced criminals, the bunch I have in mind became finally too open and careless, and were caught redhanded in the act of transferring some six hundred sheep from the Eden Valley ranges to pastures unknown.

"The trial was held in the old red brick court house at Ukiah. Witnesses were subpoenaed from all over the country, and spectators—why, the place couldn't hold them all. The defendants, of course, were disarmed, but they were the only ones. A man wore his gun in those days as naturally as he wore his hat, and could have dispensed with his tooth brush far more easily.

"I think there were eight men held to answer for the sheep stealing, but I remember the names of only three—Simonin and the two Gaudens boys. Simonin, or 'Cinnamon,' as he was called, was a Canadian, a 'squaw man,' and was, for some reason, looked upon with suspicion by the rest of the gang —only the two Gaudens boys were friendly, and that because they were in love with his girl.

"She was there at the trial, too—dark, piquant and slender, as these half-breeds are: she looked more like some of her old French 'voyageur' ancestors than the Digger squaw she really was. She was a natural coquette, too.

"Summoned by the defense as a witness, in a desperate effort to prove an alibi for the younger Gaudens; at least she seemed utterly unconcerned at the gravity of her lovers' situation, but sat idly twisting a red ribbon in and out of her fingers, and casting occasional mischievous, impartial glances at the prisoners. Old 'Cinnamon' was obviously uneasy. His long, yellow face seemed to grow momentarily thinner and sallower, and he swallowed convulsively at intervals. The younger Gaudens sat close to Laurence, his eyes fixed on him imploringly, Laurence's hand clutched tightly in both his own.

"Like the other five, Laurence faced the crowded court room with imperturbability. He ran over the countenances of his mates with satisfaction. They were all safe—their game was played, and they were 'standing pat.' No lawyer would make much out of them, but 'Cinnamon'—would he, could he be trusted?

"The answer came soon. Court was called and the clerk droned through the reading of the formal charges. When his voice died away, the scraping of a wooden chair was heard, and old 'Cinnamon' stumbled unsteadily to his feet.

"The evidence was all in on both sides, after a bitterly contested trial, and it only remained for the judge to pronounce sentence.

"Court procedure was less rigid in those days than it is now, and leaning forward, in tones that would tempt confidence from a tombstone, old Judge Weatherly said persuasively: "Did you wish to say something, Mr. Simonin?"

"In a dazed manner old 'Cinnamon' quavered out: 'Your Honor, I wish to turn State's evidence.' Here his wandering gaze was caught by the stern look of Laurence Gaudens. Jumping hastily to his feet, Gaudens cried: 'Your Honor, may I speak?' The Judge, nonplussed, murmured something about Simonin not being through. Gaudens looked old 'Cinnamon' blackly in the eyes, and said, curtly: 'He *is* through, Your Honor.' Passing around the low railing which separated the prisoners from the audience, Gaudens reached a large, old-fashioned

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water bucket, and took down the dipper that hung beside it. He filled it carefully, and carrying it so as not to spill a drop, he went straight to Simonin's side: 'Have a drink—you might choke,' he said. 'Cinnamon' drank greedily, and handed the dipper back with a queer appealing look at Gaudens, who flung up his head and looked at them all in proud defiance. 'Your Honor,' he began, 'my friend here is an old man, and sometimes gets confused. These men are innocent. I alone am guilty, and ask only that I may be sentenced as speedily as possible.'

"It was as brave a thing as I ever saw done. There were his 'pals' all going to go free; the traitor who would have betrayed him, and his brother; there was his girl, or his brother's girl, he didn't know which, all spared sorrow by his self-sacrifice, and he to bear the brunt of it all."

The doctor stopped abruptly, and busied himself poking the fire. "Well," demanded his friend, after a pause of more than ordinary length, "what did they give him? San Quentin, I suppose?"

"Eleven years was what he got, and that, with good conduct, credits and his heroic conduct during a fire at the prison, got him pardoned out at nine.

"The rest all came free. His confession absolved them, and the prosecution could not prove that they knew the sheep were stolen. They were merely hired to drive the sheep from a point on the old government trail, *they* said, and the State couldn't prove the contrary."—

"What became of Gaudens finally? Well, when he got out, he naturally struck out for the Valley. There was where his folks lived, but the old woman was dead and the old man was childish—and the brother, well, he'd married the 'Cinnamon' girl, and Laurence never knew it.

"Rode right in on them, but he rode out again very soon, and came on down to the 'Palm' to set up the drinks for the boys. They all crowded around and seemed glad to see him, and talked about the weather and everything but what was uppermost in their minds, until one, that was a little bigger fool than the rest, said: 'Seen 'Cinnamon' yet, Gaudens?' His eyes snapped, but he answered quietly: 'No, but I must hunt him up before I leave for the hills.'

"He stayed awhile and visited with the boys. He seemed pathetically glad to get home, but finally left, saying he had to get up early, and promised to meet us all next day.

"His road lay straight down the Valley, but he turned off at the old 'Soldier Quarters' where Simonin lived alone since his Mahala died.

"Next day the posse tracked his horse to 'Cinnamon's' front gate, and figured that he must have called the old man out and shot him. Then he rode on over to the Sacramento side, and kept on going until he got to Nevada. He's there still, and doing well."

"But didn't the authorities take it up?"

"Well, the Sheriff did come up from Ukiah, four days later, but it had rained and the tracks were so muddled up you couldn't tell one from another. Public sentiment was pretty strong against State's evidence, anyway."

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A LETTER AND A LIFE

BY NELLIE F. JOLLY

"YOU MUST write to her, Tom," Amarett was saying. "Please send a letter right away. Surely your mother will not refuse forgiveness."

"I know it would seem so, Amarett. But think how I left the old home three years ago."

"And would you wrong her still more deeply by letting her wait another day, Tom?"

A small hand rested on the young man's arm. It was trembling now, and his brown eyes looked wistfully into the sweet, up-turned face.

"No, Amarett," came the resolute reply, "and if you'll help me I will write to-night. The stage will stop here to-morrow, and mother will have the letter next week. It seems as though my happiness would be complete if I knew that mother still loved and forgave. But the boys are coming with the teams and I must be off." And Tom left his sweetheart by the river bridge.

The winter was passing. A dismal winter it had been in the lumber camp where thirty men had worked and wished the days away. Tom Sherwood had been busier than any of the rest. He could hardly understand himself—how he had changed from the wild, reckless way to the sober, industrious life. It had been the old, sad story with Tom, of parents misunderstanding the strong, wilful nature—a stern father, a weak, fond mother, harsh words, tears, anger—and the boy had gone out from the old home into the great West, "where he would have room to do as he pleased." And Tom found room for the wild, free life. Then came dark days and—the lumber camp.

He was always a fortunate fellow, and was dubbed by the boys "Tom Luck." Everybody liked him, too, but no one knew his history, and of all the past not a word ever escaped his lips. In fact there were a good many secrets hidden away in Black Valley. Only to Amarett had he confided the whole truth. And this time the boys were almost jealous of Tom's luck, for Amarett was the contractor's daughter. And, oh, how her love had changed him, and for once, too, he was understood!

So the letter was written and sent away on its mission of reconciliation.

*   *   *   *

It had been raining hard, one of those March rains that chill and choke. Black Valley had never seen a blacker night, and the earth was like a great sponge beneath the feet. It was a dreary time, too, for work had been suspended, and even the usual pastimes were unthought of. Tom was sick—very sick. For several days he had lain battling with the terrible fever that seemed determined to conquer its strong, young victim. Dr. Satterlee had hardly left the sick room. The doctor was soft-voiced, kind-hearted, but silent as the grave.

Though Tom had every comfort he grew steadily worse. Even Amarett's hand and voice could not stay the fever. She was pale and weary as she went to the window and looked out upon the deepening shadows as they closed over the sky that seemed to send her nothing but rain. She could see the men scattered about in groups, talking in hushed voices. She turned and sat by the sufferer, taking Tom's burning hands between her moist palms. For two days he had called for his mother and begged for her forgiveness. To-night he was asking for

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the letter that must come in answer to his.

"Surely it was time the letter came," he said, "and surely mother would send just a word to say she had forgiven."

And so the fever burned and wasted through the long night, and to Amarett it seemed it had almost run its course. At last the doctor prevailed upon her to rest, and she was soon tossing in a troubled sleep—trying to carry a letter to Tom and never able to reach him—and waking only to realize her helplessness. She lay for awhile in deep thought. If there was only some one to send to Arson for the mail! It was fifteen miles, and for two weeks the stage had been unable to make the trip. The steady downpour had swollen the creeks until they appeared to be rivers. Not a man in the camp would undertake the ride. But Tom's mother must surely have written.

Rising, she passed to the door. The sun suddenly shone out with dazzling brightness on the great ponds of water. Dr. Satterlee joined her, and watched for a moment the pale, resolute face.

"Amarett, I've done my best for Tom. There will be a change before another twenty-four hours pass. I think it will come about midnight." Then he added in a husky voice: "I only wish we had the letter he is asking for and could give it to him when he wakes."

Together they returned to the sick room. It was eleven o'clock. The sufferer was still moaning of mother and the letter. The girl bent over the couch for one long moment, then went quietly to her room. In a few moments she reappeared. Going directly to the stables, she took from a peg a strong, new saddle and fastened it securely upon her waiting horse.

"Do you think we can make this awful ride, Lady? We must, Lady," she said. "We must bring Tom the letter or he will die!"

Some strong cord and a tin box were placed in the saddle bag. Amarett led her horse out and called her young brother.

"Willis, if I am not here by six o'clock, give this to Dr. Satterlee," and she handed him a sealed envelope.

"Amarett, you don't mean——" But she kissed him hastily, sprang to the saddle, and Lady galloped down the valley road.

For two miles across the clearing the way was quite passable; then came the Marmeton River. It was swollen from bank to bank; the current was swift, and pieces of fallen timber were floating down. Amarett shuddered as Lady's feet bounded over the rude bridge, for it shook badly. A little way on, and they disappeared in the woods, where but a narrow road had been cut. Here Lady was obliged to pick her way along as best she could, sometimes galloping as they reached a knoll, then plowing bravely through the ponds, and avoiding gullies and washouts.

Amarett scarcely noticed things as she passed. Suddenly Lady gave a start, then almost stopped. There was nothing to be seen but a few smoking coals by a large stone.

"Some tramp's fire," she thought, and with an encouraging word to Lady pushed on.

The wind rose and it began to rain, but the girl's thoughts were back in the sick room. And if the letter should fail to be at the office! A sickening fear almost overcame her.

The afternoon wore rapidly away. The road had never seemed so long before, though she had been over it many times. At last she emerged from the woods, and after a short gallop plunged into the ford. Amarett had always enjoyed this, but to-day her tired horse struggled, and the cold water chilled. But Lady was game, and soon they were dashing along the last two miles toward Arson.

The girl's unusual appearance as she dismounted at the office caused no little surprise on the part of the bystanders, and as she asked for the mail the postmaster stared at her in utter amazement. "You're a brave girl, all right, Amarett. Here are several for your father, one for Tom Sherwood,

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and one for Dr. Satterlee. They have been waiting several days."

Amarett secured them in the tin box. A moment more and she was in the saddle.

"Wait till morning, Amarett. I'm afraid you can't make the trip to-night," urged the postmaster.

"No, I must go. My horse is strong and I'm not afraid." And she was off while the anxious old man watched her out of sight.

"We must make the most of the clearing, Lady, for it's going to be dark early to-night. Oh, be strong and carry me home to Tom before he wakes!"

She leaned forward and patted the horse's neck. Lady quickened her pace, and in a very short time they were crossing the ford. The water was rising. It was hard to keep Lady's head up stream. But soon they were climbing the steep, slippery bank on the other side. Just then a rift in the clouds let through a last gleam from the setting sun, and Amarett lifted her heart heavenward. To be overtaken by night in the dense forest, alone and unprotected—the thought was terrible.

Night came on steadily, and the cold rain seemed pitiless. Amarett hoped and wept alternately, as she realized her perilous position, and that perhaps the message would be too late. The darkness was intense, and only the dimmest outline of the tree-tops was discernible. Slowly the miles between them and camp grew less. They passed a landmark by which Amarett knew they were but a short distance from the clearing, when Lady stopped short, then sprang to one side, almost unseating her rider. A dark form snatched at the bridle rein.

The frightened girl loosened the rein, and Lady bounded forward, at the same time striking down the assailant. Curses and shouts warned Amarett that she was pursued. The horse soon gained on her, for Lady was wearing out. They dashed out of the woods, and the form of horse and rider were relieved against the horizon. One more effort and Lady gained the bridge. It shook threateningly, but in a few bounds they were safely across.

How she rode those last two miles Amarett never knew; but she dimly recalled being carried into the cottage, that her father sobbed, and Dr. Satterlee said she had come just in time.

And Tom awoke. "Has the letter come?"

"Yes, Tom, it's right here. And it's all right, too, my boy, for your mother forgives and wants you to bring Amarett home with you," the doctor said.

And Tom closed his eyes and repeated the word with his old, usual strength: "Forgiven!"

FINALITY

BY GRACE E. DOUD

A wearied heart the pulse grown slow and faint
With the futile longings of empty years;
And a soul resigned to love's denial
With its dreary weight of unshed tears.

The voice of youth's vain calling,
A dirge in the barren boughs,
And the light of life's fair promise,
A settled gloom on aching brows.

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THE "WHY" OF TRUE SUCCESS

BY ESTELLE APPLETON

ISABEL IRVING sat upon what she had come to call the "anxious seat" in the outer office, holding her trembling hands very tight together. The boy who had taken her card to the editor of "The Scribbler" seemed to be tarrying a long time. Did it bode good, she wondered, or ill? Was it possible that a check was being made out—or were they merely searching for her manuscript, and presently, would the boy appear carrying a long envelope? When he did return, she gave a gasp of relief, for his hands were empty.

"Mr. Hartwell will see you," he told Miss Irving, holding open the door leading to the editor's office.

Mr. Hartwell greeted the girl pleasantly, and motioned to a chair beside his desk. In a second her anxious eyes detected her own manuscript lying before him.

"I really wish we could use this, Miss Irving," he began, "for it is a very interesting article; but it is a trifle out of our line, besides being too long. I see, too, that you have no pictures."

"I think I told you I feared I could not get the pictures just yet," Isabel answered; somewhat to her own surprise her voice was almost as steady as usual—it didn't even quiver. "Would you take it if the pictures were to be had?"

He shook his head dissentingly. "As I said, it is really too long for us, though it is a good article as it stands, and, for that reason, I wouldn't advise you to cut it. See here, Miss Irving, what I really wanted to see you for was to ask why you don't write fiction? I am certain it is your real line, rather than work of this sort," tapping the manuscript he held in his hand. "You know, good fiction always has a market, and a far wider one than special articles, such as you have been doing. Here I am, probably only one of many editors in the same plight, at my very wits' end to get clever, readable stories, good enough to pay good prices for, though not necessarily works of genius; just stories dealing with real people, and not with puppets. I want them realistic, but not sensational; natural, and, therefore, to the highest degree dramatic—for, in the last analysis, nothing is so dramatic as real life. In short, good, human stories, told in a human way. Why not try it? I am convinced it is more your kind of thing than this." He thrust the rejected contribution in an envelope and held it out to her.

"It never has seemed to me that fiction was in my line," Isabel answered. This time her voice sounded hard and strained in her own ears, from the constraint she was putting on herself. ("I must not cry here," she whispered, inwardly, "though it is very hard not to do it—when I'm so disappointed.")

"Well, I think it is," the editor asserted decidedly. "If I did not, I certainly should not take ten minutes on one of my very busy days to impress my conviction on you. You take my advice and let me see the result." He held out his hand as she rose. "I'm sorry we could not use this article, but better luck next time," and he smiled a kind farewell.

Miss Irving stumbled a little in the dark hall leading to the elevator. There was an odd sort of film before her eyes, and her mind seemed, for the moment, a blank slate, wiped clean by dread. What was she going to say to her landlady who, but that morning, had said in a tone of finality:

"I *must* have some money to-day, Miss Irving."

"So must I," Isabel reflected, dolefully. "I have—let me see, just fifteen cents, and that, apparently, must provide me with food for an indefinite period. Oh, dear, why did I count so on selling this article?" She crumpled it into her bag with a vicious

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jerk. "It only makes it so much worse, now that I haven't. What—*what*—am I going to do?"

The sunshiny glitter of Fifth avenue's swiftly moving throngs did not seem to afford any solution for such a problem. Mechanically the girl turned her steps homeward, for suddenly, the crisp air had in it a bitter chill.

"Now, let me be sensible," she admonished herself, when she had climbed the four long flights of stairs leading to her attic room. "What can I do? Here I am in a strange city, without money—without any friends to whom I can go for help, and in momentary dread of being put out, for, Heavens! I owe Mrs. Stillman *twenty dollars!* And I'm told to 'write fiction." She gave a dreary little laugh, ending in a sob. "Fiction about—what was it Mr. Hartwell said? 'Real people;' 'natural, dramatic but not sensational.' At this very moment I verily believe I could write an epic of tragedy—only it surely wouldn't sell."

She rested her tired head on her hand. Suddenly it was lifted, and her eyes shone bright with the joy of an inspiration.

"I wonder—I wonder if *I could?*" she murmured. "Anyhow, I'm going to try," and reaching for a pad and pencil, she began to write.

An hour passed and then two others—yet she wrote on. The sun gave a parting beam, as if to encourage her, before he slipped down behind the tall houses, leaving the tiny room chilly and dark, so dark that Isabel had to pause, momentarily, to light the flickering gas jet; then she wrote again, totally oblivious to mere bodily discomfort.

For it was her own story she was transcribing. The story of her inborn ambition to write, her ceaseless endeavors, her infrequent little successes—the mere memory of which only served to intensify the bitterness of the present. It was a story but too pitifully frequent, yet, in some way, as she wrote it, it became a graphic, vital presentation of something that was near to being a tragedy. Each character in this little drama of the commonplace, stood out, clear and distinct, from its sombre background of "what might be," touched with the wand of true life. They were all there, the employers from whom she could not obtain employment; those who had put her off with ungracious refusals or kind futilities; and there, too, like a sinister shadow, was the landlady, whose demand for the money it was so impossible to give, had seemed to Isabel like the culminating point of all her wretchedness.

When the last page was finished, her fingers were numb with cold and fatigue. Outside the window night had drawn a black velvet curtain over the sky, fastened, here and there, with gold stars. Aching with a weariness so great as to make her forget the pangs of hunger, Isabel crept into bed and fell asleep.

It was very early when she awoke the next morning. A curious sense that something unpleasant had occurred was the first thing that presented itself to her mind, and she lay, for a few moments, collecting her thoughts. Slowly it all came back; the manuscript which had cost her so much thought and pains, on which, too, she had built such bright hopes, was rejected, and the editor of "The Scribbler" had told her "to write fiction."

"Probably it will seem like fiction—and that of the worst sort, by the bright light of day," she muttered, scrambling out of bed and catching up the sheets she had written the night before. Standing close to the high window, she read it—first with a curious terror, then with an equally curious and, somehow, quite impersonal amazement.

"Why, it's good!" she almost cried aloud, in her exultation. "Even if I did write it myself, it's good. Now, how shall I ever be able to get it typed!"

She dressed rapidly, her mind searching busily for an answer to this problem; but none came, and putting the manuscript in her handbag, she crept softly down the long flights of

stairs, deeply grateful that Nemesis, taking for the moment her landlady's shape, had not barred her exit.

The tiny restaurant where she was wont to breakfast was near, and on her way there, her mind still ceaselessly pursued visions, possible and impossible, for reducing her work to typewriting.

"Oh, joy! I've got it!" unconsciously Miss Irving spoke aloud, causing the waitress who, at that moment, was placing before her the modest order of coffee and rolls to jump so violently that she almost upset the tray.

It was nearly two in the afternoon of this same day when Isabel, now very weary, indeed, again sought "The Scribbler's" editor.

"Will you say I have a fiction story I would like to speak to him about," she said, as she handed the boy her card.

"He's out to lunch," that personage replied, loftily; then, perhaps, struck by the disappointment visible in his hearer's face, he volunteered, "but he will be back soon now—he's always back by half-past two. Do you want to wait?"

Isabel said she did. She took up a magazine and tried to read, but the letters seemed to dance up and down in a strange way before her eyes. So she sat still, her eyes closed, with an exhaustion no less mental than physical.

Again the voice of the boy—this time it seemed to come from an extraordinary distance, made the parrot-like announcement:

"Mr. Hartwell will see you," and Isabel found herself propelling oddly unwilling feet into the inner room and forcing herself, as if in a dream, to reply to the editor's greeting.

"Philip tells me you said you had a fiction story you wished to see me about. Is it your own?" She nodded. "Well, certainly you lost no time in following my advice. Have you it with you?"

"Yes." She drew a neatly typed manuscript from her bag as she spoke. "And oh, Mr. Hartwell," she added, imploringly, "will you do me a great favor? Will you read it, please—right now?"

"Read it now?" He glanced at her keenly. "Why, certainly, if you wish it. I suppose you want an immediate judgment on your maiden effort," he went on, with a half-quizzical smile. "It seems to be a good, clean copy, so you won't be kept in suspense so very long."

All the rest of her life Isabel Irving will remember the exact shape of the chimney, visible through the office window, for her gaze was glued to it all the while Mr. Hartwell was quickly turning page after page. When the last word was read:

"Miss Irving, I congratulate you," he said, cordially; "no less than my own judgment. I *knew* fiction was your forte. It is an exceedingly good little story: natural, human, just the sort of thing we want. We'll send you a check for——"

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Hartwell. I—I don't quite understand." Try as she would, Isabel could not keep a tremble out of her voice. "You say you like this—er—fiction story? That you will accept it?"

"I certainly did say just that; and I was going to add that we would pay——"

Miss Irving put two shaking hands on the arms of the chair to steady herself, as she whispered brokenly: "I can't let you take it that way, for it isn't—fiction—at all, Mr. Hartwell. It's just all true—the story of what I've tried to do—and failed. I cannot let you take it under a misapprehension." Her voice ceased for a moment —then she finished bravely: "You told me yesterday that 'in the last analysis, nothing was so dramatic as life.' When I got home I remembered that, and made up my mind to see if I could make a story out of the only material I had on hand: my own struggle and failure. So, you see, it is not 'fiction' at all."

"Then," the editor's voice was unwontedly gentle, "it's better still, for it is honest truth. No matter what you call it, my dear Miss Irving, it does

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not make it a less good story nor make me change my mind about our wanting it. Now I'd like to ask you a question or two while the boy is getting a check cashed—for it is our custom to pay on acceptance—and this story is accepted now." He rang for the boy, and said a few hurried words in a low tone, then turning back to Isabel:

"Do I understand," he asked, "that you know shorthand and have tried to obtain a position as secretary?"

"Yes, Mr. Hartwell, I do, and I tried, oh, ever so many places—but every one wanted a person with experience."

"And you use a typewriter, I presume?" Isabel assented. "You wrote this yourself? May I ask if you own a machine?"

"No—I——" Isabel's smile was like a glint of sunshine on a showery day. "I guess I had better tell you the last experience I had—one I didn't put into the story," she confessed. "You see, I did this," pointing to the manuscript, "yesterday afternoon and evening—that is, I wrote by hand. I couldn't type it then, because—last week—the company from whom I'd been buying a machine took it away. I'm sure I don't blame them. I hadn't paid anything on it for, oh, for weeks. You see, I hadn't anything to pay! This morning it occurred to me, quite suddenly, that I could go to the company's offices and ask to be allowed to practice on one of the machines in their employment bureau; and that's the way I copied this story."

Mr. Hartwell laughed outright. "Which machine was it?" he inquired.

"The same as the one you have here—the Blank."

"I see." He was still smiling a little. "Well, Miss Irving, I am glad you use this machine, for I want you to consider becoming my secretary. We are putting in several new departments, and I need some one to take a good deal of the routine work off my hands; in addition, you would have some writing to do for the magazine, and, of course, be free to do other work. What do you say; or, would you rather have a little time to consider it? Suppose you think the proposition over and let me know to-morrow morning. Ah, Philip, you got the check cashed, alright, did you?" He took some bills from the boy and counted them into Isabel's hand. "By the way, I wonder if you would object to adding a couple of paragraphs to your story, telling about the way you got it typed?" He gave a reminiscent chuckle; "and will you pardon my asking such a personal question, but are you not from the West?"

"Yes, from California." The girl's smile was all sunshine now. "I have been in New York only a few months, and home has seemed—oh, so far away; but now——" She paused to force back the tears of purest joy that were going to make her voice shake again.

"Now," Mr. Hartwell continued for her (he didn't speak like an editor—just like one human being to another), "it will all be different, for you have proved your right to be considered one of the Californians who are showing to some of us New Yorkers the way to succeed—since every one of you seem to have the 'why of true success;' that something which makes you go on, even when failure lurks about to stare you in the face; if *you* hadn't had it, you never could have written this story—because you would not have seen it was a story *to* write. And so, for this reason, I think you are on your way to become one of New York's successful Californians. Good-bye," he gave her a hearty handshake, "and come to see me again to-morrow morning and let me know your decision in the matter which we spoke of."

"Is this really *I*, I wonder? It seems as if I ought to pinch myself to find out," Miss Irving thought as she waited for the elevator in the dim little hall. "What was it he said: 'Failure is the why of true success.' Do these bills," she clasped them close with a happy smile, "mean that I may really think about *that?* No, not yet; the first thing to think about just now is—luncheon!"

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A SOUTHERN "WARNING"

BY BENJAMIN S. KOTLOWSKY

LATE ONE afternoon in September I reached the cabin of Dave Morrison, in a cove of the Kentucky Mountains. The family consisted of father, mother and three small children, and there were many comforts about the place. Morrison was an industrious, hard-working man, and one of unusual intelligence for a mountaineer, and the wife and the children were far above the average. They extended a right royal welcome, and we had been visiting away for two hours when a woman rode up on a mule. The beast was badly blown and wet with perspiration, and the woman must have come with important news. Now was developed a trait peculiar to all the Southern mountaineers. They are game to a man—and woman. They are the coolest people in the face of danger that one ever saw.

"Howdy, Dave!" queried the woman, as she drew rein at the door, and as Mrs. Morrison appeared she added: "And howdy, Martha?"

Both answered that they were well, and Dave inquired:

"How are all you 'uns, Tal?"

"All able to dig, thankee, Dave."

"Rye and taters turnin' out well?"

"Reckon they be, what little we've got; but barks and roots pay better. Chilling any this fall, Martha?"

"Not a bit, Tal."

"Haven't heard from them 'uns, I reckon?" queried Morrison, after a long pause, during which the two women tried to size me up.

"Mebbe. Who may he 'un be?"

"Stranger from the no'th?"

"Sartin?"

"I'm shore."

"Will he back with ye?" (Stand to your back in case of trouble.)

"Haven't mentioned, but I reckon."

"Well, then, they 'uns is comin' up to-night to put on the hickory."

"Hu! Who said it?"

"Heard it at the corners. It's shore Butler is gwine to lead 'em. Are ye prepared to meet 'em proper, Dave?"

"Reckon."

"And Martha?"

"She 'un is prepared."

"Well, then, that's all I've got to say. Hope you'll hurt they 'uns till they'll behave themselves. Good-bye, Dave—— Good-bye, Martha."

She was off with that. I had a dim suspicion of what was meant, but the coolness of the two puzzled me. When she was out of sight I asked:

"Is it trouble?"

"Stranger," replied Morrison, as he pulled a twig off a bush and bit at it, "I've been warned away."

"How—why?"

"Took sides with the Odells against the Butlers, and the Butlers has warned me to leave."

"And as you have refused to go, they are coming to take you out and switch you?"

"Exactly—if they kin!"

"And they are coming to-night?"

"I reckon."

"And you——"

"I shall be ready."

We sat in silence for a moment. I looked at Mrs. Morrison, but she was sewing away and trotting her foot as placidly as if danger was at the other end of the world. The children soon began a game of tag, and the husband whistled softly as he switched the twig over the ground.

"By George; but you take it coolly!" I exclaimed, as I noted everything.

"Stranger," answered Morrison, as he turned to me, "I need somebody to back with me to-night. This ain't your fuss. You don't know the Odells from the Butlers. 'Deed, you may have stayed with an Odell last night. You don't want to mix in, and get—"

"I don't want to kill or be killed, but can't I help you some other way?"

"You kin. You 'un is alright. Martha, I know he 'un was?"

"Glad on't," she briefly replied, not even looking up from her knitting.

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Morrison took the whole matter as coolly as if it were a business transaction. There was only one way by which his cabin could be approached. It was arranged that I should secrete myself in the cowshed on the one hand and his wife in the smoke-house on the other, and at the proper moment this flank fire would have its effect. He was to hold the house, and he was the only one who was to shoot to kill. As he said, it wasn't my fuss, but it wasn't human nature to leave him to fight a mob alone. When all had been arranged we went in to supper, and after the meal a double-barreled shotgun was got down and loaded for the wife. The husband had his army musket, which he loaded with buckshot, and I had my revolver as a weapon. As we finished our preparations and sat down on the doorstep, the wife carelessly inquired of her husband: "Gwine to shoot to kill, Dave?"

"Reckon I orter," he replied.

"And me?"

"That's according. Mebbe you'll have to."

"And the stranger?"

"Oh, he'll fire high."

"Pap, kain't I shoot?" asked the eldest, a boy of eight.

"Shet, Danny."

The children went off to a corner and rejoiced that there was going to be 'a fout," but by-and-bye grew sleepy and went off to bed. Up to eleven o'clock we talked of nothing but the coming event. Of that he said:

"Reckon it's time. They'll be here by twelve."

The wife tied a shawl over her head, picked up and examined the gun, and walked off to her station with never a word. I went over to the shed, took the place picked out for me, and a few minutes later all was darkness and silence. It was just about twelve when I heard the low hum of voices and the footfalls of men. Ten minutes later, three or four men of the gang of fifteen came directly up to the shed and leaned against it as they concluded a cautious examination of the house and grounds.

"All sound asleep," whispered one.

"We are dead shore of him," added the second.

"There is to be no let up, boys," continued a third. "We must switch him till he gives in. We've had enough fooling."

"What of the wife?" whispered the first.

"Blast her! She's as bad as he is! Let's give her a taste of the gad, too!"

"Agreed!"

One of them went away to call up the crowd, and in a few minutes all were assembled. Then I gleaned from their whispers that Dave Morrison was to be whipped to death, and his wife was to receive less merciful treatment. They even planned to fire the house, and wipe out the whole family, root and branch. At a signal all advanced, and a few of the men jumped against the door. It was barred. Then a voice called:

"Open, Dave Morrison! We've come fur ye, an' we are bound to have ye!"

The words were answered by a shot from the house, and then the shotgun roared from the smoke-house. I elevated the muzzle of my revolver and fired six shots over the confused and flying crowd, and the next moment all who could get away were gone. Morrison came out with a lantern, and by its light we saw three dead men and four wounded. The wife had also shot to kill. One of the wounded was past speaking. The other three, who were strangers to the family and belonged in a distant village, begged for mercy and promised all sorts of reformation in the future.

In the morning, as I was ready to go on, there were four dead outside the door, and the three wounded were groaning with pain. The nearest doctor was six miles away, and I was to stop and leave word for him. As I left the house, Mrs. Morrison said:

"Thankee, stranger, an' we won't fergit it."

And the husband said:

"It warn't your fuss, o' course, but what a shame to have wasted all them bullets!"

"Good-bye, and God bless ye!"

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IT CAME OUT ALL RIGHT IN THE END

BY HENRY A. WITTICH

IT WAS FIVE years to a day since Kitty's brother, Jack, left the old ranch on the banks of Puite Creek and started for—he knew not where. The years had passed slowly, but each month Kitty's pile of letters, postmarked in almost every part of the world, had increased until fifty-nine lay neatly tied in her own bureau drawer, and to-day she expected the sixtieth.

Swiftly she moved about her daily duties in her light-hearted, care-free way: she washed the dishes and left them on the sink to dry; she swept the floor and flicked the dust rag over the furniture as she alternately sang and whistled "Pony Boy." She was loving and kind, as the tender care given her invalid mother testified. Her father had died when she was scarce twelve, and two years later her brother Jack left the ranch to the care of his boyhood friend, Don Graham, and started on his seemingly endless journey.

Don had been faithful to the trust. Day in and day out he was in the saddle, rounding up cattle and driving them over the long road to Napa; fixing fences where some vicious steer had forced his way through; turning long, deep furrows for the winter's sowing, or bumping over the roads on twelve strong mules, whom he guided with a single "jerk" line. Thus had he fulfilled the trust bestowed in him, but although his days were busy, although he was early to rise and late to bed, still he had found time to do and succeed in the crowning event of his life—the wooing of Kitty, the light-hearted Kitty, the Kitty who refused to wed till Jack returned to care for their invalid mother.

"Won't you ever, ever take a notion to come sailing home across the ocean?" sang Kitty, the longing in her heart for her brother's return involuntarily changing her words to an appeal. She stopped, her fingers tightened about the handle of the broom, her eyes narrowed, a deep wrinkle divided the smooth brow. "Oh, if it should—if he was—" she exclaimed. "What a surprise! What a surprise! Don, dear old Don, you've waited patiently, but such a surprise would make it all come out alright in the end." In the exuberance of joyful anticipation, she stood for a moment gazing into the future with its promise of joy and happiness; its cares and sorrows; its long, winding road mounting the steeps of toil and stretching away on a smooth, level bed of love, pleasure, and the happy forgetfulness of care; ending in the peaceful valley, surrounded by loving children and the murmuring melody of crystal waters slipping, gurgling and splashing over rocks and the drooping stems of willows, whose slender lengths spread far out over the water, casting cooling shadows on the pools, in whose darkened depths lurk trout, black bass, and large, steely-sided salmon.

The distant lowing of a herd recalled her to the duties of the day, but the scene before her mind grew and revealed until, with an exclamation of joy at the future thus revealed, she dropped the broom and dashed out of the house, scrambled onto the fence, her face radiant.

For some time she sat there, gazing over the level floor of the valley, with its greening surface frequently broken by the darker green of giant oaks, standing singly or in groups. Their huge branches bent and twisted by storm; the ends of some defiantly

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raised to the sky; others bowed in silent submission, while still others were spread seemingly in supplication that the time be hastened when they would once more return to their parent earth, on whose bosom they had nurtured so long.

On all sides rose the sloping, tree-clad hills, shutting this garden of plenty, this home of Nature, this land of peace, love and quiet, from the merciless inroads of Nature's enemy, the railroad. Midway between the slopes lay the road, across whose graveled surface these hoary monarchs spread cool, refreshing shade during the summer heat, while farther on it winds in and out of canyons, skirts the crystal shores of Clear Lake and ends somewhere on the wooded sides of the northern mountains.

It was on a horseman, cantering leisurely along the road, that Kitty's wandering gaze finally rested. "It's Don," she said petulantly, watching the man swaying easily to the measured, swinging pace of the horse. "He always rides slowly when he goes after the mail, just to tease me. I do wish he'd hurry."

Don had doubtless seen the impatient Kitty, for he rode up with a grin.

"Hello! Kitty-puss," he called, swinging himself to the ground. "Waiting?"

"Waiting? Have you a letter, now that you've got back?"

"What will you give me for one, Kittens?" asked Don imitating her tone so perfectly that she laughed in spite of herself. "Cherries, my little peach?"

"If I'm a peach, how do you expect me to have cherries? Besides, it's out of season," Kitty replied, saucily, giving him a box on the ear. "Now, hand over those letters and papers. Be quick!" and Kitty stamped her foot with mock imperativeness. "That's right. Why, Don, it's from the Philippines!" exclaimed Kitty. "He's headed this way! He's coming home. Oh, joy! Oh, joy!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about Don's neck. For a moment neither spoke, the thoughts of each being busy with the change Jack's coming would make in their lives. Kitty was the first to speak. "Don, do you know what Jack's coming means to us?" she asked, looking into his face, trustingly.

"Yes, dear. It means that life will begin for us two. It means a happy home; both doing what we can to make life worth living. Let's see when he expects to be home."

"He's been all over the islands, and has seen most of the battlefields, and—— Oh, Don, won't he ever come home! Won't he ever quit his globe-trotting! He's going to stop at Guam and Hawaii, and don't know when he will be home, but doesn't expect to be back before May. Oh, Don, will he ever come back! May is two months off yet!"

"Cheer up, Kitty-puss, we can be glad if he keeps on coming this way," consoled Don, as he kissed away the tears that trembled on her lashes, although his own throat had a curious feeling of tightness, for he, too, had hoped that this letter would tell of a speedy homecoming. He choked back the lump.

"Hello! There comes that stranger that I saw at Monticello. Hurry, dear —I'll get rid of the horse in a jiffy; then I'll be right in."

Don proceeded to the barn, and Kitty hastened to the house, stopping, however, to pick up a letter that fluttered from the bundle of papers in her hand. "I wonder who that is from," she exclaimed, as she reached for the missive. "Sixty-one." She glanced quickly toward the stable, but Don was not in sight, and her heart once more beat high as she walked to the door with a lighter step.

Don returned as the stranger drove up.

"Howdy," he said, as he alighted.

"How do you do!" replied the other, examining Don's face with interest. "I suppose that this is Mr. Graham— in charge of this ranch?"

"Yes," replied Don, simply.

"My name's Barton, Jack Barton."

"It is rather a coincidence to meet a man whose name is the same as

that of your employer and friend. Mr. Norton's Christian name is Jack."

"My name is not Norton, but Barton—Jack Barton."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Barton. The names are somewhat similar. Mr. Norton, as you probably know, has been traveling for some years. He's in Guam now."

The stranger nodded. "Mr. Graham," he began, "I am searching for a suitable range for a big bunch of cattle. I'd like to put up here while on my hunt for a place. Could you find a place for me here. I like it on account of its central location in this end of the valley."

"You are welcome to such hospitality as the ranch affords," replied Don, opening the gate. "Dinner is waiting, Mr. Barton. Step into the house."

Kitty was surprised when Don opened the door; closely followed by Barton. The stranger's face was tanned, and he wore a well-trimmed beard and mustache, while his eyes, which she judged to be kind, expressed a curious mixture of mirth and fear. Don explained that Mr. Barton wanted to use the ranch as his headquarters for a week.

Dinner was served and eaten during the intervals when the men were not convulsed with laughter, for Kitty had regained her usual good-humor and seemed bubbling over with suppressed mirth and happiness.

"Oh, Don, I'm so happy!" she exclaimed, after Barton had driven off.

"That's what I've noticed. I'm afraid that we'd better keep him here," replied Don, laughing mischievously. "He's pretty good looking."

"You old goose: will you ever grow up? Don?"

"Yes?"

"Have you anything to do Saturday?"

"Why?"

"See that you haven't, then. I want you to take a long drive for me."

"Why, what on earth have you got in your bonnet, Kitty?"

"Now, don't be inquisitive, Don. There!" She kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Be a good boy and don't ask questions. Where is my hat? I'll have to get out in the air, or else tell all, or—bust."

* * * *

The days passed with their usual routine, except that as each one sped by Kitty's excitement became more and more intense. Mr. Barton came and went at will. At night after the chores were finished and the supper table cleared, the three—Mr. Barton, Kitty and Don—gathered around the hearth and chatted far into the night. Kitty often asked Barton to sit in the other room where her mother was confined, but he excused himself, saying that his own mother was an invalid and that it gave him great pain to see others in a like condition. He asked many questions about the ranch and those adjoining. Once he asked what had become of "Old Joe," a mysterious character about whom rumor said many strange things.

"'Old Joe!'" exclaimed Don. "I thought only those who had lived in this end of the valley knew about him. He disappeared four years ago."

"I heard something about him the other day," said Barton, turning and examining a large picture that hung on the wall.

"That is a pretty good picture, don't you think, Mr. Barton?" questioned Kitty, noting his apparent interest. "It is my brother, Jack, taken just before he left. I'll bet he hasn't changed much."

"Perhaps not, but one can never tell," Barton replied, and a moment later he went to his room.

"He seems to know a whole lot about the valley for the short time he has been here," remarked Don.

"Oh, I suppose he got to talking with some of the old-timers," replied Kitty. "Say!"

"Say it," laughed Don.

"You haven't made any other arrangements for Saturday, have you?" Kitty asked, rising.

"No."

"Don't. I want you to go to Napa."

"To Napa?"

"Yes. Good-night, hubby-to-be." She blew him a kiss, opened the door

of her room and said: "Don't forget. Saturday. To Napa."

"The little mischief! She's got something up her sleeve," mused Don, as he rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He rested his elbow on the mantel and stood looking down at the glowing coals on the hearth.

* * * *

Thursday and Friday were wet and stormy. Puite roared and foamed as it raced down the valley, carrying huge trees on its turbulent bosom, and keeping within its banks with difficulty. The Monticello bridge was running full; its great stone arches buffeted the swirling waters that dashed at it as though bent on its destruction. The cattle huddled under the sheds or stood with their hindquarters to the gusty, lashing rain, unwilling to brave the elements in a search for food, but pushing, butting and hooking each other in their struggle over the hay that Don hauled from the barns.

"It'll be tough driving to-morrow, if this keeps up," Don remarked Friday night, at the table.

"I know it, Don, but you simply must go. You'll be glad you went, even if it is bad," pleaded Kitty.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. Don, having tended to the stock, hitched up the horses and came into the house.

"Now, Kitty, will you tell me what the mysterious quest is that you are sending me on," he asked, good-humoredly.

"Don, will you ever be anything else but a kid? Be at the Napa electric station at twelve o'clock. Some one will come on that car whom you will know. Then hurry home, and I'll tell you the rest of this wonderful surprise."

"Whew! The mystery deepens."

"There, you silly! Now hurry!"

* * * *

The indolent shadows slid slowly 'round and forward. The notes of cock-quail, guarded and inquiring, filtered through the crown of a giant live oak. Tiny heads cautiously raised from sylvan secrecy, answered with suppressed "Pryt, pryt." Silence. A jay squawked from his perch on a willow. A distant canyon reverberated the sounds of the contented herd, but the oak is wrapped in silent watchfulness.

The sound of crunching gravel and rattling wheels reached Kitty's ears as she moved about the dining-room, arranging a bouquet of early roses. Pausing in her restless walk, she waited with beating heart as the sound became more and more distinct, died away, and was superceded by the banging gate and a weary step on the walk.

"Don, didn't he come!" It was a wail of disappointment, sorrow and fallen hopes.

"I don't know who you mean by 'he,' Kitty, but no one came on the twelve o'clock car who seemed to have any business here," replied Don, somewhat peeved, for the ride had been monotonous.

"Don't be cross!" wailed Kitty. "I got a letter the day the one came from the Philippines—it fell from the bundle of papers as I was going to the house, an-and i-it s-said that he w-would come to-day, a-and I-'ve been planning t-the s-surprise all week, a-and—— Oh, Don, you've been so good a-and—now he didn't come!" A sob shook the slender girl as she clung to Don.

"Don't, Kitty. It will all come out alright in the end," consoled Don. "Who was he, anyway, and what did he have to do with what you call my goodness?"

"Why, Don, haven't you guessed?"

"Kitty! You don't mean——"

A step sounded on the porch, and Barton entered, rubbing his hands and remarking that it was rather cold outside. "Miss Norton, I fear that you have been disappointed to-day," he said, as Kitty hurried about, placing the supper on the table.

"Yes, I was disappointed," replied Kitty, restraining her tears with difficulty. "The person I expected didn't come."

For some moments there was silence in the room; then a low chuckle from

the hearth caused Don and Kitty to turn that way.

"I was just thinking of one of my youthful escapades," chuckled Barton, as he turned from the fire and faced the two listeners. "It was a foolish thing, rather painful, but shows what romantic things will sometimes enter the thoughts of a boy while he is still too young to comprehend the full meaning of what he is doing. My father was born in the city, but bought a ranch in a little Coast Range valley while I was still a kid. The adjoining ranch was owned by a man whose only son was about the same age as myself. As we grew older we became inseparable friends, and often got into many mischievous things, but the one I am about to tell you is, I think, in a way, the worst of them all."

He paused, chuckling to himself. Don was sitting with his chair propped against the wall, apparently unconscious of his surroundings. Kitty, having placed the supper on the table, had thrown herself into a rocker, and was waiting for him to finish his tale before announcing supper. Shoving his hands into his pockets, Barton continued:

"One day we met as usual in the creek that ran near both our houses. I was determined that we should go fishing for bass, but my chum objected and our first quarrel ensued. We made up, however, and being fearful that something would again come between us, tried to think of some way to bind our friendship forever." Barton paused again, walked to the faucet and drank a glass of water before resuming his story.

Kitty was sitting as before, but Don straightened and seemed to be following the narrative intently. "Go on," he said.

"Thank you," replied Barton, smiling. "Well, we thought of most everything, but finally decided that to make the bond lasting we would have to seal it somehow. Again we suggested many ways, but discarded them one by one as not being permanent. We finally had recourse to branding irons. That is where the foolish part comes in. See, Miss Norton, this is the mark which stands as a monument to the romantic thoughts of two foolish boys." He rolled up his sleeve and displayed a small puckered spot on his left wrist.

"Why, Don has a mark like that," exclaimed Kitty.

"Has he?" said Barton, smiling, for Don was looking at him, amazement written on his face. "As I was saying," Barton resumed, "we finally decided on branding irons as the best way to seal our vows permanently. Having heated the irons to a glowing [illegible], [illegible] grasped hands. Looking each other in the eye, we repeated the words, 'We solemnly swear to be forever friends, and come to each other in time of need!' and then touched the irons to our wrists. That, Miss Norton, is what I consider the most foolish prank of my life."

"It certainly was a romantic idea," remarked Kitty. "Did either of you ever—— Why, Don, what's the——"

"Jack!" The suppressed emotion of years of waiting was released with the word. "Jack Norton, you devil! Kitty was this your surprise?"

"Jack, is it really you, or are we dreaming?" screamed Kitty.

"It's alright, Kitty! Wait! He stepped to the door, and opening it, called: "Rev. Whithall, the couple is ready. I'm awfully hungry for a piece of that wedding cake, so let's have it over with as soon as possible. Ain't I a pretty good guesser, Kitty?"

"Oh, Jack, how did you know!"

"I didn't know, Kitty: I just guessed. Here's the ring, Kitty. Wear it, and in later years it may remind you of this night and the surprise that came out alright in the end."

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AN APPRENTICED COWBOY

BY RUFUS L. SNELL

YOU'VE HEARD of fellows buying courses in bookkeeping and shorthand, and such likes, but I'll bet you never heard of a fellow buying a course in the cattle business, paying good, hard money to learn about the cows, throwing in five years' work, along with five hundred dollars, just to get acquainted with the horned creatures.

What do you think of a fellow that would squander his money and time that way? Must be something wrong with him, don't you think?

I thought so, too, about a year after I had set in, and found that any man could get, free, and wages thrown in, this same experience that I was getting, giving hard cash and all my time for. But then, after I had learned this it was too late. I'd already paid in that five hundred dollars and put in twelve months' time learning—and I learned, too. Learned something besides cows. I finally got it through my head that a fool in a new country had better get acquainted with the ways of that land—do as others do.

But a fellow can't do that if he is so brash as to let the other fellow do him first. That was my trouble—I got done right at the start—believed everything that was told me, you know. Well, a fellow has to learn, but sometimes he gets overanxious—in a hurry about learning, you know.

That was my trouble when I landed in the cattle district, with a neat little bank account. Not hard earned money, but a few thousand that my uncle was good enough to die and leave me. Then Pitcher was shrewd enough to take advantage of ignorance, and relieve me of a part of the coveted wad.

He said to me: "Bob, let me give you a pointer about the cattle business. You've got eight or ten thousand that you are thinkin' of investin' in cattle. Now, there's big money to be made in cattle, but the fellow that don't understand it loses, and the other fellow makes the fortune. Now, ain't that so, in 'most everything?"

That's the way Pitcher put it to me. And, after all, there's some good, common sense to that talk—sounds like the truth, don't it? That's what I thought.

Pitcher was a good talker, and he went on like this:

"You can take that money of yours, Bob, just like it stands, and lose the whole thing in cattle. On the other hand, with some experience, you can make a fortune out of it. Now, I could take that money, with all the learning I've had, an' double it in no time. I can teach you every trail 'bout the cattle business in no time; that is, I mean, in no time to what I was learnin'—I didn't have nobody to teach me: just picked it up myself—and I'd lost lots of money if I'd a-had it to lose. In four or five years you can learn every crook. The thing for you to do is to stay with me on the ranch."

Now, there are some fellows that are hard to get away from—can tell things so convincing, persuading one into the mysteries; and this was what had been done with me. I took Pitcher's proposition, first paying the five hundred, and set in as an apprenticed cowboy.

You remember back in the '90's how the prices of cattle went to the bottom—got to where they weren't hardly worth the shipping. Well the prices just kept going down, and, about a year after I had set in, Pitcher got in a tight fix for some money, and I loaned him two thousand, taking cows, at eight dollars per, for security.

It was getting along in the summer, shortly after I had made Pitcher the loan, that he ordered the grand roundup—old and young, big and little. In fact, everything that had hair on it. It was calf-branding time, and this was why the cattle were gotten together.

I was learning the trade, and, of course, it was natural for me to ask questions. So I asked why all the cattle were being gathered, when only the calves were wanted to be branded.

"I'm thinkin' about shippin' out the steers," Pitcher told me. "I don't believe they will be any better price, and I want to clear out all but the she stuff."

"But there is no use," I responded, "in bringing in the dry cows and heifers without calves. It will be housing them for no purpose, and they will only be in the way."

"You go ahead and work with the other boys," Pitcher retorted; "they know what to do. I've given the orders, and expect everything to be in the roundup."

Pitcher was getting a little sore at me. You know how it is when a fellow isn't ready to explain a thing. I was inquiring about things that Pitcher didn't want me to know—I was learning the cattle business too fast.

I worked in the roundup as hard and earnestly as one that was drawing top wages. Pitcher avoided me as much as possible, keeping away from the camp, leaving me under the range boss.

On the last day of the roundup I became suspicious of Pitcher's real motives. Two big stockmen had come to the ranch. Now, there wasn't anything particularly strange in this—in the fellows being at the ranch—but their movements made me feel uneasy. Was I mistrusting Pitcher? Well, he had gotten five hundred from me without giving value received, and by this time I was realizing the fact. I was more cautious—had a right to be, don't you think?

The first morning of the branding Pitcher came to me in his old, confidential mood. "I'm going to sell the steers to them fellows," he said.

"The price is low," I hazarded.

"It'll go lower," he replied, in an assured tone. "Them fellows will lose money on them, and——"

Then one of the buyers came up, and said:

"Some of the cows are too old. We will have to cut them back or cut the prices."

There was something in the wind—something that Pitcher didn't want me to know. He didn't reply to the cattle man, but led him over to the other side of the pen. Then, like a flash, I realized the trade that Pitcher was trying to put through, and lost no time in seeing the other cattle man.

"Are you fellows buying the cattle, Mr. Hurtle?" I asked.

"Yes; we're taking the bunch from the calves up, if Pitcher makes the right price on the cows. He wants ten dollars a head; eight and a quarter is our limit on the cows, or the trade is off."

By this time I understood Pitcher—I was getting onto his gait. He had gotten five hundred from me, and intended to swindle me out of the two thousand. He thought that I was so soft that I wouldn't know how to get the money after he put the deal through.

Now, say, that wasn't exactly brotherly love on Pitcher's part, was it? And I knew that if Pitcher did the right thing it would be because he was forced to do it. So I planned to rope him down.

"Mr. Hurtle," I said, "I suppose you know that I have two thousand dollars in these cattle. Pitcher told you, of course."

"No," Hurtle grunted; "he was to deliver the cattle, clear, to us. We hold four thousand against them, ourselves—money we loaned him to start his herd. His whole bunch wouldn't bring more than eight thousand these times."

I was turning over in my mind what Hurtle had said, when Pitcher and Hurtle's partner, Crabb, came up, and Hurtle said to Pitcher: "You didn't tell us about this two thousand that this fellow has against these cattle," and

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he motioned towards me.

"Oh, that's alright," Pitcher answered hurriedly. "Bob's workin' for me, and him and me'll fix that alright."

Pitcher looked shiftily at me. He wanted me to consent to his arrangements, let him engineer the thing his way, and talk me into waiting for my money; making his slick tongued excuses. I had listened to that sort of rot before, and didn't want any more of it. So I said:

"Yes, Pitcher, it'll be alright, if you make two thousand dollars, at ten per cent, payable to me, from the buyers, before you turn over the cattle."

Crabb, looking at Hurtle, said: "We won't buy. The cows are too poor."

When Hurtle and Crabb left, Pitcher said to me: "I ought to have taken their price on them cows, for it ain't but a little time till I'll have to pay them that money, and I'll have to sell to do it. Likely enough the price will keep droppin', too. I made a fool mistake when I borrowed money to buy cattle with, anyhow—beef's been dropping ever since."

I wasn't chicken-hearted, but I felt sorry for old Pitcher. Not that I thought that he had bought in at the wrong time, but his forced payments were at low ebb—just where he would have to sacrifice to meet his notes. I was sure, if he could bridge the dull times that prices would get better.

"Pitcher," I said to him, "them fellows'll crowd you for their money, eh?"

"Yep," and his face clouded. "That is just what they'll do."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Pitcher," I began; "if you'll back the money with all your cattle, I'll pay this four thousand for you. But you must sign a contract, giving me full power, as head boss, to manage the ranch work and cattle. If you'll pay me the same amount of interest that you pay those fellows, I'll loan you the money for a year to pay off that note. And at the end of the year, if prices are better, perhaps we can arrange the note for another year. What do you say?"

"It goes," said Pitcher. "A year is better than two months. And them fellows would have my cattle by that time if I don't pay."

There I was, in less than two years, head boss, general manager and an apprentice of a big ranch, and I was still a student with more than three years to serve. Did I still take advice? Yes, to some extent. But I got to thinking that I knew more than my tutor, and, of course, turned down most of his instructions. And he got to be sort of decent about it, too—didn't make much kick about it, you know, when I went contrary to his advice.

Through the following winter I didn't work so hard—didn't go out on the range in the bad weather—thought I would get along better by having the other boys do the work, and watch results—to see how my ideas turned out in the real thing. Pitcher spoke to me about this.

"You're gettin' lazy, Bob; you don't jump at things like you did at first. Why don't you get out and work among the cattle?"

"I am," I told him, "in a way—all my work is with the cattle. I believe there is more in thinking out this work and having the boys do it than there is in doing it myself. I noticed that is the way you managed it."

When you punch a fellow with his own brad, he won't holler so loud. Pitcher dropped that line, but jumped me with another spur.

"That costly feed that them cattle are eatin' is just throwin' away good money."

"Now, look here, Tom," I began in a persuasive tone, "you've lost cows every winter, haven't you? Nearly all your weak ones went down last winter in the big blizzard, didn't they? You didn't use the feed that I'm using. Own up, now: I haven't lost one-tenth as many as you did, and I have pulled through harder weather than you did. Isn't that a fact?"

"Well, yes, Bob, the cattle are in better shape. But that stuff you're feeding costs like forty."

The winter, with the blizzards and snow-storms, passed, and summer

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found us with small loss of cattle. They were strong and getting fat. Pitcher wanted to sell, but prices went down lower and lower. I tried to encourage him to hold on. But the further the summer advanced the more anxious he became to sell.

"There's nothing in cattle any more, Bob," he said to me, one day. "The longer a fellow hangs the deeper he gets in?"

"Say, old man," I said to him, "you remember how you pictured it up to me three years ago—the fortune that was to be made. You haven't forgot that five hundred I gave you to teach me the game. Now you are falling down like a baby—getting scared."

"A man can talk that way," he came back, "when he's not in it himself. It all sounds solid to him. But the man that's in the bog—it looks rotten to him."

"You're scared. That's all that's bothering you."

"You think it looks good," he grinned. "Why don't you try it out yourself—you know so much about it?"

"I will—at the right figures," I answered.

"Give me a thousand," he bantered, "call off that six thousand—take my lease, and try it."

Did I do it? Sure. I thought he was running a bluff, but he was sicker than I thought. It was a thousand less than the cattle were worth the year before. I had paid five hundred to learn, and I was going the whole limit.

"What will we do about the rest of that five years, and the five hundred?" Pitcher demanded when the trade had been closed. "I'll make out the rest of my time, if you say so."

"No," I replied, "you have got the five hundred, and I guess I have got enough learning. I won't hold you to the time, but you'll have to keep me without charging board."

What did I do? Why, I pegged along there with Pitcher—him laughing, while the prices went lower and lower, until they hit the bed rock, and then took a bounce. You remember how cattle prices climbed sky-high—climbed as fast as they dropped?

Did I sell? Sure I did. And at ten thousand profit. When I cleaned up the range, Pitcher said to me:

"You learned it, alright, Bob."

"I didn't learn so much," I told him; "but I stuck to the game awful close."

THE LOVE TOO LATE

BY GERALD BRECKENRIDGE BREITIGAM

When each man dies, if the Word should go
    Out through the silent leagues apart,
To grope and wander to and fro,
    Its stab would reach some woman's heart.

And though he die on the gallows tree
    Or, in the battle, unconfessed,
Let but the Word run wide and free—
    Some woman weeps on her dead love's breast.

Across the world and back again
    Are hearts that love yet keep apart;
But, lo! when comes the whispered pain,
    Too late it stabs some woman's heart.

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AN EXPLODED ROMANCE

BY HINTON G. GILMORE

ROMANCE is dead. Adventure stalks no longer, except in the pages of fiction. Everything is done nowadays in a matter-of-fact, C. O. D. way: the expected always happens, adages, maxims and philosophy, in the minority, notwithstanding.

Did you ever stand on the threshold of a simon-pure romance—one of the kind where they marry and live happily ever afterwards—and then to have somebody stick a pin in the toy balloon?

"We've got a romance right here in school," said Dutch Abeel at the reception for new students at the opening of the fall term at Moreland College.

"Well," I interposed, "what do you intend to do about it, Dutch—faint?"

"But, Frank, this is a great romance," and he pulled me into the room where the students, new and old, each tagged with his name and address for purposes of automatic introduction, were wandering aimlessly around.

Moreland College drew students from many sections of the country, and many States were represented by the tags the students wore, suspended from shoulder or coat lapel with bits of red and gold ribbon.

The bits of cardboard bore the name and State of each student. There was Miss Benton, Tennessee; Mr. Orville Updyke, Alabama; Mr. Horace Deacon, Texas; Miss Blanche Evans, Louisiana, and a hundred others—all tagged.

"There he is," and "Dutch" nudged me, as a youth of sober mien passed us. I looked for the name and State of the young man. "Mr. Hatfield, Kentucky," was the inscription.

"Well, what about it, 'Dutch'—what is the answer?" But just then a young woman passed, and I saw the basis for "Dutch's" romance. Her tag read: "Miss McCoy, Kentucky."

"That's it," whispered "Dutch," excitedly. "Hatfield-McCoy—the feud, you know."

I grasped the situation. Mr. Hatfield and Miss McCoy, representatives of opposing feud clans in the Kentucky mountains—students at the same school, both freshmen, thrown into each other's company—fall in love—marry—go back to Kentucky settle the feud. What a romance! And I pounded "Dutch" on the back in my enthusiasm.

When the Moreland students settled down for the term's work, all of the old ones and most of the new ones quickly heard the feud story, and promptly began to wonder how soon the romance would begin to bloom. We wanted to ask Hatfield about the feud, and the girls probably had the same feeling about Miss McCoy. Some of us remembered what the St. Louis papers said about supersensitive tempers of the mountaineers over their feuds. Reasons of delicacy accordingly restrained our inquisitiveness.

Early in April, "Dutch" broke into my room one lazy afternoon and shattered the silence with a shout:

"They've gone walking together."

From that time the romance bloomed. In the class-room sly Hatfield glances received covert answers from Miss McCoy.

The two descendants of feudists went walking on the campus after supper. At society meetings, club meetings, chapel, everywhere chaperons and faculty would permit, Hatfield and

Miss McCoy walked and talked.

The romance got to be the pet theme of the college, overshadowing the interest in the annual baseball game with Hazelton. We talked and dreamed of the romance, and the principals, ignorant of our deep interest, seemed to be sailing smoothly over the waters of love.

I was idling about my room one day early in May when "Dutch" rushed in, out of breath. Wildly gesticulating, he thrust a copy of a St. Louis newspaper into my hands and flung himself into a chair. "It's all off, Frank," he declared, and I began to fear the worst.

I glanced quickly at the paper, and there I saw: "Famous Hatfield-McCoy Feud in Kentucky is Renewed"—and then in smaller type: "Clash in Streets of Mountain Town; Toll of Lives Heavy"—'No Quarter' Slogan of Warring Mountaineers."

The significance of the thing elated me. The romance in our midst would now soar into new and more spectacular fields. Out of deference to the family hatred, Hatfield and Miss McCoy would let love eat their hearts out while the new turn in the feud divided them. Never, I thought, was there such a splendid romance.

Sure enough, just as we expected, the rupture occurred. Hatfield did not walk over to the girls' dormitory with Miss McCoy when Professor McDonald finished with the class in chemistry. More exciting still, after supper they failed to go for their usual walk around the campus.

Every student except Hatfield and Miss McCoy was trembling in the throes of the new excitement.

For two weeks, Miss McCoy studiously avoided Hatfield. They rarely met. If they spoke to each other as they passed to or from their classes, none of us ever detected it, and we were all watching, you may be sure. Hatfield kept close to his room when he was not at his classes. He kept away from the meetings of his literary society, and used up all of his chapel "cuts" in a week. He had grown thin and pale, and Madge Heilman told me that Miss McCoy spent much of her time in her room sobbing like a heroine in "the six best sellers."

The baseball game with Hazleton ceased to interest us, and the team had to take along a crowd of town boys in order to get the usual "party" railroad rate to Hazleton. And the pitcher called up by telephone between innings, when the score was 2 to 2, to find out if there were any developments in the romance. All the students were slumping in our school work, and the professors were sorely puzzled over our wandering mental absorption.

I was sitting in my room one day, feeling sorry for Hatfield and Miss McCoy, and wondering if they would ever forgive and forget, when "Dutch" suddenly appeared with another St. Louis paper, and with a beatific smile on his good-natured Teutonic lips. "It's all right, Frank," and he shoved the newspaper under my eyes, and I saw the headlines: "Hatfield-McCoy Feud Settled. Leaders Agree to Bury Hatchet"—and in smaller type: "Permanent Peace Pact is Signed in Mountain Town; Clansmen Drink Toasts in Virgin Moonshine Liquor."

"Dutch" promptly hurried to the campus to seek developments. We reasoned that the news of the peace pact would reach Hatfield and Miss McCoy by telegraph, that everything would be forgotten, and the romance would roll into the roseate, rapturous heavenly period. And while "Dutch" and I were sitting expectantly in the campus shade, he tugged at my arm excitedly. "Look over there, Frank."

I turned. There were Hatfield and Miss McCoy strolling, slowly, loverlike, across the campus.

The news flashed through the college like an electric spark, and that evening after supper we all sat around in the gathering dusk on the campus, and one of the boys thrummed "La Paloma" on a guitar, and we sighed contentedly as Hatfield and Miss McCoy went for their evening stroll—lovers crowned in bliss as of old.

Here is where this story ought, by

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all rules of fiction, to end, but "Dutch" and I couldn't let the matter rest there. We decided to congratulate Hatfield, hoping that he might tell us the details of the blissful courtship while their kinsmen were fighting each other to the death back in the Kentucky mountains.

Hatfield asked us into his room to have a pipeful of tobacco. With the pipes going, I turned to Hatfield, and said: "Old man, I want to congratulate you."

"Me, too," chimed "Dutch."

Hatfield thanked us both, and then, growing confidential after the fashion of a successful lover: "Boys, I was clear out at sea. She certainly had me off my feed." And then, taking us completely into his confidence, he tossed a note in my direction, and told me to read it to "Dutch." It was from Miss McCoy:

"My dear Edgar—If you insist on parting your hair in the middle, you may consider our courtship at an end. I have told you that I will not marry a man who parts his hair in the middle. Why, then, do you persist in wearing your hair that way? For two weeks I am not going to talk to you, walk with you, or even speak to you. If at the end of two weeks you decide to part your hair on the side, all right. If not, then it is best that we should part.

"Firmly,
"Missouri."

"She wrote that two weeks ago," explained Edgar, "and you can see how it worked," and he stroked his parted hair.

"But how about the feud?" I demanded, alarmed lest our romance was fading.

"What feud? What are you talking about?" Hatfield asked, perplexed.

"Aren't you a mountain Hatfield, and isn't Miss McCoy a feudist McCoy?"

"Not by a long shot," he laughed. "My old man is a shoe drummer out in Louisville, and 'Missouri's' dad is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Bowling Green."

I looked at "Dutch."

We silently left the room.

TO ------

BY KATHERINE CARVER

Deep within my consciousness,
Always there lies,
The longing for your presence, dear,
And your brown eyes.

Sometimes in the twilight's dusk,
The strong desire,
Overwhelms my very soul,
Burns my heart as fire.

In the quiet of the evening,
You I miss,
Yearn I so for your loved voice,
And your kiss.

Tasks and duties press about me,
And pleasures, too,
But in them all, dear heart,
Long I for you.

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THE TRAVELING MAN'S VACATION

BY C. O. LEE

(The ordinary traveling salesman is so busy these days that he cannot find time to enjoy even a limited summer vacation in the country. The bagman, who wrote the following tale, relates his very unusual and original experience in obtaining a thoroughly enjoyable camping trip, despite the most insistent business demands, for the purpose of helping his jaded and despondent fellow companions of the road to a like delectable experience.)

IT WAS Saturday, and I had just finished a hard week's work, and pulled into the little town of Antioch to call on my friend and customer, Edward Sturgis. I found him preparing to start out on a hunting and fishing expedition. He invited me to join the party, consisting of himself and a Mr. Bowers, known about town as Colonel Bowers.

This was the opportunity I had been looking for, and I did not hesitate to seize it as my vacation. After storing away my samples, I proceeded to make ready for the start, which was billed for Monday morning. After securing a rifle, a canvas suit, a slouch hat and other habiliments, I looked more like a Filipino scout than a traveling salesman.

Our route was to be thirty-five miles up the San Joaquin River by rowboat, and forty-five miles by pack train into the Coast Range Mountains.

Five o'clock a. m., Monday, found Ed. Sturgis, Colonel Bowers and myself in the rowboat, with our provisions and mineral water of the best brand. We headed up the river, trailing a hundred foot trolling line for salmon and striped bass. The fishing was immense. We caught bunches of fine ones. Near nightfall we were about twenty miles up stream, and, with the day's heavy catch our boat was deep.

We were looking for a good place to camp when a 38 pound salmon struck the line and the fight of the day was on. We finally played him within ten feet of the boat, when Sturgis, in his excitement and anxiety to land the fighting prize, reached over a little too far with his gaff, and over we went, the whole outfit, fishermen, provisions, guns, ammunition, tobacco, mineral water and profanity.

For awhile it looked as though we were all bound for Davy Jones' locker, but as luck would have it, the water where we upset was only about six feet deep. Colonel Bowers could not swim, but he could swear profoundly as a compensation, and as he stands six feet five inches in his stockings, he succeeded, after a hard struggle, in walking to shore.

Sturgis and I first swam for our boat lines and the flotsam and jetsam dancing about on the water. With an empty boat on shore, three empty stomachs, and nightfall coming on, soaked to the insides and mad as hatters, we were in a position to appreciate Colonel Bowers' epic expressions on the dismal situation, expressions that almost withered the grass around and enabled us to light our campfire without a match.

However, we saved our blankets, one gun and the sacred things we carried in our pockets. It was decided that Ed. Sturgis and I should return down the river to Newman, about four miles distant, and get new supplies, guns and other necessaries. We did this in the evening, and the next morning found us all dried out and ready

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for a new start. Without further mishap we reached our landing place Tuesday afternoon.

Here we secured a pack mule and one saddle horse, all we could get, which we rode by turn-about on our trip into the mountains. The first night we camped in the foothills, and found plenty of small game which proved a good substitute for the beans we had lost. To reach the summit of the mountains, we had to climb about four thousand feet, so, early next morning we started, not knowing just where we were going, but we were on our way, and felt hearted as we trudged along.

Nightfall brought us among the pines, pretty well fagged and footsore, but the ozone of the pines and the fine game prospects revived us mightily. That night we slept sound and serenely, despite the snoring of Colonel Bowers, who, even under low pressure, could easily capture the Olympiad in that event, even though handicapped with a fistful of clothespins clasping his redoubtable nose.

The next morning our camp was awakened by the report of a gun. Sturgis had shot several wild grouse within two hundred yards of camp. On casting around during the day for a better camping place, I was mightily surprised to find the home of an old mountaineer, a typical backwoodsman. With his family, a wife and daughter and one son, he had built his home, a large log house, near the shore of a small lake, and was living next to Nature. Vines were climbing over his simple home; flowers were blooming in the yard, where a clearing of trees had been made to let in God's sunshine; there, in this mountain fastness, they were raising goats, prospecting, hunting, striving on these simple lines to make a living.

With the usual hospitality of such kindly folk, they invited us to their home to stay while we were hunting in that locality. Such a paradise was truly inviting, and four thousand feet nearer heaven than the work-a-day world in which we dwelt.

I reported my find to my fellow-campers, and Sturgis said he had heard of this man, Jameson. We decided to accept of their hospitality, and moved in, bag and baggage, mules and all. They were delighted to have company, and we campers felt that we had at last found the long-sought happy hunting ground: we had nothing to do but bring in the game, while the women folks attended to the cooking—and such cooking! I never ate so heartily in my life.

The young man Jameson acted as guide for us, and to make a long story short, by Saturday night, closing two days and a half hunting and fishing, we had killed six deer and twenty-seven grouse, and had caught three hundred and seventy-four trout, handicapped as we were by being shamelessly lazy by reason of the excellent meals given us by Mrs. Jameson. Sunday we sat down to a dinner cooked by Mrs. Jameson that could not have been excelled by a Lucullus, Vatel or any other historical good liver or chef. The menu was roast grouse, baked venison, fried trout and wild blackberries with cream. The meats were garnished with wild parsley, and a big bouquet of mountain golden rod was on the table. Oh, that dinner! One could gain two pounds a day on the smell of it.

Colonel Bowers, in his elephantine enthusiasm and desire to compliment the family, called the daughter Venus, and she threw a cup of hot coffee on him. It dampened his ardor, but not as much as the soaking he had received when the boat upset in the San Joaquin River. Certainly it did not affect his appetite. The big laugh that followed effaced his reckless gallantry all right.

After the dinner we were surprised again by being invited into the parlor, where Miss Jameson played a number of old-time favorite airs on the organ: "Il Trovatore," "Lohengrin" and other classics, interspersed with old Southern plantation melodies. It was Sunday evening, and there were no bells ringing, but we all sat around that old

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log fireplace and listened to the songs like mother used to sing.

The wild flowers bloom in the mountains and fade away. So, after voting that we had enjoyed a record breaking time, we decided to break camp Tuesday morning and start for home. All three of us wanted to take venison home, so we decided on an early morning hunt before starting.

At 4 a. m., after taking our coffee, we started out for the deer trails, about two miles from camp, all going in different directions. I had taken up my station on the side of the mountains near a well worn trail, and was cautiously peering from behind a big log when a monstrous buck issued from the brush, within thirty feet of me. I could see the whites of his eyes. He stopped short, as though scenting danger. I saw a startled look shoot into his eyes, and swiftly I drew a bead of his shoulder, and as I pulled the trigger, the blamed old alarm clock went off on my bureau, reminding me of the fact that it was time to catch the train for the next town.

SUMMER IS A ROGUE

BY BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

Joyous rogue, bright-clad in green,
Blue of sky and silver sheen;
Trips he softly through the trees
Sweet perfuming every breeze.
Laughing, taunting, lovers haunting,
Strays his fingers through our hair,
Thin and gray, or bright and fair.
How he gathers kisses in!
Withered cheek and dimpled chin—
None are missed, all are kissed
By this merry, brown as berry,
Ruddy-lipped as any cherry,
Flashing, dashing little mummer,
Roguish Summer!

When the moon is on the river,
And the birches shake and shiver;
When the clouds their cloaks are flinging
O'er the sky, there comes a singing—
Fairies humming, fairies strumming
On their beetle-wing guitars
To the placid, smiling stars.
Heaven above, and all earth under,
Listen long in eager wonder;
Gone is grieving, all believing
Angel-songs they are receiving,
When 'tis that deceiving hummer,
Roguish Summer!

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OUR HARBOR OUR FUTURE GREATNESS

BY GEORGE T. MARSH

THIS ARTICLE is an attempt to set before Californians, and particularly San Franciscans, the extraordinary opportunity which will be offered them through visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to show the world that the State possesses a harbor which, if properly developed, is capable of being transformed into one of the largest and most natural dockage ports in the world; that San Francisco Bay naturally drains the great and varied resources of the Pacific Coast, and is the only entrepot of consequence between Puget Sound and Panama. Through the upbuilding of the new and greater San Francisco on the debris of April, 1906, San Franciscans have demonstrated to the financial world that they have pluck, stability and resourcefulness enough to succeed in any great material plans they may undertake. The influential financiers and merchants who will visit the World's Fair cannot fail to be favorably impressed with the city's excellent geographical position, magnificent harbor, and the immense field of undeveloped natural resources at its doors. If California can show these visitors practical plans whereby this harbor is going to be transformed into one of the world's great dockage ports, and that the permanence of a great mercantile future is assured, capital will naturally flow into the State to take advantage of the abundant and inviting opportunities offered. With a proper presentation of this future greatness to be attained by early and proper effort, San Francisco need not dread the stagnation which usually follows great expositions, but will rise on the flood tide of prosperity to meet the new and golden commercial era.

Out of the debris and ashes of the great fire of April, 1906, San Franciscans have achieved something far greater than the towering buildings and municipal improvements which have attracted the attention of the world. They have established a reputation for extraordinary resourcefulness, pluck and commercial courage in the face of apparently overmastering odds, and gained the confidence of the world in their ability and determination to accomplish any ambitious municipal improvements they may undertake. This is an asset the city may readily capitalize.

Since those eventful days, when something like $400,000,000 in property went up in smoke, events have so shaped themselves that it seems as if the great catastrophe was an advertising prank on the part of Fate to attract the world's attention to the golden commercial prospects in store for California. The great magician, Time, has tapped the Pacific Coast with his wand, and the geography of the world is shifted in such a way that San Francisco finds herself one of the great marine gateways of the globe, and in a commanding position to enact a prominent part in the greatest commercial era the world has yet known. The opening of the Panama Canal offers the city extraordinary opportunities, providing its merchants and financiers prove alert, wise and energetic enough to grapple with them properly.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition should not be planned as merely an attraction for world-wide visitors to be entertained for the temporary good they may do the State, or to show the multitude what we have accomplished since '49, but rather to afford us an opportunity to show them our greatest

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and most ambitious project—the plans and a working model of a new dock system that will assure us possessing the greatest maritime port of the Pacific. In no way can we seize the occasion of their visit to better advantage, and impress on their open minds our keen and sensible foresight in anticipating the vigorous commercial demands that will follow the opening of the Canal.

Only by convincing our influential visitors from the financial centers of the world that we are keenly alive to the commercial progress of our day and are determined to take full advantage of our unparalleled position on the new map of the world's trade, and to develop the immense and many varieties of California's resources to the largest extent, will we be able to reap the real and lasting benefits offered us by the Exposition, benefits based on such solid commercial bases that our children's children will take toll of them.

I do not look for the usual business depression which frequently follows such large expositions; still it is well to anticipate such a possibility. The opening of the Canal will unquestionably lead to our shores a vast influx of European immigrants. The question naturally arises is this immigration, which largely will bring with it only sufficient means for its immediate wants, going to be of direct benefit to us? If these expected droves of immigrants come gradually, and in small numbers, and in a way to be readily absorbed, possibly yes; if in great numbers, positively no: unless at the same time we induce the visiting man of finance to make investments here that will help to furnish employment for these immigrants. Wage-earning foreigners may very easily be induced to leave their country for California, a little alluring advertising promising golden harvests may do that; at any rate the agents of the steamship companies may be trusted to keep the steerage quarters of their vessels full, but it requires something more than advertising and alluring promises to induce the world's financier to invest. His complete confidence must be won, and he must have every assurance that California has the resources and also the requisite brains and determination to develop them.

We should take special pains to encourage such visitors at this juncture for we will require immense capital to finance the enterprises of magnitude confronting us. Our harbor is our greatest asset, the first object of keen observation by the most desired visitors, who seek to visualize the part it is to play in the world's commerce on the opening of the Panama Canal, most of whom are familiar with the great docking harbors of the world. What will be their judgment of our harbor as it is to-day, or with the few scanty improvements that will be tacked on by the time of the Exposition?

To-day our wharfage and warehouse system is the poorest and most primitive to be found in any important seaport. In appearance—both from within the town and from the bay—our docks are a disgrace to a maritime city of any class. Fortunately it is generally accepted by visitors as a temporary structure erected after the fire in conjunction with the refugee shacks. In efficiency, the wharves are devoid of modern means for despatch and economy, whilst even our latest constructed docks, wherein concrete has been substituted for wood piling, are of the same toy-like proportions and lines, set up without consideration of the port's future development. To any visitor of intelligence our antiquated, primitive wharf system will appear ridiculous compared with the numerous great docks dotting the routes of maritime commerce, docks constructed on a system of units and supplied with traveling cranes, railways and all the up-to-date facilities for handling freight expeditiously and at minimum charges. Otherwise the impression made upon any ordinary citizen of the world must be that San Francisco is either asleep to the sounding trumpet of Commerce now

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awakening the nations of the world, or that she is indifferent or insensible.

Moved by the daring and unconquerable spirit of the West, San Francisco attempted ambitious tasks after the big fire; at her hand is a far greater and nobler project worthy of her best mettle: *The perfecting of her harbor and the advancement of her shipping trade*, an undertaking which, if her citizens show their wisdom and energy to develop along proper lines, will prove, not only to the city of San Francisco, but to the State at large, its greatest asset. If this is done successfully—and only incompetency can trip the project against failure—the city will occupy her right place among the half-dozen great ports taking toll of the world's trade.

We made a mistake in the rebuilding of the city after the fire by not establishing its streets and civic center on broader lines, excusable in a sense from our haste to reconstruct our city. Let us not make a like mistake with our harbor, but build our water front docks on broader, bigger and more lasting lines, plans that may furnish future generations with ground work for development. Only on such foundations can a maritime trade be developed that will prove profitable and permanent. Mark well, too, that if San Francisco neglects to build along these lines some other more far-seeing Pacific Coast city will, and by a system of better facilities for handling cargoes, will shoulder us out of our leading position despite our superior harbor location and opportunities.

The approaching Panama-Pacific Exposition is most auspicious, affording us an opportunity to attract capital and advertise ourselves to the world. Such a golden opportunity to invite capital to visit us and become intimately acquainted with the State may not come again in many decades. It is California's greatest opportunity to show visiting merchants and financiers the splendid undeveloped resources of our State, our extraordinarily productive valleys, and our exceptional position to handle a large proportion of the shipping trade of Western America. It will be a commercial catastrophe and create a far greater loss to us than the great fire of 1906 if we neglect to take full advantage of this occasion, and fail to show visitors that we are preparing to handle on modern gigantic lines a big share of the Pacific's great maritime trade, by constructing a dockage and warehouse system of the highest efficiency known to the world.

The date of the opening of the Exposition is some three years distant. In that interval we have an opportunity to make drastic changes in our water front, at least time enough to prepare plans and make a start in constructing a series of docks on a scientific system and magnitude that will impress visitors with the feeling that we have the right conception, and that the citizens who possessed the spirit, wisdom and indomitable perseverance to build the present city and Exposition out of the ashes of 1906 will also prove themselves master-builders in creating a docking port that will rival the best in the world.

The plans of the new docks for the city, drafted by experts after careful study and inspection of all the most modern foreign docks, and adapting all their best features to our special requirements, should be worked up in miniature form, showing our entire new water front as completed, and be given a prominent setting in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, so that visitors from abroad could study in concrete form exactly what we propose to do with our harbor. This would be a practical demonstration to them that we are in earnest, and that we have the ambition and determination to stand with the greatest ports in the competition to handle a large share of the world's traffic. If we thus demonstrated to them that our proposed improvements were on a broad and comprehensive scale, it would engender their confidence, attract their interest, and on returning home they would discuss us as a city keenly alive to modern commercial

requirements and alert to the world's movements. By such means our prospects would be heralded abroad, and we as a city would hold a substantial and growing position in the eye of the world, whilst California as a State would occupy a bigger position on the map and naturally attract more attention with the money centers of the world as a lucrative field of investment.

We naturally expect that our biggest trade will be with the Orient. Today Japan is our largest trader on that side of the ocean, sending us three times more goods in value than we ship her. Japan has taken Time by the forelock and is well under way in building dockage facilities in her principal seaport cities that bid fair on their completion to vie with the best in Europe. For years she has been quietly and energetically building in anticipation of this awakening of the world's trade. In Yokohama she has constructed one of the most efficient and up-to-date dock and warehouse systems to be found anywhere, specially adapted to the requirements of that port. Until very recently it was impossible to get ships of any considerable draft close in shore; the vessels were thus forced to anchor in shallow water and make use of lighters. Early in the struggle to increase their commercial field the Japanese realized their great lack of harbor facilities, and as usual, they planned in a scientific and broad minded way to remedy them. Commissions were appointed to make the rounds of the world and gather the best points of the various systems and adapt them to the requirements of the harbors of Japan. This business-like and practical way indicates that the Orient is thoroughly alert to the exigencies of handling commerce on a gigantic scale, and means to give the Occident a hard struggle for its control. The incredulous have only to visit the new docks of the principal harbors of Japan, or her work in the harbor of Dairen, view her many big fleets of thoroughly up-to-date passenger vessels and freighters, and those under construction, to learn that the Orient possesses abundant and strong trade forces which the Occident will soon have to reckon with.

What Japan has done in modern harbor improvement, San Francisco should be able to improve upon, but it will require sincere, honest and efficient effort, virile with the spirit of the present world's movement to do big things on a big scale, to build for the future and not for any one State administration, or just to live out the lease of any particular steamship company. Such ephemeral plans, like our present wooden wharves, stilted on wobbling piles, are things of the past, ideas fit only for a community that has one foot in the grave and not for a healthy, enterprising municipality, ambitious to stand in the forefront of the most important movement of its age.

As to the best manner of carrying out this undertaking: We must first divorce the old idea of the " '49'er"—which still prevails—"that we know everything worth knowing in California." Rather let us bring ourselves to a state of Japanese mentality, a belief "that they know but little, but can learn much," a spirit of humility and a condition of mentality which has made it possible for a nation without any fore-knowledge to attain the knowledge and wisdom of not only how to plan but to construct a system of dockage and warehousing for her ports equal to the best, a mental trait the keynote to which Japan owes all her great successes.

Let us set forth as they have done, and seek the knowledge, the best the world can give us, but be sure that the experts whom we send forth to explore the highest types of commercial ports go with the mental belief "that they know but little, but can learn much." They will then return prepared to devise for our harbor a system, the most complete and modern known—for they will not have copied the plans of any one port, but have adapted to our present and future requirements all that

was best to be found in many seas.

The ideas gathered by the experts and the plans formulated from them constitute the material features of the proposition. After they are in proper shape, a board of architects should be called upon to design and artistically beautify the superstructure of the entire waterfront. In this way we will have the practical combined with the artistic and beautiful. This general plan should be accepted and adopted by the city, that each succeeding administration may have the plans always at hand to consult and which they must follow on the broad base lines. Details, of course, may be changed and adapted to suit the new machinery and the day and generation in charge. The original and accepted plans should be formulated on a system of units, a system of units so arranged that when completed the whole will be a symmetrical and systematized combination artistically grouped, at once practical and beautiful in all its parts and details.

In doing this we would bequeath a structure for advancement that our children's children may carry further towards the goal of commercial supremacy, for if our harbor improvements are founded on the broad plans which I have outlined, we can bequeath to our children no nobler and better life work commemorative of our time, the completion of the Panama Canal, and the Exposition, whilst they in turn should be able to expand the idea in keeping with the requirements of their day, and so bequeath it to their children for further propulsion along the grooves of ever-advancing commerce.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAVE-MAN

BY GERALD BRECKENRIDGE BREITIGAM

I, the grim compelling force that drives you on,
    Am the seed of Adam's loins, full-grown in you:
When the moon first rode the skies the primal spawn
    Heard me calling, felt me thrill them through and through.
I have ruled the world and swayed the world since then,
    I have frolicked, wantoned, striven as I willed:
Gods have risen now and then—and returned to dreams again—
    But no god has ever filled the place I filled.

When you grotesque pigmies wrestle each with each,
    When your armies war to clear the tangled maze,
Then you know just how my long, lean arm can reach.
    Yes, I'm Cave-Man, Brute—but, lo! you tread my ways.
Dust behind me are the years since the first dawn,
    From the wrack and ruin naught is there but Me.
You are free?—Naught but a pawn. You can lead?—I drive
        you on.
    Nor rebel, for all you are I make you be.

THE DURBAR OF 1911-12

BY CORNELIA COWLES

THE anticipation of seeing the festivities which would be talked of in every tongue had been growing for almost a year. The possibility of going to far India had seemed a vague dream, as some friends talked over the idea in a big, barny studio in the Rue Falguire, one cold night the previous winter. But the great history-making day was here. Delhi! The Durbar! December 12th—all here before my very eyes.

The previous weeks in the land of gaudy color had vanished from mental vision to leave room for this day of imposing magnificence. It took only a glance to right and left of King's Way to realize that the tent city had not sprung up over night. Many hands had been at work, and the result was more than pleasing. The city of Delhi has been destroyed many times and rebuilt each time on an adjoining foundation, so that the city stretches away for miles, partly ruins, and for this special occasion partly canvas. The camping section for paying guests was lavishly furnished with comforts which seemed foreign to the Oriental atmosphere of the city proper. Each section was named to assist the easy location of one's home in this maze of canvas dwellings. Single beds with comfortable covers and clean linen, simple dressers and two chairs completed the general furnishing. Then there were general reading and writing tents. Dining tents wafted forth savory odors at regular intervals, and further away in their allotted places were the camps of the Indian princes. Not one, but many, tents composed these camps. Reception tents were exquisitely lined with fine draperies of gold and silver cloth. Hand embroideries called to the mind the women of the palaces; the women of the purdah, most of whom were left at home. She could share only this part in the festivities with her lord and master. Her handiwork would make a charming background, but to his mind she was not equal to enjoy the dignity of the occasion. This barbaric idea is beginning to take flight, however, even in India. Women are being educated and equalized.

Gardens of tropical plants and foliage made over night, as it were, added to the beauty of these camps, and richly adorned elephants and camels were in keeping with the Eastern atmosphere of it all. Many and various kinds of metal lamps hung about at night, making weird and fantastic

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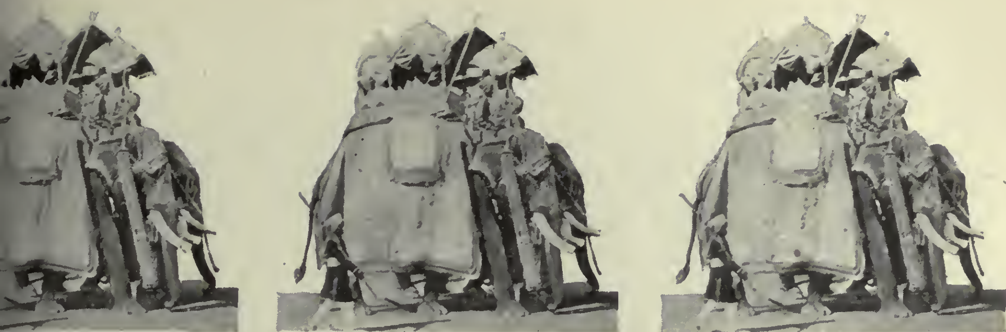

s in their gold embroidered draperies surmounted by great jewel-hooded howdahs

shadows about these light-footed people. These tents, as well as those of the foreigners, were alive with bustling humanity, only in the tents of the Orientals, the movement was of a slower and quieter nature. Native servants, generally in their white coats and improvised trousers, which is a square cloth pulled up between the legs and fastened by tucking in at the waist, tread noiselessly about in bare feet, preparing, perhaps, their master's bath or the noonday meal.

But, mark you, the same servant would not be one to perform both these duties. A body servant in India is as indispensable with the native as with the ruling people, or the traveler. The cook is a separate office, just as the street sweeping coolie. In India, a native is born to his calling or caste, and follows it all his days. If he comes of a coolie family, he never aspires to become a bearer, as the right-hand servant is called, and vice versa, the bearer never stoops to the street sweeper's level. Education, however, is even now bringing relief to the lower classes.

It would be difficult for one not having seen this city of canvas to estimate its size. But when you hear that one of the ruling princes of India took two thousand people to Delhi, including guests and servants, you can begin to picture something of the size of the camps to accommodate the twenty or more of these princes with their escorts, besides the government and guests' camps. One of the largest hotels in Delhi was hired for the month by a Rajah, and it is said that he completely filled it with his guests and their servants. The government camps were another element that swelled the size of the improvised city, until it really seemed to have no bounds. Railroads, constructed to accommodate different sections to and from the Delhi station, relieved the suspense of those who had not been fortunate enough to secure a coach or automobile for the days of the festivities.

The night before Coronation Day, trains coming into Delhi were jammed —and if you have never seen an Indian third-class coach on the G. I. P., you don't know the meaning of that word. The description in Kipling's "Kim" had startled my imagination, but the actual sight put all this to flight. Before midnight the region of the arena where the great exercises were to take place was black with bundles of humanity wrapped in their sleeping blankets. Some had the necessary passes to enter the grounds and seat themselves on the earth mound, which encircled the great field except for the seeming small space where the high covered stand made a shady retreat for the tenderer skinned visitors.

There were hundreds about the railroad station, too, where some had probably camped out for days awaiting this eventful day. The first and

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Hindoo schoolboys marching to take their position in the throngs assembled from all India to do homage to the Emperor and Empress.

second class dining room at the station was no less crowded that morning, for visitors, fearing the high prices of Delhi at this season had come in from nearby towns. Barefooted waiters stepped softly around the long tables endeavoring to please every one, but in the end bringing about the same order to all of cold meat, bread, butter and coffee. The night had been very cold for the tent sleepers, and, as though happy to see the day brightening, the streets rang with the excitement of the dawning festivities. People were warned to be in their seats at 10:30 a. m., and I dare say few were not punctual. The natives, who had their passes, crowded around the gates at the back of the arena, ready before sunrise to enter. Hotels and tents were emptied at a very early hour, and the railroad station seemed actually to be manufacturing and turning out people. But with all the multitude moving towards the point of attraction there was no crowding. When a train was full it pulled out, and was followed by another, and so it was on all roads leading to the arena, so perfect was the management of the crowds at Delhi.

Perhaps this was partly the example of the natives who catch the next train if the first one is full, should it come to-day or to-morrow makes no apparent difference to them. The crowd at the railroad station had been dense, or perhaps it was bad management on my part, that caused me to be separated from my party, but I boarded the train a little before eight o'clock, and, like some of the natives, was taking a chance.

The five mile ride to the arena station was crossed and recrossed by roads leading to camps, so that we stopped at times for ten minutes or a half hour. English reserve wore off, and nearly every one was talking together before we arrived at the end of that tedious journey. It was a little after ten o'clock, and a long way from the back of the arena to the visitors' shaded place, so we stopped to view the scene from the native seats. The first breath of sun-scorched air outside the train made us thankful that we had been delayed in the cool and shady train.

We had passed the gate and mounted the steps to the top of the embankment. It was already filled, a

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View of a section of the long stretch of native stands during the Durbar at Delhi, December 12, 1911, showing several of the types which gathered from the four quarters of India.

brilliant spectacle in the glaring sun, colored turbans and vestments, troops taking their places in the arena below, and in the distance, across the great arena, costly costumes and parasols were filing into place. Before eleven o'clock, twenty thousand troops, forming the shape of a great crown, were ranged on the arena field. Flower beds sprinkled about at the back of the field, just below where we were standing, made the jewels at the top of the crown. The sight would have inspired the gods. We, who stood in the dazzling splendor of the coronation Durbar, did not forget that its rays were not for us alone, but illuminated the imagination of millions of people far removed from Delhi. And what shall be said of the ceremonies which were witnessed by nearly one hundred thousand persons.

From the Royal camp up, the broad King's Way was lined for the greater part with the Chief's encampments. The Way was bright with flags and glowing with color. Triumphal arches and high gateways with mottoes of welcome and loyal prayers, brightened the way as the Royal carriage, with a noble escort, drove its length. To the Tenth Royal Hussars, the Imperial Cadet Corps in pale blue silk, and the Lancers, fell the honor of escort duty. Everything was in readiness. The arena had been quiet with expectancy and brilliant with the sun's rays, when a faint sound of martial music announced the coming. It was a procession that gave pomp and distinction to the journey to the amphitheatre, while on the roadway broken lines of troops, cavalry and infantry added to the martial effect. This was the first time in history that a ruler of India had ever ridden to the Grand Durbar on anything but an elephant; perhaps this piqued the natives, but in their silent obeisance they kept their peace.

Arms were presented, colors were flown and then lowered with crowns to the ground, and the cortege swung along in all its glittering array. Their way had been heralded a little while before by the passing of the King-Emperor's household, including Lord Crewe as Minister-in-Attendance, and by the carriage of the Governor-General and Lady Hardinge, under the escort of King Edward's Lancers. So came the Royal procession, not as of

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Camping in tent cities at Delhi during the crowded Durbar season, 1911-12.

old on elephants, through crowded streets of Delhi, but through the heart of the far-spreading encampment, which was a city in itself. Two golden umbrellas, emblems of royalty, with a canopy to guard against the sun's rays, indicated to loyal eyes, who did not know his countenance, the King-Emperor and his consort.

In the immediate vicinity of the arena enormous crowds had assembled on the waste slopes by the roads. Judging from the variety of style of the turbans, they were from many provinces, with their rolls of bedding and bundles of food, and some, obviously, residents of the city. They were constantly on the move, but most of them kept to the route which the presence of troops showed the Royal procession must pass. Thousands were thus abroad, many blocking the footpaths on King's Way and Prince's Road, probably in all twice the number that had already poured into the arena, and were filling the benches and earth rising in tiers on the great mound which was now completely covered with humanity. It is difficult to count in hundreds of thousands, but one would have to do so to estimate the crowds at Delhi. And still there were not as many foreign visitors as accommodations were made for. The cost of living and the insistence by the authorities to take tent or hotel space for twenty days had frightened many away. The coldness of the nights, too, had caused many to give up their spaces in spite of the hundreds of dollars paid down for them, and fly to comfortable quarters in the nearest town or the city hotels.

For months before the event the talk of the seeming impossibility to get accommodations on steamers heading toward Colombo, or hotel room in any city of India almost daunted my courage. But when I telegraphed from Colombo, the possibilities of even going to Delhi seemed encouraging. Then, at Bombay, only two weeks before the day of days, I shall never forget the indignation of a fellow countryman, who had paid something like sixty dollars for the twenty days at Delhi, when I was offered space for six dollars a day, and no credentials necessary.

It had been necessary for the sixty dollar man to give all sorts of references when engaging space months beforehand. If it were so easy to get space, I concluded to wait until my arrival. Whereupon I left the office, smiling, with a ticket to "The City of Sunrise," Udaipur, where perhaps one of the most beautiful palaces of the

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world stands in the middle of a mountain lake. Finally reaching Delhi, an old but comfortable hotel furnished me room and food for fifteen rupees, or five dollars.

But to get back to the arena, where we left the Royal procession en route. It is a daring attempt to try to describe the sight that presented itself in the arena. The two amphitheatres facing each other were in decorated waiting. The smaller one, in simple white coloring, with small minarets tipped with gilded points was especially effective in the sunlight. Its semi-circular curve swept gracefully round where the broad red roads and lawns met in front of it. In it were several thousand persons so arranged that they rose gradually like a great bank of flowers to the last tier, where perforated screens guarded the few purdanashin ladies, who had the liberty to enjoy the Durbar. Looking upward was a mass of color, richly gowned ladies, Parisian hats, officers' uniforms, white helmets and hundreds of colored turbans mingled so as to almost confuse the eye. The lower and central tiers were ablaze with the brilliancy of jewels and costly robes of silks and velvets worn by the ruling princes. These were perhaps the most expectant and excited of the thousands of people present, for they were soon to pass one by one before the throne, and be chief actors in the great history making event. Diamonds, rubies and emeralds sparkled with each movement of the wearers. Purple and scarlet, blue, green and orange, with the gold embroidered turbans, made a composite picture. But there was a greater amphitheatre than this to astonish the onlooker. It was that of the people in the mass, and not of their rulers and chiefs. The great earth mound sweeping around to complete the circle had been built to hold fifty thousand people, and not a foot of space was left without its occupant, sitting or standing. It was high enough to dwarf all surroundings, shutting out all view of the outer world. The general view was of thousands of snow-white turbans with darker shades beneath. Then there were sections where the school children and students were placed together, their colored turbans from a distance looking like gardens of flowers. In one section were yellow, white and light green lines, in another blue, yellow and orange; in a third, light green and white. Then the road

The gateway of the Palace of one of the leading princes.

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broke the semi-circle, yet the color was taken up again with parterres of yellow in solitary beauty. A section of green, blue and white shaded down to a mingling of colors of the varied costumes worn by the common castes. This multitude, that thus completed the circle, gave one a clear idea of how vast was the gathering, and the thought grew the more one studied the scene.

The twenty thousand troops below in the arena presented another spectacle. There were the Baluchi Regiment in light Zouave dress, the Imperial Service troops in dark blue, with red and gold turbans. The distinct dress of the Highlanders followed the red of the British line, the green Gourkas and Rifles, and so on, colors galore with thousands of white helmets in contrast. Glittering, shining steel added to the sight which delighted the eye of all who enjoy seeing military pomp and display given to beautiful music, for the massed bands played while we waited the coming of the King.

About in the center of the space enclosed by this human circle stood the two thrones raised high so that all might see. The gilded roof of the pavilion shone out resplendent in the sun, but nearer to us, for by this time we had reached the amphitheatre, was the Durbar Shamiana, a study in crimson and gold. A rich canopy covered the thrones standing on a dais covered with cloth of gold, while the lower platform was covered with carpets of gold and white.

We were waiting contentedly, gazing on the wonderful sight, although the heat was very intense, when suddenly the massed bands changed their tune to "Lo! the Conquering Hero Comes." There was a general stir of excitement, cheers broke out that announced the coming of the noble veterans, and the tune changed to "Auld Lang Syne," as they took their places. The Governor-General's carriage appeared, bringing more applause, until the party was seated on the platform in the Durbar Shamiana. A group of Indian pages in blue silk were already seated in waiting there. Special pages in waiting upon the Governor-General and Lady Hardinge were young princes of high rank.

A few minutes before noon a gun was heard; then another, and another. Some from the right and some from the left of us, with columns of smoke all around us. Their imperial Majesties had arrived at the salute of one hundred and one guns. The carriage was drawn up to the Shamiana in full state. Its way had been heralded by loud cheers, and now every one rose in a wild burst of applause, as the Royal standard flew out from its high mast. The guards of honor and all the troops saluted, while the bands played the British National Anthem. All eyes were on the carriage of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress. The escort, with the Governor-General, met the carriage. It was like a dream picture, with a stately Empress in white satin and purple robes with diamonds and jewels bedecked, and the Emperor, too, in his coronation robe of purple and ermine, and the sparkling crown. Hand in hand they strode to the Shamiana, the train bearers and escort completing the picture.

Then began the ceremonies of the stately occasion: the reading of the King's speech, interrupted many times by the cheering, and then the ceremony of doing homage. The Governor-General advanced first, kissing his Sovereign's hand, followed by a long list of ruling chiefs of India—a bewildering line of magnificence. Some in strange and picturesque dress, others in cloth of gold, with heavy embroideries, but all with diamonds, rubies and emeralds arranged in the unique fashion of Indian jewelry around the neck or across the chest. The Maharajah of Jaipur, as did a number of other ruling princes, laid his sword at the foot of the throne amid loud bursts of applause from the admiring onlookers, as he bent low in reverence to the Imperial rulers.

The next stage of the ceremony was, I think, the most impressive pic-

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ture. The King and Queen arose and descended from the throne. The high-born pages, in their glittering apparel, ranged themselves behind, raised the lengthy trains, and the procession preceeded by two ushers carrying wands and stepping backwards, advanced to the Royal pavilion. The robes and gems glittered in the sunlight in spite of the scarlet and gold Oriental shades held over the Royal couple. It was a picture not soon to be forgotten. They ascended the lofty throne of the Royal pavilion beneath the shining dome of gold, facing the great semi-circular mound of public audience where the people of India were gathered in their thousands, and the cheering began again. The stirring roll of drums struck up a summons to the heralds. High-pitched notes from silver trumpets answered the call, and the heralds rode into the arena. The two leaders riding abreast wore coats of maroon velvet almost covered with gold embroidery. The trumpeters followed at a slow canter, the Royal arms flying on the banner hanging from each trumpet. They passed before the amphitheatre where celebrities from many countries were seated, turned and halted facing the throne. The English herald then read the proclamation, which was repeated in the Hindoo tongue by the native herald at his side. At the finish, a bugle gave the warning note, and twenty thousand rifles clicked a royal salute, and the massed bands played "God Save the King."

It was solemnly impressive to hear these thousands of people join in one tune of loyalty. Many were moved to tears. Then there were more salutes from the guns outside the arena. More speeches and announcements in which the changing of the seat of government from Calcutta to the ancient capital of Delhi was read, which surprised and not altogether pleased all present.

The sun was beginning to descend when the great occasion drew to a close and the Royal carriage was drawn away through deafening cheers to the broad King's Way. Crowds of natives still lined the way back to the Royal camp, where much time and thought had made a temporary palace of luxury. I believe every one had had great expectations for a fine spectacle at the Durbar, but I dare say not one's imagination had conceived such a wonderful sight. That some were disappointed not to see more of an Indian pageant is not to be doubted, but when the Queen had made objections to riding to Durbar on an elephant, the program was changed, and elephants were sent to Calcutta, where preparations for a great Oriental pageant were at once begun.

The natives in the great amphitheatre seemed loath to leave the spot which had delighted their awakening minds. It had been very warm, and now, when the excitement was over, one realized that he had not eaten since early morning, unless a biscuit had been tucked into his hand-bag. Emergency tents were filled with seekers for a draught of water or perhaps shade. Carriages began to roll away, and the streets again were filled in all directions leading from the center of the day's attractions. But the shaded amphitheatre had emptied first. The natives were kept waiting, and willing they seemed, until the visitors had pressed into service carriages, rickshaws, autos and trains, and were again filling every road leading to the camps and the city. Special trains to the camps of some of the native rulers were of the greatest interest to visitors, who were not too fatigued or hungry to enjoy an elbow-to-elbow glance at these richly clad men of smooth, brown skin. That India is rich in ruby and diamond mines was evident in the crowd that filed slowly out to the trains. To people of our land, it seems a strange custom that men should don such quantities of fine jewelry, but so it is with these Oriental lovers of brilliancy, with their costly costumes and head-dress; yet after all, it seems a very fitting custom.

In the short space of time that intervened between this and the King's visit to Calcutta, a truly magnificent Oriental pageant was prepared.

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THE FIGHT FOR OIL

BY ALFRED HOWE DAVIS

THE EPIC of oil is yet to be written. True, various articles and stories, covering certain phases of the oil industry, have appeared from time to time. There has been some account given of the Pennsylvania fields and their toilers; a lesser one of the California lands to the south where many a chapter in the history of oil in this country has been acted out, though not yet chronicled; with its romance, its struggle and its success—or failure.

The prospector for oil is the kind of man who finds a grim pleasure in battle with the heat of the desert and the other discomforts and dangers, just as men, since the beginning, have cheerfully undergone every hardship in search for the hidden treasures of the mine. Though the oil operator needs more capital than a mere grub stake, a pick and shovel and a sturdy donkey.

But for both the romance and the charm is in the seeking, and after the strike is made, both the mine and the well need the "company" and the "capital" for development. And then the prospector goes on, whether he searches for gold or oil, leaving the prosaic work of accumulating millions to this corporation or that.

The oil game is even more uncertain than that of mining. The pocket and the vein, which soon peter out, are to be found in wells no less than in mines. The same hazards which are at hand for the miner are there for the oil driller, and probably if comparative statistics were kept, oil would be shown to be a more doubtful game than the quest for gold or silver.

Many of the great wells of the country, particularly of the California fields, wells which have had tremendous effects on the industry, have had but comparatively short careers, much shorter than the life of the average bonanza.

Probably the famous Lakeview gusher, which was struck in Kern County in March, 1910, had a greater effect on the oil situation than any other well in the history of the industry in this State. The giant well produced from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand barrels of oil a day, brought fortunes to those who reaped the profits, and caused the prices of oil to take a slump from which they are only now recovering. After flowing for about two years the gusher one morning died down, a rumble was heard, the earth trembled, and the greatest well in the history of California oil was dead. There was a temporary increase in the activity of other wells in the same field, which many oil experts attributed to the passing of the Lakeview, but in any event, money and weeks of labor failed to bring the grand gusher to life.

The Lakeview went through its sensational life history without any of the serious mishaps, such as casing or tool trouble, in an aggravated form, or that most dreaded of all accidents to a well—fire.

Frequently, when a heavy flow of gas is struck in a well, known as a "gasser," trains are stopped running if the tracks happen to be near the well, for fear the sparks from the engine will ignite the insidious fumes.

There has probably been no well in the history of California oil which has performed in a more unusual manner than the gusher brought in by the Pacific Crude Oil Company, about

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Ten thousand barrels of high gravity oil disappearing in smoke and flame each day. This fire lasted six days and cost the owners about $50,000.

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seven miles from the town of Taft in Kern County. The short history of the well has been spectacular.

It was brought in one Sunday with an estimated flow of ten thousand barrels a day of excellent high gravity oil, which, of course, means high selling oil. For the first eight hours of its life the well was under full control. But finally the gigantic gas pressure wore away the fittings, and suddenly the oil belched forth like a geyser. It shot high over the derrick, a distance of three hundred feet. The well had been drilled to a depth of three thousand two hundred feet. The dull roar of the imprisoned gas, which usually accompanies huge gushers, could be heard for miles around. It was predicted that the well would be a worthy successor to the old Lakeview.

Then came the fire. Its origin is unknown, but it started in the engine house of a company adjoining the Pacific Crude Oil Company. The land for rods about had been oil soaked from the wild careering of the gusher, and the instant the blaze in the engine room was discovered, scores of men from the adjoining leases were rushed to the scene.

Sand was brought in quantities and thrown upon the flames, but they spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire along the oil saturated ground. As the low-hanging, black smoke crept along the ground toward the gushing well, the men worked with redoubled vigor. Every fire-fighting apparatus and every man for miles around were pressed into service.

Suddenly a little line of light trickled up to the oil geyser. There was a roar, a deadly black volcano of smoke and flame shooting heavenward. Men ran out of the danger belt to escape the shower of fire drops. With the rapidity of lightning the fire carried to a "sump" hole, a storage lake, containing five thousand barrels, about seven hundred yards away. The flames shot over the bed of oil, and onto the structures of the Buick Oil Company, razing them to the ground.

The greatest conflagra-

Photo taken a few days before the well caught fire. This view shows the oil stream breaking from control and shooting upwards in a spray far above the top of the derrick.

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This view shows the fire creeping along the oil drenched ground till it reached the sump holes of stored oil and set them on fire.

tion in the history of oil in California was on. Ten thousand barrels at fifty cents a barrel, or $5,000 worth of oil, was consumed every one of the six days the fire lasted.

It was feared that the flames would spread to the gigantic oil tanks of a neighboring company, and hundreds of men made herculean efforts in that direction to keep the fire back from them.

The sun was shut from the fields in the clouds of dense black smoke billowing in every direction. Now and then, smoke rings, as though puffed from the mouth of a giant, would shoot upwards, and would travel perhaps for ten minutes high in the heavens before they would gradually shift into undefined forms.

As night came on, thousands of people began to gather at a safe distance about the fire geyser. It spouted its white and black smoke clouds heavenward. Up the very center of the flames, a black line, like a pole, remained constant.

People for two or three miles around could sit on their front porches and read quite easily in the glare. Sightseers came from every direction, but they did not venture close enough to hamper the men and officials of the oil companies, working there with blackened, blistered faces and hands.

All night they toiled. Sand was thrown in quantities to keep the flames from spreading. Water was poured on the metal near the well to keep it as cool as possible, so that, if once the hole sanded up, as was expected, and the flames extinguished, the oil would not again catch fire when it should belch forth anew.

But the giant, rumbling, belching and rumbling again, did not sand up, and the efforts of the men working behind their asbestos shields were of no avail.

As a last resort it was decided to press all the boilers of the neighboring oil companies into service in an effort to snuff out the flames with steam. A score of boilers were secured and great lines of steam were shot into the flames from the six pipes.

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After the third day, after all the arts known to oil men, were vainly employed to check the fire which was eating away a fortune, Nature stepped in and the well sanded up. All hands went to work cooling the white hot metal about the gusher. But before they had worked many minutes, the rumbling came again, the stream of black oil shot high and sprayed down on the white-hot metal, and again a quivering line of fire leaped up to the very top of the geyser, and the well burned as fiercely as ever.

The moving picture man was on the scene the second day, and the story of one of the most destructive, if not the most destructive, oil fires in the history of the State will be told to thousands through the medium of the "movies."

Time after time the well sanded up and the fighters worked with redoubled efforts to cool off the metal, but in every such instance the oil again burst forth at the very moment the fighters thought it was at last overcome.

It was not until the sixth day, after fire had consumed between sixty-five thousand and one hundred thousand barrels of oil, meaning a loss of at least thirty thousand dollars to the company, aside from the thousands of dollars which went up in the rig and machinery, that the blackened, wearied fighters won the battle. It had been anticipated that the well would sand up, and that the fire could thus be finally extinguished, but it was the power of steam which, on the night of the sixth day, forced the lurching fire pillar down, lower and lower, until it was finally quenched. Then floods of water were immediately turned on the irons and casing and they were cooled. The next day the great gusher was capped and the oil flowed away, at a rate of eight thousand barrels a day, to replenish the funds of the Pacific Crude Oil Company which, beside the actual loss in oil and rig, spent ten thousand dollars in fighting the flames.

The news of the burning gusher was spread by the light of the flames themselves for a hundred miles on every side. Several men who had worked behind asbestos shields, with little sleep through the six days' battle, were forced to go to the hospital after it was over.

Because of the imminent danger to adjoining wells and tanks, the gusher was the hardest-fought fire which ever took place in the California oil fields, and at one time fully five hundred men were engaged in the battle.

The incident is but one in the history of oil in California and the fight the men made, many of whom were not interested in the well or adjoining property, but who had followed the game for years, is but an example of the love of risk and the gamble which the oil worker takes no less than the man of the mines. It forms another chapter in the unwritten Iliad of Oil.

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Pepita converting Romero.

THE GAMUT CLUB'S SYLVAN GAMBOL LOS ANGELES, 1912

BY BEN FIELD

Photos by the Livingston Co., Los Angeles.

JUST 143 years to a day after Junipero Serra and his band of Franciscan priests first beheld the Bay of San Diego, a play depicting the early life of the padres along El Camino Real was enacted at Providencia Rancho, near Los Angeles. It was a production typical in all respects of the actual life work of the priests, and was staged under giant live oaks that formed the proscenium arch. Moonlight glinted through the green branches, the mistletoe and the vines. Mission bells were rung from the boughs, and a thousand lanterns lit up the scene.

Some four hundred Gamuters sat at tables under a great oak, and saw the play, "California," by Carl Bronson, and listened to the old Gregorian chants. The play was the chief feature of the Gamut Club's Sylvan Gambol. And there in sight of El Camino Real, the King's Highway, it seemed as if the old padres must return, "rehaunt the grove, remount the rill," and look with satisfaction upon the historical pageant.

The Gamut Club is known wherever men love music, literature, art and the drama. It has been said that it sustains a relation to the city's artistic culture similar to that which the Chamber of Commerce bears to commercial and industrial development. Hundreds of prominent visiting musicians, actors, artists and gentlemen of the army, navy or diplomatic service have been entertained at this club. Memories of its entertainments have lingered long in the breasts of such artists as Kubelik, Hofman, Schuman-

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Heink, Gadski, Paderewski, Nordica, Garden and Damrosch.

Numerous young aspirants have made their initial appearance on its stage. One of the aims of the organization is to give help to true talent.

While the club is an organization for men, it has a splendid list of honorary members of the other sex, and, in addition to its monthly Bohemian dinners, frequently enjoys a ladies' night.

But of all its undertakings, the Sylvan Gambol of 1912, with Carl Bronson's play, "California," is easily the star event. Some sixty characters, drawn mostly from the Orpheus section of the club, made up the cast. The costuming was true to the old life of California, and in no sense was historical actuality sacrificed to mere theatricals.

The play is an allegory in six scenes. In the first, the Guardian, Fr. Garcia, is seen in his study in the Apostolic College of San Fernando at Santa Cruz, Mexico. A beautiful youth is playing and singing at his feet. Fr. Garcia receives word from King Charles of Spain, authorizing him to have charge of the spiritual work in New Spain (California.) Here the chanting of priests with the accompaniment of a melodeon, is heard, and Fr. Garcia summons Fr. Junipero Serra, and consecrates him to the great work of the California Missions. He is admonished to bring the Indians to the true faith in the name of holy Fr. Saint Francis and King Charles. Fr. Garcia says:

"All plans I leave to thee, giving free hand to rule with justice, mercy and faith. Thou shalt respond, first unto me, and then unto thy Sovereign. Thou and thy faith are in full command."

Two pilgrimages are planned, one by the good ship San Antonio and another overland under direct charge of Fr. Serra. He reverently receives a rosary and a small Bible from Fr. Garcia, and, kissing them, withdraws from the presence to begin the hard march to San Diego and the Land of Promise.

The second scene shows the almost exhausted party plodding on through the desert. Fr. Serra is ready to fall, and is aided by his followers. They note his exhaustion and weariness, and in tender solicitude urge him to partake of wine and to enjoy rest by the wayside. History tells us that Junipero Serra, like Paul, was afflicted with sores on his limbs which resulted in lameness. Replying to the solicitations of his fellows, the grand old president says:

"Were I afflicted with unnumbered sores, beset by all the pains of dreary hell, my spirit still would urge me on until I reached the portal of my sacred trust.

"On, my faltering spirit, on!
Pause not until the cause is won!
On: there's no such word as 'fail,'
While holy purpose doth avail.
'Tis those who battle undismayed,
Upon whose hands God's work is laid.
Onward with our purpose clear—
Onward, for the goal is near;
Onward is my soul's command!
On, toward the promised land."

In scene three the festival of the triumph of the "Cross over the Crescent" is shown, with the dedication of San Diego Mission. The night is clear. Fr. Palou reads the dedication service and a great cross is raised. In distant San Diego harbor a ship is seen. And then Fr. Palou scatters holy water and declares:

"Now do I dedicate and consecrate
Unto the full enlightenment of man,
This ground whereon shall lift its steadfast walls,
A sacred temple of our Holy Faith.
I christen thee San Diego de Alcala."

An Indian camp in the Cuyamaca mountains, back of San Diego, is revealed in the fourth scene. The canyon is lighted by the crimson flashes of the setting sun. The Indians have pitched their tents under a gnarled cottonwood tree. A smouldering fire

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Death of Fra Jayme and dedication of the spot to Isabel.

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is sending aloft its smoke. The sacred rite of Swastika is being observed and a tribesman is branded with the mark. The music here as well as in the other parts is a triumph for leader Joseph Dupuy and the members of the Orpheus section. At one side there is a rawhide tent and colored lights glow in the background. Streamers of moss and bunches of mistletoe show like silver sheen in the moonlight. Sacrificial nor pagan rites were never more fittingly environed. Fr. Jayme enters and exclaims:

"At last mine eyes behold the long-sought charge!
The sacrificial sufferings; the prayers;
The weary vigils; recompensed by these
I now receive from Nature's open palm.
While sweet-toned bells shall peal their heav'nly chime."

As he kneels, a tribesman discharges an arrow into his back. And in the death agony he cries:

"Alas! Alas! 'Twas thus on Calvary!
So was His body pierced, so bled His heart.
Thus was He recompensed for His great love.
Sweet agony that frees me from the earth,
Blest shaft that speeds my soul away.
How fragile is this envelope of clay!"

The soldiers, rushing on the scene, would take vengeance for Fr. Jayme's death, but Fr. Junipero Serra lifts his hands in protest and the carbines are discharged in air. They dig a grave and the priests weave branches and flowers over the body of Fr. Jayme. Then a staff is set upright and a cross is made, and Fr. Serra exclaims:

"As in the Name most holy to our sense,
I dedicate this ground to Isabel,
That where these waters shimmer to the sea,
They bear the message of a mighty faith
Wherein these pagan waifs shall kiss the Cross."

In the fifth scene a sweet love theme is shown. Romero, the Indian, stubbornly resists conversion to the faith. But he desires to marry Pepita, a beautiful Indian girl, and the good father finally leaves his redemption in the hands of the maiden, saying: "Never heathen lived but would succumb to woman's soft reproach." And his philosophy is justified, for Romero embraces the Church that he may embrace his bride.

At Carmel Mission, near Monterey, we were given to see in the sixth and last scene the peaceful passing away of Fr. Junipero Serra. On the rising of the curtain Fr. Serra is kneeling at the altar in prayer. After a public service, he and Fr. Palou are left alone, but as the others pass out, the "Tantum ergo" is sung by all, and Fr. Serra can be distinctly heard carrying his favorite hymn. Fr. Palou comes forward and affectionately greets the president. He says: "I am glad to see that your reverence is stronger. Long journeys afoot have been too exhausting for your worship's years. And besides, you are painfully lame. Will you not be more conservative of your health? Have you not already served your Master well?"

Fr. Junipero replies:

"That hour when duties cease we never reach
Until our Master calls us to a sweet release.
We cannot count on earthly labors done
Until He calls: 'Come home thou weary one!'"

Then Fr. Palou exclaims, pointing to Fr. Serra's breast: "O my beloved master, thou wearest there the commiseration vest of wiry hair that pricks and stings thy sacred flesh. Surely thou wilt rend our hearts!"

To this Fr. Serra responds:

"The flesh is tortured, but my soul's at peace.
Last night I heard a knocking at my door.

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At first I thought 'twas some imprisoned bird
That had been trapt and struggled to escape.
Anon, a voice resounded through the night,
And while I wondered shone a brilliant light.
The voice commanded in persuasive tones:
'Thy soul, O child of earth, strive not to hold.' "

Then he approaches the couch and exclaims:

"Thank God, I am now without fear:
The Anchor's up!
My barque is ready for the breeze
To waft it over sunset seas."

They both pray, and Fr. Serra reclines on the couch at rest. Fr. Palou extinguishes the lights and exits. Strains of the "Agnes Dei" are heard. Then Fr. Palou returns and would cover the master with a shawl, when he discovers that already the spirit has flown. Slowly the death bell tolls. With reverent sorrow, priests and citizens bear the cot to the center of the stage. All kneel and the Gregorian Requiem Eternum is chanted.

It is interesting to note that the author of "California" has not produced the play from the standpoint of a religious enthusiasm. But he is fired with the true artist's adoration for and worship of the religiously impressive and beautiful. Twenty years ago, as a boy on his father's California ranch, he was inspired by the thought of immortalizing, through Art, the life work of the padres along El Camino Real.

On Saturday night, June 29th, history was made at Providencia Rancho, history in Art. For the first time in a century and a half, since the Star of Empire shone over that band of Franciscan priests in Alta California, the true life of the padres was depicted, there under the giant oaks along the King's Highway. They did a great work, those old,

The appointment of Fra Junipero Serra warden of the California Missions, in the Apostolic College, San Fernando, Mexico, as produced by the Gamut Club.

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strong-souled pioneers. Greater than the Puritan Fathers, greater than John Smith and his soldiers, greater than a grudging history has yet conceded. Although sectarian, the work was not narrow. For while the Puritans, shallow of soul and in a sense bigoted, fought over the technicalities of salvation, enacted blue laws and resisted human love, aspiration and innocent joy, Junipero Serra and his followers encouraged Art, formed an American style of classical music, established a literature and introduced masterpieces of painting. They brought the music of such great artists as Alessandro Scarlatti, Giovanni Paisiello and Giacomo Carissimi.

The Indian was taught, not only to fear God and value spiritual things, but to love and express the artistic and feel the divine thrill of subtle accomplishment. Perhaps the sensuous spirit of the West had much to do with this. And it should be remembered, too, that these grand old priests and padres were of Latin peoples and came from sunny, Southern climes, where the heart beats naturally to poetic inspiration. Had the "Mayflower" landed at San Diego, as did the good ship "San Antonio," perhaps the austere Puritans would have yielded somewhat to a sensuous environment where snow and ice are unknown.

And the West has begun to acknowledge its debt of Empire and Art to these pioneers of Spain. Many of the old Missions have been rebuilt, and all are being preserved. El Camino Real, the King's Highway, has been re-established, connecting the Missions from San Diego to Sonoma. Guide posts with Mission bells are seen along the way, and the fair romance of the old days is not to be lost.

The Mission Play, at San Gabriel, has run continuously for more than a hundred days and nights, and the village of San Gabriel bids fair to become another Oberammergau.

Fiesta after fiesta is held in commemoration of the deeds of the padres, and the spirit that Helen Hunt Jackson inculcated in her California romance, "Ramona," has taken hold of the people.

And when the Gamut Club produced Carl Bronson's play in all its typical and historical beauty, out under the Druidical oaks at Providencia Rancho, the corner stone was laid for a great monument of Art to Junipero Serra.

Had a mascot been required, it was there, for Mr. Bronson brought with him to the Sylvan Gambol the Catholic Bible that Father Serra carried on his memorable march from San Fernando College, Santa Cruz, Mexico to San Diego. It is a little, old, worn volume with the responses, published in Latin in the year 1735, and dedicated to Urbanus, Pope VIII.

Pageantry antedates the drama. It is a thing separate from theatricals and true to history. Its appeal is universal, and its lesson of inestimable value. And the community is vitally interested. This appeal was given powerful illustration at the Gamut Club Gambol. The audience of several hundred cultured members recognized and responded to it. And because true dramatic power was combined with pageantry in this production of "California," combined and associated for the first time almost in the West—this production has unusual significance.

Let the lover of Art pride himself now that America has a past; that her lineage is, to an appreciable extent, old, and that her drama is neither superficial nor borrowed.

In the enacting of "California" at the Gamut Club Sylvan Gambol the important part of Fr. Jayme fell to Benjamin Scovell, an actor of large experience, who spoke his lines with authority and gave power to the whole production. Charles Farwell Edson, as Fr. Garcia, in the scene in the Apostolic College of San Fernando at Santa Cruz, was particularly strong, and the members from the Orpheus section of the club did admirable work.

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THE DISCOVERER OF THE BIG TREES

BY HARRY T. FEE

THE VISITOR to Yosemite Valley in the future will miss one of its chief attractions. True, El Capitan will still awe with its magnitude. Yosemite and Vernal Falls will still enchant with the dash and fall of their tumbling waters, and Glacier Point will still remain the lure and Mecca of the ambitious trail climber; but Galen Clark, the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees and the Guardian of Yosemite Valley, who for upwards of twenty summers, 'neath the shade of the pines around his humble cabin, greeted the traveler, and was one of the chief objects of interest in the Valley, has passed away.

No sojourner in Yosemite Valley counted his visit complete until he had shaken hands and chatted with Galen Clark, and those who learned to know him more intimately were fortunate indeed, for in this gray bearded, kindly old man they knew a great and beautiful soul. The greatness of the wonderful peaks and granite walls about him seemed reflected in his heart, and the beauty of this enchanted Valley seemed to linger around the life of this gentle, gray old man.

Situated just below Camp Ahwahnee was his cabin. And here under the shadows of a giant pine, through the long summer days he greeted his visitors, always with the courtesy and attention that is the mark of great souls —and with the hospitality that distinguishes the dweller in the open. Though the recurring handshakes of numerous tourists and the eternal questioning must have been tiresome, Galen Clark was ever courteous, kind and gentle.

On a rude table in the shadow of the trees he kept pen and ink, and a request for his autograph was never denied. While leaning against a huge oak tree beside his cabin was a supply of walking sticks, which the old man cut and stripped and prepared, out of the goodness of his heart, for the use of the traveler in trail and mountain climbing.

Galen Clark had a passionate love for Yosemite Valley, his one wish being that he should die and be buried in the midst of the scenes he loved so well. So earnest was he in this regard that, many years before his death, he dug with his own hands his grave in the little cemetery at the foot of Yosemite Falls, planted and cared for a young sequoia at each corner of the plot, and carved his name on a huge block of granite for his monument.

One can best imagine the feelings of the traveler who, after talking with Galen Clark in the flesh, visited the little cemetery and found among the historic names and monuments there this empty grave with the young sequoias growing around it, and the block of native granite with the name "Galen Clark" graven upon it.

Galen Clark was born in Dublin, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, March 28, 1814. In the year 1854, attracted by the account of gold discoveries, he came to California and engaged in mining in Mariposa County.

In 1855 he made his first trip into Yosemite Valley, and was deeply impressed with the wonder and beauty of the place. He returned to Mariposa, and while engaged in mining, suffered a serious attack of lung trouble, brought on by exposure. In 1857 he moved to the South Fork of the Merced River and built a log cabin on the spot where Wawona now stands.

While on a hunting trip in the summer of 1857, Mr. Clark discovered the famous Big Trees of Mariposa County. In the year 1864 Congress passed an Act granting to the State of California the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. A Commission was appointed by the Governor to manage and govern the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree Grove. Galen Clark was selected as one of the com-

missioners. He was subsequently appointed "Guardian of Yosemite Valley," and under his administration many needed improvements were made.

Mr. Clark is the author of two books, "The Big Trees of California" and "Indians of the Yosemite," the former containing many interesting facts concerning the giant trees of this wonderful State, and the latter being the real history of the Indians of Yosemite Valley, their origin, their life and customs, and their many wonderful legends.

Galen Clark died last year at the age of ninety-six, and so strange are the decisions of Fate, not in Yosemite Valley, as he had so earnestly wished, but at the home of his sister in Berkeley. His body, however, lies in the grave dug by his own hands, at the foot of Yosemite Falls in the Valley that he loved so well. And here the future tourist will read his epitaph, graven by the hand that lies beneath, but scattered over the whole world are thousands who knew the grasp of Galen Clark's hand and the glance of his kindly eye. And these will cherish the memory of this fine kindly lover of Nature.

Galen Clark, surrounded by visitors, standing before his cabin, Yosemite Valley.

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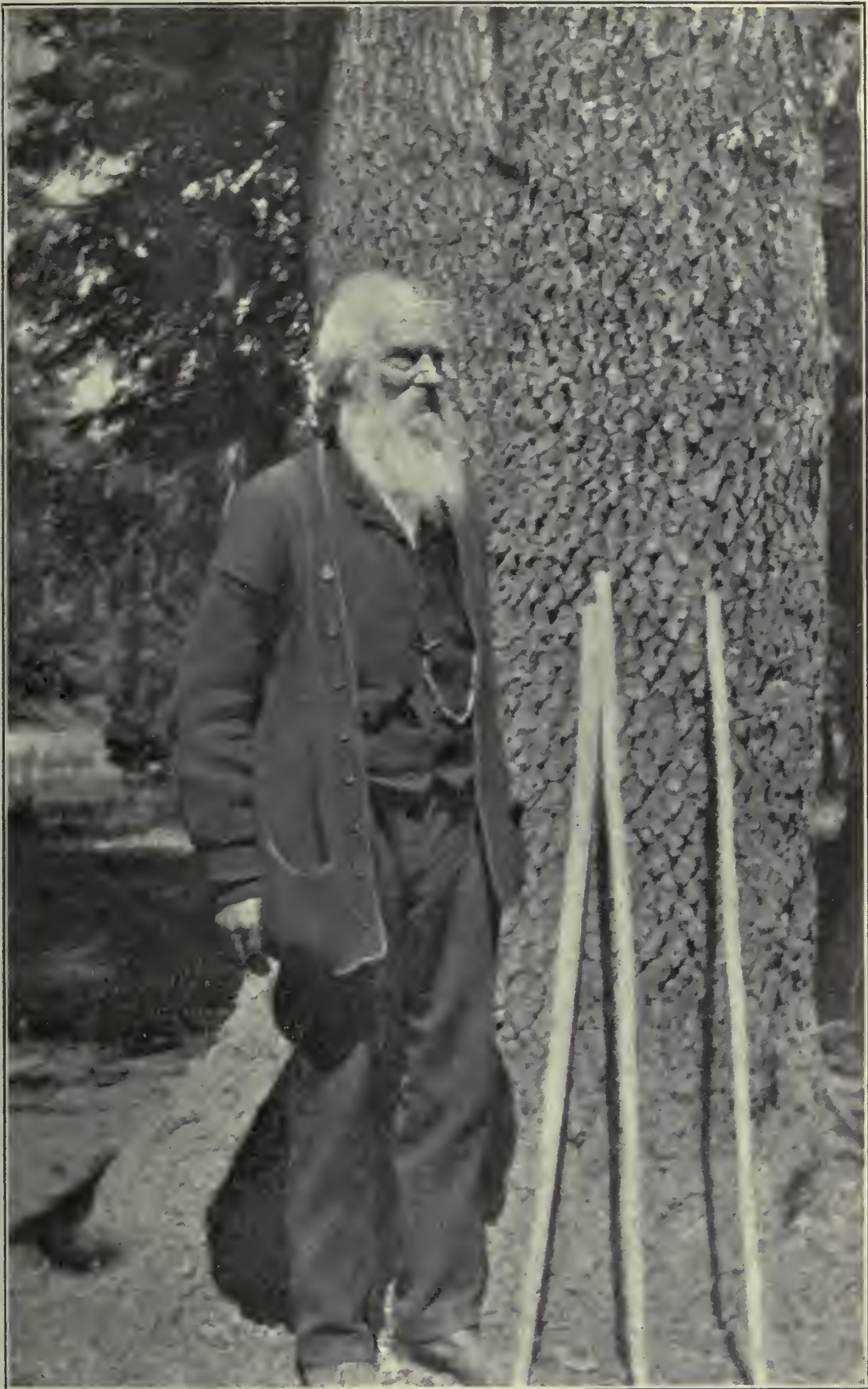

Galen Clark, discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees.
—Photo by Harry T. Fee.

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OBSERVATIONS OF BROOK TROUT BEHAVIOR

BY JAMES DAVIS

MY observations of brook trout have been confined to Northern California streams where the Coast torrents are alive with Nature's silvery treasures. Acquaint yourself with a stream from its source to its mouth, and you will find your variety of friends as numerous as the reproductions in environment. In the deep blue water of the black slate setting you will see darting about with lightning rapidity, scarcely visible to the keenest eyes, gamy dwellers which dress according to their habitat. In the clear waters of the granite formation you will find the same friend, the same alacrity and vivacity, but a different costume. In the sluggish holes of the lower porphyry dikes the silvery tinge is lost, and a raiment of brownish hue is assumed, while in the murky depths of the slough regions a dull color prevails, and here also as in the porphyry region, the inhabitants are slower, less energetic, and consequently far less gamy than the vivacious hordes of the precipitous mountain waters. But in spite of all this apparent difference, your introduction is confined to but one family. The inherent qualities are the same in all and the instincts seem to be the same.

Never a year in my experience with tourists, but a host of crack fishermen who have the dope on "aquatic legions" fall from their perch of authority because the guide is "niftier" with his seasoned hazel withe than the theoretic student with his fancy telescope steel or his neatly jointed bamboo. In time the oldest sportsman learns to respect his uncouth brother, and is willing to listen to a little good advice on the etiquette of trout fishing. Now, there are many notions about mountain trout; in fact, every California lover of Nature has his own fish story that is *true*. But regardless of this, it is safe to say that very few have made the subject a study for more than a few weeks during vacation. Consequently very little has ever been written on the manners and customs of our most visited country friends. Remain with the trout from the time the first freckle appears on your nose, through all seasons, until you have mastered its ways with years of experience, and you will learn that the trout demands much attention. You will find that in the changes of one

The proper way to handle bait for the hook.

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One hour's catch in the Smith River, near Crescent City.

season to the other, the trout will change its habits, its diet, its whims.

When trout first begin to bite in the spring, one must fish deep to have any success. In these mountain streams the water is influenced by the snow on the peaks, and in certain localities trout take hold earlier than elsewhere. The best place to fish is always in the smaller streams that are open to most sunshine. The reason for this is very obvious, since the latter part of March and the first weeks of April mark the spawning season in these streams. In the main river the water is colder, and the places for spawn fewer, so the breeders mostly seek south-slope streams.

A snelled hook, a leader, and bait which preferably may be a worm native to the stream, or an earth worm, with a small sinker of lead attached to the leader about a foot or so from the bait, a hazel pole with any dark line, will complete an average equipment.

During April and May, mountain trout stay mostly in deep water, and in order to reach them the sinker is used. The hook should be cast at the upper end of the hole where the water is foamy. I have always found this to work best, relying on the theory that the trout in this season depends mostly on floating food particles that are loosed by the torrent which rises and falls according to the spring storms. The course of the hook should be with the flow of the stream always, where the water is in rapid motion. A trout in spawning season seldom or never seeks dead water, though an eddy is usually well inhabited.

In the case of an eddy where the water is whirling and seems to come from a direction opposite the main stream course, the baited hook should again travel with the course of the water. It is best to cast the hook in the main riffle, permit it to float with the current to the length of the hole, and then let it float back through the course of the receding water. I have

noticed that most bait fishing for brook trout should be in these eddies.

Many fishermen, otherwise good, fall down in early season sport because of poor baiting. Baiting the hook constitutes nine-tenths of deep water fishing. The point of the hook should never be exposed. The bait should hide the barb in all instances. It is not a fad to stick the point through the head of a worm so its tail will conceal the barb, for it is true that most brook trout will attack a worm more readily at the tail end. The size of the bait should be determined by the size of the average trout in the stream, and is a matter of instinct with the fisherman as well as a knowledge of the stream.

This so-called "luck" of fishermen is a vain dream. Success in trout fishing is a matter of combined science and art. To be a scientific fisherman means to know something of the behavior of trout. Facts, classified facts of fishermen's knowledge have never been summed up. As a result we have no regular code to go by. But after all, science is but a means to an end. Science brings one more opportunities. It is the art of the rod-man that stamps the good fisherman, that brings this "luck"—that fills the basket. It all depends on the manipulation.

In addition to skillful action with the rod, there is a great deal dependent on the means of action. Modern sportsmen laugh at the "fossil Jake" who will not abandon the crude pole of his own make. In baseball a good "slugger" usually has a particular "stick" that does the work better than any other. It isn't a hobby, it isn't superstition, because underlying it is a good, sound, hidden reason. The same is true of fishermen, except that in this case the miracle is more easily explained. Take an ordinary stick that has no life in it and attach to it a fishing line with its incidentals. Even in still water fishing you will find it doesn't answer the purpose. Take a jointed bamboo, or a steel rod, and you will find them convenient to carry, but as far as rapid fly fishing, or dexterous casting is concerned, you will find the country boy with his seasoned hazel will do better work, display more neatness and gracefulness than the expert rodsman with a jointed rod.

A hazel withe, slim, tough, straight and seasoned has the proper resilience in the proper place. In the early spring the country boy gets a medium, tapering rod, which has most of its "spring" near the tip. There are two reasons for this: first, deep water fishing requires a "snap-jerk," which is gained by a recoil of the rod, a sort of reflex motion that results from a twitch of the pole. The rod springs at the tip, for the trout nibbles hurriedly and the execution must be instantaneous if successful. In the second place, the "jerk" in deep water should generally be at right angles with the water, as the trout is habitually still. There are exceptions in cases where the trout feels the hook and begins a running fight before the rodsman is aware of its presence. When the "jerk" is as I have described, the proper resilience in the pole scarcely draws the hook out of the water, giving the baffled trout a chance to take a second hold if the first fails, and also insuring the hook from the tantalizing boughs that frequently overhang. It must be remembered that most fishing in the early season is done from the bank of the stream, the water being too treacherous and cold for wading. However, during the later seasons the country boy uses a live hazel, which is of more uniform spring. Factory made poles are at a disadvantage for early season fishing because of too much uniformity in "spring," and are better for fly fishing, though by far inferior to a live hazel even at best.

Fly fishing is, of course, the kind most indulged in by sportsmen. It is not a difficult matter to catch a string when one gets the right fly, but the question has often been asked: "How shall we meet the situation when all the available flies have been refused?" In solution of this perplexing problem I have learned to "doctor" my best

The North Fork of the Smith River where the fishing was done.

combinations. If you have flies of different colors, for example, a gray and reddish brown like the "professor," cut off the red and try the gray body alone, or else cut off the gray and try the remaining combination.

However, if it is a matter of the life or death of an esteemed reputation, there is one remedy that always brings home the bag. Open the stomach of a fish that you have, and so determine the proper bait to use. Bait your fly as you would a snelled hook. Fish somewhat after the system employed in regular fly work, but accentuate the return of the hook to the trout when you see it make a dash, and let it take a good hold. Draw your hook from the lower end of the riffle. Jerk "down stream" always in riffle fishing, as the trout will go up, or settle directly beneath the point where it took the hook.

Fly fishing is known to be best in the late evening and early morning. Effort is usually confined to riffles, because trout feed in the riffles, although it is not uncommon to find them in receding lagoons, or along the water's edge at dusk and at dawn. During the heat of the day they swim lazily in the deep, blue holes, or rest undisturbed in the shadowy waters beneath sheltering canopies of woodland verdure, or in the cool recesses afforded by overhanging promontories.

Although they are not so active at this time as at other times, yet I have never found difficulty in catching the limit even under adverse conditions. I always use a baited fly in still water fishing. I sink the hook in some protected pool where perhaps I have al-

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ready located my game. When the hook is deep and near enough to attract attention, I draw it quickly through the water for several feet. If I cannot tantalize them the first time, I try again, only this time with more speed. If the trout rises, slack up momentarily on the line, then go again until it grows irate and takes it with a vengeance. Once on the hook, watch its course in the water and jerk diametrically opposite.

In September, just about Indian summer, there comes a season when the fish will scarcely take a hook. Soon after this dormant period one may frequently make a catch, but in most cases the best results at this time are obtained in riffle fishing with a snelled hook. As the water grows cold with autumn, the brook trout becomes shy, alert and very active. It grows to scorn any form of allurement, and finally in the winter it seems to hibernate, as it were, only rousing itself from its rocky, cavernous depths when winter freshets tear up the stream beds to don other raiment. Then, the Indian, only, with infinite patience, catches an occasional mess through means of a drag-net lowered carefully in the eddies.

A SHADOW AND AN ECHO

BY IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

'Twas under the light of the sun's warm ray
That a shadow was born on a summer's day.
With robins a-calling and leaves overhead
He danced up and down till the sky grew red.
His floor was a carpet of emerald green
Of velvety softness and satiny sheen;
Nor rested this shadow, for when it came night
He would dance 'neath the moonbeams of silvery white.

Then came a sweet echo out of the hills,
Who flew like a spirit o'er valleys and rills;
But pausing awhile, she unconsciously glanced
'Neath the fluttering leaves where the shadow danced,
Who, gazing entranced at the echo above,
Extended his arms with soft whispers of love.
"I'm coming," she murmured, "for fain would I rest,"
And she nestled with joy on his shadowy breast.

'Tis the fairest and loveliest land of all
Where the shadows dance and the echoes call.

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EVERY IDLE WORD

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Matt. 12:36, 37.

AT SOME time in the near future we must consider for the benefit of fellow-Christians what the Bible has to say respecting the Day of Judgment. For the present we suffice ourselves with the general explanation that this term Day of Judgment has been seriously misconstrued by theologians and by the public. It has been used out of harmony with the Scriptural usage. It has been used out of harmony with reasonable, logical deductions. The term Day of Judgment is generally understood to mean Day of Sentence or Day of Doom. In fact, Doomsday is frequently used as a synonym without the slightest warrant. The term Day of Judgment signifies the Day of trial or testing; as in our text we read that men shall give an account in the Day of Judgment for every idle word. The proper thought on the subject of judgment from the Bible standpoint is this: God created our first parents innocent, perfect, and placed them on trial. Their Day of Judgment was in Eden. How long it would have lasted had they remained faithful to God we are not informed, but as soon as they had disobeyed the Divine Command, their day of trial or judgment was ended, and the sentence, "Dying thou shalt die," began to be inflicted. The judgment or trial of Adam was over, and since all of his posterity share his imperfections and are equally unworthy of life on that account, therefore the sentence of sin, "Dying thou shalt die," rests upon every member of the race, just as though each individual had been on trial in Eden and had lost in the trial with Father Adam. This matter St. Paul clearly enunciates, saying, "By one man's disobedience, sin entered into the world and death as the result of sin. Thus death passed upon all men, because all are sinners" (Romans v, 12.)

This being true, how comes it that there is any mention made in the Scriptures of another judgment day. If all mankind already are judged unworthy of eternal life and worthy of death everlasting, why should there be any further judgment? The Bible answer to the question is that there would have been no reference to a future judgment day had it not been that God had provided a Redeemer, Christ Jesus, by whose merit the first penalty against our race through Adam will eventually be abrogated, set aside. In consequence of the setting aside of the first sentence of death a second trial or judgment will be opened to every member of the race. The first trial or judgment was of one man (Adam) for all of his race. A second trial or judgment, secured by the Redeemer, will treat Adam and all of his race individually; granting them *each* an individual or personal trial, hence unlike the first trial in Eden, which was of one man and for the race. This second trial has not yet been provided for our race, except in the sense that it has been prepared for and promised—"God hath *appointed* a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness." That day will be the Millennial day—a thousand years in length. It will be the world's trial

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day or time of individual testing.

Whoever of the world comes to a knowledge of the fact that God has provided such a future trial, such a future opportunity of obtaining eternal life, is on notice at once that every intelligent act of his in the present life will have a bearing upon his prospect for eternal life in the future. If now he uses wisely the opportunities of the present life he may upbuild for himself a measure of character, self-control, etc., which will prepare him for a more honorable place during the Millennial Kingdom and make his progress there the more rapid and the more easy. Or, on the contrary, by degrading himself in the present life he may undermine his character, and, during the Millennial Day of Judgment (trial) find himself so much lower in the human scale and have so much further to advance out of sin and death conditions into the condition of perfection and everlasting life.

The Church has her judgment day in the present life—during this Gospel Age. All consecrated believers, begotten of the Holy Spirit, are now on trial for everlasting life or for everlasting death as "new creatures in Christ Jesus." If such do not comply with the conditions of their consecration, but draw back to sin, their trial will be in one sense useless and the sentence of utter destruction will rest upon them—"the Second Death."

Idle Words—Pernicious Words.

The context shows that our Lord in our text addressed, not his disciples, but the worldly, the Pharisees. Doubtless the same principle applies to the Church. Every idle or pernicious word of ours has its weight, has its influence with ourselves and with others. Those who are rightly informed respecting the Lord's will in such matters, the Lord's consecrated people, have a great responsibility—a responsibility of what effect their words and influence have upon others. Our words, whether written or spoken, exercise an influence upon the minds and thoughts of others. Frequently they go from one to another, and thus, if pernicious, evil is spread far and near and the word once uttered cannot be recalled. Some one has wisely said that Error can get around the world while Truth is getting its boots on. Oh, the power of a slanderous word! Oh, the power of an insinuation! Yea, even of a shrug of the shoulder! Who does not know it? Who is unaware of the fact that this is the practice of the world daily; and alas, the practice also of many of God's people—professing Christians! The bitter word of sarcasm or insinuation is shot out often unthinkingly, but the terrible poison goes from heart to heart and fresh roots of bitterness are scattered abroad, which a lifetime of holy living cannot fully counteract.

On the contrary, what a power the tongue has for good, using the word tongue here in its broad sense, representing not only words spoken, but the words written and printed. As an illustration: What speaker or writer has ever done more to help poor humanity than the Prophet David in the inspired Psalms which he wrote? Truly, as Solomon has said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Proverbs xxv, 11.) As for the Church, the Lord has indeed agreed that He will not judge the Church according to their words and their deeds entirely, but according to their spirit, their intention, their will, their energy, their zeal for Him and His Truth. Nevertheless, He assures the Church that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak, and that they may thus judge or test themselves. If their hearts are right—full of love for God, for the brethren, for mankind, for their enemies, they will speak accordingly, manifesting their love and kindness in words as well as in deeds. The good heart out of its good treasure will shower blessings—fruits and flowers of refreshment and kindness, while the evil heart will send forth bitter words, poisoned arrows, injurious to all with whom they come in contact.

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Whoever, therefore, finds that he is continually stirring up strife and wounding his friends should promptly make an examination of his heart to ascertain the trouble there. He should not be content to say, "I meant no harm." The heart that is not *full* of goodness, kindness, generosity, love, will likely not control the tongue properly. We must reach the place where not only we do not will to do harm to our neighbors, but where we sincerely wish to do them good. Then that good heart, out of its treasure of goodness, will speak words of kindness, of love.

Men Shall Give an Account.

But now, considering the words of our text as applicable to the Millennium, how will the world render its account in the future respecting the words of the present life? Not surely in line with the teachings of the Dark Ages that, during a twenty-four hour day, the whole world could be ranged in line and each individual remember each pernicious word and evil act and give an account of the same to the great Judge? Quite different will the reality be. The Judgment Day will be the thousand year period of the Millennium and the account of every evil act, of every sinful deed, and of every pernicious word will be recorded in the individual's own character, just as a towel bears the mark of every unclean wash dried upon it. In other words, the wrong-doer not only injures others, but specially injures and marks himself by the wrong he has practiced in evil speaking and evildoing, and the more deeply has he marked his character accordingly. It is in line with this that the Scriptures assure us that in the resurrection time many will come forth to shame and lasting contempt. It is a time in which characters will be shown up. How terribly ashamed some will be of their showing! Some who now appear to be honorable indeed, some who now rank fairly high amongst men, will then be seen in truer colors. Their shame and the contempt in which they will be held by mankind in general will be a part of their punishment for their wrong course. The shame will last until gradually they will be able to demonstrate a more noble character. Their contempt will continue until, under the blessed, uplifting influences of the Millennial Kingdom, they will have attained the way of the Lord more perfectly.

We are not to think that this signifies that every man will be justified from the Adamic death condemnation by any words that he could utter. Nor are we to think of the expression, "By thy words thou shalt be condemned," that any man could come under a second condemnation until first freed (through Christ) from the condemnation of original sin. Nothing but the merit of Christ's sacrifice can justify any. Nothing but the blood of Christ can justify those who come to God by faith, in this Age, or those who will assure him of their loyalty for righteousness by works, in the next Age. We are not to understand our Lord as here contradicting the general testimony of the Scriptures.

By Thy Words Justified.

The lesson is in harmony with the Scriptural declaration, "Blessed is the man who is not condemned by that which he alloweth." That is to say, the ungenerous, the unkind, are very apt to blame others strongly for misdemeanors of which they themselves are guilty. The man whose words respecting others do not condemn himself is to be congratulated as a happy man indeed. The person whose criticism of others is so kindly, so generous, so merciful as to not involve a condemnation of his own course is certainly an exceptional man or woman. We call to remembrance our Lord's words, "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and, interpreting our text in harmony with this, if our words are generous and kind, loving and benevolent we shall receive similarly kind treatment of the Lord. If our lan-

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guage respecting others be harsh, cynical, critical, unkind, we may expect reproofs from the Lord. Why? Because all mankind are by nature fallen, imperfect, depraved; and the person who sees the faults of others and fails to see his own, needs the correcting chastisements of the Lord to show him his true condition reflected in his course of conduct and language toward and respecting others: he indicates that he himself needs to be taught some very important lessons without which he will not be prepared to make progress toward the Divine standards of character.

On the contrary, the person who is kind, gentle, forgiving, forbearing, sympathetic, disposed to make allowances for others shows that he has learned an important lesson already and that, to a considerable extent, his heart is right. Whatever there is wrong with such a generous soul is unintentionally wrong, a wrong which is intrenched in his flesh, but with which his heart is not in accord. By his kindly words respecting others he marks himself, indicates his character as of the kind which God can approve; as one of the class who at least love their neighbor as themselves, and thus imply also that they love God, because as the Apostle points out, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Contrariwise, he who loves his neighbor speaks generously of him, is merciful toward him, and compassionate, undoubtedly would greatly respect and love the Divine character in its perfection of Justice, Wisdom and Love.

Blessed are the Merciful.

This brings us to another Scripture of similar tenor: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." It is true that God gave to natural Israel a code of laws which defined the course of life for them, saying, Thou shalt not do this and that. Yet that Law was intended in great measure to show to Israel and to the world the impossibility of an imperfect man or woman keeping perfectly the Divine requirements. When the Lord would state His Law from the other standpoint—positively and not negatively, He sums the matter up in a few words, Thou shalt love the Lord supremely and thy neighbor as thyself. He who is merciful is in the condition to be blessed of the Lord, because he more than others approximates the standard of the Divine Law—Love; for mercy is the expression of love.

We see, then, that the Divine promise that he who is merciful to his neighbor will receive the more mercy from the Lord is not a mere *ipse dixit*, nor a mere rewarding of such a proper course. Rather it is in harmony with the principles and essence of the Divine government, because the more generous and loving the heart, the nearer to the perfect condition.

If this principle could be rightly seen by Christian people it would work an almost instantaneous revolution in the hearts and conduct of all who desire Divine approval and favor. Instead of burning one another at the stake; instead of putting on thumb screws; instead of condemning one another to eternal torment, Christians would be seeking to bless one another, to think and feel kindly respecting one another and disposed to pray God's blessing upon those who despitefully use them and persecute them. Instead of slander and misrepresentation and envious insinuations, the spirit of love and kindness and mercy and godlikeness would more and more prevail amongst those who have named the name of Christ and have professedly enlisted under His banner and covenanted to walk in His footsteps.

Nor would the blessing stop with the Church. The world, seeing such an example of love and kindness, would be ready to take knowledge of the followers of Jesus, as they did in the days of the Apostles, saying, "Behold, how these Christians love one another!" Then our Lord's words would have a practical illustration, "A new Commandment I give unto you,

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Dr. Russell preaching to his congregation in the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, New York.

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that ye love one another, as I have loved you" to the extent of laying down our lives for each other. As the Apostle declares, "We ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren."

It has seemed at times as though some of those who profess relationship to Christ as members of His Church do even more of petty evil-speaking and slandering and busy-bodying than do the worldly who make no profession whatever. According to the standards set forth in our text the worldly, if they have more of the quality of mercy in their hearts will evidently be more pleasing to God than those who have made much profession and neglected the Master's commands and failed to cultivate his spirit of love and mercy, in word and deed.

Let us all remember our text and apply it. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." As we think of the fact that these sermons reach the eyes of about seven millions of readers weekly, we feel the weight of our responsibility. It is our desire that they be just such as the Lord can approve, and such as will be helpful to all.

RONDEAU

BY BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

If I but knew the secret in your eyes,
Could dive and bring to air the pearl that lies
    Within their sea-blue depths; could I but read
    Those crimson tides that down your throat recede—
Perchance I'd find surcease from all these sighs.

Perchance?—Blind Chance?—'tis folly to be wise;
Why break the spell of all this sweet surmise.
    'Tis better for a heart to hope than bleed—
        If I but knew!

Could I one shadow of your soul surprise,
Or catch one hurried heart-beat as it flies
    When sweetest of emotions give it speed,
    Then would I know which pathway to proceed.
I wonder if you see and sympathize—
        If I but knew!

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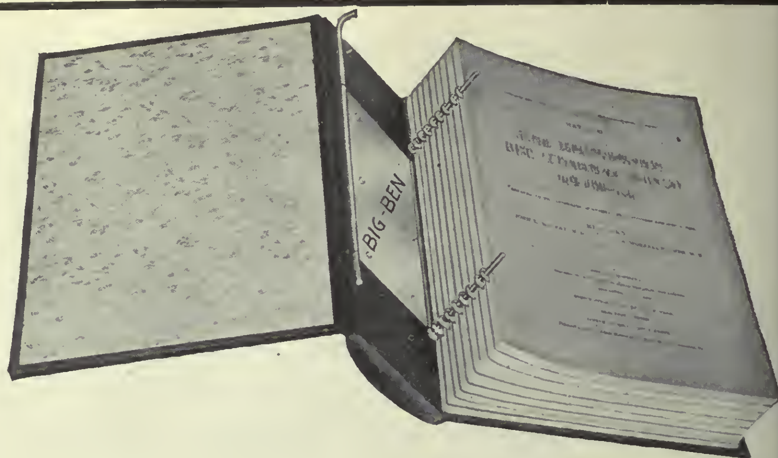

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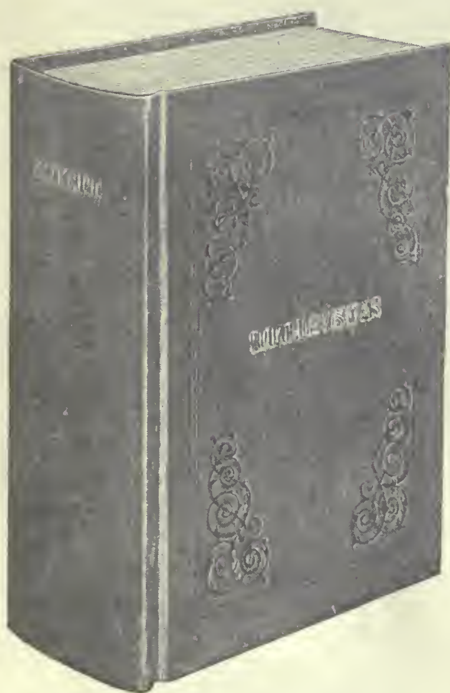

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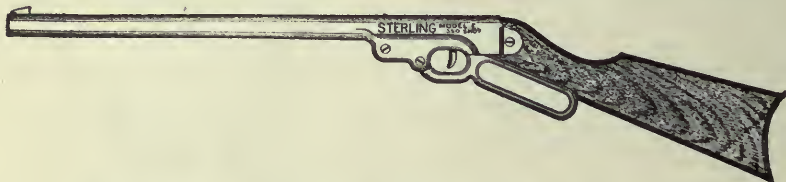

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1. Big Back Bone Group. 2. The Elsie Group. 3. Keystone

These three groups of claims comprise 50 U. S. mining locations, 20, 18 and 12 respectively, approximating 1000 acres, and are situated in the Back Bone Mining District of the Shasta County Copper Belt, in Sections 18, 19 and 20, Township 34 North, Range 5 West, about six miles by wagon road from the railroad and smelter town of Kennett on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 18 miles north of Redding, the county seat.

They lie on the same belt as the *Mountain Copper Company's (Iron Mountain) properties, the Trinity, Balaklala, Shasta King and Mammoth,* and are less than two miles from the workings of the Mammoth Mine, a property owned by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company of Boston, a corporation capitalized at $75,000,000.

DEVELOPMENT. More than 1000 feet of tunnels have already been run on the property, disclosing conditions exceedingly favorable to the opening up of extensive ore reserves. Active work is at present under way in Tunnels Nos. 4 and 7.

Tunnel No. 7 is a cross-cut tunnel being run 75 feet below Tunnel No. 6, where oxidized ore has been encountered for 120 feet in length and in crosscuts 60 feet wide. Assays from this tunnel run very high for this belt, and it is believed that the tunnel now being run below will reach and open up an immense body of sulphide ore carrying higher values than are usual on the west side Copper Belt. Tunnel No. 4 is being run on the west side of the Elsie and is in nearly 400 feet, disclosing apparently a body of low grade ore of the character usually found here.

A 12-pound rail track and ore cars are installed in this tunnel and crosscuts are being run at 250 and 285 feet respectively.

The Mammoth Mine is now yielding a daily output of 1200 tons of ore. Ten years ago it was showing less favorable conditions than the Big Back Bone and Elsie properties are to-day.

In July, 1910, another ore body richer than that of the Mammoth proper was discovered by the Mammoth Company just *1700 feet from the south line of the Elsie property,* and the development of this new find has established a large camp, new transportation facilities and brought the Northern California Power Line within 1700 feet of the Kennett Consolidated Copper Company's holdings. Already shafts and tunnels aggregating 1200 feet have been driven, and active operations disclose the fact that the discovery is a very important one for the Company, and has greatly enhanced the value of the *KENNETT CONSOLIDATED* properties.

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The Shasta County Copper Belt already ranks *fifth in the Copper production of the United States*, and is one of the few copper districts where copper can be profitably mined when the metal is selling at less than 12 cents per pound.

Copper is the chief product and the basis of the mining prosperity and prospects of Shasta County, which is far in the lead of the mineral producing counties of the State of California.

From 1894 to 1910, this county has produced copper of a value of over Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000.)

Briefly summarized, the advantages of the Kennett Consolidated are:

1. **A Porphyry Copper—the kind that pays the biggest dividends.**
2. **The properties cover an extensive mineralized area—nearly 1000 acres.**
3. **Located in a copper belt ranking FIFTH IN PRODUCTION in the United States.**
4. **Adjacent to the greatest producing mine in California, a regular dividend payer.**
5. **Surface and underground similarity to the other big mines of the district.**
6. **Formation indicative of extensive ore bodies.**
7. **Worked by tunnels, reducing working costs to a minimum. No expensive hoisting and pumping.**
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9. **Smelters, power and railroads close at hand.**
10. **Small capitalization for a big Porphyry Copper.**
11. **First issues of stock at a very low price.**
12. **Celebrated Engineer's Report says: "The formation is identical with that of the MAMMOTH property, which it adjoins, and when I first examined the MAMMOTH property in 1896 there was no better showing at that time than there is now on the Big Back Bone property."**

This is the first great Porphyry Copper stock ever offered in the United States on such a small capitalization.

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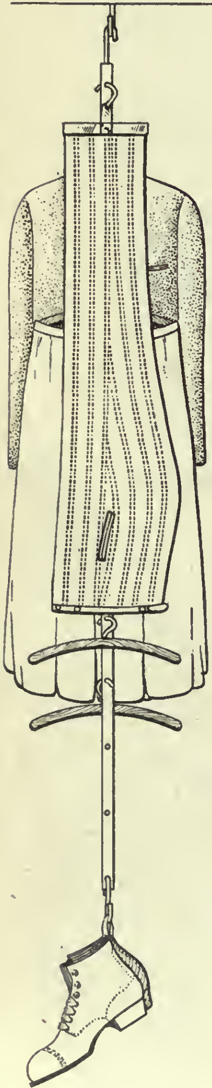

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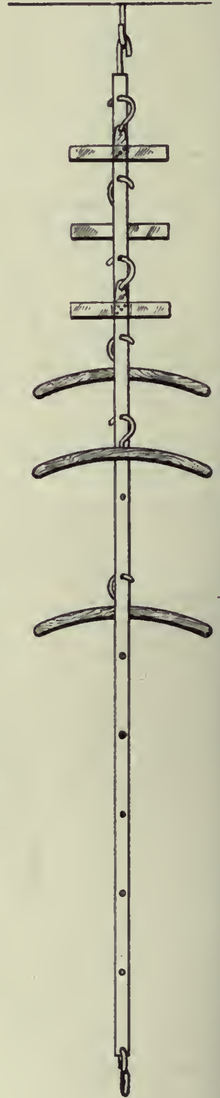

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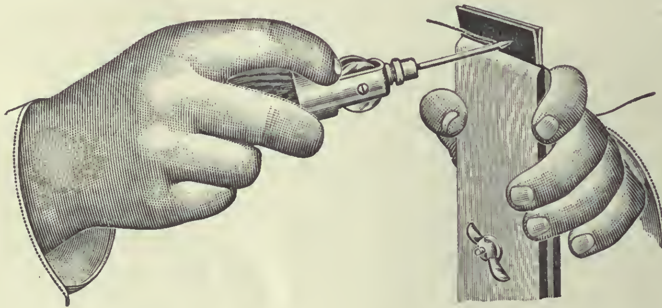

Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

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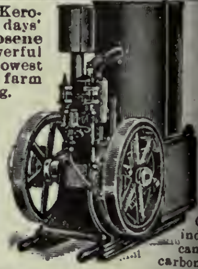

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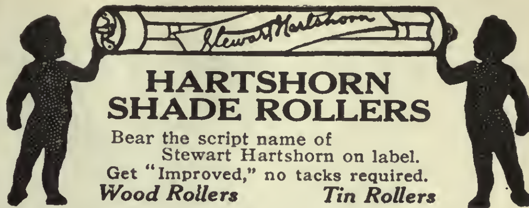

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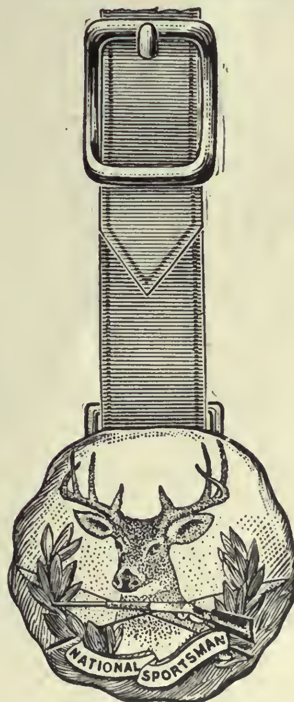

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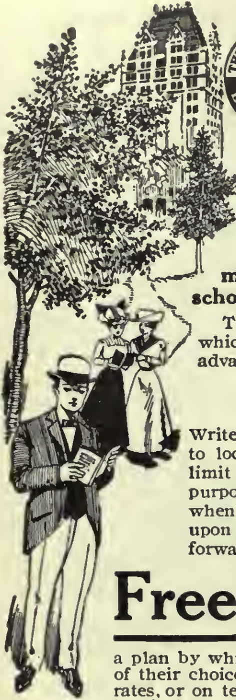

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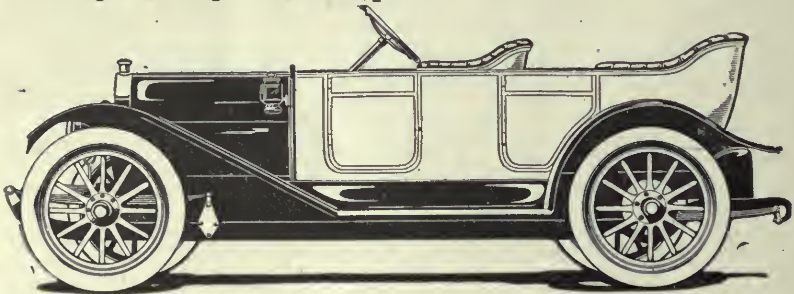

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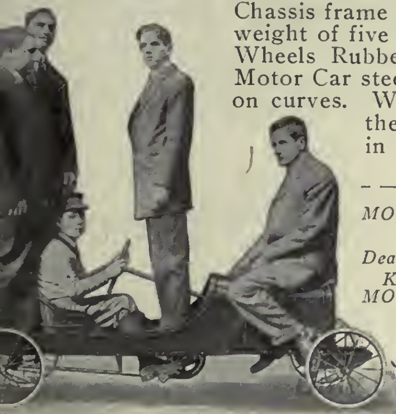

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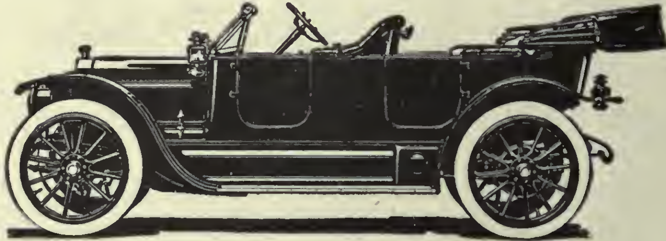

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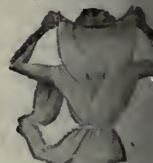

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Vol. LX No. 4

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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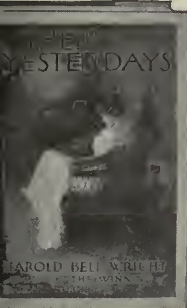

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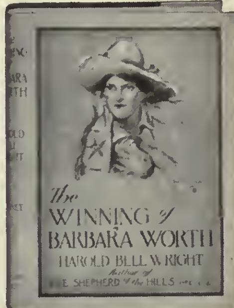

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Automobile Advertising

SOME FACTS

Paid Auto Display Advertising in August

Chronicle	Examiner	Call
Agate Lines	Agate Lines	Agate Lines
22,284	22,087	21,349

In the first eight months of 1912 the total amount of Automobile Display Advertising published by the San Francisco morning papers was as follows:

Chronicle	Examiner	Call
Agate Lines	Agate Lines	Agate Lines
219,752	202,393	168,254

CREDIT FROM A COMPETITOR

Reproduced from the San Francisco Examiner's statement of automobile advertising for the first seven months of 1912, August 25, 1912:

TOTAL DISPLAY:

Chronicle	Examiner	Call
Agate Lines	Agate Lines	Agate Lines
193,328	175,673	153,012

The "Chronicle" has carried the bulk of Automobile Display Advertising in San Francisco for years, and its lead continues to grow

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Near 50th Street Subway and 53d Street Elevated

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Also 7th Ave. Cars from Pennsylvania Station.

New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class
Rates Reasonable

$2.50
With Bath
and up

Send for Booklet

Ten minutes' walk to 30 theatres

H. P. STIMSON
Formerly With Hotel Imperial

The
RITTENHOUSE HOTEL
Chestnut and Twenty-Second Sts.
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CUTICURA SOAP

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Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of JAMES WOODS

EUROPEAN PLAN
From $2.00 up

Named after the patron saint of its city, this Hotel expresses the comfortable spirit of old California Hospitality

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BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

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C. A. MINER, Manager

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In the Heart of the City's Activities

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Rooms, one person bath detached $1.50 to $2.00

Rooms, one person with private bath $2.00 to $3.50

Rooms, two persons bath detached $2.50 to $3.50

Rooms, two persons with private bath $3.00 to $4.50

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7 Daily Trains to Los Angeles

Same Number Returning

$14 One Way Round Trip **$25**

SHORE LINE LIMITED

Lv. San Francisco	Third and Townsend	8:00 A. M.
Ar. Los Angeles		9:50 P. M.

Daylight ride down Coast Line
Observation, Parlor and Dining Cars

THE LARK

Lv. San Francisco	Third and Townsend	7:40 P. M.
Ar. Los Angeles		9:30 A. M.

Dining Car open 7:00 P. M.
Standard Pullman and Observation Cars

THE OWL

Lv. San Francisco	Ferry Station	6:20 P. M.
Ar. Los Angeles		8:35 A. M.

Buffet-Library Car, Standard Pullman,
Observation and Dining Cars

Also Four additional Trains leaving San Francisco daily with Standard Pullman and Dining Cars:

Los Angeles Passenger,	Ferry Station	10:40 A. M.
Sunset Express,	Third and Townsend	4:00 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer,	Ferry Station	4:40 P. M.
Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger,	Third and Townsend	10:00 P. M.

Protected by Automatic Electric Block Signals

Stopovers allowed on all trains, enabling passengers to visit Coast and Interior Resorts

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SAN FRANCISCO: Flood Building, Palace Hotel, Ferry Station; Phone Kearny 3160
Third and Townsend Streets; Phone Kearny 180

OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth; Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station; Phone Oakland 1458

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- **$1,000** for death from Ordinary Accident.
- **$2,000** for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.
- **$1,000** for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Ordinary Accident.

The above amounts accumulate Ten Per Cent. each year for five years, without additional cost.

$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE—No Medical Examination Required.

The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of $3,250 at a cost of less than THREE CENTS A DAY in addition to weekly indemnity for total or partial disability from accident.

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Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) **Hartford, Conn.** Tear of

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination.
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

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Cavalry breaking camp. *See Army Maneuvres Page 313.*

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Colonel Lea Febiger and staff of the Blues.

Page 313.

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Field artillery rushing into position to open fire on the enemy.

See page 313.

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The Red battery in action during the heat of the big battle on the closing day. *See page 313.*

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 BRET HARTE

VOL. LX San Francisco, October 1912 No. 4

The American automobile was used to advantage by the skirmishing Reds.

THE ARMY WAR MANEUVRES IN CALIFORNIA

BY OLIVER WESLEY TUTTLE

The recent army maneuvres in California inaugurated a new idea in constructive warfare. A big war problem was planned at headquarters in Washington—an attack on San Francisco by a hostile fleet and army, and the defense of the city by troops stationed there. The army heads at Washington were thus enabled to gain important practical information regarding proper coast defense for preservation in the secret archives.

THE WAR is over. General Theory has surrendered. The citizen soldiers have returned to their civil occupations, and the War Department is much the wiser in the proper mode of defending this section of the Pacific Coast from a foreign invading army.

California's gigantic mimic war, which was fought in the peaceful Santa Clara and Salinas Valleys, was of far greater importance than the av-

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Troops on the march to meet the opposi

erage citizen believes. It was no sham battle with the roaring of cannon and musketry as was common during State militia encampments ten or more years ago. Instead it was the scientific working out of a big war problem, one that will insure protection to the residents of California should a hostile invading army from across the sea be landed on the fertile soil of this State.

It was expected by many that the two armies, the Reds, which was the invading force, and the Blues, which was the defending force, would clash in one big battle, and either one or the other force would be the victor. This was a false impression. It would be folly to expend such large sums of money just to send two large forces of troops into the field with the single object of fighting to see which would best the other. Besides, the result of the recent battle is knowledge for the officials of the War Department of this government only, and not for other nations.

When the umpires ordered the trumpeters to sound "recall," they did just what the War Department in Washington directed. In fact, the entire maneuvre, from start to finish, was minutely known by the general staff in the War College in Washington. Recall was sounded at 3:45 p. m, after the troops of both armies had been in action for more than five hours. Both forces were well deployed, and the position of each was known to the opposing commander. Both armies had been in the field for more than a week, and smaller battles had been fought each day as the invaders pressed northward.

One might well say: "Well, if neither side won, what was the knowledge gained?" In brief it was this:

1st: Green troops were taken from their civil positions and taught to

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through the mountain passes of the Salinas Valley.

care for themselves in the field. The non-commissioned officers were taught how to supervise the packing of wagon trains and the managing of raw recruits fresh from offices and stores in the art of pitching and breaking camp and the caring for themselves.

2d: Militia officers were trained in handling their commands in the field, and as the soldiers were continually on the march, camping in a different part of the country each night, and fighting over a new territory each day, they received valuable knowledge.

3d: Both the commissary and quartermaster's departments learned more in one week during the maneuvre than could be learned in two years from books. The task of feeding 6,000 tired and hungry soldiers three square meals a day is no easy matter, and the commissary department learned much. It will be remembered that a soldier is only allowed a certain sum a day to subsist on, and rations must not be issued above or under this amount.

4th: Colonels and Majors of the militia were able to handle the regiments or battalions, in camp, on the march, and in battle, something they have never had a chance to do before.

5th: Problems affecting the defense of the Pacific Coast from invasion, which have been discussed on paper at the War College of the War Department in Washington for years were actually worked out, and strategical positions that will be used in an actual war were established on the secret map.

6th: The medical and sanitation corps, the most important branch of the army both in actual and mimic fighting, learned much in the care of troopers. Sick had to be cared for while on the march, and the sanitation and health of the camps had to be maintained at all times.

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Commissary train following in the wake of one of the armies.

It can well be said without a taint of color that the militia, often scorned by our citizens and ridiculed by our press, certainly showed its training and zeal during the hard campaigning. Utah's citizen soldiers, composing a perfect fighting organization of five companies of infantry, a battery of field artillery, and a mounted company of Signal Corps, made an excellent showing. California's militia, consisting of three infantry regiments, two batteries of field artillery, four troops of cavalry, and one signal corps company, constitute a fighting force of which the citizens of this State can well be proud.

There was no brilliant array of scarlet uniforms, dangling sabres or brass buttons. Everything was trim and keen. Nothing but long gray lines of fighting troopers, each weighed down with his 55 pounds of fighting equipment, ready for business. Officers were attired like privates. Pomp and ceremony were cast to the breeze. Everybody, from private to General, was out for one cause—efficiency; and besides regulations prescribe no saluting in the field unless a junior speaks to his superior, or vice versa. And with all this, perfect discipline was maintained at all times.

What was the most remarkable feature of the entire maneuvre was the mobilization of an entire brigade of militia organizations in less than 24 hours. Companies were assembled into battalions, battalions into regiments, in a fortnight. Some of the company commanders had never before seen their majors and colonels, while the others had only met their superiors during the annual State inspection. There was hardly a town in the State where more than one company came from, but still all formed a perfect organization, when once in the field.

When the militia troopers arrived at Salinas on the Sunday morning, and commenced their six mile march to El Toro, the base of the Red army, of which they constituted the major force, they were a green looking bunch. The majority were fresh from offices or stores in the cities, although some came from the harvest fields. Most all were pale of face, and showed the strain of the overnight ride in the trains. On the completion of the

march to El Toro all were fatigued and many foot sore.

But when the maneuvres terminated, in fact days before, these same citizen soldiers were tanned and bearded, and all marched with their heavy equipment like veterans along the dust-covered roads, or double-timed into battle formations over the sun scorched, grassy hills. It was no wonder that Adjutant-General E. A. Forbes remarked, when passing the long lines of dust-covered militiamen: "My, but the boys are fast becoming tough looking campaigners!"

The problem which confronted both the Red and Blue armies was as follows:

"War had been declared by a foreign foe by the landing of a large body of soldiers from transports at Monterey Bay. The enemy's fleet had appeared off the Golden Gate, but was forced to retire before the fire of the big guns of our fortifications. The American fleet, smaller in numbers, is bottled up in San Francisco harbor.

"The regiment of infantry stationed at the Presidio of Monterey has been routed by the invading force, and is retreating northward. A force of troops is rapidly being mobilized in San Francisco to check the invading army.

(The force landed in theory at Monterey was known as the Red army, and in reality arrived at Salinas by trains, from where they marched to the Red army base at El Toro—the theory being carried out that the troopers marched there from the transports. The Blue army was the force routed from the Presidio at Monterey, and the force mobilized in San Francisco.)

"The War Department orders Col. Cornelius Gardener, in command of the Blue force in San Francisco to proceed south with all despatch and give battle to the invaders, checking their progress until the arrival of reinforcements from the East.

"The commanding general of the Red Army, who remained aboard the transports at Monterey, directs his brigade commander, General Robert Wankowski, to march his force northward and capture San Francisco. In theory, three other brigades, consti-

Soldiers skylarking while moving a battery.

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tuting a division, would be landed from the enemy's fleet and follow.

"Colonel Gardener at San Francisco directs Colonel W. H. C. Bowen, commander of the routed Blue force from Monterey, to harass the advancing Red column at every possible turn, and delay his progress."

Thus the war began on a Sunday morning, August 11th.

The first skirmish of the campaign occurred at the Salinas River bridge at Old Hill town. Colonel Bowen and his routed force of infantrymen and machine guns from Monterey, who were camped a few miles north of Salinas, by a bold dash early the following Tuesday morning, caught the Reds by a sudden attack. The Blue colonel made a reconnoissance in force south to the Red camp six miles from Salinas in the hills of El Toro. He blew up the Salinas bridge, found the strength of the enemy's force, and blocked his advance by placing theoretical barb wire entanglements in the river bed.

The engagement, while it lasted, was a humdinger. It was necessary for the Red general to use a superior force to dislodge the plucky Blue command, and this was only done after Colonel Bowen decided he had accomplished all that he had set out to do.

Following immediately on the heels of this, the Blues swooped down on Salinas the next night and made prisoners of a dozen officers of the Red army and about one hundred privates who were enjoying leave.

When the barb wire entanglements were placed in the river and the Salinas river bridge destroyed, it was thought that Wankowski's Red army was bottled up in its rendezvous in the hills of El Toro. Instead, like a bolt from a clear sky, the entire hostile force broke from the trap and began its invasion northward.

There was a sharp skirmish between the mounted scouts of the Reds and the outposts of the Blue retreating force when Wankowski's army moved north. Colonel Bowen and his handful of Blue troopers fell back over the San Juan grade, while the hostile force went into camp at Sherwood, north of Salinas.

It was this retreat of Colonel Bowen's troopers over the San Juan Pass that recalled to the residents of the Salinas Valley the memorial battle of the plains between General Fremont and his handful of American soldiers and General Vallejo and his superior force of Spanish troops. This battle was fought in 1843 over the same ground, and proved a decisive victory for the American soldiers. In memory of the battle the old-time residents of this section had named one of the highest mountains of the San Juan Pass "Fremont's Peak."

Fearing that Bowen was up to another of his tricks and would ambush if possible part of the Red army should an advance be made over the Pass, General Wankowski took a course far to the north up through Prunedale.

Though this was a safer route, it nevertheless was harder on the troops. There was little or no water, the roads were poor and covered with a fine dust, and there was no forage for the stock. It was a long, tiresome march under a scorching summer sun, but the militiamen were game throughout and bore themselves as well as the regulars. Dripping with perspiration, their faces covered with dust and a week's growth of beard, the tired and famished Red army marched its weary way into camp at Langley on the Dumbarton cut-off road. Again there was no water and little forage. What water there was, was given to the animals, as a soldier's first duty is to care for his mount. No one had a wash for two days, and it certainly was an unkempt army that crawled to blanket that night.

Outposts were stationed in a half-circle about the camp for protection, while the tired soldiers slept the sleep of the weary.

There was no singing in camp by the soldiers that night. All went to their blankets before the rays of the

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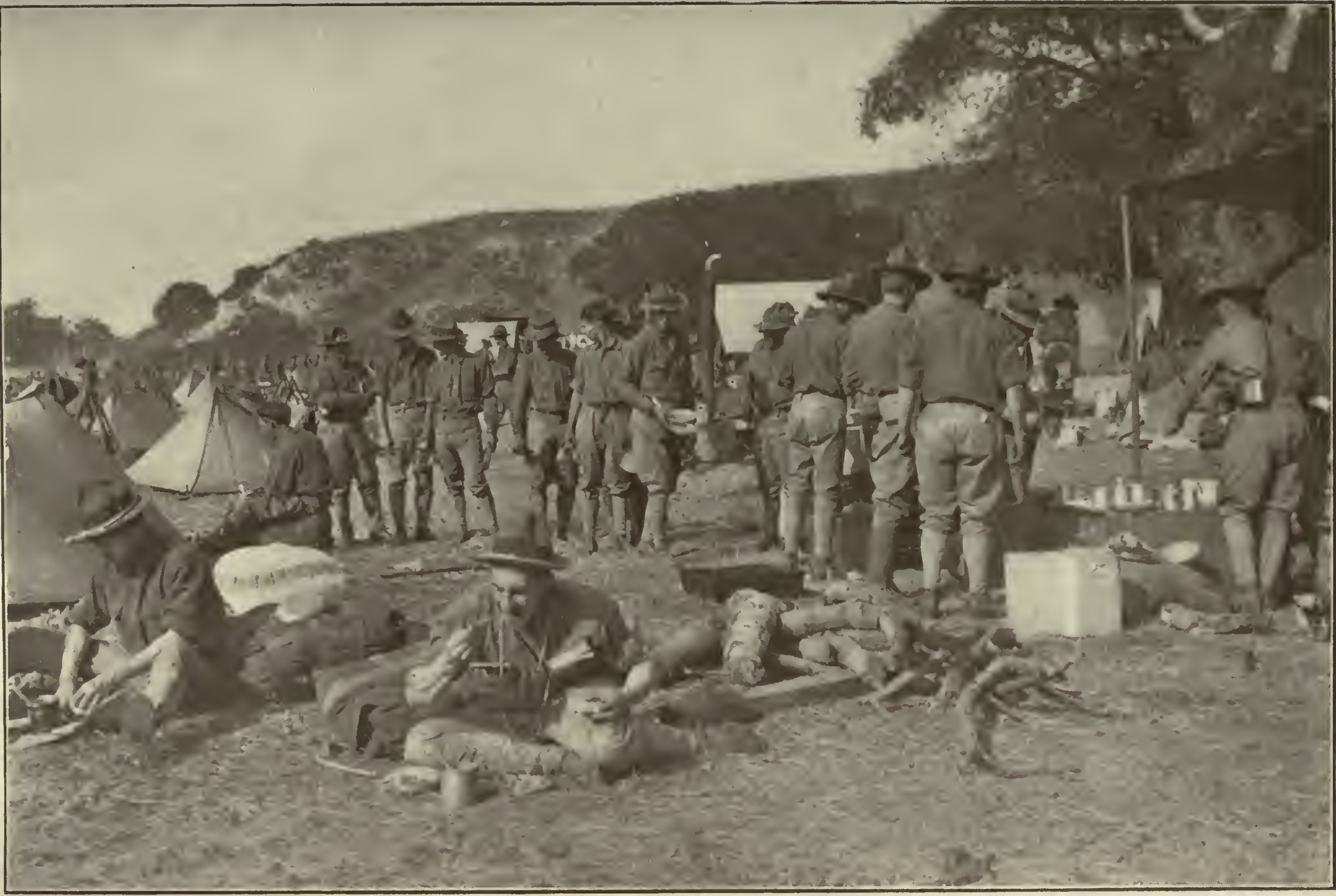

The most satisfying attack of the day: Supper time in the camp of the Reds.

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A field camp of the Reds.

sun had ceased to glow in the East. But up at headquarters tent, where the Red pennant denoted the tent of the Red commander, there were lights burning all night. General Wankowski, with his chief of staff, Captain S. O. Fuqua, of the regular army, and Colonel Bradbury and other members of the General's staff, were busy over the plans of the impending battle.

Camp was broken at Langley at four o'clock the next morning, and the army was well on its way through the mountain pass before the sun cast its first rays over the hills. More bad roads were encountered, and another hot day was suffered in the march to San Juan.

Onward over the grade pressed the Red army of invasion, with little food and no water. But with all this hardship the soldiers were in a cheerful mood. They sang songs and joshed one another as they strode along. One of their favorite songs went something like this: "Oh, it's forty miles a day on beans and hay in the regular army-O."

Camp was made the next night at San Juan, the little old Spanish town on the King's Highway, which was the principal stopping place in the sixties when Monterey was the capital of the State. Here in the shadow of the old adobe Mission San Juan Bautista, which was erected 115 years previous, the Red commander made his headquarters.

When dawn broke the next morning it was found that Colonel Bowen and his retreating Blue force was up to his old tricks again. Hardly had the invading army marched out of the old Spanish town before they were opened fire upon by the Blues in the defile at the Pajaro River near Sargent. Action began early and lasted nearly until noon. It was the first real battle of the campaign of any importance.

Remarkably good work was done by the militia regiments of the Red army. The Fifth California, under Colonel David A. Smith, successfully turned the right flank of the defenders after fording the Pajaro River and storming the grassy heights directly in front of Sargent Station. The Sev-

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enth California from the southern part of the State swept down over the high hills, pushing back the gallant Blues and dislodging them from their positions along the ridge. Four companies of the Twelfth regulars, under Captain Clinton, forded the river, the bridge being blown up (theoretically), and made a complete rout of the force of Colonel Bowen.

The defenders succeeded, however, in compelling the Red army to deploy, thereby checking its advance several hours. This was the purpose of the attack of Colonel Bowen, following the instructions from the commander at the Presidio in San Francisco, and was ably carried out.

This was the last real action until the battle of Coyote on the Tuesday morning following. Saturday was spent by the Red force in making camp at Sargent, and a few brief hours' rest. Then Sunday they marched to Gilroy, when the invaders remained over-night until 3 o'clock Monday morning. Monday noon found the Red army in camp at Morgan Hill, after a brief skirmish before entering the town.

It was just before this skirmish that the Fifth California Infantry had its Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain-Adjutant captured by the Blue scouts. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Hunt, of the Fifth, in charge of the mounted scouts of the invaders, was captured early in the morning. Col. David A. Smith, commander of the regiment, was caught in a neat trap at Paradise Valley bridge by the militia cavalry of the defenders. His Adjutant, Captain Peterson, was captured at the same place while endeavoring to locate his superior officer.

This delayed the advance further. It being necessary for Major R. N. Holtum of the Fifth to take command of the regiment, and as this organization was the advance guard of the Reds, it blocked the entire movement of the invaders. Colonel Smith was

Out of the fight. Hospital corps of the Red army at constructive work in the field.

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A raider caught stealing apples from the brigade hospital kitchen of the Reds.

severely censured for taking the risk he did when he was captured. Possibly his superiors have been a little hard on the "old soldier." Colonel Smith, when caught, was within three paces of where the writer was sitting on his mount. The Colonel had been advised by his scouts that Blue cavalry were in the front. He had despatched several of his men to locate them and report back the information of their strength. Failing to receive a report, he himself rode out to ascertain the information, as this was part of his duty as advance guard commander. In doing so he was captured.

No doubt the officer used poor judgment in taking the risk, as he carried maps and orders which fell into the hands of the enemy. But as the maneuvre was held partly to show up these weak points, the matter should be dropped where it stands.

It was a sleepless night that followed the entry into Morgan Hill for both forces. The next day told the final tale of the war as far as the troops were concerned. The soldiers in the main bodies lay awake all night, lying on their blankets under the open sky. Outposts and pickets bivouacked in their trenches far out towards the front, and lone sentinels hid in the underbrush, ever on the alert for a sudden attack.

At the headquarters of the Reds, General Robert Wankowski and his chief of staff pondered over their maps and made their plans for their attack next day. On the Blue side, the entire force remained in their trenches waiting for the first streak of dawn to open fire.

At 3 o'clock the Red army was on the move. The force wormed its way towards the west through the foothills of the Santa Clara Valley under a heavy blanket of fog. Scouts, well in advance, felt their way cautiously, while the main body, silent and grim, pushed on, ready to give battle on a moment's notice.

By 8 o'clock the sun's hot rays

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burned a wide hole in the fog, and the scouts detected the position of the Blue army entrenched along the base of Devil's Peak. This was told by the popping of muskets. Captain S. O. Fuqua, chief of staff of the Red forces, dashed forward to Pine Ridge, and made his plans for the deployment of his forces.

Companies, battalions and regiments were thrown out into battle formation. Cavalry galloped off to the right to make a flank charge on Signal Hill, occupied by the Blues. Artillery was brought up from the rear to Pine Ridge, and soon the deep boom of cannon mingled and over-echoed the continual cracking of the musketry.

One battalion of the Seventh California Regiment, under Major Cole, worked its way over the sun-scorched fields and battled with the Blue infantrymen in an endeavor to turn the enemy's right flank. Another battalion of the Seventh deployed and swept down in an attack on the center of the defender's position. A brisk fire was opened up from Signal Hill, and soon the four companies of the Twelfth regulars of the Reds, under Captain Clinton, were sneaking their way through grass, some wriggling and others crawling, to storm this position. They later carried this with a charge and yell.

The Second California Infantry, commanded by Colonel Lon Bond, swept down over Pine Ridge to the field below in one long line of skirmishers. The three battalions of the Fifth Infantry, California militia, followed as supports. Soon the entire valley was ringing with the crack of arms in one long, thunderous noise.

Onward and onward pressed the perspiration drenched troopers of the invading army, firing at the Blues as they made their way over the sun-scorched, grassy slopes. Each ridge was mounted, only to find the enemy firmly located on another. Over each of these the troopers fought their way. Charging the Blues or worming their way through the grass. There were no spectacular rushes with blare of trumpets. It was a perfect fighting machine, working under orders. Onward they advanced in echelon formation, stopping only to fire their rifles at the Blue soldiers.

The pop-pop popping of the muskets mingled with the rattle of the machine guns and the roar of the cannon. The tops of the hills blazed and spit forth volumes of flame. Soon the entire ridge was one long enfilade of flame. Many dropped from the heat, but the advance was steady. The shouts of the officers could hardly be heard above the roar of the battle.

As the fight waxed warmer—and this it did by leaps and bounds—the soldiers, all of whom were tired, dead tired, hungry and thirsty, fought the harder. If the spirit of American soldiers was ever displayed, it certainly was here. There was no national liberty at stake nor honor to save; there was really no incentive outside love for fighting and the glory of beating the other fellow. But these men fought just the same. And I feel qualified in saying that they would have fought harder had they fought a real enemy of their country.

The question might arise: "What would they have done under a fire of real steel-jacket bullets?" The answer is: "They would have fought a thousand times fiercer."

It was when the battle was at its height, with both armies drawn up for the final clash—the Reds just about to spring into one long charge, and the Blues anxiously waiting with fixed bayonets to meet them—that the umpires called time, much to the disappointment of some of the men.

Thus the result of the battle and technical knowledge of the campaign was saved for the War Department of this government, and for them alone.

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New State Highway bridge of Riverton, Cal., showing the Pasear tourists on the way to Lake Tahoe.

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Overlooking Mojave Desert from the summit of Jawbone Pass.

SCENIC WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA REVEALED BY PASEAR MOTOR TRIP

Illustrated with photos taken by the Author

BY ERNEST EDWARDS

The "Pasear" trip of a number of motor enthusiasts should mark a new era in motoring in the West, and lead to some definite ideas in the movement for better roads. The "Pasear" motorists endeavored to see California by the best available roads that would provide the most picturesque, wonderful and varied scenery of the Golden State. The trip led the wayfarers over portions of the Great Highway, through beautiful valleys to the crest and watersheds of the high Sierras and across corners of the extraordinary desert region lying below the sea level. The accompanying photographs, taken on the trip, give a very inadequate idea of the varieties of magnificent and entertaining panoramas disclosed.

WHEN it became definitely known a little more than one year ago that San Francisco was to be the scene of the next great International Exposition—when the struggle that had been going on for months between New Orleans and the Golden City was decided by Congress in favor of the latter municipality—there was an almost immediate flood of inquiries from motorists all over the world as to how best to see California by motor car.

California was always intended as the greatest exhibit in 1915, and these inquiries from outsiders proved that the situation was generally accepted as such. Knowing these things to be true, it devolved upon the motorists of the State to solve the problem. A great circuit thoroughfare of the State was suggested by a good roads club of more than ordinary ambitions down in

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Claremont Tunnel road, Berkeley.

Inyo County, known as the Inyo Good Roads Club. In the concrete the proposition was: a highway that would present to the tourist the sublimity of the ocean, the desolation of the desert, the grandeur of the Sierras, and the fertility of the valleys: a combination of historic, scenic and natural attractions not equaled by any other highway in the world.

Four of California's principal roads immediately suggested themselves for this purpose—El Camino Real, El Camino San Diego, El Camino Sierra and El Camino Capital. Next, from the fertile brain of W. Gillette Scott, corresponding secretary of the Inyo Good Roads Club, came the suggestion of the word "Pasear," as the proper title for this State circuit. The word was borrowed from the Spanish. Its meaning is, to walk, to stroll, to loiter, to look about. Followed this the pilot tour of the "Pasear," which has just been completed with more success and acclaim than any event of a similar nature ever undertaken in the West.

A more representative gathering of pioneers of any project can hardly be imagined than that which featured the Pilot Tour of the "Pasear." Governor Johnson, of California, sent a personal representative, Carl Westerfield, a prominent young attorney of San Francisco, and a member of the State Fish and Game Commission. Frank Newbert, president of the latter organization, was likewise a member of the party. Percy J. Walker, of the Executive Committee of the American Automobile Association, and referee of the last Glidden Tour, sent a representative of the Three A's in the person of Walter G. Manuel of Oakland, Cal. Besides these there were representatives of three national magazines, and more than a score of Western newspapers were represented.

The first leg of the "Pasear," upon which the motorists embarked on June 10th, was from San Francisco to San Diego over El Camino Real, a road filled with scenic splendors, and which includes nearly all of the Missions of California, and embraces many of the most historical spots in the State. The road traverses many mountain passes of the wildest kind of scenery, and dips down into valleys of the richest

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Grotesque lava formation near Independence, one of the geological freaks of the eastern slope of the Sierras.

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fields and orchards in the world. It embraces the nearly completed Rincon causeway connecting Santa Barbara with Ventura, which, when officially opened, will eliminate Casitas Pass, that yearly collects a toll of from six to ten lives on account of its many dangerous cliffs and turns, and its road conditions, which cannot be changed without the expenditure of a large sum of money. Incidentally the Rincon route shortens the distance between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles by almost ten miles, and cuts down the time between the two points by more than one hour with ordinary driving.

Joshua tree grove, Mojave Desert, the land of the grotesque cacti.

While the wonders of the eastern side of the Sierras have long been heralded to the world, but seen by so few on account of the general inaccessibility of that part of California, the wonders of the Mojave Desert are no less enchanting to the motorist. Contrary to the general opinion, the desert, as discovered by the "Pasear" tourists, is not a great barren waste upon which there grows "not even a blade of grass," nor is it a stretch of country of unfathomable sand over which it is well nigh impossible for vehicles of any description to travel. True, the sage brush is there, but the great American desert also offers panoramas of wonderful vistas, which, on a clear day, stretch out in all directions as far as the eye can see. These present themselves in a score of colors from the white sand of the bed of the desert to the red, brown and blue mountains which wall this great territory.

The road which traverses the Mojave desert is one of the finest roads in the country, and it extends from Acton, practically the first station on its southern extremity, to within a few miles of Lone Pine. The reason for this is that the road was built by the City of Los Angeles to accommodate the great traffic over this portion of the State during the construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct.

Just before the "Pasear" tourists reached Lone Pine, they began to get a faint idea of the wonderful scenery of the eastern side of the Sierras. The mountains are a solid granite formation, and seem to have been forced

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Along the rushing waterway of Bishop Creek, near Bishop, Cal.

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On the Alpine County State Highway, near Tallac.

into the Owens river, which crosses both Inyo and Mono Counties from north to south, often finding its way for miles over the floor of the valley, and as often chiseling its way through great canyons, the walls of which in many instances rise to a height of between three hundred and four hundred feet.

One of the most interesting features of the journey up the eastern side of the Sierras is the varied geological formations. For nearly two hundred miles of the journey northward from Mojave the traveler is flanked on the left by the Sierras, and it is literally true that one can drive the headlights of one's car up against the side of the mountain and look almost perpendicularly up to the summit of the range. The road hugs the base of the mountain, and on the other side is the valley, which is practically level. Quite unexpectedly one runs into great and grotesque lava deposits. Occasionally, as one passes the opening of a canyon in the mountain

perpendicularly through the earth's crust to their general height of between 11,000 and 14,000 feet. The town of Lone Pine snuggles peacefully at the very base of Mt. Whitney (14,645 feet), the highest peak in the United States. The country from there on, through Inyo and Mono Counties, includes what is known as Owens Valley. Concerning the fertility of this valley, comparatively little is known by the outside world, but it is safe to say that a no more fertile valley in the world exists. Literally hundreds of streams feed the valley from the Sierras on the west, and as many more streams come from the White mountains on the east. All of these empty

range, one finds extensive moraines, and by short side trips out of some of the towns in the valley one can get a close range view of big glaciers.

Long Valley, immediately north of Owens Valley, and north of the town of Bishop, has several hot springs and one or two geysers. One of these is located in the crater of an old volcano, and out of it issue steam and boiling sulphur water, the water shooting viciously up to a height of four feet. In the same crater there are a number of other sutures, out of which issue steam, smoke and volcanic mud. Casa Diablo is the name of the geyser, and people of both Inyo and Mono Counties believe that the day when

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this ancient volcano will again become active is not far distant.

Magnificent as is the scenery of the eastern Sierras, and fertile as are its valleys, the country is also a sportsman's paradise. The streams are "alive" with trout, and the mountains are full of game. Trout breakfasts and other sources of outdoor enjoyment are as common with the few people of Inyo and Mono Counties as are the evening newspapers in the metropolitan cities of the world.

The country comprising the eastern side of the Sierras is merely in its infancy. Great projects are under way in both Mono and Inyo Counties. These include power companies and railroads. The Los Angeles aqueduct is a tremendous proposition. The hundreds of streams that find their way down from the Sierras offer power that, if properly harnessed, it is said, could illuminate the world with electricity.

A bit of bad going on an Alpine County highway in the Sierras.

From Bridgeport in the northern part of Mono the "Pasear" tourists followed the West Walker River Canyon—as picturesque a mountain canyon as one can find, to Alkali Lake, as it lies just on the California-Nevada line. There the motorists were forced to tour a few miles into Nevada, on account of the fact that the Alpine County (Cal.), State highway is not as yet completed. When that is finished it will furnish quick and direct communication between Lake Tahoe and Bishop, via Markleeville, in Alpine County. The scenery of this region is regarded as being the finest mountain scenery in the West.

Already there is a splendid State highway running from Tallac, Lake Tahoe, to Placerville. A good road is badly needed between Placerville and Folsom, for the road from the latter place to Sacramento and on to San Francisco is in excellent condition. The "Pasear" route also included a journey over the Sacramento "river route" to the Golden Gate city, a shortening of the distance between the two points by nearly fifty miles. At the present time the road north of Rio Vista and connecting that town with the Capital City is in a very rough condition, but between Rio Vista and Collinsville, where one must barge, the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, the road is hard and smooth.

After barging at the junction of the two rivers, the "Pasear" crew again hit terra firma at Antioch. From there

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on to Oakland the journey was continued via Concord, Walnut Creek, thence the Claremont "tunnel" road, which comes out in Berkeley. A few minutes more brought the motorists to Oakland. The next morning the journey was continued around the bay via the "Wishbone Route," which included a stop at Henry Lachman's beautiful grounds, "Palmdale," at Mission San Jose, and an interesting side tour to Alum Rock Park, thence back to San Jose, and up the peninsula to San Francisco, the caravan of four automobiles bringing up in front of the main entrance to the Palace Hotel from which point the start had been made just one month before. That incident marked the completion of the most unique automobile tour ever conceived in the West, a ride which was truly a "joy ride," although it had extended for more than two thousand miles, and had passed through twenty-two of California's counties. It was a deed of thirteen serious thinking men under the leadership of a master-mind, W. Gillette Scott of Inyo. It is doubtful if any event in the history of the modern motor car since the birth of the good roads movement has attracted so much attention or created the same possibilities of big and beneficial results.

LINES

BY ROBERT RENSSELAER CHAMBERLAIN

Rocks and the tide and pine trees,
Youth and its unread page,
The thrushes' note and springtime—
Tear-misted dreams of age—
Fulfilled realization,
Bought at a phantom cost,
Tender regrets for the old days,
Tears for the loved ones lost.
These we have known, my dearie,
Gifts of a Power above—
Weight of woes and trouble,
Deepening trust and love,
Till, closer interwoven,
We've come, arms open wide,
Forgiving each the other,
Thorn crowned but sanctified.

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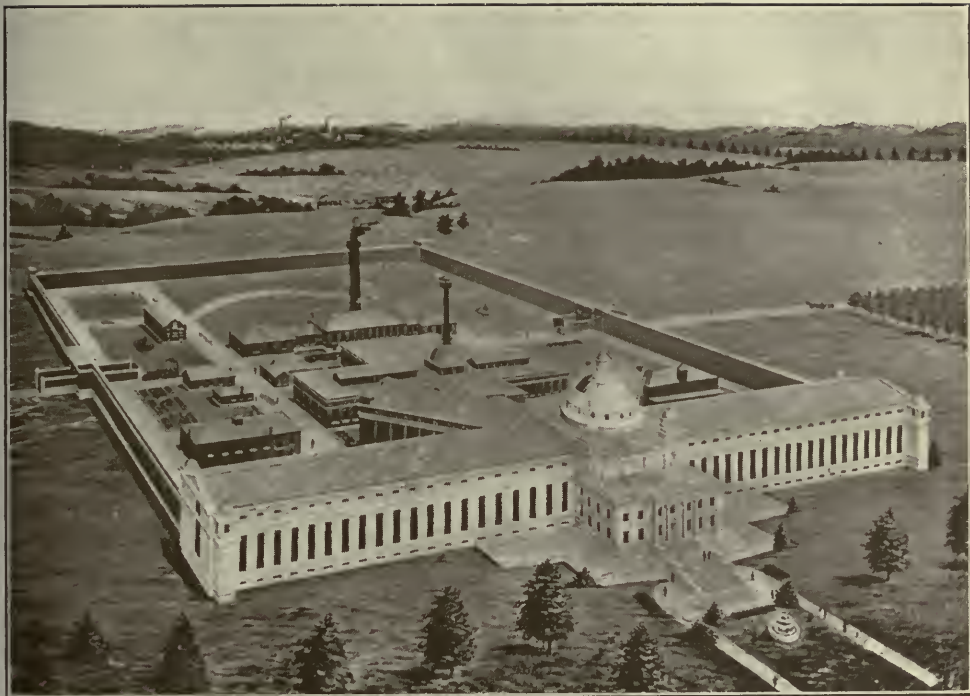

Bird's-eye view of Uncle Sam's prison for national offenders, located at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

A PENITENTIARY BUILT BY CONVICTS

BY ARTHUR L. DAHL

IF YOU were an involuntary guest of the government and were requested to construct your own prison, would you feel that insult had been added to injury?

That is exactly the situation in which the inmates of the Federal Penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, found themselves some years ago. The government said: "We must deprive you of liberty by insurmountable walls and impenetrable bars, and these barriers you must build with your own hands."

Strange as it may seem to the reader, the convicts replied: "Fine! If we cannot have liberty, give us something to occupy our minds and our hands!"

Have you ever stopped to think how infinitely dreary life would be if you were confined for years in an overcrowded prison, with nothing to do, surrounded by bare walls or sun-baked grounds, and with only the companionship of men who, like yourself, had only lives of regret to look back upon? Under such circumstances would not you, too, grasp with joy at the chance of doing physical work out in the open air, away from the depressing effects of your prison?

Many years ago, when Fort Leavenworth was established, the War De-

partment built a military prison there for the confinement of men found guilty of violating military laws. Most of the prisoners were deserters or other short-term men, and no provision was made to keep them employed, except to carry on the usual routine of administration. Later, this penitentiary was turned over to the Department of Justice, for use as a civil prison. With the sending of men from the Federal Courts throughout the country the capacity of the institution was taxed to the utmost. The warden was confronted with a two-fold problem. It was necessary to enlarge the small prison to meet future needs, and some sort of work must be found for the men to maintain their health and good behavior.

The idea then occurred to him: "Why not have the convicts build a new prison, and thus answer both needs?"

Plans were drawn, and a site for its location was chosen at the top of a gradually ascending hill lying within the boundaries of the Fort Leavenworth Military Reservation, and adjoining the northern limits of the city of Leavenworth.

In making the preliminary surveys, it was discovered that this hill was composed almost entirely of a variety of clay admirably adapted to the making of building bricks. This fortunate circumstance led to the decision to build the entire plant of brick made from this clay. But a short distance away, on one of the neighboring hills, was an inexhaustible supply of excellent building stone.

When the plans were fully worked out, Congress was induced to appropriate sufficient money to employ a supervising architect and assistants, and the work of building the immense institution was commenced. This appropriation merely provided for the salaries of the men to supervise the work, it being stipulated that the actual labor should be furnished by the convicts incarcerated in the old prison. On the site where the prison was to be built, a complete brick-making plant was installed, and the prisoners were set to work to accomplish the double purpose of cutting down the hill to the proper level and turning the clay thus excavated into bricks for the walls and buildings. Sufficient bricks had to be made to build the walls ten feet thick at the base, eighty feet high, and long enough to enclose an area half a mile square. Within the enclosure, the plans called for a score of buildings needed to properly house and care for the thousands of convicts whose home it was to be.

As fast as the excavations for brick material reached the depth called for in the plans, the scene was shifted to another part of the hill, until eventually the entire surface was reduced to the proper grade.

The stone needed to make up the concrete foundations, as well as that used for ornamental purposes, was quarried from one of the hills several miles away, and in planning the cheapest and best method of transporting the stone from the quarry to the prison site, it was found that, by building a small railroad, practically all the material could be transported by gravitation alone. A car loaded with stone at the quarry was turned loose, and allowed to run down the hill on which the quarry was located, to a point on the opposite hill, there to be unloaded. The empty cars were then hauled back to the quarry by a small engine. The utilization of this fortunate circumstance, like the manufacture of bricks on the ground, saved the government several hundred thousand dollars.

As is usually the case in all government work, haste was subservient to good workmanship, and several years were consumed in the manufacture of a sufficient quantity of material to build the outer walls of the prison. During all this time the men were quartered at the old prison, marching daily to and from their work. The working hours of the convicts were fixed by law at 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., including the time spent in going to and from their labors.

Convicts at work in the stone cutting quarters, Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary.

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During the marches there was constant danger of the men attempting to escape. They were obliged to pass through some dense woods, where it would be easy for a prisoner to hide should he escape. In fact, a number of exciting attempts were made during this period, some of which resulted successfully. These long marches also required a greater number of guards than would be the case if the prisoners were quartered near their work. At the prison site, tall lookout towers were erected, in which the guards were stationed, and one man, armed with a rifle, could thus command a large area. The working site was also surrounded by a heavy barbed-wire fence through which it was almost impossible to penetrate.

When the outer walls had all been constructed, the efforts of the men were concentrated upon the completion of one of the dormitories for the convicts, thus avoiding the great loss of time and danger incident to the march to and from the old prison. When this building was completed, the transfer of some of the prisoners was made, and the work of constructing the other buildings was pushed forward more rapidly. Though not entirely finished, all the buildings necessary to the proper administration of the institution have been constructed. The complete plans provide for a group of buildings that for utility and beauty will rank with the best institutions of the kind in this country. The old prison has been turned back to the War Department, and is being conducted as a strictly military prison, for which it was originally intended.

To many, perhaps, it would seem remarkable that an immense plant like this new prison could be constructed with the unskilled labor furnished by the convicts. But to one who is familiar with any of our modern penitentiaries, this result does not seem so remarkable. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a trade or profession which is not represented by many of the inmates of our modern prisons.

As the prison neared completion, and the construction force was reduced, many of the men were assigned to other lines of work. The prison has been designed to be as nearly self-supporting as possible, and to that end shops are maintained for the purpose of making the clothing and shoes worn by the many inmates, as well as to provide for the necessary repairs to the buildings.

Adjoining the prison is a large farm on which are raised all of the vegetables required to feed the men. The more hardy vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, etc., are stored in large warehouses for use during the winter months. All the labor incident to these farming operations is furnished by the convicts.

Nor is the talent displayed by the prisoners made up entirely of brawn, for all the clerical needs of the institution are fully met by the numerous professional men, whose efforts to take short cuts to success placed their abilities at the disposal of Uncle Sam. A band is maintained by the convicts, and the occasional entertainments given by them would often do credit to the professional stage.

Mr. R. W. McClaughry, the warden, has had over thirty-five years' experience in prison work. Prior to his becoming warden at the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary, he acted in a similar capacity at the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia.

He is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on prison administration in the United States. Though a strict disciplinarian, he believes in doing justice to the men under his charge. All Federal penitentiaries are conducted under a uniform system of rules, promulgated by the Department of Justice, and the administration of each is, therefore, along the same lines. At the same time, the warden has the power to carry out many of his own ideas, so long as he does not deviate from the general system outlined. Mr. McClaughry has, therefore, been able to put into effect many of his own rules, which have worked

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Showing arrangement of the tiers of cells and the corridor.

out to the physical and moral benefit of the prisoners.

He believes strongly in keeping the men employed at useful labor, both from the standpoint of their own good and to reduce the cost of maintenance to the government. During 1911 the average daily cost, per man, of feeding the convicts at Fort Leavenworth, was 11½ cents. This low rate was largely due to the fact that the men themselves raised, on the prison farm, food supplies valued at $16,508.23, of which $5,078 represented hogs. The total daily cost of maintenance of each convict during the same period was about 55 cents. The physical activity of the men also resulted in an exceedingly low death rate, there being but eleven deaths out of a total of 1152 convicts.

Warden McClaughry is a strong believer in the classification of convicts. Under the old system, all prisoners were compelled to wear the striped suit—a glaring advertisement to the world of their degradation and shame. McClaughry adopted the system of graded apparel, by which those of the men who faithfully observed the rules of the institution were entitled to wear neat suits of a plain, solid color. When they fell from grace, through misconduct, back they went to the striped suit. Under this system, the men were given a powerful motive to be good.

Wherever possible, the warden pursues the policy of assigning the men to such work as they are best suited to perform. Those who are equipped by education and experience for office

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duties, are given clerical positions in the office, while those who have followed a particular trade on the outside are given similar duties in the prison.

The warden is a great hand to secure his information from the men himself, and frequently goes in and out amongst the convicts, observing, questioning, listening. The men all know that, however stern he may be when occasion demands, they will always be given a "square deal" by him.

Mr. McClaughry is strongly opposed to the sentencing of men to life imprisonment, without some hope of ultimate freedom. He believes that the ends of justice are secured, and better men made out of convicts, by giving them an incentive to lead model lives in prison, through the hope of thereby receiving their freedom. In speaking of his plan he said:

"After having observed the working of the life sentence for about thirty-five years, I have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake as now executed. As a punishment for, or deterrent of, the crime of murder, I think it has been demonstrated to be a failure in most States. I believe that better results will be obtained by construing the life sentence as inflicted by courts or juries, to mean the expectancy of life according to the standard insurance tables, figured from the date when the prisoner is received at the penitentiary; then allow the prisoners to earn 'good time' on that sentence so construed."

A number of very thrilling escapes have occurred from the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary. Probably the most daring and successful attempt in the history of the institution occurred some six years ago. At that time the prisoners were confined in the old prison, and the farm maintained by the convicts was located along some bottom lands bordering on the Missouri River. One of the convicts employed on the farm, possessed of unusual courage and daring, determined to escape at a favorable opportunity. When the corn had grown to a height above a man's head, he succeeded in hiding himself in the corn field, at the end of the day's work. Owing to approaching darkness, it was necessary for the guards to take the remaining men to the prison before they could institute a thorough search for the missing convict. During this time the man succeeded in reaching the banks of the Missouri River. When darkness arrived, he swam the river, which was over a mile wide at that point, and landed on the opposite shore, in the midst of some dense woods. Here he spent the night, drying his wet clothes and planning his future progress out of the country.

He was absolutely penniless and was garbed in the black and white-striped suit of the prison, which he knew would instantly betray him to the first observer. But he was not long in devising a plan for "changing his spots." The woods were thick with black walnut trees, loaded with a new crop of nuts, the juice from the hulls of which leave a very dark stain. With these hulls he succeeded in securing enough juice to stain his suit and cap a dark brown.

He knew that every farmer for miles around would be on the watch for him, eager to earn the standing reward offered by the government for news of escaped prisoners. By lying low during the day and traveling only by night, he succeeded in eluding detection, though he frequently heard his pursuers as they beat the woods for him. At night he foraged from nearby farmhouses, and each day, as his beard grew longer, he became more confident of getting out of the danger zone. After several days of ceaseless watching and careful progress he reached a point a dozen or so miles down the river from Leavenworth. Here he stole a small boat tied to the river bank, and under cover of darkness, floated down to Kansas City, where he abandoned the craft and disappeared. This man was subsequently captured, through his own carelessness, and returned to prison, but his daring and the ingenuity with which he

overcame every obstacle to his escape, brought him so much notoriety that an enterprising publisher got out a history of his experiences, which met with a ready sale.

On another occasion, a convict succeeded in escaping by hiding in a wagonload of loose hay which was being hauled from the prison farm. Thereafter, the guards made it a point to run sharp pitchforks through every load of hay removed from the farm, and no convicts were subsequently found anxious enough to enjoy freedom at the expense of being pierced in this manner.

Several years ago, the Secret Service agents of the Treasury Department were notified that a large number of almost perfect counterfeit bills were being circulated in the Missouri Valley towns. For months they worked on the case before they learned that the source of this bad money was in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. So cunningly was the "plant" concealed that the prison authorities vehemently denied the possibility of counterfeit money being made within the prison walls. Through the confession of the go-between, however, they learned that the bills were manufactured by a convict employed in the photographic laboratory. By profession he was a steel engraver, and with the facilities available through his prison work, he could not resist the temptation to test his skill in producing "queer" money. The paper and necessary chemicals not found in the laboratory were secured through an old grocery-delivery man, whose honesty through many years of continuous service was so universally accepted by the prison guards that his packages were only perfunctorily examined before delivery.

In connection with the penitentiary, the Department of Justice maintains a Bureau of Criminal Identification, where the Bertillon system of identification is carried out in all its details. Up to July 1st of last year there were on file in this bureau 29,699 photographs and records, and 29,534 finger print records of criminals. This bureau is in charge of M. W. McClaughry —who spent several years in the Bertillon office in Paris to familiarize himself with the work.

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THE DAY'S DISGUISE

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

"Each day is a king in disguise."—EMERSON.

Endless the weary days in tattered beggar's dress—
Days that I witless named: Want, Sorrow, Loneliness—
Passed in disguise and left upon my tight-shut door,
A secret tally writ in hieroglyphic score.
Last round the cryptogram some hand a circle drew;
There in the cartouch then (a sovereign mark I knew),
There, unerasable, was set the judgment seal
Of king whose verdict knows nor error nor appeal.
Each day a king had passed with gifts he might not leave.
Had I reached hand but to give, I had been one to receive.
This then the old cryptogram so hard still to understand,
Life is made beggar or king for us in the way we hold out
our hand.

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GMN OF THE SOUL

BY RONALD TEMPLE

NOT ALONE the little, quick intaking of breath—a tribute that even the most case-hardened ever pay to his Majesty—told of the presence of Death.

The operating room was in a disorder unknown for any lesser cause. Here a hot water bag had been hurriedly dropped to the floor; there, an uncorked bottle of saline solution, with its attendant syringe lying on a pile of used bandages, attested to the frantic efforts of the anesthizer. Instruments were allowed to lay haphazard as they had been picked up, and dropped. The surgeon lifted, and peered intently under, the patient's eyelids. Then he shrugged his shoulders and turned from the table. Death had passed from the room accompanied by one, lately the operative.

Normality returned to the workers. The nurses bestirred themselves at their tasks of reducing chaos to order, while the surgeon and his assistant, the anesthizer and the internes, trooped off to the "scrubbing up" room. A little later, Dr. Warr, the operating surgeon, sat in the physicians' library with several of the hospital staff. A thoughtful expression was on his features as he meditatively lighted his cigar, absently holding the match until its flame burned close to his fingers. His surgical reputation was of that calibre that can afford to lose occasional cases without hurt to it; nevertheless, his analytical mind retraced each step of the operation, commending here, condoning there, condemning where there was a possibility. Finally he flicked the burnt-out match into a nearby tray, and young Trevor, of the "House," broke the ruminative silence.

"Pity his system was so 'all in,' sir," he observed deferentially to Warr.

Warr nodded, still absently; and Manon, the bacteriologist and cynic, added:

"System be hanged. That's all you youngsters think of. Ever hear of such a thing as germs?"

"Our operating rooms are as clean as any on record," objected Trevor, hotly. He was primarily responsible for their sterility.

"Granted: but all germs aren't mundane, by a long shot, son," responded the eminent bacteriologist. "Don't you be led astray by any such nonsense. There are intangible germs produced by an intellectual—a spiritual condition—that are a thousand times more insidious than any produced by a physical one."

He leaned back in his chair complacently, and young Trevor—intensely wrapped up in the material side of his profession—allowed as near a snort of incredulity to escape him as he dared.

"Take this case upstairs, for instance," continued Manon. "Blood counts accurate—absolutely *physical* germ proof conditions, as you have remarked, Trevor—Hall, a careful and competent anesthizer—patient in the prime of his life—and Warr to perform an operation that eight out of ten persons submit to successfully daily, throughout the civilized world. By the way, you knew the operative outside, Warr?"

Warr nodded.

"Indifferently," he replied. "He had been a man of some means and business prominence: was an occultist possessed of some rather—er—sketchy, not to say extraordinary, hallucinations on the subject of reincar-

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nation—his own, I mean. Told me at one time, I recall, that it was imperative one should *de*-incarnate to pay for a misuse of intellectual powers in each life. There was no uncertainty of *quo vadis* in his mind."

"Germs," reiterated Manon, striking the arm of his chair with his hand, "*spiritual* germs. You deny 'em because they are intangible to your intellect, but I affirm they have the same relative values to present life, and what we call death, as the typhus germ has to its fever. We bacteriologists are scarcely yet on the threshold of our knowledge."

"Surely, doctor," objected Trevor, "you don't base your practice on such flim-flam as reincarnation?"

"Do you credit evolution?" queried Manon.

"Why—er—yes, of course."

"Show me the difference between that and reincarnation," challenged Manon, impatiently. "Do you suppose that a Force that has nursed the intellectuality of the world from primeval stages to a mastery of mathematics, and the intricate details necessary to a comprehension of music, would childishly destroy a carefully built up intellect?"

"Meaning by your hypothesis?" questioned Warr.

"That you only lost a *material* body upstairs, Warr. And it isn't only a hypothesis either. I'll illustrate."

Manon's animation departed, and he sank back into his chair again, taking up his story in the conventional tones of a raconteur.

"Some years since," he began, "I was connected with a commission investigating the causes of 'sleeping sickness' on the west coast of Africa. This part doesn't enter into the story at all, saving as a reason for its locality. The section of the country I was assigned to among the 'rivers' was mostly far up the Doulubugu, among the mangrove swamps, and pretty well into the heavier jungle; in short, my researches took me afar into small native settlements generally unknown. I had a *dhow* and a crew of *kroo* boys, and a young post-graduate from Heidelburg as chemist, assistant and companion. Our general plan of campaign was to keep pushing on up-stream till we touched a village where signs of the disease had made themselves manifest, and gather data there of our tests and deductions. These memoranda were subsequently filed at the various expeditionary division headquarters, but I am bound to say that they contributed very little toward the ultimate success of investigations. However, that—as Kipling says—is another story.

"Necessarily, our progress was slow, but as I and Shultz, my assistant, were new to the country, we were not much troubled by the monotony of it. During daylight hours our time was mostly occupied in waging a hopeless battle against the swarms—flocks would be a better term—of mosquitoes; but when evenfall came creeping down the river reaches, the jungle would awaken, and then we seemed to be moving through some imaginary land of our boyhood dreams. Grey and red wing-tipped parrots would flash across from clearing to clearing, startling sleepy little groups of monkeys into shrill screams and moans which subsided as quickly, until startled afresh with terror by the sudden whine of some nearby leopard. At times, a crocodile would scrape his hideous scales against the overhanging oysters growing on the bank tree-roots, and sink with a nasty little splash among the *hippo kank*; while back of it all the dog-gorillas barked their challenges from peak to peak of the highlands. *Ex Africa seenper aliquid novem.* And here it was that the first train of thought in spiritual bacteriology was started in my mind.

"One afternoon, as the long shadows were beginning to blend into the carpeting that dusk lays over the river, we were startled by a series of guttural cries close to the bank against which we had moored for our evening meal. Then we discerned a form, half-hidden by the undergrowth, crawling and flopping toward the *dhow*. Shultz,

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my assistant, was the first to discern it, and thinking it to be a wounded gorilla, was for potting it then and there, until I knocked his gun-barrel into the air. Unless unavoidable I confess to a repugnance for killing an anthropoid ape. If you don't believe it, try once, and I'll wager your sensations won't be vastly different to those of an intentional murderer. Anyway this form-thing settled all controversy on that subject by suddenly rearing its head and wailing aloud for help in *Coast* lingo. We got him aboard at once, and I saw, from the formation of his skull, that he was an Ajuba negro. He was in bad shape, all shot to pieces physically, and arms bent to flinders. But what attracted my attention most was the expression in his eyes. If ever I peered beneath the veil into raw, naked Fear, it was when I looked into those eyes. That night I sawed off his arms, and a couple of days later I found him well enough to answer a few questions.

" 'You been play him gorilla-man?' I asked in *Coast* palaver, touching his eyes as I spoke.

"His mouth dropped with a curious quaver at the corners as he answered wanly: 'My *vrau* mak-um Gmn too much all same look my—how you savy, dokitar?' "

"Translate, please," interrupted Warr. Manon, glancing toward Warr, was aware that the stub of his cigar had been allowed to grow cold in his absorption in the tale. This unspoken tribute to his powers as a raconteur warmed Manon afresh.

"Wait a bit," he objected. "Suffice it that at the instigation of his *vrau*, or woman, something called Gmn had looked too closely into his eyes."

"Beg pardon?" queried Trevor.

"Gmn," grunted Manon. "Gmn."

"Seems a bit difficult," observed Warr.

"A little—at first," explained Manon. "You don't say it, y'know—just chuckle in your windpipe and grunt like a dyspeptic trying to clear his throat. It's a bit trying on the amateur tonsil, though."

"I'll take your word for it," laughed Trevor. "Proceed, please, Doctor."

"I'll give you his story in my own words best," Manon went on. "In plot it was simple. Yoga—that was the fellow's name and style, it appeared—was a 'black tracker' from Senegal way, where he had operated for some years with varying fortune. Finally drifting to the Doulubugu in the wake of a 'feather hunter'—in whose service he amassed sufficient of this world's goods to settle down—he had decided to remain there, building himself a hut on the outskirts of one of the smaller native settlements from which he subsequently took to himself a woman. Thereafter it appears he followed his calling with varying success through several uneventful years, until finally befell that hunting trip which was to mark a peculiar epoch in his psychology, and incidentally to turn the trend of my mind working in new channels. About this time, it appeared, he took one of his semi-annual trips, keeping a weather eye open for any chance ivory, and was rewarded for his pains by being rushed by a 'bull' elephant, who undertook a game of foot-ball with him—Yoga representing the ball. His account of the play was sketchy in the extreme, but Yoga thought he'd have been going still only for a mahogany tree that got in his way. At any rate it knocked him silly—I verified the crack across his skull—and I fancy his subsequent balminess was due to it. Not that he suffered much ill effects after his recovery of consciousness, at first—*Coast* niggers are tougher than the veneered male of gentler claims and species—but tracing his subsequent mental and moral disintegration back along its course, I am inclined to affix that encounter with the rogue 'bull' as the date of the beginning of the end.

"It seems that, following his recovery, Yoga started homewards, and being badly out of luck that trip, potted a couple of gorillas—dog and male—taking their offspring along to Mrs. Yoga as a peace offering. Mrs. Yoga

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took to the youngster—he was only a few months old at that time—with the natural affection of the negroid for pets of all sorts, and inflicted the name of Gmn on the little beggar. Thus affairs proceeded in the house of Yoga for some time following Gmn's advent into it.

"During these succeeding years Yoga was absent much on 'black tracking' business bent, and Mrs. Yoga found little Gmn a great assistance about the hut. He learned from her to help with the chores, and so on, and from Yoga to chew hasheesh and spear fish. But most of all, he loved the long days of berry picking with Mrs. Yoga—he and she together, with baskets slung about their necks. Naturally, Gmn grew rapidly, attaining his full four odd feet of height before the Yogas noticed how the years had slipped away. About this time it was that Yoga manifested the first outward effects of that crack he had sustained on his skull from the 'bull" elephant and mahogany tree combined. He became moody and morose, followed by occasional fits of sullenness and depression, which later developed into a cunning ugliness. His habits, never of the best, grew cruder—more animal like; and all the while Gmn would sit in his corner of the hut chewing hasheesh and grinning with his big, blue gums bared at Mrs. Yoga. Pretty much Gmn and the madam seem to have ignored Yoga, and when he got too insistent they put him outside to chew his hasheesh alone. This was insulting. Furthermore, Gmn had grown *too* big and powerful. Yoga discovered this one day when attempting to lick him with a spear-haft for some offense. Gmn took the spear away, and sat Yoga down on his haunches. Then he gripped Yoga's jaw with his big, hairy fist, and shoved Yoga's head around so that he could look into his eyes. If you will look into the eyes of any animal you will read there all that the Scriptures have ever told—and a little bit more—about the Fall of Man. It is not good to let any animal—least of all a half man-thing—know that he has put the fear of God into you. Gmn saw that Yoga savvied, and his liver-colored lips curled back over his big, blue gums as he released his grip on the man's jaw. After that Yoga cut out the lickings, and retired to bed each night with his spear for company in place of Gmn—it had been his previous custom to use Gmn's thick, furry body in the nature of a foot-warmer when the night mists from the swamps sent the little chills wriggling up and down his spine. Thereafter, the relative positions of Yoga and Gmn became reversed. Mind you, this whole business was simply a question of mental disintegration—as far as Yoga was concerned; or call it *soul devolution* if you choose. The fact remains that there was nothing the matter with Yoga physically. Nor any reason—saving the *one*—why he should have permitted Gmn to assume the mastery over him. Another year passed, and during it Gmn became almost ludicrously human, to the huge delight of Mrs. Yoga. He learned to eat with the family, and was an adept in supplying the larder. Also he had discovered a way of making himself thoroughly understood; and whenever Yoga expressed an inclination to object to the household arrangements, Gmn would grip him by the jaw and make Yoga look into his eyes for a minute or so. Oh, yes, poor Yoga savvied excellently well! Mrs. Yoga appears to have backed Gmn up in all this, and between the two of them they reduced Yoga to the position of a veritable cypher. Eventually this treatment got on what were left of the outcast's nerves, and without any warning he made for Gmn with an axe one day. Gmn caught a flash of Yoga's eyes, and he saw that the mark of the beast was on him. Exactly what the outcome might have been is impossible of conjecture, for at this juncture Mrs. Yoga took a hand in the scrap on behalf of her favorite. Then it was that Yoga thinks he saw red—and when he came to his senses Gmn had gone through the roof thatch, and only a

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pool of blood on the earth floor of the hut reminded Yoga that his *vrau* had gone from him also—forever. He stared into the pool quite a little time, studying out the ethics of life from his altered point of view—then as the earth floor sucked up the pool slowly he became aware of a far away barking from towards the highlands. Again Yoga savvied, and he arose and beat his naked chest with his bare fists, and howled back to the bark of the dog-gorilla. Then, fear gripping him by the heels, he grabbed his spear and ran into the heaviest dank of the jungle, in the opposite direction.

* * * *

"Some years seem to have elapsed —a perfect hiatus in Yoga's cosmos —when, unaccountably, as may happen in certain phases of aphasia, Yoga awoke to a recollection of his former life. He had drifted pretty far back in the disintegration process, and was living close to the beast—gnawing raw marrow bones of carnivorous animals, or, when these were scarce, living off berries and tree-gum. Not more completely did Nebuchadnezzar deincarnate than *poor* Yoga, I call him *poor* Yoga, for I have always felt that in reality he was the one against whom Nature, in its experimentations, sinned mostly. Then, as I say, came the awakening. It suddenly struck Yoga as not a little odd that he should be out 'black-tracking' during the rains—for that was the season when the knowledge of whom he was began to reassert itself—and he determined to retrace his steps homeward. On the way he caught himself often wondering how Mrs. Yoga and little Gmn were getting along, and he filled his loin-cloth with many bright-colored berries for Gmn to play with. You see, he had forgotten all former fear of Gmn, and remembered only the funny little furry pet he had brought to his hovel. Once on the way he stopped to drink from a sunken pool, but an angry hiss from its ledge forced him to forego his intentions. This recalled to him a time—he thought it but yesterday—when an asp had sunk its fangs in his ankle bone, and his *vrau* had saved his life by sucking the poison from the wound. No slightest meaning of the hot deed wrought upon her by him crossed his mind, and he took thought upon something to bring her as a present also. Then he bethought him of orchids, the tendrils of which would furnish new strings for her *marimba;* so, lengthening his journey considerably in the quest of these, he came at last one forenoon to the door of his hut. All was quiet about and within. He entered; the hut was empty. Through a large rent in the thatched roof the rain had poured down, and the floor was a puddling mess. He wondered a little at this neglect, then, conjecturing that Mrs. Yoga and Gmn were probably away on a berrying expedition, he sat down upon a nearby tree stump to await their home-coming. So the long day passed uneventfully, Yoga crooning a song of some almost forgotten Senegal folk-lore, and stripping the orchid tendrils against Mrs. Yoga's homecoming. Presently the waning sun drew the tree-trunks longer and longer, until like a molten ball of copper it dropped down into the river, and dusk came creeping like a gaunt jackal over the land. Still Yoga chanted on, happily. The moon arose for its night ride, pouring patches of phosphorus on the ink pools of the river, and drawing the long bamboo poles into a gridiron of bars. An utter stillness lay over the jungle. Finally Yoga became uneasy at the loudness of his own voice. Then he raised his head and peered directly before him. His hut was set in a clearing on the river bank, three sides of the clearing being girt with dense undergrowth. A bush was moving stealthily, and presently a great hairy paw—all grey and distinct in the moonlight—pushed aside the intervening bough. Yoga noticed—with the devilish perspicacity for trivialities that our minds affect at the tensest of moments—that the hairs on the back of the paw and the forearm were clotted with stale blood, and the recollection of a pool of blood on

the hut flooring came unexpectedly to him. The bushes parted and Gmn waddled into the moon-patch, gripping the ground with curling toes. Yoga sat petrified as Gmn crossed the intervening space. He noticed as in a dream the pulpy, liver-colored lips curling back over the big blue gums with their cruel, yellow fangs—then Yoga savvied, and fainted.

"When he came-to, he was lying in darkness. Before him was a narrow slit, through which a patch of moonlight was just making less dim the interior of a cave. Something heavy was holding him down, and a hot, fetid breath was upon his face. A huge, hairy hand gripped his jaw, shoved his head around. He looked up into the eyes of Gmn.

"After an interminable time Gmn relaxed his hold on Yoga, and arose. He crossed to the mouth of the cave with absurd, ungainly strides—ever since his domicile with the Yogas, Gmn had disdained the use of all-fours—and peered without. Evidently some plan had already formulated itself in his dawning intellect, for presently he uttered a short, guttural grunt of satisfaction. He returned to the still recumbent Yoga, and, lifting the man, placed his legs astraddle his big, hairy thigh. Thus burdened, Gmn squeezed through the cave slit. On the ledge outside he paused. A deep gorge, crested with heavy-limbed mahoganies, lay just beneath them. Gmn swung for the nearest bough, and so passed across the gorge. Higher up on the other side he came down to ground with his burden. There Gmn sat Yoga down very gently on his haunches, and squatting opposite, regarded Yoga intently. He did not appear to 'have it in' for Yoga maliciously—so Yoga explained: seemed rather to be striving after some withheld *something*. Yoga thinks he and Gmn must have regarded each other in this wise for quite some little time. Above them the moonlight splashed through the heavy leaves of the clustered mahoganies; below them a wind sang through the gorge—so far below that it was as faint as the tinkle of a *marimba's* orchid strings. Otherwise, about them was an utter silence.

"Suddenly Yoga again savvied. It came to him in a flash what Gmn was after—and with the knowledge came the filling up of the hiatus in his own life. Link by link his slow, race-bound brain pieced together the links of his disintegration, and he saw that *he had been living backwards*. As he had deincarnated, so Gmn, drawing upon Yoga's spiritual strength, had been struggling to evolute. The children of earth who live closest to the *real* are privileged to approach a nearer view of the portals of Life and Death than are their more veneered brethren. Yoga's vision came upon him at the eleventh hour—what that vision was I might not question him. But it dawned swiftly upon Yoga that even physical Death, awaiting him at the bottom of the sheer-sided gorge, was preferable to having his Soul sucked from him by a half man-thing. He may have been something of an unconscious altruist, also—may Yoga. Swift as his thought he came to his feet and flung himself outward upon the night wind that moaned up the gully below.

"In the morning he found himself wedged half way down the face of the cliff, somehow, while above him the bobbing head of a gorilla peered over the ledge, making horrible grimaces and spitting at him from time to time. Somehow Yoga found his way out of the gully.

Manon ceased abruptly, and for a moment there was silence. Finally Trevor spoke:

"Well?" he queried.

Warr arose, and laid his smoked-out cigar on the tray.

"It happens that my late patient—the operative upstairs—was also something of a Reincarnationist," said he. "He, however, sought what Yoga refused. Therein he resembled your anthropoid ape, Gmn. Who shall blame either? I am inclined to credit somewhat a theory of *spiritual* bacteriology. I am obliged to you, Manon. Good-night."

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THE LAW OF RECOMPENSE

BY ELIZABETH VORE

Chapter I.

"She comes, the Lady-knight—
Trusting to chivalry,
Secure in innocence,
Her tender eyes alight
With purpose ever sure,
With gentle heart and pure—
She comes the Lady-knight."

FRITZHAUSEN stopped short in astonishment, drew the collar of his overcoat up around his neck, for it was raining dismally, and listened as the voices in the rich musical tones of a male quartette arose upon the night in the dim light of the archway where the old church, half-covered with ivy, occupied a corner of the cross streets. The forms of the singers were plainly discernible—and lo! what was this?

A slender figure, black-robed with a long cloak or wrap of some light material, came swiftly, silently down the street, and the tall man in the overcoat saw distinctly the clear, pure outlines of a face, colorless save for the scarlet of the sweet, proud mouth.

A veil or scarf, or some knitted thing soft and white, covered the head. The contour of the face was delicate, but strong. The large, earnest eyes looked straight ahead, purposeful and clear. As she passed the singers silently—so silently that she seemed to drift past them as a shadow, a pale wraith of the rain, again the voices burst forth and took up the refrain:

"She comes, the Lady-knight,
Trusting to protection,
Faithful, pure and strong;
Her eyes with hope alight—
And blessings shall attend
On all who call her friend,
She comes—the Lady-knight."

Fritzhausen's astonisment held him immovable for a moment; he saw the slender figure recede, grow dimmer, and disappear in the darkness and mists of the night, while the air was still vibrating to the rise and fall of the rich, musical voices of the chant. There was something almost weird in it—the rain and the night and the woman's sweet, pale face—her noiseless approach and silent passing, held a strong element of the unusual.

"Of all things wonderful!" muttered Fritzhausen. "What mystery is this—and what the meaning?"

The last notes of the music died away. Fritzhausen caught his breath; he seemed to be awakening from a dream, and asked himself if he were in the Twentieth Century.

The singers receded into the dimly-lighted corridors. Some one pushed past them, and came out, almost running over Fritzhausen in his haste.

"Eh!" he ejaculated. "I beg pardon—these streets are so dimly lighted! Stupid blunder! No end of apologies!"

"It's all right!" said Fritzhausen, good-naturedly, recovering himself, and noticing that the man who had so nearly sent him measuring his length on the sidewalk was fair, young and an exceedingly well-looking young fellow in a modish suit of English tweed, he looked a good deal shaken up himself; his fine face was flushed, and his decidedly pleasant eyes held sincere regret.

Fritzhausen deliberately picked up his hat, which the sudden onslaught of the new-comer had sent spinning into

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the street, and replaced it upon his head.

"Oh, I say!" cried the younger man, "I might have done that! I caused the mischief!"

"It's all right!" said Fritzhausen again. "It won't hurt a man to bend his back to a bit of real work now and then." He laughed good humoredly, the immaculate, well-groomed appearance of him bespoke the man of wealth.

"Would you mind telling me if you noticed the lady who has just passed? While they were singing? It seemed as if one was almost compelled to believe they were singing to her."

"To her? Never! for they do not know her! Of her, yes—about her, quite true! No man would dare speak to her, or sing to her—unless she spoke first. Yet, in a way, it is a serenade. They sing it whenever she passes—which is frequently. Whether or not she knows it is in her honor, one cannot say. She gives no sign that she is conscious of the song or the singers. As for telling you much about her, do I not wait in this old archway every night of my life to catch a glimpse of her, should she chance to pass? And by all the questions I have asked I can learn only very little."

He had taken off his hat at first mention of her, and stood, looking very young and very handsome, his fair, curly head bared to the rain.

Fritzhausen gave him a swift, kindly glance. It was not curiosity which caused him to say:

"We have met strangers—but why not be friends? I am interested. Won't you join me at supper in my rooms uptown? We will stop at the nearest drug store or telephone station, and I will telephone an order to have the supper sent up. It's a night to seek shelter and a fire. I am hungry, myself. My name is Hansel. What do you say to spending an evening together?"

The young man's face would have repaid him if he had been looking for a reward. It was luminous. He replaced his hat and held out his hand with an eagerness that was almost boyish.

"Why, to tell the truth, I am deucedly hungry," he said. "Indoors and a fire, and pleasant company, on a beastly night like this sounds very attractive. I am no end obliged to you. My name is Hubart Pembroke. I came over here on business for our London house, and to confess the truth I'm homesick."

The two men who had met under such unusual circumstances continued on their way until they reached a telephone station, where Fritzhausen telephoned an order to have supper sent to his apartments. Then they hailed an omnibus, and a half hour later they had arrived at their destination.

There was an open fire in the grate. The rooms were full of good cheer and warmth and characterized by an atmosphere of luxury and elegance without the oppressiveness of too great grandeur. The tapestries and other furnishings were of rich, deep coloring, adding to the atmosphere of warmth and cheerfulness.

Outside, the storm beat with increasing violence against the windows. Neither of the men spoke for a time. The warmth of the fire was penetrating their chilled limbs. And the comfort was too great to be disturbed for the moment. But the minds of both men were occupied by the same thought—in the minds of both dwelt the same picture. The dim archway of the old church, the swirling mist of rain and wind, and the slender, strangely sweet face of the woman drifting past noiselessly, like a shadow silhouetted against the buildings as she sped by.

Into Fritzhausen's mind the refrain of the song drifted:

"She comes the Lady-knight—
Trusting to chivalry,
Secure in innocence——"

His memory could go no further with the words, they evaded him, yet lured him.

"What was it they sang?" he asked,

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finally, which were the first words spoken between them.

Pembroke lifted his voice—it was a clear, pure tenor, and sang the song the quartette had rendered in the archway of the old church.

"It—is—beautiful," said Fritzhausen, slowly. The spell was again upon him. "Your voice is one I congratulate you upon possessing—I do not think you were in the quartette?"

Pembroke shook his head. His face flushed with pleasure at the praise so evidently sincere.

Over the supper he told Fritzhausen all he knew of the woman who had so aroused the interest of both men.

"She goes out very infrequently at night, almost never for social life or for recreation. Her errands are of mercy or business of importance, and fraught more often than otherwise with good for others. She is sent for in cases of sickness or trouble, and rain or shine she goes at the summons, and people take their troubles to her. Nothing hinders her—no one stops her —nor could they if they would. She is said to be connected with some scientific society of high acclaims.

"They call her the Lady-knight—because she is a lady whose character is spotless and whose deeds are of a knightly character. She has lived for years in the shadow of the old church with her aged parents. Her mother is an invalid, her father a frail old man who belongs to a day gone by when mental ability counted more than money.

"This is what I have learned of the Lady-knight. And no knight of olden days is more trusted or truer to the confidences reposed in her. Did you notice her face? How calm, how sweet, how pure?—was she not like a ray of the purest light against the darkness of the night? She is utterly fearless, they say, yet with a heart as gentle as a child's. I would give, Hansel, half I own—aye, more than that, to know her!"

Fritzhausen regarded him sympathetically.

"She is years older than you, my boy," he said, kindly, as they resumed their places by the fire. "You can see that she is not a young woman."

"I have a special dislike for young women," said Pembroke, relapsing into sudden gloom.

"Best thing for this young fellow to take a header for London," was Fritzhausen's mental comment. He smiled slightly in spite of himself, and said, briefly:

"I've seen young chaps afflicted that way before—many a time; they always recovered. It's not natural. Pardon one who has just formed an acquaintance with you—I would prefer to say a friendship—but you are in danger, my boy, of becoming infatuated with some one you neither know nor could hope anything from—in view of what you have told me, of course it is natural and legitimate that you should be interested in a situation and a character so unusual—but permit an older man to warn you against a stronger sentiment."

Pembroke smiled somewhat ruefully.

"I am not altogether a fool," he said protestingly. "She comes, the Lady-knight," he sang the words softly, a minor strain in his clear, musical voice, "but—she—will—never—come for me!" he added in a subdued tone.

It was not a moment for spoken words. Fritzhausen knew this. He arose slowly, and crossing the room to the piano, took up the violin.

He drew the bow softly across the strings a few times and began to play.

Then he forgot all else but the music. The whole room was flooded with it—the soul of the man was speaking through the violin. The rippling notes arose and fell, rising again to tones of piercing sweetness—they throbbed out as if a human voice had spoken them. Human? Rather the tongues of angels mingling with winds and waves and sighing rain mists:

"She comes, the Lady-knight,
Trusting to protection,
Faithful, pure and true——"

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It was as if the words themselves were sung in that wonderful, pulsating music as the musician played on, as one seldom in a lifetime hears anyone play—as only one man in all Europe could play, and as the last exquisite notes died away, Pembroke, who had never taken his eyes from the player's rapt face, started to his feet with a cry of wonder.

"Good God!" he said. "Good God!" His eyes were full of tears. "You are Fritzhausen! You are Hansel Fritzhausen! No other living man could play like that! What a stupid I am! I heard you play in London once when I was a shaver—and I have seen innumerable pictures of you. What a donkey I was not to recognize you! I knew you, though, after the first few notes. I think I knew you after the first note you struck. It is a miracle! Genius is not a word to express it! How could you catch the song—and to play it like—— Ah, it is a miracle!" His voice broke. "To think—that you should be Fritzhausen!"

"And you, my fine young scamp," said Fritzhausen, regarding him with lazy amusement, "are Lord Hubart Pembroke—representing our London house, eh?" he added with a broad smile.

"Great Caesar!" cried Pembroke, in astonishment. "How in the name of everything remarkable did you know that? Well, I am representing our London house—dad's house—am I not? That wasn't a tradiddle, as our Irish cousins say!"

"Dad's house—the Peerage of Pembroke!" exclaimed Fritzhausen, laughing. "Boy, London has failed to do her duty by you—or America has overdone it, I am not certain which. I met your mother in London at Lady Albertson's, and I happen to have an excellent photograph of you in my inside pocket and a note for you, from your mother. I followed you from your hotel this evening with the settled purpose of capturing you and bringing you home with me. I knew you the moment you stepped out of the church, but your introduction to me was so abrupt and unconventional"—he laughed his good-humored, infectious laugh—"that I had no opportunity to introduce myself with credentials; besides, the sound of the music in the dim old archway—got into my brain—that—and the wind and the rain—and——" He did not finish the sentence; a sudden embarrassment had entered his face, his eyes held a disturbed look.

"Yes," said Pembroke, gently. "Yes."

He shaded his eyes with his slender, patrician hand, and the flash of a diamond in the ring he wore was not more brilliant than the boyish eyes wet with sudden tears. What the heart of the young Lord of Pembroke told him at that moment he did not reveal.

"She might even belong to some one else—she might be married," ventured Fritzhausen, as if to set at rest some doubt in his own mind.

Pembroke shook his head.

"She is not. That much I have learned. She might have been married at one time—she is free now. I am a gentleman," he said, with a slight tinge of haughtiness, "and I come of a long line of gentlemen. I would not permit myself to become interested in another man's wife, and under all circumstances, my interest in any woman would be honorable."

"I need no such assurance from you, Pembroke," said Fritzhausen, warmly. "Did I not know your father and mother, I should trust you instinctively. By the way, I must not neglect to give you the note," he added. "The photograph is my property—your mother was good enough to give it to me."

Pembroke read the note, written in his mother's delicate hand. "That settles it. The little mater says 'come'—dad wants me." He looked very rueful and very handsome. "Well, you have given me the pleasantest evening I have spent in America." A little later he said good-night and took his departure. "I shall try to hear you at your next performance, before I sail," he said in parting.

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The next day he telephoned:

"Good-bye, Fritzhausen. God bless you!" he said. There was a sobbing note in his voice. "I'm off this noon on the 'New Harlen'; she sails at 12:10. Terrible news by cable—I haven't any father! He's dead; heart failure! Fritzhausen, it's—it's terrible! Thank God, I've heard you play once more—and *that* song! 'She comes, the Lady-knight,' but she will never come—for me, Fritzhausen!"

"Brace up, boy; bear it like a man and an Englishman! Remember you are head of the peerage now—think of your mother! I will see you at the pier if I can cancel an engagement in time!"

But when Fritzhausen reached the dock the ship was far out at sea, carrying back to English shores a sad-faced young fellow with an aching heart, and in all that expanse of tossing water there was not for him a single ray of sunshine.

Chapter II.

The great Master was playing to the largest houses that ever crowded an American theatre. For the first time the American public had the opportunity to hear Fritzhausen, and of all that vast audience that listened to that wonderful symphony of sound there was not one, irrespective of class, who did not recognize that he *was* the only Fritzhausen in all the world —and that there would never be another.

Fritzhausen, himself—the genius of music lived in his music—with the same self-absorption that made it what it was—the inspiration of a lofty soul, receptive to the highest in the realms of sublime ideals. But now a new element had entered his soul, a tempestuous, restless spirit that chafed and struggled for freedom. The power and passion of it, the sweetness and tenderness of it, dominated the man and the music. The violin throbbed and vibrated like a living thing—with that wonderful, wistful, pulsating soul of music—in which the soul of the man Fritzhausen and the genius Fritzhausen struggled like some wild, untamed, impotent thing for victory.

Every evening Fritzhausen found himself taking his way toward the old church where he had first met Pembroke. He went involuntarily—sometimes reluctantly, drawn by some strong, indefinable compulsion which he was powerless to resist. He called himself an imbecile and an idiot—but he continued to go nevertheless, and stood in the shadowy arch of the old church, just where Pembroke had stood, his hat in his hand, his handsome head bared, just as he had seen the young Lord Pembroke stand on that memorable evening when they had first met and known and loved each other. The spell was upon him. The spell that had held the boy enthralled was upon the man, intensified a thousandfold.

Sometimes he watched and waited in vain. Yet he was always at his post; and there were times when he was rewarded—suddenly, from an opposite alcove of the old archway came the swift approach of muffled footsteps, and silently the vested forms of the singers appeared, and with one accord lifted their voices on the stillness of the night, and sang the serenade, and Fritzhausen knew that she was coming—knew that the one great, inexplicable, psychological moment for which he had been living since last he saw her—was at hand.

Breathless, caught and held by a force which he could not and did not try to define, he waited—while every impulse of his being and every drop of his heart's blood seemed to echo that remarkable chant, "She comes, the Lady-knight." His heart was singing it. Above the voices of the singers the musician's great impassioned soul seemed shouting the words in perfect rhythm with the voices of the quartette: "She comes——" Yes, Fritzhausen knew. He knew that she was coming—that she would come silently, noiselessly, speaking to no one, and drift past as a shadow—but a living, breathing, pulsating shadow—with a

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face like a star—as pure and calm as if no emotion had ever stirred it; a face that lived in his heart, sleeping or waking—and would, Fritzhausen knew, live in it forever.

He did not seek to know how the quartette gained their knowledge that she was coming; he did not wish to know—he gave himself up to the mystery of it, and did not care to solve it. As to whom the singers were he had no curiosity. He had learned all that could be learned of the situation from the boy. Boy, he asked himself in wild impatience, which was the man and which the boy?

Every night during the performance while he played, his eyes vainly searched the audience—hopefully, but as night after night went by, almost despairingly. Was there in all the world but one person who cared not to hear the great Master? And oh, the bitterness of destiny—that it should be this one of all others!

He, who played in the courts of kings, had no power, it seemed, to charm this sweet, calm wraith of the mists who went only at the call of duty—and never in all those vast audiences had Hansel Fritzhausen's eyes—those deep, wonderful eyes, with their growing shadows of pathos and pain, caught a glimpse of the face which was his greatest inspiration.

On this evening something akin to despair was in his heart—the violin vibrated with the passionate agony of pleading appeal. The soul of the man arose above his genius and predominated—calling for its own. Men wept and women sobbed. It was the man's soul calling through the violin—calling——!

Suddenly the entrance door of the theatre was pushed noiselessly ajar by a slender hand—some one passing, stood without, hesitated—entered—a woman, slight and delicate, enveloped in a long cloak or outer garment with something white and filmy tied over her head——

The music broke with a crash, and the hand of the great Master fell at his side.

Simultaneously from the vestibule came the most welcome sound that had ever come to Fritzhausen during all his career: there arose the chorus of a chant—familiar to him—in well-trained male voices. As one in a dream he heard them—as one in a dream he knew that they had saved him.

When the last notes of the song died away, Fritzhausen raised the violin and continued the rendition of the number he had been playing, and no one but the quartette and Fritzhausen himself knew that the great Master had failed utterly, in the midst of his most remarkable performance.

When he had finished the number he struck a few preliminary notes, and then softly, and with exquisite tenderness, took up the refrain which the quartette had sung, and played it with improvised variations—played as he had never played before—as he would never play again:

"She comes, the Lady-Knight."

The glorious, tempestuous music swelled higher and higher, and then—changing with a swift transition from its notes of victory, it sank to vibrating cadences as soft and low as the zephyrs of evening—on the rapt face of the musician there was a smile of ineffable sweetness, and looking down into that star-like face, with its wondering, startled eyes, Fritzhausen knew that she had heard—and had come to him—for all time.

When he had played the last note the enthusiasm of the audience broke all bounds; in the midst of the deafening applause a sharp cry rang out:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" the cry that strikes terror to the stoutest heart. Up in one of the galleries a crawling, livid tongue of flame leaped out, gaining volume as it advanced.

"The theatre is on fire—lock the doors!" commanded a stentorian voice. Shrieks of terror and sobs of fright filled the house. "Form into line," shouted the voice, "it is your only hope!" The big man in the blue-coated uniform, was only partly heeded. People crowded—pushed and

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trampled over each other, and above the trampling feet and cries of terror could be heard the ominous crackle of the flames, the smell of smoke filled the air, and drove the already frightened crowd frantic.

"Form into line!" again shouted the voice. There was a desperate effort at obedience, when suddenly the door was burst open by an infuriated mob, and the mad rush began.

At the first terrifying cry, Fritzhausen had laid down his violin, the violin that had been with him in every part of the world, and was worth a fortune, and springing from the platform made his way through the frantic crowd until he reached the side of the woman he had called through the voice of music—the woman had also answered that call and had come to face death with him—to die with him, perhaps. He read all this in her calm, true eyes, as they looked into his—eyes in which there was no regret, nor wavering, nor shadow of shrinkage, although her lips quivered as the mouth of a frightened child might have done.

"Take my hand," he said. There was a note of command in his voice, although it was lowered to inexpressible gentleness.

She gave him her hand without a moment's hesitation. He had expected none.

Holding her hand in a grasp that, while consciousness lasted nothing but his own indomitable will could have broken—together they struggled towards the entrance in that never to be forgotten battle for life. Fritzhausen, for the time, was no more the master of the violin—but the Master—man with every atom of his manhood fighting for that which was dearer to him than life—the life of the woman he loved.

He bent his head towards her and spoke once again:

"The worst is over," he said, gently; "if you can hold out a few moments longer we shall reach the entrance." The whiteness of her face terrified him, and presently he saw it but dimly through a cloud of smoke, —and then—something struck him a foul blow in the face, a volley of curses sounded beside him, and he saw her face recede, and saw it no more, nor anything else, for darkness engulfed him; some desperate brute, fighting for his life, had struck him a brutal blow and Fritzhausen went down and was trampled under foot by the maddened crowd that but a few moments before had worshiped at his shrine.

Vaguely as darkness was engulfing him, he heard a sound that, living or dying, he would never forget—a woman's cry, piercing, agonized, frenzied: *"Fiends!* Do you thus reward the greatest genius God has given to the world!"

* * * *

Out of those strange shadows that had engulfed him, his soul struggled painfully. Again the swirling smoke seemed stifling him. He wondered dimly why the shadows were so icy cold when the theatre was on fire, and then he saw a glimmer of light, a breath of fresh air was in his nostrils, his tortured, smarting lungs sought for it—he drew a long, deep, shuddering breath and opened his eyes.

He was in the fresh, sweet air of night—the stars were shining overhead —and near to him, so near that he felt her breath upon his face, a woman's face like a star of hope bent over him.

"You are better?" she asked unsteadily. "Tell me—that all is well with you."

"All is well—with me," he whispered faintly; "but the people—the people!"

"All were saved," she said, gently. "The fire was extinguished before the building went. They carried you out. I—I thought you were dead!" Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

Fritzhausen could not speak.

When two people have faced death together, and by the mercy of God have suddenly found life granted them, conventions have no place. He simply reached up, and drawing her face down to his own, kissed her.

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There was a touch of solemnity in his face, which robbed the act of any sacrilege. The wind of evening blew her wraps aside slightly, and he saw the red cross on the sleeve of her gown.

"You are a nurse of the Red Cross?" he asked, a swift intelligence flashing into his eyes.

She shook her head, a shadowy smile on her lips.

"Only by adoption," she said, gently, "although I could not have chosen a nobler occupation. The Red Cross Society loans me its uniform when my work takes me to localities where I might need its protection. The Red Cross is sacred to me, for it is also the emblem of the Admiral's flag of the English army—and my mother is an Admiral's daughter."

He looked at her in amazement.

"You are wonderful," he said, "wonderful. It is you who have been in my dreams, sleeping or waking, for years upon years; it is you who have inspired my music; it is you who have led me on and on to success and fame; you, you who are in my heart, and must be in it for all time!" Words seemed to fail him, his own eyes filled suddenly. In the silence she laid her tender face against his own.

But even then, Fritzhausen knew that he was seriously injured. It seemed not to matter in that moment. Nothing made any difference. Nothing ever could make any difference to him now, and he said truly when he said that all was well with him.

But how seriously he was injured he did not know until afterwards when the doctors told him the truth. The career of Hansel Fritzhausen, the world's greatest violinist, was ended—he would be a cripple as long as he lived.

Some men might have offered to free the woman betrothed to him, but Fritzhausen knew. He read the heart of the woman he loved, as a man reads an open book, and he knew that nothing would turn her from him or cause her to leave him, and all he said was:

"You will have but a sorry husband, my Lady-Knight. Some women would consider it a sacrifice to link such a life as yours to one crippled and maimed."

"Sacrifice?" She laughed softly. "But you and I, Hansel, know differently. The greater your need the greater my love. I am not 'some women.'"

"No," he said, "thank God you are not."

Her hand was in his, her radiant eyes were lifted to his own, and in that moment all the pain and bitterness of his misfortune and lost career slipped away from him forever.

* * * *

Pembroke to Fritzhausen.

"Dear Old Man: The terrible news of your misfortune has reached me. The tragedy of it is beyond words. There has been a sad time here—we are still under the shadow of it—and now your letter brings the news of your misfortune. Your public career ended? It is incredible, unbelievable! I cannot grasp it. My heart is too full for words—dear old man! It's a beastly world at best.

"Still, Fritzhausen, don't you know even in the direst disaster things happen when you least expect them, which make them bearable. I am sure I never should have been able to bear these days of darkness and sorrow since dear dad left us, if it had not been for my cousin—several times removed—Helen. She came down from Italy, where her father has a fine old castle near Naples. She had never visited his mother's people in England until since my father's death.

"Fritzhausen, you cannot imagine anything daintier or prettier or more utterly adorable! She is the sweetest morsel of humanity ever sent to bless the earth!

"This letter is a dismal failure, believe me.

"Devotedly yours,

"HUBART PEMBROKE."

Fritzhausen smiled broadly.

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"It will be all right," he said, with deep satisfaction. "Never a doubt of it."

It made it easier for him to write the news of his engagement a little later, and his approaching marriage, which occurred shortly afterward.

In far off England, Pembroke read the newspaper accounts of that marriage solemnized in the old ivy-grown church where the quartette had sung their remarkable serenade. And taking up his pen, he wrote to Fritzhausen in his round, boyish hand:

"Congratulations, old man! It's all right! I wouldn't have things changed. The way they are is best. The only wish I have for myself in the matter is that I might have been at your wedding."

As he signed his name in strong, steady strokes, and placed the seal of the Peerage of Pembroke upon the letter, he smiled.

"She comes, the Lady-knight, but—she will never come for me!" He repeated the words softly, tenderly, but the smile was still upon his lips.

WHEN LOUIS QUATORZE WAS KING

BY LUCY BETTY McRAYE

Beau Debonaire, with your scarlet heel,
Your swaggering foot and your silken hose,
Your flowing hair and your scent of rose,
Your sheen of satin and gleam of steel,
The ribboned knee and the ruffled sleeve,
And your spilling wine as the glasses ring,
When Louis Quatorze was King.

Beau Debonaire: with your eyes aflame,
And a fair one masked and a folded note,
A shrouding mantle from foot to throat,
A moonlit gate, and a whispered name,
A fragile form and a fervent kiss,
And a faded flower and a posied ring,
When Louis Quatorze was King.

Beau Debonaire, with your sudden heat,
And your face afire, and your stabbing tongue,
The braggart's lie, and the insult flung,
The stealthy padding of wary feet,
As rapiers snarl from their scabbards drawn,
And the slithering sound as the rapiers ring—
When Louis Quatorze was King.

Beau Debonaire, they are quiet now,
The cowardly heart that your cold blade stilled,
The tender heart that your own heart thrilled
In a bygone romance: and yet, I vow,
In book and ballad you live and love,
As once, when the swords were wont to ring,
And Louis Quatorze was King.

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A CALIFORNIA SERENADE

BY HEDLEY HALL, B. D.

Waken, waken, beauteous maiden,
  From thy sleep of transient dreams;
Rouse thee, Lena, from thy pillow,
  On thy cheek the moonlight streams.

Shake the slumber-dew of Somnus
  From the lashes of thine eye;
Lift those lids now kissed by Morpheus,
  Hush that softly murmur'd sigh.

Bars of silver light lay o'er thee—
  Streaming thro' the fallen blind;
On thy breast the loosen'd tresses
  Flutter in the summer wind.

Close thy rosebud lips of crimson,
  Parted sweetly in thy dreams;
Wake, and lift the swaying drap'ry
  Netted with the shades and beams.

Lena! Lena! waken, sleeper!
  Sighs the woodbine to the eaves;
Glisten in the sheen of Dian,
  Dewdrops on the wind-stirr'd leaves.

Waken, Lena! Lena, waken!
  Sleep not, dream not, Sweet, so long;
Here I linger, linger, calling—
  Answer to my passion song.

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Come unto the casement window
    Where the honeysuckles creep—
Where the jasmine breathes its fragrance,
    Where the tulips droop in sleep.

Lena! Come unto the lattice—
    Here the winds are breathing low,
Laden with the dreamy odors
    From the flower-beds below.

Lena! Lena! fading, waning,
    Sinks the moon behind the hill;
Answer—answer—sweetest maiden
    While I linger longer still.

Folded in the arms of Morpheus,
    Hushed upon his breast in sleep,
Wake and list my burning message
    While these throbbing strings I sweep.

Thou art cold and heartless, Lena,
    Fair as false and false art thou;
God! I feel thy warm kiss lingering,
    Burning yet upon my brow.

Ah! I hear thy footsteps falling,
    Hastening to the casement low;
Now the window opens gently;
    Why so shyly bid me go?

Well, then, farewell, dearest,
    Steal I from thy lattice, sweet—
Where the creepers twine the trellis—
    Where now rest those little feet.

Good-night, angel of my vision,
    Shadowed in the moon's pale light;
Answer'd is my soul's petition—
    Lady-love, good-night, good-night!

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HER LAST STORY

BY MARIAN TAYLOR

SELINA Ann was surely the genius of Stormton. There was no denying the fact. She had never been like other children. Her appetite for book-lore was prodigious, and when not reading, she would fall into such a state of day-dreaming that people said she saw visions like Joan of Arc, and her teacher prophesied a "future" for her. She learned rapidly and apparently without effort, and was the delight of old Professor Sparkes, who took her education in hand when she finished with the public school, but even he was surprised when one morning a poem appeared in the paper—Stormton's only one—signed "Selina Ann Smith." Not a romantic name, by any means, but this is a story of commonplace people who—but we must not anticipate. The little town swelled with pride. "I told you so" became a common phrase. Selina Ann's brother, John Thomas, a freckled, shock-headed lump of a boy, sitting in the seat of the scornful, protested that he "didn't want no poit in *his* family: pie was more to his taste," but the simple-hearted parents, to whom poetry was an unknown quantity, feeling that a special dispensation of Providence had fallen upon their family, walked softly in awe of the wonderful gift.

Thus Selina Ann mounted the pedestal of Fame in her little town, and it became too small to hold her. The city bee got in her bonnet, and Stormton in its simplicity and pride, did not try to hold her back.

"Genius must have its way, ma," said her old father.

"Deed it must, pa," answered the old lady.

The country never looked so lovely as the morning Selina Ann left home, but the familiar scenes passed in review before unseeing eyes; the lure of the city was upon her, and the girl fairly quivered in the intensity of her longing to be gone.

"Take the blackberry cordial when you have a cold, Seliney Ann," called the anxious voice of her mother.

"And wear woollen cuffs on your wrists in winter," chimed in her father.

"And write a poim about me," sang out John Thomas, with a parting grin of derision.

The train pulled out of the station, carrying Selina Ann to the haven of her desire, and the place that had known her, knew her no more.

The roar of ceaseless traffic beat like the sound of the surf in her ears as Selina Ann sat in No. 7 on the fifth floor of a tenement house in a poor district of the city which shall be nameless. All great cities are more or less alike—monsters, ready to annihilate the weak and defenseless, and yet with a great throbbing heart *somewhere* if mayhap one can find it. The ambitious, but half-frightened little country girl had chosen that particular room because it reminded her of the poem, "We are Seven," which she had recited at a church social when a little girl. It seemed to be a connecting link with home. Twelve long, weary months had elapsed since first she occupied it, and Fame still evaded her grasp. She eked out a scant living by making clothes for a Jewish merchant by day, and each night found her writing feverishly, only to receive her manuscripts back with a regularity that almost froze the blood in her veins.

"Try prose," one editor had laconi-

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cally written her in reply to an anguished letter in which she had told of her need; and so obediently she put verse aside, even though with a breaking heart, and wrote articles and stories till it seemed that all the words in the universe were tramping through her brain to her own undoing. And still they came back. "Not available." How that brief sentence struck terror to her heart! Frailer and more emaciated became her always slight frame, till the little tailoress of No. 6, seeing the suffering in the mournful eyes, brought soup to her, and persuaded her to take a little rest.

"By the way, here is a letter for you," she said, as she was leaving the room.

The blood literally flamed into the poor white face, as with trembling fingers Selina Ann seized the precious missive. Was it success at last? She opened it and read:

"Dere Sister—Pa's crippled with the rheumatiz. Ma's thin as a rale, rent ain't pade, nothin' to pay it with. To be turned out in two weeks if nothing don't turn up. Thort maybe your fine poims cood help out.

"Your hungry bruther,

"JOHN TOMAS."

And all this had come to pass while she sought fame! She help! With a bitter laugh that was half a sob, she wrung her hands in anguish. She looked around the squalid room with its few sticks of furniture all falling to pieces; at the dry crust that was to be her supper; at the candle stuck in an empty medicine bottle that would light her midnight vigil.

She remembered how young Mark Goldstein, her employer's son, had followed her home one night and spoken words that had seared her as though a hot iron had touched her quivering flesh. How the white flame of her passionate indignation had made him slink away abashed. How she had darted up to her room, gone to the cracked mirror and looked searchingly at herself to see what soil of soul had come to her that a man dare approach her thus. How she had flung herself at her trunk in a frenzy of tears and dragged from its depths the book her mother had given her when she left home, "the Book of all books," her mother called it. How, kneeling by her bed she had opened it and read: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and how she had cried:

"Keep me clean, keep me good. Oh, do not let me lose my way!"

And she had wept. She had that at least to be thankful for, and now she would go home and be a servant, or work as a farm-hand, anything to help those dear ones who needed her. She had failed, it is true, but they would forgive her when they heard how hard the editors were. She had been beating her head against a stone wall till she was too bruised and broken to hold her own any longer, but health would come back to her when she reached the green fields of home again.

But how get there! Alas!! Memory recalled that she must have money for the journey, and she had none. She covered her face with her hands and wept tears of bitterness and despair. "Try prose!" What was the matter with her to-day? Was she hearing voices?

Crawling off the bed, she went to the rickety table and took up her pen once more. To whom should she write? Suddenly it flashed into her mind, the meaning of it all. She was to write to the one man who had tried to help her. To him she would explain the circumstances, and how she would pay him back in time if he would lend her the money to get home.

In stiff, stilted language she began her plea, mentioning almost coldly her brother's letter and the dire need of her family, and then the longing for that dear home coming upon her like an overwhelming flood, with tense, passionate words she pictured it all. The little town nestling 'neath its lovely trees; the cattle grazing in the quiet fields around, knee deep in the

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cool, fragrant grass; the haymakers singing merrily on their way from toil to supper; the rosy-cheeked children playing in the gardens, gardens ablaze with a riot of flowers. With deft touch here and wondrous stroke there, as though inspired to sublime heights by a supreme love, she brought out all the glory of the sunset, one shaft of gold reaching and crowning the patient figure sitting on the porch of a cottage home waiting. Flinging out her arms, she cried: "Mother!" Her breath came short and thick. She felt very weak, but soon she would rest her tired head on that dear bosom.

"I am coming, darling, coming back to you, and home, pure as the little baby you used to nurse in the long—"

* * * *

They found her some hours later, her head buried in her outstretched arms. A thin stream of blood told the pitiful tale, hemorrhage of the lungs.

The little tailoress read the letter lying on the table, and with tears streaming down her faded, wrinkled cheeks, added "Found dead!" and took it to the mail box, hoping a thunderbolt from Heaven would fall on the editor if it failed to touch his stony heart.

Samuel Newton was said to be absolutely devoid of sentiment, but it was remarked that for fifteen minutes by the clock he neither spoke nor moved after receiving Selina Ann's letter, telling so pathetically the tragedy of a soul. Possibly he was thinking of a little fellow trudging home from school to a New England homestead or of the welcome he would get from the gentle mother who used to pat his shoulder, saying: "Sammy, do not let your head rule your heart; be kind—life is a great trust." When finally he moved, it was to send for a woman reporter to investigate the case, and if anything, his voice was more gruff than usual, so determined was he to hide how deeply moved he felt.

Miss Tycan knew the opportunity had come that she had been waiting for, but to her eternal credit be it said that when she stood by the side of the poor dead girl, self-interest was forgotten in the pity of it all. "You poor dear, you starved in the midst of plenty," she exclaimed, and then went back to the office and wrote as she had never written before, the keen intuition and the big, loving Irish heart of her filling in all the details of the sad story.

A telegram was sent to Stormton: "Stop proceedings. What is price of house? Money coming." The next morning many a breakfast got cold as the people read the story of Selina Ann, and it being stated that a subscription would be started, headed by the editor, that a home might be purchased for the little family and the daughter receive decent burial, a stream of money flowed steadily in. The last $25 came from a girl with a painted face.

"I'm going home to my poor old mother," she said, with a break in her voice. "She did that for me," with a nod at the subscription list.

And then Samuel Newton sat down and broke the news to Selina Ann's mother, lying like the true gentleman he was where the truth would have wounded.

"Just as Fame came to your daughter, dear madam," he wrote, "sudden illness took her, but the proceeds of her work will secure you a home and something to help till your husband is better. A lady from our office will accompany the remains as a token of respect, and I beg to remain the friend of your lamented and gifted daughter as well as yours.

"SAMUEL NEWTON."

And so Selina Ann returned to her own, not with arms lovingly outstretched as she had thought to do, but meekly folded on her quiet breast.

Those who had known her gathered to her burial, the whole community, indeed, mourning her as one beloved.

The preacher who had baptized her when a baby, spoke with awe of the

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miracle that had been performed in their midst.

Their Selina Ann, who had lived and grown up amongst them, and who had gone to the great city and become famous beyond their wildest expectations, so famous that a big city paper had sent a lady to represent it at her funeral! They surely must walk softly the rest of their days in view of it. "Her last thought was for her folks, dear people," he said, in homely phraseology, "and she has three monuments: the home she bought for them; the love we bear her, and the fame she won, which will live and endure when you and I have crumbled into dust."

MONTE DEL DIABLO

BY AUGUST DRAHMS

Crown of the Vale! Eye of the Western waves
Bastioned by shores the blue Pacific laves,
Thy shadowy form is imaged in mid air
Like a great sigh incarnate in a prayer.
From thy twin peaks the raptured soul may gaze
'Till the tired eyelids languish in the maze.
Vision beatific! Peaks and slopes pine-clad,
Wild glens, sequestered streamlets fiercely glad,
Expanse interminable of sky and plain,
Of painted wood and autumn's purple stain.
Far northward, Shasta glittering like the Polar star,
Streams forth a landmark in the quest that sought
The Golden Fleece—the dauntless argonaut.
Yon tawny flood, the Sacramento cleaves
Sun-burnished vales aglint with golden sheaves,
While battlemented crest on crest arise
Titan Sierras buttressing the skies.
To westward sings the sun in regal state,
Trailing her banners through the Golden Gate.

These early shores Cabrillo dimly knew;
Perchance Cortez, and Drake, adventurous crew,
Whose eager lust for gold ravished the land,
Thus rich endowed by Nature's lavish hand.
Forgotten nations nourished at thy breast
Have here found refuge and a lasting rest,
While throbbing seas of life—the surge and beat
Of coming millions breaking at thy feet
Bloom into peaceful hamlets flower-empearled,
The incense-breathing altars of the world.
This be thy fame: Land of the Setting Sun!
Thou! Lone Fixed Star swung in the upper air:
That fame secure, thy glory just begun.
Mountain of Vision, thou, not of despair;
Crown of the Vale! Eye of the Western Sea!
The oriflame of empire yet to be.

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ANGEL

BY JULIETTE M. F. FRANCIS

THE GREAT doors of the California Fruit Cannery were thrown open. The whistle, shrill and loud, reached the ears of the hurrying throngs as they drew near and entered for the day's work.

Rows upon rows of long tables extending the length of the great buildings were entirely empty, save for the piles of tin pans that each contained.

On one side of each table the boxes of golden fruit stood, awaiting the workers. The forewomen hastened about, assigning each worker a place.

A group of laughing girls entered. Hurrying on through the main building, they entered the annex, a smaller room reserved for the expert workers. As they entered the place assigned them, they quickly unfolded aprons each was carrying, and donning them, drew forth knives, pitters and peelers and fell to work amidst much laughter and jesting.

"Oh, I say, Louise," and Frances Edmunds turned toward her nearest neighbor, as she deftly gave her pitter a quick turn as the loosened, luscious peach dropped into the waiting pan, "what has become of Angel?" "I'm sure I don't know," and Louise sent a glance through the open window. "Ah! there she comes now," she exclaimed, as a tall, blonde girl came spinning toward the building on a bicycle.

As she entered the room, each girl turned toward her and shouted: "Hello, Angel!" Angeline Hunter came smilingly forward, nodding to each one as she passed. And when one looked upon her, the wonder of her sobriquet vanished.

Hair of rippling gold, eyes of azure and lips as sweet and red as a crimson rambler rose, what wonder the girls fairly worshipped her? But the square little chin displayed determination, albeit the lurking dimple told of her craving for love.

She was soon working as swiftly as the rest. A forty pound box of fruit rapidly vanished beneath those skillful fingers. The punches in her time check grew apace.

The great truck, piled high with boxes, no sooner arrived than from every quarter came the cry: "Fruit! Fruit!"

"Shut up!" came the answer from the distracted distributor, much to the merriment of the crowd.

When one knew that seventy-five people were employed in the annex alone, and each averaged peeling ten to twelve boxes a day, little wonder the cannery bought fruit by the carload from all over the great State of California.

Outside, under the great oak trees, numerous tents stood, for people came from all over the State to work in the cannery.

Angeline Hunter, however, lived close to the town. Her father was an Elder in the Mormon Church, which had a colony located at this place.

A great peach orchard was owned and managed successfully by Elder Hunter, paying him handsome returns, so that it was quite unnecessary for Angeline to seek employment away from home.

It was quite the fashion, though, for all the girls to work through the canning season. Angeline had spent the last four summers, starting when she was fourteen, at the cannery. She was now considered to be the most expert worker in the building, often pre-

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paring twenty boxes in one day for canning.

But Fate had been unkind to the girl. Her mother, an unloved wife of the Elder, had longed so for love that when the child was born and her own life had gone out, the baby's inheritance had been that passionate craving for affection.

The mother that was left her knew nothing and cared less about this foolish fancy of the child. Her own children were nearer than the little, pale-faced, starry-eyed child of a rival wife, and when, night after night, the pillow beneath the small face was wet with tears, no one knew, no one cared. Unless, perchance, that Angel Mother came, bringing comfort and peace as she watched beside the little sleeper.

Money to Angeline meant nothing. What irony of Fate New clothes were nice, but how much nícer some one to love, to care for.

It was a week later. The noon whistle had sounded. As the workers passed out, Angeline found herself behind an old couple, evidently new arrivals.

The old lady was saying: "Oh, John, I'm afraid we can't make anything here." John was bent and wrinkled, but Angeline, looking into the old face, saw the tender light of love upon it as the old man replied: "Sho, now, mother, cheer up. We haven't got the hang of it yet, dear."

Angeline had always been a child of fancies. She smiled now, and immediately a fancy seized her. These two were her dear mother's own parents! Ah, how glad she was! Her dear grandparents! She must not let them know, of course, but she could help them.

As she passed in after luncheon she observed where they were stationed. How awkwardly the poor old hands were holding the knives and fruit.

Mrs. Andrews, the patient forewoman, was showing them in detail how to do the work. Grandpa, dear soul, was trying to remove the stubborn pits while grandma, the darling, was trying to peel a golden, slippery half-peach. Why did the gage-knife slip and cut a finger?

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Angel. "Let me wrap it up. You see, I always carry some old muslin rags for such emergencies." She smiled into the dear old face.

As she passed on the old lady turned to the forewoman and questioned: "Who was that?" "Oh, that was Angel. Every one calls her that. Surely she is entitled to it." And the old lady resumed her work while a tender smile hovered about her lips.

It was surprising after that how often Angeline had to go to the faucet for water. Each time she passed close to the new workers. Her apron had two large pockets. She would reach forth a dainty hand as she passed them and take some peaches.

Returning, she would repeat the operation, much to the delight of the nearby workers. And poor old John and Margaret, trying so hard to work swiftly, failed to observe the maneuver.

They only knew that the boxes were being emptied quite fast, for other girls from the annex had learned the little trick.

"It does seem strange how soon we empty a box," the old lady murmured as she peered into one that a short time before she had left half full. "I know I am working slow."

"Sho, now, Margaret, that is just your notion. See our time check. That tells the story." And it did seem strange. There it was—eight boxes for that half day, at twenty cents a box.

Mr. Jameson, the bustling, hustling general manager happening along, paused for a few moments to watch the poor efforts of the old people.

Passing on, he remarked to the forewoman: "Such people are better away from here. They spoil more fruit than they save."

"I know they do, but they are so anxious and willing."

"We cannot afford to pay five cents a pound for peaches and have them wasted. Everything they are prepar-

ing are only fit for the pies."

He passed on. Angeline, by this time, had become thirsty, and not noticing the general manager, she paused an instant to repeat her innocent trick.

But Jameson saw! And seeing, he understood! That was why the time checks from that old couple were showing up so well. He would see about that. Going to the forewoman he said: "Send that girl to the office at closing time."

Jameson was a man of business. He had thought of very little else in the past ten years. He was honorable, upright and a hustler. That was why, at thirty, he had been given the position of trust and honor he now held—that of general manager for one of the largest Fruit Associations in California.

When Angeline entered the office, head held high, cheeks flushed, Jameson regarded her quizzically. "Miss—er—Miss Hunter, I presume."

"Yes."

"Be seated, Miss Hunter," and he motioned her to a chair, which Angeline ignored.

"Perhaps you are not aware, Miss Hunter, that each individual worker is supposed to attend strictly to his or her own work."

"I was not aware, Mr. Jameson, of any such thing. If the fruit is properly prepared for canning, what does it matter who prepares it?"

"We cannot afford to have skilled workers throwing away their time on the inferior fruit we have to give to beginners. Please remember this in the future." And Jameson, bowing, signified the interview was ended.

If Angeline had held her head high on coming in, it was decidedly so on leaving the office.

"Oh, Angel, what happened?" The girls crowded about her, eager to learn what had transpired in the office.

"Every one mind their own business," answered Angel, as she linked an arm within one of Louise's and tripped outside.

"Did he say that?"

"The same thing." The solemn look and tone accompanying this speech caused a shout of laughter from the assembled group.

"That means no more help to poor old Mr. and Mrs., doesn't it?"

"Not to me," and the firm little chin was thrust forward a trifle as Angel glanced at the office window as they passed out.

Girard Jameson was standing inside. The toss of her head, the light in her eyes, told their own story. He did not need to hear the uttered words.

"A deucedly pretty girl," he thought—and suddenly a hungry, lonesome feeling came over him. He remembered the warmth of his mother's arms about him in the long ago, and the kisses she used to shower on his upturned face. After all, business was not everything in life.

It was Saturday evening. The lights in the great building twinkled and flashed out into the night. A carload of peaches, coming in the afternoon, made it necessary for work to be resumed after supper. The tired workers were each striving to do all that was possible. John and Margaret had returned. Slowly and laboriously they were working on the new box that had been given them. The annex girls were already nearly through with a box each since supper.

"How many for to-day, Angel?" Louise leaned toward her companion as she prepared to empty a pan of pits.

"This makes eighteen, and do you know, I'm awfully thirsty?"

She looked into the eyes of Louise with a merry twinkle in her own. "Oh, I say, girls, let's all get a drink."

"Sure thing!" "Oh, I'm just dying for a drink," they chorused as they started pell-mell for the faucet.

Jameson, seated in the shadow, busy in talk with the superintendent, saw the procession. Passing out under an electric light, he stood in plain view to the oncoming crowd.

With a defiant glance toward him, and a toss of her pretty head, Angel reached forth a hand, and taking two

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golden peaches from the box of John and Margaret, placed them in her apron pocket.

Every girl did the same, and when poor, tired old Margaret stooped to refill her pan, lo and behold! there were none left in the box.

Girard Jameson turned, and without a word, left the building.

When Angeline left the cannery it was ten o'clock. She was rather of a timid nature, but as the moon was shining she did not feel afraid. She took her bicycle and was soon spinning down the road.

The only place she dreaded to pass was a thick growth of willows near the railroad tracks. She was just passing, when a man sprang towards her.

With a scream, she urged the wheel forward, but was seized ere she could pass. Screaming again, she struggled frantically to break from the grasp of the ruffian, and then, before she knew what was happening, a figure appeared, and in a blurred way she sensed a struggle was going on.

When she regained consciousness she was lying across the seat of an automobile, while a man stood close by on the ground bathing her face with water from the nearby irrigation ditch.

Gradually she recognized the general manager.

"Ah, little one, coming to, eh?" The tone was kindly. She sat up.

"That dreadful man. Is he gone."

"Yes, more's the pity. While I was attending to you, the fellow ran off. Feeling better?"

"Oh, yes."

"Now, may I take you home?"

"Oh, it isn't necessary. I can take my wheel." But when she attempted to stand, she sank back onto the cushioned seat. Jameson, getting in beside her, found her all atremble.

"There, there!" he soothed. "Don't be frightened. You shouldn't be going about alone, child, after dark."

"No one ever molested me before."

"Perhaps not, but——

"I suppose you hate me for disobeying you," she turned towards him, her eyes full of unshed tears, "but I wanted so to help those poor old souls. I was making believe they were mine. Oh, I wanted some one my very own."

"Take me, then." Jameson turned toward her. His eyes were filled with a great hunger. The girl was amazed. But the light in those eyes, bending above her, was plain to see.

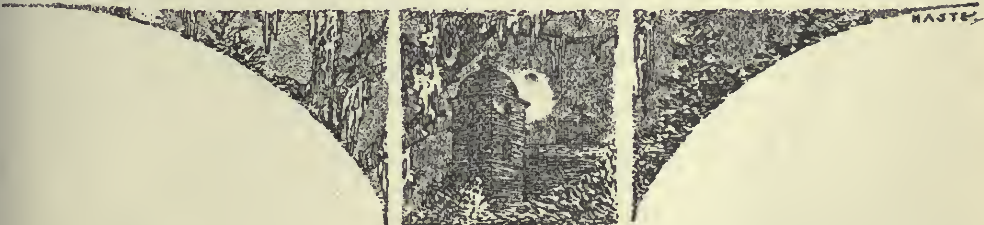
"You—you are making fun of me," she faltered.

"I was never more in earnest. Listen, Angel—may I call you that? I am a lonesome all-alone fellow. I have never had time to think of women. I need you—I want you. I have never wanted anything so much, dear."

He took her trembling hand within his own strong one.

"Why should we be a year or so thinking it over? I loved you when you first entered the office. I am a busy man of affairs. Don't you think you could learn to love me?"

Angel raised her eyes to his face. The tender light upon it went to her heart. As he slipped an arm about the slender waist, she sighed and contentedly leaned her head upon his shoulder.



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THROUGH EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

BY ISABEL SHERRICK WARDELL

IT WAS the golden noon of the California springtime, redolent, joyful, the symphony of the year. On the brow of the hill overlooking the University grounds, two forms were outlined: one, the figure of a girl yet in her teens, the other a youth of twenty. Around them were the fragrant meadows riotous with blossoming; beyond them, the sapphire bay, stretching away to the west, where purple Tamalpais, a stately sentinel, jealously guarded the Golden Gate that will some day bloom with golden glow.

For a moment the girl, with a dainty butterfly poise, surveyed the glorious vision of mountain and sea; then, like a tired child, tossed off her hat and flung herself among the tall grasses, the wild oats and the yellow bloom of the mustard almost hiding her from view. Above her head flamed the California poppies, their burnished gold scarce dimming the sunshine of her hair.

Her young companion, pushing back the student's cap, viewed her with impatience.

"Elsie, are you never going to be a woman?"

"No." She turned her face away and hid it in the clover. "I don't want to be a woman. I would be a child forever."

"I believe it."

He bit his lip and looked at her in vexation, wondering what he could say to make her regard his words more seriously.

Her beauty was of the wild-flower type, and she hardly seemed human as she rested among the blossoms. Believing in evolution, one might easily have imagined that she had evolved from the flower-buds.

Something of this strange fancy flitted through the young man's mind, but the agony of unanswered love was upon him.

"Elsie!" His voice was almost stern. He knelt beside her and took her hand in spite of a silent protest. "You shall answer this question now: Do you love me?"

She raised her head and looked into his eyes all the longing of love in her own; then a mist swept before them. She hid her crimson face against the poppies.

"Yes."

"Oh, Elsie!" His arms were outstretched with the rapturous impulse of the lover, but she pushed him away vehemently.

"Elsie—you acknowledge that you love me; twice I have asked you to be my wife, and yet——"

"And yet"—she laid her face against the poppies and wept—"I can never—be—your wife."

He looked dumbfounded.

For a time the silence was broken only by her sobs, then he cried, bitterly: "I understand. The rumors I have heard are true. You are engaged to another."

She did not answer.

"Elsie"—his voice was gentle but imperative—"this is no time for deception. It means death or life to me. You must answer."

She brushed her tears away, drew off one of her long white silk gloves, and laid the ungloved hand silently in his.

A circlet of precious stones blazed shamelessly in the noonday sun.

"And the man?" His eyes never left her face, but the hand that held hers trembled and tightened its clasp.

"Arthur Kennington."

He flung away her hand contemptuously.

"Elsie, he is old enough to be your father."

A teasing sparkle in her eyes suddenly chased away the shadows.

"That's nothing. If this doctrine of reincarnation be true, you may be my grandfather."

"Your jesting is ill-timed," he said coldly.

She had risen and was shaking the bits of grass from her dress and

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smoothing the ribbons on her hat. Her brows were arched inquiringly.

"Then why so anxious, Walter, to have me study theosophy and all the other 'isms' with you last winter?"

Deeply chagrined, he made no reply. For the moment he wished he had never seen Berkeley University nor this California sprite who was utterly unlike any other girl he had ever known—and so enchanting.

"Comparisons are odious," she murmured softly, divining his thought.

But he ignored the tantalizing little pout on the red lips.

"Your reference to esoteric matters is merely an evasion. Elsie—tell me why you will marry this man, who is years your senior, who—but why will you marry him, when you acknowledge that you love me?"

Again the mists swept before her eyes. She turned her face and shook her head.

He urged the question: "Why, Elsie, why?"

She put out her hand with a despairing gesture.

"To save my father from ruin. My father is old—he owes Mr. Kennington a large sum of money—even our home is mortgaged."

Walter Armayne recoiled as if she had struck him.

"And he would sell you——" He could not finish his speech. The dreadful intensity of his manner frightened her.

But she resented his tone.

"No, no! I do it of my own free will. You shall not blame my father. Mr. Kennington is a fine man—a great artist—one that any woman might be proud to marry. He is good——"

But she could not go on with that look in his eyes—and her faltering tone belied the brave words.

He heeded it not; he was as one turned to stone.

For a second they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes, then raising his cap as if to leave her, he said, coldly:

"I see. You say that you love—but you are incapable of loving."

With the sting in her heart of those last words, she watched him disappear beyond the shrubbery of the University grounds. Wild with regret and hopeless love, she flung herself once more into the soft arms of the wild grasses. She tore the golden poppies from their stems, then with remorseful sobs laid her face against their cool, crushed petals and wished that she had never been born.

But when her grief was spent, a new-born courage arose. The thought of giving happiness to her father and mother was a comforting one, and brought the light to her eyes.

She rose to her feet, calmly adjusted her pretty white gown, smoothed her hair, looked at the tiny gold watch fastened to her blouse waist with a turquoise pin, and placing the coquettish hat on her head, went smiling back to the world.

For weeks she had been coming almost daily to Berkeley to complete her musical studies; and it was during these delightful yet half painful weeks that she had so often met the young student, and that their incipient passion had flamed into an absorbing love.

The brilliantly lighted rooms of the Art Association were gay and odorous with flowers. In a far-away, rose-embowered corner an orchestra was discoursing airs from the latest operas.

In front of a painting entered in the catalogue as No. 12, "A Girl I Know," Walter Armayne was standing, a fierce rapture in his heart, a hot glow upon his cheek.

It was one of those strange fancies of the artist, the portrait of a girl, her face half-hidden by a fan. The contour of the head, with its shining wealth of hair, was perfectly revealed. The exquisite curve of the white neck and shoulders showed themselves clear against the soft, dark background. The radiant eyes, violet and smiling, illumined the whole picture, but the entire effect was tantalizingly suggestive rather than satisfying.

"'A Girl I Know.'" Walter read the title again with a shrug of contempt. Kennington might as well have called it "Elsie."

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Who would not know those eyes among a thousand—that air of coquetry—that wonderful, child-like beauty. Elsie—Elsie!

His heart went out in a wild cry, but he gave no sign of it. Only the angry flush, the dark grey eyes, the brown hair pushed back so impatiently hinted of the inward tumult.

He looked at the catalogue again. "Sold," he read underneath No. 12, and set his teeth.

He turned away from the painting wildly, only to behold the original of the painting coming toward him, a glorious incarnation of his heart's desire.

But by her side, holding her fan and looking upon her with an aggravating air of possession was the artist.

Walter shook hands with them, glad somehow to feel her hand tremble in his own, and to meet once more the flash of the violet eyes.

"It's a pity exhibitors are so afraid of giving real titles to their pictures," he ventured, gazing significantly at the portrait.

Kennington stared.

But Elsie understood and parried the thrust playfully, a deep flush dyeing her face.

"Suggestions are more artistic," she answered lightly.

Kennington looked bewildered, glancing from one to the other.

"I suggest, then," returned Walter, "that artists decline to sell the portraits of their lady loves. It is worse than inartistic. But I must go," he concluded, his manner icy. "Miss Fortune—Mr. Kennington—good evening." Before either could reply, Walter had bowed himself away.

The by-play had been entirely lost upon the artist.

"A very abrupt young fellow, that Armayne," he remarked.

"Yes, very abrupt," echoed Elsie, hiding her tell-tale face behind her fan as she recalled the young student's sudden departure the day before. But her woman's heart told her that this brusqueness came from the hurt underneath, and she thought of him tenderly in spite of the ring she wore.

Walter stopped on his way out to chat with McNulty, the janitor, a few moments in the anteroom. John McNulty was not only an interesting character, but a connoisseur. The old fellow had lived among artists all his life and he knew their ways, and could judge their work better than most of them. To Walter, his blunt speech was more interesting than all the cant of the fashionables or the well rounded phrases of the critics.

"What do I think of the exhibition, Mr. Armayne," he was saying. "Well, I'll tell you. The girl with the fan beats them all, but the man that painted her is a snob. He's the best artist of the lot, but barring that, he's not worth his paint."

Walter heartily agreed with him, but said nothing.

"I despise his overbearing ways," the garrulous old janitor went on. "I wonder Miss Fortune ever picked him —yet it is said she'll marry him."

Walter winced and walked slowly down the stairs.

The next morning Mr. McNulty entering the art rooms to perform his usual tasks, was amazed to find Arthur Kennington's painting damaged almost beyond recognition by knife slashes.

The janitor regarded it mute with horror. He carried the only key to the room. It was well-known that he and Kennington had quarreled the day before. He had said, among other things, that he "would be even with Kennington some day." No one would believe in his innocence.

But we will pass over the rage of the artist. McNulty's protestations were unavailing during the investigation which followed, and he was discharged, disgraced, his family plunged into want, for his good name gone, he could obtain no responsible position, and a frivolous wife had already used up a comfortable account in a savings bank.

Elsie wept when she heard of it, though she cared little for the portrait, and hastened in her impulsive way to

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pour out the contents of her pocketbook for the benefit of the unfortunate family.

Vainly she pleaded with Mr. Kennington. He would show no mercy. He removed his studio from the building of the Art Association to his own private apartments in the Belmont, and with his indomitable energy immediately set to work to paint another picture on the same attractive subject.

And every day Elsie came, chaperoned by her mother, to sit for him, her face stonily cold, the laughter gone from the childlike mouth, pathetic shadows in the violet eyes—shadows which told of the passing of the child, the coming of the woman.

But Walter gave no sign that he cared either for the picture or the girl. He was to graduate in June, and was engrossed in preparations for commencement.

A week later the horror of the burning of the city burst upon them—the horror that swept everything before it, leaving thousands homeless and a great and beautiful city desolate.

At noon, on the first day of the terrible conflagration, Walter Armayne stood upon the Berkeley Hills, his eyes set on the awful clouds of smoke across the bay. Countless times had he been down to the water's edge, eager to get across the bay. No ferry boat was allowed to take passengers to the city; no small craft could be had for love or money.

At last a gleam of hope came to him. He found a light team to take him to Richmond, a town on the north bay shore. He remembered a fisherman there who owned a small gasoline launch. He had employed him many times. The stolid fisherman declared he was afraid to brave the authorities.

"Afraid!" Walter fairly shook him. "Afraid of what! Who cares for martial law when a life is at stake. Besides, we can land at Telegraph Hill."

"Oh—huh——"

The Italian only shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

Walter slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece into his hand. Another twenty followed, and the fisherman moved toward his launch.

The little boat fairly leaped over the waves, while Walter watched the rolling clouds of smoke. He knew Elsie's home was somewhere beneath it. They landed at last, and Walter threw another twenty dollar piece at the boatman's feet and ran. Breathless, he reached the street where Elsie lived. Like one in a dream he stood before the site of her home. It stood in smoking ruins, a blackened heap. He buried his face in his hands and wept. Dazed and helpless, he stood on a street corner, trying to collect his thoughts when a familiar figure brushed past him—John McNulty.

He was wheeling a dilapidated easy chair packed with household goods. Behind him was his wife, pushing the baby in a go-cart, two children clinging to her skirts.

"For God's sake, McNulty," Walter grasped him by the shoulder: "Where are you going?"

"Heaven only knows," answered the man vacantly. "To the Park, I guess, to camp out. We have been driven out twice by the advancing fire."

"Gracious, man, is there no other place for you and these children—no shelter——"

"Yes, I know a good place out here on Golden Gate avenue, a boarding house kept by a friend of mine—it's safe now, for the fire has swung with the wind. But we have no money."

"I have," interrupted Walter. "A hundred and fifty of it is yours. Let me help you. You look worn out."

Walter took the chair and rolled it in silence.

When he reached the destination, he saw the little family was safely housed —then laid the money in McNulty's hands.

"God bless you!"

"No, no!" Walter put up his hand entreatingly. "Don't thank me. It is only just!"

"Just?"

A deep crimson dyed Walter's cheek. He trembled in shame and agony, then controlling himself, he put

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his hands upon McNulty shoulders and looked him squarely in the face.

"I've been mad," he said; "mad, mad. I did it all for love of her. I would have ruined his painting and his whole studio for her sake."

McNulty stared. Then he said compassionately. "Poor boy! I'm afraid you are feverish. These awful scenes have unsettled your mind."

"No, McNulty: I am as sane as you are."

In a few brief sentences Walter poured forth the story—his love for Elsie, his determination that her portrait should never grace another man's wall. He had let himself down with a rope from the building adjacent to the Art Hall, and so entered the exhibit room through the window.

"I was mad," he ended. "Can you forgive me?"

"You have made amends," returned McNulty, brokenly.

Walter pressed his hand.

"I did not know, McNulty, that you had been accused and deprived of your position until a few days ago, and I intended coming over and make amends at my first opportunity. No innocent man should suffer for my wrong doing."

"I believe it," said McNulty, simply, and he added, suddenly: "Mr. Kennington is dead—killed in his rooms by falling debris. He was found early this morning in his fine bachelor apartment, a half-finished canvas in his hand, the picture of a girl."

Walter shuddered and turned away.

"Good-bye," he said, then came back and gave the man a hearty handshake. "Here's my card, McNulty. If you ever need a friend, let me know."

And he was off, not waiting for thanks.

He wandered among the throng, helping here, lifting there, doing all he could for the unfortunates. Suddenly an idea came to him. He recalled the fact that the Fortunes' most intimate friends, the Starlings, lived near Golden Gate Park, far out toward the ocean. Might they not have gone there for shelter?

It was a long, long tramp, and he was already worn with the day's exertions, but steadfastly he kept his face toward the Park, and trudged steadily on.

When half way, he met Joel Carpenter, a neighbor of the Fortunes', hurrying toward the fire. Both stopped and grasped hands, and Walter understood. "Joel, can you tell me anything of the Fortune family?"

With a grave compassion, Joel withdrew his hand and laid it gently upon the other's shoulder.

"This is all I know, Walter. Mr. and Mrs. Fortune were killed by the falling of the wall in their bedroom during the first shock at daybreak—"

Walter's face blanched.

"And Elsie?"

"No one knows where she is. Crazed by her loss and the surrounding dangers, she wandered away, no one knows where."

Before Joel could say more, Walter rushed away through the entrance of the great Park, his heart wrung with pity for the thousands of homeless ones encamped upon its fadeless green. Now and then he took some child from its wearied mother and carried it in his arms; again, he slipped money into some man's trembling hand, and often, so often, he stopped to help make a temporary shelter for some despairing woman and child. The shadows of evening were fast falling; the fog from the ocean, rolling in, enveloped him in its cold mists. At last he reached the handsome home of the Starlings, its broad front facing the sea, its fair lawns and flowers breathing peace to his troubled soul. At the foot of the wide, marble steps a white heap was lying. His eyes dimmed with the mists scarce recognized its semblance to a woman. He knelt by her side. Tenderly he drew the chilled, white hand in his own.

"Elsie!" At the sound of his voice she stirred. Her startled eyes looked into his.

"Walter!"

With a sob of joy, he gathered her in his arms.

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ARC O' TRIUMPH

BY ALTON

TONY BRAME, foreman of the R. V. H., lighted his after dinner pipe and sauntered slowly down the grade for a more convincing scrutiny of the rugged highway winding so tortuously to the canyon. After a few moments' survey, he turned dejectedly and called up to the waiting crew:

"Not to-day, boys, not to-day. But take my advice, don't go back on yer expectations. We'll get to ther end of this blamed disappointment trail before long, I reckon. You alls know," as he rejoined the men, "it ain't Hal Valsted, manager, poor chap! Nor Sam Jennings, expert, nor Adam Liable, 'spector, nor even Jack o' Lights, but by thet ere old Rajaima yonder, that's gobbling up all ther sunshine," and he pointed with outstretched arm to where a cavernous mouth seemed to swallow great floods of golden light. " 'Tis *her*, ther one thet owns ther R. V. H. we want ter sight coming along thet trail."

"Right ye are, Tony Brame. Ther one we've looked fer, an' worked fer, an' *prayed* fer, by gosh! ev'ry day fer a half-score years an' more, is ther one we allows we hanker ter see damned bad!" emphatically assented a miner who had furrowed and silvered in the drifts.

"Most of you older fellers knowed Bert Reynor," continued the foreman, "but some of you youngsters didn't, an' ye've missed knowing a *man*. A man, I tell ye, thet wus grit clean through— an' I'll lay out any onery cuss thet hints contrawise. In spite of which, a gang of scheming scallawags stole his papers, pulled up his stakes, an' jumped these ere three claims, an' Reynor didn't hev even a measly chance ter call er deal, fer them d—d thieves hed bribed, with ther gold from Bert's own diggings, ther mongrel whelps thet didn't let up till they'd worried him from these ere mountains. Reynor took his little gal, Hope, an' struck ther down trail one night, an' no one had a guess coming as ter where he went after thet. But min ye, later on them papers of hisen were lifted from ther damned syndicate's safe, in ther Wells' office, by an unreckonizable friend of his, with er gun in hand an' a finger mighty quick on ther trigger.

"After thet we old fellers got our heads together, an' ferrited out ther whole damned scheme. Then these ere diggings riz up in arms, arms thet did lively gesticulatin', you bet. You've never obsarved indercations of war in these parts yet, you tenderfeet. If ye'd been here them days—well, I'll gamble you'd be all-fired slow disrememberin' ther picnic ye had.

"Reynor had larnt his little gal a trick of calling us old fellers her pards. An' when he run afoul of bad luck, we alls jest felt ther responsibility of being genuine pardners of thet kid. You bet we did! An' there would hev been powerful more stren-us doings hed she not quite naturly disappeared with her pa, an' we couldn't seem ter hit er bit of a trail. So we jest had ter let them lawyer chaps figger it out. An' it's ther luck of chance thet they're gitting near rounding up things now. 'Tis going on ten years, accordin' ter them fellers since Bert Reynor climbed beyont ther summit of ther Great Divide. Passed in his checks, instead of hitting ther back trail—as we alls allowed he would—ter put up er fight fer these ere claims of hisen."

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"Whar was he, Tony, when he wus called to cross beyont? Seems ter me they could hev trailed ther kid from ther if they'd knowed whar he hed pulled up ther last stake."

"Well, they might hev, Mose, if they'd found out thet. But ther tarnal newspaper they'd got hold of somewhar giv no clue what-so-ever to ther place of his exodus, an' them lawyers never did discover ther headquarter of thet obituary: they never did. This ere's a thundering big world ter hunt folks in. You can jest gamble on thet, boys."

"Let's see," remarked the furrowed and silvered one, "as I recollect, it's fourteen years gone since Reynor wus played thet trick. An' ther little one wus going on five. I can jest seem ter see her now, riding on her pa's shoulder in ter ther mine. She wasn't a bit feared ter go down in thet old shaft bucket, at ther end of ther tunnel, an' she'd stan' by ther biggest kind of er blast. We old codgers were jest wrapped up in thet kid. Sure we wus, an'——"

"She's most nineteen years old by now," interrupted Brame. "A young lady, by gosh! an' may she be guided up here soon as ther Lord will allow, to find thet her old pards hev stood by an' held on ter this ere side of ther mountains in spite of ther devil. An' if she has in mind ter call us pards, as her dad larnt her, it'll be ther proud time of our lives, by gosh! Ye are all on ter boss Valsted's innings in ther old Rajaima. Bert all-righted thet when he located these ere, 'cause Valsted's next of kin ter little Hope (second cousin), an' they're all there is mentioned in thet will document which three of us fellers hitched his name to. But as I was about ter say, ther's millions in sight, aside from thet half of old Rajaima divvy, fer Bert's little gal. I do wish he could know thet we old fellers are standing firm as these everlasting mountains. I do wish he could understand, somehow, thet everything will be all right fer ther little one he had ter leave among strangers while he climbed up the long, lonesome trail by his own self. God! his heart was broke. Thet's what it was, an'——"

"Gol durn, Tony Brame, if ye ain't brought ther water seeping right down from ther heavens!" protested Mose. "Blest if I ain't got a blamed caterack in my eye, right now!"

"Well, I'll own to it, Mose, I certanly will. I sure am a sentimental cuss at times, but I'm aware of a numerous lot of ther same sort 'round here jest now. An' I'll sware it does them an' me proud, by gosh! Time ter get ter work, boys. Get a rustle on, ye Rajaima fellers. I'm going below with you, Venturas. Thet west wall is waitin' fer ye, an' it's a corker. What's ther matter with this car, Tom? Clogged wheels! Wants ter run without gritting, yer know. Attend to it, will ye. Here we are, pards. Switch on more light there! Now this indication is a beaut, cropping out here; wire an' free gold; cross corner vein, from main lead, I'll wager. Prime 'er easy, thar, ter open up ther trend. Thet's it. Now make your work count. Foller 'er up: wire an' free gold, clean through ther mountain. More dynamite here, Bob; drill deeper. Send up thet car, Tom Caller. Lively, now—lively. There's a blamed sight more ter foller thet blast!"

Pouff, pouff, followed by a sharp detonation, and a thunderous crash of splintered granite; then a hollow, reverberating echo, repeated again and again.

"Eh, well, an' what in ther name of goshen is thet! I'd like ter know!" shouted Tony Brame. By Jiminy, see thet gaping, zig-zag fissure? Ther must be a big, empty pocket or cavern back of thet, an' ther Hope fellers are blasting mighty nigh, too. So thet accounts for ther tarnal queer rumpus. Jest a little powder right here, Bob. Shallow drill, mind ye! Right! Now give me thet fuse, an' stand back. Stand back all of ye—back, I tell ye! She's coming down."

With a deafening roar the wall of granite opened out from the fissure and broke in great fragments. The

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noise of its fall was not unlike a heavy cannonade and rattle of musketry. Captive to the echoes, the sound was rushed through subterranean corridors; beaten against jagged walls; smothered! resurrected and pursued to a finish in the far distance.

When the mountain of debris had finally settled, the crew clambered up to the immense opening and gazed in speechless astonishment into a wonderfully illuminated cavern, one side of which seemed all alight with rippling flame, kindling and paling as if fanned by breath of outer air. Softly came the silken swish of water percolating in tiny streams from the roof's edge, overflowing a gutter worn in the granite and spreading out like a gossamer veil over the smooth wall surface to the floor. There were corridors, far as distinguishable, lined with sharply faceted quartz. At their right a slab of granite lay detached from the mother-wall, leaving space that just barely permitted passage way. Through this, one by one, came a score of the Hope men, their lamps begetting tiny tongues of iridescent fire, which quivered and danced all about them, searching out the furrows and hollows of their rugged faces, and dazzling their eyes maliciously. All unseeing that the Ventura's crew had joined them, they paused for a minute irresolute, then their leader snatched the lamp from his cap, and swinging it around, exclaimed: "My God, is this a cave of diamonds we've opened up!"

"Cave of diamonds—opened—up. Diamonds open'd up—up—up."

"Well, if thet don't beat me all holler!" roared Tony Brame.

"Beat me all holler, all ho-l-l-a-r, ho-l-lar-a-r."

"Thet's jest what we will. Git ahead of thet other feller, boys," whispered Tony, with a 'three for Bert Reynor's little gal. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! rah, rah, rah!"

"Reynor's—little—gal—al. Rah—ah—ah," responded the echo.

"By Gosh! them's sound principles, an' we are allus sure of 'em round here. Now we'll jest quiet-like proceed to bizness. How did ye Hope fellers git in here? Back of thet boulder, hey! Yes, yes, I see: shelved by thet last blast of ourn. Bare room ter crawl through; mighty tight squeeze, eh! Now, you Hope boys, do ye see thet 'ere immense arched entrance? Good! Ye've never seen ther likes of it before, an' I'll gamble ye never will again —outside of these diggings. But, as I wus about ter remark, quiet-like, which you all know is unusual fer me, ther crew of ther Ventura extends ye ther glad hand o' welcome, an ther hospitality of thet are 'arch of triumph,'" said Tony, emphatically, waving his hand toward the entrance.

"Arch o' triumph, o' triumph, tri-u-m-p-h—u-m-ph."

"By Gosh!" "Ump-h—by—gosh—osh."

"Ye forgot ter whisper ther last of it, Tony. A low pitch o' voice is ther only thing which gits him," insinuated Mose.

"Don't ye think frr one minit but he can whisper, too, if he takes a notion. What's a mascot good fer if he can't foller a feller's conclushuns. whether they be durned loud or a bit sneakish. Thet tarnal echo is too blamed quick ter be caught thet way, Mose, an' don't ye fergit it!"

"Git—it—it—git—it."

"Excuse ther interruption, boys. I'll now continue what I allowed ter say a while back: Ye Hope fellers ar' ter make use of thet arc, arc o' triumph, fer interit an' exit till ther manager chap or Adam Liable give orders totherwise. They'll know ther value of this 'ere find, an' we know how ter take—care—of—it, an'—keep—our—mouths—shut. Swing yer lamps an' salute these 'ere indications, condensed sunlight, by Gosh! Forward, march! hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, fer Bert Reynor's little gal!"

"Hurrah, ur—rah—rah—ah—ah. Reynor's lit-tle—gal—al."

On tiptoe they came over the water-worn smoothness of the granite floor, swinging their lamps to and fro; flashing, scintillating light from billions of faceted chrystals. Themselves scin-

tillating with enthusiasm; each honest face glowing; each heart beating tumultuously; each foot keeping perfect time: right up, up, up, to the arc o' triumph——

"Halt!" came a clear, ringing command. "Halt!" sharply responded the echo. Each lamp swung at arm's length above their heads; each form stiffened into soldierly erectness, a hand at salute. Thus they halted before the slender, gray-robed figure, poised on the rugged threshold of the arc o' triumph.

They did not see the well-known forms just beyond: they only saw, and knew, that the one they had longed for and prayed for so many anxious years —Bert Reynor's daughter—had come up the trail to the R. V. H.

TIMEO DANAOS

BY C. A. PERKINS

Alike by friends and foes 'tis told
  How idle, useless, this my life,
Because I strive not after gold
  Nor fear of poverty the knife;
I stand aloof from out the strife
  And watch the battle where it drifts,
Nor heed the call of drum and fife—
  I fear the Grecians bearing gifts.

I envy not, I do admire
  The deeds that bolder men have done.
Let him who greatly did aspire,
  All peaceful wear the crown he won.
I play, at ease, beneath the sun,
  My modest lute all free from rifts,
Wish well to all, think ill of none—
  I fear the Grecians bearing gifts.

Love hath not found me. From the mire
  His semblance rises, painted, gay.
Within his eyes lurks Passion's fire,
  His hand doth bear a sword to slay.
The gold, thin-worn, reveals the clay,
  All evil lines the brow he lifts.
I cannot stoop to such a prey—
  I fear the Grecians bearing gifts.

Princes, the price of peace is this,
  (Essay and you shall find it so),
Waste not your souls for fancied bliss,
  Nor dread imaginary woe.
From out the hearts of high or low
  The joy of life ambition sifts.
Content upon my way I'll go—
  I fear the Grecians bearing gifts.

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SUCCESSFUL CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK

(Writers and Playwrights)

BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

Wallace Irwin.

HAD CALIFORNIA'S first settlers not been natural-born colonizers, it is pretty safe to say that, to-day, there would be no California. Likewise, it is fair to assume that a good deal of this ancestral spirit still lingers, leading sons and daughters of the Golden State to, not infrequently, exchange a Pacific outlook for one on or immediately adjacent to the Atlantic—for, somehow, one cannot imagine a Californian permanently happy or thoroughly at ease if completely separated from a water-vista less imposing than a whole ocean. Once in the East, they adapt, not so much themselves to Eastern conditions, as these same conditions to their individual ambitions and desires; further, the various localities which become, for longer or shorter periods, metropolitan "California colonies," are almost certain to possess a remote analogy to familiar home views. This fact leads a few to dwell on the commanding heights of the Riverside Drive; others, where the serene beauties of Central Park, glimpsed through the trees, bring to mind those in a certain Golden Gate Park, far off on the other side of the continent; while others, still, elect to live in a more cosmopolitan locality, and for this reason choose the picturesque region "down 'round Washington Square"—one of the few spots where Manhattan's bustling haste is, perforce, held in check by sunny Italy's *dolce far niente,* and where, in addition, the whole atmosphere (to

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Robert H. Davis.

borrow an expression in vogue hereabouts) is subtly impregnated with that indescribable quality of leaven vaguely termed "Bohemia."

Probably no portion of the greater city offers fuller reward to the discerning, sympathetic and—this is exceedingly important!—properly humble-minded searcher after local color. But it does not by any means include those individuals who carry their desire to mingle in what they euphoniously designate as "Bohemian circles," not so much as a chip on the shoulder as a new-fangled brick, wherewith to storm any fast-closed portals; still less, hopeful and guileless souls who are convinced that gushing "bromides" anent their "adoration for art" is quite sufficient to assure them a warm welcome in any studio they may care to visit. One cannot help wondering if Gelett Burgess wrote, "Are You a Bromide?" while he lived on Washington Square; or if not, did his residence there make him determined to do so, as he became fully aware of the essential likeness between all bromidic types; or perhaps it was here he obtained his "material" for that exhibition of original water colors he called "Essays in Subjective Symbolism," which, last year, filled many minds in New York's artistic circles with a vague sense of dismay apt to follow in the train of uncertainty as to whether some one is making game of you or not. For such unfortunates, this problem is still unsolved, since the only person who could, with absolute authority, set their minds at rest—just didn't.

Like many of his brother and sister Californians in New York, Mr. Burgess is so many different things more than merely well that it is difficult to know exactly what to call him; whether designer and draughtsman (he taught topographical drawing at the University of California for two years), writer of delicious books and short stories—the former almost invariably becoming "best sellers," the latter, "the best story of the year"—or creator of even more delicious nonsense. But, whatever he is doing, from bringing to our eyes a "Goop"—in the very act of "gooping," tickling our mental palate with that creation of rare joy, a purple cow, or, as in his latest book, stealthily raising the curtain on certain New York spots filled with enchantment, then suddenly dropping it, almost before his readers are quite sure they've located them—this, or whatever else it may be, makes us quite satisfied to have him do that very thing just at that time!

As has been said, Mr. Burgess does not live on Washington Square now, but it is not very long ago that he did—in one of the numerous dwellings where, according to the constructive imagination of the landlady, the late Frank Norris "lived," "died," or in a few cases, did both. For, after all, landladies will be landladies, and when one of that ilk has discovered that the assertion, "It was in this very room Mr. Norris wrote 'The Pit,'" causes its market value to instantly inflate like a balloon, it must be a terrible, if not wholly irresistible, temp-

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tation, to discover whether this spontaneous rise could not be further enhanced by a hypothetical death.

Among many other claims to distinction, Washington Square South possesses one probably entirely unique in the association, practically under one roof, of a hotel and church edifice, bearing the general title of "The Judson." Let us hasten to assure those who may have been led to fear this may be closer than in mere name that such is not the case; the two are quite independent, save that dwellers in the hostelry (some happy soul once described it as "New York's chief literary and artistic incubator") may feel an intensified personal interest and pride in the huge "cross over the Judson" which, each night, sheds the soft beams of its light alike on the just and the unjust.

Not few nor lacking in fame have been those Californians who, at various times, have dwelt here. Persons who remember many years of "life on the Square" can readily look back and recall days when emotionally-minded New Yorkers flocked, like pilgrims to a shrine, to "The Judson," there to dine, and at the same time endeavor to catch glimpses of the wife and stepdaughter of R. L. S., who were making it their temporary home. It was on the Judson's roof, too, that Juliet Wilbor Tompkins became Mrs. Emory Pottle; and it may be added, for the benefit of such as find interest in observing literary lights in their unprofessional moments, that the general average of poets, novelists, short story writers, editors (in short, all tillers in the literary field, Californians and otherwise) remains, practically, undiminished. Indeed, as some one assured the writer not long since, "It would certainly be an off-night when you couldn't see three poets, two novelists, a few editors and the usual run of 'literary small fry' dining at The Judson."

Some persons who have, for reasons of their own, exchanged New York's municipal dust for that of outlying localities, may seek to discredit this

Gelett Burgess.

statement by declaring that people do not continue to live on Washington Square South, after they have "arrived"—the inference being that they seek air less rarefied; on the other hand it is not difficult to discount such a contention by pointing to Will Irwin. His arrival is, so to speak, literally past history—yet he's there still; and Washington Square South, singly

Mrs. Kathleen Norris.

and collectively, feels personally honored because he is.

Though Sarah Comstock does not live right on the Square itself, she is not too far off to feel the influence of its "atmosphere"—which quality, as was mentioned in the beginning, dwellers in the vicinity hold in high esteem. Miss Comstock possesses plenty of grit—the good, California sort, that starts right in to "get somewhere"—and does it, as was made very clear when it is stated that she came to New York a stranger, almost; and, after no tremendous lapse of time, occupies a position on the staff of Collier's Weekly, which even New Yorkers themselves would consider rather an honor. But that California still seems to her like "home," and Stanford, if not the *only* university, at least the one most worthy of mention, were facts admitting of no doubt, when she told the writer, "You're going to God's country—and I cannot help envying you!"

"God's country!" How many Californians (though, for the nonce, they may masquerade as New Yorkers) say those words with a light shining in their eyes and a looking-back expression on their faces that shows how much they mean. Richard Barry said them when, one bitterly cold day last January, the writer went to his studio in the West 67th street Atelier Building; for it may be stated here that, in New York, a studio may be—and very often is—occupied by others than artists in the purely technical sense; indeed, a goodly proportion of studios in various co-operative buildings (of which more later) erected in the past few years are owned or leased by those whose practice of art consists in helping to make their country's literature.

Mr. Barry's studio was not only attractive as a studio in an up-to-date romance, but best of all, it was warm—delightfully, comfortably warm, and while the guest cuddled down in a big chair and basked, the host told something of how it feels to be a War Correspondent, from the viewpoint of one who held such a position during the Japanese-Russian war; or what difficulties have to be conquered before reliable information concerning New York's Four Hundred is obtained; also, what made him think of writing "The Bauble;" and when his visitor finally prepared, with great reluctance, to depart, he looked out of the wide window and viewed the desolate twilight, where winds of truly Arctic coldness chased the stinging sleet of Manhattan.

"It seems too bad you must go out into such an evening," he said regretfully, "but"—his face brightened—"you can take comfort in this thought—you will never have weather like this out in God's country."

The Wallace Irwins live in a co-operative studio apartment, too, called Happerly Hall, on the northeast corner of 64th street and Central Park West.

Perhaps it might be of interest to explain something of the origin and scope of these co-operative buildings,

of which, during the past twelve months, no less than a score have been erected on Manhattan Island alone, thereby causing their fame to spread far and wide. The chief endeavor is to provide for the stockholders in the enterprise apartments which shall conform more or less to their individual tastes, for each stockholder is allowed a certain latitude in planning his own home; likewise a dwelling that shall be in a desirable locality, as well as fairly convenient to the business, theatre and shopping districts.

This is the way a famous artist, a stockholder in one of the largest and most luxurious of these buildings, explained the motives which urged him, with an editor, a doctor, a university professor and a well-known man of affairs to undertake their enterprise:

"The expense of a man having his own doorway on Manhattan Island has got to the place where the ordinary man cannot stand it. The wealthier people, who live most of the year on their country estates or in Europe, and who crowd into the big apartment hotels for a few months every winter season, do not care to maintain city houses any longer. For the man of ordinary means, who does not care for ordinary apartment houses, the compromise of the co-operative apartment is open."

Mrs. Wallace Irwin.

Already it has been said that owners are allowed a certain amount of individual choice about their homes.

"And it was really this fact," Mrs. Irwin explained, "that lured us into coming here; so we could build our dining room around our collection of Japanese prints."

When you read such a statement, it may seem singular, but, could you actually feast your eyes on the charm of that room, it would seem not only just the reverse—but also proper, harmonious, and everything that a dining room ought to be.

"It is our California room," was Mrs. Irwin's simple answer to her visitor's expressions of admiration; and, somehow, in those few words were conveyed all her reasons for wishing to make that room the thing of beauty it is.

Off on the other side of the house (for you have a curious sense of its being a house rather than an apartment) from the window of the drawing room you can step out on a minute scrap of a balcony (perhaps "balconette" were the better word), and look over at Central Park across the street,

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and the big trees waved their bare branches towards the ground likewise barren and bare, where the ruthless hand of the Frost King had smitten it.

"It doesn't look very pretty now," Mrs. Irwin's tones were half apologetic —quite forgetting how innured New Yorkers are to such bleakness. "I don't suppose, no matter how long I'm here, I shall ever get entirely accustomed to seeing trees like this, without a single ghost of a leaf; you see, they never are so at home—but then, California is God's country," she added, softly.

Should any reader ever happen to meet what is, so we believe, called a baseball "fan," and discover that, from lack of knowledge on your part, conversation is, to put it conservatively, becoming difficult, just mention the name of Charles E. Van Loan—and see what happens. One thing is sure: you, personally, will be relieved from all trouble in the talking line—for the "fan" will be so eager to tell you how wonderfully truthful Mr. Van Loan's stories are that you won't have much opportunity to put in even a "yes." These tales, of the national game and its players, are classics of their especial sort, and it is earnestly to be hoped if readers of the Overland Monthly are not already familiar with them, they will lose no time in becoming so.

Mrs. Grace Gallatin Seton was studying art in Paris, when it occurred to her to make notes of some of the curious phases of the life about her, which, finally, resulted in a series of delightful sketches, visualizing, with rare fidelity, many odd and characteristic bits of foreign life. As these appeared in San Francisco papers, they promptly came under the eyes of some New York editors, who, after a while, succeeded in persuading the young writer that the East, no less than her native California, had claims on her talent. Some summer trips with her husband, Ernest Thompson-Seton, led to the writing of those charming books, "A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rocky Mountains," and "A Nimrod's Wife"—that, almost for the first time, opened the eyes of her countrywomen to the glorious possibilities awaiting them in our great Out-Doors.

No person claiming to be "wise" in magazine matters would venture to predict even a mild sensation as a natural accompaniment of a late summer issue—let alone a veritable and distinct shock of the sort that makes the reading public drop its palm leaf fans, forsake high, ice-beaded glasses filled with warranted heat-destroying concoctions, to sit up straight, grasping an August magazine in both hands. Yet this is what actually occurred when they read Kathleen Norris's story, "Mother."

Because it was the sort of a story that seems, instead, like a bit taken, no less carefully than lovingly, from real life; moreover, it was one that, try as you would, you couldn't seem to finish dry-eyed. So swiftly and surely did this masterly picture of genuine tenderness make its way that the author (no stranger to the people of San Francisco) was almost overwhelmed by the floods of requests to make it into a novel; this she did, and "Mother," in its new form, soon proved that the public certainly had known what it wanted, for it has steadily held a place among the year's "best sellers."

The name of Mrs. Mary Austin must be added to the list of those whose literary work defies classification under a single heading—unless this should be made up of the words, "Life Artist." From her study in an apartment on the Riverside Drive, she welds together beautiful, vital thoughts—some of which came to her in the desert silences where she passed many years, or it may be that she fashions stories you cannot help reading, any more than you could put down a glass of cold water if you were thirsty; nor is the reason far to seek, since it lies in the motive which impels Mrs. Austin to creation—a concentrated essence of desire to help the world in general and her own sex in particular.

That Harriet Quimby should have been the first woman to make a suc-

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cessful flight over the English Channel was no surprise to friends of the intrepid young sportswoman from California; and in doing this she has, as it were, broken her own record; last year she was the first American woman to obtain an air pilot's license; this year, she is *the first woman in the whole world* to accomplish the feat she performed the 15th of April.

When Miss Qüimby was at home (but, truly, she was a good deal like the Irishman who admitted he was "most at home when he was out") she lived at the Victoria Hotel, New York, and here, too, still resides her close friend, Charlotte Thompson, the playwright. Should any one seek to discover how Miss Thompson came to become one, she will probably explain, as if it were an affair of no moment, how her first play, written when she was sixteen years old, had fourteen characters, was called "As the Master Thinketh," and, most curious of all, was completed in ten days.

"I believe it is playing somewhere still," she added, carelessly, "but I've rather lost interest in it. I wrote it for Florence Roberts, who was then leading woman at a theatre in San Francisco, my home town. The next year I wrote another—the next, two others. At this time, too, I was (so I fancied) dramatic critic on a daily paper, and writing 'Sunday specials' with one hand, while I rapped on the desk in my school room for order with the other. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you—my first job was school teaching.

"After a while I decided to come to New York. I thought it couldn't be so very different from San Francisco," she said, *naively*. "Thus it took six months to make me fully realize what I was up against. I had my hard times, like every one else, but I stuck to what I'd determined to do—till I got a job as play doctor."

"Play doctor?" gasped the amazed listener. "What on earth may that be?"

"By 'play doctor,'" Miss Thompson's large, deep blue eyes held a tiny twinkle, "I mean one who doctors

Richard Barry.

plays—just that. When a play is sent out, 'to be tried on the dog,' as they call it, it might develop a weak second or third act, on its production, or it might be weak all over—and need a thorough tonic," she laughed merrily. "So along would come a wire for me: 'Come out to—oh, any old place—and fix up Such-and-Such,' and off I'd have to go. I tell you," her voice sounded almost vindictive, "my feeling towards railroad trains was nothing short of loathing. Even now I can scarcely see one without a shudder. Well, I did 'play doctoring' quite a while—till I'd learned a sort of technique (there couldn't have been a better way), and then I came back here to write plays of my own." She paused.

"Well?"

"I've done it—that's all," was the quiet answer.

She is not the only playwright California has given (or shall we call it

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"loaned?") to New York. For example, there is Hubert Davies whose play, "The Mollusc," caused the creation of a perfectly good verb. It was a mere accident of birth that made Mr. Davies an Englishman instead of a Californian, and he feels it should not count against him; nor must we forget Lloyd Osbourne and his nephew, Austin Strong; or Richard W. Tully. These literary craftsmen all came to New York almost unknown—and it is pleasant to note how freely well-earned success has crowned their efforts.

To speak of literary Californians in New York and not mention the editors would, indeed, be Hamlet with Hamlet left out! The work of William Randolph Hearst is already familiar—yet it may be news to some that he (a true son of San Francisco in his wish to dwell on a hill) has selected the heights of Riverside Drive for his home-site, and there the scant leisure he allows himself from his manifold activities is happily spent with his wife and children.

John O'Hara Cosgreave was born in Australia, but his life work started in San Francisco, where he was first reporter on a daily paper; later, the editor; and finally, the publisher of a weekly one. When he migrated to New York he became associated with Everybody's Magazine, and how much of the ultimate success attained by this periodical may be laid to his tireless industry is a matter of common knowledge. Within the past year, metropolitan literary circles were shaken, almost to their foundations, by the announcement that this long connection had been severed. At present, Mr. Cosgreave is with Collier's. Henry Varian is also Californian in all but birth. San Francisco dailies gave him his start in the newspaper world, and when he went to New York he first helped to make a success of the Globe(formerly the Commercial Advertiser), where he was the city editor. Later he accepted a position on the Evening World, where he is now. Charles W. Norris, too, is an "editor born," who found his real *metier* in New York—just as his wife, Kathleen Norris, found hers; likewise W. A. Roberts, associate editor of the Monthly Magazines.

The names mentioned above will loom large in the newspaper history of the future, just as will that of Robert H. Davis, should any one ever be minded to write a history of "Successful Magazines—and How They Became So." It is a historical fact that Mr. Davis bears the name of "Robert," but he's never called by it. He's "'Bob' Davis—of Munsey's," not in New York alone, but throughout the whole country; for it is safe to affirm that few men in the editorial world have been the subject of more general, and, on the whole, more kindly comment.

Mr. Davis's reasons for leaving San Francisco for New York appear to have been, in a sense, almost impersonal: an unsuccessful venture into the choppy sea of magazine publication had left him financially high and dry.

"I borrowed from James D. Phelan," Mr. Davis told the writer, "who subsequently became Mayor of San Francisco, and James V. Coleman, as courtly and fine a gentleman as I ever knew, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars each. If San Francisco gained any advantage because of my exit, the Golden West has these two gentlemen to thank. Personally I feel a sense of obligation toward them that time cannot obliterate. In order, at this juncture, to remove any doubts which may have flashed across your mind, I paid back these loans within a year, but the debt can never be wiped out. I owe them a good deal more than I could ever pay in legal tender. When I reached New York I joined the World staff, from which paper I went to the American and Journal—and, after two years, I went to the Frank A. Munsey Company, where I recovered from newspaper measles and became a magazine epidemic."

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Children of the '60's in "Shaker" bonnets and copper-toed boots.
From an old daguerreotype.

A MISSION TOWN IN THE SIXTIES

BY GEORGIANA PARKS BALLARD

IT IS, I believe, Joseph Conrad who remarks somewhere that "small events grow memorable with the passage of time;" and so these random recollections of life as it was lived in California nearly half a century ago, may prove of interest, insignificant though the actors be!

How it may be with others, I know not, but with me 'tis the sounds—not the scenes—of my childhood, that are most vividly recalled. Some chance word, and my thoughts flying back to the little Mission *pueblo*, where we two, the only American children, played with our Spanish mates—straightway a multitudinous lowing fills the air; shrill, disturbing cries of angry cattle, hoarse voices of *vaqueros* impelling onward a tossing sea of horns.

Or again, it is early evening. The Angelus has but just pealed forth, and mingling with the tinkling guitar across the way, comes the melancholy chant of the Senoras in their distant quarter: with mournful iteration the air rising and falling on a few low notes. Doubtless by daylight, familiar, common-place figures, now they are invested with romance. I picture them grouped around a camp-fire, singing their Songs of Sion in a strange land.

Or it is close on midnight: quivering with excitement, I hearken to the stumbling of feet upon the steps; the stealthy tread along the veranda; the

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whispered word; the sharp scratch of a match; and then—in honor of my pretty, fair-haired mother—glorious, liquid voices fill the air, and, in some love-song of old Castile, the serenade is born!

One other memory, never willingly evoked, thrusts itself upon me like some noxious thing, for in those days up from Mexico came wandering troups of acrobats, and though of the *Maromeros* themselves, little is recalled, the grim, ferocious, crudely painted face, the hoarse, raucous voice of the leader can never be forgotten. I can see him now! charging into the roadside groups, almost thrusting his horse through low doorways; terrorizing us all.

And these various sounds are caught up, enmeshed in the silvery web spun round the *pueblo* by the Mission bells; pealing forth at six, at twelve, at six, as they had done for nearly a hundred years. They rang for baptisms, for weddings, for the funerals, which ministered to our sense of the dramatic. Nowadays, I am struck by the careless indifference of the spectator when a funeral winds through the town. It was so different then! All work was halted; lookers-on stood silent; hats were raised till the mourners had passed by. There was no hideous hearse: preceded by the acolytes bearing the cross, the priest intoning the service, came the coffin borne by bareheaded men, while the mourners walked two by two; the women's heads covered modestly by the *rebosa; sombreros* of the men held close against the breast. When the excited, joyous peal proclaimed the putting away of a child, we were all alert to see the pretty sight: white coffin, white-clad, gaily ribboned young girls to carry it, these made up such a bright, festive scene that it seemed a happy thing for a little child to die!

Looking back from to-day's bustle

19-20-21—Types of the old Missions of the '60's.

20—Beach near Los Angeles, where the early padres landed.

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and confusion, I can better realize the stillness of the long ago. For, think of it! In that vast county, with an area of 3,250 square miles—nearly thrice that of puny Rhode Island—where no bridges spanned the *arroyos,* not a single vehicle was to be found, save the primitive *carreta* with solid wooden wheels. So no commerce, no traffic, disturbed the people, marooned there in the mountain-girt *pueblo;* day and night guitars might tinkle in the *adobes* clustered outside the Mission walls; a pistol shot might pierce the air; some rider might thud madly down the *Camino Real,* which here did duty as our sole street, but to-day's myriad noises were unknown. Small marvel that the lowing of beef cattle driven from inland to coast *rancho*; the Senora's chant; the serenade, all made their mark on the childish mind.

I suppose it was the restricted diet; the unvarying monotony of beef, rice, *frijoles,* that caused our persistent search for any green, growing thing. Early rains brought lush malvas, and we munched their husky "*quesos;*" alfileria, whose stems yielded a sweetish juice; spring was heralded by the dock's long, tart leaves—"*lengua de vaca,*" or cow's tongue, we called it, and, forbidden though it was, we surreptitiously devoured the nightshade's acrid yet juicy berries, the while our Indian nurse gossiped with the washerwomen at the *arroyo.* And once, aided and abetted therein by Feliciana herself, we stripped a yucca of its waxen bells, to roast it, Indian fashion, on the coals. Our fondness for the *tuna* was shared by the community; cactus fenced in two corrals half-way up the mountain overshadowing the town, and here streamed Spaniards and Indians after Mass to return laden with the delicious fruit. The Fran-

16—Lovely picturesque spots near some of the old Spanish towns.

17—Father Jose, of the old San Luis Obispo Mission.

18—Early stage road leading to a Mission.

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ciscans had brought the prickly pear with them up from Baja California, and utilized it for fencing, for corrals, for food; while the leaves, chopped and bruised, were added to whitewash, much as Mr. Burbank advocates doing at the present day. Famed was this Mission for cotton and indigo; for fertile fields; vineyards; stately olive trees; orchards of fig and pear; a flash of impenitent human nature in the ruling *padre* of 1833 explains the dearth of prosperity in later years: determined that the Mexican government should not profit by the Act of Secularization, he ordered the destruction of all that made the Mission valuable. So, in our day, there remained but few olives; a vineyard here and there, and one magnificent tree which yielded quantities of the delicious "black Spanish" figs. Jellies or preserves were a rare luxury; the only sweet that I recall, the *dulce,* was made of cubed pumpkin, crisped in lime-water, then slowly simmered in a thick *panoche* syrup. No modern preserve can rival its peculiar dark richness. This *panoche,* a coarse, dark brown sugar, was sold at the *tienda,* by the way, for the almost prohibitive price of a "bit,"—twelve and a half cents a pound.

That *tienda!* What a trial it was to my dainty, beauty-loving mother, and how she loathed the gaudy calicos, large patterned, flaunting in scarlet, yellow, purple, and that, too, at the exorbitant price of fifty cents a yard! Yet there was no choice, and she was forced to make the best of it. We children were clothed in coarse, unsuitable stuffs—I recall a hideous material called waterproof, than which it were hard to say whether black or yellow were the uglier—were shod with copper-toed boots (do they make them now, I wonder?), wore "Shaker" bonnets—long tunnels of prickly straw; and looked forward all the year to winter's headgear—soft, crimson hoods; the box-pleated ruche framing the face, ample cape concealing somewhat of the crude garment below. Now, smallest hamlet, remotest *rancho* contrives to keep in touch with the outside world; but, in the twenty years that succeeded the Mexican war, California, virtually at the land's end, could communicate with "home" only by way of Panama; while "round the Horn" came the major part of the freight. With us, thrice a week the *pueblo* assembled to greet the scarlet Concord coach that, bearing mail and passengers from San Francisco, swung down the *Camino Real*; from the landing ten miles distant, where a fortnightly steamer touched was hauled all freight. Naturally, prices were high. In that free and easy, intimate social life known only to pioneers in some isolated spot, possessions were interchanged; baby basket or crib; high chair or china, one and all were passed about as occasion arose.

Speaking of the *tienda*—the curious custom then prevailing has quite died out in later years. A purchaser, on saying "pellone!" was tendered some trifle, tobacco, or a cornucopia of highly colored candies. I have heard that in New Orleans, also, no matter how small the purchase, some trifle was handed over for "*Lagniappe*." Beside the *pellone,* we bought "*cigarros*" made of the purest white sugar—an unprecedented luxury—for which we paid the smallest coin in circulation, a "short bit," or ten cents. It seemed odd to us, when we visited our Eastern relatives to think in terms of a penny.

Nowadays one hears of Panama, the Philippines, Hawaii, the Horn—household words of my childhood these. New arrivals "came round by Panama," unless, in allusion to convict settlement it was whispered that so-and-so came "by way of Australia." "The islands," Sandwich Islands, *bien entendu,* provided us with succulent sugar-cane, and "*pula;*" golden fluff from a Hawaiian bulrush—a pernicious substance, which, sifting through mattress or pillow, irritated throat and lungs; the Philippines furnished Manila paper, tough, dark brown, quite unlike the modern wood-pulp product; while in 1849 came "round the Horn"

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The padres walk in the old Mission garden.

the first wooden house to be seen in that part of the world: put up, then taken apart in far-away Boston; forced after its long journey to wait until workmen could be imported to set it up again, for the *paisano,* finding his natural medium in the sun-dried adobe bricks, was unused to dealing with wood. So, it was not till two years later that this incongruous New England building faced the *Camino Real.* Its possessor, the Captain W. of the *Ayacucha* mentioned by Dana in "Two Years Before the Mast," evidently still hankered after the old seafaring life, for the large *sala,* paneled completely in white wood, simulated the cabin of a ship. Incredible as it may seem, this plain, two-storied wooden house cost over sixty-thousand dollars! The following year a relative of the afore-mentioned Dana erected the *Casa Grande,* which, built mainly of *adobe,* boasted a roof of sheet iron; doors and flooring had been brought "round the Horn."

Incongruous as the yellow box-like dwelling of Captain W., was this corrugated iron roof; for, gloomy and unhomelike as were the small *adobes* outside the Mission walls, their red-tiled roofs were delightful. It is now a matter of local pride that here, at this Mission, were first made the red tiles, later copied far and wide over California. The building was first thatched, according to Father Palou, but this having been thrice set on fire, it occurred to the *padre* of the day to cover the roof with tiles, and, no one knowing how to make them, he did so himself—"in imitation of this Mission. All the other Missions adopted the tile roof."

Down from early days had come many of these same houses; windows destitute of glass were barred with wood or iron, and heavily shuttered—these painted sometimes a dull, æsthetic green; floors were of dirt; occasionally whitewashed, the outside walls more often remained the original mud color, brightened, however, by crimson garlands of the *chile colorado,* that festooned the walls. So dark and gloomy the abode, small wonder that every possible moment was spent in the sunshine; here, the elders occupied the *poyetas;* children—such beautiful, dark-eyed, long-lashed children—tumbled half-naked in the dust; near by, smoking the *cigarrita,* lounged the youths. Of more architectural pretensions were these houses where a "hip roof" slanted steeply over the wide veranda, and this, at either end, was converted into a tiny bed room, suited for the transient guest. One stepped directly into the *sala,* a large room running almost the length of the house, with a bed room on either hand; master, mistress and youngest child occupied the one; the baby, by the way, lying in a "*moka,*" a tiny blanket hammock swung from the ceiling; other children slept across the *sala.* An *emparrado,* long arbor, covered with vines of the "Mission" grape, connected house with road, and on either hand grew hardy flowers. For, many good authorities to the contrary, I believe that flowers were loved by the Spaniards, and they would have indulged in a garden more often had it been possible. Look where a heap of crumbling *adobes*—dust mouldering back to dust—proclaims a former dwelling! There the pepper tree droops its graceful branches; Castillian rose exhales its delicious fragrance; perchance a tree *malva* shows large lilac blossoms; a coarse leaved acacia flings out locust-like sprays of glowing orange; while, always, anise clumps stand sentinel; grey-green; crowned with umbels of palest gold. These characteristic plants flourished in the garden of a certain Dona Petronilla, where we children passed many of our happiest hours: across the narrow path fronted each other two shrubs that ever occupied the post of honor—one a Veronica, stiff-leaved, stiffer flowered; the other, seen only in those gardens of my youth, bore reddish pink sprays, set off by large green leaves. Periwinkles rambled in shady corners, the blossoms running the gamut from deep purple to fair lavender; saucy clove

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pinks flaunted their fresh faces in the border, spicily scenting the neighboring air: the Castilian rose, too, than which no flower was more beloved. Hearken to an exiled Californian who, in "A Little Maryland Garden," says:

" * * * there is nothing finer and sweeter in all the rose tribe than the Castilian rose, or Rose of Damascus. It bears the concentrated essence of the wonderful perfume of the rose. Large and almost single, its flowers are the most exquisite pink, a perfection of pink, with the depth and brilliancy of the South. It grows tall and lissome, a creature of sun and breeze, endued with the wonderful gift of perfume that awakens memory and thrills the senses. The poetry of Persia, the romance of Spain, are in the breath of this rose, which is the most divine odor in the world." And of another of Dona Petronilla's roses she writes: "Another rose, one of the most beautiful in California, is the 'Glory of Rosamond.' Like the 'Rose of Castile' it is almost single, growing tall and straight, and holding up its deep red, velvety flowers. Its perfume is intense, and it makes a glory of color that an artist tries in vain to reproduce—a loose-petaled, golden-hearted rose."

These flowers, charming in themselves, were selected principally from a utilitarian standpoint—flourishing with small care, they demanded little water—and now we touch on the draw-back to gardens as we see them now—the lack of water. This is vividly set forth in a newspaper article of the day:

"With a plentiful supply of water, the whole aspect of the town and of the inhabitants would change. The horses from the stables would no longer rush furiously through the streets to drink from the *arroyo;* no longer would the morning sun behold a struggling line of sleepy youngsters stumbling through the tortuous mazes of Spring Lane, their youthful shoulders bowed beneath the pendant weight of ancient oil cans filled with water for the morning coffee; or vainly struggling to lead up the steep ascent that leads past Fritz that most wonderful instrument of torture for a child—the revolving water barrel, which, like the fabled stone of Sisyphus, reaches the top of the hill only to break away from all control, and rush furiously back again. Our blind Aquarius would no longer grope his way along the street, fences would be built and trees planted; flowers bloom in the gardens, and roses cover the rustic wall."

In the shadow of the old Mission corridor

A pitiful plaint this! Old blind Jose, one of the former Mission Indians, the Aquarius in question, peddled water from house to house, buckets of the precious fluid suspended from his shoulders. Fences were conspicuous by their absence, though occasionally willow poles, closely interlaced, formed tall, leafy hedges. Built in the same manner were delightful willow arbors that spanned the *arroyo* below Spring Lane. Here was Washerwomen's Row, where, with the most primitive appliances—in lieu of a tub, a box sunk in the water; a smooth board; a glistening root of *amole* resembling a Brobdingnagian ant's egg—the *ropa* spread to bleach upon the rocks, was whiter than unsunned snow!

Someway, we never emulated these feats: an easy matter, too, with the *zanja* flowing through our back yard;

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but in every other way we mimicked the life about us. Spanish, the universal speech, we spoke to the exclusion of our mother tongue; translating into English when forced to do so, and frequently producing something oddly at variance with the original. As, when we excitedly announced that a *carreta*, full of "pure men," had passed the cottage. A notoriously bad lot they were, under the influence of *aguardiente* to boot. We, however, had rendered "*puros hombres*," "only men" into the nearest English equivalent! With our Spanish playmates we manufactured *adobes* on the banks of the *zanja*, chopped straw, mixed, molded, all after the most approved pattern; our smooth dirt floors were hard as concrete; from coarse Manila paper we skillfully rolled *cigarritas*. Did we "dress up," a shawl did duty as a *rebosa*, and by practicing the art we grew to be adepts at giving the coquettish toss that flung gracefully one end over the opposite shoulder. As to games—only occasionally did we play *Ballina ciega*, Blindman's Buff, for our favorite pastime was "*el Burro*." In this, joining hands, we circled round one of our number, and to a lively schottische measure, sang *estribilios* that began:

"*Tamatas canistitas, y chiles verdes,*"

then *Burro!* called suddenly, the circle broke up, clasped the nearest person by the hand, and the odd one proceeded to take his turn as *Burro*. The air to which we danced was a gay and lively one, and evidently this was a childish version of a dance described by Bancroft—danced, he says, only among intimates, and toward the close of the entertainment. A new phase of life opened up for us when, in 1868, the first bridge in the county being built, our playmates' father, Don Roberto, bought a buggy, and took us with him in his drives about the country. Pitiful to see the land white with bleached bones; remains of the cattle which had perished in the great drought of '63—year that ended for California the Pastoral Age. The rancheros, their wealth lying in flocks and herds, lost their all; ranches, heavily mortgaged, were thrown upon the market; the newcomers turned their attention to agriculture and dairying. The houses, we noted, differed from those in the *pueblo*: closely barred windows testified to the days, not so far distant, when dread of the Indians was abroad in the land; the savage Tulare Indians spared in their raids neither horses nor cattle, and threatened the lives of *rancheros* as well. The domestic, or Mission Indians, were also terrible thieves; hence the *adobe* country house formed frequently one side of a quadrangle; against the high walls that bounded the three remaining sides were built the store houses; the doors, opening on the courtyard, were kept securely locked.

Not far from the *pueblo* was assembled a colony of these same Mission Indians. I recall their dwellings, which have vanished these many, many years, made of *tules* from the *laguna*, conical in form, and so low as to suggest the abode of Rumpelstilzchen. The familiar figure of a sheepherder, blankets on shoulder, trudging by the roadside, must have inspired a speech of my little sister: "Poor, poor Moses," she sobbed; "so cold, out all night on Nebo's lonely mountain! but," and a ray of hope lit up her tear-stained face, "*perhaps he took his blankets with him!*"

And our elders, who, forsaking the culture, the civilization of Old Spain, British Isles or Eastern States, had congregated in this isolated spot, what of them? Truth to tell, the great gifts of youth and hope being theirs, in spite of privations and occasional longing for "home," the strange surroundings, unconventional life, pleased them mightily! *Muy simpatica* were the Spanish senoras; courtly and gallant the Spanish dons. Indeed, the manners of all, high and low, were soft and gracious, even kindly and polite. Somewhere, Benson, speaking of Henry James's marvelous gift of metaphor, has felicitously said: "The

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whole page seems, as it were, stained with some poetical thought, as though one had shut a fruit into the book, and its juices had stained the whole of a page." So, to paraphrase the thought, did Spanish customs, manners, ways of speech, *saturate* the lives of the foreigners in their midst. According to the pretty habit of the time, the Christian name was universally used: Don Jose—Dona Serafina—Dona Sara—the latter, my mother, sole American woman in the *pueblo*. Even were English spoken, as well, we used the softer Spanish phrases. Infinitely more pleasing than our curt "thank you" was the liquid *gracias! Cuidado, cuidado!* We were warned. *Pobre, pobrecita,* so were soothed our childish griefs. One spoke of *dinero,* or was *triste,* or took a *pasear. Pronto* was used in place of our to *be quick,* though indeed there was little need for the admonition: no life could be less strenuous, more lightly taken! Hence the glamour and the charm of life in the sixties. Speaking of Old Spain, the phrase vividly brings back the past. This, almost a patent of nobility in itself, seemed on a par with the coming over with the Conqueror.

For those fond of dancing, this was a Paradise. At any hour, day or night, a guitar would strike up, and a couple take the floor. The lower classes frequented the *fandango;* for others was the *baile*, where, to the rhythm of old Spanish airs played on guitar and violin, the dancing was kept up till dawn. Still were seen the dances of old. In speaking of one, called, she thought, *el Son,* my mother said that the gentleman took out a senorita, and danced with her to the middle of the floor; he taking off his cloak to lay before her with extravagant gestures—she retreating, he pursuing. The *contra dansa* resembled our quadrille. *Cascarone* parties were frequent, though, unlike those described by Dana, ours were filled with bits of gold and silver tinsel. The more *cascarones* broken over the head the greater the compliment; but the belle paid a penalty for her fascinations in the tinsel, which, in spite of constant brushings, clung for weeks to her dark locks. And how pretty they were, these liquid-eyed senoritas! I well remember one *baile* where the young girls, a clove pink thrust behind the dainty ear, were clad in flounced tarlatan frocks, scarlet, white, canary yellow, falling full over huge crinoline—a parterre of gaily colored flowers!

Easter being the great festival of the year, Holy Week saw the *rancheros,* their wives, servants and children, assembled in the *pueblo*. With the *parientes* was each house filled to overflowing; while many families took lodging in the rooms opening off the Mission corridors, ready all to make confession and to hear Mass. Apropos of the Easter confession, a certain wealthy and graceless bachelor each year caused great anxiety to his friends. "Has Don Juan made his confession yet?" was asked on every hand. He must have been ostracised had he failed in this duty. In place of the now silenced bells, during the last days of Holy Week, the acolytes, armed with wooden clappers, scampered through the streets.

Dazzling the gayety and color of Easter, after the gloom of Holy Week! Like the blind man hearkening to the trumpet's note, at the very word Easter I see scarlet! For on that day the bevy of young girls visiting their *parientes* at the *adobe* next door, burst forth in all the glory of the vivid hue. The color leaps to my eye, after all these years! From those early associations I have grown to feel that the Easter, not the Christmas tide, is the season for family reunions. Now began festivities lasting the week: a barbecue, perchance, in honor of the visitors; a *merienda;* a *baile;* while at private houses dancing was kept up morning, noon and night. By the following Sunday had creaked away the ponderous *carretas,* laden with women and children; *caballeros* and senoritas had gaily ridden off, and the *pueblo* resumed its wonted quiet. The *dolce far niente* existence to be broken when, on

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the 18th of August following, was celebrated the festival of the Mission's patron saint. After Mass, bull-fights took place in the *plaza;* when a bear could be procured from one of the large *ranchos,* the excitement was doubled. As usual, a *baile* at night wound up the dissipations of the day. I do not recall that Christmas was celebrated with the verve of the Easter season. We fared well, however. The American residents imported for us handsome toys from San Francisco; in fact, perfect strangers would request the privilege of giving presents to the "little American children"—doubtless in memory of others "back in the States."

The religious ceremonies, as may be gathered, largely determined the social life in the place, but I do not recall any historic or romantic interest inspired by the Mission itself: that came in later years with the influx of tourists. Yet, under the priest's stern rule it was all-pervasive. Even in common parlance the thought loomed large—the "priest's" garden; the "priest's field; the "priest's" ditch; the "priest's" boys—one could never escape the strong, dominating force. From Old Spain, so more or less a man of the world, was the *padre* of the day: a friend, moreover, of our Protestant parents, yet we felt for him the dread manifested by our playmates. Sent on an errand to the *tienda,* invitingly cool loomed the Mission corridor; yet a glimpse of the *padre* in cassock and beretta, pacing in the shadow, and hastily we sought the dusty road below. Anything to avoid meeting Father S. face to face!

Many are the changes since those early days! The spell of the *manana* life is broken. Rarely is heard the soft Spanish tongue; a new generation has arisen, and whereas forty years ago the term, "a Californian," referred simply to a *paisano,* now the title is proudly borne by each son or daughter of the Golden State!

MOUNT ARROWHEAD

BY JAMES C. THRELFALL

Cleft of the mystic symbol, Arrowhead,
  Grey sentinel of a California plain,
How many vanished races, changed to clay,
Have pondered, as I ponder in my day,
  On thy beginning and significance, in vain.

Did some grey Merlin of a Western sphere,
  By his strange magic's long-forgotten mimes
Of incantation grave it there,
By its mute testimony to declare
  The power of his spell to aftertimes?

Did some gigantic overlord of bygone days,
  Some Titan of a prehistoric age,
Cut deep his 'scutcheon in thy towering side
In honor of a victory, or a bride,
  Or token of a people's vassalage?

Cleft of the mystic symbol, Arrowhead,
  That, Sphinx-like, guards a California plain,
How many vanished races changed to clay
Have pondered, as I ponder in my day,
  On thy beginning and significance, in vain.

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Looking across to Mt. Scott and Applegate Mountain; cloud and wall of crater reflections on the surface of the lake. Notice the steep slope of the rim where the party is standing.

THE KLAMATH AND CRATER LAKES

BY R. W. NEIGHBOR

KLAMATH FALLS, Oregon, lies twelve miles over the California line, on an extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad, starting from Weed, California.

The trip from San Francisco is made by rail, through the wonderful Sacramento River Canyon, around the base of beautiful, snow-clad Mount Shasta, and along the shores of Grass and Lower Klamath Lake.

From Klamath Falls you can take an interesting trip of a day in a launch, down Lower Klamath Lake to the government game bird preserves at Bird Island. Here you can see thousands of water fowl, such as pelicans, ducks, plovers, herons, etc., with their nests filled with eggs, or young birds, while the young of a slightly older growth flutter and flounder about, taking their first lesson in flying and in the art of securing a necessary living.

On Upper Klamath Lake a day's trip can be made on the mail boat or by rented launch to Eagle Ridge, Stony Point, Pelican Lodge, or into Agency Lake. If desired, you can spend a day or longer at any of these points for fishing, hunting, etc., and accommodations are excellent.

This gives a delightful trip with beautiful views of snow-capped mountains and a marvelous sight of Mt. Pitt. Great pelicans rise from the water, and, with beautiful white spread wings, fly to less disturbed retreats. If you are as fortunate as our party, you will also see three or four eagles soar from the timber out over the limpid surface of the lake, thus firmly fixing in your mind the fact that earliest Nature here holds full sway.

Lamprey eels are numerous in the Upper Klamath, and fasten themselves to the lake fish which leap into the air in an effort to dislodge said eels, and are often so successful that fish and eel fall into the water several feet apart.

At Pelican Lodge, in Harriman

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On the long "hike" to Crater Lake, Crater National Park, Ore., over 22 feet of snow in midsummer

Creek, you can see rainbow trout of enormous size swimming in the beautiful, clear, ice cold water. We saw many, one appearing to be at least twenty-four inches in length.

The wife of an employee of the Pelican Bay Lumber Company had just secured the prize cup for catching the largest trout—it weighed either 21 or 23 pounds. These trout rise to the fly a little later in the season, but at this period, July, the proper bait is a No. 3 to No. 5 all-copper spinner.

One can fish in the lakes or in Harriman, Crystal, Odessa or Clear Creeks or in the Williamson and Wood Rivers.

The creeks are mainly short, wide and deep, and are formed by great springs or hidden streams gushing forth in tremendous volume from the base of snow-clad mountains. An idea of their force can be obtained from the fact that one, rising in the bottom of Harriman Creek, many feet deep, gushes above the surface for about six inches like a miniature geyser.

Several years ago the Government stocked the lake with trout, and they have multiplied at a tremendous rate.

The park rules, rigidly enforced, allow you to take five each day and five casts usually means five fish taken.

This lake, filling an extinct crater, was supposed to contain no life until the trout were planted, but Mr. Momyer, the Crater Park Ranger, stated that the fish are large and fat, and an examination showed that the food consisted almost entirely of a little red bug about one-fourth of an inch in length.

Crater Lake, sixty-two miles from Klamath Falls, is a gem of deepest color, set in a veritable cup on the very summit of the Cascade Mountain Range, and is accessible to regular travel from July to October.

Our party made the trip much earlier, for despite the heavy snow, they were willing to face the hardships of the trip rather than leave that country without getting some views of the celebrated lake.

Mr. Momyer, who is the Crater Lake Park Ranger, as good a guide as man ever had, agreed to conduct the trip, and the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trower, the writer and his wife, under the guidance of Mr. Momyer, left Klamath Falls on June 5th. The first day took us by auto along the edge of Upper Klamath Lake and through the Indian Reservation, past the Indian schools and the store of

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Wizard Island, Llao Rock and snowy rim with reflections.

Spink Indian Trader, and on to Fort Klamath, where we spent the night in a comfortable hotel. That night we ordered our supplies, and we learned later that the butcher, being a friend of Mr. Momyer, had killed the fatted calf and provided us with steaks that melted in our mouths and were as a tonic after a hard day's journey.

Early next morning we were off to the snow line in a double-seated rig, driving two of the saddle horses and leading three others. About ten o'clock we were fighting through heavy drifts of snow across the road, and finally were compelled to leave the rig and harness to await our return.

The five horses were saddled, and being joined by a Mr. Gordon on horseback, with two pack horses, we commenced the long climb to the lake.

We were soon in snow five to eight feet deep, and being low on the mountain it was so soft that the horses floundered badly, making progress slowly, but the hopes of the ladies were kept up with assurances of harder frozen snow farther up.

At noon we lunched on canned beef and biscuits by a stream that for most of its journey was lost under snow.

During the afternoon the snow grew deeper, but the hot sun had thawed out the upper crust, so going continued hard, and it was late afternoon before we reached Camp Arrant, the summer home of the Park officials.

We stopped there for the night, and the snow being twelve to fourteen feet deep, Mr. Momyer climbed through the upper story window of his house, which he had left several months before. After securing a spade, we dug steps down through the snow to the front and rear doors, dug out spaces about the windows, sufficient to open the shutters, and soon had hot, cheerful fires burning in each stove. After caring for the horses, our shoes and wet clothing were hung around promiscuously to dry, and the ladies, who had already changed to dry clothing, cooked a magnificent supper of steaks, and so forth. Peach pie hot, peach pie cold, the "cold" being obtained by placing same out in the snow. For an ice chest, we simply raised a window, scooped out a hole in the walls of snow and placed therein our meat, butter, and other articles.

There was deep snow for miles in every direction, and yet hardly had the smoke begun to ascend from our chimney before a top-knotted blue jay

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Seventy-five feet of snow. View of Crater Lake with reflection.

and two birds called "camp robbers," appeared. The "camp robbers" were about as large as robbins, but were almost white on all but the head and upper parts of the wings, which were nearly black.

Where they secured food is a question, but it evidently was scarce, for they flew close to the open door and devoured the food we put on a box outside the door for them.

At 4:30 we arose and were soon on the five mile climb to the rim. A "Chinook" had blown all night, preventing much of a freeze, and when one of the horses in twenty feet of snow, stepped on the top of a tree, floundering in its branches and throwing the rider, it was decided to walk the remaining distance.

The horses were tied to trees, after one, which got away, had caused consternation by getting on snow over a river where the roar of the water could be distinctly heard but not seen.

The walk afforded magnificent views, and at 10:30 we climbed the crater's rim to behold, a thousand feet below, the beautiful body of water six miles by eight miles in extent, and two thousand feet deep.

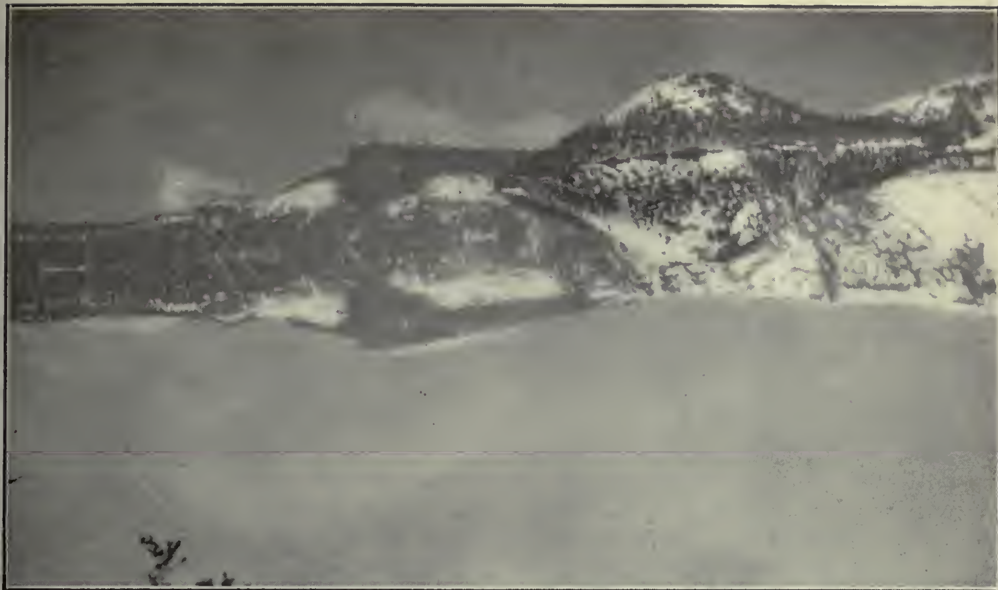
Not a ripple marred the surface, and the reflections were so marvelous that the water line could be found only by observing the angle where substance and reflection met.

Soon fleecy clouds passed over, taking in the water all the opalescent hues imaginable, while the lake itself had a coloring of deepest azure, with now and then along the edges a tinge of green of lightest color.

There are no streams flowing into the lake, and it has no outlet except perhaps underground. In fact, the rim at its lowest point is 700 feet above the lake, and more often reaches to one thousand or more feet above the surface of the water. The lake is rising at the rate of four inches per year, and therefore 2100 years from now an overflow may be expected, but we noticed no anxiety on the part of the valley inhabitants.

The walls of the lake are of volcanic rock, and an island in the lake some 800 feet high is composed of the same material. This island, called Wizard Island, is supposed to be the result of the cooling lava in the main crater taking a last upheaval to spout out its gases, for an extinct crater five hundred feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep is found on the island's summit.

Another island, or rock, called the Phantom Ship, is found in another part of the lake, but this was probably



Wizard Island, Llao Rock and cloud reflection. View across lake to Llao Rock, four miles.

in early times a projection that later became detached from the main wall of the crater.

Seventy-five feet of snow along the precipitous rim prevented us from reaching the water's edge to secure some much desired trout, and after taking one last look over the beautiful scene, we retraced our steps to the impatient horses, where, mounting, we had an uneventful ride back to camp.

Next morning we rode down to the snow line and back through the broad, fertile valleys to Fort Klamath. Our auto to Klamath Falls followed a hot and dusty mountain road, but gave a view far across Klamath Lake to the distant peaks, where we. could see great black clouds surging about the mountain tops, while streaks of lightning flashed with awe-inspiring vividness, and deep peals of thunder came distinctly to our ears.

The storm veered across the lake, catching us in time for a good drenching, but once it had passed, the mountain air soon dried our clothes, while to the right the sky lighted up with a great fiery red, and to our left a magnificent rainbow arched across a nearby hill.

A flat tire as we came down our last hill caused the rims to leave one wheel, and it was night before we found them: one being in the bushes below the road, and the other on top of the bank five feet high on the upper side.

The odor of scorching rubber had filled the air, and it was not long before one of the party scented another accident, like the first, but more experienced nostrils detected it as belonging to that little furry animal that seems to have a liking for a country road on a summer night.

As we hurried into the city, our chauffeur inquired if the barber shops were open, and the answer "Not yet!" indicated that he was familiar with early morning hours.

The entire trip had been a delightful one, and we learned that summer dust and winter snow lie close together and that the sun burns just as hot on top of twenty feet of snow as elsewhere.

This western country is good to see, especially as it is at present carpeted with myriads of poppies, bluebells, daisies, etc., while above the orchards the mountains raise their peaks covered with a depth of snow, assuring plenty of water for irrigation, and,

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A portion of the rim of Crater Lake.

therefore, an abundance of crops to follow.

This is the West one learns to love, where Nature sings its sweetest tunes and where the world's greatest trees lift up their lofty heads as if supporting the great dome of blue above us. Here is where God shows his greatest color schemes, spreading in never-ending, though ever-changing scenes of harmony. Colors blend and colors change, but with never a note of discord, while down the slopes run the babbling brooks laughing always as they dash over obstacles in their path, and are hushed to repose only when the way ls smooth, but fairly ripple with delight as your tired, dusty team plunges into the cool surface of some deep and quiet pool.

In the hills you can take it either morning, noon or eventide, and the day is grand. A man knows not the beauty of this world till he watches from a mountain crest the night depart, and the surrounding peaks light up with the first glow of a new born day.

The canyons far below perhaps are filled with fog blown in from the sea, and beneath this fleecy robe of snowy white try to hide their beauty, but the great Master's hand of light and breath rolls back the curtain, revealing all the grandeur there below, of garden, stream, and forest.

Then at evening, when the shadows begin to creep up from the valleys, and the tinkle of the bells from many pastures comes wafted upward on the breeze, and the bleat of a sheep on a distant hill calls its lambs for the night, then the world is at rest with a peace prevailing everywhere.

Several months ago I stood on the Arizona plain watching, through that wonderful atmosphere, the stars overhead, each seeming so near that you felt the very spirit which they breathed —and one evening I watched the sun setting over the rim of a broad expanse of desert casting a million varying hues as it disappeared from sight.

Money and ambition are nothing then, and I get the feeling of a cowboy who told the scoffing tourists at Williams that they could have their never-ending life of city strife, but that he would not give his trip of hundreds of miles southward with countless herds of cattle through Indian reservations, for all the glamour of a city.

He knows what it is to feel the warmth of old Mother Earth casting off the heat of the day, while sleeping in the open at night, the chill of the air sets in all about him; he knows the beauty of the changing colors by day and the grandeur of the trackless path of stars at night, and while he may not worship God as we see it, yet the spirit of it all comes over him, and he loves and cherishes it.

Would that every reader might be able to close his desk in a close and stuffy office and take himself away to the mountains and the streams where a new vision and lease on life awaits him.

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REFRAIN THY VOICE FROM WEEPING AND THINE EYES FROM TEARS

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"The Lord, through the Prophet Jeremiah, sends a message of consolation for the heart of every bereaved parent trusting in him. We read, 'A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted for her children because they were not. Thus saith the Lord, 'Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.' "—Jer. 31:15-17.

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Five items in our text fasten our attention:

First: Sorrow for the dead, which is universal; as the Apostle declares, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together."

Second: The nature of the comfort described—the hope of a resurrection, the hope of the recovery of the dead—"They shall come again," they shall be restored to life.

Third: That in death our dear ones are in "the land of the enemy;" in harmony with the Apostle's declaration, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—I Cor. 15:26.

Fourth: That the labors of the parents in endeavoring properly to rear their children are not lost, "Thy work shall be rewarded."

Fifth: Last but not least in importance in this text is the declaration that this is the Word of the Lord, which cannot be broken—the Word which is sure of fulfillment, however different it may be from the word of man on this subject.

Tears Not Weakness—"Jesus Wept."

Sorrow for the dead is not a sign of weakness, but rather the reverse—a sign of love and sympathy, of something more than selfishness. If any demonstration of this thought were necessary it is furnished us in the statement of the shortest verse in the Bible—"Jesus wept." Our Lord's tears were shed on a funeral occasion, too; Lazarus, his friend, the brother of Martha and Mary, was dead. Our Lord entered fully into the spirit of the occasion, with a deeper appreciation of the awful meaning of the word death than could possibly be entertained by those about him. He appreciated more than any of the fallen, dying race the great blessing and privilege of living, and what a terrible affliction was death—destruction, annihilation.

On the other hand, however, he understood more clearly than any of his hearers the gracious plan of God for the rescue of the race from annihilation. He realized that for this purpose he had come into the world,

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that he might give his life as the ransom price for Father Adam, and thus incidentally for every member of the Adamic race involved in death through the first transgression in Eden. The Master realized from the standpoint of faith in the Father's plan, and his confident intention to carry out his own part in that plan and to lay down his life as our redemption price, that thus resurrection blessings would come to every member of the race.

"Not Dead, but Sleeping."

Let us note carefully the nature of the consolation which our Lord tendered to the sorrowing ones about him on this occasion. Let us be assured that "He who spake as never man spake" gave the soundest and best comfort. The consolation which he gave was that "Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth." He neither spake of him nor thought of him as being dead in the sense of annihilation, because he had full confidence in the divine plan of redemption and in the resurrection blessings resulting. Hence the interim of death he spoke of as sleep—quiet, restful, waiting sleep.

What a wonderful figure is this, so frequently used throughout the Scriptures by all those who trusted in the divine plan of a resurrection morning. In the Old Testament Scriptures we read frequently of sleep. Abraham slept with his fathers, so did Isaac, so did Jacob, so did all the Prophets, so did all Israel.

In the New Testament it is the same. Not only did our Lord speak of Lazarus sleeping, but the Apostles frequently used this same figure of sleep to represent their hope in a resurrection—that the dear ones who went down into death were not annihilated, but, as our text declares, "Will come again from the land of the enemy"—will awaken in the resurrection morning.

Thus, too, of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, it is written that though stoned to death, he "fell asleep," sweetly, restfully, trusting in Jesus and the great power which he ultimately would exercise to call forth from the power of death all redeemed by the precious blood. This, too, we remember, was the comfort the Apostle set before the early Church, saying, "Comfort one another with these words"—"They that sleep in Jesus shall God bring from the dead by him."—I Thess. 4:14-18.) Referring to the matter on one occasion, the Apostle remarked, "We shall not all sleep, but we must all be changed." He referred to those who would be living at the second coming of Christ, whose resurrection "change" will not be preceded by a period of unconsciousness in death.

Let us go back to Jesus and the sorrowing sisters at Bethany, and hearken to the words of comfort extended to the bereaved on that occasion. We cannot improve upon the great Teacher and the lessons which he presented. Let us hearken to his conversation with Martha. He says: "Thy brother shall live again." He does not say thy brother is living now. He did not say, as some erroneously teach to-day, thy brother is more alive in death than he was before he died. No! No! The Lord would not thus mock the common sense and reason of his hearers, nor could he thus violate the truth and declare the dead not dead.

Hearken! The Lord admits that a calamity has befallen the household. He says not a word about his friend Lazarus having gone to Heaven—not an intimation of the sort. On the contrary, he has tears of sympathy, and holds out as the strongest and only truthful solution of the sorrow, the hope of a resurrection—"Thy brother shall live again!" The hope of all the dead centers in me. My death will effect the cancellation of the original Adamic condemnation, and I shall have the right then in harmony with the Father's plan to call forth all the dead from the great prison-house of death, from the tomb. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is

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coming in which all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and shall come forth."—John 5:23.

The Resurrection Morning.

At the close of his conversation with Martha, explaining that her hope must center in a resurrection of the dead and that he was the center of that resurrection hope, our Lord asked for the tomb, intent upon giving an illustration of the power which by and by in the resurrection morning will be exercised toward the whole world of mankind. Standing at the door of the tomb, our Lord cried in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead came forth—he had been dead, he was quickened by our Lord's power and authority.

This, like our miracles performed by our dear Redeemer at his first advent, we are particularly told, was a fore-manifestation of his coming glory and power, an advance exhibit of what he will do at his second advent, only that the work at the second advent will be universal, higher, deeper, broader every way, "All the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears shall be unstopped;" all that are in their graves shall come forth, not merely to relapse again into blindness and death, but a permanent recovery —not only recovery from the loss of natural sight and hearing, but the eyes and ears of their understanding will be opened also; not merely aroused from a sleep of death to a few years more under present conditions, but aroused to the intent that by obedience of the Divine arrangement of the Millennial Age all the awakened ones may attain to all the glorious perfections, mental, moral and physical, lost by Adam's disobedience.

"Times of Refreshing Shall Come."

Glorious hope of a glorious time. What wonder that the Apostle speaks of it as "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord when He shall send Jesus Christ. What wonder that he speaks of those years of the Millennial Age as "times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy Prophets since the world began."—Acts 3:19-21.

Lazarus died again, Jairus' daughter died again, the son of the widow of Nain died again. Their awakening from the tomb was merely a temporary matter, merely an illustration of the Lord's power; as it is written, "These things did Jesus and manifested forth his glory." These were merely foregleams of the coming power and glory and blessed work of the gracious Prophet, Priest and King whom God had appointed not only to redeem the world, but in due time to grant to all the opportunities secured by that redemption sacrifice.

Death, "The Land of the Enemy."

We cannot here go into details, but we doubt not that a majority of you have our full thought on this subject as presented in the "Studies in the Scriptures," in which we endeavor to show amongst other things that the great blessing which will ultimately be for the world of mankind, as well as for the Church, centers in the coming of our Lord and Master, our Redeemer and King, and that the great blessings centering in him are not merely temporary, but designed of God to be everlasting and eternal to those who accept Divine favors in the right spirit, reverently, thankfully, obediently.

Why should death be called "The land of the enemy?" Why should it be written, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death?" All because, disguise the facts as we may, death is an enemy. The suggestion that it is a friend comes not from the Word of God, but from heathen philosophies. The suggestion that it is unreal comes not from the Scriptures, but from heathendom. The suggestion that the dead are more alive than they were before they died is totally out of harmony with the Scriptural declaration—"The dead know not any-

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thing; their sons come to honor and they know it not, and to dishonor and they perceive it not of them," because "there is neither wisdom nor knowledge nor device in the grave whither thou goest." (Job. 14:21; Eccl. 9:10.) The suggestion that we deceive ourselves and imagine without reason that the moment of death is the moment of greater life, is of the Adversary, who contradicted the Lord's statement in Eden to our first parents, and when the Lord had declared, "Ye shall surely die" for your sin, declared in contradiction, "Ye shall not surely die."—Gen. 3:2-4.

The Adversary has kept up this false teaching for 6,000 years, and at last not only heathendom is deceived by his misrepresentation of facts, but very, very many of Christendom likewise trust to the word of Satan, "Ye shall not surely die," and believe that the dead are not dead, and reject the testimony of God's Word that "the wages of sin is death," that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," that "death has passed upon all men because all are sinners," and that the hope of the Church as well as the hope for the world lies in the fact that Christ died for our sins and redeemed us from the death sentence, and in the Father's due time is to effect a resurrection of the dead.

The Key of Death's Prison.

Let us comfort our hearts with the true comfort, the substantial comfort of the Word of God—there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust. All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and shall come forth. The thousands of millions who have gone down into the great prison-house of death shall be released, because the Great Redeemer has the key, the power, the authority, to bid the prisoners to come forth, even as the Scriptures declare.

What a glorious resurrection morning that will be! What a glorious reunion! We understand the Scriptural teaching to be that the awakening processes will continue throughout a considerable portion of the Millennial Age, the thousand-year day of resurrection and restitution. First will come the resurrection of the Church, the "Bride," the "Lamb's Wife," the "Body of Christ." These, as the Scriptures declare, will constitute the First Resurrection—not only first in order of time, but first in the sense of chief. In that company will be none except the saints; as it is written, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the First Resurrection; on such the Second Death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." (Rev. 20:6.) Nevertheless, that will be but a little flock, as the Scriptures declare, including "not many wise, not many great, not many learned, but chiefly the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the Kingdom."—I Cor. 1:26, 27; Jas. 2:5.

Not long after the First Resurrection (the glorification of the Church), will come the resurrection of the Ancient Worthies—the overcomers of olden times prior to the Gospel Age. The assurance is that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the holy prophets—yes, all who were approved to God by their faith and their efforts to obedience—will come forth from the tomb to human conditions, glorious, grand, earthly illustrations of the heavenly Creator, to constitute the earthly representatives of the Kingdom, the instructors of mankind.

The instruction of the world will forthwith proceed. We are assured that "the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep"—to such an extent that "They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." We cannot stop to describe that glorious time and the grand opportunities it will give to every creature to know the Lord, to obey Him, to attain to resur-

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rection in its full significance—a raising up to mental, moral and physical perfection.

After the Kingdom of God shall have been fully established in the earth, and Satan shall have been bound, after the darkness shall have rolled away and the true light shall have lightened every creature, the time will come for the awakening of all the families of the earth—not all at once, but gradually, "they shall come again from the land of the enemy." The Scriptures do not go into details on this subject, they leave much to faith; but give us a firm foundation for that faith, nevertheless, in the positive promise of the Lord's Word.

The Last First, the First Last.

To our understanding those who have fallen asleep last, will be among the first to be called back from the land of the enemy, to be awakened, and thus the work of awakening the sleeping ones will progress backward, as we might express it; the living ones will prepare for their brothers and sisters and parents, and they in turn for their brothers and sisters and parents, and so on all the way back, until finally Father Adam and Mother Eve shall come forth to see the world filled with their progeny, in accord with the Lord's original commission that they multiply and fill the earth.

They will behold with astonishment the showers of blessing that have come upon the race from the Heavenly Father and through the Heavenly Savior; they will see what havoc was wrought by their disobedience, but that God in His wisdom and power was both able and willing to overrule the matter and to bring order out of confusion and resurrection out of death. They and all will realize something of the lengths and breadths and heights and depths of the Love of God. The grand plan of salvation shall loom up before them; they will see how Abel, their son, who suffered for righteousness, was a type and picture of the great Son of God who suffered for righteousness and for our deliverance, and they will see how his blood speaks peace for all for whom it is shed, speaks forgiveness and renewed harmony with God.

The Tragedy of Sin and Death.

They will learn, too, of the terrible degradation which came upon their race subsequently to their death; they will read with appalled hearts and bated breath of the terrible famines and pestilences which came upon the race as a part of the original sentence or death curse; they will learn about the mental aberrations which afflicted the world, so that men thought they were doing God service in persecuting one another because of religious differences of opinion, and how others, more or less consumed with selfishness, land hunger, etc., warred and fought and devised engines of destruction against each other, and killed one another by the thousands in battle. They will wonder at the patience of God in so long permitting the evil.

"Thy Work Shall Be Rewarded."

Then truly they will see what God has wrought: First, his justice, which provided the great redemption price and would not otherwise clear the guilty. Second, his love, manifested in the same connection in the giving of his Son. Third, they will come to understand how that during this Gospel Age God has been selecting his Church to be the Bride of Christ and joint-heir with him in the Kingdom. Fourth, they will perceive that when this election was complete and the members of the glorified company had all been tried and polished and tested and glorified, then the blessing of the world through the glorified Christ, Head and Body, came upon all mankind in the restitution of all things spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began.—Acts 3:20.

Finally, consider the Lord's Word to us all as a race, and particularly his

word to parents, "Thy work shall be rewarded." What a blessing and comfort! What a consolation and encouragement are in these words to those parents who, seeking to train up their children in the way they should go, are sadly wounded and discouraged when the arrow of death smites down the dear ones they had so loved and cherished. They are disposed at first to say, Ah, my love, my counsel, my motherly care, my fatherly provision, were wasted. But not so, saith the Lord; thy works shall be rewarded.

You shall see the fruit of your labor in the future; we shall know as we are known by and by. Our dear ones will be with us, and to whatever extent time and effort will have been expended upon them to mold and fashion them along the lines of righteousness and truth, uprightness and godliness, these surely have not been spent in vain. The child shall come forth that much more advanced in its mental and moral development; to that much more easy attainment of the grand heights which the Lord will then open up before it.

How Rewarded?

On the other hand, the parent who has been careless of his children, neglectful of his privileges and obligations as a parent, will undoubtedly have his negligence rewarded in the future as he shall see what he might have done for his children but did not.

And more than this. By a Divine law of reaction, every parent who is faithful in the discharge of his parental duties shall have his work rewarded in himself, and likewise every parent neglectful of his duties shall have his work rewarded in himself. For who does not realize that there is no greater privilege or opportunity for self-development than comes to the parent in his endeavor to train up his children in the way they should go, in the reverence and admonition of the Lord.

Character Building is Included.

Undoubtedly it is true, too, that every effort to do good unto others, especially to your own children, has its compensating blessings upon your own hearts. May this blessing deepen as the years go by.

In conclusion, I say to you, not only for to-day, but for the future days, "Comfort one another with these words" of our Lord to the effect that your little ones shall come again from "the land of the enemy," and that their return shall be even much more blessed, under much more favorable conditions than at present. Then, the great King reigning, all evil will be in subjection, all evil doers will be under restraint, all the influences of righteousness will be let loose, and the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the great deep. Blessed prospects are those before us, and to him who loved us and bought us, and to the Heavenly Father, who designed the great plan, we give everlasting thanks and praises, and show this by our daily lives!

VIEW OF THE INITIAL WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915

CONSTRUCTION of the big buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to be held in San Francisco during the year 1915, will begin this month. All work on the main features of the Fair is expected to be finished at least nine months before the gates are thrown open to the public. Early in the spring of next year, every building to be erected by the Exposition Company will be started, and under reasonable conditions, even making allowances for ordinary delays, the entire group should be finished nine months before the Exposition opens. For at least a year and a half from now the grounds will be alive with thousands of busy workingmen. The site of the Exposition covers the most commanding view of the entrance to the Golden Gate and the northern portion of the bay, backed by the noble Tamalpais ridge and the distant Coast Range, to be had.

The several photographs herewith given are taken from the original designs, and convey only a very vague impression of the way the same buildings will look when materialized and assembled in their proper places in the artistic grouping which the architectural board has designed, for the view of the Exposition must be considered as a whole, with its gardens, lawns, waterways, statuary and buildings grouped in harmony of lines, mass and color.

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Front elevation of Fine Arts Building. In the lower galleries famous paintings of the world will be exhibited. The architecture is romantic. The building will be approximately three hundred feet in length. The central sculpture hall is surmounted by a beautiful dome, the crown of the structure.

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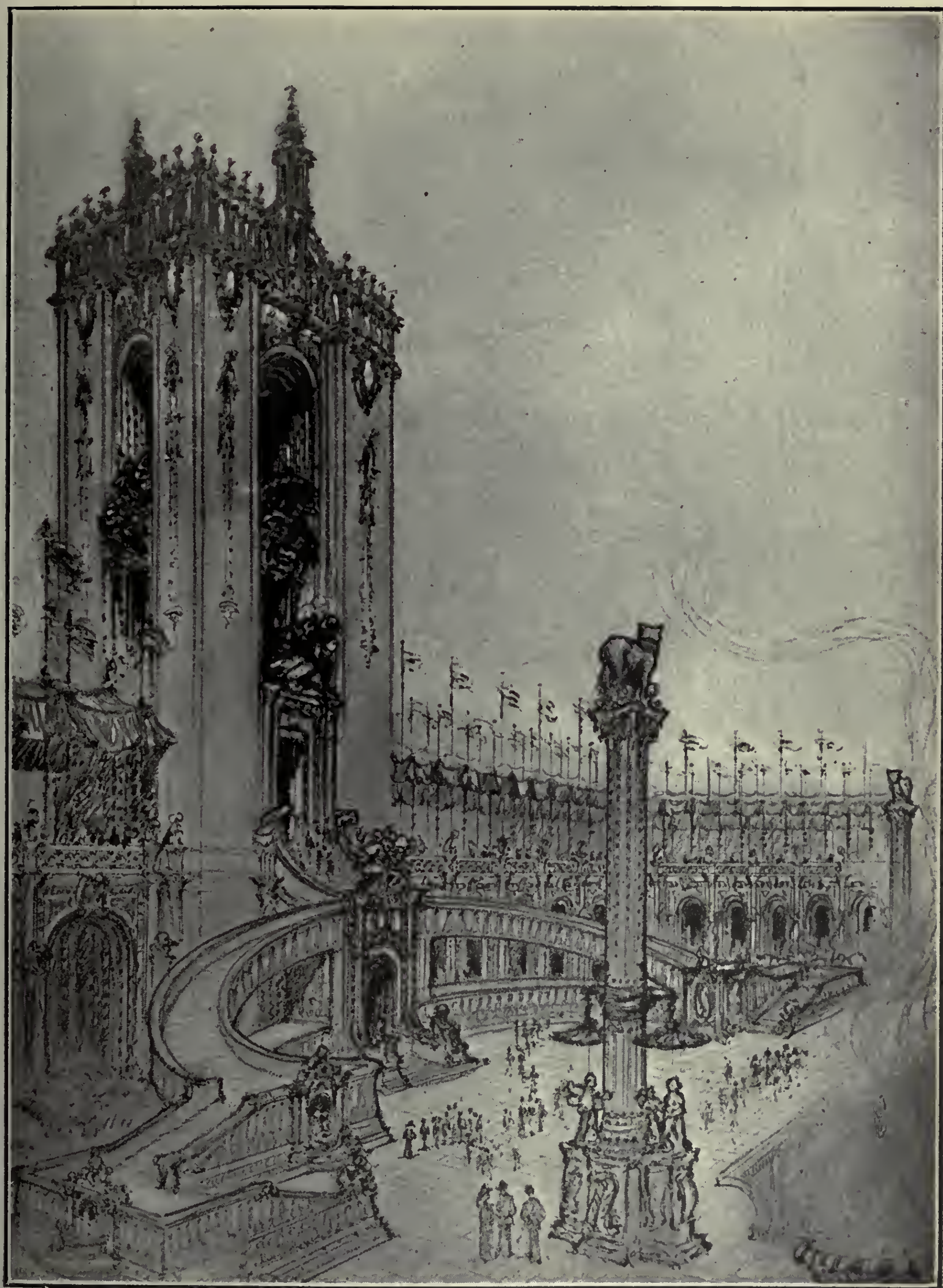

Tower of the East Court from the stairway approach from the sunken gardens. The tower is a suggestion of Oriental architecture, and was designed by Louis Christian Mulgardt. Its continuous promanade and balcony for spectators surmount the cloister 45 feet above the plaza, and is reached by elevators and majestic staircases. These balconies will accommodate thousands of spectators. The main tower, with its colossal twin staircase, is at the north side of the Festival Court or East Court, facing the sun. Its chimes will rival those of Westminster Abbey.

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A Word to Mothers

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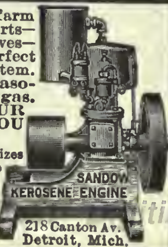

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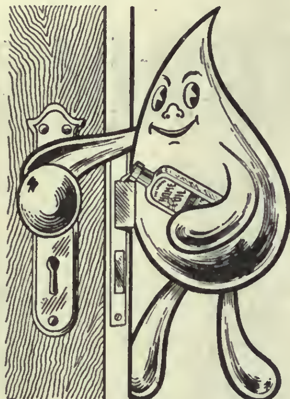

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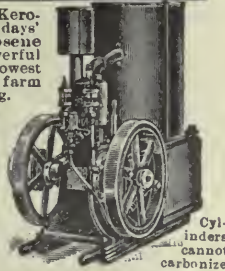

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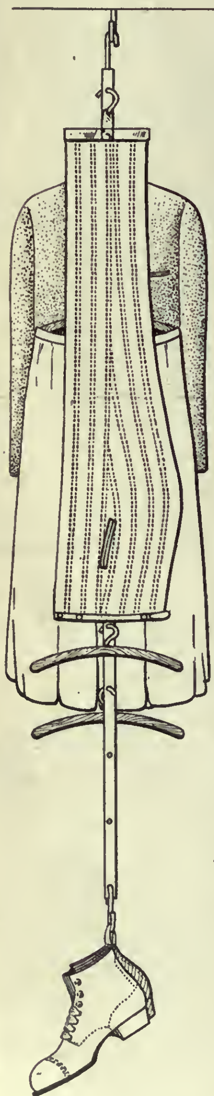

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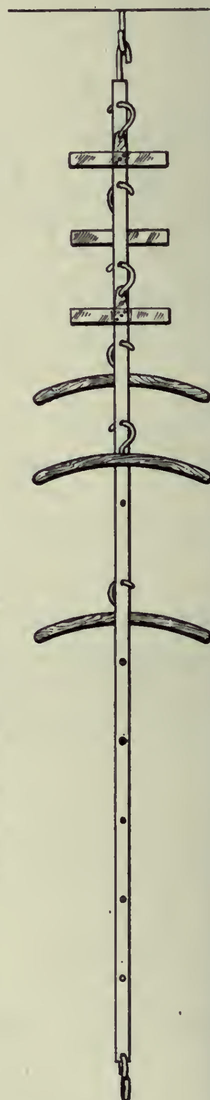

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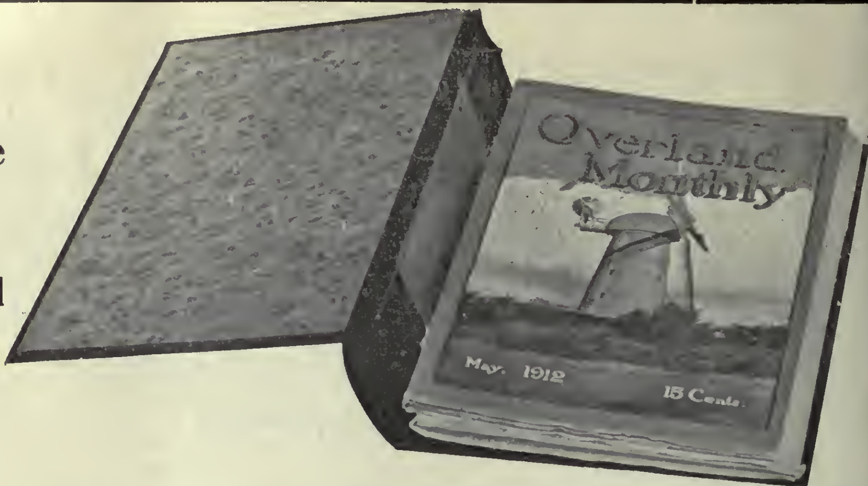

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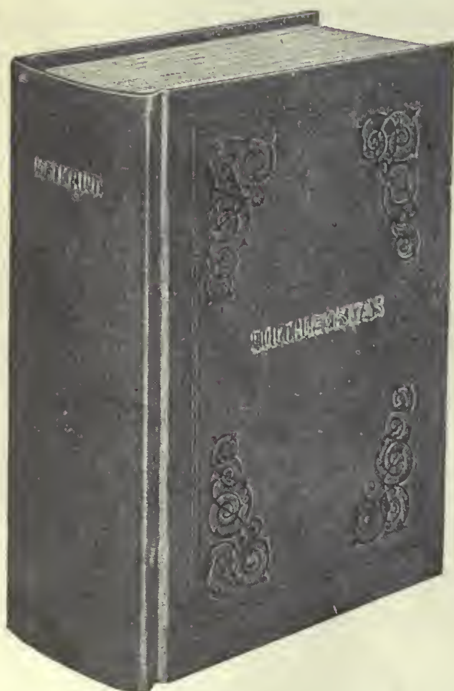

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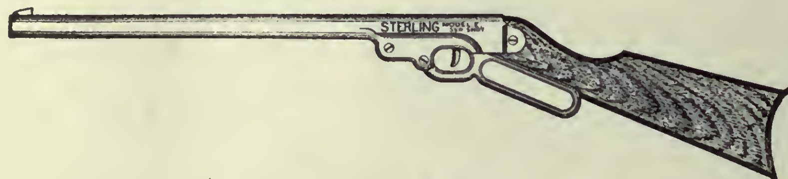

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1. Big Back Bone Group. 2. The Elsie Group. 3. Keystone

These three groups of claims comprise 50 U. S. mining locations, 20, 18 and 12 respectively, approximating 1000 acres, and are situated in the Back Bone Mining District of the Shasta County Copper Belt, in Sections 18, 19 and 20, Township 34 North, Range 5 West, about six miles by wagon road from the railroad and smelter town of Kennett on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 18 miles north of Redding, the county seat.

They lie on the same belt as the *Mountain Copper Company's* (*Iron Mountain*) *properties, the Trinity, Balaklala, Shasta King and Mammoth,* and are less than two miles from the workings of the Mammoth Mine, a property owned by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company of Boston, a corporation capitalized at $75,000,000.

DEVELOPMENT. More than 1000 feet of tunnels have already been run on the property, disclosing conditions exceedingly favorable to the opening up of extensive ore reserves. Active work is at present under way in Tunnels Nos. 4 and 7.

Tunnel No. 7 is a cross-cut tunnel being run 75 feet below Tunnel No. 6, where oxidized ore has been encountered for 120 feet in length and in crosscuts 60 feet wide. Assays from this tunnel run very high for this belt, and it is believed that the tunnel now being run below will reach and open up an immense body of sulphide ore carrying higher values than are usual on the west side Copper Belt. Tunnel No. 4 is being run on the west side of the Elsie and is in nearly 400 feet, disclosing apparently a body of low grade ore of the character usually found here.

A 12-pound rail track and ore cars are installed in this tunnel and crosscuts are being run at 250 and 285 feet respectively.

The Mammoth Mine is now yielding a daily output of 1200 tons of ore. Ten years ago it was showing less favorable conditions than the Big Back Bone and Elsie properties are to-day.

In July, 1910, another ore body richer than that of the Mammoth proper was discovered by the Mammoth Company just *1700 feet from the south line of the Elsie property,* and the development of this new find has established a large camp, new transportation facilities and brought the Northern California Power Line within 1700 feet of the Kennett Consolidated Copper Company's holdings. Already shafts and tunnels aggregating 1200 feet have been driven, and active operations disclose the fact that the discovery is a very important one for the Company, and has greatly enhanced the value of the *KENNETT CONSOLIDATED* properties.

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The Shasta County Copper Belt already ranks *fifth in the Copper production of the United States*, and is one of the few copper districts where copper can be profitably mined when the metal is selling at less than 12 cents per pound.

Copper is the chief product and the basis of the mining prosperity and prospects of Shasta County, which is far in the lead of the mineral producing counties of the State of California.

From 1894 to 1910, this county has produced copper of a value of over Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000.)

Briefly summarized, the advantages of the Kennett Consolidated are:

1. A Porphyry Copper—the kind that pays the biggest dividends.
2. The properties cover an extensive mineralized area—nearly 1000 acres.
3. Located in a copper belt ranking FIFTH IN PRODUCTION in the United States.
4. Adjacent to the greatest producing mine in California, a regular dividend payer.
5. Surface and underground similarity to the other big mines of the district.
6. Formation indicative of extensive ore bodies.
7. Worked by tunnels, reducing working costs to a minimum. No expensive hoisting and pumping.
8. Timber and water abundant.
9. Smelters, power and railroads close at hand.
10. Small capitalization for a big Porphyry Copper.
11. First issues of stock at a very low price.
12. Celebrated Engineer's Report says: "The formation is identical with that of the MAMMOTH property, which it adjoins, and when I first examined the MAMMOTH property in 1896 there was no better showing at that time than there is now on the Big Back Bone property."

This is the first great Porphyry Copper stock ever offered in the United States on such a small capitalization.

For six years the properties have been developed by the owners on a business basis and with their own capital. They will continue to be so managed for the profit of all.

They have now reached the stage where large capital is absolutely necessary to continue operations on a large scale and provide diamond drills, machinery, etc.

It is assumed that the proceeds of this First Issue will furnish all the capital required, and make of the properties another "Mammoth" Mine. At the present market price of copper (17½ cents per pound) the "Mammoth" is yielding an annual profit of two million dollars.

Just think of a profit of $2,000,000 on such a small capitalization as ours.

Such are the possibilities of these properties. Copper will be a scarce metal in a few years.

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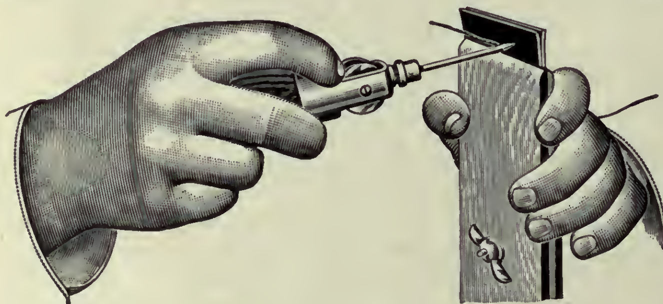

Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

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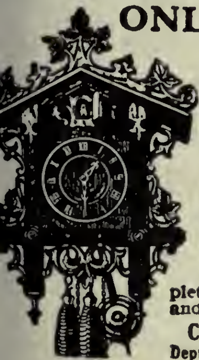

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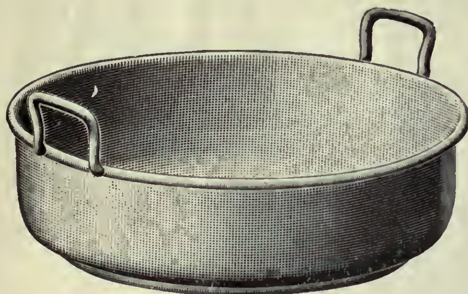

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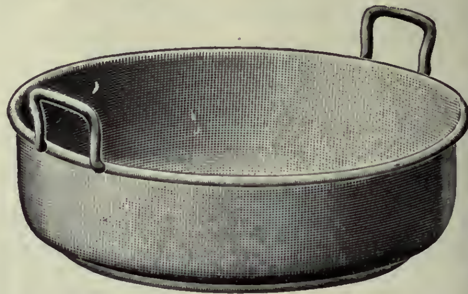

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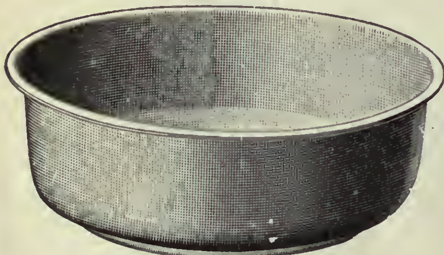

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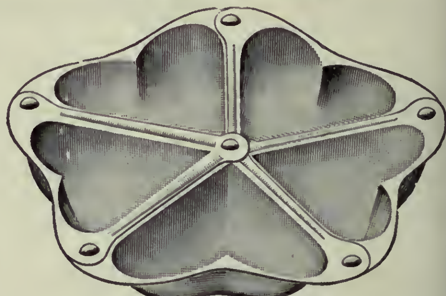

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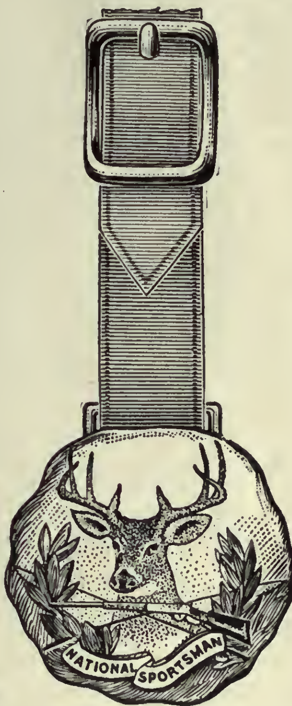

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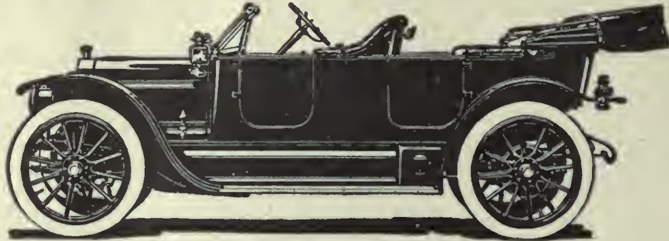

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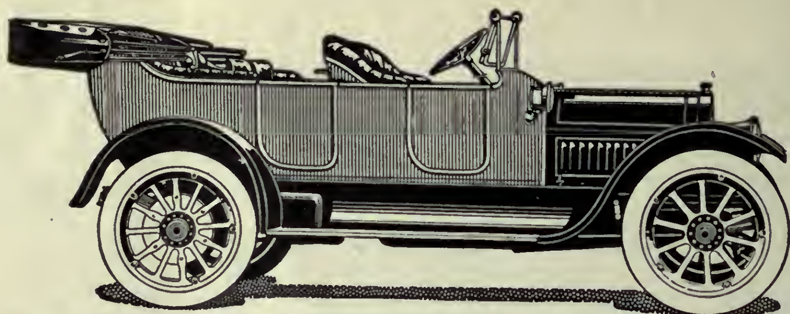

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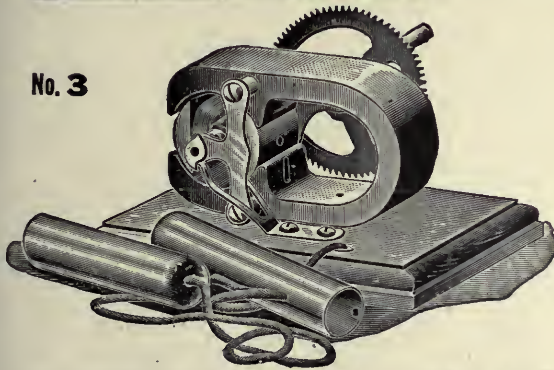

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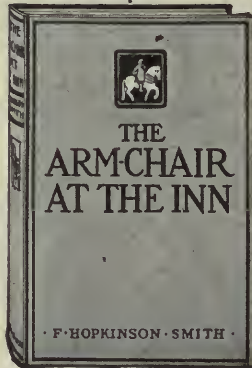

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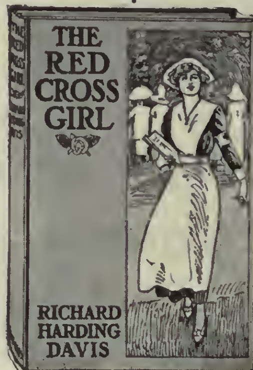

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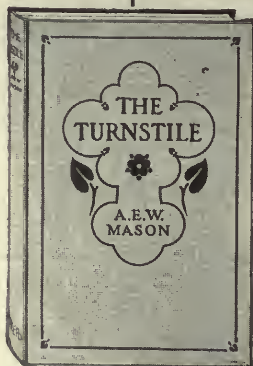

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"Apollo" of "The Hamadryads," as presented by the Bohemian Club at one of the annual "jinks" in the club's redwood grove, California.—See Page 409.

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*The audience watching a performance of the Coburn Players on the White House grounds, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Taft and party in the center box.—**See Page 409.*

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The entrance to Bohemian Grove, in the redwoods some ninety miles north of San Francisco.—*See Page 409.*

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The wife of Bath and her swains. Scene from Percy MacKaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims."

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LX San Francisco, November 1912 No. 5

Chaucer meets the Prioress. The Coburn Players in "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

POETIC DRAMA AND PAGEANTRY

BY HELEN HARRINGTON

THE triumphal march of poetic drama given in the open air at the universities and country clubs has marked an epoch and solved a problem of no small importance in the matter of the drama in this country. America, to even enlightened foreigners who have never set foot on these shores, means, at best, a few large and well known cities, and then great wastes of land; but to Americans it means the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, strewn with cities large and small, where people are reading, thinking and dreaming of the beautiful just as do they who walk under the glare of metropolitan lights. Under the conditions that have been existing, with lamentably few exceptions, "the beautiful" has been administered to the metropolitan devotee in the shape of clusters of iridescent gowns carried across the stage on the figures of ladies who know exactly how a train should twirl, but who would be puzzled and perplexed if asked to read a line of blank verse. To the lover of the drama in remote towns were given the number two, number three and number four companies hastily thrown together and presenting in a crude way the frothy society drama or the melodrama.

These forms of musical and dra-

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matic expression are all very well in their way. The movement, the color, the illusion of lights, the buffoonery and the obvious satire of the musical comedy, all have their place in the pleasures of life, but a nation should not be overfed with them, and the need of those who crave a better drama should be considered.

The melodrama satisfies a certain elemental love of romance and crude poetry innate in the souls of all at certain ages or degrees of development, but the masses are evolving, just as individuals are growing with the movement of the suns, and there comes a time in the life of an individual just as in the development of a nation when neither the momentary and shifting delight of the spectacular production, nor the primitive and frank appeal to the emotions as made in the honest and often ridiculous melodrama, is sufficient. One fails to find in these things that feeling of growth, of wider vision, of wonderful exaltation that comes in the presence of truly great art.

It was at the universities, then, the natural gathering points for the young people of each State who are making for intellectual growth, that the need was greatest for a chance to see a finer order of play presented in the true spirit and meaning of the drama.

The true spirit and meaning of the drama may be variously interpreted. There are those who maintain that the chief end and aim of the play is to amuse, to entertain; others say that they go to the theatre to pass the time away, to get away from themselves, and still others go just to see the color, the lights, the picture and the gaiety of the musical comedy or the lighter drama, claiming that they see tragedy enough in every-day life and do not want to see it on the stage. But these are the very people who do not really see the tragedy, or the comedy, of life, for that matter, either on or off the stage. The people who really see and feel and thrill with the tragedy, and laugh with the humor, of life, are those who are not afraid of being bored or of being made to think, by seeing Ibsen or Shakespeare or Moliere or Euripides.

It is true the play must entertain, or it fails in some respect, but to entertain is only a small part of its mission. It must entertain, it must delight, it must exalt, it must teach, and—no matter how much we may resent the word as taken in connection with our pleasures—it must civilize. It must open up vistas of fancy, imagination and revelation, which is the mission of all truly great art, no matter what its medium of expression may be.

The entire population of America cannot crowd itself into New York, which is the chief producing point for all plays in this country, and the greater the success of a play, the smaller the chance of its being seen in its highest artistic state outside of the larger Eastern cities. If a great book or a beautiful poem is written to-day, with our fine library systems and means of publication, there is nothing to prevent it working its way into the remotest cities or towns north or south, east or west, but if a great play is produced, it still does not reach a vast number of people whose faculties are as well fitted to judge, enjoy and be benefited by it as those who have the privilege of seeing it at its best, that is, with its most skilful interpreters and most careful setting. The playhouses throughout the country are controlled by the great producing interests, and each season through the grimy stage doors of the dirty and ill-kept theatres is hauled what is left of the tinsel and gauze of the New York productions, good and bad, and the people throughout these United States (so loved of Walt Whitman) are invited to come and see these plays or none at all, because—"we control the theatre across the street, too, you see."

The writer of plays of the higher order, therefore, or the poet dramatist, has had little incentive to ply his pen. He has been calling to the people from behind a great wall, and from the other side of the great wall they have been

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calling back to him, and they were as helpless as he. He had no channel through which his plays might reach them; they had no opportunity of seeing and enjoying his plays, and these two causes produced a still further lamentable condition, which was, that the actor whose portion it is to interpret and illuminate the work of the writers of plays, has had but little opportunity for the development of his highest powers. A natural indifference

"I fear they are love vertheth." Augustin Duncan and Mrs. Coburn as the Friar and the Prioress in Percy MacKaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims."

to his calling as an art is the result, which is only too apparent in the meaningless gestures, the careless pronounciation and the utter lack of thought or study which too often characterizes our most ostentatious productions.

It was with a full realization of these facts that Charles Douville Coburn made his appeal to the colleges and universities, asking for an opportunity to appear with his company of classic players, not only in Greek and Shakespearean plays, but also to produce a new play by an American poet-dramatist. This was "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by Percy MacKaye, a play founded on the lovable and rollicking characters created by Chaucer in "The Canterbury Tales," whose laughter was fading away into the centuries until recalled by the powerful pen of the young poet. Enthusiastic responses came from Harvard, Yale, Brown, Smith, Williams, Bryn Mawr, the University of Tennessee, the University of Indiana, the University of Virginia, the University of the South, and many others, and those who had known their Euripides and Shakespeare on the printed page only had an opportunity of seeing their characters move in the mystic beauty of the lighted night, out of doors, under the trees, where elves and fairies are wont to disport themselves by moonlight, and also to gain a fresh impetus for their own creative growth, by having a chance to see the work of a young confrere presented under these idyllic conditions.

A particularly memorable performance of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" was given by these players after the tour of the universities had been made a couple of summers ago at Cornish, N. H., on the estate of Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, who had been the center and heart of the Cornish Colony. The Cornish Colony is to America, perhaps, what the Forest of Fontainebleau, beautiful as it is, and known in history as the abiding place of kings who sought its shades as a retreat from the city's noises and the pomp of state, is yet best known and best loved because of that royal brotherhood of painters, Millet, Monet, Delacroix, Diaz and others, who made Barbizon famous just because two young artists, strolling one morning through the forest in search of subjects for their brushes, liked the looks of the little village. This beautiful happening repeated itself in the hills of New Hampshire, when Augustus Saint-Gaudens, twenty years ago, seeking a secluded place to carry out the work with which his brain and soul were filled, decided to build his studio there. In accordance with the law of like attracting like, these beautiful hills soon began to be peopled with brother artists, and writers and doers of things, amongst them Stephen Parrish, Maxfield Parrish, Kenyon Cox, Winston Churchill and Percy MacKaye. Here they have built themselves homes and studios and "dens," but with a punctilious regard for the concentration necessary for the accomplishment of serious work, placing their houses far enough apart to be entirely hidden and out of sight of a neighbor, so that each "from his separate star may draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are."

It was to these woods that the players had the sweet experience of giving the play before the author and his goodly colleagues, even as Moliere and his players appeared in the gardens at Versailles by starlight before a less worthy gathering—Louis XIV and his courtiers. The performance was given in the Saint-Gaudens Woods—a spot sacred both for its own enchanting beauty and the memory it carries of the beloved and honored sculptor. As dusk came on, the silence that brooded over the hills was as deep as it might have been at the beginning of time. It was a mystic and wonderful hour. To one standing at any commanding height could only be revealed the wooded and undulating hills, with here or there in far distances the gleam of a white house or the suggestion of a dwelling. If one

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The miller and the friar in Percy MacKaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims."

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will penetrate deep enough, however, into the darkness of overhanging boughs, and move far enough along the silent roads that seemed at first to lead but deeper into the silence, just as surely as one finds a new enchanted palace on each succeeding page of the "Arabian Nights," as surely will one find a home filled with books and pictures and beauty and light, every little while, in the Cornish Woods.

Along these roads the players were driven at twilight in a tally-ho, and arriving at the place, were conducted to no less a hallowed retreat than Saint-Gaudens' own studio, in which to make their preparations. When they again emerged as Chaucer, the Prioress, the Friar, the Wife of Bath, the Marchioness, the Miller, the Shipman, and so on, the darkness had deepened, and they were obliged to move cautiously to the spot where the play was to be given. Still all was darkness. Suddenly, at a given signal, the bright lights from the calciums were turned on, and as though the wand of an enchanter had been raised, there, revealed, like a blazing jewel set in the heart of the night, was the glittering audience of fair women and brave men. Where had they come from? How had they reached there? What stately castles had opened their gates? Some of those devotees had come in tallyhos, some had motored, and some of them, gentle reader, had walked! It was the Cornish Colony in all its glory. It was like the assembling of nobility to celebrate the arrival of a new prince. They had all come to pay their respects to the new poetic drama, written by the poet in their midst.

In addition to creating a channel through which may flow the inspiration of our coming poets and dramatists, this playing in the open air is bringing back an old world custom and spirit which is likely to play no small part in the creative impulse to poets and painters no less than to tradesmen and craftsmen and to the people in general, and that is the revival of pageantry, which is in itself a sort of universal expression of the art instinct of the people *en masse*. This has already demonstrated itself in the Joan of Arc pageant, which was given at Harvard, the Westchester pageant at Bronxville, and the High Jinks and Grove Plays given by the Bohemian Club in California; but so far, the greatest pageant ever given in America, and one of the greatest in the history of the world, was that given at Gloucester, Mass., in 1909. Stage Fort Park, where the pageant was witnessed, is a beautiful plateau embraced and sheltered on one side from the sea by a great reef of rocks, where in olden times the Indians used to come to worship the Great Father. It is a spot which, for its grandeur and beauty might cause less reverend ones than they to pause and realize Omnipotence. Since pageantry is a flower that can blossom only in time of peace, it was a marked coincidence that that same reef of rocks is an altar which celebrates the greatest service a statesman can do for his country, for imbedded in the heart of one of the huge boulders is a tablet testifying that it was at this spot also that Roger Conant, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, had by his wise counsel and timely interference averted bloodshed between contending factions in 1629, the first exemplification of the spirit of arbitration in the history of the new world. It was to honor the memory of this man, and to celebrate the occasion of a visit of the President of the United States to Gloucester that the pageant was prepared.

For weeks before the event there was a wonderful feeling of excitement and happiness palpitating in the air. All caste was leveled; rich and poor alike became as children in their desire to make this day a complete success. There were meetings, consultations and rehearsals, and there was no person in the town so poor or so forgotten as to be denied participation in the general merry-making. Flags were waving from every house, fakers were calling their wares, booths

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The Coburn players in "The Merchant of Venice," taken on the grounds of the Columbia University before the st atue of "The Great God Pan."

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and tents blossomed along the road that led to Stage Fort Park, seven great warships came booming up the harbor, forgetting the cause of their existence, and sailor lads marched through the town. The "Mayor and the corporation too" were as busy as hatters, and the City Hall was used as headquarters for costuming the citizens in fantastic apparel. Special trains were arriving and disgorging themselves of merry, laughing crowds. As early as four o'clock in the afternoon the audience began filing in, and before dusk the seating capacity of the great plateau was filled with a swaying, murmuring multitude. An ocean of humanity—twenty-five thousand people out for a merry-making, and as the time for the opening of the scenes drew near, the movement and fluttering in the great audience increased, like the ocean growing restless. As the President's party arrived, the swaying, fluttering multitude articulated with such a cheer as never was heard beneath those skies before, fireworks blazed, and the great battleships in the harbor saluted. Suddenly a brilliant light was thrown from hundreds of calciums against the hillside, and far away in the distance the pilgrims were seen approaching on their way to Canterbury. It is a curious coincidence that the earliest pageant on record in England was in 1236 on the occasion of a royal marriage at Canterbury.

There they came, two thousand pilgrims—the quiet townfolk of Gloucester, Mass., transformed into nuns, priests, bishops, choir boys, shipmen, knights in armor, ladies, warriors, some on dapple grays richly caparisoned, some with lances and spears which glittered in the light as they rode past; some in cowl and gown, fisher maidens, peasant girls, squires, courtiers, kings and queens, and finally, demurely down the mountain side on her black horse, came the Prioress in spotless white, Chaucer gallantly riding by her side, then the Miller, the Pardoner and the rest, and on white donkeys, the merry Friar and the laughing Wife of Bath in her scarlet dress.

Until the performance of the Canterbury Pilgrims on this occasion as the vital part of the pageant, there had been only in these pageants a series of pictures or symbolic groupings strung together by a central theme, but with no definitely worked out plot or channel for dramatic expression. These pictures and symbols, however, naturally focus themselves down to the spoken word, and the quickened interest and response from the audience in its transition from an inarticulate body whose senses had been reached through the eye only, into so many individuals responding, by the sudden outbursts of laughter or applause, followed by intense silence as the mood of the play changed from humor to poetry, made it apparent that the acted drama should be used as the vitalizing part of a pageant.

In the fifteenth century, the King of England granted a parcel of land and the money with which to build a pageant house, to the Company of Weavers, who brought the custom of pageantry to its highest wave in England, and those were the days when the most beautiful old English tapestries were made, and into which have been woven, no doubt, the colors of many a gay pageant.

The development of the spirit of pageantry would have a bearing in many and varying ways on the growth of a new country. It would take root, first of all, deep in the soil of our common life. Its lighter mission is the pleasure it would give in the participation to those whose lives are repressed. Music, painting, poetry and sculpture are chary of the vehicles they choose for expression; they hover over a land and alight warily here and there, selecting some favored ones of the gods to bear their messages, but Drama, which is life itself, flings herself generously into almost every heart that beats, for in almost every human being, in a greater or lesser degree, there is an innate impulse or desire for dramatic expression, be it

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ever so slight, or ever so easily satisfied. Let there be but the mingling of voices, the fluttering of colors or the tramping of feet in the street, and even the gravest of us will drop, for a moment, the task in hand and watch the excitement or procession till it passes away, and return to our work with perhaps a new impulse brought into being by the thrill of public merrymaking. But greater than this, it would give an impulse to trades and crafts to symbolize and glorify their own particular work as they did in the old world in the days of the Guilds, when the spirit of pageantry was flourishing and labor was so proud of its output that even things of ordinary use were wrought with such care and love that to-day American coffers are being drained and the ocean is crossed for a sight of them, and if by any chance we find a vase, or a key, or a chest that was made under those conditions, we bear it home in triumph, while all the time the power to create these beautiful things is slumbering in our own land, unexercised.

What else would these beautiful and colorful pageants do for the people? They would teach them, and help them to enjoy many things in painting and poetry and the drama.

Mrs. Coburn as Electra.

They would help them to read in symbols and stories told in color. Think of the crowds that pass daily through the halls of our public buildings and gaze with dull appreciation at the paintings which the artists meant as a message to all. Surely there must be some reason why a foreign peasant woman, with a shawl over her head will stand before a picture, and with an unmistakable look of understanding on her face, point out its meaning to her child, while an American mother of the same class, if she enter a museum at all, seems perplexed and bewildered by what she sees.

The main symbolic expression that reaches the people to-day is that of the cartoonist through the medium of the daily papers. This is usually grotesque. The pageant would bring it in a beautiful form. New legends might be written, new symbols formed, and a gateway to enjoyment of a very high order would be opened.

And what of the beautiful folk songs of other countries? Why have we none except the meaningless rhymes that are being brewed for us by the vaudeville stage? Beautiful, simple folk songs have little chance to work their way through this medium, and they have but little other channel to reach the people, while no less a

composer than Walter Damrosch composed and arranged the music for the Gloucester pageant, and two thousand voices were trained to sing it, and trained by a competent director.

As I sat on the rocks at Gloucester, and realized the wonder of all that pageantry, with its joy and its laughter and its color, there came to me the memory of a celebration given in New York about ten years before—the great Dewey parade, which for splendor and magnificence had had no precedent in American history. For hours and hours of a September day the well trained columns marched in steady rhythmic measure. "Left, right; left, right; left, right," sounded their feet on the pavement, and as one listens to the ticking of a clock until it forms sentences in the brain, the rhythmic fall of the feet as the troops marched past beat out these words to me: "We marched to war; we marched back, and left dead men behind us." Take it whichever way one would, the columns of men, well trained to march, move and fire in unison, could only mean one thing—war, with all its horrors, the reality of which Walt Whitman has so vividly described in one line: "Night's darkness and blood-dripping wounds." There was no further crevice for inquiry to creep into, no further wings for fancy to fly on, no question a child might ask which could not be answered by pointing to a gun. Surely a pageant is a greater thing for higher inspiration than a parade.

"The old order changeth, giving place
to new,
And God fulfills himself in many
ways."

THE HOURS

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

A little time for lyre and song
Ere glows the bright-hilled West,
When singing lips must cease from song
And playing fingers rest.

But though the twilight come so soon
To hush the song and lyre,
The soul may live eternities,
To starry heights aspire.

The briefest day may wear the crown
Of one immortal deed;
The years be bright with one glad hour
That served another's need.

Though swift the singing dawn move on,
The songless dusk to greet,
Who sings until the day is done
Shall find his rest full sweet!

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AT THE COURT OF THE KAMEHAMEHAS

An American Diplomat in Hawaii During the Civil War

BY WALTER ESCOTT

WITH the comparatively short history of the Kingdom of Hawaii, no nation had more to do than the United States of America. It is true that the Islands were discovered by an Englishman, Captain Cook, and that another famous English explorer, Captain Vancouver, who visited the Islands several times, was of much assistance to the first king, Kamehameha I, in inaugurating a modern civilization. But the commercial and social development of the group throughout the three-quarters of a century prior to annexation was almost entirely due to the efforts of Americans. From the coming of the little band of missionaries from Boston in 1820, down to the signing of the treaty 78 years later, the steady trend of events shows that union with the great western republic was a consummation deeply desired by many of the Hawaiian people.

Dr. James McBride, United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands during our Civil War. (Photo taken in Honolulu, 1864.)

In the diplomatic relations of the two countries the State of Oregon played no small part. It was at one of the most critical periods of Hawaii's affairs that the representatives of America at the court were citizens of that State. T. J. Dryer, of Oregon, was the American Commissioner during several years of Kamehameha IV's reign; and his successor, the first American Minister to the Islands, was the late Dr. James McBride, a noted pioneer and public man of Oregon. John L. Bernard, then a young man of 27, who accompanied the newly-appointed minister to Honolulu in 1863, has been for many years a well-known resident of Portland.

It was with a fair understanding of the difficulties that confronted him that Dr. McBride and his secretary, Mr. Barnard, sailed for Hawaii in the spring of 1863, bearing credentials from President Lincoln. Great Britain's sympathy with the South in the war that had been raging for more than two years had already been shown to the people of the North in countless ways; and the new minister had not been long in Honolulu before he realized that the British Commissioner was not only extremely unfriendly to the Union, but was exceedingly jealous of the growing power of its government in the affairs of Hawaii. So pronounced was this feeling that even the firing of two more guns in the salute in hono

Kamehameha IV.

of the American minister, to which his rank entitled him, was a source of chagrin to both the British and French commissioners.

After a trip lasting fifteen days, the "Comet," bearing the new diplomatic officials, arrived in Honolulu harbor. They were met by Mr. Ogden, secretary of the American Legation. The travelers were obliged to walk from the wharf to the legation for the reason that in all Honolulu there were but three vehicles. King Kamehameha, of course, had a carriage and driver, and Mr. Bishop, the leading banker in the Islands, also had a phaeton, and one of the merchants owned a one-horse carry-all. The legation was an unpretentious, white-washed building, much like an East Indian bungalow, built high up from the ground with a verandah extending across the front, reached by a long flight of steps. A high, white-washed fence shut off a view of the house from the street.

A few days after the arrival of Dr. McBride and Mr. Barnard, a meeting with King Kamehameha was arranged. On their arrival at the Iolani Palace they were met by R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who escorted them to the throne room and introduced them to the king and his suite. After presenting his credentials, Dr. McBride and the king engaged in a short, informal conversation, following which the king retired. The reception in honor of the new minister, which was held a few days later, was a brilliant occasion. The rooms of the palace were thronged with the members of the royal family, diplomatic representatives in the Islands, and prominent residents of Honolulu. Besides King Kamehameha and Queen Emma, there were present the Dowager Queen Kalama, widow of the former king; Princess Victoria Kamamalu, half-sister of the king; Princess Ruth Keelikolani, sister of the king and governess of the Island of Hawaii; Princess Bernice Pauahi (Mrs. C. R. Bishop), Governor Kekananaoa, of Oahu; and Prince Lot, the king's brother, afterwards Kamehameha V. Prince Lot wore a uniform of bright red, and his expression was so coarse and hard that Mr. Barnard was led to conclude that he must be the executioner for the kingdom. After the reception, the royal band played music for dancing. Dr. McBride's rank entitled him to dance with Queen Emma, but as he had never learned the art of dancing, he was obliged to forego this pleasure, and Mr. Barnard was accorded the privilege. During the intervals between the dances the young official had the opportunity to converse with the Queen and other members of the royal family, thereby beginning pleasant social relations, which continued throughout his stay.

King Kamehameha was not often seen in public. Indeed, except on the most formal occasions, such as diplomatic receptions and dinners, he did not mingle even with the foreign officials. He was a man who cared nothing for the glamour of public life. His naturally reserved disposition had

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deepened into melancholy by the death of his son, the little Prince of Hawaii, the year before. Several years earlier, Kamehameha, while under the influence of liquor, had shot his private secretary, A. H. Neilson, a most estimable man. Remorse for this deed saddened the king's life. During the last years of his reign, he spent most of his time at his country residence outside of Honolulu, engaged in translating the English prayer book into Hawaiian. He had joined the Episcopal Church some years before, but seldom attended. A curious custom was that of sending his carriage to stand before the church door while the services were in progress.

During the first weeks of their residence in Honolulu, Dr. McBride and Mr. Barnard were the guests of the various diplomatic representatives and prominent Americans and Hawaiians The entertainment of the latter usually consisted of luaos, native banquets. The viands consisted of roast pigs and chickens, raw fish, live shrimps, yams and bread fruit, pineapples and other fruits. Poi, a dish made from the taro root, and the particular delicacy, roast dog, the visitors were never able to appreciate, much to the mystification of their hosts. On a trip to the volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, they were the guests of Princess Ruth Keelikolani, who proffered generous hospitality.

Notwithstanding the attentions that were showered upon him and the relaxation which the enervating climate induced, Dr. McBride lost no time in making himself acquainted with political and commercial conditions in the Islands. The decline in the whale fisheries, which had begun just before this time, had not served to produce a corresponding decline in American interests. The influence of the early Boston missionaries was not easily effaced. British interests were somewhat strengthened by the establishment of the Church of England in Honolulu, under the patronage of Queen Emma, but the missionary effort among the people was not diminished. The sentiments of the king and queen were found, however, to be favorable to the British. In reporting to Secretary of State Seward the results of his observations in Hawaii, Dr. McBride wrote:

Kamehameha V.

"The king is strongly predisposed in favor of the British in preference to Americans or those of any other nationality. English policy, English etiquette and English grandeur seem to captivate and control him. His familiar associates are Englishmen; and where an office becomes vacated by death, resignation or otherwise, it is filled by the appointment of an Englishman. In a word, English diplomacy here has been so adroit and sagacious as to win the esteem and confidence of His Majesty and the royal family, while American diplomacy has been a complete failure in this respect. It is plainly to be seen that the British government places a high estimate on the future value of the Islands, believing, no doubt, that the Pacific and other railroads will be

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built, and that these Islands will become very important as a 'half-way house' between Europe and America, on one side, and China and Japan on the other, and also in their capacity for growing the sugar cane, cotton, coffee and rice, which, no doubt, will be very great when fairly and fully developed. The salubrity and peculiar pleasantness of the climate must also add much to the intrinsic worth and importance of this country.

"I beg leave further to say that American interests greatly predominate here over all others combined, and not less than four-fifths of the commerce connected with these Islands is American. The merchants, traders, dealers of all kinds, and planters are principally Americans. The British have no commerce here worthy the name, and but one or two retail stores; the Germans about the same amount of business as the English. Many American merchants here are doing quite a large business, and would extend it still more but for the danger of British rule over this group, when, if it should become the dominant or governing power, American interests would be crushed out with eagerness and despatch. Such is the belief of all American citizens with whom I have conversed, and such is my own opinion. Some merchants and planters are contracting their business, so that they may not suffer so heavy a loss in the event of the change which seems probable at no distant day."

Queen Emma, wife of Kamehameha IV, King of the Hawaiian Islands.

The death of King Kamehameha in November was regarded as a real bereavement by Hawaiians and Americans alike. This feeling was in a measure due to the fact that Prince Lot, the king's brother, who was proclaimed Kamehameha V, was known to be a man of grossly immoral character. Soon after his accession, he revived the hula dances, which had not been permitted for years, and this and other lewd practices so offended the foreign element in Honolulu that relations between the king and the American minister were reduced to those of the most formal character.

An interesting visitor to Honolulu in 1864 was a Russian naval officer, Captain, afterwards Admiral, Enquist, in command of a fleet that was believed at the time to have been stationed in Hawaii to afford substantial aid to the United States in the event that England and France should interfere in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. The captain had, a short time before, been stationed in Alaska, stood high in the confidence of his government, and knew that Alaska was an undesirable possession to Russia. Confident by frequent conversations with this officer that Russia was anxious to dispose of her possessions, Dr. McBride set himself to the task of convincing the State Department of the desirability of purchasing. Letters were written to Secretary Seward, samples of gold and other minerals then known to exist there were forwarded, together with affidavits and other documents of whalers and others acquainted with the region, especially bearing on the value of its furs and fisheries. As soon as the storm of

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the Civil War had passed, Secretary Seward took up the matter, and the world knows the result. Dr. McBride's services in bringing this to pass have never been appreciated because never brought to the knowledge of the public.

Another evidence of Dr. McBride's foresight was his recommendation to the State Department a year later that the American government acquire title to a tract of land suitable for a naval station at or near Honolulu. In enumerating the reasons for such a depot, the diplomat pointed out the necessity for naval defense for the States of the Pacific Coast, the protection of the American commerce in the Pacific, and by reason of the increased commerce with the Orient.

That Secretary Seward regarded the suggestion as important is evident from the fact that a return communication advised the minister that the proposition was soon to have the "consideration to which it was justly entitled."

Princess Victoria, Kamamalu, sister of Kamehameha IV.

Mrs. C. R. Bishop (Bernice Pauahi Bishop.)

The occasions, as has been said, when the British and French Commissioners betrayed their unfriendliness to the United States government had been frequent, even before the coming of the American minister. At the funeral of King Kamehameha IV the conduct of these gentlemen in conversing in his presence in French—a language with which he was unfamiliar—so exasperated Dr. McBride that he openly rebuked them. But an event which occurred in the following year not only served to show the American diplomat's sagacity and strength of character, but to compel respect for the government which he represented and the dignity of the office which he then held. Dr. McBride had been among the first of the hardy pioneers to cross the plains to Oregon when conditions there were in the most primitive stage. From the first, by reason of his exceptional intellectual and moral force he became one of the leaders among the settlements in the lower Willamette Valley. It was as a reward for his services in strengthening the administration party in Oregon

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that President Lincoln appointed him to the Hawaiian post.

At the time of his arrival in Honolulu, Dr. McBride found no outward insignia designating the American Legation. He therefore had a national coat of arms cut from wood, gilded, and placed over the gateway. One day an English man-of-war entered Honolulu harbor, having on board two midshipmen, both sons of peers, Lord Gordon and Lord Charles Beresford, since head of the British navy. The young men were members of a party who came ashore for a lark. They ap-

John L. Barnard, Secretary of Legation at Honolulu, H. I., 1863-65.

parently sympathized with the Southern Confederacy, and held the popular belief among Englishmen that the Union would not much longer survive. They conceived the idea of taking down the coat of arms and adding it to their collection of souvenirs. They chose a time when the minister would be away and the office closed. Wrenching the coat of arms from its fastenings, they hired a native to carry it to the dock, and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it. The next morning, when Dr. McBride entered his office, he was somewhat surprised to have his clerk announce:

"Doctor, your bird has taken flight."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Your coat of arms is gone," answered the clerk.

"Gone where?" asked the minister, somewhat puzzled.

"It's just disappeared," answered the clerk.

Walking out into the garden, Dr. McBride was astonished to find that the coat of arms had been removed from the arch over the gate. Concluding that this was only another evidence of ill-will towards his government, his anger steadily arose. He immediately started an investigation. It so happened that Beresford had given the Hawaiian an extra tip for his trouble in getting the coat of arms to the landing place. Some one quickly reported this to the minister, who at once located the man and learned what had been done. He immediately secured a search warrant and made a demand upon the captain of the warship for the return of the insignia. The captain, who, of course, was innocent, protested that the coat of arms was not on board the ship. The minister, however, sent his evidence to the captain, repeating his request and demanding an apology for the insult. The captain now made an investigation, and the culprit owned up and brought the coat of arms on deck, when it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the American Legation. On its arrival there, Dr. McBride refused to receive it, saying he was too vexed to listen to any overtures. Later the captain and the British Commissioner called at the Legation and made a formal apology. They said they considered this was satisfactory. Dr. McBride replied that it was not satisfactory; that the two young lords were officers in the British Navy, and had not only committed a theft, but by their act insulted the government represented by himself. He further an-

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nounced that, having removed the coat of arms with their own hands, he would not be satisfied until they put it back where they found it.

At this the English Commissioner protested, saying that such a demand was humiliating and disgraceful, and could not be complied with. Dr. McBride, however, insisted on a compliance with his demand, declaring that the disgrace consisted in the act of stealing the coat of arms, and that nothing short of this would be considered reparation for their offense. He announced that unless this were done he would report the affair to the Secretary of State.

After considerable diplomatic correspondence and some delay, the English Commissioners agreed to comply with Dr. McBride's demand, and the latter designated the following noon as the time when the coat of arms should be replaced. On the following day the minister, by means of Hawaiian boys, caused it to be made known throughout Honolulu that the coat of arms would be replaced, and when the time arrived the street in the neighborhood of the legation was filled with a curious multitude who were highly amused over the discomfiture of the young noblemen. An enterprising photographer was a witness to the scene, and the resulting picture shows the midshipmen repairing their mischief.

This was not by any means the end of the incident. Dr. McBride made a full report of the affair to the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, who not only complimented the minister. but also immediately wrote to the British government demanding an apology. The latter acceded, and the two lords who were responsible for the affair were suspended from the navy for two years.

After four years' residence in Honolulu, during which he saw the authority and prestige of the United States government fully established, Dr. McBride resigned his post in 1867, and

Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Gordon replacing the coat of arms over the United States Legation at Honolulu. In a midshipman prank they stole the coat of arms during the night and smuggled it aboard the ship. An inquiry was insisted on by Minister McBride, which led to international demands and an apology.

(From a photograph taken while young Beresford and Gordon were restoring the coat of arms to its position.)

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returned to Oregon. He died ten years later at his home in St. Helens, near Portland. His four sons have all since achieved prominence. The eldest son, the late John R. McBride, was a Congressman from Oregon during the Civil War, and Chief Justice of Idaho. The second son, Thomas A. McBride, is Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon. A third son, the late George W. McBride, was United States Senator from Oregon from 1895 to 1901. A fourth son, Dr. James H. McBride, of Pasadena, Cal., is one of the leading authorities on insanity and nervous diseases in the United States. At the trial of Guiteau, the slayer of President Garfield, Dr. McBride was one of the alienists called by the prosecution.

HILLS OF BERKELEY TOWN

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Where the blue bay lies, the smiling skies
  Nestle and melt in one,
And the hills lift up their faces grave
  For the good-night kiss of the sun.
Brown and bare, brown and bare,
  Are the hills of Berkeley town,
And the big "C" shines in a glow of gold
  When the sun goes down.

Student days, dreamy days,
  Study, and laughter, and strife.
And the close of it all, and the end of it all—
  We leave it, to live our life,
Far and fair, far and fair
  Are the hills of Berkeley town;
And the big "C" shines in a glow of gold
  When the sun goes down.

Oh, for the good days back again,
  The old, old days that we knew;
When the "x" of life was still unsolved,
  And we lived for the gold and blue.
Brown and bare, brown and bare,
  Are the hills of Berkeley town;
Where the big "C" shines in a glow of gold
  As the sun goes down.

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Entrance to a small school Chentu.

A STATE UNIVERSITY IN CHINA

BY ROGER SPRAGUE

I WISH to transport you to a remote point in the west of China, the great city of Chentu, a city so far removed from the United States that when it is noon in New York it is within eight minutes of midnight there. When New York is booming with the rush and clangor of noon-day, in Chentu the great iron gates, which afford entrance and exit, have long been closed, for they are locked at sunset; the wooden barriers which separate one section of the city from another have been shut for two hours, and the only signs of life are the night watchmen, making their rounds with flickering Chinese lantern and vibrating gong.

In these days of rapid travel and easy communication between the nations, we are apt to imagine that our modern methods of transportation have been introduced, to some extent at least, into all the more important portions of the world. We read of railways in Korea, railways in Darkest Africa, of another projected from the Cape to Cairo. But in spite of all, there still remain portions of the earth's surface, thickly settled and with an ancient civilization, to which our modern methods of transportation

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A teacher's residence in a provincial college.

have not yet penetrated. It is in such a region, located far in the west of China, and on the savage borderland of Thibet, that Chentu is located; Chentu, the capital of the province of Four Streams (Szechuen)—the largest and most populous of the eighteen into which China is divided. This province has an area larger by twenty thousand square miles than that of California, and contains a population of sixty millions of people, yet it does not possess a single railway, nor, outside of the two chief cities, any electric lights or telephones. It is true that it is connected with the outer world by two lines of telegraph, one to the east and the other to the south, but it is equally true that wheeled vehicles, except the wheelbarrow, are almost unknown. The safest, easiest and most customary method of travel is to ride in a sedan chair, carried on men's shoulders. Every city of any importance is surrounded by an immense stone wall, faced with the most substantial masonry; such a wall as Palmyra might have possessed in the days of Aurelian. And yet, after all, that country is far more advanced as regards modern civilization than was the western world one hundred years ago.

It was in the above city that the writer resided for the period of one year, while an instructor in an institution which passes in China for the equivalent of an American State University. In view of the fact that nothing is playing a more important part in the "wake-up of China" than the government schools that have been established to impart western civilization—training young China in modern language and western science, in order that he, too, may participate in the progress of the world—an inside account of such an institution may not be without interest.

Just a word here as to the fashion in which these schools came to be

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started: It was after the suppression of the Boxer outbreak of 1900, during which one hundred and fifty-seven Protestant missionaries had lost their lives in the province of Shansi. Indemnity was offered by the Chinese government, but this was refused by most of the missions represented, their ground being that part of a missionary's duty is to lose his life, should necessity arise. On the recommendation, however, of Dr. Timothy Richard, who had been requested by the Chinese government to assist the plenipotentiaries in the settlement of matters, it was agreed that in lieu of compensation the provincial treasury should pay an annual sum of fifty thousand ounces of silver for ten years for the establishment of a college, in order, on the one hand, that the literati of the province might secure a liberal education on modern lines, and on the other, that both Chinese and foreigners might better understand and esteem each other, and thus modify the ignorance and prejudice which gave rise to the Boxer outbreak. The administration of the institution and its funds were to be in the hands of Dr. Richard for ten years, after which the whole establishment, with its appurtenances, was to revert to the provincial government.

Richard's recommendation was received with enthusiasm by the Chinese authorities, but they also resolved to take a leaf out of the missionaries' book. When in the spring of 1901 the reverend gentleman arrived in the capital of Shansi province, to establish his college, he found that the government at Pekin had further decreed the establishment of a similar institution in the capital of each and every province in the empire. These, of course, were to be uncer purely Chinese officials, assisted by such foreign teachers as might be employed.

Each of these provincial colleges

A study hall at the provincial college. osoft ®

A museum specimen, Chentu.

was to enjoy an income of fifty thousand ounces of silver per annum, and furthermore, the first of them was to be placed in the capital of Shansi, by the side of the one that Dr. Richard came to establish. The purely Chinese college was to duplicate the work of the other. Such was the start of modern government schools in China. It was in one of these provincial colleges that the writer was employed.

I can best give the reader a notion as to what the institution at Chentu is like by describing what he would see were he to visit it.

The college is not located on one of the principal business streets, which are kept neat and clean (for China), but on a small and dirty street located within a hundred yards of the city's south wall. As one approached the college, one would see on one's right a solid brick wall, ten or twelve feet high, which bounds the property. The entrance is about ten feet wide, and flanking it are two other entrances. One of them belongs to a Middle School, which is a branch of the college. The gate is a great wooden door, half of which swings to the right and half to the left. On the two halves are painted the "Gate Code," life-size figures of Chinese officials, one of them mild and beneficent in appearance, to welcome the expected guest. The other is fierce and warlike, for he repels intruders. Such is the customary entrance to any official building or gentleman's residence; a wooden gate with gate gods, set in a high brick or mud wall. I might explain parenthetically that a mud wall—if new and well finished with plaster—is much neater in appearance than is a brick wall, and this in spite of the fact that the handsome gray Chinese bricks are greatly superior to our common red brick.

Entering the gate, the visitor would see a second gate about forty yards further on. Between these gates lies a court-yard, some seventy feet in breadth and bounded by low walls. Up the center runs a cement walk, but the rest of the yard is overgrown with grass, which furnishes pasture for an occasional goat. Should any construction work be in progress in the institution, a group of wood-sawyers might be seen in one corner, sawing boards out of a heavy timber placed on trestles. In China, whenever some boards are wanted, they are sawn out on the spot.

Arriving at the second gate, the visitor would have to step over two thresholds, twelve feet apart. Each of these consists of a heavy plank about a foot broad, turned up on edge. These "low hurdles" are another characteristic feature of Chinese entrances, but unlike the "Gate Gods," they seem to serve no purpose. On either side of both first and second gates are small rooms for servants.

Passing the second gate, the visitor would see a third, a hundred feet farther on, and would find himself in a courtyard somewhat similar to the

first, except that it is planted with trees, and on either side are sheds in which are kept the sedan chairs belonging to the college or to the instructors. Beyond the third gateway lies a third courtyard about a hundred feet long. On either side are the rear walls of dormitories belonging to the Middle School. Passing through a fourth gate, the visitor would find himself in still a fourth courtyard of much more pleasing appearance than any of the others, planted with bamboos and flowering trees, while the central walk of cement is ornamented with plants in pots. Immediately in front of him he would see the main reception hall: this is the place to which he would be ushered were he arriving to take a position on the faculty. This hall stands on a stone platform about seventy feet wide by forty deep, and is nothing but a shell in which the necessary furniture is placed. The wide entrances are always open, and it is here that the formal dinners, or "feasts," which occur so often at such an institution, are held. Practically the diners eat in the open air, very much as though they were dining on the verandah of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Honolulu. As the temperature at Chentu is much the same as in the great valleys of California, it is seldom that serious discomfort is experienced. The latitude of Chentu is much farther south—thirty-one degrees.

Behind the main reception hall, and on a stone platform of about the same dimensions, is a library—a two-story building. Behind the library is the Confucian temple, seventy-two feet wide by sixty-seven feet deep. It is a great shed, neatly constructed of brick and timber. Practically, it contains nothing but the tablet to Confucius.

Immediately behind the Confucian temple is the rear wall of the college grounds, which have a total depth in this portion of about seven hundred feet.

But how about the working equipment of the institution? In order to reach that, it is necessary to return to the fourth courtyard. If, as one stood there facing the main reception hall like the Chinese in the picture, one were to turn to the left, one would see still another gate; passing through this, one would see one more, fifty or sixty feet before him. Beyond this last gate lies an open space, and, if one were to traverse it for one hundred yards, one would arrive at a gateway leading into the college drill-ground and athletic field, a rectangular enclosure about 250 by 125 feet in dimensions, with a great open shed one hundred feet long and fifty feet broad at one end, where the students can assemble in rainy weather. While walking the hundred yards between the gateways last mentioned, the visitor would have on his left the study halls, lecture halls, laboratories, museum, etc.; practically all the buildings devoted to the work of instruction. On his right would be the dormitories, dining halls, kitchens, etc.; in a word, most of the living quarters. The ground plan is simple in the extreme, and is made up of a series of rectangles proportionate to their importance, and definitely related to each other.

The study halls are a distinctive feature of such an institution. They are long, low buildings of gray Chinese brick, each of them containing thirty-four study rooms about twelve feet square. Each of these rooms will accommodate four or five students.

The lecture rooms are rather peculiar on account of the walls being mostly of glass. This is because of the dull gray climate. They have a saying that: "The dogs bark in Chentu when the sun shines," but as a matter of fact, I have seen many delightfully sunshiny days there. Possibly the climate is improving, and the dogs are becoming used to the sun.

The laboratories are fitted up like those of the State University of California. The museum is small, but contains a great deal of material excellent for teaching purposes. There are many botanical specimens and

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models, many zoological specimens, much physiological and biological material, and a small but excellent collection of minerals. There are also some objects which have been placed there more on account of their strangeness and novelty than for any other reason. As the visitor enters, the first exhibit that he sees, prominently displayed in a glass case directly opposite the door, is some American baseball equipment. During my stay in the college, I was showing a visitor around the institution one day. Although the gentleman had been in China some years, he asked, on leaving the museum: "Why in the world do they have those baseball gloves there?" I suggested that, if a Chinaman were to visit an American museum he possibly might inquire: "Why in the world do they have that old three-pointed spear there?" The latter is a very prosaic object in Chentu.

In the provincial college.

The dormitories are low wooden buildings, divided into rooms about eleven by eighteen feet in dimensions. As each room is intended for five students, there is not much room to spare after the five bedsteads are all in place. The writer counted eighty-two of these rooms, affording quarters for four hundred and ten students, but as there were only about half that number in actual attendance, some of the rooms stood empty, and some were occupied by employees, of whom there were many. Among the dormitories is situated the principal library, for the one previously mentioned—located behind the main reception hall—contains only Chinese books. Behind the library are three residence buildings supposed to be built in "foreign style." Two of these are occupied by Japanese instructors, while the middle one is reserved for instructors from America.

While it is true that some of the government schools, located in "treaty ports," are housed in great, ill-lighted, many-storied structures, built in "foreign style," most of them are patterned after the model I have been describing. The writer has visited many Middle Schools. These correspond to our high schools, and are located in the more important walled cities—those of the first or second class. In every case the essential features were the same. The entrance was through a succession of courtyards; they all possessed dormitories built in the Chinese style—low, one-storied structures enclosing

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rectangular spaces. In all of them you find the study halls, the glass-sided lecture rooms, and a small athletic field. In some of the more pretentious a house will be found specially built as the residence of a foreign teacher. Furthermore, it was everywhere evident that the people took a pride and an interest in them. In one city, a great official yamen had been given up by a high mandarin, and had been transformed into the city's Middle School. In other places, temples possessing valuable sites had been utilized. In every case the name of the school was blazoned forth in enormous characters to advertise the fact that the city possessed one. The writer inspected many of these institutions throughout the province, and found them neat and adequate. As has been pointed out, their equipment is always after the same pattern—dormitories, study-halls and lecture rooms. In some cases, the latter would be a credit to an American college. It is only in a few of the higher institutions of learning—colleges and normal schools located at Chentu—that laboratories have been installed. Furthermore, I may add that, while they are a new departure and are supposed to be on American and European lines, those schools illustrate the fact that many of the innovations which the Chinese are introducing become so Chineseified in the process that they seem more curious to an American than the things which they supplant.

So much for the material equipment. How about the practical working of this institution? It is easy enough for the Chinese to send abroad for an American educational equipment, and to install it in the most remote province of China. That is a mere matter of dollars and time. It is easy enough for them to employ a corps of instructors—American, Japanese and Chinese—educated and trained to teach the subjects presented in an American university. But when it comes to using the equipment after they have it—that is another story.

Official mismanagement: those words tell the tale. The Chinese officials insist on keeping the machinery in their own hands—the foreign instructor is a mere workman. Imagine a fine stationary engine, bought in the United States, set up in a remote part of China, and placed in the charge of Chinese officials, who never saw a steam engine before. Imagine an American engineer employed, who is told by the Chinese officials just how many pounds of steam he must carry, how often he must oil the bearings, and dictated to in a hundred matters which are usually left to the engineer himself. It is literally true that such things have occurred, and the same principle is carried into their educational establishments.

Professor E. A. Ross, when writing of "The Industrial Future of China," says: "The inefficiency of the management of Chinese undertakings is heart-rending in its waste of sweat-won wealth." While it is true that the professor is a most unsympathetic observer and censorious critic of the Chinese, usually representing conditions as much worse than they are, yet he hits the nail on the head in the above sentence. Instance after instance could be quoted to illustrate this official "waste of sweat-won wealth." When Captain Wingate, of the British army, was traveling from Shanghai to Bhann in 1899, he was astonished to find in an out of the way corner of Hunan Province a complete set of iron foundry works, with machinery by the best English makers. The works had been closed for some years, and the machinery was rusty and uncared for. The works cost £330,000 to erect, which would amount to three million, three hundred thousand dollars Mexican. To a poor Chinese coolie, the Mexican dollar is as valuable as a ten dollar gold piece would be to an American mechanic.

Another illustration comes to mind of the ways in which the country is drained of its specie to buy machinery of which no use is made. Chungking in Western China is the principal commercial city in the province of which

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Chentu is the capital. On account of the size of the province, it was proposed some years ago to erect a mint at Chungking to supplement the work of that at the capital, for in China each province has its own coinage. Accordingly, machinery was purchased in England, buildings were erected, and the plant was installed. At that time, a new set of officials arrived at the capital. Owing to their jealousy, the mint at Chungking has never been used. There it stands, a monument to "official mismanagement."

In a Chinese government school, each teacher is presented, at the beginning of the week, with a schedule, showing the subjects he is to teach and the hours at which he is to teach them—whether in study hall or laboratory. This schedule, which in an American college would remain unaltered probably during the half year, is changed each week. Some weeks the change may be slight; other weeks it may be complete. The schedules are distributed on Sunday. On Monday morning the teacher, if he has not risen earlier, is aroused at a quarter before seven by a coolie, who promenades the grounds, ringing a hand-bell to announce that the hours for lectures are approaching. In a few minutes some of the Japanese instructors are heard hurrying past, for they may have lectures at 7 a. m. The American instructor does not commence work until 8 a. m. As the hour for his first lecture draws near, he starts for his lecture hall, and takes a seat in the small ante-room which adjoins it. Hand bells are rung by the servants to announce the close of one set of lectures, and the students begin to gather in the hall. Another bell announces the beginning of the next period. The teacher enters the hall and stands behind the desk. The students rise, the teacher bows, the students bow in response, and are seated. In my own case I was always accompanied by an interpreter who translated what was said, sentence by sentence. To-day, the students are first taught sufficient English to enable them to take instruction in that language. The only instructors who require interpreters are the Japanese.

At the close of the lecture there is another interchange of bows, and the instructor retires to the ante-room. A servant has provided soap and warm water, and the instructor is able to wash the chalk dust from his hands. This is a custom which might be introduced advantageously in American colleges.

During the intermission, perhaps, excited groups of students are seen gathering in the open air. Sounds of violent discussion, cries of indignation, are heard. One of the instructors, a hot-tempered Celt or spirited Japanese, has insulted his class or struck a student, whose cause is quickly taken up by the whole student body. The obnoxious instructor must be dropped, and until such action is taken, the students go on strike, refusing to attend all exercises. They will occupy their rooms and eat the food which the government provides for them, but will do no work.

Such incidents as the above illustrate the character of the Chinese student. Those who have observed him only in America do not know him at all. I have suggested that the foreign teachers' work is handicapped by the way in which the officials interfere with it. As a matter of fact, the teacher suffers no more from that source than he does in many American cities, where the schools are suffering from a superabundance of supervision, where rules and regulations are made by people who have long ceased to come practically into touch with the pupils; where responsibility is tossed like a tennis ball from one authority to another; and where—thanks to some newspaper howl—corporeal punishment has been abolished. No, in China the teacher's troubles only begin when he comes in contact with the students. While the officials think they know how a modern school should be conducted, the students are sure they know. The teacher must conduct the work to suit their views, or pres-

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ently he has no pupils. Permit me to illustrate: The cases of two different American instructors came under my observation, where their students, who were studying English, insisted on memorizing grammatical rules, just as they had been accustomed to memorize the teachings of Confucius, rather than acquire the practical mastery of the language which their instructors wished to give them. Their ambition was to learn by rote such juicy statements as this: "A noun that is the name of a quality, action or condition of a person or thing, apart from the person or thing itself, is an abstract noun. An abstract noun that is the name of an action is a verbal noun." In one case the American teacher yielded, and I have heard him dictating such stuff as the above by the yard to them. The other teacher stood firm for efficient methods. His students soon deserted him.

Nevertheless, we must not judge the Chinese too harshly. When a new system is being introduced, many crudities will be observed that will be eliminated later. When everything is considered, the Chinese are taking hold of the modern learning with wonderful enthusiasm.

In the very heart of the city of Chentu lies a walled enclosure about half a mile long. The wall is enormously heavy in front, where it is pierced by three great tunnel-like entrances. This was probably once the abode of the kings before Kubla Khan conquered the province, as related by Marco Polo. Ever since those days, it has been dedicated to official uses. To-day, it is literally filled with government schools. Some of these are industrial, others normal, others hard to classify. One would imagine such an area would hold all the reformatory and educational institutions for which there would be any need in the city, but as a matter of fact there are many more in other quarters, including the one in which the writer was employed. Such facts as these show which way the tide is running.

Lately I was reading a story of the romantic school. It was one which was full of dash and glitter and ring: one which resounded with the blare of trumpets and the clash of arms, and sparkled with the brilliancy of courts. Nor did it neglect the pure lyric side—mystery and moonlight and love. It is scarcely necessary to say that the scene of the story was set in the little principality of Graustark. And yet, as I laid the book down, I thought to myself that those fanciful accounts of life and adventure in an out of the way corner of the world, which only existed in the romanticist's brain, were no more strange, bizarre and surprising than many experiences which we can still realize in portions of this old world.

China is not all sordid. Life there has many delightful features. When an American is suddenly plunged into a civilization which is so strikingly different from that to which he has been accustomed, the experience, when he recalls it later, sometimes seems as though it had been a fantastic dream. With such sentiments do I sometimes look back on my life as a teacher in China.

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THE AGE OF ACHIEVEMENT

BY JOHN BROWN JEWETT

You sail the sky, and marvel at your flight,
Not at the force which lifted your machine.
You deepen rivers, push the ocean back,
And bridge its narrow inlets; pierce the earth
With leagues of passage-way for all your kind;
O'erthrow the mountains that obstruct your trains
Of never-ceasing commerce; soften night
With rays your giant engines bring to life;
Talk with your kindred half-way round the globe
As if they stood before you, prating still
Of all your feats, and never thinking once
That what you call your own work is a part
Of Plans Unknown, and you an implement,
Used, but not needed, by the Hands Unseen.

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BURROUGHS' CONSCIENCE

BY LILIAN DUCEY

THERE is only one of Burroughs's old pals in New York City that he has never invited to visit him. Living in the Middle West might seem adequate excuse for the delinquency were it not that several of the fellows with whom he had hobnobbed those years in the metropolis received and accepted such invitations. And it hurt Clarkson, too, this obliviousness to their former friendship, for Clarkson had been John Burroughs's most intimate friend, his best friend having the other's very best good at heart. And when the other men returned from a visit with vivid descriptions of the lovely Mrs. Burroughs, he usually scowled portentously over their ravings and inwardly asked himself: "What the devil is the matter with Jack?" More than once he was on the point of writing to inquire if he had ever done anything to jeopardize their Damon and Pythias-like friendship. But he didn't. Merely puzzled over the situation.

Burroughs, of course, had reasons for this silent disregard of all the mandates of true brotherhood. Of course, they must have been excellent ones. And while in his heart he knew that much should be overlooked when a man is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, still he was man enough not to consider that as an excuse for his burst of confidence. Yet to this day a fierce flush mounts to his forehead whenever he thinks of Clarkson and a certain evening. That evening —of the day before! Truly, "There are shades that will not vanish: there are thoughts thou canst not banish." Also—"Conscience is harder than our enemies: knows more, accuses with more nicety." He was keenly aware of this without remembering the poets.

As for Mrs. Burroughs, hers was "A still and quiet conscience" that looks serenely out of fathomless eyes on a lovely world. She thought it a splendid world, and her husband the most splendid husband in it. So he is—really and truly devoted. And yet——

Philosophers tell us it is the little things in married life that count, the little attentions, little courtesies, little marks of affection. Perhaps that is the reason for Mrs. Burroughs's happiness. Certainly Burroughs has the most satisfactory ways about him. And she has taken infinite pains to study other women's husbands, for being thirty-three she naturally has begun to observe life. That there isn't another husband like Jack in the world she feels assured. But then she doesn't know anything about his conscience, its pricking.

And when at the most unusual moments he takes her in his arms and kisses her with as much ardor as if they were married three days instead of three years, a radiant flush of happiness always illumines her face. Sometimes in the midst of reading, also, he slams his paper down and steals up behind her chair. And often when his friends from New York are visiting him, if she happen to leave the room he follows her on some pretext to administer that swift caress. Even in the depths of night, his lips to her hand or bared arm half rouses her from sleep. Of course these flashes of love are only episodal. His kisses are not always so ardent. But the very fact that they happen at all make the world one round of happy content,

and keep her buoyed on wings of joy that span the lapses of time between.

Such is woman! Simple woman!

This is not telling the story, exactly, but it was really a necessary prelude. The story itself began some fifteen years back when Mrs. Burroughs was a sweet little maid of sixteen and he just a year older. They were lovers, perfectly devoted lovers. He went to and from the High School with her, and spent the remainder of his time hanging about her front porch. The vacation following their graduation he all but camped on her parent's grounds, while dreaming wild dreams of going to work so they could marry. When his father, passing there one evening, saw a tableau that was unmistakably John and a girl locked in each other's arms, their heaven fell with a crash. John was hustled off to college three weeks before it opened. To New York City he went, twelve hundred miles away from his lady love.

It was a heart breaking time. But like broken bones, hearts also mend soonest in early youth. And at the end of twelve years, Burroughs was still unmarried, still heart whole, and trying to wrest a living adequate for the support of a pleasure-loving chap rather fond of the women.

It was a task, though, this forcing Dame Fortune to keep him supplied with funds enough to entertain and dine his many friends, lady friends. Often he wondered whether the game was worth while. Frequently in the midst of revelry the thought assailed him. And the more doubtful he grew, the swifter the pace he went, until at last his big, lean healthiness grew haggard and hollow-eyed, and his twitching face moved unsteadily to the smiles he forced it to.

Things had come to as bad a state as they possibly could, when one evening Clarkson, with the jaunty air that nothing ever quenched, burst into Burroughs's rooms.

Burroughs was seated in a big, leather, easy chair, knees quivering, hands nervously tapping. He had been waiting for Clarkson and resting, as he supposed, but muscles so tense that not the faintest shade of relaxation came to them. He had a package of photos on his knee that apparently he had been looking over. At Clarkson's entrance he started up, scattering them on the floor.

Clarkson, with the nimbleness that became him, came quickly forward and had them all picked up before the other had even stooped.

"My eye!" he laughed as he stood erect once more. "Why, here's a collection of peaches you've never let me look over."

Burroughs laughed, a jerky laugh that spoke of nerves at high tension.

"From the poses, one might take them to be professionals. Are they, Jack? If so, why don't I know them?"

Burroughs made no reply, and in a moment, Clarkson, who was a trifle near-sighted, bent closer to the portraits.

"Well, well!" he laughed, surprisedly. "Why, if it isn't the same blooming peach in all the pictures, but in different stages of ripeness."

Burroughs seemed not to note the other's surprise. He was running a nervous hand through his hair at the temples, which for some reason or other, though barely thirty, was fast beginning to gray. "Throw them in the drawer," was what he said in a lifeless tone.

"But I thought I knew all your friends," Clarkson went on inquisitively, as his friendship permitted. "And here you've kept a most particular daisy to yourself. Isn't it Daisy?" He looked at a line on the back of one of the photos. "Daisy, to be sure," he confirmed his first words. "Who is she, old man?"

A clearing of the throat preceded Burroughs's reply. He was nervously making his haphazard way around the room, dodging the furniture as he went. When he brought up in front of the fireplace, he leaned his elbow on the mantle, resting his head on his hand.

"Ever hear of the girl back home?

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There always is one, you know," he said, carelessly.

"The deuce!" laughed the other, unbelieving. "They're usually—this one doesn't look a bit country, Jack."

"Small, exclusive suburb—our town," Burroughs said, indifferently. "We always have kept rather up to the times there. But let's get on the way, Tad." The last a trifle impatiently.

"Not on your life, old boy," was the swift reply. "I'm as curious as a woman. And I never saw a prettier girl. Why, I'd rather look at her pictured face than squeeze the hands of those we're going to dine with to-night. And when a fellow like you keeps them hidden away from his very best friend, it looks like a serious affair."

Burroughs shrugged his shoulders and dropped into a chair.

"I haven't seen her in seven years," he said. "Don't ever expect to see her. Don't want to see her. Nothing, I fancy, will ever bring her East, and I'll never go West."

"But here's one dated a week ago!"

"Burroughs nodded. "I was just putting that with the others when you entered."

"Then you're friends still?"

"The best." A drawn grin crossed his face. It's a rather curious coincidence. In fact, we've written fortnightly letters for twelve years. If I ever become famous and you want to compile a biography of yours truly, go to Daisy. There isn't a scheme I've been in I haven't written to her about. Years ago I formed the practice. I found it such an aid—such a clearing up of any dubiety—that I've continued. It was like reasoning a thing in one's own mind with the added benefit of the clearness that goes with putting your thoughts on paper."

Clarkson, listening, was assorting the photos according to age. He was clearly interested, but Burroughs was in no condition to note it.

"Sweet sixteen!" he cried, turning to a certain picture. "And what a bully little peach, shyly twinkling, and looking as if she began to realize her attractiveness without quite understanding it."

Burroughs's tired eyes sparkled a little. "I stole that one," he said. "We were still at school, and I went with her when she had it taken."

"And here's one two years later. 'Yours forever and ever,' she says below."

"That was taken just after they shipped me here to college," and Burroughs laughed a little. "Talk about being madly in love—we thought we'd die sure." He raised himself slowly from his leather cushions and reached for one of the pictures. "Isn't this one swell?" He spoke merely in a tone of appraisement. "What a divine look of mystery there is in her eyes looking out from that black background. And those shoulders! I went home from college that summer and loved her harder than even. She's twenty there. That was a summer!"

"But this one?" Clarkson tendered a full-length portrait. "In evening dress. Gee! This is great!"

"That," said Burroughs, "came the following Christmas. You see she's still mine forever and ever, but I was having such a bully time it failed to make any impression. The next vacation I tried to make it up with her, but she'd grown to be a rather clear-headed woman. She would have none of my love-making. She was a trifle piqued, I guess, and had heard tales about me. Anyway she promised to be a friend to me when I left. And she has. I've never been back since, but as I said, we write one another every other week. I don't deserve her letters, I know. And I often compare them with certain others. They are like a whiff of sweet air in torrid weather. Why she keeps them up I can't understand. Why I do, I've told you—helps to formulate and shape my business ventures."

"And the love is all dead?" There was a twinkle in Clarkson's eyes and a mirthful note to his voice.

"Quite," was the lifeless reply. "And there seems to be no question of hers. There's nothing alluring in any

of those later pictures she sends—just out-door photos."

"But her loveliness is even apparent there," Clarkson interposed.

Burroughs grunted. "Still she has others taken, I'm sure, for she is quite a personage in our little town. And those were only sent whenever I happened to mention the advance age was making on me and quizzed her a little."

"But she is your true friend in some of these——"

Clarkson paused, regarding the weary, nervous man before him. Then suddenly he set his jaws with quick decision, an expression of friendly sympathy lighting up his face.

"Jack," he said at last, soberly, "why don't you cut it all and go back. I'll bet you could marry her if you wanted to."

"Marry!" Burroughs followed his exclamation with a whispered word denoting the infernal regions. "I'm not the marrying kind."

"Just the same, that's sound advice," Clarkson went on. "This life is all right for a few of us—fellows like me who take all things even, never go off the handle, know just how many cocktails are good for them, smoke only for sociability. You're all in. Nervous as a cat. I'm your friend, or I would not say it. But cut the bunch of us, men and women. Go back and marry her and settle down."

Burroughs looked at his friend, then transferred his gaze to the photos he was slowly slipping an elastic band over, trembling fingers bungling the task. Suddenly he looked up again.

"There's nothing above earth so dead as a dead love," he said.

"But sometimes——"

"No," the other interrupted. "Besides, Daisy isn't the kind of a woman you could offer anything but the best to. She'd see through your shamming."

"Well, look here," Clarkson was speaking in a low voice, "you've got to do something, old man. You've got to buck up. If you don't, you'll wake up in the hospital some fine day. You are a pack of nerves. Every part of you is twitching."

"I know it." Burroughs stared in a strange, fixed way. Then in a breathless tone: "And sometimes I have the queerest sensations come over me—imaginary things float past me, swiftly dodging my sight, and I only catch the last glimpse of them as they disappear. I've wondered if that's the way men go crazy."

Clarkson, also breathless, gripped the arms of his chair. "It's nerves, Jack—just nerves and drink and late hours, and the grind of finding the dough to keep it all up. Three months in the country would make a new man of you."

The head of the other, with its set, white face, leaned back against the chair.

"I am going to cut it, Tad—for a while," he said soberly. "I'll tell you a secret. Day after to-morrow I'll be on Easy street—rich! Parker and I are pushing a copper mine."

Clarkson grunted. "Anybody who lays his eggs with Parker is apt to get them stolen."

Burroughs said nothing.

"You're a fool to run with him—especially in business."

Still Burroughs was silent.

"Take it from me," Clarkson went on, "and go home while there's still time."

"But I haven't any folks." Burroughs was growing irritable.

"But I tell you I don't want her even if I could get her—which is unlikely."

"But the girl."

Now it was Clarkson's turn to be silent. In the face of such positiveness, urging would be futile. Besides, there is a limiting tolerance to the best of friendship.

In a short time they were speeding away to their rendezvous, and the riotous supper that would run its course until the wee small hours.

Clarkson took Burroughs home. Of late that was part of his almost daily duty. When he had finally succeeded in getting him to bed he said to the half dazed man:

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"I wouldn't try to go down town. Sleep it out."

And it was actually three o'clock in the afternoon before the burning head on the pillow raised itself sufficiently to look at the clock. Then he jumped up hastily, fell back groaning, swimming head and pounding ears tearing his brain.

Again he made the attempt, more leisurely this time. First he rested on an elbow, then a foot went out of bed. Finally both were on the floor. After a hasty bath that took more life than it gave, he dressed.

It was necessary to see Parker. There were certain final points to be settled. The whole thing had been arranged so hastily three days ago that this was absolutely necessary, for tomorrow was the day set for the launching of their scheme.

Ready to go, Burroughs was just slipping into his overcoat when there was a knock at the door. Timid as it was, it tore through him as unexpected sounds were apt to do these days. And he had to steady himself and draw a deep breath before giving the customary permission to enter. Who he had expected to see he could not have told. Clarkson, perhaps. Or Parker, grown impatient at his non-appearance. But when the door slowly opened and admitted a woman, he gasped at the apparition, unbelieving. And he brushed an unsteady hand across his eyes, expecting the vision to disappear. Instead, it came slowly and timidly towards him.

Burroughs pulled himself up very straight and made a futile effort to smile. "It's not——" he began, but his voice sounded afar off even to him.

"Jack! Oh, Jack!"

So busy was he puzzling over this new trick of his fancy that the voice sounded like artillery. He cleared his throat with a gasp.

"It—it—it isn't Daisy!"

"Of course it is." The white face of the man was helping to overcome her timidity. "Of course it is," she repeated. "Have I changed so you don't recognize me?"

The man still held to his look of unbelieving surprise.

"You're ill, Jack," her tremulous voice said gently. "Ill. Do sit down. I—I came—when I got your letter. I knew—knew that an immediate reply would not—— Well, I felt as if I could not trust a letter. I felt as if I must come to make sure. I'm your friend, Jack. You know that—must feel it. Otherwise you would never have confided in me all these years. And now when you needed some one—— Oh, I just could not let you do such a thing as you spoke of in your last letter."

Burroughs looked at her with uncomprehending eyes. Like an opera in an unknown tongue, the music of her forgotten voice, only came to him.

"Now I know why you considered doing such a dreadful thing," she went on. "It's because you are ill—too ill to reason."

The eyelids of the man flickered as he regarded her.

Then he dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands. In a flash she was beside him, kneeling, one hand with the muff on his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so glad I had the courage to come, Jack." There was the saddest, most compelling lilt to her voice. "I—I had to slay all my pride first. But I knew you could never dream of doing such a thing if you were in your right mind. Stealing—Jack. That's what it would have been. Stealing—and—and prison."

"For God's sake!" burst from the man. "Don't!" Then after a desperate effort: "You women don't understand business methods."

"Perhaps not," she spoke soothingly. "Perhaps not. But, Jack, you wrote that you were going to use the firm's securities."

"Well, and what of it?" There was bravado in his voice. "All the world gambles with borrowed money. And they wouldn't want them for a year."

"But you weren't borrowing them, Jack." Her voice was unsteady. "You were going to take them from the vault

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unknown to them. Suppose—suppose after you had paid your option on that copper mine, and used the rest to float it, as you said you intended to do—suppose—— Oh, Jack, I know something of business methods. Your letters have been an education. Suppose—just suppose it fell through! Suppose you lost! Suppose you could not put the securities back when the time came. Suppose, Jack—— Don't you know they put men in prison for such things?" The last was a cry.

"My God!" He almost wrenched himself from her, but sank back again.

"Lately your letters have been so different," she went on in her soft, low voice. "This last one, wildly emphatic, almost shrieking—if letters could shriek—of the riches you expected, opened my eyes . . . Jack, something has gone woefully wrong with the boy I used to be so fond of. Something so wrong that even at the risk of being misunderstood, I felt I must come to you. You'll—you'll not do that awful thing—if I ask you not to."

There was a vibrant silence. They had not changed their positions, and her face was close to his. And quite naturally she placed her soft, cool cheek to his fevered one.

"You'll not do it, Jack?" Her voice begged. "Promise me."

The big bones of his stooped shoulders moved beneath her arm, a movement of indecision. Then suddenly a flash of something very like anger crossed his face, and he sat up.

"I've got to—got to, Daisy." His jaws set themselves. "You people out home don't know what it costs to live here. I need the money. I want it. I want what it will give me."

"How sure you are of it," she spoke slowly. He was leaning back in his chair now, and both her hands tightly interlaced in her muff, rested on his knee. "Look at me, Jack—straight in the eyes. No—no shrinking or wavering. Now if you win, have you thought of what it will mean? More of this life that is killing you. Oh, I know—I know! The minute I saw your face I knew. And if you lose——" She paused.

"I can't," came hoarsely from his twitching lips.

"You will."

"What the devil——"

One of her hands stole up and covered his lips.

"Jack!" she admonished.

"What right have you to come here and frighten me?" he blazed.

A fierce little breath of relief came through her parted lips. "Then I have frightened you? Oh, thank God! Thank God!" Tears, the first, welled up and clung to her lashes. "And you will promise me you'll not do this dreadful thing. You'll promise me! And I'll go back happy, feeling that the boy I—knowing that all is well with my friend."

Her voice broke into a note of entreaty that thrilled even his racked nerves. For a second he looked at her, a mounting flush on his face. Then quickly he bent his face to hers.

"And if I promise, Daisy!" he said with sudden vehemence. "If I promise!" His trembling hands framed her face.

"You'll send me back a happy woman," she said quietly.

He laughed—a queer laugh, with a hint of memory in it, and she flushed consciously. The next moment he had kissed her.

"There," a curious note of decision crept into his breathless speech. "That is just one you refused me that last frigid summer."

A deep color tinted the soft line of the woman's cheeks. Then she paled as suddenly.

"You must promise—now. Otherwise you should not have dared——"

"Dared!" he laughed softly. And something, some unseen hand, seemed to be smoothing lines out of his face. A new look of life entered it, flashing swift lights across it. "Dared!" he repeated, then paused reflectively as if to assimilate a sudden thought that had swept through his brain. "Well, I'll tell you." He was a little out of

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breath. "I'll promise you on one condition, and one only."

Her eyes questioned where her lips refused.

"And that is, that you marry me—right now—as soon as we can manage it. I have no right to ask you. I'm not worthy to kiss your shoe-tips. But those are the conditions."

She looked at him in confusion. "I—I don't understand——"

"I don't either," he returned, but with an odd glow of satisfaction.

"But after all these years." She searched his eyes, coloring under his look, for the white face had quite changed its aspect. An almost boyish eagerness shone on it.

"Never mind the past. Will you?"

"This is rather unfair," she protested breathlessly.

"Well, it will be the last unfair deal I engineer," he said, gravely.

There was a moment of silence as he awaited her answer, and even as her lips parted to speak the telephone bell rang sharply through the still room. He gave a nervous start, but otherwise made no motion, and again it rang, demanding a hearing.

"Aren't you going to answer it?" She delayed the vital moment. "You'd better."

Burroughs looked curiously at her. She was still kneeling beside his chair.

"Well, if I do," he laughed nervously, but now there was a boyish ring to his voice, "I'll ask him, whoever he is, to meet us at the City Hall." He crossed the room to where the telephone hung on the wall.

"Hello!" he called quite lustily. Oh, it's you, Parker. What? No, it's all off. Yes, I do mean it. And I'm not crazy. Fact is, I'm going to be married as quick as a taxi can take us to the City Hall. What did you call me? No, you're wrong. That's what I've been—seven or eight years or more. Quit cussin'. Shut up! Now listen: You can be best man. You don't deserve it, but I hope it will make a better man of you. Good-bye! Oh, hold on a minute! Go there right now so you won't keep us waiting. Yes. And say, let me repeat: I hope it will make a better man of you. Good-bye!"

"Why did you say that last?" The woman's deep, blue eyes questioned him, then lowered, and she flushed to the tips of her ears. She was occupying his chair now, so he dropped to his knees, taking the position she had held. But what a different man from the one that had been seated there before. Determinedly he removed her hands secreted in the muff. "Well," he turned back her gloves, and kissed first one and then the other hand, "just to see you, to look at you, and know that there is a woman like you in the world, ought to make a man of any kind of a derelict."

* * * *

One evening, quite three years after the precipitous marriage of the Burroughs, Clarkson and Durland, the latter a mutual friend of the other men, were seated in Durland's rooms smoking.

"It's great what marriage will do for some fellows," Durland smiled over the misty tobacco fumes. He had just returned from a visit to Burroughs, so the reference was unmistakable.

"You mean Jack?" Clarkson said.

The other nodded, then went on reflectively:

"Rather an ideal home—that. And the kid is a little peach. You haven't seen it, have you?"

Clarkson cleared his throat of something that hurt him, and shook his head negatively.

"I stole a picture of Mrs. Burroughs and the baby—just taken." Durland laughed. "I all but got on my knees and begged for it first, but Jack refused." He walked to the mantel, bringing it from behind a vase that partly hid it.

Clarkson adjusted his glasses carefully.

"A couple of daisies, Jack calls them," Durland said. "And by jiminy they are!"

Clarkson took the picture and looked at it for a long time. Suddenly

he slapped his knee soundly and roared. He laughed so long that Durland glanced at the picture for signs of some joke.

"So that's the lovely Mrs. Burroughs," Clarkson asked when he had found his voice for chuckling.

Durland nodded.

"And her name is Daisy?"

Again the other nodded. Then he said wonderingly:

"What the devil ails you, Tad?"

"Nothing, old man," Clarkson chortled. "Nothing. Mine is just 'the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.'" And to himself he added: "I'll forgive old Jack for wanting to keep her identity a secret from me."

LA DONNA DE MERCEDES

A Mission Legend

BY ALFRED FRANCIS OGDEN

Just as the first faint blush of day
Crimsoned the hills of Monterey,
With his bride-to-be, La Dona Ann,
Rode Pablo Juan, El Capitan.
Light was his heart, for the month was June;
Tender his thoughts, he would marry soon;
And he laughed and sang, and whistled a tune,
As his trappings clanked in the breeze.

Brightly the rays of the morning light
Fell on the walls of the Mission white,
As he reined his horse and lifted his bride
Onto the stones of the doorway wide.
Saluting his guests with his laughter gay,
Up to the altar he led the way,
And no one saw in the shadows gray,
La Donna De Mercedes.

El Capitan, as he passed her by,
Saw not the passion that leaped in her eye;
Neither the bride nor a wedding guest
Noticed the sob or the heaving breast.
Lost in the weaving of Love's bright dream,
None caught the flash of the dagger's gleam,
Nor heard the curious, muffled scream—
Like the moan of the whispering trees.

But when the last guest had ridden away,
Down the white road from Monterey,
Just as the sun in the glowing West
Kindled the valley and mountain crest,
Softly there sounded the measured tread
Of feet that bore the bier of the dead,
And Padres sprink'ling the new earth said:
"La Donna De Mercedes."

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A HOLD-UP TO ORDER

BY VIOLET M. OTT

THE noon-day sun glared and dazzled with an excess of light. The air was oppressive with its burden of heat and dust. A solitary horseman loped leisurely along the trail. The pony's unshod feet kicked up little spurts of brick red dust, which rose and rolled along behind them in a dense cloud. As the log buildings came within view, the horse pricked up his ears expectantly, and slowed down to an easy trot.

The rider pulled up shortly at the open door of the small log cabin, and dropping the reins to the ground over the pony's drooping head, slowly unwound himself from the saddle. He sniffed appreciatively the odor of cooking food which came from the doorway, mingled with the sound of clattering dishes.

"Howdy, Jim! I stopped at the post-office as I came past, and brought out your mail sack," and simultaneous with the big voice came the thud of the canvas bag as it struck the floor of the shack.

Jim Addison turned a perspiring face from his culinary labors, his hands sticky with dough, and a soiled white shirt tied around his waist in lieu of an apron.

"Hello, Bill!" he answered, cheerily. "Had dinner?"

"Not a bite of grub since five," said the cow-puncher, as he cautiously picked his way across the littered floor and sat down on a home-made chair.

"I'll have it on the board in a few minutes," remarked the other; "the biscuits must be done now." He opened the oven door, and his face fell as he gazed at the pale, sodden lump of dough.

"Bill," he inquired cautiously, "what did you tell me to put in biscuit?"

The man in the rustic chair glanced at the tin with critical eyes.

"Flour," he remarked.

Jim nodded silently.

"Lard," suggested Bill.

"Of course," said Jim confidently.

"Water," continued the booted and spurred critic.

"Sure," Jim assented.

"Baking powder," enumerated Bill.

"My wife!" ejaculated Jim in dismay. "I forgot the baking powder."

Bill slapped his leather chaps with delight, and joyfully flung his sombrero across the room. The hat sailed through the air and settled accurately on his host's unsuspecting head. Then a legion of tiny wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes and darted over his sunburned temples, while each wind-tanned cheek folded itself obligingly into two prodigious furrows running from nose to chin—thus giving place to the huge smile which wreathed his lips.

When Bill Linzee laughed, the world laughed with him from sheer contagion of mirth, whether they willed or not.

"Oh, you bone-head," he roared; "baking powder biscuit without the baking powder! Saddle a bronc' without a saddle. Roping a steer without the twine! Well, you *are* a tenderfoot!"

Jim laughed shamefacedly.

"You make some, old man," he urged, "while I fry the bacon and make the coffee. Then I'll take a squint at the mail, and see if there isn't a letter from Ed."

His companion obeyed willingly. It was not a difficult task for him to make a batch of "sinkers," nor even a

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pie, if need be, and, being a least bit proud of his knowledge of the art of transforming flour and other condiments into various appetizing foods, he hastened to demonstrate his ability as a "grub-slinger."

Tall, broad of shoulder, big of heart, chivalrous, his strong face tanned by constant exposure to wind and sun until it rivaled in shade the leather of his well-worn saddle, and his legs slightly bowed from continuous riding, he was of a type which was fast disappearing; an old-timer, still working for one of the few large ranches left since the entrance of the homesteaders to this land of promise.

The old days were gone, and with them the free range and individual law—usually enforced by a Colt's automatic. In its stead were the log houses and broken sods of the settlers —"honyockers," the cattle men contemptuously called them—and the peace and tranquility of public jurisprudence.

Once he had left in disgust, soon after the influx of emigrants. The Bar X people had been obliged to cut down their herds to half, and keep them, for the most part, inside of wire fences. His old time comrades had moved, with the frontier, farther to the West. Why not he? So he had gone to Arizona.

But the rugged hills, level, grassy plains, deep rock-walled canyons and tall pine trees, all called to him in voices that would not be stilled. After three months' absence, he returned and went to work again for the Bar X, where he had ridden since a lad.

Addison had been in Wyoming two years on a homestead. After the first month, he had promptly sent a letter back home and induced his chum, Edgar Plass, to throw up a fifteen-per-week job in the East, and take up his abode on the adjoining quarter.

When a few months had passed, life in the new land began to lose its novelty and charm. The change from a good home, well cooked meals and gay amusements, to a twelve-by-fourteen log shack, "baching," and dull monotony, was discouraging, and both contracted a severe case of nostalgia. After the bit of homesickness had passed, both boys vowed they would "serve their time," meaning the five years of residence required by Uncle Sam.

A warm friendship had sprung up between the lone cowboy and the younger men. He had taught them to ride, shoot and incidentally to cook. Plass had proved the more capable in the last named accomplishment. And it was he who had now gone home to Ohio to take unto himself a wife.

By the time the last slice of meat was in the pan and sizzling its resentment hotly, the coffee was sending out a delicious aroma, and Bill had a tin of biscuits ready for the oven.

"When is Ed. coming home?" he asked, as he banged the oven door shut.

"I don't know: haven't heard from him lately."

"They tell me the female he roped was one of them writer wimmen," Bill observed, anxiously.

The young man smiled at the deep concern of the other.

"Yes, he did marry a girl who writes for the magazines. I never met her, but from what Ed. says, she is beautiful, good, brave, sweet, jolly —and so on for five straight pages, every time he writes." He jerked off the offensive apron as he spoke. Hastily rolling it into a bundle, he flung it unceremoniously behind the bed.

"Lord!" he ejaculated. "I hope she can cook!"

Bill was plainly worried.

"Bet she can't make biscuits!" he snorted. He sat down on the edge of the unmade bed while Addison washed his hands, then, picking up the mail sack, he dumped the contents onto the pine table. Jim quickly ran the stack of papers, catalogs and cards through his fingers and with a pleased look grabbed up the lone letter.

"It's from Ed.!" he exclaimed.

"Read it," urged Bill.

Addison drew out the folded sheets

of paper and read them through rapidly, interestedly. Wonder and amusement raced over his features.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he laughed, as he reached the end of the last page.

Bill reached for the letter and read it silently. He skipped most of the first few pages, but his eyes twinkled and he grinned broadly as he came to the following:

" . . . You know, she has never been in the West, and has a fixed idea that it's wild and woolly, gallant cowboys, bandits, wild horses, shooting, and all that story book sort of stuff, the same as we had before we came. She is crazy to ride bronchos and get 'local color,' for her stories. I tried to enlighten her on some subjects, but no use, she is so full of imagination and enthusiasm she fully expects a highwayman any moment; she even carries my roll of bills for me in a chamois bag around her neck. I know you are laughing, but wait till you hear the rest. I have a dandy frame-up all figured out; get Bill to meet us Thursday with a pair of Mac's roaders—he comes the nearest to her ideal cowboy of any one I know.

" 'Then you dress up as fierce as possible with a handkerchief over your face and a pair of 'shooting irons,' and proceed to 'hold up' our rig. We'll get to Devil's Canyon about dark, so that will be a good place to do your little stunt. Be sure to make Nell give up the bag of money, and we will have the laugh on her for keeps. I really think she will never be satisfied until she meets a bandit, so don't disappoint her. Put Bill wise or you might have some real trouble.

" 'I am laughing so hard at the prospect of a real, old-time hold-up that I can't write any more. You will find my old revolver in the little trunk; I guess when I first came West my ideas were some like Nell's, for the first thing I did on arriving at Crookton was to buy a gun. I tried to shoot some prairie dogs that first year when they were so thick; that's the only time I ever had occasion to use it. You can get another of Bill, but for the love of Mike, don't load them.

" 'I am longing to get back and straddle a bronc. again. Good luck, my bold, bad highwayman, and

" 'Good-bye until Thursday,

" 'Ed."

The eyes of the two men met, and all the imps of mischief lurked within their depths. Then they both roared with delight.

Jim was well aware of his chum's fondness for practical jokes, and had participated in many a one of them, sometimes to his sorrow. When his merriment had subsided sufficiently, he re-read the pages aloud, while the biscuits were scorching black in the oven.

At last the burning odor penetrated Bill's nostrils, and rushing to the stove he rescued the smoking tin. Ordinarily, he would have been broken-hearted at such a catastrophe, but now he hurriedly scraped off the burnt portion and set the remainder on the table.

They dined hastily on the remnants, conversing the while of their friend's home-coming.

"I sure know what *she* is like," Bill was saying mournfully, as he poured his fourth cup of black coffee. "One of them writer females was over to the ranch one summer; a cousin to Mac's wife's aunt or something, from Bosting. Lean as a range cow after a hard winter, the same size all the way up and down like a scraggy scrub-oak, and window glass to look through—them kind that goes on like a clothes-pin, with a chain fastened to them. She was always packing around a note book and pencil, and asking more questions than a six-year-old kid. She always wore them collars that shine like a chiny egg and that stands up around the neck like the one the fellow in the drug-store wears; and her hair was so plumb slick you could not more than glimpse it 'fore your eye would slide clean off!" He looked out of the window reminiscently and continued:

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"Ed. may like that kind, but for me, I'll take one with hair that's kinky and fuzzed up and—and——" Bill hesitated for a suitable word—"and *onery*," he finished triumphantly.

"You mean the Fluffy Ruffles type," suggested his companion, with a smile at the other's mode of description.

"Well," admitted Bill confidentially, "I don't know who she is, but between you and me and the coffee-pot, I don't mind saying I do like to see them have little dodads hanging round their neck and on their dresses." Having delivered himself of this view of the subject he rose and picked his Stetson from the floor, saying:

"I must be rambling now; Mac sent me over to cut out that white-faced steer that got in with the 4-D's bunch; so long, see you Thursday." With a wave of the hand he was gone.

Addison watched him from the open door until the wall-rock of a canyon hid him from view. He turned back to the table and picked up the loose sheets of the letter which were fluttering perilously near to the open window back of the table. Again he hastily ran his eyes over the contents, but one sheet was missing. He looked on the floor, on the bed, and even glanced out of the window, but the leaf he sought was nowhere to be found. "Must have blown away, or else got stuck in the stove," he muttered, and promptly forgot the circumstance.

Cheered and gladdened by the news he had just received, he went out and saddled his horse and rode whistling away to the East-forty, which he was fencing.

Yesterday, tired and lonely, he had hated the country, the glaring sun, the dust-laden sage brush, and had been almost ready to relinquish his claim and return to civilization: to-day he looked away to the west, where the peaks of the Big Horn could be seen dimly in the distance. His gaze wandered to the red banks with the green of the pine trees standing out in plain relief, the south wind softly fanned his cheeks and a chattering magpie balanced on a nearby bush. He felt the quiver of the living flesh beneath him, and, drawing a long breath of content, he was glad to be alive. The magic of the air was in his blood, the freedom, the space, the grandeur —ah! there was nothing like it in the East!

Now he could understand why the cowboy had returned to the place, as steel to a magnet.

Meanwhile, a sheet of paper lay fluttering in the leaves of a big soap-weed. Wafted by a gentle breeze, it rose and sailed, dipped and glided, until a stronger gust of wind sent it flying before it and landed it with a slap, straight in the face of a bald-faced horse coming along the trail two miles away.

The horse reared, snorted and came down stiff-legged ten feet from the object of its fright.

The rider, a well-built oldish man with a pallor on his thin face that told of confinement, cursed his horse with an oath. He sat lithe and straight as if glued to the saddle, while the animal pitched and bucked.

"Panama, old boy," said the rider, "you have a little pisen in you yet, but I am no rotten tenderfoot at ridin', if I have been in that hell hole for five years."

He laughed exultantly, loosened the reins a trifle, and putting his mouth close to the horse's head, spoke quietly, coaxingly:

"Come on, Panama, come on. Let's see what that was which gave you the megrums just now."

The little sorrel seemed to understand. He raised his head, his ears jerked back into position, and he moved forward a step and stopped. By dint of much coaxing and urging with spur and rein, the horse walked sidewise and snorting to where the paper lay. The man bent from the saddle and adroitly picked it from the ground.

He read the writing carefully. A sneering smile passed over his wan face. Fate, after five years of desertion, was again making overtures! Should he continue on his way as a

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law-abiding citizen? Or should he accept the challenge that had been, as it were, thrown in his face, or rather, in Panama's? Never before had he hesitated; never before had he allowed a like opportunity to pass him unnoticed.

He felt again the exhilaration that sent his thin blood pounding as of old and loosed the dare-devil spirit of the man. Why shouldn't he once more? He needed the crinkly roll of greenbacks which were in that chamois bag. Only once more and then he would quit forever.

But suppose he were caught? These newcomers were great for law and order. That last job was only a small one, but he snarled wolfishly as he recalled the five years of his incarceration.

He wavered a moment undecidedly, and dropping his reins over the saddle horn, extracted a coin from his pocket. Balancing it for an instant on his thumb nail, he lightly flipped it into the air, catching it again on his open palm when it descended.

'Heads," he muttered grimly. "Once more it is!"

He pocketed the coin and turned the bald-faced horse back down the trail, for the day after the morrow was Thursday.

* * * *

Resplendent in a red silk shirt which he wore on all proper and fitting occasions, Bill waited for the incoming train at Crookton. The team of half-broken cow-ponies hitched to a buckboard were tied securely behind the general store, well out of sight of the fear-inspiring spectacle of a locomotive.

As the little engine pulled the two cars up to the siding—for this was the end of the track and there was no station—Edgar Plass swung himself down from the steps and turned to help his companion alight.

Bill came forward with alacrity, and the two men clasped hands with a grip that bespoke a firm friendship.

Plass had a pleasant face with twinkling eyes and a humorous mouth. He introduced the girl at his side.

"Bill," he said proudly, "let me present my wife. Nell, my friend, Mr. Bill Linzee, a cowboy, and the real, Simon-pure article, I assure you."

Bill blushed and shook hands, shyly.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Linzee. My husband has just been telling me of your bravery and courage," the lady said, warmly.

Linzee glanced reproachfully at Plass. "Don't believe a word he says, ma'am; he's an awful bluffer, and I wish you—I mean my name is Bill, at least to all my *friends*," he stammered, and turned away to get the horses.

"Buck," he was saying a moment later to the dusty buckskin, as he unknotted the tie rope, "we've been mistaken. Nary a sign of a window glass nor lead pencil, and her hair—well, she's got that Fluffy Ruffles Jim was telling about beat a mile."

While they were loading in the suitcases and arranging to have the trunks sent by stage the next day, Plass spoke to Linzee in a low tone:

"Will Jim be there?"

Bill nodded, and they were off, with Mrs. Plass on the seat between them.

"What a beautiful, wild country, and what dear, lively horses!" exclaimed the new bride. "Mr. Bill, are you perfectly sure that cream colored one won't run away?"

She glanced anxiously at the off-horse which was rearing and trying to walk in an upright position.

"What! Buck run away? Why, he always acts like that when he's pleased." Then as the horse gave a wilder plunge than before, he added: "I reckon he's so plumb glad you've come, ma'am, he don't know how to behave. Are you afraid to ride fast?"

"Oh, no, I love it!" she cried.

Instantly Bill grabbed the whip and touched the horses smartly. They bounded away at a lively gait, which with any other driver would undoubtedly have proved disastrous. But Bill was a good horseman. He controlled them with a quiet word or two, and guided them with a strong yet steady

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hand. He knew where every hole and washout was, and miraculously avoided them.

The road was sun-baked and dusty and the clip-clap, clip-clap, clipety-clap of the horses' hoofs rang in the thin, clear air.

The young wife kept up a running fire of questions. Could he ride a bucking horse? Could he rope a steer? Was it true the coyotes were dangerous? Had he ever killed a rattlesnake?

Bill answered them all readily enough.

Yes, he could ride, he told her, and promised to teach her the art. Yes, he could rope and hog-tie a steer as quick as any of the boys. Dangerous! The coyotes? He snorted disgustedly: why, the sneaking things were so cowardly you could scarcely get within shooting range of them. And as for rattlers, he had killed hundreds of them and promised to make her a belt from the skin of the next one he found.

She thanked him with warm words and smiles. Here she was talking to a real cowboy; the very ideal of all she had ever read or seen on the stage. And to think Ed. had tried to persuade her to the contrary! Telling her she was thinking of the West of ten years ago.

And Bill was thinking what a shame it was to play a joke on her, and half wishing he had no part in it. Now, if she had been like that other one with the window glass—suddenly he recalled the words he had spoken to Jim. He was dismayed at the thought but he vowed that he would break Jim's neck if he so much as breathed a word of that former conversation.

The sun had dropped behind the distant hills and night was fast approaching. A cool breeze was blowing, and from the bushes and trees came the tweet and twitter of drowsy birds.

They were within a mile of Devil's Canyon, and Ed., who had been putting in a word now and then, was beginning to fidget, while his eyes fairly shone with suppressed mirth and excitement. He leaned over to the driver and solemnly asked:

"Been any hold-ups lately?"

Before Bill could answer, Nell turned toward him, saying excitedly: "Oh, that is just what I have been longing to hear! Mr. Bill, have you ever seen a real, live bandit?"

"Yes," answered Bill truthfully enough; "right there ahead of us by that big boulder is where the stage was held up the last time." He did not add that it was five years ago.

"Oh," said Nell, daringly, "I most wish there will be a hold-up before we get home. I would like to be in one and know how it feels!"

Her wish was gratified almost instantly!

From behind the big rock a masked figure sprang into the road. The horses shied and snorted, but the firm hand of their driver pulled them back into the road.

"Up with your hands!" came the low, tense voice, and a pair of revolvers were leveled at the trio.

The two men exchanged a knowing look and a wink behind Nell's back, and Ed. obeyed.

His wife, with a little gasp, did the same.

Bill, who was pulling frantically on the reins of the now thoroughly frightened horses, remarked coolly:

"Guess I'll have to hold on to these here varmints."

The man glanced at the plunging horses and nodded.

"Now, shell out, quick, and don't forget that chamois bag," he growled.

Nell looked at Ed. in dismay. He nodded slightly and she handed over the chamois bag with trembling hands.

Ed. turned his pockets inside out in his endeavor to prove that they were empty; he gave up his watch in a seemingly reluctant manner, which was, however, a complete failure. He thought Jim was carrying out the impersonation perfectly. Even his voice sounded unnatural.

His watch was promptly tossed back.

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The owner grinned at the intelligent reasoning of the counterfeit highwayman—of course, a watch would be hard to dispose of and easily traced, since his name was on the case. Bill and he were both watching Nell rather more than the robber.

She sat stiffly erect, her hands held high above her head. Her manner denoted breathless interest mixed with an air of expectancy, and just a trifle of fear, for those revolvers looked as if they might go off any minute.

The bandit was slowly backing away toward a bunch of tangled oak, where a bald-faced horse was concealed.

"Keep your hands up for five minutes," he ordered, sharply.

As the hoofbeats of his horse grew faint in the distance, they lowered their hands.

Bill loosened the reins and the horses sprang forward at a gallop. For a moment, not a word was spoken. Then Mrs. Plass looked at Linzee in astonishment.

"Why, are you not even going to chase him?" she asked.

Bill glanced at Ed. with a suspicion of a smile. "No, ma'am; it's no use: he's got too much of a start," he answered gravely.

Nell's face showed her disappointment, and she spoke contemptuously:

"I thought that cowboys were brave! You never even *tried* to shoot him! Where is your gun?" she demanded, suspiciously.

Bill's face reddened, as he admitted that he had none with him.

"A cowboy without a gun!" She made an eloquent gesture indicative of disgust.

For the next fifteen minutes both men tried eagerly to save their reputation. Ed. was in the midst of a purely fictional encounter, in which Bill and he had held at bay, captured and killed, a bunch of cattle rustlers, when a masked figure suddenly stepped out of the gloom, and once more came the command:

"Hold up your hands!" Two revolvers gleamed in the twilight.

The wife gave a frightened gasp and clutched her husband.

Bill Linzee stared in surprise and perplexity, while Ed. glanced at his wife's white face and spoke sternly:

"Don't be a fool, Jim: the joke has gone far enough. Nell has had her fill of hold-ups, and is disgusted to think we did not capture and kill you before." He grinned at the remembrance.

Jim dropped his guns and pulled the handkerchief from his face. He looked sheepishly at the others. Then as he caught the meaning of the last words, he asked with astonishment:

"What do you mean? I never tried it before?"

After five minutes of explanation, a great and dawning light burst upon the quartet's intellect.

Bill swore and apologized in the same breath.

"To think," groaned Ed. in dismay, "of his getting all that wad of money so easily."

"But he did not get the money!" his wife exclaimed triumphantly. "You see, it was not in the bag—I put it in my—I mean," she flushed with dignity, "I put it in another place before we started out! The bag had only my powder-rag in it!"

They laughed with relief, and Bill summed up the situation by saying:

"Well, we might as well be ramblin'; he's plumb welcome to all he got; probably he's hittin' the high places for the Montana line, with fear in his heart and a powder-rag in his pocket."

Then the big and little wrinkles in his face all came out at once, and the other three joined in the merriment.

* * * *

Bill is teaching Nell to make biscuits.

She threatened to get even with the boys for the attempted hold-up by writing it in the form of a story.

She did.

This is it.

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BECAUSE OF MAZIE

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

WHEN Martin Buford came out of the Gold Bug with the night shift and entered the boarding house for breakfast, he had a surprise in wait. This was a little tin sign that hung just outside of the "parlor." The words of the placard were painted in yellow on a red background, and read: "Miss Mazie Soltag, Dentist. Teeth Extracted Without Pain."

Buford gave a low exclamation of surprise. Mazie a dentist! This was the meaning and the result of her earnest study of the year before. The year which unhappily terminated, for him, at least, by Mazie's departure for San Francisco to enter "college." Not till now did he know what sort of college it was, so reserved was Mazie in telling him anything.

The young miner paused, with others of the crew, to read the sign and gaze curiously inside. The "parlor" was the one room of the boarding house which Aunt Mollie, the keeper, held in absolute reserve. Its rag carpet was spared the merciless trample of miners' boots. Its sofa was not sat on enough to take the squeak out of the springs.

The "parlor" was now put to a strange purpose. The big armchair was hauled to the center. The stand was drawn alongside, and piled with an array of nickel-plated forceps, pliers and pullers sufficient to chill the blood of an army surgeon.

The diggers of Gold Bug had never realized that a dentist, or "dentistess," as One-Legged Pete called Mazie, was so badly needed. Before breakfast was over, almost every man of the day and night shifts was either taken with a severe toothache, or discovered a molar that could easily be spared.

Though Buford took his place in line, he had no teeth to extract. He wanted to talk with Mazie—as of old. And he found her the same charming Mazie, with the same warm handclasp, the same happy smile, and the same bright sparkle in her black eyes.

"I was under the impression that your teeth were sound," she laughingly told him.

"I don't suppose they are any better than many you have examined this morning," he replied. "It certainly looks as if business will be good."

"Yes, it does," she agreed. "Better, in fact, than I anticipated. I'm glad you came in, Mart. In the first place, I wanted to meet you, and in the second place I have a matter of business in which your help is needed."

"I'm at your command," he told her, gladly.

"I have a scheme," she announced, lowering her voice. "There's a piece of paper in this camp that I want you to get, and I have reason to believe that it's in the possession of Judson, the superintendent. When father died, several years ago, he was with Judson, as the two were mining partners. I have since learned that he owned this mine, which was only a prospect then."

"You think, then, that he made a will, and gave it to Judson for delivery?" Buford asked.

"Yes; I'm quite sure he did; and that's the piece of paper I want you to get."

"What is your scheme?" he asked.

"It will depend upon Judson's coming in here to have his teeth examined," she told him.

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"Then he hasn't been in yet?" Buford inquired.

"No; but he will come before noon. If he does, I will arrange to give him an hour some time this afternoon." The girl consulted her "date book." "I can give him four o'clock," she informed him. "Now, my plan is to suggest that he have a tooth extracted."

Buford laughed. "Suppose you should fail to find such a tooth?"

"I must find one," she declared, "and a bad one—so bad that it will be necessary to administer chloroform."

The young miner opened his eyes in amazement. "That's a desperate thing to do."

"I know it is," she agreed. "This is a desperate game. I must have that piece of paper."

"I don't understand how chloroforming Judson will help," Buford said.

"Just this way," Mazie said. "You will search him while he is asleep. I believe he values that paper too highly to trust it with any one."

"That's too much like robbery," the miner objected.

"Not at all," she answered. "The thing will be done honestly. I want nothing but the paper, and if you find it, we will wait till he wakes up; then we'll argue it out with him."

Mazie stood before him, erect and proud. Determination blazed in her black eyes as she made known her plan.

Her pluck, her courage, took possession of him. He would venture anything, dare anything for her. He was quickly possessed with a desire to strive and win—for Mazie.

"You can do it," he assured, "and it will be fair."

"Of course we can," she agreed. "And now let me tell you my signal." She shifted her gaze quickly around the room. "I have this front curtain raised: if I make an engagement with Judson for four o'clock, I'll lower the curtain."

"Good," he told her. "I will sleep till half-past three, and will come over if the signal is right. You give him the napping liquid, and leave the rest to me."

The young man went at once to his bunk, where he slept soundly.

Promptly at three-thirty that afternoon, Buford awoke. To awake at any desired time was a trick he had learned at the mines. In twenty minutes he was shaved and looked across to the front window of the boarding house.

The curtain was lowered.

"Good," he declared, "Judson is ready to lose a tooth." Buford sauntered across and approached the boarding house. No one was around. The door stood partly ajar, and when he passed, he saw Judson seated in the big chair.

The girl gave him a glance of recognition, and Buford sat down near the door. He plainly heard the conversation inside. The superintendent was telling Mazie that a "jaw tooth" had troubled him since he left the Silver Bell, ten years before—must have been the arsenic in the water over there.

Judson indicated the side where the fractious tooth was located, and Buford knew the girl was trying to find it. The young miner waited with breathless interest.

After a time, the superintendent declared he was mistaken—the bad tooth was on the other side. Buford gave a sigh of relief when he heard Mazie report that the tooth was found—one that "had an extremely large cavity and should be removed." As it was a severe case, she suggested chloroform.

The big boss objected. He had suffered far worse things than having a tooth pulled, and had not been put to sleep. He could see no use for it now. But the girl insisted, and he finally submitted.

In a little while, Buford caught a whiff of chloroform from the room. Then Mazie beckoned him in, closing the door behind him.

Judson was breathing heavily, his head tilted back, his sledge-hammer hands hanging limp over the arms of the chair.

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"Go out and leave him to me," said the young miner, quietly.

"He will not remain long asleep," the girl cautioned.

"That doesn't matter," Buford answered. "I'd just about as soon have him awake."

The girl withdrew and Buford went to work. He did feel much like a robber, and would have given up the task at the last moment but for the absolute knowledge that he was searching for stolen property—that he was doing it for Mazie.

He unbuttoned the superintendent's coat and thrust a hand into an inside pocket. He brought up a wallet which proved to contain nothing but a roll of greenbacks. This was quickly returned and the other pocket searched.

Here he found a leather-covered package tied with a buckskin string. Buford's fingers trembled nervously when he untied the bundle. Before he had opened it, Judson turned over in the chair.

The young miner expected trouble at once. But Judson only yawned and settled back again. Buford knew he had only a moment more to work. After much difficulty he got the bundle open. It was filled with receipts, cancelled checks, assay reports, and refinery statements.

He almost despaired, when his eye fell upon a closely-folded scrap of yellow manila. He would have passed this over without examination but for its having a place to itself.

He did not have a chance to examine it, for the superintendent turned over again, this time fully awake. Buford hastily rewrapped the bundle and returned it to Judson's pocket. Then the search ended, for the miner gave a start and sat bolt upright.

"Did you get it?" he asked. "It didn't hurt a——"

"I didn't get it," Buford replied, stepping back.

The big boss, with half-dazed eyes, looked around the room. When he became aware of the situation, he was seized with mingled fear and rage. "What does this mean?" he demanded, angrily. "What sort of thieving game is this?"

"Your own game, Judson," Buford told him, calmly.

"I've been robbed!" cried the boss.

"You've not been robbed," the young man assured him. "I was merely looking for a piece of paper. A dying man trusted you with it. For some reason you have failed to deliver it to the one for whom it was intended."

"I've been robbed—doped and robbed!" Judson roared.

"Don't shout!" Buford cautioned, raising a warning finger.

"You tried to rob me!" Judson repeated, rising.

"Don't use that word again," Buford cautioned once more. His voice was low and steady. Determination shone in his eyes. "If any robbing has been done, you're the guilty party, Judson, and you know it. Unless you get busy and deliver that piece of paper——"

He did not finish, for at that moment the door was thrown open and the camp roustabout burst in, yelling excitedly:

"The devil is loose up at the mine!"

"What's wrong?" demanded Buford.

"Bad slip on the '800!' "

The superintendent gazed at him blankly. "What did you say?" he demanded, as if he had not understood.

"A bad break on the '800,' " the miner answered quickly. "The lower level will be choked if it ain't held up."

Judson was instantly alert. He forgot he had been drugged; forgot Buford; forgot everything but the Gold Bug. To have the mine closed down, or a single stamp hung up because of negligence on his part would to Judson be a sin unpardonable.

"Can't they hold 'er?" he demanded as he buttoned his corduroy coat closer round his deep chest.

"Hold 'er—the devil!" informed the roustabout. "Nothin' can hold 'er. All the men are out—poured from the shaft like scared rats."

"The blamed cowards!" Judson bellowed, as he dashed through the door and up the trail. The day shift was

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huddled around the collar of the dark shaft. "I want a man to go below with me!" Judson shouted.

"There's no use," said a man in the crowd. "We can't hold 'er. She's cavin' down fast."

"Yes, we can hold 'er!" Judson declared. "We must hold 'er!" He leaped on the cage. "I want a man—quick!"

Not a man moved. "Quick!" called the boss.

The eyes of the superintendent flashed with rage. "You pack of cowards," he shouted. "I'll go down alone!"

The signal was passed to the engine room to "Down—Eight."

"Wait a second!" cried a voice from the trail. Just as the gate was closing a man rushed through the crowd and leaped into the cage.

The boss lighted his candle on the way down and held it aloft to get a glimpse of the volunteer. He found himself looking into the calm, whiskerless face of Buford.

The cage stopped with a jerk on the 800-foot level. With lighted candles the two stepped out into the black tunnel. All around and about them the mountain's heart throbbed and palpitated. The earth shook, and quartz shale rained like hail.

The noise was deafening. Timbers cried and groaned under their mighty load of sinking ground. Now and then a fir stull broke with a report like a rifle shot. Buford was the first to step forward.

"Wait," cautioned the boss, raising his head. "I'll ring for timbers." He pulled the bell wire and the cage shot up. Then he ran under the sinking wall, jabbing the beak of his candlestick into the quartz. "She ain't cracked yet," he reported, "but she's comin' down fast. We must drive the timbers under her."

Buford skipped up the ladder into the grinding, snapping maw of the stope. "Pass up the stulls," he calmly ordered. "I'll put 'em home."

Though Judson's nerve was like iron, he had not the courage to go up there—to climb up and stand in the very jaws of death. He admired pluck—and deep down in his heart he knew he admired Buford.

Stull after stull was passed up and driven home. All the while the shrieking din increased. The mountain heaved. It was as if all the demons of the lower world were holding high carnival in the Gold Bug's labyrinths.

Two men worked against an underworld avalanche—two men propping up a mountain. Little by little the men gained ground. The creaking and grinding ceased.

"It's all right, Mart," Judson called. "She's firm now. Come down, or let me take your place." He climbed up and stepped into the stope.

At that moment a slip occurred near the mouth. Buford saw it coming. "Get back!" he warned, when his candle flickered. Whirling round, he drove a timber under the break. The mine was saved, but the break parted in the middle, and the two men were locked in a vault. Both were thrown to the floor by an avalanche of broken shale, where they lay limp and unconscious.

Some time later Buford's senses returned. By a supreme effort he extricated himself from the mass of shattered quartz. He felt as if every bone in his body had been broken. He reached exploring hands into the blind darkness, and by turning half round, touched a miner's boot.

"Judson!" he called in a smothered voice. "Oh, Jud!"

The boot moved, the shale rattled, and the boss turned over with a groan.

"Judson!" Buford called again.

"I'm here," the boss answered feebly. "For God's sake, bring a light!"

"I lost my candle," Buford told him. "It's buried for keeps. "Got a match?"

The superintendent turned, and with a painful effort, searched his pockets, and finally held out two matches in the darkness. Buford found his hand. "Use one of 'em now," he directed.

Buford struck the match, and its tiny flame revealed what both men had already guessed—a rock-bound

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vault with mountain thick walls, and a door whose weight was countless tons.

"We're here for keeps," Judson remarked as the light flickered out.

"Sure," the younger man agreed.

Then, as if to make themselves comfortable, both pulled their pain-racked bodies to the top of the shale pile, and stretched full length.

A long time they lay there, the narrow vault filled with the silence and the blackness of a sepulchre. In time they began to find difficulty in breathing. At last the superintendent spoke, in lowered tones, as if he feared some one might overhear: "There's something I want to tell you, and show you, while the air's good. The boys will probably dig for us, but they'll be too late."

He rolled over with a groan, fumbled in his pocket. "It's that piece of paper," he said, "a piece of paper that old Bill Soltag gave me when he cashed in. I should have let you seen it before—but didn't—and then—well, I thought it was best for the girl."

"You mean Mazie?" Buford asked.

"Yes, she's the one I'm talkin' 'bout. You see, everybody's in wrong about Mazie, thinkin' she was Bill Soltag's girl. She never was his daughter, by adoption or otherwise, though Bill was a blamed sight kinder and better to her than the average dad could have been. He picked 'er up, a homeless waif, when she was a little thing, an' when Bill himself didn't have enough for a decent grubstake. Carried 'er round on his back from camp to camp; protected 'er through winter's cold and summer's heat. Oh, Bill was more than a daddy to her, I'm tellin' you."

The superintendent was silent for a time, putting his face close to the slimy floor, so that his breath came loud and sharp. The air was purer and better down there.

"Here's the paper," he finally remarked. "How in thunderation Bill put the talk on it that he did, without addin' just a few lines more, is what beats me."

Very carefully they got their two hands together, and the piece of paper was passed from one to the other.

"Use that other match," the boss directed. "You'll have to read like a house afire—but it won't take long, for there ain't much to it."

Buford sat up and unfolded and spread the badly worn scrap of paper on his left palm. With his other hand he struck the match sharply across the sole of his boot. It flamed up instantly. Then he held the paper close before his eyes and made a quick survey of the strange document. The paper was covered with several lines of hugely scrawled writing. At the top were the words "Gold Bug Mine." The date was several years old. At the bottom was the signature, "Bill Soltag."

In less than half a minute he knew all there was on the piece of paper—knew that he was the son and only child of Bill Soltag; knew that he was the only beneficiary named in the will.

In that brief moment a multitude of changing emotions surged through his brain. The strange revelation made clear a hundred mysteries. It proved him more than a derelict, a wandering vagabond. And this was all he wished. The wealth, the fortune, was nothing to him.

The match burned down to his fingers. With quick, but certain decision, Buford touched its dying flame to the piece of paper. While it blazed, Judson reached out his hand. Buford took it, and the two gripped long and hard.

When darkness came again, they stretched out on the shale pile, with their faces pressed against the damp, stone floor. A dreamless sleep, which seemed to lead them ever so gently out into eternity, came upon them.

Long afterwards, it might have been ages so far as either of them knew, both men roused feebly to the thud of picks and the voices of men. Still dazed and senseless they were dragged out and lifted by strong and careful hands, and carried to the shaft cage. Yet a little while and they were out in the cool, sweet air of the outer world, with the stars twinkling peace-

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fully overhead and the Gold Bug mill thundering in their ears.

When Buford came fully to himself he was lying on Aunt Mollie's spare bed. He didn't see the half score of anxious men who stood on tip-toe and waited almost breathlessly, for Mazie's black eyes were gazing closely into his own, and Mazie's soft hands stroked his forehead. Her face lighted happily when he looked up at her, and the anxious crowd filed out softly, glad that all was well with their friend, Buford.

As if he read a question in her eyes, Buford spoke of that which was last on his mind. "I got it, Mazie, I got it—the piece of paper. It's buried under the Gold Bug forever. I read it, every word. The mine is yours—all yours—little girl. Judson and I will swear to that."

THE BECKONERS

BY J. WILEY OWEN

'Tis gravely told, in legends old,
  Of wierdly Indian lore,
How shadowy forms, in sun and storms,
  Went flitting on before
With beckoning hand, to Sunset Land,
  Enticing evermore.

In childhood days, when worldly ways
  Lay vague beyond my ken,
Through twilight shade strange figures strayed,
  Of beasts and birds and men,
Which never yet in flesh were met,
  Nor sketched by word or pen.

From glade and tree they beckoned me,
  Or from the roadside gray;
O'er hills remote I watched them float
  On clouds and fade away
As wreaths of fog o'er stream or bog
  Before the climbing day.

To Shadowland the sombre band
  All vanished from my sight,
But oft I heard faint sounds that stirred
  My soul at dead of night,
And made my heart with sudden start
  Leap up and cry for light.

Child of the race, whose swarthy face
  No longer haunts the glooms,
The spectral hands have led your bands
  To immemorial tombs,
While round my way, or night or day,
  A ghostly shadow looms.

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THE LENS

BY ED. CAHN

DORIS was a very ordinary girl, but nearly every one who knew her considered her most extraordinary, for she had a way of doing the most unexpected things.

In her tight-fitting black gown, relieved by white cufflets and collar, Doris looked like ten thousand other young business women, and—murder will out—the collar was fastened with what looked like a crudely decorated dinner plate, but which was known to commerce as a "hand-painted miniature brooch."

Doris was like the rest of the ten thousand: tidy, neat, quiet, very efficient, reasonably prompt, and with the outward patience of Job and the inner impatience of most of Eve's daughters for those with whom business brought her in contact, and she had the happy knack of looking as pleasant as the cat that ate the canary, no matter what her inward feelings.

It was Saturday afternoon, and her employer and all the boys employed in the studio had departed to bolt some sort of a lunch and hie themselves to the first baseball game of the season, leaving her to close the studio and finish the week's work, odds and ends of which there are a great many in a photographer's studio, especially when it is not a thousand miles from Broadway, and making a strong bid for theatrical work.

Doris attended to the reception room. She met the customers, arranged for sittings, secured advance payments, often a task requiring enough tact, diplomacy and skill to qualify one for a foreign diplomat, and which Doris referred to contemptuously to her friend, the dark-room man, as "Prying them loose from their coin."

She listened to all the complaints from customers who thought their proofs should be speaking likenesses, and at the same time beautiful as the dawn, when they themselves were as ugly as sin.

Besides, it was her duty to supervise an unruly force of boys who did the more or less mechanical work connected with the "portraits," and put up with the vagaries of the operator, the chap who took the pictures: for he was quite a genius in his own way, and came perilously near being really artistic on his best days.

All this Doris considered merely as part of the day's work. The chief trial of her life was her employer.

He was a sly Irishman and absolutely unique, for he had utterly no sense of humor! He had watery blue eyes, a face typical of a comic page "Pat," pale, yellow freckles the size of a gold dollar, a squat, square figure with long, swinging arms that made him look unpleasantly like an ape, and, to cap it all, very long, bushy red hair, which he wore a la chrysanthemum, fondly fancying that it made him look "artistic."

He belonged to one of those absurd would-be Bohemian clubs which meet once a week in a tawdry hotel, have a dinner and talk shop or pretend to. This remarkable specimen sported a name which savored of the French, and the mere sound of it served to send Doris into a spasm of disgust.

He was an unreasonable, rude, irritating bundle of conceit and pretense, and Doris, who had christened him Fluffy Ruffles on account of his fuzzy hair, used to pray that his other inter-

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ests would keep him away from the studio forever.

Like many receptionists, she had often wrathfully vowed that she would quit some day, and thought better of it later.

Fluffy Ruffles was not entirely idiotic. He had his lucid intervals. He considered Doris really quite an unusual girl, and much more valuable than she knew, but he took precious good care not to let her suspect his opinion, and was careful never to be too disagreeable, too carping or too driving. He would vent his ill-nature whenever he could, but he knew just when to stop.

Thinking of his last piece of meanness, Doris was in a bad humor, and the discovery that the printer had not made some proofs that should have been mailed that day did not improve matters.

She hunted out the negatives and looked across the surfaces. "Bother! Not retouched for proofing!"

Seating herself before a retouching case she proceeded with a deft pencil to eliminate some harsh lines in the face of the actress before her. So Doris smoothed them away. Then she clapped the glass plates into printing frames, skipped out of the door and ran up the short flight of stairs to the roof, where she spread them out on a shelf in the sun for a few moments.

The air was warm, and spring made itself felt in spite of difficulties even here, goodness knows how many feet above the street.

After the proofs had been exposed long enough, Doris whisked them out of the frames and into a box and lingered. She took deep breaths, and shoulders thrown back, paced up and down, doing a little exercise recommended to round out the chest, which she had read in a Sunday newspaper, forgetting all about Fluffy Ruffles, her troubles, and the fact that the building was doubtless empty by this time and the studio wide open.

For perhaps ten minutes she thoroughly enjoyed herself, but her mind did not allow her much forgetfulness, and suddenly reminded her, stopping short the calesthenics.

She hastily stacked the negatives into a little pile, and, as she could not manage the clumsy wooden frames, the fragile glass negatives, the proof box, and her skirts, all at the same time, she decided to risk the wrath of the printer and leave the frames behind.

She stepped through the roof door and snapped the catch which locked it, starting at a sound below as she did so.

The stair was pitch dark now that the door was closed, and some instinct made her draw herself closely into the corner.

Peering through the gloom to the bottom of the stairs, she saw that the door there was not quite half open, and the dim light from a court window threw a pale gleam across the floor.

There was a shadow creeping across it which she watched breathlessly. It grew larger and larger, drew back, stealthily loomed up again, and the head of a man peered around the door!

Doris held her breath and crouched lower. It seemed ages that he gazed up the stairway. He did not start nor speak, and she knew he could not see her for the darkness. At last he seemed satisfied that there was no one about and closed the door. Doris heard the lock click and the key withdrawn, and his cautious footsteps through the entry leading to the studio. Her hand flew to the pocket in her apron. There, beneath her handkerchief and the letter from Aunt Mary, which had come that morning, was her bunch of keys. Mechanically she found the one to fit that door while she considered the situation.

She was excited, her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and she was trembling, but not frightened.

That sixth sense, with which she was as well endowed as any woman, told her that he was a burglar.

"I wouldn't wonder if he'd be more scared at the sight of me than I am of him. Wonder what he is after? He

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might know the boss would not leave any money in the place on Saturday and—the *lens!* Holy smoke! Fluffy forgot to lock up the best lens! The one in the big camera, the pride of his heart."

She had often heard him dilate on its merits, declare there was not another one like it in America, the fabulous value he put upon it, the incredible price he claimed to have paid for it, and the vengeance that would surely fall upon any one who should harm it in the smallest particular.

With horror she remembered that the first thing that a thief would seek in a photographer's studio would be the lens! A few turns of his wrist, and he would have it unscrewed and dropped into his pocket.

Doris felt the need of immediate action.

She put down the negatives on the top step, carefully gathered her skirts about her, and stole down stairs, still grasping the little box of proofs.

By this time she was calm enough to remember that the fourth step creaked, and she must be careful to step over it and to be thankful that her shoes were noiseless.

At the bottom of the stairs she paused and listened. Not the faintest sound! She inserted her key and listened a moment before she turned it. She felt sure that if the burglar was on the other side of the door, in the entry which opened into the studio, she could have heard him breathe, so intently did she listen.

"It would serve old Fluffy right if he did lose that lens," she thought. "If I had any sense, I'd sit down here and let him carry off the whole place."

Nevertheless, she opened the door and stepped out, closing it behind her, after a swift glance around.

So far so good. Almost opposite was a door leading into the studio. To this she crept. There was a heavy velvet curtain, its stiff folds falling straight to the floor. Very cautiously Doris peeped through the tiny opening in the middle. She commanded a view of the reception room, the dressing rooms, and part of the studio proper.

There was no one in sight. The camera stood in the center of the room, just as she had left it, its black hood flung carelessly to one side, effectually preventing her from seeing whether the lens was there or not.

She had almost decided that the thief had gone, when he glided out from behind some scene screens. He was evidently just finishing a cautious tour of investigation, for he stopped as if satisfied with the outlook. His face was turned away from her, and he could not have heard her stifled exclamation at the sight of the ugly revolver in his hand, for he did not turn.

He opened a wardrobe in a corner and went through the pockets of poor Fluffy's coat hanging there, but found nothing. Doris's purse lay on a shelf, and he rifled that.

"There goes my week's salary," she thought mournfully.

Then he came toward her hiding place, and for an awful instant paused so close to her that she was certain he must be able to feel her body behind the curtains. But he twitched the mask a little higher, went into the office and began to rummage through the desk.

All the drawers were open, save one. That, Doris kept locked, for it contained her box of powder and puff. She almost laughed as she watched him working away at it.

There was a small table at one side of the desk, and slightly behind him. On this he laid his revolver, and went to work at the lock with nervous haste.

"Gee, what an amateur to fool with that drawer when there is a lens like ours in the place," thought Doris.

"If I only had that gun I think I could bluff him! I must have it! When he gets that drawer open, he will be crazy and might start to wreck the place, just to get even. Then he might see the lens and take it on a chance—and if he ever finds *me*—whew!"

The burglar was still engrossed in

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his task. Doris stepped out of her retreat and sped across the soft carpets behind him to the little table.

The burglar was breathing heavily as he worked. This sign of nervousness increased Doris's courage, and the hand she extended for the weapon was very steady.

Doris retreated a few steps, and saw that the revolver was loaded.

Then she tossed the box of proofs onto the table to announce her presence. It struck the polished surface with a smart slap, and had the effect of a bomb on the burglar's nerves.

He wheeled around and reached for his revolver He gasped and sank into the chair beside him.

Doris was prepared for defiance, cunning, even a spring, but that unmistakable air of shame surprised her. She stared at his masked and averted face.

"Empty your pockets!" she said sharply.

The burglar did not move.

"Quick!" she commanded in a tone that produced clumsy haste in turning out some soiled handkerchiefs, a knife and her little roll of bills, which she recognized by the rubber band around them. The lens was not among the lot.

"Don't seem to be much in your business," said Doris, scornfully.

"Take off your cap!"

Slowly he pulled it off, revealing an unkempt mass of black curls.

"Now that mask!"

The burglar hesitated.

"Do you hear?" He put up a grimed hand, but let it fall again. "Please, Miss——" he began brokenly, "let me go. I——"

"No!" cried Doris, angrily, stamping her foot. "You low, miserable thief! Take off that mask, or I'll shoot."

Slowly he lifted his hand, swayed, and with a moan slid out of the chair and lay still at her feet.

This turn of affairs surprised Doris out of her composure. Her first thought was that the man was shamming illness in order to take her by surprise. She ordered him to rise, but he did not move. Walking around so that she could see his face, she was startled by its pallor. His eyes were closed, and she noticed that his long black lashes had the upward curl of youth. Still fearing a sudden attack, she held the weapon in readiness, knelt beside him, and suddenly jerked the mask away.

He was a mere lad; the face bore many marks of suffering: the cheeks were sunken and had the terrible, pinched look that tells of starvation.

Doris realized that the man had fainted from exhaustion, and her stern look vanished.

"Hungry! Poor kid! Why, he's only a boy. Just driven to it, I guess. Starve or steal. Bet he has been sleeping in the parks for a month. What a shame."

She laid the revolver on the desk, ran to get some ice-water and bathed his face, no longer thinking of him as a burglar to be feared, but just as a starving boy.

"My! No wonder he looked familiar to me. He's a lot like Jimmie. Just his size and just his hair to a dot."

She thought of her brother as she lifted this stranger's head to her knee. What if Jimmie, far away in the Klondike seeking his fortune, should encounter bad luck and starve like this boy?

Doris knew the world and Jimmie well enough to know that was possible. Perhaps that was why Jimmie so seldom wrote home. She shuddered as she imagined him in such a predicament.

"I bet you are some girl's brother; maybe some girl's sweetheart, and I'm going to help you for their sakes and because I've got a brother, too."

She forced some of the water between his lips and vigorously applied a wet towel. In a few moments there were signs of returning consciousness, and presently he opened his eyes.

Doris put the glass to his lips and bade him drink.

Her eyes filled at the expression on his face as he obeyed, while she

thoughtfully considered the next step.

"Say," she said, suddenly. "I'm sorry I spoke so mean to you. I didn't know you were starving. Do you think you can walk now? I want you to come out in the workroom. I'll make you a cup of tea and fix you up."

The burglar had not raised his eyes to hers after the first stare of returning consciousness, and now the dull red glow of shame dyed his face and neck.

"Come on; try to walk." Doris regained her feet and assisted him to a chair.

"There, now, I'm going to telephone for something for you to eat." She picked up the telephone and called a restaurant a few doors away, ordering a generous meal to be sent up at once.

The burglar, too weak from his collapse to speak, watched her in silence as she unlocked the studio door, which he had locked to prevent discovery from that side, picked up his fallen cap and mask, made a bundle of his handkerchiefs and knife, tidied the desk, and removed traces of his work at the locked drawer which she opened with her key, and into which she put her bills, and last of all the revolver; but she did not re-lock the drawer.

"There," she said, turning to him. "That is to show you that I trust you. I know you are no more a burglar than I am."

"I—I——" he began.

"Not a word," interrupted Doris. "You are too weak to talk. Come out here." She held out her hand and helped him to his feet.

Once out in the workroom she installed him in a chair, and began to brew some tea.

Presently the bell rang, and Doris opened the door to a man bearing a tray laden with a steaming meal. Doris arranged it on the table and said merrily: "Pitch in."

He tried to thank her, his eyes full of tears and his voice husky as he hung his head in shame, but Doris bustled off to the other end of the room.

"There." She drew out the letter from Aunt Mary. It contained a ten dollar bill, which she wrote was to be used only to extend Doris's vacation from one short week to two.

She looked at it a long time, her mind conjuring up all the delights of an extra week in the country, and she re-read the part of the letter which said so positively Aunt Mary's conviction that she needed a rest. Then she put it back into her pocket and tried to forget it.

When her guest had finished, she returned to him. "Let me thank you," he begged, his eyes now meeting hers. "You are the——"

"Never mind," said Doris, hastily. "I suppose I ought to have turned you over to the police, but, well—you don't look like a real crook. Tell me, did you ever do anything like this before?"

"Never. I—I was starving, *starving*. I——"

"That is dreadful, but stealing is worse. I'm not going to lecture you, only *don't* do it again! Please don't! You know, perhaps, if you had found some one else here you might have been in jail by now. Think of it! A boy like you, with the whole world before him, making such a beginning. You were nearly a thief, but——"

Just then the elevator bell rang, far below, the unmistakable three sharp rings of no one in the world but Fluffy Ruffles!

"Oh, Heavens! Here's my boss! Oh, dear, he has remembered the lens. He will be here in a minute! You must go. I never can explain!"

Doris rushed into the other room for his things, thrust them into his hands and hurried him to the door.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered. "Nobody knows about your being here and I'll never tell. You were only down on your luck—that's all. Here is some money. Take it and get a new start. Now go!"

"No," said the lad firmly. "I can't take it."

He seemed puzzled at her agitation, his glance taking in the empty dishes on the table. His look questioned.

"Oh, I'll say I was kept late by work, and ordered in a lunch," she answered, reading his thought. "It will be all right, if only the boss don't see you."

The elevator was coming up, and she was frantic.

"Run down the stairs. Quick! Don't make any noise!" she implored, closing his weak fingers over Aunt Mary's bill.

"It's for my brother's sake I do this. Please take it. Hurry! Do you want to get me in trouble?"

"No, I'll go, and I won't forget you, nor what you told me." He turned and went down the stairs without another word.

Doris closed the door and made a dash for the chair at the table.

The elevator door slid open, and in came Fluffy Ruffles, nervously excited.

"You here?" said Fluffy, mopping his face.

"Yes. I thought you'd be back, and I didn't want to go and leave the lens here."

She ran upstairs for the negatives she had left, put them in their places, got the proofs ready to mail, slipped the revolver and bills out of the drawer unobserved, and telephoned to have the dishes removed.

Fluffy, muttering and growling to himself, meanwhile, had put his beloved lens in the safe and departed, with never a word of thanks.

Doris waited until the waiter had taken the dishes, and then, being only an ordinary girl, put her head down on the desk, and burst into a storm of relieving tears.

SOLACE

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Through the windows of the cloister
  Sunset colors glow;
Peace is walking from the mountains
  To the twilight vales below.

Softly rise the chanting voices
  In the chapel dim;
After prayer sweetly follows
  Down the aisles the vesper hymn.

As the solemn tones die gently
  Through the quiet halls,
On the soul with earth-cares weary
  A healing comfort falls.

So a true heart is a cloister
  Where one weary may find peace,
Watch the sunset beauty fading
  Through the windows of the West.

Peace until earth's din is silenced,
  Till its voices cease,
And Love comes with benediction,
  Leaving heart and soul at peace.

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MATRIMONY AT HIGH SPEED

A Tale of the Last Car

BY E. C. GAY

JACK MARTIN and his sister, Helen, were walking along the country road toward the village, conversing in low tones. Some distance behind them walked George Gray and Ella Brown. Both couples made headway very slowly, but George and Ella were, to all appearances, less anxious about arriving anywhere, at a given time, than the two strollers who preceded them.

Jack was interrupted in his conversation by the rural mail carrier who reined in his horse and handed out a letter.

Here is a letter addressed to Mr. George C. Gray, in your care," he said. "Yes," Jack replied; "that is the young man down the road yonder. He has been spending the holidays with us. I can hand it to him when we get to town. He placed the letter in his inside coat pocket and resumed the conversation.

"They both have faces as long as those of the Puritans in the days of the Mayflower," he said. "I tried for a half hour, by my watch, to get a smile out of them this morning, but I might as well have tried to kill a squirrel by shooting at him with a potato popgun. Any one can tell by the way they look at one another that each considers the other the acme of human perfection. If George had staid with the railroad company he would have been pulling down a snug little sum each month by this time; but his mother gave him no rest till he consented to leave the road and go to college. To college he went, but when he received his diploma, a good job did not accompany it, and has continued to keep well out of reach ever since. It is one thing to graduate from college; another to obtain a good position after receiving your "sheepskin."

George and Ella walked on in silence for some time. At last he roused from his meditations and said:

"I am sorry you are going away."

"I am glad to go," she said, firmly.

"Are you glad to get away from me?" he asked.

"Of course not," she replied; "but I am glad of having the opportunity of making my way in the world. It is not much of a position, but I shall be able to live, after a fashion." George bit his lip, and longed more than ever for remunerative employment, that he might offer her a home.

"If I could only secure permanent employment," said he, "you would not be going away from me like this. I would keep you with me; for I don't see how I can get along without you."

"Now, don't get such foolish notions in your head, George. You know perfectly well that I was obliged to borrow money to get through college, and you also know that I shall never consent to marry until I have paid back what I have borrowed."

"You shouldn't look at it that way, Ella, dear. You know very well that nothing in the world would give me more pleasure than to be able to do this for you."

"I appreciate your motive, and am grateful to you," she said, "but I have too much independence to allow any one to pay expenses which I have incurred."

"Put your pride in your pocket, Ella, just once."

"I have no pockets," she replied, "and if I had, they wouldn't be large enough to hold my pride." George looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"Whew! You have only twenty minutes till train time."

They quickened their pace, and soon overtook Jack and his sister.

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"Well, old man, have you woke up at last?" inquired Jack, as they came up. "I thought you had fully decided to interest Ella so much in your brilliant conversation that she would miss her train. If I had supposed that you wanted to get to the station by train time, I would have given you a gentle reminder some minutes since."

The train was at the station when they arrived. George accompanied Ella to her seat in the car, carrying her grip. Jack handed him the letter as he stepped onto the train, and George put it into his pocket without looking at it.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Good-bye, Ella!" said George. "I shall be in San Francisco in a few days and you shall see me. You don't need to think that you are going to shake me so easily."

As he was leaving the car, he thought of the letter and opened it. The instant his eyes rested upon it, he gave a start of surprise. The envelope bore the address of the California and Nevada Mining and Development Company. His uncle was president of the concern, and he knew it must be from him.

As he stepped from the car he gave a hurried glance at the contents of the letter. Then, as the rear platform of the car he had just left was passing, he grasped the hand-rail and swung himself onto the train.

"Good-bye! I'm off for somewhere. Tell you later," he called to Jack and his sister as he was swept past them.

Neither spoke till the train had vanished. Then Jack turned to Helen and exclaimed:

"What does it mean?"

George stood with his back to the car and read the letter slowly. It ran as follows:

"Goldfield, Nev., Jan 12, 1908.

"My dear Nephew—Our superintendent, in charge here, left us last night without giving any notice to that effect. He starts East to-day. Now, if you have not yet secured a position, here is an opportunity for you. The salary is two hundred a month. I shall be here until you get used to the work. If you can come, telegraph at once, and start just as soon as you can possibly do so, for I am needed in San Jose, and can't come until I get a man installed here.

"By the way, if you can secure a good stenographer to bring with you, do so. We pay seventy-five per month.

"Hoping to hear from you immediately, I remain,

"Very sincerely your uncle,

"William J. Mason."

When George had finished reading his uncle's communication he replaced it in the envelope, looked about him for a moment, and began to do a little thinking. The train was moving rapidly by this time and was passing through the orchard district north of Gilroy. There were no passengers in the last car. Upon investigation, George ascertained that the door was locked.

"Whatever is done must be done quickly," he said to himself, and started quickly toward the forward part of the train.

Ella sat gazing abstractedly out of the window, and did not see him pass through the car. He encountered a brakeman on the front platform.

"Where's Max?" he inquired.

"Taking tickets in the smoker," the brakeman replied.

"Hello, Max!" said George, as he approached the conductor.

"Hello, old man! How are you?" and he slapped George soundly on the back.

"Have you a time-table handy, Max?"

The conductor handed him one, with an inquiring look.

"Could you come out on the platform a moment?" continued George.

"I'll be out as soon as I get through taking tickets."

"I'll be waiting for you," said George.

Later the conductor found him bus-

ily engaged in the perusal of the time-table.

"What's up, old chap?" he asked.

"Have you a clear track to San Jose?"

"Yes; 24 is the only train we meet, and she takes the siding at Hillsdale to let us go by."

"Then a person in the last car, desiring to be alone, would run little risk of having his reflections disturbed."

"What's the matter? Are your reflections of such a nature that you require a car all to yourself to think in?"

"No; not quite as bad as that; but I am anxious to consult a friend upon an important business matter, and I do not wish to be overheard. It is necessary to do this before we reach San Jose."

"All right; I will go back and unlock the car for you."

"Much obliged, Max; I'll do a better favor for you, if I ever get a chance."

"Don't mention it," said the conductor, as he walked away. George remained on the platform for several minutes. Then he walked through the train till he came to the car where Ella sat. He waited till the conductor emerged, and then entered.

Ella sat looking out of the window. He touched her, very gently, on the shoulder, and she turned quickly.

"Where on earth did you come from!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"From Gilroy, of course. You did not suppose I had been up in an airship and landed on the train, did you?"

"Well, of all things, George! What is the matter?"

"Come with me into the next car." She followed him, wondering.

"Why, there is nobody in this car!" she exclaimed as they entered.

"You are mistaken, Ella: a moment ago there was no one in here; but there are two persons here now." As she seated herself, he continued, dramatically: "Hearken unto me, and all will be well. Read this!" He tossed the letter into her lap. She read it, then she held out her hand and said:

"I congratulate you upon such good fortune. I suppose I shall not see you for ever so long, and when I do, you will be too proud to notice toilers, such as myself." For answer, he sat down beside her, and threw his arms about her, holding her so firmly that she found it impossible to free herself from his embrace.

"Don't be frightened, Ella, dear. I haven't lost my senses; but I am going to hold you here till you hear what I have to say. Please don't interrupt me. The woman always has the last word, they say, and I will cheerfully grant you that privilege; but on no account say anything until I am done. You have read the letter, and know what the chance means to me. It is the opportunity for which I have been waiting. I can't think of beginning my new life without you. There is nothing in the world to hinder you from sharing this good fortune with me. I have figured it all out. The programme is this: Instead of going on to San Francisco, leave the train at San Jose. We can be married there, leave on the four-thirty this afternoon for Oakland, and start for Nevada to-night. There is no excuse you can offer that will avail. If you are determined to pay your debts by earning the money yourself, you can take the stenographer's position. It will surely be easier to square yourself on seventy-five dollars a month, with some one to love you and care for you, than it would on twenty-five in a great city, surrounded by strangers, and where nobody knows you or cares what may befall you. Now I have fully presented my case. I promised that you should have the last word, and so you shall; but not yet. I will go away and let you think it over, then return to hear that word."

Before she had time to make any reply, he was gone.

As the train was slowing down in the outskirts of San Jose, George again appeared in the rear coach.

"I have come for your answer," he said. He took her hand in his.

"Dear, will you come with me?"

For answer, she buried her face on his shoulder.

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THE PASSING OF OLD MAN HUNTER

BY L. A. WATSON

OLD MAN HUNTER he was from the opening to the end of the chapter. Perhaps away back in the Eastern country from which he came, he may have had another name, but from the time he arrived in Montana by the bull team process until his passing out that January day, he was just "Old Man Hunter," and not being of the kind who were wont to gather at the grocery store of Uncle Joe in the mining camp of White's Gulch, no one ever became familiar enough with the old man to know whether his first name was Joe, John or Michael.

In those days, White's Gulch was one of the great wealth producers of Montana, and hundreds of men were busy day and night during the summer season hydraulicking and ground sluicing for the yellow gold from the bosom of Mother Earth. To-day there remain but a few dilapidated and grass covered houses, unsightly piles of washed earth in the shape of headings and caved-in shafts, and great gashes made across the face of the earth to remind the old-timer of the days of the camp's greatness, now vanished, and cause the tongue of the inquisitive "tenderfoot" to question. Uncle Joe is still there, as sturdy as one of the giant pines that rear their heads toward the summit of the serrated mountains, and two or three grizzled veterans of the pick and pan wandering here and there among the old workings in search of a little "pay streak" which the giant nozzles of the hydraulic or the underground miners may have overlooked, but the glory of White's Gulch has departed and an unrecorded history guards her dizzy past.

When Old Man Hunter came to the camp he did not come as a miner, nor did he ask any questions of any one. Quietly he went to work in his own crude way, and, as is sometimes the case, he found "pay dirt" where some of the wiser ones had passed it by. Not that he made any great strikes, for he did not, but he made wages, and, as he never incurred a cent's expenditure that could by any means be avoided, the amount of his earnings grew in the public mind—the White's Gulch public mind—that Old Man Hunter was rolling in wealth as well as in rags. At any rate he worked away on the claim he had staked out just the same, and refused to be more than civil with the population of the Gulch.

"I tell you he is a dead one," said Harve Means, to the crowd which had gathered at Uncle Joe's one evening. "You show me a man as don't take his liquor, don't play a little 'draw,' and don't want to talk to nobody, and I'll show you a man as is sure ailing somewhere," and all of the assembled citizens of the Gulch agreed heartily with Harve's positive dictum.

"Well, it looks t' me ez if th' man hed something on his mind," said Uncle Jimmy, the uncle of the Gulch, "en th' sooner ye fellers l'arn to l'ave him alone, th' better 't will be fer ye's all. In my opinion he's what we call an 'omathawn' in the ole country, and ye's should trate him kindly and l'ave it go at that." All hands took a drink from the black bottle behind Uncle Joe's short counter, and the status of Old Man Hunter was fixed.

A little dried-up man, with straggling gray hair, bushy, gray eyebrows, deep-set, watery blue eyes, hands like the roots of a diamond willow, and always the same clothes, winter and summer—this was the outward description of Old Man Hunter, and the further fact that he always lived alone and never so much as asked a man inside the door of his little hut, did not add to his popularity. But

pursuant to the sage advice of Uncle Jimmy, he was tolerated, and in time became a fixture of the Gulch, and was pointed out with deprecation to visitors as a real miser—a thing which in that community was as much of a rarity as a fop in full dress.

One day there was a sensation in the camp, and it was told that Old Man Hunter was going away; not that he was going very far, for he was only moving a distance of about ten miles, to the foot-hills, but he was going to ranching. Now if it had been any of the others there would have been trouble, but as it was only Old Man Hunter, he was let go. Ranching as an occupation did not stand very high in the Gulch, and "a man as would ranch would herd sheep," was the openly expressed opinion of Uncle Jimmy, and Jimmy knew how the rest of the boys felt about it.

Though Old Man Hunter had, in a measure, dropped out of the life of the Gulch, his efforts at ranching were watched with interest by his old associates. "The old man's goin' to raise chickens," announced the stage driver; "and he's got six hens for a starter. Says he won't buy any rooster 'cause the dad blamed things won't lay any eggs. Don't want nothing around him as don't work,' " he says.

Old man Hunter's experiment in his attempt to run a hennery without roosters attracted considerable attention. "He'll never make it," said Uncle Jimmy. "Mark well what I tell you. He'll be short on chickens this time a twelvemonth," and Jimmy was right. Ranching, as carried on by Old Man Hunter, was not a success, and with each recorded failure the Gulch become more and more friendly to the man.

It was January, cold and bleak, the sun had about retired for ten days, when the stage driver announced to the group at Uncle Joe's: "Ain't seen no smoke comin' out of Old Man Hunter's shack for the last three trips."

"I'll bet he's been and croaked," said Uncle Jimmy. "I always said that old man Hunter'd die sometime, en now I'll bet he's gone en done it."

The subject was an interesting one and furnished a theme for the remainder of the evening. "Fellers," spoke Mr. Palmerton, gazing at the bottom of his empty glass, "we are called on to do our duty, and we must see that our feller citizen hez help. It won't do to leave nobody die at our door, even if it is Old Man Hunter."

The concensus of opinion was with Mr. Palmerton, but there was a certain amount of formality necessary to any concerted action upon the part of the Gulch. "I don't see where we've got any call to go tramping down the Gulch in two feet of snow with the thermometer thirty below zero just to see about somebody that ain't got no call on us anyhow," protested Al. Yerdon. "If he's dead, he's dead, and you can't do him no good. If he's alive, he'll give you the horse-laugh. My proposition is to leave him alone; he won't spoil in this kind of weather, anyhow."

Every one knew that Mr. Yerdon was only talking to be in the minority, and no attention was paid to his suggestion. He was one of that kind of men who enjoy being on the other side of a question. A committee with the protesting Mr. Yerdon at its head drove down to the lonely ranch through the bitter cold and blinding snow next morning, and stretched on a pile of blankets in one corner of the hut, they found Old Man Hunter—dead In another corner of the room was an old coal-oil can half filled with soup, which the old man had prepared, probably when first stricken down with sickness, for he had been sick, and had probably frozen as he slept. As he lived, he died—alone.

Naturally, the tales and rumors of wealth concerning the old man came to the minds of the rescuing party, and a careful search was made of every part of the room. The dirt floor was dug into, and the hen house laid bare, but without results, except to show that instead of rolling in wealth the old man had been sadly in want of the necessaries of life. "Well,

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this surely beats my time!" laconically observed Mr. Yerdon. "To think we bin pointin' out the old man as rollin' in wealth, and all the time he wasn't even eatin' reg'lar! Seems to me as if we kinder owe him an apology for the way we bin guessin' him wrong all the time."

There was something pathetic in the thought of the way the old man had played out his part to the end, with never a word of complaint. Uncle Jimmy kicked Mr. Yerdon's dog, and then apologized. The only evidence of wealth in the dingy little cabin was a gold locket enclosing a woman's picture. The committee replaced the locket on the frozen breast of the old man. The body was placed on a sled and taken to Uncle Joe's, where every one in the Gulch called and paid his respects. "His ways were not our ways, but he never owed one of us a dollar, and I kinder think his record on the Big Book will show up about as good as any of us," said Uncle Joe, and the rest concurred.

A funeral was not a usual occurrence in the Gulch, especially during thirty below zero weather, but it was decided that one must be had, and the deceased given as good a "send off" as possible. Mr. Yerdon protested, claiming that it was an unheard of foolishness on the part of the Gulch, picking out a grave with the thermometer thirty below, but no one paid any attention to Yerdon.

The grave was hacked out of the frozen earth on the Spring Gulch Bar, where the old man had struggled at mining, and within sight of the little log cabin in which he had lived for years. It took nearly all day to cut out the grave, although the men worked by relays, and when all was ready and the cold, wintry twilight was beginning to fall, and the biting, snow-shifting blast of the north whistled fitfully, the frozen body encased in a rough coffin was brought up the hill and lowered into the grave.

There was no sermon. It was cold, bitter cold, and every few minutes it was necessary that the funeral attendants resort to active means to keep the warmth within their bodies. "His ways were not our ways, an' I don't know that he was any the worse for it; he don't owe none of us an iron dollar, which is a good thing to say of anybody when they shuffle off," remarked Uncle Joe, softly, and the residents of the Gulch, crowded around the bleak grave, nodded solemn approval.

"In order that th' funeral may be properly conducted, some wan shud say a short prayer," piped Uncle Jimmy from the foot of the grave, and the mourners again nodded solemn assent. But there was no volunteer, and the snow drifted down pitilessly. The Gulch had always been a little short on prayers. "I move that Mr. Frazer repeat the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Palmerton, and the mourners nodded solemnly. The wind whistled over the bar ridged with drifting snow as Mr. Frazer stepped out of the crowd. Clearing his throat and looking reproachfully at Mr. Palmerton, he began the funeral service of Old Man Hunter.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you'll all uncover, and we'll repeat the Lord's Prayer as a sort of funeral 'requiant' to our departed friend:

" 'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I hope the Lord my soul will take.' "

"Amen," said Uncle Jimmy heartily. "Frazer, ye did that well."

The frozen earth was piled upon the coffin, and the grave was rounded off as well as might be with the frozen clods. Then a large boulder was rolled on top of all. "There," said Mr. Palmerton with satisfaction; "maybe this hasn't been high-toned, and maybe it hasn't been accordin' to Hoyle; but it's the best we had, and the ole fellow will sleep just as well as if he was buried under a granite monument two hundred feet high!" "Right ye are, George," assented Uncle Jimmy; "en it'll be a long time before we have such another."

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The home of General Vallejo at Lachryma Montis, as it looks to-day. General Vallejo was despatched by the Mexican government in 1832 to found a town at Sonoma, erect a military post and secularize the Mission.

LACHRYMA MONTIS

One of the Few Remaining Historical Homes of California

BY EVELYN M. FOX

UP IN a little crescent shaped valley, in the shadow of Sonoma County's blue hills, there stands in mute but vivid contrast, to the present day surroundings, one of California's reminders of the days in which the Golden State lay under Mexican rule—"Lachryma Montis," (Tear of the Mountain) they call it; and where once it sheltered General Marion G. Vallejo, father and founder of Sonoma, whose illustrious name is interwoven with many pages of early Californian history, and his family; where once its hospitable light beamed a welcome to the passing equestrian, where once the fame of its table, its hospitality, its gorgeousness was known inter-continentally, to-day it stands moribund and desolate.

The beautiful old grounds are situated in the northern pueblo of the town of Sonoma, at the foot of a blue mountain. An avenue of hardy shade trees leads you up to the entrance of a tropical court, dotted with orange, magnolia and semi-tropical trees. In the center of this court, once the throne of splendor, unbounded mirth

The "Swiss Chalet" as it looks to-day. This house, in several sections, was brought from Switzerland and carried around Cape Horn to California in 1853.

and gayety, there remains a single, but gigantic, palm. To and fro it sways, as though mourning for the days that were. The wind croons a lullaby, and looking backward with the palm, there arises the recollection of days such as Vallejo's descendants and the old manor will never see again.

In this romantic little spot lives Senora Vallejo Emparan, daughter of the General. She has lived here some fifty years now, and many changes have occurred in that time, changes cruel and bitter for her, the most vital perhaps being the contrast between the Vallejo fortune of yesterday and that of to-day.

It was only the other day I visited Lachryma Montis. Something in the strange, compelling personality of the old grounds attracted me. Eagerness to learn their history prompted me to accept the gracious hospitality of the Senora, and knowing that it was only from such as she that I might expect to hear the true story, I listened attentively while she related it.

In the year 1832 the Mexican government sent General Vallejo to found a town at Sonoma, erect a military post, domesticate the Indians and secularize the Mission. In compensation for this and the rendition of past faithful services, the Mexican government presented Vallejo with enormous tracts of land. As colonizer of the northern frontier and military commandante, his control extended over a vast territory aggregating some 7,000,000 acres in all Among his properties was one comprising 86,000 acres, known as the Petaluma grant, extending from Petaluma to Sonoma Creek, and thence from Penn-grove to San Pablo Bay, including all the interlying country.

Upon his arrival at Sonoma, Vallejo found it a wonderful primitive wilderness, undisturbed by the hand of man. The mountains abounded with wild animals; the valley with pro-

ductive soil. The only reminder of civilization was the little Mission of San Francisco, De Solano, De Sonoma. He accepted the gracious hospitality of the good old padres here, and with his family took refuge. He laid out the plaza, around which he built the town; then erected a military barracks and several dwelling houses.

A mile from the town proper, at the foot of an impressive mountain rising in majestic splendor to protect the little crescent shaped valley, which the Indians named the Valley of the Moon, Vallejo inadvertently discovered a wonderful spring of crystal water, flowing from the side of the hill. Here Indians came to drink; their maidens to fill their earthen jars; Spanish padres to quench their thirst, ere resuming the long pilgrimage across the blue hills; and here, too, Vallejo came to drink of the waters of the wonderful spring. Something in its refreshing draughts inspired him to linger and build his home.

The Indians welcomed Vallejo and told him in detail the legend of the spring.

There was once a beautiful Indian maiden enamored of a big brave, who won her heart only to toss it aside. His infidelity so grieved the maiden that she grew despondent, and coming to the spring on a beautiful moonlight night, listened to the plaintive cry of the falling water. Seeking solace, she cast herself into its depths to drown her sorrow and forget. But here she grieved so for her earthly love, and wept beautiful big, pure crystal tears, that came in such profusion that they threatened to overflow the hillside. The faithless lover, overcome with remorse, lingered about the spring. But the maiden sighed, as she wept, and by and by her pitiful wails of heart-hunger and pathos so haunted the big brave that he threw himself into the spring. The tears of grief ceased to flow so profusely and gave place to tears of joy, soft, crooning, caressing bubbles which flowed tranquilly from the hillside. From this legend Vallejo chose the name, Lachryma Montis (Tear of the Mountain.)

The General had been brought up as a boy in Monterey of wealthy and noble parentage. Like others of his lineage he was improvident. Sent while still a young man as military commandante to Sonoma, given this position of trust and great responsibility; placed in control of lands, men and affairs; regarded by all as a prince and potentate; submerged in the wealth of lands and cattle, he was utterly unfamiliar with finance. He was as a child in anticipation of the purchase of toys. Anything he saw he coveted, irrespective of cost or attainment. At one time it is narrated he sent two ships to Arabia for some thousand Arabian horses, and it was not an uncommon thing when a ship arrived from a European port, laden with furniture and libraries, for Vallejo to purchase the whole shipload to satisfy his generous ideas.

At the foot of the hill, Vallejo laid out the grounds of Lachryma Montis. The beautiful court was dotted with fountains, massive palms, hedges of cactus, and multi-colored roses; orchards of lemon, orange and semi-tropical trees; immense vineyards comprising some eighty and ninety acres. His horses roamed over countless hills, his cattle grazed on as many verdant vales: Hundreds of Indians whom he had won from savagery and who learned to love and revere him, cultivated his great lands, tilled his broad acres, gathered in the grapes from the immense vineyards, and threshed his grain. And, indeed, it often pleased Vallejo in his later and declining years, in speaking reminiscently of the days that were, and of his vast possessions, to tell of his great herds of cattle sounding in passage like the distant roar of thunder, and recounting the days when the first of his herd was entering the Sonoma Rancho, the last was but leaving the Suscol Ranch.

In the garden where Vallejo spent most of his time in his declining years —where he entertained many persons

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Reservoir and foreground looking towards the home of General Vallejo. The water comes from an old spring famous in local Indian legend.

of note—he gathered his children about him, and pointing them out to a visitor, would say: "These are the little Spaniards; these the Mexicans; these the little Yankees." For his children were born under three different administrations.

The Senora then took me across the court to the dwelling house, an impressive looking affair, built in the year 1851, which cost in the neighborhood of $60,000. The material came from all parts of the world. The iron came from China, the bricks from South America, the mantelpiece from Honolulu. The timber used was all of the great redwoods hewn in the forest and whipsawed in a rudely constructed mill a few feet from the house. The ornamental framework of the house came from all parts of the world. The interior originally was magnificently furnished with wonderful old Spanish tapestries, paintings, hand-carved furniture, velvet carpets, etc. The drawing room always resounded with mirth and revelry, for the General was noted far and wide for his hospitality. At this great old house, he entertained Spanish, Mexican, American and European officials, distinguished statesmen and soldiers. Even the Russians from Fort Ross shared his bountiful hospitality in the old days. Here, too, Bishop Alemany, upon his arrival from Spain, over half a century ago, lived and taught the General's children the doctrine of Christianity. In those days there were no hotels or accommodations for transient guests, and no traveler was allowed to depart from the Vallejo home without a magnificent gift of some kind, generally an Arabian steed or silver mounted saddle. And a little bag of uncounted gold was always placed in the guest chamber on the eve of departure, to provide for his later expense.

The old house stands to-day alone and forsaken, haunted by the memories of the past. There is nothing grand or impressive about it save for the memories connected with it. No tapestries, no massive and gorgeous drapings or ornamentation of the days gone by, remain, nothing but an untenanted antique country villa, in a remarkable state of preservation.

We crossed the court to the most interesting living memento on the old grounds: the Swiss chalet, imported

from Switzerland, and brought around the Horn in sections in 1853. The sections were all numbered. The figures are still plainly visible to-day. The chalet was formerly used as a warehouse by the General in his prosperous days, but because of its quaintness it is now used as the dwelling house of Senora Emparan. The interior still retains its primitive and rustic appearance, and the structure itself is supported by huge posts and handhewn wooden beams. It is unique and fascinating in every detail. The living room is large and commodious, and contains the library of the General, intact as he left it, even to the bookmarks in his favorite volumes. It also contains remarkable specimens of Indian pottery, a rare collection of Indian baskets, coins, curios and bric-a-brac innumerable, some century old and many with romantic histories. Odd looking furniture from all parts of the world is to be found herein. At one corner of the room is the odd shaped old wooden table seating about twenty —upon this were drawn up certain famous deeds of early California, and at one time the old table was known to have been stacked with sacks of gold aggregating $100,000. The Senora has carefully preserved the relics and traditions of the Vallejo family, although a great number, including the famous old English chaise, are to be found in the Museum of Golden Gate Park.

Like many other grand old Spanish families, the Vallejos' greatest prosperity was from 1820 to 1846. The General, although a noted colonizer, soldier, statesman and benefactor, was a poor financier. As old age crept upon him, he realized his inability to finance his possessions and keep up the vast estate. It was largely due to his generosity of heart that he lost his immense land grants. Many prosperous Californians to-day owe their present position to Vallejo, for he was known to have given away thousands of acres to people who had rendered him a service, or whom he fancied.

This great old estate, originally embracing some hundreds of thousands of acres, to-day only comprises 280.

A few contented cows now graze on a small patch of verdant pasture, a part of the hills over which once thousands roamed.

The iron fountains no longer feed the immense orchards of fruit and magnolia trees—they are rusty and still.

The famous old Chinese pagoda is in ruins. The Delirio, the favorite haunt of the General's, where he compiled his famous "Historia de California," which he gave to Bancroft to incorporate in his history, is crumbling in decay.

The old reservoir, or crystal lake, around which the Indians offered sacrifices to the hero of the lake's legend and his love-sick maid; where the old Spanish Grandees, Mexican and American army men came to drink of the waters of the spring, which mingled with the juice of the orchards, went to make the famous wines of Lachryma Montis; around whose banks Knights of the Saddle courted the vivacious Senoritas from old Castile, is to-day a commercial project.

When Vallejo first discovered this spring as it ran out of the surface of the ground, at the foot of the hill, he learned that when the water reached a certain static height it ceased to flow. Ascertaining this height, he built a wall around it which formed a reservoir or miniature lake; he then piped the little town of Sonoma with huge wooden pipes, hewn by hand out of big pieces of timber by the Indians by a rude process of boring, and by this means he supplied the neighboring ranchos with water. To-day this lake is no more, the old wall still stands, but contains no water. The little spring has given place to a modern water system, consisting of two elevated tanks, whose combined capacity is fifty thousand gallons; and an electric device, by means of which the water from the spring is elevated to these tanks, which provide an abundant supply of pure, rich, sparkling water, sufficient for the domestic sup-

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ply of Sonoma to-day. The old wooden pipes originally laid by the General remained until 1905, when they were replaced by a new system of six-inch iron pipes. The spring to-day, flowing at its natural static height, gives 650,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours, and below for every foot the increase is about 60,000 gallons for every twenty-four hours.

Although in decay, the old grounds have lost none of their personality. They are alive with romantic reminiscences and historical memories. Every nook and corner abounds with them: the air is fragrant with the anesthetic aroma of the orange blossoms. Hedges of multi-colored roses abound, while the old court is dotted with orange, magnolia, semi-tropical and beautiful shade trees. The old grounds are still beautiful, and if for no other reason, save in appreciation of what Vallejo did for California, they should be preserved by the State as a monument to him. For to General Vallejo, Northern California owes much of what she is to-day; her admission into the Union, and her abandonment of foreign domination. He it was who was instrumental in both, and who looked with prophetic eyes upon the future of his beloved State. For this, then, if for no other reason, should loyal Californians revere his memory and treasure the sanctity of the old grounds.

The present remarkable state of preservation of the old grounds, notwithstanding the great inroads of time, and the lack of funds to care for them, is largely due to the untiring and patriotic efforts of Senora Emparan, who has worked vigorously and struggled against the heaviest odds that the old home might be preserved as a monument to posterity.

The notable old English chaise of the late General Vallejo. It was built in England in 1832, and is now in the museum at Golden Gate Park.

The restoration of this grand old historical property, the last of the decaying mansions of California, to its old beauty and grandeur, would require little more than energetic action by some of California's clubwomen. It is an historical spot, one that should be taken care of and preserved as such, and there is yet reason to believe that it will some day be under the control of the State government.

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HEROIC DEEDS NOT RECORDED IN AMERICAN HISTORY

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BY JOHN W. CONNORS

SINCE the close of the Civil War, it has been a mooted question as to who was the youngest soldier in the service, during the great national crisis from 1861 to 1865. Government estimates show that of the 2,778,309 soldiers representing the entire enlistment of the Union army engaged in the Rebellion, 644,891 were boys under 16 years of age; 981,989 under 18 years, and 1,151,429 had not reached the age of 21, at the time of their enlistment. Many claimants throughout the United States have laid siege to the coveted honor of being the youngest patriot that offered his services to the country, and for over a quarter of a century, till recently, it was believed that Daniel Williams, of Gloucester County, New Jersey, who enlisted in '62 as a drummer boy, in Company I, Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment at the age of 11 years 5 months and 15 days, held the record. There is also Colonel John L. Clem, another claimant, who was chief quartermaster, Department of California, in 1907, famous in song, story and poetry as "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." He first saw service at a very tender age, and drummed his way to early prominence in the Shiloh battle, but that is another story.

The writer believes that he has quite unexpectedly discovered the youngest veteran who enlisted under the Stars and Stripes during the Civil War, and that he is at present the official bugler in the Veterans' Home in Napa County—John McDonald.

John W. McDonald and John W. Connors. (From a recent photograph.)

Being possessed of a retiring and unassuming nature, Mr. McDonald rarely spoke of his early military experience, until quite recently, and even then reluctantly gave out this bit of history, backed up by his army discharge, and other official papers confirming his claims.

John McDonald has other claims to historical prominence. He was born and reared amid martial surroundings at Fort Vancouver, Wash., February 21, 1852, his father at the time being a non-commissioned officer in Company A, 4th United States Infantry, under

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President Lincoln in the War Department telegraph office at Washington, writing despatches to the commanders at the front.

then Lieutenant U. S. Grant. Thus, as the records affirm, he subsequently followed the inherent patriotic instinct of his father, and with the latter's consent was enrolled as a bugler in Battery D, Third United States Artillery, by Captain W. F. Widner. This occurred at Alcatraz Island, March 10, 1862. At that time the lad was *10 years and seventeen days old.* Later the boy trumpeter was transferred to Battery H, and was honorably discharged at the term of his enlistment, March 10, 1865, at Fort Winfield Scott. The following day he re-enlisted, and after a transfer to Battery E, Second Artillery, the schoolboy soldier, still in his 'teens, was discharged at Fort Steilacoom, Washington Territory, March 11, 1868.

Mr. McDonald never got away completely from military life, save to give a few years in commercial pursuits. Full of the true soldier spirit, he again re-entered the army and saw hard frontier service under Miles, Chaffee and Howard. Among other martial adventures were campaigns against that bloodthirsty and cruel renegade Geronimo in Arizona; also in the Nez Perce Indian warfares.

Two troops, comprising L and F of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, and G of the First, were engaged nearly all day under a broiling Arizona sun, striving their hardest to dislodge a large band of hostile Apaches defending themselves behind an almost impenetrable rocky eminence. Some distance away, but covered by the Indian zone of fire, was a spring of water, the location of which was known only to those familiar with that locality. McDonald knew the trails to this spring, and begged Sergeant Brandenstine to grant him permission to make a dash for the spring and bring back water for the exhausted cavalrymen. McDon-

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ald was given the fleetest horse in the outfit, and after tying some seventeen canteens to his saddle, he led his mount among the projecting rocks as far as he could without attracting the attention of the vigilant Indians. Then, jumping into the saddle, he dug his spurs into the flanks of the horse and dashed out from cover. At once he was the target of a shower of bullets, but, crouching low over the side of his horse he managed to run the gauntlet of leaden hail with only a few flesh wounds; his horse, however, was badly cut, and McDonald was obliged to give the animal very careful attention when he reached the spring.

McDonald's successful dash to the spring was unquestionably due to taking the Indians completely by surprise; his return was, if anything, a greater surprise, for on his first dash they undoubtedly thought he was a messenger going for relief or some other errand. They certainly never expected to see him again. On his return, McDonald, as in the first instance, took advantage of every projection of the landscape to conceal his advance from the hostiles as long as possible. He had seventeen canteens filled with water, and knowing how indispensable their contents were to his comrades, he was anxious to save all he could for them, as well as his own skin. Behind the last rocky projection afforded him for concealment, he carefully tied the canteens fast to the leathers, and looped his lasso around the saddle and neck of his horse, so that he could use it somewhat after the fashion of a sling to help support his body while crouching behind his galloping horse to avoid as much as possible the raining bullets of the Indians. When all was ready, he bent low behind the shelter of his horse's body and dashed out into view of both Indians and soldiers. At once the fusillade began from the rock-hidden Indians. His comrades gave him a shout of encouragement, and did all they could to assist him by pouring a raking hot fire in the direction of the concealed Indians, thereby forcing them to keep under cover, and in this way checking their fire. Despite the best efforts of the cavalrymen, the bullets rained about the rushing horse, and McDonald was again badly cut up, the worst wound coming from a jagged bullet which spent itself in his left wrist and put that member out of commission. Within fifty yards of shelter the horse staggered and tumbled headlong. McDonald promptly cut the cinch, and throwing the saddle with its canteens of water over his shoulder, he staggered and crawled the best way he could towards the sheltering rocks from which a number of his cheering comrades rushed to pick him up and jubilantly carry him to safety.

Mildred Swain, taken at the age of 18, at the time she saved the life of R. B. Griffin during the Civil War. Subsequently she became his wife. (From an old daguerreotype.)

McDonald's dash and the refreshment brought by the water so inspirited his comrades that before nightfall they drove the hostiles into a position where they were forced to surrender.

The following letter was received by McDonald, from J. B. Aleshire,

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now Quartermaster General, U. S. Army, his former superior officer:

"War Department: Office of the Quartermaster General. Washington, D. C., October 25, 1907.

Colonel John L. Clem, Chief Quartermaster, Department of California, San Francisco, Cal.

"My dear Colonel Clem:

"This letter will be handed you by John McDonald, who I know to be an excellent and brave soldier during my early service, 1881, 1882, 1883. If you can conveniently give him any work, I would appreciate it.

"Very truly yours,
(Signed) "J. B. ALESHIRE,
"Quartermaster General U. S. Army."

An interesting coincidence developed when McDonald presented this missive. Colonel Clem, who is widely known throughout the country as "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," engaged the letter bearer in conversation relative to his military experience, and during the course of the interview, the newly discovered youngest veteran of the Civil War disclosed the fact that he enlisted at the kindergarten age of ten years. The startled Colonel was mildly bewildered, for in the past forty years or more he had encountered no challenge to his title as the youngest soldier; so when McDonald drew forth his army papers, fortifying his claim, the commissioned officer manifested keen interest, as he perused the convincing evidence. Grasping McDonald warmly by the hand, he congratulated him ungrudgingly.

Story of Griffin, Army Telegrapher.

The dramatic incidents that frequently involved the military telegraphers, during the critical period when the North and South were at bayonet points, have never been given the publicity that characterized the rank and file of the opposing armies, for the adventures of these unsung heroes, in whose hands the secrets of the nation were held, earned their honors unseen.

The inviting lure of California's delightful climate was the magnet that prompted Russell B. Griffin, Union Army telegrapher, friend of Abraham Lincoln, Robert C. Clowry, another war time operator, now president of the Western Union Telegraph Co., Andrew Carnegie, the Steel Magnate, and David Homer Bates, one of the Great Emancipator's biographers, to come West. He is now living at the Veterans' Home, Napa County.

Mr. Griffin is a veritable mine of thrilling narratives, himself being the principal actor in those nerve-straining days when the disrupted nation was hanging in the balance. For twenty years the former government telegrapher lived ideally happy and contentedly with his beloved wife, Mildred Griffin, who, in 1884, passed to the Great Beyond. He met and won her in the South when she was eighteen years of age, amid dramatic and romantic surroundings, during the grim warfare. At the time, the daring young Northern telegraph operator was detailed in Blandville, Kentucky, a rabid Southern stronghold, to which place he was sent because of his executive capacities and fearlessness. He was advised in advance that the mission was fraught with constant peril, for there were no Union troops there.

Mr. Griffin secured the services of two Northern linemen, a small guard of Union cavalry, and immediately set out to install an improvised telegraph office in this hot bed of Kentucky rebellion. When the telegraph wire was in working order and the men were not harassed by the enemy, the Federal operator kept in touch with Washington, and the various Union commanders, posting them on the acute situation in that portion of the country.

One day, while transmitting important despatches, he was surprised to see a young and beautiful girl, mounted on a spirited bay horse, ride up to

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Russell B. Griffin. (From a recent photograph taken at the Veterans' Home, Napa.)

the office door. "Pardon me," she said; "but you will be captured and killed if you do not make your escape quickly, for Captain Wilson, of Forrests' Cavalry Command, is now in our house, and is making preparations to raid your quarters here."

Subsequently, Griffin learned the young heroine's name was Mildred Swain.

Thanking her very warmly, he hurriedly clicked the startling information over the wire, secured his horse, destroyed all trace of Northern communication, gathered his troopers and linemen together and abandoned his office. In the twilight of the departing day, the little band of Unionists made for the woods, across the field, keeping on through the brush until they reached the cemetery on Mayfield Creek. As they secreted themselves among the tombstones and graves, desultory firing and the baying of bloodhounds sounded perilously near, but Griffin, by taking every advantage of the situation, managed to maneuvre his small following so that they shook off their pursuers by daylight. Then they made their way to a nearby stream, crossing over on floating wood, and stumbled up to the house of Wiley Dicus, who lived in a cabin on the road, a location where the Federal line to Columbus was strung. Dicus supplied the hungry Yankees with coffee, bacon and corn pone.

Griffin then took down a nearby wire, and attaching it to his pocket instrument, found the circuit open in the direction of the town he had been forced to flee from. It was working all right to Columbus, where General A. J. Smith was in command. Quickly wiring him the situation, the Union Commander said he would immediately rush all available troops of cavalry, and instructed Griffin to be on hand and guide the soldiers to the town. In the course of a few hours this relief appeared, and the elated Griffin joined them. On reaching the suburbs of the village, the rebel cavalry were discerned mounting their horses in the public square; forthwith the Federals made a dash at them. Being taken completely by surprise, the Rebels offered little resistance and fled in disorder.

"Later in the day as we rode away," continued Griffin, telling his story, "we passed the home of Miss Mildred; she and her mother stood on the verandah. I saluted her by raising my hat, and I wondered if we would ever meet again."

Sometime subsequent, Mr. Griffin was instructed to relieve the military agent and operator at Collierville, thirty miles from Memphis, Tennessee, during an exciting incident whereby General Sherman and his staff nearly suffered complete capture by the treason of a Union officer. The General came out from Memphis with his staff and an escort of cavalrymen to inspect the troops at Collierville. Great preparations were made to receive the "Hero of the march to the sea." The regiments of infantry and cavalry were on dress parade line: no one suspected any unusual happening.

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Two officers rushed into Griffin's telegraph office, with an urgent telegram to the general in command at Memphis, stating that a force of rebel cavalry was making a dash to intercept General Sherman and his party. The officer did not stop to write the message, but dictated what the astonished operator was to say over the wire. At the time, the two officers looked out of the window and saw the Southern soldiers at a distance placing artillery in position. The brick depot was in line with the earthwork fort some hundred yards away. Cannonading began; a shell or solid shot tore through the brick wall; the mortar dust was stifling and blinding. Griffin rushed out of the demolished building and made his way in safety to the fort. General Sherman and his staff rushed in a few moments later, having had a very narrow escape from death. After an extremely sharp artillery fire of short duration, the rebels withdrew. Some days afterwards, it developed that a Federal staff officer, who was in love with a Southern woman, had divulged to her the intended reconnoissance of Sherman. The woman, being an ardent friend of the Southern cause, warned General Forrest, but the artillery bombardment began a few minutes too late. The traitor officer was dishonorably discharged from the service, his shoulder straps and buttons cut off, and he was marshaled outside the lines forever dishonored.

The blinding mortar dust on this occasion, from the bursting shell that destroyed his office, rendered Griffin's eyesight defective and he was obliged to seek treatment in Cincinnati. A month later his eyes were well enough to resume duty, and when he reported to Captain Fuller, the Military Superintendent, a suppressed feeling of enthusiasm enveloped him when Chief Fuller informed him to proceed to Columbus, Kentucky, and relieve the manager there, who was reported ill. Griffin was to receipt to his predecessor for all telegraph property and government cipher books; and was to be installed in his new assignment as Chief Military Operator of the entire district.

"While I considered my promotion a signal honor," he said, "still the fact that I was to operate in the neighborhood where the courageous girl, who was instrumental in saving my life, rather thrilled me. I was twenty-eight years of age; full of youthful ardor, and often in the silent watches of the night, in the field, I longed to see her again, and tell her in person of my great indebtedness, gratitude and eternal devotion."

After being in charge of the new office a few days, and acquiring the details of the routine work, the new chief arranged to leave an operator in charge of the headquarters, temporarily, while himself, Dicus and a friend named Hendrickson, rode out on the Blandville road to inspect the lines. "To tell the truth," confided Griffin, "the ride was all a ruse on my part. Night overtook us, and we put up at a country wayside house. While there, I diplomatically made inquiries regarding Miss Swain, and was informed she had been absent several days, on a visit to her aunt in the country near the Cairo road. Determined to see her, I arranged matters so that our party secretly started out early the following morning, and rode along the road leading to her home. Within a few miles of the place, I observed a lady approaching, which proved to be Miss Mildred. I bowed and she stopped her horse. I told my companions to keep riding to our next station, and I would join them later. Turning my horse and riding by her side, I referred to the night I had made my escape, telling her that I had never imparted to a living soul the secret warning she gave me."

A few weeks later a quiet marriage ceremony was solemnized, thereby cementing this war-time romance. Mr. Griffin remained in the government service for some while; his honeymoon was spent amid a military garrison prepared for battle at any moment. While at Columbus, Kentucky, in the same

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year, he received a message announcing that great national catastrophe, the assassination of President Lincoln. Handing the doleful message to Colonel Hicks, his commander, the officer's face became pale, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Other officers read the telegram in silence. The provost marshal ordered all the stores and saloons closed. It was a day of gloom. The steamer City of Alton landed on her way to Cairo, and going aboard, the death message was handed to the captain. The cabin was crowded: officers in uniform were playing cards. Calling the attention of the people, the captain read the despatch in a loud voice. An officer at one of the card tables arose and began to rejoice, whereupon another officer denounced him savagely and shot him dead.

Mr. Griffin says he was the innocent author of giving the first news of the result of the battle of Shiloh to the outside world. It happened in this wise: He sent the following private telegram to his father: "The battle of Pittsburg Landing has resulted in a Union victory." This message was sent from Fort Henry, Tennessee, and was picked up by the press reporters; it was the first and only news given by the Northern papers the following morning announcing the Shiloh battle.

Throughout the war there was, all told, 15,000 miles of wire operated by the army telegraphers, and the service cost the government about three million dollars. These faithful men knew all the secret orders emanating from the headquarters and from Washington, directing the movement of troops, and not one of them ever betrayed his trust. In addition to the ordinary oath of allegiance, each operator pledged himself as follows: "I do further swear that I will not reveal to any person or persons the contents of any despatch, report or the communication, either directly or indirectly, that may come to my knowledge through any connection with the telegraph, in any manner whatever: that I will not reveal or divulge, to any person or persons, any cipher that may be given me for United States military purposes, and that I will faithfully keep and observe this my solemn oath of secrecy and allegiance to the government of the United States of America."

The list of casualties and capture of this little corps probably aggregated three hundred. The fifteen thousand miles of military telegraph lines constructed and operated in the theatres of the war by the corps, hundreds of whom were within range of the enemy's guns, and often under fire, evidences a devotion and bravery that surely make its members worthy of comradeship with others of the army. They had the sole custodianship of the cipher keys imparted in confidence to the corps, never before or since reposed in so large a body of men, a confidence that was never by any chance betrayed.

When the news was received of the surrender of General Lee and his army, the Union people were jubilant, and even the Southerners seemed glad the cruel war was over. In recognition of his strenuous and indefatigable duties, Mr. Griffin received the following commendatory letter:

"Headquarters United States Military Telegraph, Nashville, Tennessee, April 1, 1866.

"R. B. Griffin, Manager United States Telegraph Division, Columbus, Kentucky.

"Dear Sir—

"Your message of March 30th was received. I am sorry to hear that circumstances are such as to induce you to resign, and I sincerely regret the loss of your services. I found you during the four years of your connection with the military telegraph an efficient, brave, faithful and energetic assistant, and take pleasure in recommending you to business men and others. I should be pleased to hear from you in

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your new location, and assure you that I am very truly your friend,

(Signed) "JOHN C. VAN DUSER,

"Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Superintendent, Military Division, Tennessee."

Mr. Griffin's wife died in November, 1884, just twenty-five years after the warning that saved her husband's life. Her memory is tenderly cherished by the aged veteran, and he always speaks of her in words of endearment. He still has a daughter living with her aunt not far from the scenes where her mother was wooed and won and married.

During reconstruction days, Griffin embarked in commercial pursuits, and was a successful and prosperous grain and commission broker in Sedalia, Mo., for years. His brother, about this time, was holding an official position in the general offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City, and mailed him a letter stating that he had a young telegraph operator in his employ who was making rapid strides as an inventor. His name was Thomas A. Edison, and he had just perfected a contrivance called a "stock ticker," and was trying to get it on the market by forming a stock company. The brother urged Griffin to come in with a fifteen hundred dollar investment. Griffin was still thinking over the proposition when he received a wire from his brother stating that "the deal was off." Edison had sold his patent to the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company for $75,000, and this is the story of the Wizard's first lucky strike, and his recognition as an inventor.

Mr. Griffin recalls that just before the war, Andrew Carnegie was a telegraph operator. Carnegie had just been made superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railway when the crisis came, and he became virtually responsible for the birth of the military telegraph corps during those volcanic days. At Secretary of War Stanton's request, Carnegie formed the nucleus of that silent army of unseen heroes; even to this day he is the dominant factor in the Society of the United States Military Corps, in conjunction to paying out a yearly annuity for life to the few remaining members. Only two men on the Pacific Coast besides Mr. Griffin receive a pension from Carnegie as members of this association.

Along in 1857, when Griffin was agent for the Great Western Railway (now the Wabash System) at Bement, Illinois, he cultivated a lasting acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, who was then an itinerant lawyer, traveling through that section of the country. The trains having no particular running schedules during those days, Lincoln would sometimes spend hours in the railroad office awaiting his train.

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Snag Lake.

TRIP TO MT. LASSEN FOREST, CALIFORNIA

BY F. A. STEARNS

(*With photographs by the author.*)

WE LEFT Oakland August 2d, arriving in Red Bluff early the following morning, where we ate a hasty breakfast and started on our stage ride about 7 a. m. Crossing the Sacramento River, we passed along through splendid fruit orchards and fine fields of grain. These gradually gave way to rolling hills covered with scrubby oak trees and lava rock, too close together to ride or drive through without their removal for a roadway. Across the dusty roads, even between the two stage loads of passengers, were trail prints of rattlesnakes that abound in that region. This excited some of the party to venture on a hunt and they began to "go about cautiously with a big stick," which resulted in the killing of three large snakes in the next few miles.

Arriving at Paynes Creek for luncheon, we were urged by the stage driver (who carried the mail from Red Bluff to Mineral, a distance of 45 miles), to hurry, as we had a long ride ahead of us. This ride ended at dark among the pines beside a beautiful stream, where we had a good bed and plenty to eat, the buildings consisting of a large two-story log house, with several additions and a small one-story building for the post office and store, which together with an extensive barn and corral, coupled with the wayside inn, constituted the town of Mineral.

The many signs of camp fires attested the popularity of the place as

a camping station. It is located on the edge of the great "Mt. Lassen forest reserve," consisting of about 500 square miles, or 1,400,000 acres of forest and mountains, with an altitude of from 3,400 feet to 11,000 feet. The Forestry station is located about one mile from the Postoffice across the creek beyond the bridge. East of this line, we were told, rattlesnakes have never been seen, and during our entire travels from there on no poison oak or "rattle snakes" were encountered.

We arrived at "Camp Rutherford" about ten miles south of Lassen Peak on the Feather meadows, at sundown. Morgan Hot Springs were passed about midway between "Mineral" and "Camp Rutherford," and our party returned during our stay to spend a delightful day bathing in the hot water that bubbles from the floor of a mountain meadow, there being several kinds of water, hot salt, sulphur and steam, and clear hot and cold water, together with warm mud. The surrounding hills contain a number of near geysers and a sulphur works. The coloring in this valley is vividly strong and striking.

Across the chasm "in the aerial."

Our camp was located in care of and with Wm. T. Rutherford, assistant forest ranger, who proved to be a most genial host. He provided horses and pack mules and acted as guide as well as host, directing us over and through a great part of the district which was being visited by him on an inspection tour. Our first important trip, excepting rides to a small fire which had about exhausted itself, was to Willow Lake, one of the many beautiful lakes held captive in this rather unknown mountain district, and located about six miles northeast from Feather Meadows. During this trip we passed a small herd of cattle grazing along a little stream, and on our left, near the edge of the timber, we observed two young coyotes, and Mr. Rutherford, having a Colt's Automatic, succeeded in shooting one at

W. T. Rutherford on the trail.

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Mt. Lassen, 1912, showing the lowest snow mark in thirty years.

about one hundred yards, notwithstanding his mount was only recently broken to the saddle. Upon our return to the lake, the old coyote and the other cub were seen near the same clump of trees, and Mr. Rutherford promptly gave chase, and shot the young one. He carefully preserved the scalp and ears, for which a bounty is paid by a local county.

Our next trip was to the ice cave where a lava flow from an extinct volcano has formed Wilson's Lake, and a deep, irregular crevice in which ice has formed to a very great depth. Our party, with the aid of "lass ropes," descended about one hundred and fifty feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, when the "Needle's Eye," a narrow passage, was so filled with ice that our guide thought it dangerous to pass, the clearance of which would have enabled us to go many hundred feet on a solid ice floor.

Our next trip was through the Big Meadows, visiting Chester, where the party camped one night, driving on the next morning to the Great Western Power Dam, now being constructed across the Feather River, below the "Big Meadows." This dam will impound a lake covering these great meadows sixty-three miles in circumference, or about 29 miles long by 9 miles in width, and with a depth of 150 feet. Much of the territory to be flooded is now covered with timber, which is being logged and converted into lumber.

Our next trip was made from Camp Rutherford to Mt. Lassen with two pack animals and five in our party. Each was mounted on a good horse. We rode until nightfall, camping in the highest meadow, and head of King's Creek, elevation 8,000 feet at timber line among the hemlocks at the base of Mt Lassen where eight large springs gush from the "rim rock" which forms an amphitheatre with a small meadow covered with beautiful green grass, studded everywhere with a variety of flowers through which flows the clear, cold water apparently from the dry, barren rocks above. This being the last running water encountered in the ascent of Mt. Lassen, we tied our horses to the trees and made the ascent on foot to a height of 10,745 feet above sea level. The last 1,500 feet on foot was made in two hours, including a short rest for luncheon.

From the top of Mt. Lassen, fifteen of the four hundred lakes in the dis-

Source of Kings Creek, eight large springs among the hemlocks.

trict are visible, there being a north and southeasterly glacier with a large bank of snow forming the saddle, and two rough crags forming the actual peaks, on one of which is established a telephone station for the use of the forestry service in locating fires. A lookout man watches the district from the top of the mountain daily during the summer months. The mountain is an apparent volcano. There is a lower mountain some three miles distant, which seems to have been broken off from the southwesterly side, and is called "Broke Off Mountain." The crater rim subsiding forms the actual source of the Feather River in the Kings Creek or "Hemlock Springs."

Descent was made to the horses in half an hour, and we rode seven miles southeasterly through the timber, skirting small mountain meadows and lakes to Drakes Hot Springs, where we camped for the night among the tamarack trees at an elevation of 6,525 feet above sea level, according to the aneroid. The next morning we visited Devil's Kitchen, an ancient crater with boiling mud-like mush pots breaking through the thin earth crust all around you, steam, sulphur and arsenic making their appearance in the different pots, also clear, cold and boiling water, with a beautiful waterfall rushing over ferns and yellow tiger lilies on its way through the center of the crater. The variety and contrast offered a sight never to be forgotten.

After returning to our camp, we ate a hasty luncheon, and were off again to Grassy Lake, our next camping place. We crossed Warner Valley, and started up over the mountain rising a thousand feet in fifteen minutes. As we stopped to rest our horses, we looked back into the valley, and it certainly seemed wonderful that man could build such a steep trail, and stranger still that a horse could carry any one on its back safely over it. We reached the top without mishap, and rode until nearly dark through the great forest, looking all the time for deer without success. They are very scarce. There should be a law prohibiting the killing of them for at least five years, so that in riding in that country travelers may catch glimpses of the graceful creatures in their native haunts.

We were very glad to make camp by such a beautiful lake, where we had all the fine lake trout we wanted.

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The waterfall at the "Devil's Kitchen."

The next day we rode five miles to Cinder Cone, which, together with Mt. Lassen, has been designated as National Monuments, said to be the most recent active volcano, excepting perhaps the occasional eruptions now going on in Alaska. We stopped to water our horses in Snag Lake, half of a larger lake that was cut in two by the flow of lava from "Cinder Cone," the other half being called Butte Lake. This proved to be the last water on this route—the rest of our ride was over cinders and lava; in fact, the sand around the lake is filled with cinders. For two miles and a half we rode over nothing but cinders, then over a pile of lava to the foot of Cinder Cone, where we tied our horses to some scrubby trees and walked up to the top of the Cone, six hundred feet above the surrounding level. The view over the miles of cinders and lava in its beautiful colorings is indescribable. The guide told us the cone had been in eruption twice, the outside rim being 450 feet in diameter and about 200 feet down into the second rim, and 250 feet farther to the bottom. We descended to the second rim, and checked all desires to descend farther into the earth. The climb to the top of the Cone was rim and checked all desires to de- thrilling descent, for it required only

The stage to Kiddie. Homeward bound towards the plains.

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four minutes to "slide" to our horses. Sliding in the cinders proved to be great sport. In making this Cinder Cone trip, we traveled in four counties —Tehama, Lassen, Shasta and Plumas, which region includes the headwaters of Feather and Pit Rivers, and the Honey Lake district. We were very glad to reach our comfortable camp on the banks of Grassy Lake, with an elevation of 7,240 feet, even though it was cold enough at night, so we had ice in our water pails the next morning, we were made comfortable by a roaring camp fire.

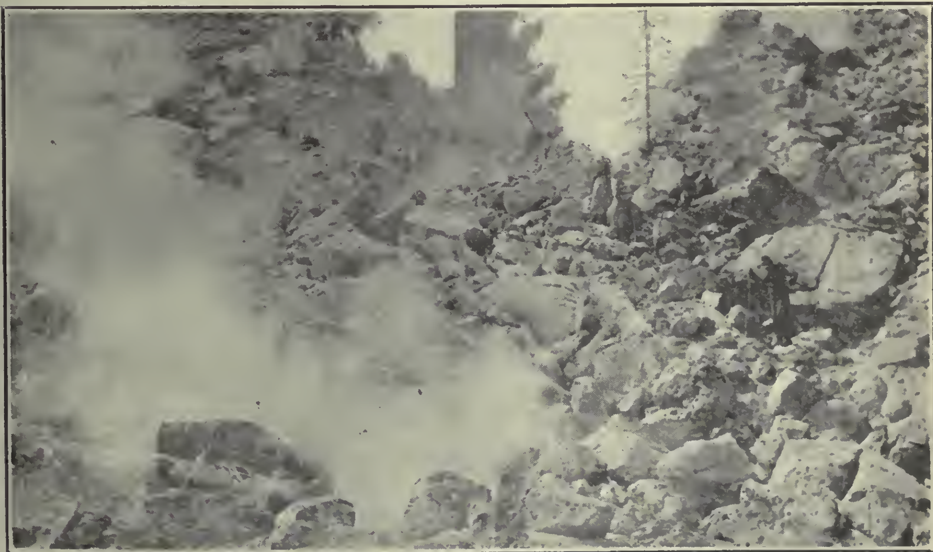
We broke camp early and started for Rutherford station, twenty miles distant. We rode almost entirely around Juniper Lake, a most beautiful body of water, finding a wounded buck by the water's edge. This great lake would make an attractive resort second to none except beautiful Tahoe in its popularity.

We reached camp after dark, and rested one day. The following morning we were up before day, making ready for our seventy-five mile stage ride to Keddie on the Western Pacific, through the Big Meadows, past the Western Power Company's dam.

We left Camp Rutherford in a private conveyance, rode to Chester, 14 miles, and got the nine o'clock stage. At noon we stopped at Nevis for luncheon and to change stages.

The 800 men employed by the Western Power Company were standing in line waiting for the dining room doors to open. It was a striking sight to see them. After they ate, we were served in the same room; everything was in abundance and cooked well, although not served on fine china and linen.

Through Indian Valley, rich with its grain fields, surrounded by its beautiful mountains, on to Crescent Mills, the road seeming to grow more picturesque and beautiful every minute, passing Indian Falls, only five miles from the railroad. By dark we were in Keddie, and by the time we had our supper, the train was heard in the distance, and we were very reluctant to let it carry us away from such beautiful and picturesque scenery.



The Devil's Kitchen, showing the boiling hot springs issuing from the earth.

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Children's Day in Columbia Gardens. Free pansy beds; pagoda in the background.

COLUMBIA GARDENS

The new $1,000,000 Oasis of the Rocky Mountains

BY AGNES BOSS THOMAS

BUTTE, MONTANA, is distinctive. Not because it is the Johannesburg of America, but because it affords its miners a rich man's Eden.

Fourteen years ago, before humane smelting was enforced by law, the arsenical fumes from Butte's copper mines devastated not only the town, but the country for miles around. Then both men and animals dropped dead in the streets; vegetation was seared, trees turned black, and the surrounding mountains were shorn of life.

Little wonder that the cemeteries became crowded. In fact, it was not long before 30,000 dead men, women and children were buried within the confines of one-half acre! A little less than half the population residing within the city limits, and one-third of the total population of Silver Bow County.

Naturally, such a condition of affairs gradually disqualified the miners. It also had a demoralizing effect upon the rich men. For although these capitalists could come and go, still much of their time had to be endured in camp.

Then it was that W. E. Clark, president of the original Consolidated Mining Company, came to the rescue. And

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in spite of this utter barrenness and regardless of cost, determined to relieve the tension so far as possible, and make for the miners a garden. Consequently, fifteen acres of rough, barren, mountainous country three miles from Butte, was chosen. And although a canyon, located in the very heart of the Great Divide of the Rockies, nevertheless it was shadowed by the world-famous $1,000,000 copper hill belching its poison. Yet when Mr. Clark made known his intention, it was met with a like determination on the part of the workingmen to make the project a success. And success it was, due not alone to the cool million it cost its benefactor, but largely to the wonderful patience and untiring perseverance of these laboring men, who hungered for a sight of growing things.

But this was fourteen years ago. Now Columbia Gardens, as it is called, nourished by the annual expenditure of $65,000 provided by its owner, has grown into 200 acres of grass, shrubs, trees and flowers. The grass, as well as each small shrub and its hundreds of promising trees, is nurtured with the utmost care. And it seems strange to watch the daily care and time and coaxing expended on these which grow elsewhere without leave. Yet as a consequence, the grass is like velvet, without a break or a weed, and affords an ideal setting for the striking and brilliant array of flowers growing from hundreds of fanciful beds. These beds twine round the paths, the drives, the trees, the buildings, in serpentine fashion, in cascades tumbling from the terraces which climb the mountains, and in show beds of conventional design; as well as whole blocks packed solidly. And as Montana holds the record for the size and abundance of its pansy blossoms, the Gardens make the most of this opportunity. For every year 85,000 or more pansy plants are set out. These yield an average of 700,000 blossoms. Even roses have been tried. But since being 6,000 feet above sea level, only 800 plants were set out. Nevertheless, the success was so great and the blossoms so many that eventually roses will be made a specialty, particularly that of growing American Beauties in the open. Besides these, 200,000 other blossoming plants adorn the grounds. In all,

Flower beds in the form of immense national flags.

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From left to right: Conservatory, base ball ground, pa

1,000,000 plants and flowers from almost every section of the world, and grown during the winter in the large conservatory of the Gardens, are transplanted annually. This converts the grounds into a floral display nowhere equaled in the Northwest. The consequent effect of such brilliance, surrounded as it is by bleak, gaunt, discolored mountains, is most startling. And particularly as the only approach to the Gardens is from the gray, desolate flat this side of the canyon, with its squalid shacks and dump heaps.

The feature of the Garden is its absolute beneficence. For instance, the flowers. On Memorial Day, great bunches of carnations are sent to the local post of the Grand Army veterans, together with thousands of other flowers, which are given to decorate the lonely graves of the veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars. Then, during the latter part of the season, the pansy beds are thrown open daily to women and children, who are invited to pick the blossoms. But distinguishing the entire season, flowers are sent to the poor, the sick and the maimed. Thus, the primary object of the Gardens' floriculture is not merely to create a wonderful display, but as a means of bringing cheer and solace to the thousands of hungry souls too poor to nurture flowers, since residing in a community where the cost of living is nearly two-thirds higher than in almost any other part of the United States.

Then, too, the Gardens, open day and night, are free to the public, the nickel fare constituting the admission for those patronizing the street cars. One day each week is set aside for the children, when the little tots are given a free ride to and from the grounds. Besides this, a goodly number of special days have been established in which various forms of labor enjoy enthusiastic and heated contests. Prominent among these, and withal the most deserving, is the rock-drilling contest of the miners, which never fails to attract many thousands of interested spectators.

Columbia Gardens are not only rich in the wonders of Nature, but has also its colonnade, concessions, pagodas and pavilion, all gleaming spotless white, and alive with the familiar and

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ns, menagerie. Taken from the balcony of the pagoda.

incessant babble of fakers, merry-go-rounds, bands and what not. On the edge of the large, artificial lake, where the kidlets, together with the swans, go a-splashing, is the $75,000 pavilion. This structure, twice circled by broad promenade balconies, has a dance floor of 100 by 120 feet, which easily accommodates 1,000 or more couples. But every park has its pavilion, and some quite as auspicious. But unlike the rest, the Gardens' pavilion shelters at its dances all classes—from the very poorest district of Butte to its multi-millionaires. This is due to the fact that the "smart set" of this community have absolutely no other outlet of amusement, and while in town, if they would dance, they must of necessity dance at the Gardens. Thus, two evenings each week have been set aside for their accommodation, at which time no one outside their own magic circle is allowed the pavilion. In truth, the entire Gardens are practically deserted of the other element —no doubt because each and every "class" have their appointed evenings, and these evenings are absolutely distinctive of each class. And to make this possible, strict order and discipline are enforced by the Gardens' management.

Beyond the pavilion and mid-way up a terraced hill is the Gardens' comparatively new baby, the fish hatchery. This excellently equipped hatchery has been turned over to the Montana Anglers' Association, under an agreement that if the association would procure the fish eggs, the Gardens' management would attend to the hatching of them, after which the association was to distribute the fry. This plan has been in operation for the last six years, with the gratifying result that the yearly output of the Gardens' fry is close to one and a half million young trout, which are planted in the streams of this vicinity. Indeed, this hatchery has played no small part in making the trout fishing in the mountain streams of Montana rank with the best in the country.

Looking across the canyon from the hatchery can be seen all sorts of wild creatures which, to all appearances, seem to be roaming at large on the mountain side. But not so. For the Gardens' menagerie affords its ani-

Entrance to Columbia Gardens. Butte in the far

mals a natural home, with canyons, caves, mountain streams, and even a mountain or two in which to roam. This menagerie, like the Gardens to which it belongs, is unique, for it boasts a collection of animals and birds belonging exclusively to the plains and fastnesses of Montana.

In a recent number of a current magazine appeared an article descriptive of the Zoo in Bronx Park near New York City. In this article the writer states that the park has the distinction of possessing the only Rocky Mountain goat in captivity. And, furthermore, that never before has a Rocky Mountain goat been whelped in captivity and both the mother and offspring lived—but in this instance the mother died by giving birth to the Bronx kid. Now this writer was decidedly misinformed, for Columbia Gardens has not only one Rocky Mountain goat, but three: a father, mother and baby—and the latter born in captivity, which is the only birth on record under such conditions. No doubt this is largely due to the fact that the family here enjoy their native habitat, the cage being a canyon of the mountains from which these goats take their name.

The story connected with the capture of Mr. Billy is most interesting. It seems Miss Nannie had long been in captivity, and the management, making known their desire to find her a mate, received a letter from Darby, stating that one had been caught in the mountains nearby, and asking what price would be paid for same. Now the Montana game law prohibits both the slaughter and capture of Rocky Mountain goats. In this instance, however, Mr. Game Warden, upon receiving the management's letter advising the department of the situation, replied: "I shall find it impossible to be in the Bitter Root Valley for two weeks," and signed his name. Thereupon, Mr. Billy established his home with the beautiful white Nannie. Some months later this affable member of the game warden's department was a guest at the Gardens. While visiting the animals of the zoo he came upon Mr. Billy, and exclaimed: "Why, where did you get that fine Rocky Mountain goat?"

"Oh," replied the manager, "he

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the hills. Artificial lakes at the left.

grew up in the mountains hereabouts; came down one night—so I'm given to understand—and scenting the female, leaped over the fence and has stayed ever since."

"In that case," returned his companion, "I suppose it's alright for you to keep him."

In the cages are a couple of black wolves captured during the year by an Indian boy on the Fort Shaw Reservation. The gray wolf was brought in from near Great Falls. These wolves are now very rare. While coyotes are thick in this mountainous country, still they are quite difficult to capture. In fact, the hardest of all animals to lure to a trap on account of their suspicious nature and wonderful powers of scent. However, the coyotes here were captured on the hills above. The lynx and a pair of wildcats came from German Gulch, a few miles from Butte. The mountain lions were caught between Missoula and the Coeur d'Alenes; while the three-year-old, 500-pound Teddy bear hailed from the mountains yonder. The swans are from the Centennial Valley near Henry's Lake, as well as the elk, four female buffalos and three beavers, or chequamegon, as the Indians call them. The eagles, owls, ducks, geese, fox, and Mary, the little black bear who is the proud mother of two handsome cubs—are also from this vicinity. The peacocks came from Florence, Montana, and the three bull buffaloes, the largest of which weighs over 1,900 pounds, from Mrs. Alicia D. Conrad's herd near Kalispell.

Crowning the highest eminence of the Gardens and commanding a superb view of the grounds, the canyon and the outlying range of the Rockies, is a large and ornate pagoda. Here it is that W. E. Clark, tired of his thirteen million dollar New York palace, sits and rests and watches the miners at peace in the grounds below, for everywhere on the green benches sits a motley crowd, tired, worn, but happy. And the swings sway not alone to the pulse of shouting children, but restive miners. And further, following the course of the stream, a fire flashes from a stove fashioned of rocks. And crouching before the blaze, happy women—wives of the miners, no doubt—poke the fire and fuss good-naturedly

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The great smelters of the Amalgamated Copper Mine, Anaconda, Montana, thirty miles from Butte.

over bright blue coffee pots dotting the hot stones. Still others can be seen arranging their evening meals on the rustic tables under the young trees. While little children, many pitifully stunted, and all quite poorly clad, flitter hither and yon in their search for clovers and dandelions. These they preserve with the tenderest care in tin cans and broken nosed bottles. Small wonder that the rich man watching above, decides each year to enlarge the grounds. And he does, for so far the annual growth of Columbia Gardens has averaged sixteen and two-thirds acres.

QUID PRO QUO

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

Some bring bright gems and glittering gold,
  (And a weary world knows the worth of these!)
And some of the learning and art of old,
  To deck the boughs of the season's trees.

But his gift to me was the truth—no less!
  (The essence and breath of beatitude),
And all gifts in return were but hollowness,
  Save only friendship—and gratitude!

THE FIRST RAIN

BY MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

UNTIL yesterday it had been full summer. From April to the autumn equinox the valley had baked under a cloudless sky, the emerald of late grain and darker green of wild buckwheat ripening with the march of days into dim gold and ruddy brown, the lights on rugged peaks and shining mesa growing more and more vivid as the unwinking sun burned the last drop of moisture from the air. September was merely summer intensified. The same fruits lingered on, but with a richer flavor, tending to quick decay. The same flowers were with us, but now at the slightest encouragement from irrigation, they budded, burst into bloom over night, and dropped their petals before we had time to enjoy their fragrance.

Then on the fifth day after the passing of the equinox a faint veil stole across the sun. The encircling mountains seemed suddenly to draw nearer; groups of pines sprang into bold relief against the western slopes of San Jacinto. The graybeards on the village benches stopped wagging their heads and prophesying a dry year, drawn aside by this new manifestation of the heavens. "Humidity," they announced. "Likely now we'll have rain."

But rain does not visit with unseemly haste the waterless places. That night and for three nights after the sun went down through cloudy pillars of rose and gold. The fourth night a gray shroud hid its setting, and no star came out in all the sky. The night jar swept low through the orange trees, sending its weird tremulous call through the darkness. Toward midnight came a wind over the southern hills, sobbed restlessly in the cottonwoods a while, then died away, leaving a hushed and expectant earth. And then the rain began.

We waked to a world over which the illusion of summer still hovered. Birds that for the last two months had deserted us for the cool forage of mountain meadows, had returned in the night, and were bustling about their old nesting places with a specious air of spring. Out in the orchard delicate fringes of vetch had made their way through the mellowed soil as if by magic, and were lifting their graceful heads above the furrows. Twin heart-shaped leaves of mallow, "bread and cheese" of our childhood days, starred the rough garden borders. Earth seemed to have forgotten that it was October, and rejoiced with the spring pulse of May.

All morning the rain came down, warm and soft and caressing. Our thoughts were so taken up with it that we could talk of nothing else. We brought out bits of work, laid up for just such a day, dallied with them fitfully a while, deserting them at last on some chance shifting of the cloud masses upon the mountain tops, or the flitting of a bird friend lately returned past the open window. New scents came in from the wild lands to the east. The moving cloud battalions were forever disclosing new beauties on hills and plain. Once a stray shaft of light illumined a tiny ranch far up on a jutting ridge, its orchards and stubble fields laid out with minute precision. In all our years of gazing upon that mountainside we had never noticed the little ranch before; and now we studied its high and solitary fields with the eagerness of discoverers, until another change of light dropped it

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into the obscurity from which it had sprung.

With afternoon a subtle difference in the face of Nature gradually became perceptible. A lull in the downpour lured us out for a drive. Fresh air children that we were, we had already grown restive under the half-day's confinement and the prospect of an outing assumed all the excitement of a picnic. We started forth hilariously, with exaggerated precautions in the way of rubber ponchos and old hats, making merry over our swollen and unnatural appearance.

An errand took us two miles across the valley to a ranch from which the owner had lately gone. It is surrounded by wide stretches of grainfields running down on the northern side to a sandy arroyo, across which the gray village of the Sobobas nestles in the arms of solemn browed old hills. From the tiny vine-covered porch of the ranch house one can look toward the home of all the winds unimpeded; for settlers have for the most part chosen our more cultivated corner of the valley, and our neighbor was something of a pioneer on the open plain to the north. I doubt if she would have exchanged her wide prospects, however, for any of our more sheltered slopes. In the matter of human companionship she was somewhat isolated—but the dawn, the hills and all the moving stars were her familiars, so that she could not greatly miss the homes of men.

As we turned into the driveway, the first conviction of change stole over us. It was June when our neighbor went away. Then the little house was a riot of warmth and bloom. Now as we passed the walnut orchard a yellow leaf detached itself here and there and fluttered silently down. The vines around the house looked thin and dead, and drooping beneath them were sodden hollyhocks that only yesterday had flaunted their bloom. How had the glory of them departed, along with the stir and cheer of the little brown house that slept so silently above them! We had been vaguely aware of its silence before; but that was in the sunny days of life and gayety when change went on imperceptibly, when the sense of permanence was so strong that one could not bring the mind to comprehend a break in the glad order of things.

The mood of the afternoon became articulate when, as we stood there, the bell in the far away Mission of the Sobobas began to toll, bearing the news of another final change. The hills took up the message, wrought of it a high and solemn thing, an echoing music that died at last in the gray skies above. They were tolling for Apapas, the last eagle chief of the Sobobas. All his life while the young men followed strange paths and bowed before the God of the Spanish priest, Apapas had walked sternly by the lights handed down to him from his fathers. And when he felt death coming on, they say that he would have none of the priest, but rising from his blanket compelled his failing limbs to perform once more the ancient dance of penance for the sins of his people; his last stern protest against the inevitable march of change.

"Now," goes the song of autumn, which is the song of death among the tribes, "now is the time for the eagle to fly away. Now is the time for the acorns to fall from the trees."

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PASTOR RUSSELL NOT A "SOCIALIST"

His Observations on Condition in the Orient Gained on his Recent "Round the World Trip"

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

ON BEING asked recently for an interview on Socialism, by the representative of a Socialist paper, Dr. Russell, the well known pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle, New York, replied:

"But I am not a Socialist; indeed, I am an opponent of Socialism as being impractical at the present time. I am not even a 'Christian Socialist.' I hold that Jesus and His Apostles did not teach Socialism or social equality. They taught, 'Render honor to whom honor is due;' 'Love the brethren, honor the king;' 'Servants, obey your masters.'

"Even the partial attempt at Communism or Socialism in the early Church, when they 'had all things common,' was a mistake. It was not authorized by the teachings of Jesus. It was an expression of the mutual love of the brethren. It was permitted, to illustrate the ideal condition of the future, for which even the saintly are not now prepared.

"I hold that Messiah's Kingdom must first be established and in control before Socialism will be a blessing or a possibility. Selfishness is so deeply entrenched in the human heart that Socialism in full can be only a theory, an unattainable ideal in the present time. Of course, I do not include combinations of Individualism and Socialism along the lines of railways, telephones, gas and electric supply, schools, etc. In view of these divergences, you surely have come to the wrong man for an interview," said Pastor Russell.

"You are quite wrong, Pastor," replied the newspaperman. "We do know your position quite well, but while we do not take your view of matters, we do recognize you as a man of great honesty and fearlessness. Your reputation in these respects is world-wide. Socialism not only respects the motto, 'Live and let live,' but it has another, 'Think and let think.' Socialism is quite strong enough to-day to be fearless. Besides, you do believe in Socialism—that Messiah's Kingdom will establish later what we now advocate.

"My journal desires your views on social conditions as you observed them on your recent world tour. Your Christian character, your freedom from sectarian bondage, your alertness to all that is transpiring in this, our wonderful day, as well as your moral courage, make your conclusions valuable to us and to all thinkers. Besides, many of our comrades have your books and possibly know more of your views than you might surmise—even if we do not agree with your views regarding Socialism."

"I thank you for your compliment," answered the pastor. "It seems to me that no one should be other than honest—especially a minister of the Gospel of Christ. What items would most interest your readers?"

"We would like to have some word on conditions in India, China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. We know much regarding conditions at home and in Europe, but will not object if you include interesting items of your observations in Christendom also."

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India Seething and Restless.

"Our party spent nearly a month in India," began Pastor Russell. "We had excellent opportunities for getting in touch with its peoples. They are mostly inoffensive, but besotted with superstition. They are just awakening to realize their lack of education. A fresh appeal for education for the masses has been made to the government this very year. They see that the wealth is in the hands of the whites, and all offices and positions of trust. They charge that they are being exploited to make the British wealthy. Secretly they are angry. If they could get munitions of war, India would be aflame with war against their white rulers. But no one is permitted to have arms of any sort except upon a specially issued license. And, of course, licenses are rarely granted, except to the whites.

"I could see no hope for their getting free from the British even if they could do better for themselves, which I doubt. I addressed whites and natives some sixteen times, exhorting all to seek God in His righteousness and to patiently wait for Messiah's Kingdom, which God promises will right all the injustices of earth. In Madras I learned of a recent incident which implies that the natives are bitter and premeditating vengeance on the whites: a native woman treated a white woman rudely in a street car. The white woman reproved the native, and got the reply: 'We will spit into your white faces before long.'

"China is a most interesting country. Its people are quite intelligent in a civilization of their own, very different from ours. Finally, they are awake to the fact that this is to their disadvantage. The revolution now in progress is not merely a political one —it embraces everything social and religious as well. Noted in the past for their docility, which allowed the Manchus to rule them for centuries (as the British are now ruling India), they are now ablaze with the revolutionary spirit.

"It is to be *hoped* that the Chinese will be allowed to reorganize their own government. It is to be *feared* that they will get five foreign masters instead of the one (Manchus) and less sympathetic.

"China has a trades unionism all her own. No other land under the sun is so completely ruled along these lines, though the workmen of the United States are following closely of late. In China every trade has its guild, with iron-clad rules, to violate which often means death. Even the pirates are thus combined and ruled. If civil war in China ever gets under way, these guilds will make matters terrible indeed. 'Every man's hand will be against his neighbor,' just as the Bible describes.

Uncle Sam as a Civilizer.

"The Filipinos for centuries, degraded with superstitions and ignorance, are now awake. Nowhere has the white man and his civilization done more for his dark-skinned brother than in the Philippines. In the short time since the American occupation following the Spanish war, that people has seen the great light of civilization and is approaching it with rapid strides.

"One thousand American school teachers originally sent there are now supplemented by six thousand native teachers. The Filipinos are not yet fit for full self-government: no more so than a bright boy of twelve years would be fit. However, an American has just cause to feel proud of the noble work of a 'big brother' that has been done by our government—along strictly secular lines, without prejudice to any religion.

"Yet the Filipinos are not happy, contented, thankful! Judging our government by others, measuring others by themselves, they selfishly fear for the future. Doubtless, did the opportunity offer, they would be ready to murder their educators and benefactors, for *fear* of the future, which they distrust.

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The Practical Japanese.

"As a race, the Japanese seem inferior to the Chinese. Yet in some important respects they are superior. They are more *practical!* They have great *common sense!* A little nation of little people suddenly awakened to civilization, they have matched and anticipated the so-called 'Christian' nations in their Christian game of *War.* No wonder if their little heads swelled with pride. The wonder is that they show so great moderation, so little bluster and boastfulness.

"A happy, peaceable, contented, loving people by nature, they are grafting on civilized lust for wealth and feeling the pinch of competition in every direction. Discontent, strikes, etc., are growing. Ere long the happy little brown men will be unhappy and strifeful under the influence of our Western Civilization. During our visit at Tokio their street railway employees went on strike. What was the cause? A conflict between selfishness and justice!

"It had been announced that the surplus earnings of the railway, over and above a certain dividend on its capital, would be paid over to its employees as a bonus or supplement to their wages. The comparatively few officers took more than half of the bonus and gave over the remainder to the many conductors and motormen to divide among themselves. The selfish injustice was resented by the strike until a more equitable adjustment was arranged.

Secret of the Discontent.

"Knowledge is the mainspring of our present day unrest and discontent —everywhere machinery and science are producing wealth as never before in the world's history. The very sight of gold brings the thirst of avarice. Everybody wants to get rich—quick!

"The Bible tells that God purposes shortly to remove the curse and make the whole world rich with the bounties of Paradise restored. But Christians, with more Bibles than ever, are not Bible students, and do not know of God's gracious promises to the world —to be ushered in as soon as the elect Church shall have been glorified. Besides, the 'Higher Critics' have been busy undermining faith in the Bible for the past fifty years. Hence little faith in its inspiration remains.

"Without a better hope, education merely spurs on the whole world to chase the golden butterfly of wealth. Already the struggle to grasp it is like a football scrimmage in which many are exhausted, some being wounded and others being killed.

"But, alas! The chase for wealth, and angry battling on its account, are only begun, as all may see. The Bible alone foretells its awful severity—that 'unless those days should be shortened no flesh would be saved,' but for the elect's sake 'those days shall be shortened,' they will be cut short by the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom, God's 'elect' instrumentality for the overthrow of Sin and the establishment of righteous and Messianic Socialism. But up to that time of Divine interference, it will be as the Bible foretells, 'A time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation'—'nor ever shall be afterward.'—Dan. 12.1; Matt 24:21.

"Wealth is good as a servant, but Mammon worship is demonizing Knowledge is a priceless boon to the heart and head in tune with the Infinite One; but to others it is a doubtful blessing.

"This is the source of the trouble which is becoming more general as the days go by. Knowledge is reaching hearts and heads that are unwise rather than wicked, that have no knowledge of the Supreme and His purposes and promises. It requires much more grace to do right after one learns how to do wrong successfully. And it is so much more easy to contend and even to fight for *Justice* than to practice Justice in the little affairs of our own lives.

"In Great Britain we have examples of increased knowledge working trou-

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ble. The railway servants, dock laborers and coal miners there have awakened to a realization of their importance to Society. They see that without their services the people would freeze or starve to death. They struck for a reasonable living wage. They succeeded, and their success alarmed the upper classes and encouraged themselves.

"The strikes were settled, but the men are still not satisfied. They are faring better than did their fathers in the same grades of labor, but they *know* of the change that has come to the world, through increased wealth. They declare that they will strike again, and do so without warning. Having no faith in Messiah's coming Kingdom, they say: 'If we submit we will be ground down into the mire; and our children's children would become serfs, slaves or worse.'

"Conditions are similar in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France, Italy, Austria, Greece, Russia and here at home. Civilization is sleeping beside a great volcano which gives every evidence that it will speedily be in eruption.

"The terror of that hour none can appreciate except from the standpoint of God's Word! The Bible pictures the strife at hand as demonical. Human sympathy will be swallowed up by human passion; selfish passion will burn, because the hoped-for easy victory will not come!

"To-day Capital and Labor are each serene, because each believes that it possesses the power to bring the other to its senses—to put upon the other a final quietus. Some trust in the ballot, others in the power of money to suspend business and let the people starve into submission. Others trust in their power to stop coal, and transportation of food, etc., until starvation settles the question for all time.

"Each miscalculates the resources of the other. All together they will be disappointed—only anarchy and terrible trouble will result, until Christ's Kingdom shall settle the strife —and thus 'The desire of all nations shall come.' "

DEAF

BY MARY LOWTHER RANNEY

Huge type of all my days to be,
The desert lies; its soundless void
Smites my deaf ears relentlessly
With aching silence unalloyed.

Yet may the prophecy come true,
The desert blossom like the rose,
And song arise, wings beat the blue,
God's secrets to disclose.

The desert vast companions me.
A brother on its breast I lean
And hear, at last, with ecstasy
Its music, deathless and serene.

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IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"What Books to Read and How to Read Them," Being Suggestions for Those Who Would Seek the Broad Highways of Literature, by David Pryde, L. L. D., Author of "Biographical Outlines of English "Literature," "Great Men of European History," etc. Formerly Head Master of the Edinburgh Ladies' College.

This is a new edition of David Pryde's famous guide book to literature, with an introduction and classified lists of over 1700 books in ancient and modern literatures by Francis W. Halsey, editor of "Great Epochs in American History Described by Famous Writers;" Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics," etc. This timely reproduction of an unusually serviceable hand book is designed as a life preserver to save perplexed readers from the flood of 15,000 books now being rolled out annually by the printing presses of America and England. No human being can hope to cope with such a deluge of matter. One reading of this little book of 172 pages, and the floodtide of innumerable volumes divides, leaving the way clear to the books of all time, the ones worth reading. Such a book, written by a man of true discernment, discrimination and fine appreciation, offers a short cut to the fields of true literature which no ambitious reader can afford to neglect in these days of strenuous endeavor. The table of contents marks out clearly the paths to the various fields comprehended in literature. Some idea of the practical import of this little book may be gained by summarizing just a few of the principles laid down by Dr. Pryde for getting the most out of your reading. They are: 1. Before You Begin to Peruse a Book, Know Something of the Author. 2. Read the Preface Carefully. 3. Take a Comprehensive Survey of the Table of Contents. 4. Give Your Whole Attention to Whatever You Read. 5. Be Sure to Note the Most Valuable Passages as You Read. 6. Write Out in Your Own Language a Summary of the Facts You Have Read. 7. Apply the Results of Your Reading to Your Everyday Duties. One of the most valuable features of this book is the Bibliography in which the authors and titles of standard works of Fiction, Autobiography, History, Philosophy, Essays, Travel, etc., are given. Throughout, the book is eminently practical and helpful.

Illustrated, 12mo; cloth, 75c. net; by mail, 85c. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"The Advance of Woman: From the Earliest Times to the Present." By Jane Josephine Christie.

This is a timely book, throwing an illuminating sidelight on the so-called "Woman's Movement" now sweeping over the world. The author explains her object as "A keen desire to set before both men and women a continuous picture of society from early times to the present day. * * * We do not stop to realize that the sins of nations must be rendered account of as well as those of individuals, that the mistakes of centuries and generations are piled up to be an incubus on those to come. We don't stop to realize that the present is only a link in the chain of Time bound by consequences to the past and laying foundations of consequences for the future to reap. The only facts that are living and pregnant are those which bring a lesson, the only good of the past is to enable us to better guide the present; the past history, sociological, political and legal, philosophically understood, ought to be the light to direct our steps. This is the message which this book attempts to set forth." The author has made a deep study of Darwin,

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Morgan, Lester F. Ward, Eliza Burt Gamble, John Stuart Mill and others, so the line of her thought is amply fortified and directed by the best authorities. The treatment of her subject is lucid, simple and forceful, and indicates that the author is familiar with practical, every-day affairs as well as the higher thought movements. The book is not an argument for "Woman's Rights," but it is a most absorbingly interesting and convincing picture of her place in the scheme of things, with illustrative examples from the lower orders of Nature, as well as from womanhood in general in the ancient and modern world.

$1.50 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and London.

"The Lute of Life," by James Newton Matthews. Edited by Walter Hurt.

The title is expressive of the author, for his was a sensitive character to find voice for his feelings of life only through poetry. His sweet and lovable nature is clearly limned in the sincerity, simplicity and sympathy of his lines. Walter Hurt, who knew him well, says that Matthews "was the incarnate poem; his life was a lyric; his death a threnody." Matthews' literary intimates—Whittier, General Lew Wallace, Mark Twain, James Clarke Ridpath, Joel Chandler Harris and others—join in the same warm testimony. Many of them expressed their love of his character in poems and prose. James Whitcomb Riley, one of his staunchest friends and admirers, among many fond tributes addressed the following sonnet to him:

"Bard of our Western World!—its prairies wide,
With edging woods, lost creeks and hidden ways;
Its isolated farms, with roundelays
Of orchard warblers heard on every side,
Its cross-road schoolhouse, wherein still abide
Thy fondest memories—since there thy gaze
First fell on classic verse; and thou, in praise
Of that, didst find thy own song glorified
So singing, smite the strings and counterchange
The lucently melodious drippings of
Thy happy harp, from airs of 'Tempe Vale,'
To chirp and trill of lowliest flight and range,
In praise of our To-day and home and love—
Thou meadowlark no less than nightingale."

Like Beranger, Matthews was a true poet of the people, and, though his wide range of knowledge and feeling sometimes carried him into classic fields, he loved best to mold in lines scenes of the home and the hopes and aspirations of his own country. These he has treated in the loving, wide visioned, sympathetic way that one would expect from a Lincoln poetically inspired. Owing to his modest nature and retiring life, he has not gained his due and rightful recognition outside the limited circle of his many literary friends. A wider acquaintance with the beautiful merits of this volume will unquestionably place Matthews in an enviable niche among the standard American poets.

Price, $1.50 net. Horton & Company, Publishers, 441 Home street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"A Tale of Two Conventions;" Being an Account of the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of June, 1912, with an outline of the Progressive National Convention of August in the same year. By William Jennings Bryan.

It was considered quite an innovation in the newspaper field when William Jennings Bryan, perhaps the then most prominent figure in the Democratic party, was sent to the Republican National Convention as the special correspondent of a syndicate of newspapers to report the progress of the body from his particularly inter-

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esting point of view, considering his position in the opposing national party. He later graphically covered the Democratic Convention for the same papers, and wrote a resume of what was done at the National Progressive Convention. All the material thus written, Mr. Bryan has now gathered into permanent form in his book, "A Tale of Two Conventions," just published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. The book includes some of the important speeches of the conventions, and the platform of each party, and supplies in permanent form a mental "bird's-eye view," so to speak, of the pre-election status of each of the three great national political parties.

Punctuating the book are selections of notable speeches made at the conventions, including those of Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, Elihu Root and Alton B. Parker. Edited by Virgil McNutt, and illustrated from contemporary cartoons. For those who desire a clear-cut and vivid bird's-eye view of the recent historic political conventions by one of the dominant participators, this offering is unsurpassed.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1 net; by mail, $1.10.

"Indians of the Terraced Houses," by Charles Francis Saunders, with numerous illustrations from photographs, mainly by C. F. and E. H. Saunders.

Arizona and New Mexico continue to be the Ophir of the American Continent to those tireless and indefatigable enthusiasts in search of Indian mysteries, lore, traditions and picturesque aborigine life. A few of these enthusiasts discover something new and readable in the land of the Primitive Desert Gods, and most of them do not. In this case the author wisely planned his trip of discovery with a definite and assured aim, and he returned with much information and many interesting photographs regarding the "Indians of the Terraced Houses," as an old Spanish chronicler called them. The author shows deep sympathy for his subject, and, like John Fiske, Helen Hunt Jackson, and the noble souls who really appreciated what the Indians and their relics mean to America, he makes an earnest plea to arrest the disintegration and sure extinction of the little Pueblo republics. Misdirected government efforts are afoot to interfere with the present life of these Indians, break up their pueblo life, scatter them in farmsteads and change their habits and customs.

The disintegration of this life is the more lamentable, as the Pueblos are the last of the aboriginal races in the United States still living on their original lands and remaining in anything like their primitive estate.

The author's style is entertaining, and he describes from personal observation extending over several years the present day life of these interesting tribes.

The book contains a chapter on Pueblo arts, especially pottery for which the race is noted, and is illustrated with many striking photographs taken by the author and his wife. A map, tables of population, directions for travel in the Pueblo country, a bibliography, and a glossary add practical value to the volume.

Octavo, 50 illustrations and a map; $2.50 net. By mail, $2.70. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 2-6 West 45th street.

"The Guardians of the Columbia," by John H. Williams, author of "The Mountain That Was God," with 210 illustrations (including 8 in colors) of Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams and Mt. Helens, and of the Columbia River and its Great Forests.

The publication, two years ago, of "The Mountain that was 'God,'" brought an immediate demand from many parts of the country, and especially from the Columbia River cities, for a similar book describing and picturing the fine snow-covered volcanic peaks that stand as sentinels about the great Cascade-Columbia Gorge, famous in Indian myths as the site of the

legendary "Bridge of the Gods." The field was virgin soil, fascinating in its interest. The volume which has resulted from Mr. Williams' study of it will delight all who love the great river, with its stately mountains and the far-stretching forest that supplies a true setting for their crown jewels, the ice-capped peaks.

The new book is magnificently illustrated with more than two hundred views of this wonderful scene. In his swiftly moving text, the author treats his subject from the point of Indian legend, with its naive solutions of natural phenomena; from that of science, interpreting the vast ranges, snow-peaks and river canyons in terms of geological cause and effect; from that of poetic nature study, finding beauty in the wild disorder of uptilt and chasm; from that of the climber, who sees in the ice domes a call to inspiring sport; and finally from that of the economist, who knows that the mountains and their snow fields and forests are storehouses of fertility for the plains and power for their industries.

Newstand Edition, light paper, 75c. Library edition, in stout art crash, $1.50 net. Edition de Luxe, in ooze leather, with design in gold on cover, $2.50 net. Postage on each edition, 16 cents extra. J. H. Williams, Publisher, Tacoma, Wash.

"Henri Bergson: the Philosophy of Change," by H. Wildon Carr.

There are few men living whose names appear so frequently in the world's newspapers and learned journals as Professor Henri Bergson. The aim of this little book is to give us the reason. But first the author describes who Bergson is, and an attractive portrait shows us what he is like. It is Professor Bergson's fame to have introduced what is really a new system of philosophy, and this is why he, a Frenchman, has been asked to lecture at Oxford, London, Birmingham and Edinburgh. Mr. Wildon Carr describes very ably and clearly the chief tendencies of this new philosophy under such headings as Philosophy and Life, Intellect and Matter, Instinct and Intelligence, Intuition, Freedom, Mind and Body, and Creative Evolution. In these chapters is unfolded a conception of the universe that is at once so simple and so suggestive that it has attracted the attention of thinkers everywhere; and it has this commendation, which must appeal to ordinary men, that it maintains the reality of freedom.

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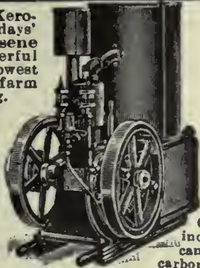

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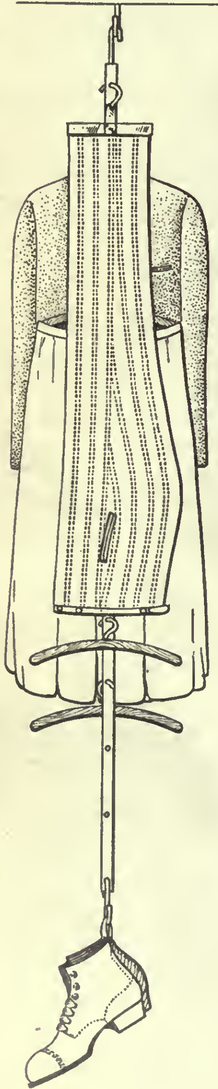

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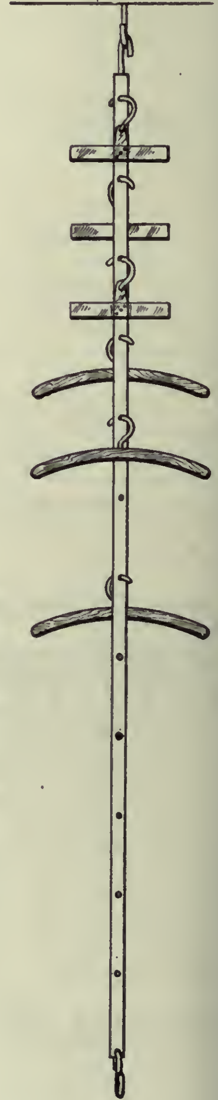

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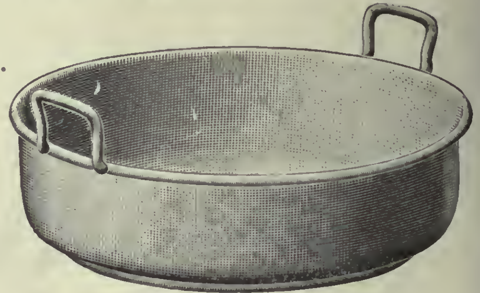

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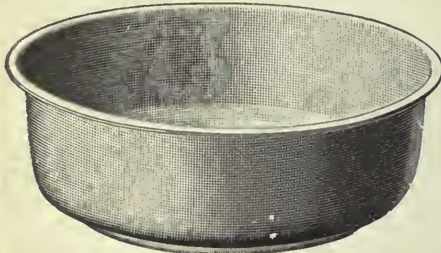

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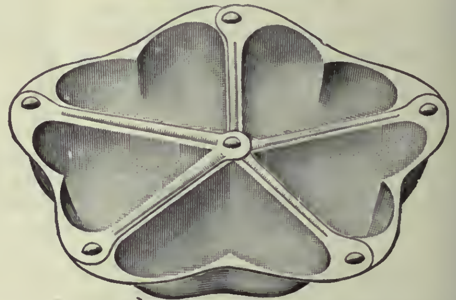

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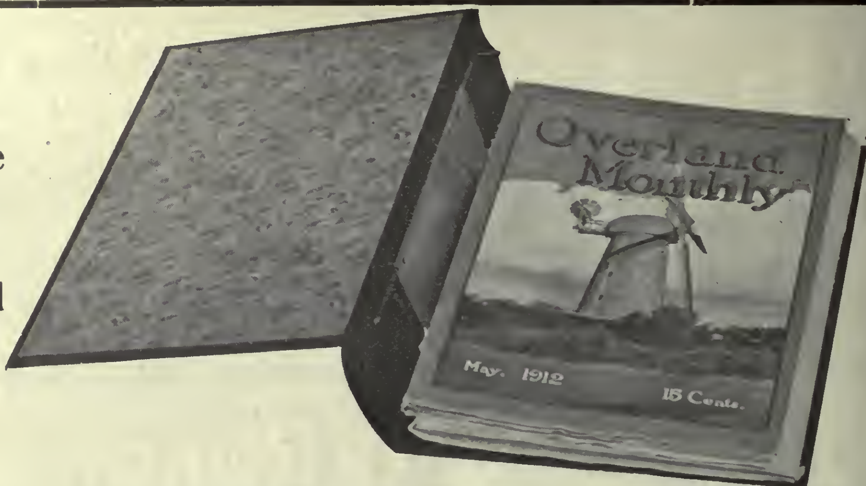

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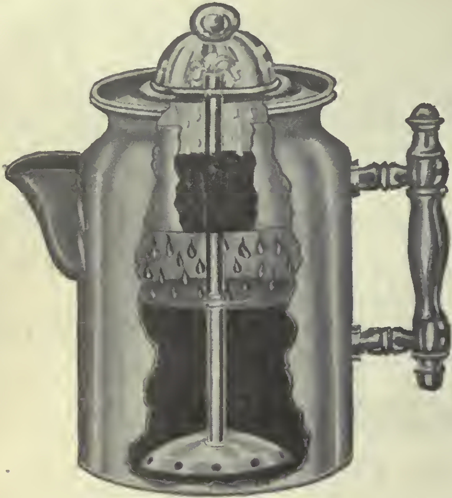

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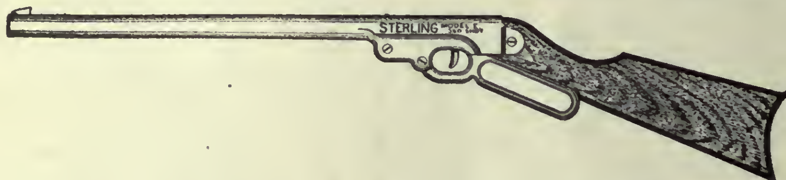

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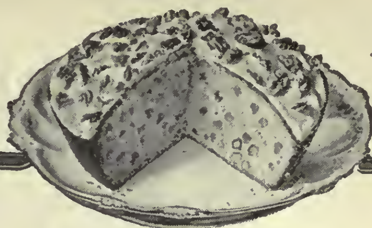

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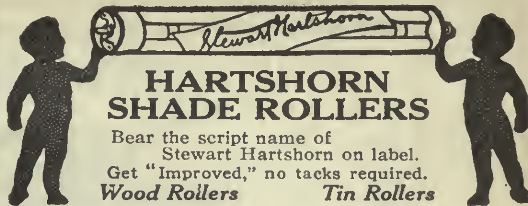

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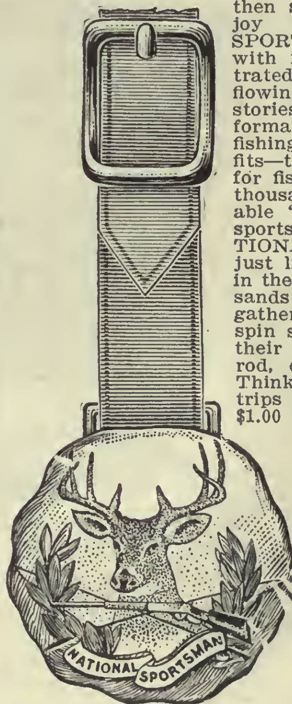

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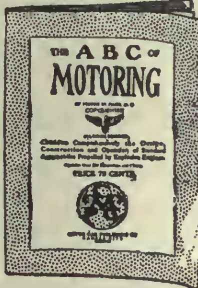

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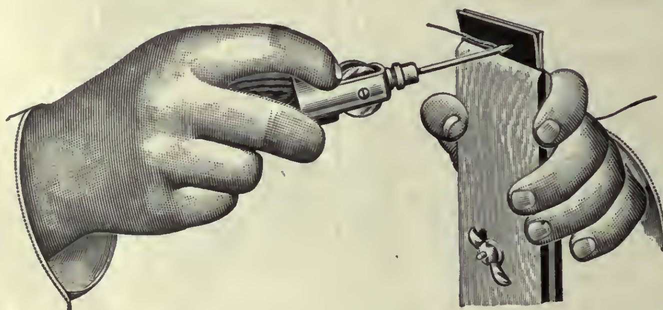

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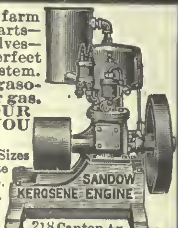

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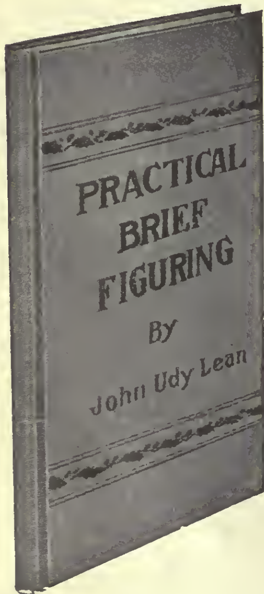

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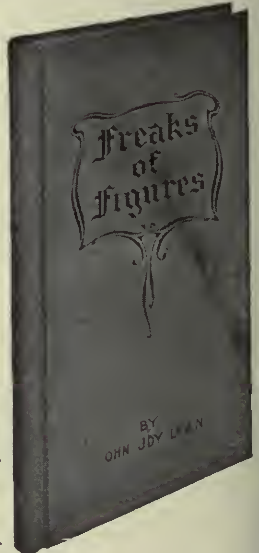

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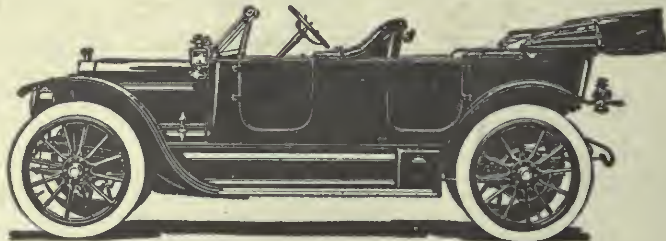

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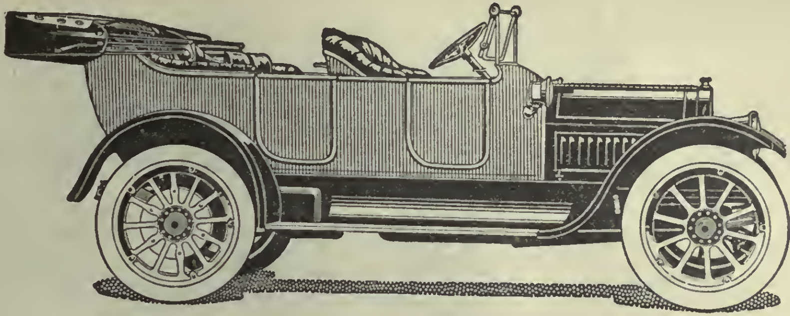

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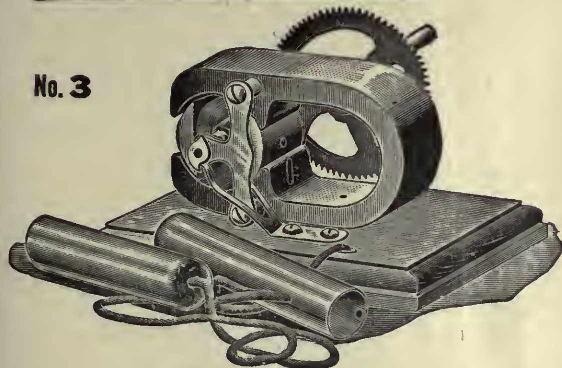

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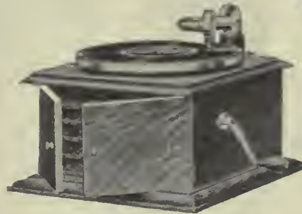

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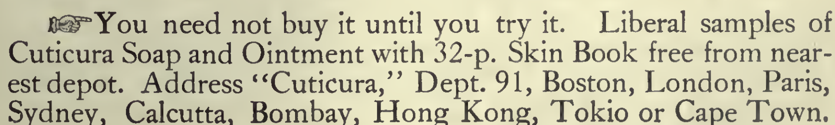

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Vol. LX No. 6

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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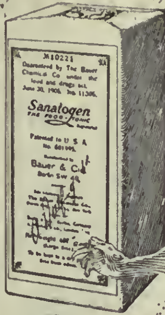

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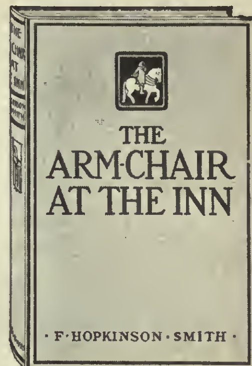

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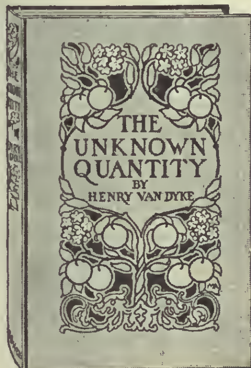

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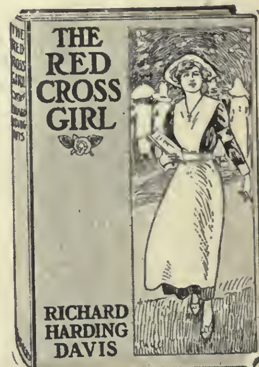

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California landscape
in winter
shortly after the first rains.

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A scene in the California Redwoods, fifty miles north of San Francisco, during Christmas week.

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Scene in Muir Woods during Christmas week, 1911. The woods are thirty miles north of San Francisco.

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Garden of the famous old Mission of the padres at Santa Barbara.

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An auto party under the palms on Christmas Day in San Jose, fifty miles south of San Francisco.

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Mt. Shasta, Northern California. From a photograph taken in December.

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The late Mme. Modjeska in her garden, Arden, Southern California, during the winter months.

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Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, Sierra Nevada Mountains. From a photograph taken by moonlight in December.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 BRET HARTE

VOL. LX San Francisco, December 1912 No. 6

CHRISTMAS WEATHER IN CALIFORNIA

BY GRACE HUTCHESON

(*With a number of photographs specially taken during December.*)

"CALIFORNIA in mid-winter!" How many times, when living in the East, have I seen the phrase beneath the pictures of blooming gardens, rose covered verandas and vine clad arbors! Each year as the days grow shorter, colder and darker, and winter, bleak and dreary, approached, the beautiful pictured scene seemed more and more wonderful.

"Winter in California!" Those words drew me like a magnet. How I yearned to go West to see if those pictures were true. The wish was father to the deed, for the first of December found me on my way to "The Land of Sunshine. Fruit and Flowers."

Los Angeles—the City of the Angels! No wonder it is the Mecca of winter tourists from all over the world. It is a city of beautiful homes, but what charm has a cozy fireside when clear and bright in the warm sunshine, on every hand, bloom beautiful and rare flowers: when the balmy, perfume laden breezes beckon and call—to the mountains—to the beaches—to a thousand and one inviting beauty spots?

I answer the call and hie me away to Long Beach, to Venice, to Santa Monica or Redondo, it matters not which, for at each and every one of them you will find the scene the same. Up and down the far-reaching seaside the many colored parasols dotted the shining white sands and reminded me of the confusion of colors in an old-fashioned garden.

Winter? Yes, it was December! What cared these dimpled, brown, barefooted children as they paddled in the little pools and eddies, looking for crabs and shells, or with sounds of delight chased the white capped crests of the advancing and retreating waves? And when at last, all tired out, what a warm, comfortable pillow the soft sands made for the weary heads, and what a lullaby the wind and waves sang to soothe them to sleep! But the children were not the only ones to answer the invitation. Who could resist the appeal? Women, young and old, men, gray haired, pompous princes of finance, or careless soldiers of fortune, one and all they forgot their cares or troubles in the frolic with the waves.

At Riverside I was so delighted at the beauty of the orange groves that I forgot that the luscious fruit would delight the palate; and when so reminded, how different an orange picked from a tree tasted to one that for weeks or months has lain, securely

Children playing in the snow banks near Lake Tahoe, Sierra Nevada Mountains. California is some 300 miles wide; 150 miles represents the distance between the snow scenes and the swimmers on page 526.

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Children on the beach at Avalon, Catalina Island, Southern California, December.

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A corner of the luxurious winter gardens facing the Hotel Del M

wrapped, tissue covered, in a dark box!

The San Bernardino Mountains, like stern warriors protecting their stronghold, look down over the broad valley, and to my fancy, the fragrant orange blossoms seemed to be drifts of the soft white snow, wafted down on the trees from the mountain's heights, by the soft, balmy breezes, which met my cheek like a caress. The glossy green leaves of the orange trees, like miniature mirrors, reflected the golden hue of the ripening fruit, and the murmurous hum of the busy bees and insects banished every thought of winter. I was told that Riverside is the center of the largest district devoted to orange growing in the world.

What a wonderful range of climate California offers! Mt. Whitney, in the Southern Sierras, is the loftiest peak in the United States, and almost within view of its summit lies Death Valley, below the sea level and the lowest point on the continent. That difference in altitude explains in a large measure the most extraordinary varieties of climate and verdure to be found in the Golden State. In many places one may pick oranges off trees, and at the same time look on snow clad mountains only a few score miles away. A traveler may be famishing of thirst on the desert and see patches of snow on distant mountains. Again,

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, *Cal., a four hours' ride south of San Francisco.*

the Western shore line of California is laved by the blue tides of the Pacific Ocean, which carries the warm waters of the Japan Current, and provides the summer trade winds, while on the eastern border of the State tower the majestic Sierra Nevadas, with their peaks eternally crowned with snow, and scattered here and there are century aged glaciers. North and south, the State extends over nine hundred miles, and this great stretch offers the ordinary varieties of climate due to longitude. Snow is common during the winter time in the northern part of the State, but it never falls in the southern sections. Oddly enough, the first oranges of the season ripen in the middle-north earlier than in the southern districts, and oranges, as every one knows, are considered a winter fruit for shipping purposes.

Christmas is almost upon us. Christmas! That word calls to the average mind scenes of snow storms, merry parties around the blazing fireplace, sleigh rides and snow-balling. How well I remember my childish fears that Santa Claus would be unable to find his way to my home in the blinding snow storm.

What a contrast will be the celebration the children of one of the schools of San Diego are planning. In the spacious gardens of their play grounds they have selected a fine, large tree.

A cluster of Riverside oranges, California. Photographed in December.

No need to sacrifice its beautiful life for one short evening. Oh, no, it is to be beautifully adorned with electric lights, gifts and the usual Christmas-tree decoration, and on Christmas eve the children, with their parents and friends, will gather around it and hold their festivities. The bright, shining stars will reflect back the many-colored lights of the tree, and on the soft evening breeze the glad hozannas will be wafted up to the soft blue sky, to echo through God's grandest temple—the Great Out of Doors.

Yesterday morning while crossing San Francisco Bay, I listened in amazement to the plans of two young men. How interested they were in their arrangements for their "annual dip!" What a frolic the men would have on New Year's morning, when they would go swimming in the ocean. At first it seemed incredible to me that such sport could be enjoyed at this time of the year, but after I realized the warmth of the soft, balmy climate, their desire to go swimming seemed quite natural. There was a little chill on the air mornings and evenings, to be sure, just enough to be delightful, and it added to the beautiful weather as does the sparkle of diamond dust on the snow-scene of a Christmas card.

Could all California be such a garden spot? I journeyed northward along the Coast to see, and at each town or city, some individual beauty induced me to linger.

What an Eden spot Santa Barbara proved to be, backed by the high mountains that rise above the city, which faces the calm and beautiful bay and blue-reaching Pacific Ocean. How beautiful are its groves of oranges, olives, lemons and tropical foliage of date palms and bananas. Wonderfully wise were those good old padres in choosing this favored spot on which to erect the Mission Santa Barbara, whose buildings have been carefully preserved, and they form to-day the most interesting and picturesque of all California Missions.

But new beauties lure me on. At Old Monterey my feet once more stray, once more the air with the tang of the salt sea tempts me to tarry, and so I linger in the beautiful parklike grounds of the spacious Del Monte Hotel, drive through a wonderful pine forest by the sea, and wander under ancient cypresses of weird form and unknown history. What hours of delight I spent on the vine clad verandas,

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Snow plow clearing the railroad tracks in December, Sierra Nevada Mountains, some 150 miles east of San Francisco.

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Members of the Olympic Club in the surf at the Cliff House, San Francisco, on one of their annual New Year's Day outings.

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Snow Fall in Truckee, Sierra Nevada Mountains, Christmas Day, 1911.
Some 200 miles east of San Francisco.

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Court of Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, Southern Cal

marveling in the great stretches of velvety green lawn and acres of gardens filled with the wonders of the tropics, not to mention every kind of well-known flowers, for in that wonderful garden were ninety varieties of roses and nameless varieties of other flowers. In this land of everlasting summertime, golf, tennis, motoring, horseback riding, swimming, fishing and many other sports may be enjoyed every day of the year.

How I would have liked to remain indefinitely, so great was the fascination of a neighborhood replete with historic memories and romantic associations of the early Californians, a neighborhood which was once the scene of social and political activities in the early days of the Spanish and Mexican occupation. With reluctance I tore myself away and boarded the train, firm in the belief that soon I surely would exhaust the storehouse of California's varieties of climate.

* * * *

Far up to the northwestern part of the State I followed the sound of the axe. I visited the great sawmills and logging camps, and reached the redwood hemmed town of Eureka, on Humboldt Bay by traveling a hundred miles in an automobile through thousands of acres of standing timber—primeval redwood forest, untouched by man. What a panorama of magnificent scenery unrolled before our wondering eyes.

San Francisco, dauntless and incomparable! A new and more beautiful city, out of the ruins of the great disaster of 1906, has risen beside that magnificent bay, which is large enough to accommodate all the navies of the

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n a photograph taken in December.

world without crowding. As Vesuvius is to Naples, so is Tamalpais to San Francisco. Clear and bold, its rugged outline stands out like a couchant lion, guarding the treasure islands of the bay—Alcatraz, Angel and Yerba Buena, of which I get a fleeting picture from the deck of the ferry boat.

From the rapidly moving train I get but a glimpse of Oakland—the Athens of the West, and Berkeley, with its famous Greek Theatre. I see, slipping past the train in rapid succession great grain shipping warehouses, the wide-spreading Suisun marshes — the hunter's paradise, the summit of Mt. Diablo, lifted high above the broad rolling waters of the combined San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers on their way to the bay and broad Pacific Ocean.

At Sacramento, the State capital, I once more get a glimpse of semi-tropical foliage—orange, olive and palm trees, and a luxuriant profusion of flowers, and then we follow the river on into a valley as rich and fertile as that of the Nile; once more I find myself in orange groves.

The train carries me on through broad grain and hop fields of the State, orchards of prune, peach, pear, apricot and walnuts, bringing me to the first rise, which gradually uplifts into the high Sierras over 20,000 feet above the sea level. Great walls of granite rise hundreds of feet straight into the air, jagged mountain peaks covered with eternal snows blend their bases into dense forests of pine and firs and cedars. Castle Crags, in the midst of the most magnificent mountain scenery, on all sides affords constantly changing variety, but Mount

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The famous snow sheds of the C. P. R. R. Co., on the sumı

Shasta is the craggy monarch of Northern California. How it dominates the landscape! Snow crowned, gleaming effulgent—the most majestic peak in California! In the largeness of this land one gains a new breadth of view—new inspiration from Nature.

High up in the Siskiyou Mountains at Klamath Hot Springs I found a climate that is superb. How I enjoyed those early morning tramps, and the views I obtained! Down on the tall pines, firs and cedars, on trees and mountains as far as the eye can see, over which fall lights and shades, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

I saw the dusk fall silently on these beautiful summer scenes, and after a few hours' ride on the train, I awoke in another land, though still in California, for the snow was all around, covering the vegetation and the houses with great, heavy nightcaps. In the distance loomed domes and towers—the wonderful glory of mountain peaks in their winter mantles of snow.

Was it yesterday or the day before that I watched the merry children bathing in the blue waters of the Pacific and basking in the warm sunshine along the beaches? Was it days or weeks since I rejoiced in the magnificent beauty of the glorious poinsettias, raising their crimson heads eight and even ten feet above the riotous mass of lesser blooms? And now just an hour later, the music of sleigh bells breaks on my ear, and the cold, clear air, with its frosty snap, braces and exhilarates me.

In awe I gaze upon the solemnity of the scene—the dark green firs and pines, with their branches bending under the weight of their burden of snow, the glittering icicles hanging from the

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rant Pass gap of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

falls and over-arching rocks, shining like millions of diamonds in the sun—the wonderful cliffs and ice caves, over which the skilled sculptor, Nature, has molded and carved the snow into fantastic shapes—all these combine to make up a picture which might well come from childhood's fairyland.

As we ascend the grade of the Sierra Nevada mountains, the eastern bulwark of the State of California, the earth's snow cloak becomes heavier and heavier, and in the great banks and drifts all outline is gradually obliterated. We pass a great snow plow, which has cleared the path before us, and look with interest at the powerful machine that rips its way through long levels and drifts of snow twenty feet in depth.

At last high up in the Sierras, we leave the train. The hospitable door of a low, picturesque, but homelike hotel, stands open to welcome us into the spacious reception room, with its great rubble fireplace and heavy beamed ceiling, makes a picture of comfort and enjoyment, but the atmosphere of winter is insistent. It may be pleasant to dream by the warm fireside, but the bracing, invigorating air of the high Sierras spurs to greater activity. Sleigh rides and tobogganing parties remind us that time stands still for no man. After hours of these delightful sports, we return to the hotel and a snowball battle ensues, after which, with the insistent aid of the children, we make a giant snowman, and christen him "King Blanco." Then, bowing our heads in obeisance to all that he represents, bid him goodnight, and leave him to reign in silence supreme.

At last the cheerful fireside gathers

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us in its glow and warmth. The wind may roar in glee, and the falling snow may cover every hill and raise every dell to a trackless level, but we, tired out by our strenuous pleasures of the afternoon, now in our comfortable chairs beside the blazing pine logs, are content to listen with wonder to tales about fruit laden valleys and snow covered mountains lying within a few hours' railroad ride of each other.

California, with her fields of golden poppies, her homes and hotels set in gardens of semi-tropical loveliness, her untouched wilderness of primeval beauty, her snowclad Sierra Nevadas and glittering mountain peaks! Here it is ever summertime or wintertime, just as you choose, for there the snow mantle never drops from those majestic mountain peaks, and far below them the sun shines on miles and miles of gardens and orchards throughout the year. The Land of a Thousand Wonders.

SHADOWS

BY FRANK ADAMS MITCHELL

Low burns the grate. The coals' red glow
Fantastic, dancing shadows throw
Around the room, and on the wall,
Where castles rear their turrets tall;
While overhead, the gnome and sprite,
Reflect the embers' amber light,
And dance and caper full of glee,
So fast that one can scarcely see.

Two heads against the chairback lay,
And watch the dancing shadows play;
One glistens with the firelight's gleam,
Like morning sunlight on a stream;
While one reflects in gray contrast,
The smold'ring embers of the past.
And round and round the shadows gay
Dance silently their roundelay.

Now nods the golden head, and now
The gray begins to droop and bow,
'Till each against the other pressed,
With gentle sleep the two caressed.
Low burns the grate, and one by one
The shadows cease their merry fun,
And slowly glide away, until
The shadow room is calm and still.

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A LESSON FROM FRANK NORRIS

BY HARRY M. EAST, JR.

TO-DAY Frank Norris is known mostly as the author of two novels, "The Pit" and "The Octopus—"the epics of the wheat," as they have been fittingly described. Of the man himself, what he was, what he stood for, the present generation of readers know little and care less. Why should they care? Norris showed promise—yes; and some of his work is still readable, but why consider him at this late day?

There were certain sterling qualities in Norris' character that make him a man worth considering and remembering. Such a claim to distinction does not come wholly from the books which he wrote. It comes rather from the high principles and ideals in life and in literature that he championed. When a man has faith in himself and in his fellow men he is bound to exert a good and lasting influence. Such a faith had Frank Norris.

A few people still remember him, and lest you think that I am writing in extravagant eulogy, listen to those who knew him well: "He was a hero to us all in those days," said Will Irwin, "as he will ever remain a heroic memory—that unique product of our Western soil, killed for some hidden reason of the gods before the full time of bloom." "The far-seeing eyes, the sensitive mouth, and the artistic hands of Frank Norris," is Jeannette Gilder's delineation.

He was young, enthusiastic, serious and conscientious. Too serious, perhaps. Certainly a greater sense of humor would have taken him safely over many a bald place in his work.

For a young man he was a cosmopolitan. He saw San Francisco, "the third circle"—as he called it—of that city before the great fire. He had a spirit of the vagabond in him, and journeyed to Africa and Europe, writing many descriptive articles of those places. In fact, he had a journalist's sense of what is interesting, unique and colorful in human nature and in Dame Nature. That was in 1896, when so many picturesque phases of life and types of men and women were in old San Francisco town. These he described with a sympathetic insight into character, crude at times, but quite remarkable, nevertheless, for one so young. Then San Francisco was a city of mystery and romance, gruesome and weird, with the spell of the mystic Chinaman; the adventure of the robust, swaggering, heroic air of the miner from the Klondike; the careless freedom of the Bohemian artist and poet, ever making itself felt. It was a city where things happened, and Norris saw it all in his own way. To the San Francisco Wave he contributed most of his early work, while the Chronicle, the Argonaut, Overland Monthly, and others printed his short stories and articles. A few titles are suggestive of those stirring times which are now past history: "Hunting Human Game," "The Passing of Little Pete," "Types of Western Men," "The Wife of Chino," and "The Third Circle."

To such an earnest, eager man like Norris it was inevitable that something of his spirit should reveal itself in his work, no matter how hasty some of it was, and how short much of it fell of perfection. There was something at once noble and pathetic in his effort to express "whatever he had seen with the eye of the flesh, or the eye of his imagination." You can read between the lines in his great consuming, feverish desire to write something actually worth while, something distinctive that should endure. His mental straining to express himself is apparent in almost everything that he

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wrote. The conscientious wish for distinctive utterance is a first characteristic sign of true genius.

He stuttered, he faltered, but he developed. He was no quitter. In those robust days, men were fearless, and Frank Norris had the courage of his convictions. In fact, it was the Puritan conscientiousness of Frank Norris that made him different and more worthy of being known than a whole mob of authors who look upon writing merely as a business transaction. Norris was a gentleman. He was always polite and considerate for the welfare of others. For instance, instead of calling a certain prize fighter "Lanky Bob," Norris politely referred to him as "Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons," and the author of "The Pit" was once a journalist!

The best phase of Norris' character is revealed perhaps more in his few later essays than in his short stories and novels. In the essays—especially that group in "The Responsibilities of the Novelist"—the man speaks out honestly, boldly, eloquently. Here he is Norris, the thinker, with the dreamer in him coming to the surface occasionally. Here we see what he was, what he stood for. It is from this broad viewpoint that we should judge him to-day.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

Norris aimed high. He was ambitious to write good stories and novels. Perhaps he fondly dreamed that he would write "The Great American Novel." In "The Pit" and "The Octopus" he approached greatness, and when these books appeared, many people had hopes that he would ultimately "turn the trick." Had he lived, who can tell what wonders he might not have achieved? Undoubtedly he showed plenty of promise.

Frank Norris' message, as revealed in his later essays, was: "Be worthy of the great responsibilities of your profession. 'Art for art's sake' is the true reward of the novelist." Read his simple, glowing words at the conclusion of "The True Reward of the Novelist": " 'I never truckled; I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God, I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth, and I know it for the truth now.' And that is his reward—the best that a man may know; the only one really worth striving for." This was exactly what Norris was "striving for," and he told the truth as he saw it.

As an essayist he was at his best in "The Story Tellers vs. Novelists." This little paper is replete with a fine beauty, and a simple, sincere eloquence that is highly suggestive to both the reader and the writer of fiction. Listen to these tender, gracious words: "Whatever the end of fiction may be, whatever the reward and recompense bestowed, whatever object is gained by good work, the end will not be gained, nor the reward won, nor the object attained by force alone—by strength of will or mind. Without the auxiliary of the little playmate of the old days, the great doors that stand at the end of the road will stay forever shut. Look once, however, with the child's eyes, or for once touch the mighty valves with the child's hand, and Heaven itself lies open, with all its manifold wonders.

"So that in the end, after all trial has been made and every expedient tested, the simplest way is the best and the humblest means the surest. A little child stands in the midst of the wise men and the learned, and their wisdom and their learning are set aside, and they are taught that unless they become as one of these they shall in nowise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Frank Norris will perhaps be forgotten, except for a pleasant, lingering memory, which may also pass away when those who knew him are no more.. Jeannette Gilder said: "He never wrote carelessly, and he never wrote a line without a thought in it." Here is a fine lesson from the life of Frank Norris that the modern author would do well to emulate if he would achieve true success in literature.

TREASURE

BY HELEN NOE

The Sultan brought from Ispahan
A caravan of precious things—
Rare gossamers, so finely wrought
Their pattern seemed a woven thought
That any moment might take wings.

Long strings of pearls and amethysts,
And anklets quaintly carved of gold,
And yellow sapphires, centuries old,
And curios of alchemists—
Elixirs made in Ispahan.

I walked within his garden, near
The palace. Blossoms drooped with dew
Before the breeze of morning blew,
And crystal fountains tinkled clear—
The night he came from Ispahan.

For all his wealth I did not care!
The moon hung low upon the rim
Of day—I did not envy him;
I loved the jasmine in the air
More than the gauds of Ispahan!

Until my heart beheld her there—
Swathed round with moonlight, as if she
Herself were moonlight verily,
Upon the jasmine-scented air—
She whom he brought from Ispahan.

A living song of Paradise,
Perfection from the brow to chin,
With all Love's sorrows crowded in
The glowing glory of her eyes,
That looked away toward Ispahan.

A treasure carved from head to heel,
For Love's seraglio—eloquent
Of warm delights, as flowers of scent,
Incarnate kisses! Yet the wheel
Had turned her here—from Ispahan.

The Sultan is a weary man;
He counts her as another pearl
Upon a string. To me that girl
Were more than all the caravan
That he brought home from Ispahan!

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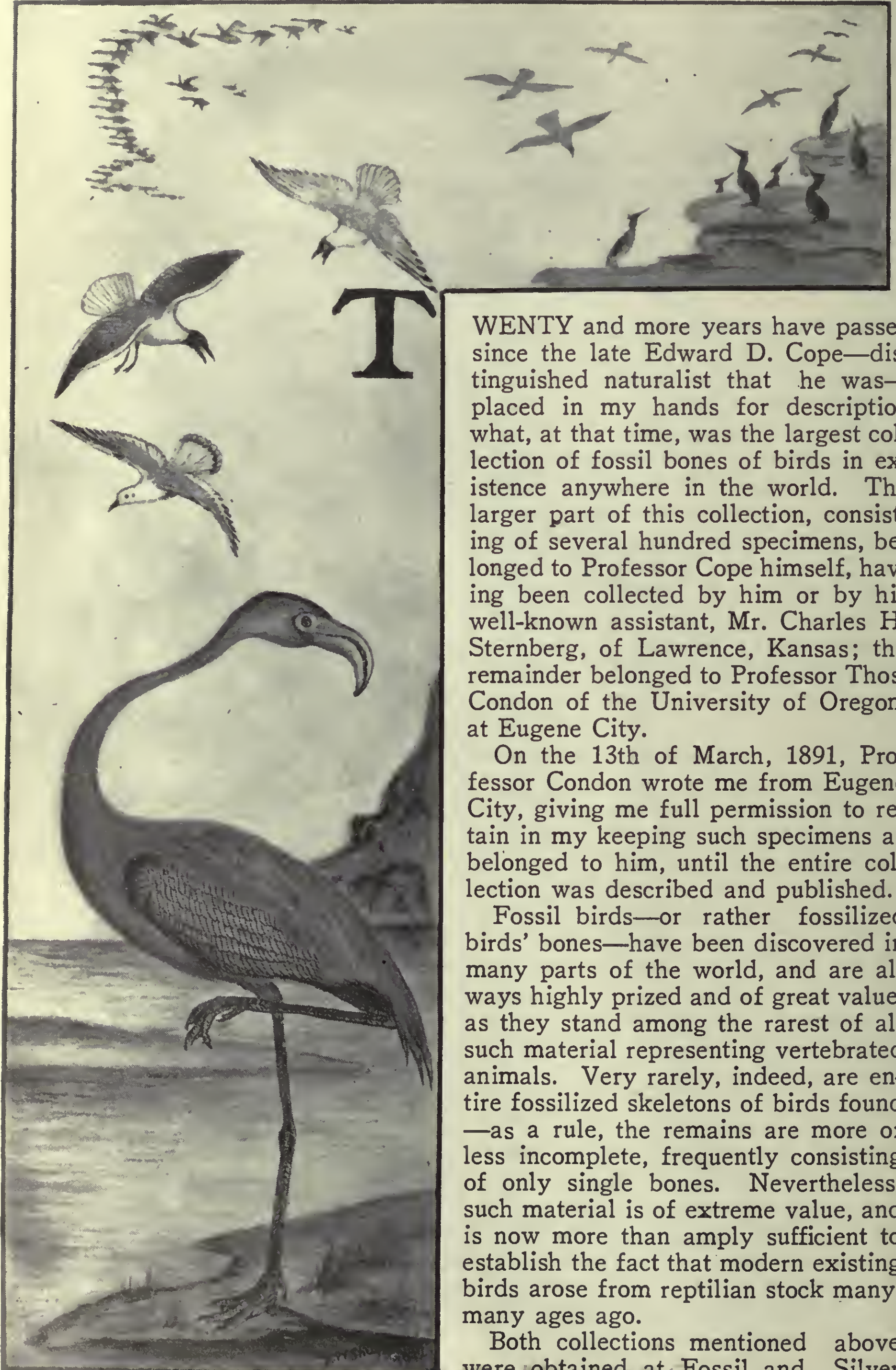
PREHISTORIC BIRDS OF OREGON

BY R. W. SHUFELDT



TWENTY and more years have passed since the late Edward D. Cope—distinguished naturalist that he was—placed in my hands for description what, at that time, was the largest collection of fossil bones of birds in existence anywhere in the world. The larger part of this collection, consisting of several hundred specimens, belonged to Professor Cope himself, having been collected by him or by his well-known assistant, Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, of Lawrence, Kansas; the remainder belonged to Professor Thos. Condon of the University of Oregon, at Eugene City.

On the 13th of March, 1891, Professor Condon wrote me from Eugene City, giving me full permission to retain in my keeping such specimens as belonged to him, until the entire collection was described and published.

Fossil birds—or rather fossilized birds' bones—have been discovered in many parts of the world, and are always highly prized and of great value, as they stand among the rarest of all such material representing vertebrated animals. Very rarely, indeed, are entire fossilized skeletons of birds found—as a rule, the remains are more or less incomplete, frequently consisting of only single bones. Nevertheless, such material is of extreme value, and is now more than amply sufficient to establish the fact that modern existing birds arose from reptilian stock many, many ages ago.

Both collections mentioned above were obtained at Fossil and Silver

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Lakes in Oregon, and it is the object of the present article to give its readers some idea of the kinds of birds that existed in that region—many thousands of years since—some of which are now extinct. Recently, the United States National Museum at Washington turned over to me another small collection, which was collected at Christmas Lake, Oregon, not far from whence the Cope and Condon collection came, and this material I shall describe a little later on. It contains a number of bird bones, and these confirm what I have previously published on the subject, as above pointed out. These publications appeared in various scientific journals, while the most formal one—the quarto with several plates illustrating the fossils—was published in 1892 by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Up to the present writing, no popular description has appeared, notwithstanding the fact that the subject is one of extreme interest and importance.

There are two lakes called Silver Lake in Oregon, but the one here referred to is the Silver Lake found approximately in latitude 43 deg. 05 min. N.; and longitude 43 deg. 25 min. W., being somewhat to the southward of the middle part of the State. It is an alkaline sheet of water with fresh streams passing into it.

Abert's Lake, considerably larger than Silver Lake, is found some 45 miles to the southward and eastward of it, while at various distances from the latter, and in divers directions in the same region, are to be found similar ones—all agreeing more or less with them in character. Fossil Lake is more in the Oregon desert region, about forty miles east of Silver Lake, and is a lake now only in name, for its waters have long since dried up. By digging, however, water may yet be obtained at a depth of two or three feet from the surface of the ground, or what was formerly the bottom of the lake.

The surrounding country is covered with "sage brush," and presents the usual topography of the Western desert region; but Silver Lake is bounded on the west and east by precipitous, basaltic bluffs, which, on the south, present their dip edges to the lake, the general strike being from the north and south. A low range of hills, however bound this lake on its north side, and these, to the east, terminate as a bold, table-topped butte, which is composed of more or less stratified mud.

Thorne's Lake, also usually dried up, is to the eastward of this range, being separated from it by a plain and by a low shore—the water of the lake, when present, being the overflow, over this, from Silver Lake.

This still little known desert region in Oregon has been, in part, described by Cope and others, who, at different times, traveled over it.

Most of the best specimens of fossils are found at Fossil Lake; but unfortunately for science, we will never know what animals a great many of them represent. For, long ago, the region was first visited by the cattlemen of the vicinity, and they collected, as curios, most of the vertebrate fossil remains, and especially the *skulls*—no perfect one of which has, as yet, come into my hands.

Professor Condon was the first scientist to explore Fossil Lake, and, later on, he was followed by Cope and his assistants. All this occurred late in the '70's, and at that time there was present in that region a very interesting existing fauna.

Cope found in Christmas Lake—the sheet of water mentioned above—quantities of larvae of certain dipterous insects, and such crustaceans as *Cyclops*, and on these the wading birds were feeding. Of fish there were but a few, and batrachians were equally rare, while only two lizards and two snakes occurred—one of the latter being a rattler (*Crotalus c. lecontei.*)

The bird life of the region is abundant, and at all times of the day may be seen, either on the surface of the water, or in the marshes and on the lake shores several species of the

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western forms of Grebes; Gulls and Terns; Pelicans and Cormorants, with a great variety of anserine fowl, such as Ducks, Geese and Swans. Many species of shore-birds are also abundant, as well as Coots and Rails.

Hawks and owls also occur, and a considerable number of the smaller land birds, as certain thrushes, woodpeckers, swamp blackbirds, etc. Were I writing a strictly technical article—which I am not—it would be very important to give the entire list of living forms of this particular region, together with their corresponding scientific names, in order that they might be compared with the species that the fossils represented, either existing or extinct. Apart from every other consideration, such a list would require altogether too much space; and, as I am here confining myself to the prehistoric bird life of this desert region in Oregon, I shall be obliged to omit anything I might say about the mammalian fauna; for numerous deer, antelope, canines, badgers and skunks, rodents, rabbits and others are found there in the arid plains and hills about these interesting lakes. Many fossil mammals were also found, including horses, elephants, beaver, carnivores, rodents, etc. All of this, and much more—especially the important evidences of human relics found there—is fully discussed in my memoir published by the Academy.

Writers of Cope's time spoke, geologically, of this region as the "Equus Beds of the Oregon Desert"—as the fossil horses are found there—and considered the horizon to be eocene; but I am of the opinion that it is not as old as that, and that early pleistocene is much nearer the mark.

All the fossils I examined were entirely free from any matrix, being clean, light, brittle and *black,* or a very dark, leaden hue. It took me considerable time to correctly assort and identify them.

What must have been a very striking bird on the shores of these ancient lakes—a form now extinct—was a large cormorant, the Oregon cormorant (*Phalacrocorax macropus.*) Many fossil bones of it were collected by Mr. Sternberg, and among others, parts of its beak. These I have drawn, and they form a part of Figure 1 of this article. We have several kinds of existing cormorants in this country, one series of them belonging to the genus *Phalacrocorax,* and to this genus the great extinct cormorant of Oregon belonged. A near living ally of it is our abundant Double-crested cormorant (*P. auritus*), of which species I have drawn the head, and it, too, is shown in Figure 1. Doubtless the Oregon cormorant had habits quite like its now existing congeners; but these are so well known to the general reader that it will not be necessary to recite them in this place.

The long extinct Oregon cormorant was very much larger than any of its present-day American relatives.

There was a fragment of a bone of a pelican in the Cope collection; but it appeared to have belonged to the common White Pelican—a bird which still flourishes in numbers on the shores of these Oregon Lakes, though possibly it may have been an ancestor of slightly larger proportions.

There were a great many ducks, represented by their fossil bones, in the material I had under consideration, and to my very great surprise, they all came from specimens, the representatives of which are still present in our American avifauna. There was also a merganser—the Hooded one (*Lophodytes cucullatus.*) It was most interesting to find and handle the fossil bones of ducks that had existed thousands of years ago, and which probably all agreed, in every particular, with their now existing descendants. There were fossil bones of mallards, widgeons, teals—both the green winged and blue-winged ones—and doubtless the Cinnamon teal; the Spoonbill and Pintail ducks; the pretty little Wood duck, and another species related to the famous Canvasback; Barrow's Golden-eye and the Old-squaw. Doubtless there were other ducks present and perhaps some

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Fig. 1—(Upper cut)—Parts of the jaw of the Oregon Cormorant (Phalacrocorax macropus. (Lower cut) Left lateral aspect of the head of the Double Crested Cormorant (Phalacrocorax auritus.)

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now—and long since—utterly extinct ones. I predicted in my memoir that the Ruddy duck would eventually be found there, as my material indicated it (*Erismatura jamaicensis.*) Mr. L. H. Miller of San Francisco has since found a few fossil bones of a specimen of this species in Silver Lake, which he has described in one of the bulletins of the University of California—thus confirming my anticipations of many years ago.

So far as we know, then, up to the present time the ducks of the pleistocene era of Oregon were, in all particulars, like the species still found in abundance in the Silver Lake region, differing not at all in appearance, size or habits.

This is not so true, however, with respect to the geese and swans; for, when the collection came in my hands, not only had Professor Cope found in it the fossil bones of an extinct Brant (*Branta hypsibatus*), and an extinct swan (*Olor paloregonus*), but I found the fossil bones of another extinct Brant (*Brant propinqua*), which was a smaller bird than our now existing Black Brant (*B. nigricans.*) More than this, I found fossil bones in plenty representing our common Canada Goose (*B. canadensis*); the White fronted Goose (*Anser albifrons gambeli*), which is here shown in Figure 2, and the Snow Goose (*Chen hyperboreus.*)

Still more interesting was my discovery in this collection of some fossil bones of an extinct goose of great size. It must have been a bird nearly as large again as our now existing wild Canada Goose, and it is represented by a broken "wish bone" (*os furcula* or *furculum*), and the parts of two others.

In Figure 2 of this article will be found reproductions of my drawing of the White-fronted Goose (the upper one); the Canada Goose (the middle one), and a representation to stand for the extinct goose I described. This last I named for Professor Condon as *Anser condoni.* Of course we know nothing of its appearance with respect to its plumage, so I have represented only a conventional goose, in order to compare its size with geese now existing in America—that is, the ones named above. In this Figure I have also shown the left side-view of its restored "wish-bone" (*a* and *b*), and the front-view of its lower part (*c*); and in order to gain some idea of its comparative size, I also present the same views (*d* and *e*) of our White-fronted goose referred to above. Upon the whole, these figures will give the reader a very good and correct idea of Condon's extinct goose, which, many centuries ago, was found upon the ancient lakes of the State we now call Oregon.

By far the most interesting discovery in this collection were numerous fossil bones of an extinct *flamingo,* which I have named Cope's flamingo (*Phoenicopterus copei*) for Professor E. D. Cope. This bird, at one time, must have been quite numerous in Southwest Oregon and probably elsewhere on the lakes of Western United States, though we have nothing, as yet, to base the last supposition upon. Our American flamingo (*P. ruber*) occurs now only upon the Atlantic Coast of subtropical and tropical America, from the Bahamas, Florida Keys and Yucatan to Brazil, and in the Galapagos. As a straggler, it has also been recorded from South Carolina; but *flamingoes,* as ever having occurred in Oregon, was not dreamed of until I published my description of Cope's flamingo from the pleistocene of Oregon.

The fossil remains of a new species of Heron, now extinct (*Ardea paloccidentalis*) were also discovered by me in this collection, as well as those of a small Coot (*Fulica minor*), now extinct, and the fossil bones of the existing one (*F. americana.*)

We have three species of birds in our avifauna known as phalaropes, and they belong to three different genera. One of them, named Northern Phalarope, inhabited the shores of these ancient lakes, and its fossil bones were found in the Cope collec-

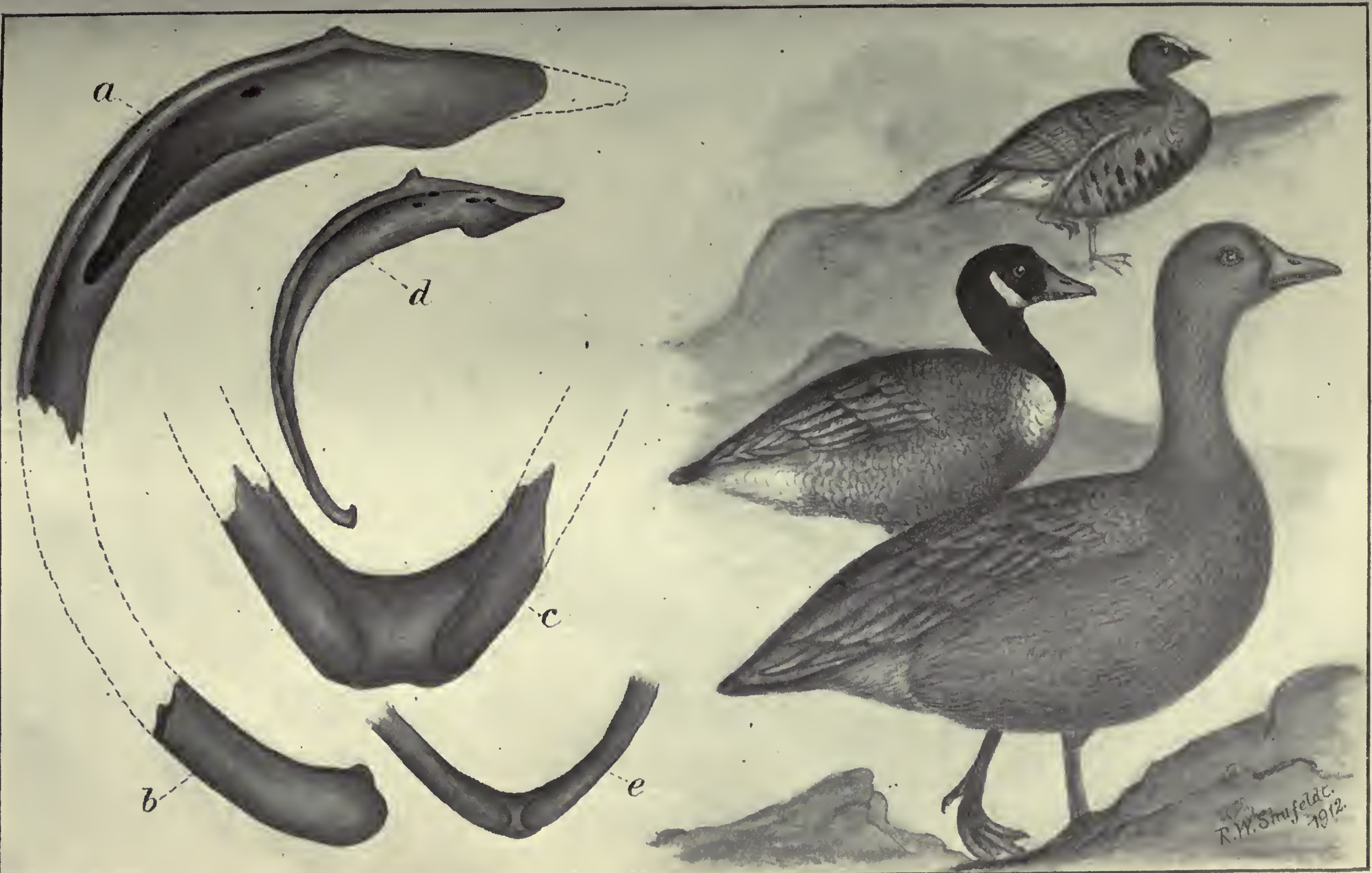

Fig. 2—a and b, left side view of the os furcula of Condon's Goose. c is the part seen on front view. d and e same views of the corresponding bone in our White-fronted Goose. The large goose shows proportionate size of Condon's with the Canada (in middle) and the White-fronted species (the upper one.) By the author.

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tion. They are species related to some of the smaller "shore birds," and resemble medium-sized sandpipers. Doubtless numerous species and their congeners of this latter group also occurred there, but their fossil bones have not, as yet, come to light.

When we come to the grouse, I found the fossil bones of our "prairie chicken" (*Tympanuchus*), and other bones representing no fewer than three other now extinct *grouse*, one of which represented a new genus which I named for Theo. N. Gill, the veteran zoologist of the Smithsonian Institution (*Palaeotetrix gilli.*)

Two eagles—new species and now extinct—which I have named, respectively, *Aquila pliogryps* and *Aquila sodalis*, were also represented in the Cope collection by certain fossil bones from their skeletons. Doubtless there were other raptorial birds in the ancient avifauna of Oregon; but science has not, as yet, met with their fossil remains. I did, however, find, in this Cope collection, the fossilized bones of a part of the wing and foot of our Great Horned Owl, which is an interesting fact.

I found several bones of a new species of an extinct blackbird, related to our Brewer's blackbird, which I duly named and placed in the same genus with it.

Finally, this truly remarkable collection of fossil bones of birds furnished some belonging to a small and now extinct Raven, which I named *Corvus annectens*, but which has since been amended by a European naturalist so as to stand as *Corvus shufeldti.* The form was related to our present and now existing Western Ravens.

In my Academy memoir my concluding remarks are devoted to the geological and faunal changes in this region of the United States, carried down to the present era, and I draw a picture suggestive of the vast changes which have taken place during and since those times; but such an account, however brief I might make it, would carry this article far beyond its legitimate limits. At the present writing, this collection is back in my hands for revision, and I may say that in the light of more abundant material for comparison, I find I have still further species to describe and numerous additions to be made to the previous list.

O LITTLE UNBORN CHILD!

BY ALISON ALLISON

O Little Unborn Child that ne'er shall be,
Do you await my call in some far zone?
Or do you wonder at the sad decree
That I may never claim you as my own?
And do you crave the shelter of my breast—
Your rightful throne, from which you are exiled?
And would you be my empty arms' glad guest,
O Little Unborn Child?

O Little Unborn Child, I know not why
This blight upon my womanhood should rest,
When those who seem no worthier than I
In wifehood and in motherhood are blest;
And I go softly, softly all my years,
In loneliness your kisses had beguiled,
With aching eyes brimful of unshed tears—
O Little Unborn Child!

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CHRISTMAS EVE AT HIDDEN SPRING

BY ALFRED HOWE DAVIS

WHAT Bob Tobin said generally went with the Hidden Spring outfit. Tobin knew it better than any one of the other four who had come out on the desert that season in the eternal search for pay dirt and gem stones. His influence was the outcome of two facts; he knew enough to keep his mouth shut as a usual thing when to do so brought better results than talking, and he had allowed his reputation as a gun man from the oil fields to go for what it was worth.

He had walked down by the solitary willow at Hidden Spring, partly to get a fresh bag of water, partly to see Scipio Meserve, who had always allowed Tobin's word to prevail when matters of economy of water and similar affairs of importance to the camp arose. But Meserve had never gone out of his way to obey Tobin's dictates himself, neither had he opposed Tobin. It was said that, in all the years Meserve had been in the desert, he had not averaged twenty minutes' talk a day. He was a puzzle to Tobin. The others had accepted him as a quiet fellow who knew ore indications better than any other man among them.

Meserve was sitting near the runway of the spring, washing out some socks when Tobin came down into the gulch.

"Washing them up for Christmas?" Tobin sat down on a granite slab facing Meserve.

"Not particularly." Meserve went on with his work without looking up.

"Skip," Tobin said finally, after he had waited several minutes for Meserve to continue the conversation, what are we doing out here, running a mining camp or a hospital?"

"One's about as close as the other, so far as results are concerned."

"That's not it. I mean, ought we to take Mournful's crip brother out here. Somebody's got to look after him when Mournful gets those spells of going in to Mojave."

"Don't see as the kick is serious," opined Meserve, rubbing a handful of black sand in the socks.

"I'm going to tell you, Skip, that it is. We ain't going to have cripples around this camp if we have to get rid of Mournful himself."

Tobin spoke positively, in a manner that usually was conclusive.

"So!" Meserve wrung out the socks and lay them upon a rock, where they steamed in the warm December sun.

"Why don't you take an interest in this outfit, Skip? Here's a load coming in the shape of an invalid that we got to tote!"

"Got all I can do working my own claim."

Thus the conversation terminated. Neither Tobin nor any one else had ever aroused much enthusiasm in Meserve. When he had made his strike on Furnace Creek, he had packed the dirt into Randsburg without a word. He had remained there a month, spent all his money and returned to find that the prospect had been merely a broken vein, such as abound in the desert and had been worked out.

Tobin filled his canvas bag and started up the gulch. Meserve took a second pair of socks from his pocket and began scrubbing them, but he paused when a sun dried young fellow came out of the ravine which led through the hills to the Borax Lake trail.

"Howdy, Mournful," said Meserve.

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"My brother's come, Skip. Got in this morning. Green hauled him over. He's up in camp now."

"How does he like the desert?" asked Meserve in a matter of fact way.

"Says he will be traveling over the hills with me in a year. He's bad off, though, Skip. He was shot a year ago, and both his legs is paralyzed, and he has got to sit in a chair like a kid."

"Think a camp like this is the right sort of place for him, Mournful?"

"He got along fine with me down near Centil. Can't see why he should not get well here. That is," he added quickly, "if the rest of you will let him stay around."

"The desert ain't claimed. Don't know as anybody can kick him out, but Bob thinks he is going to be a lot of trouble. When was you thinking of going to Randsburg?"

"To-morrow is Christmas, and I thought I'd not walk to Randsburg, but go over to the Junction. Probably I could make it back by to-morrow night. Nope, not a drop, Skip. I swore off as soon as Davie come out."

Mournful saw the need of the explanatory addition when Meserve squinted up at him, as men do whose eyes have burned under the sun glare from the sands of the valley in the hot season.

"You've been swored off, then, since about noon; ain't that right?"

"On the level; just as sure as I'm your friend, I quit the booze. But a fellow's got to see some one else but you four from one end of the year to the other. That is, any one but you and old Ryan. Keep an eye on my brother if I happen to go, will you, Skip? It may be that I won't go; fact is, I likely won't; but if I do, just look a little after him."

When Mournful started up the trail towards camp, Meserve smiled to himself, for he knew Mournful had been walking all the way to the valley and back, in an argument with himself as to whether he should go to Randsburg, and had finally compromised with his conscience by deciding on the Junction. And Meserve knew, just as certainly, that when he should return to camp he would find that Mournful had gone.

Spreading out the second pair of socks on the rock he watched them steam. Taking the pair which were dry about the ankles, but were still damp in the feet, he rolled them into a knot and stuck them in his pocket.

Meserve and Old Ryan had been the first to camp at Hidden Spring for the winter. Tobin had arrived next, and the other two had come later.

Five low wall tents dotted the greasewood desert on the bluff overlooking Hidden Spring.

Things had gone from bad to worse with remarkable speed in the last few weeks. Tobin had started the trouble by selling Alf Turner a half interest in a salted prospect hole. Alf, himself had taken the swindle with a smile, which had earned him the title of Affable; Mournful had consoled with him; old Ryan had cursed Tobin so that everybody had heard him except Tobin, and Meserve had kept quiet. And yet, when Tobin had ordered that all of the burros be taken from the grass about Hidden Spring except his own and Meserve's, the other three had complied.

Meserve had seen too much trouble not to sidestep it when that was practicable, but as he took the second pair of socks and thoughtfully rolled them into a ball, he was wondering where it would end. When he walked up the trail toward the camp on the bluff, he could make out the figure of Mournful, half way down the gulch, headed in the direction of the valley.

Meserve found a sixth tent pitched over by Mournful's canvas, and sitting in a wheel-chair near it was Mournful's brother. Meserve passed by him, squinted for a moment at the pallid face, and then walked on to his own tent. He tossed the socks on a blanket and hung the water bag on a branch of a yucca tree which was quivering in the afternoon wind.

"That was Mournful I see going in the direction of the valley, wasn't it?" he demanded of Tobin, who had just

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come from the valley and was lighting up his smelting pot.

"He is going to the Junction. Be a good thing for the outfit if the load of booze he'll carry back would lose him. See his crip brother? Who's going to run the nursery while we are working?"

"To-morrow's Christmas. We ain't working to-morrow: I'll handle Crip. Think I'll go over and get acquainted." Meserve left Tobin standing there and walked over to the cripple, who was trying to hold the flap of the tent above him to keep off the sun. Without awaiting any formalities of introduction, Meserve wheeled the chair around on the other side of the tent.

"Thank you," said the cripple. "The sun was hot. I had been there for three hours."

"'Tis hot for December," agreed Meserve, taking a good look at the profile before him. The man was gray and the face wrinkled, but the eyes shone bright, and the appearances of age were more the results of long suffering than of years. Yet, for all that, he was much older than any other man in the outfit.

"I'd taken from what Mournful, that is, your brother, said, that you was a kid," volunteered Meserve.

"Oh, no," laughed the other. "He is the youngster of the family. That is, he is younger than I, for we are the only two left."

"So!" And Meserve ended the conversation abruptly, and walked over to his tent. It was certainly a question what they were going to do with Mournful's brother. For Meserve felt that so long as the cripple remained, some one would have to look after him and Mournful, being the least responsible, it would not be he. Old Ryan was too busy, Affable was liable to wheel him out in the valley and forget to bring him back, and Tobin was out of the question. The process of elimination was rapid, and Meserve found himself facing a job as nurse, at least until Mournful should come back, and they could make other arrangements. Meserve appointed himself custodian of the cripple for the time being. He cooked supper for his charge and talked with him while he ate.

When night came on, Affable brought in a burro loaded with greasewood for the fire, and was about to make it near the cripple's tent.

"How does it come that you are putting it over there to-night?" demanded Tobin.

"Thought probably Crip would like it," said Affable. "Of course if the rest of you want it somewhere else, I'll put it there."

"Take her down to the hill. It's where we have been having it, and it's where we are going to have it." Affable led the mule down to the brow of the hill, where he threw off the wood.

When the opal lights of evening were playing over the valley and the distances west across the level of greasewood and sage brush seemed even greater in the December glow, Meserve came to the patient cripple's tent.

"Maybe you would like to go down to the fire with the rest of the boys," he said. "We used to go there early in the season to get rid of the skeeters. Now it's kind of a habit and kind of to keep warm."

"I don't want to be in the way." Meserve thought he saw the lines about the mouth twitch. "Perhaps you had better leave me here."

"Has anybody said you was in the way?" demanded Meserve.

"Yes."

Meserve at once thought of Tobin, but said nothing, as he stepped behind the chair. His fingers tightened upon the back, and he bumped the cripple roughly over the ditch which ran about the tent, and started for the pile of brush from which the smoke was coming.

Affable and Tobin were there, and Old Ryan was coming up over the hill with his pick. Meserve wheeled the chair to the windward side of the fire and then sat down beside Affable. For a time there was silence. Night set-

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tled. Old Ryan finished his evening meal, and came over to the fire.

"Going over to the Junction to-morrow after the mail, Alf?" he asked.

For the first time in the six months he had been in camp, Affable was lost in thought and was looking steadfastly into the fire. Old Ryan repeated the question.

"Mournful went over this evening and says he will be back by to-morrow. He ought to bring the mail," said Affable, whose job as the kid of the outfit was to go every two weeks for the mail.

"Mournful will have all that he can carry without any mail," returned Old Ryan. "And to-morrow's Christmas. Perhaps we might one or two of us get a letter."

"Nobody's going to write to me," said Affable.

"Nor me," said Tobin. "That is, nobody whose letter I'd care about getting."

Meserve had not received a letter in two years. The last one had come from a patent medicine house that had followed him up from Mojave.

"Perhaps Crip will have a letter," he said.

"We ain't goin' to travel twenty miles over the desert to get a letter for him," cut in Tobin, sharply.

"Certainly not on my account," said the cripple. "Don't consider me at all in whatever you do."

"We ain't," Old Ryan spoke up. "But I'm expecting a letter, and maybe Skip is. And if Mournful don't bring it in, Affable better go after it. And if Mournful has got it, Affable better go back over the trail and see if Mournful dropped any on the way. If Crip's got a letter there certainly ain't any use leaving it."

"Who in hell told you you was running this outfit?" demanded Tobin angrily.

"It's Christmas eve," put in Meserve quickly. "We ain't none of us working to-morrow, and it ain't hardly right to start no serious argument at this time."

Affable poked gently at the fire, and Old Ryan chewed at the rubber stem of his empty pipe.

"A year ago to-night I was in San Francisco," said Affable reminiscently; "hadn't thought about coming to this God-forsaken desert then. Lights and people and any old thing you wanted."

"Tell us more about it," said Meserve. "Has the city changed much in twelve years?"

"It's a new town, a brand new one," said Affable. "And Christmas eve is the best time in the year. A year ago to-night was a great time there. I remember we went across the ferry to Oakland, and when we come back we couldn't see the lights even in the Ferry building. The fog had set in so thick. Ever see Barbary Coast on Christmas Eve, Ryan?"

"Fifteen years ago," mused old Ryan, "and I ain't been there since. Let's see: a year ago to-night, Skip, you and me was sitting around a fire just about like this, at Lone Willow. And we was on every Christmas eve for the last twelve years, ain't we?"

Meserve nodded.

"Where was you a year ago to-night, Crip?" asked Affable.

"I was shot just a year ago to-night."

Affable grinned at the prospect of a romance. Meserve and old Ryan stared at the fire.

"How was it?" asked Affable.

"It happened at Mojave," said the cripple. "I was one of three who had come in from the aqueduct to spend Christmas at Mojave. We were in the Miners' Saloon. You know where that is, down near the mine. There were four of us playing faro. I was winning. A dispute arose. The two who had come in from the aqueduct with me saw that I was right, but the dealer up and shot me. The town was with him, or rather afraid to be against him, and I was taken up to Bakersfield on Christmas night. Paralysis set in."

"What became of the dealer?" asked Affable.

"He left Mojave before the sheriff

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got there. The marshal of the town did not bother him."

"Where was you a year ago to-night?" asked Affable, turning to Tobin.

"It's none of your damn business where I was."

Tobin arose and went to his tent, which stood with the others, white in the moonlight.

For a time, no one spoke. At last old Ryan took the empty pipe from his mouth.

"It's been eight years since we heard any music, Skip," he said, "and that was over at Green's at Borax Lake. Remember his fiddle?"

"It wasn't far off this date," said Meserve.

"I've got a small phonograph with me, and a few records, if you boys would like to hear them," Mournful's brother said.

"Git the machine." Meserve arose and pushed the chair toward the tents.

"Skip and I ain't never heard one yet," old Ryan informed Affable when they were alone. "Green had one when they first come out, but it was broke the day we was over, and that was the closest we ever came to hearing one."

Affable brought a piece of the precious timber that he had hauled the day before from a deserted mine in the Panamints, and placed it on a level spot in the sand.

"Let me handle it," he said when Meserve came back, bearing the phonograph on the board and pushing the cripple's chair. Affable placed the phonograph on the board and turned the megaphone toward the valley. Then he untied the package containing the three records which Mournful's brother had packed with him all through the San Joaquin Valley. Meserve and old Ryan closely watched the operations of placing the record and cranking the machine. Then they sat back to listen. The approximate chords of "My Old Kentucky Home" came out, mingled with the scraping of the well worn needle on the record. The music carried far in the night. The burros hobbled up from the gulch, and once a coyote which had come near camp to get the scraps from the evening meal scampered away at the sound. Something resembling tears shone in Affable's sentimental eyes; old Ryan puffed thoughtfully at his pipe, while Meserve and Mournful's brother were looking steadfastly at the fire.

"Play it again," Old Ryan said, as he shifted his position. The tune, with the exception of the last few chords, had come to an end when the needle stuck in a crack. Affable cranked the machine.

"Can you sing?" Meserve demanded of the cripple.

"A little," he answered.

"Then sing," Meserve said. And when the tune was well along, the cripple's voice arose and carried clear and sweet over the desert.

After the phonograph came to its grinding halt, Mournful's brother went through the remainder of the song alone. As he ended, Tobin came from his tent, half undressed, and walked down to the group about the fire.

"How do you expect a man to sleep with you howling around here that way?" he demanded, angrily.

"Now don't kick up a fuss to-night, Bob. It's Christmas eve, and it ain't every year that we get a chance to hear music. You know you ain't trying to sleep. You're off feed about something, that's all, and you might as well get over it, for we're going to have the music." Old Ryan spoke in a voice which Meserve had heard but twice during his eight years prospecting with the old fellow: once when he had shot and killed a man he had caught cheating at cards in Randsburg.

"I tell you that you have got to get rid of this cripple and his outfit." Tobin walked away from the fire as he spoke. "There ain't room for both of us in this camp, and I don't intend to get out." Then maddened by the silence which followed his remark, he stepped close to the phonograph, and

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his hob-nailed boot came down on the three records, smashing them to bits. A slight flush mounted in Meserve's face as he arose to his feet.

"Bob," he said evenly, "Christmas eve isn't a good time to make a man hit out, but we can see that you was right: this camp ain't big enough for you and Crip, and Crip can't walk out. It seems like you've got to go."

There was a tone in Meserve's voice which was not good to hear.

"Too bad it had to come on Christmas eve," said old Ryan, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "But, Bob, you have been here near a season now and it's been leading up to it. You got it in your head someway that this was a one-man camp. Well, it ain't, and never was and never will be. Because the rest of us happens to take a liking to Crip you seem to think it was your place to run him out of camp just to show us who is boss around here. Might as well get your outfit together. You can get into Randsburg by to-morrow night if you start now."

Tobin's face turned ashen. He stepped back out of the circle where the light from the fire did not fall on him, and his right hand shot to the holster at his hip.

"What I was expecting, Bob."

Meserve had thrown out the cylinder of a small blue barrel revolver, and was extracting the bullets.

"You'll get the weapon when you are ready to start. I took it to keep you from hurting somebody. We don't want any shooting around Hidden Spring on Christmas eve."

"Does that go?" Tobin turned to old Ryan and Affable.

"It certainly does go," said the old man. Affable was sufficiently impressed by the events of the past few minutes to remain very quiet.

Mournful's brother was eyeing Tobin closely. When the look of rage first swept over his features, the cripple started in his chair, and from that time until Tobin went to his tent the eyes of the invalid were fixed on Tobin.

"Might stay here with Crip if you haven't got anything else to do," said Meserve to Affable. With old Ryan, Meserve started toward the camp. He hurried into his tent and fastened on his holstered revolver. Then he went out where old Ryan was helping Tobin get his things together.

Half an hour later, leading his mule, Tobin started down the trail which runs past Hidden Spring, through Panamint range towards Randsburg. Hardly had the tinkle of the bell about the animal's neck dropped out of hearing, when Mournful appeared, coming from the valley. Meserve smiled as he saw him, then his face grew serious, for Mournful was walking straight and carelessly—sober.

"Changed my mind about going to the Junction, Skip," he said. "I'll go down to-morrow after the mail."

"And some records," said old Ryan. "Get back here so we can have some music Christmas night. Bob spoiled the layout before he left."

The three walked down to the fire where Affable and the cripple were in earnest conversation.

"Let's see: where was we on these Christmas stories of a year ago to-night?" inquired old Ryan.

"I was just telling Alf," said Mournful's brother, "that it had been Tobin's turn, and it was a year ago to-night over at Mojave, that he shot me."

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BABA STROMBOLI'S CHRISTMAS EVE

BY FLORENCE LANDOR

I MUST not reveal the whereabouts of Baba Stromboli. If you are childless and lonely, you would be tempted to kidnap him. If you have bright, strong children of your own, you will be impelled to run out there and see if it be true, for you had not dreamt that any one else had such a babe. And if you are merely a young person looking forward to the time when some such precious atom of humanity will sprawl at your breast, you might seek him out as a picture and a desire of all your maternal yearnings. Let it suffice to say that he was born, and yet lives in a cabin on a hillside in California, not a thousand miles away from San Francisco.

He was a mystery baby. His guardians were Papaneita, the huge Greek vegetable vendor, and The Colonel. The child and the St. Bernard had grown up together. They were inseparable, and when this half-naked three year old boy stood by the side of the dog, they made a picture fit to inspire the brush of a new Landseer. Needless to say, Stromboli was not the child's baptismal name: it was bestowed by the Greek in remembrance of a certain fire crowned mountain set in the midst of blue seas about the rock bound shores of his homeland. The fearless eyes of deep violet blue, set under masses of gold-red curls, were suggestive, and his passionate, brave, indomitable nature somehow made this memory cling to the heart of the giant Greek.

His mother had been seen coming closely veiled in the red car of Rogey O'Dell to visit him every Sunday, and rumors among the ranchers around were varied and interesting. One had said that the old man was the father of the child, which was piling Pelion on Ossa, to say the least; others that he was the uncle, and yet another wise gossip who said the child had no father, and that the beautiful woman in the car was a friend or relative of O'Dell's, who toiled in the city and could not keep the babe with her—perhaps the last was nearer the mark.

However, during the week Papaneita fed, clothed, bathed and watched over him, carting him around on his vegetable wagon, or leaving him with the other Greek children in the small truck farms on the hillsides. Where the child went, the dog went also, and it was hard to tell which was the more beloved.

He was three and a half years old. Christmas eve fell on a Saturday. Sunday was to be the occasion of a double splendor, little mamma's visit and Uncle Rogey's impersonation of Santa Claus.

When Papaneita opened the door of the living room on Saturday morning he ran to meet the boy, who was naked and rolling on the rug with the St. Bernard. The Greek carried several presents in a gunnysack; as he drew them forth, he jumped and shouted with glee. "Desa for Stromboli. Beeg gun shoota da lion!" Here he snapped and fired a nickel-plated airgun. "Lariat, he ropa da bull"—and a long lasso hissed and whirled around the room. "Knife, him maka da bearsteak."

Stromboli grabbed the knife and the gun—these he understood. The lariat was as yet a wee bit beyond his mental horizon. Mounted on The Colonel, the embryo cowboy rode his improvised and patient broncho across the

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cabin floor, while the Greek emitted sad imitation Indian yells, to the intense delight of the boy.

When Papaneita loaded his wagon from the five acre truck farm behind the cabin, he placed the child on the front seat, dressed in all the glory of his first Indian suit, with the gun over his shoulder and his knife in a belt of colored leather above his baby hips. They were bound for the depot, six miles away, and thinking that the dog had better be left in charge of the home, Papaneita locked him in the cabin, much to the chagrin and dismay of Stromboli, who was inwardly wrathful at such an act, but so engrossed with his weapons that he had neither time nor desire to impress his baby will upon his guardian.

A mile and a half down the winding road stood the ten acre ranch of Antonio Pierrie, the friend of Papaneita. They were both hard-working, frugal and fairly abstemious truck farmers. The holiday spirit, however, was abroad, and when a deep, rumbling voice called from the cottage, what could Papaneita do but halt his horse and respond? The morning greetings were followed by native josh and raillery, and in a few minutes the big Greek had tied his horse to the fence, warned Baba Stromboli to look after him, and joined Pierrie in a friendly glass of cognac. One glass led to another, talk of home was followed by the prospects of the winter crop, and an hour fled like time passed in sleep. With an exclamation of surprise and dismay, Papaneita shook hands and hurried out to the wagon. It was deserted. His "halloas" and tearful cries, his repeated "Stromboli, Stromboli," called at the full pitch of his sonorous voice, brought forth the astonished Pierrie. The mystery of the boy's flight baffled them completely. Following the line of least resistance, they argued that the baby had traveled downward toward the depot. Tumbling into the loaded wagon, they whipped the horse into a jangling gallop and were off to the railroad. But almost an hour before, the baby had jumped down and trudged off up hill toward the timber line. Always before his infantile imagination were bears and deers like those shot by his Uncle Rogey. His sturdy legs carried him on at a baby trot. Two ranches beyond Pierrie's was a discarded logging road leading at right angles into the redwoods, over the undulating foothills, winding between the green farms, it led up and on to that wondrous haven of trees where lurks the beautiful red deer and the savage grizzly bear. With his airgun over his shoulder, and his red-gold locks afloat on the early morning zephyrs, he looked like a baby replica of those grand spirits who drove their prairie schooners over the Rockies to the Promised Land in the days of '49.

The day wore on: still he trudged, tireless and undaunted. Nearer and nearer, but oh, so painfully slow, the giant trees grew up larger and more distinct till he almost shouted with joy and stumbled on, wild with enthusiasm and desire. His little gun was now carried to the front, for every moment he expected to meet a wild beast.

The fragrance of the redwoods, virile and haunting, was about him, when he found a stream winding its way down hill, and lay on its brink to drink. The day had passed its meridian, and the warm sun shone gently through the green temple of the forest. Everywhere around him were strange, weird sounds. A chorus of innumerable birds, the twittering flight of squirrels, the rustling of the underbrush, and the far off scream of some animal pursued or pursuing. As he sat on a bank of green fern, warm, moist and aromatic, his gun was raised and fired many times at animals which existed in his imagination only. A feeling of resentment towards Uncle Rogey grew uppermost in his breast as he remembered all the stories of the forest and the chase. And here were no grizzlies, no deer, no lions. But the thought had hardly taken full possession of Baba Stromboli's mind when a long, lithe cougar emerged from the brush beyond the stream. A

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fine specimen of the mountain lion, tawny and swift, out for his evening meal. No sooner did he emerge than Stromboli sprang to his feet and discharged his gun with a gasp at the astonished cat, which leapt back into the sheltering bushes. Running forward, knife in hand, Stromboli expected to find the dead body of the lion. He was amazed and exasperated when he found nothing there, but he could plainly hear the animal beating its way back in the undergrowth. He examined his gun with the air of an experienced hunter, looked down the muzzle as he had seen Uncle Rogey do.

The cat, finding itself unhurt and unpursued, turned back in a circle. It was hungry but afraid of man and his death dealing weapons. But this was a tiny creature and his weapon seemed foolish; it had made only a little sound and did not inflict even a skin wound. Though the lion peered from the brush behind him, the faint sound of his approach aroused Stromboli, who turned and fired at him once more, seized his knife and dashed into the tangled brush toward him. Though still unhurt, this desperate minion was too much for the cat, who once more slid into the forest and once more Stromboli returned to his seat, grievously disappointed and angry. He spurned the gun. "You no good gun. You make no noise. You don't kill anyt'ing. Stromboli get Unc' Wogey's gun, big bang de bang, then me get lion first shot."

The cunning animal now began a circular stalk. First at one place, and then at another, his golden green eyes peered through the undergrowth. Every time they appeared, Stromboli sat up and talked back at them: "You one big cur," he cried; "Unc' Wogey say you no good. When me grow big man me kill you with a wock." And later: "Come on, stareybob; me got good knife here for when you come out."

And now strange pangs began to assail Stromboli. A hollow, sickening hunger tore at his stomach. He lay down on his face and drank long and deep at the stream. When he arose the cat had come out his own full length. From the bed of the stream, Stromboli seized a pebble as large as his chubby fists and flung it full into the face of the animal, who slunk once more from sight. Baba Stromboli was tired and hungry, and sick with a sense of being deceived. The sun had passed below the trees. Over the forest came the hush of twilight. Again and again Stromboli's eyes closed; his red-gold hair lay over the breast of his Indian suit. The open hunting knife fell from his baby fingers, tinkling onto the rocks in the stream, and he awoke with a start to see the great cat sneaking in circles which grew smaller and nearer at each little doze.

* * * *

The excited and conscience stricken Greeks traveled a little more than two miles and took more than half the day to do it. At every farm and hamlet they made anxious inquiries, but all to no purpose. They were on the point of turning back when a long red automobile came winding up the gentle slope. As soon as Papaneita caught the far off chugging he put his hand behind one shapeless ear and listened intently. "O'Dell! He comma da day sooner. Oh, God, whata'ell I shall speak?" While the speechless farmers waited by the side of their wagon, the car came around the bend, and Rogey at the wheel, seeing Papaneita, brought the car to a halt. Before the Greek could explain, a beautiful woman sprang from the tonneau, confronting the shame-faced giant, and almost screamed: "You don't mean to tell me that you let Baby get away from you?" The abject, pitiful attitude of the man told its tale. Without a word she turned to Rogey. "What shall we do? What shall we do?" she pleaded, her hands clutching her breast to still its maternal tumult. The stalwart old man, still in the pride of his wealth and political dictatorship, turned back to the car. "Let us get home," he said. "The Colonel will find him."

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When the car pulled up at the cabin and Rogey opened the door, The Colonel bounded forth, joyous and frisky at his release. Neither spoke, and when the dog noticed the absence of Stromboli, his tail hung low, and a strange, questioning look came into his pathetic brown eyes. Rogey bent over him. "Baba, Baba," he said to the dog. "Baba Stromboli. Go get him. Fetch. Good dog. Good dog." And as quick as the word, The Colonel was off down the road, nose to the ground, at a quick, ambling trot. The old man and the beautiful, fair woman turned back into the car and followed slowly. The St. Bernard struck the cross trails of the child at the point where he turned from the road into the skidway and seemed puzzled for a few minutes. He nosed about undecided and weak, then turned back over the puncheons, bound for the forest. Rogey and the lady abandoned the car and came on at a quick walk behind. Three miles away the forest rose against the setting sun, a waving line of green. About them on the foothills and in the draws were a thousand little farms already green and bright with the first crop of four annual harvests in this land of milk and honey. Peace and industry went together, and Christmas was a festival time celebrated by a dozen nationalities in as many ways. The hospitality and good cheer was none the less felt because unheralded by snow or frost. In truth, here was the fruit of the vine blessing the earth with its rosy joy, after the labor of the field and the care of its lowing herds. But these things were lost on the seekers. The approach of night, the trail leading direct to the forest, and all this meant to the sick heart of the mother made them forget season and festivity in one intense, agonized longing for a sight of that red-gold head of curls.

Under the trees in the coming night, with only a long saffron streamer penetrating here and there, lay Stromboli, sound asleep. The knife had fallen from his hand, still clenched. The airgun was discarded. His curls lay back on the broken ferns. The unconscious slumber of utter exhaustion held him as still as the dead. And ten feet away, silent and fierce, the big cat stalked down on his prey. In ever-closing circles he walked, sniffing the air daintily, halting at the least sound, resuming his stealthy march inward the moment he was certain of his quest. Only six clear feet with the tiny brook between, a leap and one crunch of his jaws, and Baba Stromboli would die. The cougar sat down and watched, licking his hot chops in hungry anticipation. Stretching his six feet of muscle, he made ready to spring, quite sure now that his small enemy and tormentor was harmless, when a hubbub of human voices broke on his attentive ears. He turned and faced the sounds. Before he could make up his mind to seize his sleeping prey the underbrush crashed, and into the glade sprang an immense St. Bernard, barking and rushing, gleaming of eye and fang. This was more than the cat expected. With a clear bound he struck the brush and disappeared. Two minutes later The Colonel laid the still sleeping Stromboli at the mother's feet. All the pent up misery of the young mother's heart burst the flood gates of excitement and poured forth in wet trickles over the beautiful face of her boy. Rogey's wide, green eyes were suspiciously troublesome just at that time, and the St. Bernard lay down, nose between his paws, while a look of ineffable tenderness and wisdom shone through those soft, pathetic brown eyes, the windows of his dumb but noble and steadfast soul.

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IN THE CAFETERIA

BY MARY E. BIRDSALL

THE violin concerto of Victor Laurenti, the leader of the cafeteria orchestra, paused in its tone winged triumph. The pianist's expectant glance darted from his score to Laurenti, but the sparkling black eyes of the leader did not give the customary signal for an improvised accompaniment. The pianist followed the leader's intent gaze and saw a slight, dark woman, who had just removed her dishes from a tray, settling herself at a table opposite the orchestra.

Like dozens of other women in the room, she was attired in cheap, department store finery, but unlike the others, her individuality was not submerged by it. The pianist gave her a second glance, endeavoring to trace the picturesque, foreign effect of her dress. Then he saw the flowered crepe shawl that clung gracefully to her shoulders, and the Italian design of her broad, filigree bracelets and her chain necklace with mosaic pendants. The light opera touch to her costume was undoubtedly fetching—but she was thin and sallow. Conscious of a superiority to Laurenti 'n his judgment of *les belles femmes,* the pianist smiled complacently at a highly rouged, dazzling blonde directly in his line of vision, and concentrated his attention again on his score.

If the pianist had seen the woman in the shawl suddenly return Laurenti's glance, his blase heart might have been stirred by the unexpected loveliness of her eyes. Their liquid darkness was that of a Madonna, yet intense with Southern ardor—like bits of June dusk veiling sunset fire. They flamed with recognition as they rested on Laurenti, but the next instant they were averted, while their owner, pale and tremorous, made a pretense of eating.

Mechanically, Laurenti began the second movement of the concerto. For an instant his bow quavered, almost like that of a novice, and with an effort resumed its bird-like glide over the strings. Yet magic usually flowed from Laurenti's fingertips, a touch delicate as flitting moonbeams; cantabile sweeps of ravishment that soared in starry paeans; a final stroke that left smitten echoes murmuring bravas. But to-night the circuit between himself and his noisy audience seemed broken. He was, for once, indifferent to the task of beguiling the hungry hordes who were perpetually arming themselves with trays, hurling against breastworks of eatables, and madly rushing to and fro with their steaming spoil. Apparently he was wooing some distant Muse—one that had nothing to do with attuning the savage breast of a ragtime mad public to sweet melody.

The elderly Juliets who leaned from the cafeteria balcony and the variegated wallflowers, who crowded the seats outside the space reserved for diners, sighed disappointedly as they realized their idol was bringing his performance to an end with a whirlwind tempo. There was a physical force about Laurenti that instinctively drew feminine eyes. It was the subtle power of a tireless energy directed by an indomitable will. Though not tall, his thick, well-knit figure had an extraordinary suppleness that lent a swift grace to his interpretative gestures. His Italian birth was manifest in this dramatic fervor, in the jetty blackness of his hair and eyes, and in the vivid warmth of his olive skin.

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The woman in the shawl trifled with her salad and spaghetti, while Laurenti played. At length the curtained fringe on her cheek lifted, revealing two steadfast stars in the dusk of her eyes. As Laurenti laid down his violin, he turned with incredible swiftness and imprisoned her glance with his own. Then he beckoned negligently to a boyish waiter in duck uniform.

"Arrange to bring me something on a tray before the first entr'acte at the theatre, there's a good fellow. I have an engagement until eight o'clock."

A moment later the thin, mobile face of the woman at the table bloomed like Clytie under Laurenti's sunny ardor.

"Francesca, my friend! Is it possible?"

"Victor! After so many years, to see you here, well and happy! Every day I have prayed the Madonna to rest your soul in Paradise!"

"Let others find reward in Paradise. I am quite contented here, I assure you."

Conscious of many interested eyes at surrounding tables, Laurenti quickly collected himself. He pointed to the mezzanine floor back of the balcony. "Go up there, Francesca *mia*," he added in a low tone. "I will come in a moment, and you will tell me what miracle of Fortune has brought you here."

Francesca ascended the steps and found a seat near an electric fountain screened by palms. The patriotic flashes of the bulbs that edged the basin had alternated from white to red and blue for the third time when Laurenti appeared.

"How long have you been in America?" he inquired eagerly, as he drew up a chair beside hers.

"Two years. I came with Donna Guilia of Naples. She and her husband, Guiseppe, have a vineyard near the city where I have lived until this autumn."

The Italian speech, with its suggestion of the plash and gurgle of a stream, came sweetly from Francesca's lips. Laurenti leaned back, radiant with satisfaction. "Naples! Ah! that is where I saw you last. It is strange to see you here in these surroundings."

Francesca nodded quickly, glancing down at the thronged, brilliantly lighted room below, from whence ascended a steady vocal hum mingled with the clash of silver and china, the rat-a-plan of trays and the tap-tap of countless feet crossing and recrossing polished expanses of decorated tile to the tables within an enclosure of ornate brass railings. Her varying charm of expression assumed the form of whimsical pathos.

"Ah, these Americans!" she exclaimed, looking at the laden trays. "They know not the sauce that hunger gives. Do you remember our simple fare of macaroni and polenta, Victor?"

"Assuredly. I used to long for it in the days when I sold papers to pay the expenses of my music. I ate then always at the quick lunch, where they put before you evil smelling meat glued to sawdust, which is called a sinker. Only wait, however. You will become at home in time. It is very like our Italy—this California. Here, also, we have the sunny blue skies, the birds and the flowers."

"Yes, like Italy," murmured Francesca dreamily. A vision of the city arched by the splendor of noontide, the sunlight flung like a spangled web over the lofty tiers of tiled roofs and lingering with nebulous warmth on parked enclosures and violet distances, was indeed a reminder of home. "But it is the people that are different, Victor. They love the things that gold buys—not the simple joys of our people. They hasten always, as if their work was a burden. Have they then no faith in the good God?"

Laurenti smiled comprehendingly. "You are homesick, Francesca, *mia*. Has you father still the little cafe near the Piazza?"

A tender melancholy deepened Francesca's eyes. "The father is dead," she replied simply. "He died the year after you went to America."

The sensuous joy of living that overflowed Laurenti's earthly vessel

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became instantly chastened, a pure light, softly luminous through the clay. His voice was very gentle:

"You are all alone in the world then, *cara* Francesca? You lived on at Naples until you came here?"

"No; I rented the cafe and went to the country to live with my aunt."

Laurenti started. "Then you were not in Naples when—— You did not receive my letter, Francesca?"

"What letter, Victor? You wrote but once to tell me that you were working hard, and when Fortune rewarded you, you would send another letter—but it never arrived. When I left Naples I wrote you the new address. You did not receive it?"

Laurenti was visibly embarrassed. "Yes, yes, I received it safely, but you said nothing of my proposal. Naturally I believed that you had become indifferent, and that our relation was at an end."

Francesca's pathetic gaze widened, but not with resentment. Men's constancy was never proof against separation. She knew too well. It was always thus in Italy.

"My aunt sold my interest in the cafe to a man from Amalfi. She then invested my money in a vineyard at Reggio, and we went there to live."

"Reggio!" exclaimed Laurenti. "Your home was at Reggio!"

"My home *esiste non piu! Non piu!*" she repeated with a look more tragic than tears.

"*Dio buono!*" exclaimed Laurenti, violently. "The Messina earthquake! You were in that black trap of death! You suffered the unspeakable tortures of that calamity!"

For a moment, pitiless memory wrenched away Francesca's serenity, baring the horror of unhealed wounds. "I never saw my aunt afterwards; her grave is somewhere in the ruins," she said with a convulsive movement.

"My poor Francesca! If I had but known!" said Laurenti, with emotion. His chivalry stirred to life the old impetuous love. Her worn loveliness had a stronger, though different, appeal for him than her radiant youth of long ago. "You have lost everything, *cara mia?*"

The dawning happiness of a hope deferred lit the Madonna eyes of Francesca as she read the ardent caresses in Laurenti's voice and eyes. Thus had he looked and spoken one spring day, years before, in Naples, when the tint of joy was on the land and all the trees were bursting with leaves and blossoms. She did not observe his uneasy, backward glance.

"There is one thing that I have not lost, Victor," she said, raising her hands to her necklace. Between the dull blue mosaics of the central pendants she drew forth a thin gold *bulla.*

"What have you there—an amulet?" asked Laurenti, smiling.

At Francesca's touch the locket flew open, revealing a small white coil—the "E" string beloved of soloists.

"Truly, it has been to me a talisman. Through all that dreadful time I was wandering *fuori,* it kept my heart warm."

Laurenti's supple fingers closed strongly on Francesca's. Then, reverently, he took from its resting place the slender token of love that had survived many waters.

A thoughtful tenderness crept into Laurenti's face.

"It was that day my *maestro* at the Conservatorio gave me my Montagnana. You were alone in the cafe, your father asleep. I played on my treasure and you wept. When we plighted our troth, you made me promise never to use this string again, since it had won your heart."

"Yes, yes," assented Francesca, her eyes again like stars, the empty locket rising and falling tumultuously. "You played Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.' *Dio,* but I can hear it yet!"

A nostalgia for the blue Vesuvian bay, to be once more with this woman "under the walls of Paradise," seized Laurenti.

"You shall hear it again, Francesca! Believe me, you shall hear it! Come to-morrow evening, I beg of you. I shall replace this string on my Montagnana, and it shall tell you once

more of my love. I must say *a riverderci* now. I am expected at the theatre."

Abruptly, he turned and left her. Francesca checked the quick motion of her outstretched arms and started in a maze toward the stairs. At the landing she met the young woman cashier, who eyed her with undisguised curiosity. "You are acquainted with our orchestra leader, madam?"

Francesca shrank from this self-possessed young person's smiling scrutiny. Instinctively she hid her love for Laurenti as if it had been a guilty thing.

"He is my cousin, Signorina," she faltered. "I have not seen him since he left Italy twelve years ago."

"Then you have not seen his family yet? He has beautiful children. They are fair skinned like their American mother, with wonderful Italian eyes."

Francesca eyed the cashier wildly for a moment, and then swayed backward. The American, now thoroughly sympathetic, supported her to a seat.

"Scusi, Signorina," murmured Francesca, faintly. "I have had a long journey. I am not well."

Deftly, the cashier loosened her gown and bathed her temples. Presently the Madonna eyes opened.

"You have seen my cousin's wife, Signorina?"

"Often. She is well known socially and very wealthy. The oldest son was in here this evening. Did you notice him? A handsome, curly-headed little rascal—the image of his father."

Francesca struggled to her feet. She felt that she could bear no more.

"You feel better now? If the women haven't all gone, I can get one to go with you."

Francesca protested mutely.

"Very well. You see, the cafeteria is closed now."

Francesca looked. A darkened hush had fallen on the room that a few minutes before had been a brilliant, clamorous hive. Its long aisles were now deserted, its shrouded tables piled with chairs.

"You will have to go out this way." The cashier pointed to a door opening on a staircase that led down to an anteroom behind the orchestra, where there was a street exit.

The modest fruit stand where Francesca worked was far from the haunts of the *haut ton*, therefore she was dazzled by the butterfly throngs of theatre-goers who hovered in the midst of blooming lights. Intoxicating odors floated out from the shops of chemists, florists and confectioners, enfolding her with a sense of warm luxury. Somewhere in the center of this brilliance was Victor, entertaining these smart folk, with the sweet necromancy of his darting wand. The thought was like a fragrant flower that she nestled closely. Why should she reflect on painful duty—a hateful truth that, like a hidden worm, would some day destroy its perfection? Victor had been hers before he belonged to the American woman. To-night he had redeemed the pledge given her so long ago. The string she had treasured would always speak to her, alone.

Francesca passed a white night before her little painted image of the Virgin, repeating the beads of her rosary. She went heavy-eyed to her work the next morning, longing and yet dreading the evening and Laurenti's declaration of love. Donna Giula arrived early with supplies from the vineyard, and sent Francesca to collect some money from one Donna Cristina Martelli, who kept lodgings near the Plaza. The name struck a chord in Francesca's memory. It was Donna Cristina's roof that had sheltered Victor during the days of his early struggle. The old beldame was called "The Magpie," from her tendency to gossip. It would be an easy matter to learn the true story of Victor's marriage.

Thus musing, Francesca entered the Rialto of "Little Italy," a narrow thoroughfare whose eccentric, elbow-like turns deflected often from Scriptural straightness. Rambling wooden cottages lurched tipsily up the hillsides, and bare adobe dwellings huddled on a level with the street like rab-

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bit warrens. Here the manufacture of macaroni and sparkling wines was carried on, and the smell of garlic came strongly from the doorways. In the dingy shops, black-browed women with brown *bambini,* haggled excitedly.

Donna Cristina was seated in the seclusion of a rickety veranda in the rear of her house. A goat grazed among the tin cans of the back yard, and the aroma of sweet basil and sundry herbs was warm in the sun. Donna Martelli was an aged woman with skin like old ivory. Her beak-like nose and talon fingers suggested a bird of prey. After she had parted reluctantly with her *soldi,* she was sullen for a space, but she brightened at the mention of Laurenti's name.

"Ah, he was a blade—that lad—but he was always kind to an old woman. He had an *intendio* in Italy, but he married an American woman who paid his debts. It is said that he neglects her for dancing girls at the theatre, but what would you? In America, to be rich is to be equal to the crowned heads."

Francesca leaned nearer the wizened face with the piercing eyes. "Look at me closely, mother mine. I was Victor's *intendio.* If it were not for the viper coils of this woman, the honey of his vows would once more sweeten my bitterness."

A look, predatory and shrewd, lighted the keen old eyes.

"Ecce! I have a philter whose charm is not to be resisted." The old dame hobbled into the house and returned, bearing a phial. "Put this in his wine. He will know neither pleasure nor profit until he comes back to you. It is yours for five *lire,*" she concluded in a wheedling tone.

Francesca dropped a dollar into the greedy, outstretched palm, and grasping the philter, thrust it into the bosom of her gown. As she hurried back to the fruit stand, she felt a mounting impatience of the creeping hours that separated her from her evening meeting. Her dream was like some rare jewel hidden away that she dared not wear openly. If only she could have the quiet to think, instead of being distracted by importunate customers and by the thunderous traffic that filled the streets with clouds and chafed her skin with grit. Several times she examined her hard, brown hands with their broken nails. Laurenti's were soft and well cared for, and a diamond flashed on the one that held the bow.

At length, freed from the shackles of drudgery, and clad in her best, Francesca found herself mounting the stairs to the cafeteria balcony. Her heart became like an imprisoned, wild thing as she distinguished the full, rich sound of the Montagnana among the soft thrills of tuning instruments. As she gained a vantage point near the electric fountain, she trembled under the delicious stab of Laurenti's glance that leaped to her across intervening faces.

The music that followed coursed through her like rills of fire, for she knew that it was for her alone. The Montagnana seemed an incarnate spirit born of love and life. Its dominant, exulting note rang out in each composition. In a Neapolitan folk-song, picturing the surge of festal gayety on the Corso, in a tarantella, like the glissade of a cascade breaking into showery brilliants of mirth, in the seductive, *bel canto* ripple of the "Blue Danube." Even in the divine "Intermezzo Rusticana," its soaring tone triumphed passionately over sorrow.

Before the applause that followed the finale died away, Laurenti, flushed and ardent, was at Francesca's side. In one hand he carried the Montagnana.

"Ecco! cara Francesca, your amulet has not forgotten how to speak!"

Francesca's answering glance was the overflow of the torrent within that had been steadily rising for hours: it was at the same time a caress, a pledge and a surrender.

"Innamorata mia," murmured Laurenti tenderly, "I cannot speak to you here what is in my heart, but you shall hear it in a few moments when I play the 'Spring Song.' Here is a ticket to

the theatre. Afterwards, I know of a cafe where we can obtain raviolas and Chianti, the same as at home——"

"Pardon me: there's a party holding the telephone for you, Mr. Laurenti."

In their absorption the lovers had not observed the approach of the wooden-faced, white-clad waiter, who withdrew as soon as he had spoken. As Laurenti turned to follow the man, he smiled vividly at Francesca with a swift nod.

"You will come, then? It is quite understood?"

Francesca bowed assent. Exultantly, her hand stole to her bosom. The philter was safe. To-night she would pour Laurenti's wine. Her eyes fell on the violin that he had left on a small reading table beside her. She lifted the silk handkerchief that lay carelessly over the strings, and drew a sharp breath as she gazed at the sentient, graceful thing, wrought in a Cremona workshop by the pupil of Stradivarius. She felt a warm impulse to caress the carven scroll, the satiny surface of molten gold. Was it not the Ariel that voiced her lover's soul?

"A dandy violin—it is some class, *non e vero?*"

Francesca looked up, startled. A well-grown boy, vigorous and merry-eyed, confronted her. There was a touch of auburn in his dark hair, a pink pigment in his skin: otherwise he was a small replica of Laurenti. In his hand he carried a violin case.

"Pardon! Did I frighten you? I was looking for my father. I have here another violin for the theatre. I am to take the Montagnana home as soon as he is through here."

Francesca's eyes suddenly lost their restless brilliancy; their expression as well as their beauty became Madonna-like. In spite of the boy's American slang and smart clothing, there was that in his unconscious grace and pagan joyousness that suggested a young faun. A vine chaplet on the dark curls beneath his golf cap would not have seemed incongruous. He instantly divined Francesca's friendliness.

"You are perhaps a friend of my father's from bella Napoli?" he inquired eagerly. "Not long before I will be there also. My father has promised to take me to the Conservatorio to study violin."

A poignant yearning possessed Francesca as the boy chattered on with his father's gay unreserve. This boy might have been hers. His affectionate confidence in his father smote her. For the first time something disturbed the balance of her sanguine plan concerning a future in Italy with Laurenti. These ties of home and career that bound her lover irrevocably to his adopted country. From the beginning her pride had forbidden the thought of an intrigue in America. The poison tipped glances directed by society toward love's transgressors had not escaped her quick perception. She was conscious of a vehement preference for a rival's stilletto rather than the refined cruelty of such penance.

Francesca murmured an absent "*a riverderla*" to the boy, who hastened away to join a friend. Her resolution wavered but a moment. It must be the crucifixion of her own future—not that of the innocent lad. She would bear the ignominy of an outcast for Love's sake, and Laurenti—— Another *route barre* presented itself. If his intrigue should become known? He would never face an audience proudly again, as he had done to-night. Perhaps he would be forced to resign his position.

Francesca bent her head. Two young girls standing near eyed her curiously. "See, she is saying her rosary," said one. But it was only one supplication that she was repeating. She caught a glimpse of Laurenti, who had paused on the landing to greet a patron. With a feline pounce she caught up the violin. For an instant only she looked at the silken white string that had been her amulet. Her senses cried out pitilessly like physical hunger for the harmony of the "Spring Song;" for the possession of fruitful bloom instead of the immortelles of the spirit. Then, firmly, her fingers closed on the peg that regulated the

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"E" string. There was a vibratory snap, and she dazedly replaced the instrument on the table and covered the frayed, dangling length with the handkerchief.

Groping, she sought the stairway to which the cashier had directed her the night before. In the ante-room of the orchestra, she faltered. For the moment she was incapable of going farther. How long the orchestra was silent! She had a compelling desire to learn if Laurenti acquiesced to her ultimatum. She lifted a corner of the curtain that screened the square of glass behind the musicians. Laurenti was intensely pale and down cast. His supple fingers were deftly fitting another "E" string on the Montagnana.

Presently there stole out to the woman crouching by the door the intensely sad and exquisite farewell of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Perhaps no other air expresses so well the travail of a soul plunged from the sparkling crest of the world's glory into the echoless depths of an unhappy doom. Francesca swayed convulsively. In her passion of regret, she felt that she must go back, must sacrifice herself to her lover's need.

The music died away as softly as sunset over the silent, white city of the Campo Santa. The applause was instantaneous, thunderous. She looked again, and saw Laurenti brightening under his triumph. A prosperous appearing patron with a woman companion paused on his way out with a request for a favorite masterpiece. Francesca listened for a space, while the popular overture of "The Poet and Peasant" poured out, conquering and militant.

Then she realized the truth about her lover: that no woman, even by the aid of a philter, could hope to separate him from his art. Like a wraith, she arose and stole out into the night.

* * * *

Ten minutes later, the park policeman saw the movement of a lonely woman seated on a bench under the shadowy trees. He paused alert, ready to prevent a tragedy. But she did not raise the vial that she had taken from her bosom to her lips: its contents fell harmlessly on the lilies growing at her feet, and she tossed the empty bottle into a refuse can.

The officer relaxed his vigilance and walked on.

LOVE'S MISSION

BY FRANCIS McKINNON MORTON

An Angel came and drove man forth
From out the Eden-gates of Paradise;
She scourged him with a whip of wrath
And his base sin she held before his eyes
Till they were dim with tears of shame:
But, just behind the scourging Angel there,
With gentle steps Love softly came,
And breath of Courage whispered in man's ear;
She twined soft arms about his neck
And tender kisses placed upon his brow,
Till he of Eden ceased to reck
And dreamed his exile were an Eden now.
With toil and pain he built a Home
Outside the close-barred gates of Paradise
And begged of Love that she would come
And dwell therein to glad his heart and eyes:
Love came with children in her train,
And then the Angel turned and opened wide
The Eden-gates to man in vain,
For lo! *his* Paradise was all outside.

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"EVEN THOUGH"

BY LILLIAN R. SHAW

IT WAS an October afternoon; the air was soft and the sun shone, but in the falling leaves and dying flowers there was already the hint of oncoming winter. There was a stillness in the air, broken only by the shouts of the merry golfers in the distance.

The girl and the man wandered farther and farther away, and they listened to the birds that sang in the trees, and he told her more of his childhood days in a far-off country town; of the years since, his struggle against the poverty that was his inheritance; of his plans, of the future, and its great promise. And woven through it all she was ever present, in the earlier years the dream girl, and later the dream come true—the wonder-woman who stood to him for all truth and beautiful purity in womanhood.

So long he had urged his love and need of her, and waited impatiently for the surrender! To-day the magic of the hour had come over her, or she had changed. Her face seemed to have caught the glow of the Western sky, where the sun now set, and from her eyes all hardness had gone, and they were soft, and her lips were set in lines less firm than usual. They seemed so far apart from all other things until the gay laughter of the returning players disturbed their solitude, and then she said that it must be late. So they went slowly back through the dusk, away from the trees and the birds and the quiet, to the light and life and gaiety of the house.

At dinner, Jeanne was silent; the flush had left her face, and she was pale; the dark circles beneath her eyes were deeper, and she said she was tired. But long after she bade the others good-night, she sat by her window, gazing out into the night with great, unseeing eyes, until the tears came, and she cried out in her agony: "I can't live up to his ideals. I just can't—I can't. It is so hard!" And then she cried more, until, in the dull gray hours of the morning, she fell into a troubled sleep.

The next day their house party broke up, and she returned to town and the busy days in her studio. Striving to forget voice and eyes and influence, she plunged into her work with all the will power she could summon; and the winter passed, as winters do.

* * * *

It was spring when they met again, for he had been away. He came to her on a day in April, in the half light between day and dark, as she sat dreaming before the open fire.

The day had been a trying one; she had been possessed of an unnamed something that left her restless, irritable and utterly unfit for anything. She had tried in vain to concentrate her mind on her unfinished work, so, donning a habit, she had ridden far into the country, but she could not rid herself of the phantom that pursued her. Everywhere she had hints of the man whose memory she strove to banish. In the perfume of the woods, in the whisper of the stirring leaves, were memories of hours with him, until she could bear no more, and she returned to town. Late in the afternoon some people had dropped in for tea, and now they were gone, and she watched the flames with eyes opened wide, eyes in which blazed a vision of what may lie hidden in the soul; a vision of hunger and thirst that begs cease-

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lessly for rest. Her head was thrown back in a way that emphasized the exquisite line of her chin and throat, and the leaping flames caught the gold in the mass of soft bronze hair piled high on her head, and tossed it about, now leaving it to darkness, then bringing it back to dazzle the eyes of the man who watched.

He entered, unannounced, and the unexpectedness of his appearance put her fluttering pulses at his mercy. His joyous greeting, the eager blaze of his eyes, robbed her of all control of her defenses. Throbbing with excitement, with joy, she made no effort to evade him as he drew her into his arms and kissed her on eyes and throat and lips until she cried out: "Not again, I beg you. It is not best. Oh, please, please let me go!" Blinded with tears, she turned her head and then raised her eyes to his.

"It is useless. Even though I do love you—I can't marry you! You are cruel to make it so hard for me. Oh—"

Again he crushed his lips to hers in a deep clinging embrace that left her dazed and trembling in his arms.

"You do love me, and love cannot be ignored. You will marry me; you are mine."

"I do not love you. I cannot marry you! I——"

The dull red mantled his face, and he dropped his arms from about her. "My poverty, my——"

"No, no, I love you for all that—you are grand, noble! It is my sin. Hush! Let me tell you before my courage goes—it is something you cannot forgive. Turn away your face; please don't look at me. Long ago, before I knew you, I loved another man, madly, passionately, and I—I gave him all a woman can give a man. He possessed me, soul and body, and I loved him beyond all thought of evil in our love. It did not seem wrong until I knew you, and now you cannot—I am not worthy, you know, and you do not want me."

She could not look at the man standing there before her; she buried her face in the pillows of her chair, listening for his retreating footsteps. If he would only go so she could cry out in her agony.

There was no sound in the room save the crackling of the logs in the fireplace as they fell apart, and the flames leaped upward. From far down the street came the sweet tones of the bells as they chimed out clearly the Evensong.

In a moment, which seemed an eternity to the woman, the man was by her side, on his knees, whispering: "Jeanne, Jeanne!"

She made no sign.

"Jeanne, darling," he repeated, lifting the flushed face, and looking into the eyes full of shame and confusion; then crept closely to her, putting his arm about her and drew her head down to his shoulder.

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IN EMULATION OF ZAPATA

BY DOLORES BUTTERFIELD

I.

"SEVEN miles still to Morirato," observed Emilio Frias, reading the figures on the telegraph poles as the handcar slid past them. "We haven't made such bad time, Teclo, for all thou hast been acting as though we had been a century since leaving Ciudad Aldama."

"Perhaps we haven't," said his companion. "Still, I prefer to make the trip by magic these days. One never knows when one will run into a bunch of *revoltosos* between Aldama and Morirato, and for my part, I don't yearn for so much as a smell of them."

"No reason why any one should," answered Emilio. "I'm sure I don't. What's the matter, boys? Teclo and I will help you for a while if you are tired." This last was addressed to the four *mozos* who were working the handcar, and who had paused to look ahead, shading their eyes with their hands. "Do you see something?" he added, gazing ahead.

"A crowd of men beside the track," answered one of the *mozos*.

"*Revoltosos*, on my life!" cried Teclo in alarm.

"More likely than not—they look a rough crew," answered the self-possessed Emilio. "What can we do about it? Don't turn green. We have nothing with us they can steal, and they don't eat men alive. The worst they can do will be to take the handcar for their own purposes and leave us afoot in the *monte*."

The car was gliding along by its own momentum, rapidly approaching the disorderly band which stood grouped on either side of the track. As it drew nearer, they raised their rifles with a shout of "*Alto!*"

"Brake the car, boys," said Emilio to the *mozos*.

"*Quien vive?*" shouted the crowd, as the car came to a stop.

"How do you do?" said Emilio, in cordial tones, shaking hands with some of the men nearest him. "*Quien vive*, was it? Well, from day to day it has been Reyes, Magon, Vazquez Gomez—so many, in fact, that you must pardon my getting a little confused. Is it Zapata, now, or Orozco, or some worthy patriot?"

"*Viva* Zapata!" shouted the crowd, impervious to his sarcasm.

"Thank you!" said Emilio, but without echoing their cry. "And now?"

"Have you got any money?" demanded the leader.

"Money? *Pero, hombre!* Is it likely that I would have money, with heroes like yourselves about? Is it likely that if I had it I would be carrying it with me on a handcar, in these times? I am sorry, my friends—not a cent."

"Not even five pesos?" asked the leader.

"I said not a cent."

"Any firearms?"

"I had a splendid automatic last month. One of your dearly beloved comrades has it now. So, no firearms. But I have some cigarettes!" he added, with sudden enthusiasm. "Come, my friends—have a smoke."

He handed out several packages of cigarettes, which they accepted cheerfully.

"Now," said Emilio, "as we are in a hurry to be on our way, will you excuse us if we bid you a good afternoon?"

"You go to Morirato?" inquired one of the leaders.

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"That was our intention when we left Ciudad Aldama."

Two of the chiefs whispered together. Then one of them said: "You may go on. But are you sure you haven't got any money?"

"To my sorrow, that is what I am surest of at all times," said Emilio, pulling out his pockets to satisfy the man.

"But your friend here?" The man seemed unable to abandon hope of securing something more than cigarettes.

"Oh! Teclo, indeed, carries upon his person an object of inestimable value—— Keep back, my friends. Do you not observe that he is already the color of a young watermelon? I merely refer to his sweetheart's picture, which he carries with scientific precision exactly above his ardent young heart. I hope you aren't disappointed."

"Go on with you," said the leader, between frowning and laughing. "Thank you for your cigarettes, *joven;* they are very good."

"To be sure they are. They cost good money, too. However, you are welcome to them. Good afternoon, friends."

"Buenas tardes," answered the *revoltosos,* as the handcar got under way.

"Now, then," said Emilio to Teclo, "what was the use or the need of thy turning gray, green and yellow? A little cool head is all that is necessary. These fellows call themselves zapatistas, but when not drunk are only a sorry lot of thieves. They have not yet learned to imitate the horrible ferocity of the genuine zapatista of the South."

Teclo put his hand into the bosom of his shirt, and drew forth a roll of bills. "Two hundred pesos," he observed. "My year's savings. Had I no reason to be frightened? Thou didst not know I had this, eh?"

"No, crazy. No wonder thou almost hadst a fit when the zapatistas made at thee. I should have had one myself if I had known about it. However, it is over now."

"Look!" cried one of the *mozos,* pointing back at the rapidly receding group of *revoltosos.* "They are tearing up the track."

"Voy!" muttered Emilio. "The troublesome devils! That means no communication with Aldama until the Federals can come out and chase them away while the road is being repaired. Strange: they have never bothered this little road before."

"Didn't the maderistas tear it up last year?"

"No. They simply sent word to the station master at Ciudad Aldama not to run any trains for three days. But I perceive what these fellows are after. They are tearing up the tracks to keep back the Federals in Aldama while they loot Morirato."

Teclo gasped his terror, for he was by no means brave. "But there are Federals in Morirato," he presently assured himself.

"Seventy-five of them—and two or three hundred of these ruffians if they get together; and loot enough in Morirato to justify the temerity of attacking seventy-five Federals with two or three hundred men. If that isn't what it means, I'm no guesser."

"Stop the car," cried Teclo. "Let's not go to Morirato."

"Where, then?"

"Somewhere else—anywhere. But we can't go back to Aldama. I suppose these wretches are swarming through all the ranches hereabouts. Oh, here comes one of them now!"

A man galloped past, dragging behind him a writhing mass of telephone and telegraph wires.

"Savages!" muttered Emilio. "If they had their way, no vestige of civilization would remain in the country. One could stand it now and then, as a measure of war; but they seem to tear things up just for the pleasure of destroying."

"It's a wonder they let us through," said Teclo.

"Probably they think it best to coop us up in Morirato with the rest," answered Emilio. "Listen, Teclo. Take the car on to Morirato, and I will go back to Aldama, or to the first station

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where I can communicate by wire with the garrison there, and start reinforcements for Morirato."

"Don't be a fool," said Teclo. "What is it to thee, one way or the other? Never take sides in a fight that does not interest thee."

"It does interest me," said Emilio. "It interests me so much that, if I did not have my mother to support, I would get out and fight for the legally constituted government; to help rescue my country from riot and anarchy, and to preserve her independence—for that is what it amounts to. These devils would bring us even to the loss of that. But I'm not asking *thee* to do anything. Go on with the car, and I shall go back to Aldama. There are none too many Federals there, but such as there are, they should know of this in time to help their comrades in Morirato."

Teclo made no further argument. Emilio, with Sotero, one of the *mozos*, who volunteered to accompany him, slipped from the handcar and disappeared into the brush that skirted the right of way, first making sure that the man of the telephone wires was not in sight. The remaining *mozos* then redoubled their speed, and the car shot down the track on its way to Morirato.

Morirato was soon reached. Right beside the station was the sugar factory—the main industry of the town, and the reason for its existence, which was in the midst of the great sugar-cane plantation of Morirato. It was here that, in a clerkly capacity, Teclo and Emilio were employed, having only been spending Sunday in Ciudad Aldama. In these troublous times, the factory held a Federal garrison, and the garrison was already in motion when Teclo alighted from the handcar. Scouts had come in with the report that three rebel bands were moving upon Morirato, aggregating at least two hundred men, and the Federal captain was preparing to resist their attack.

While Teclo was telling the captain about his encounter with the *revoltosos*, an elderly gentleman came out of the office of the factory, looking anxious and alarmed. Teclo recognized Don Pancho Lorenzana, one of the former owners of Morirato, who had that morning come up on the train to transact some business with the manager of the American company which had bought the estate. He had evidently been fruitlessly trying to telephone to Ciudad Aldama.

"The wires are down, sure enough," he cried.

"So we told you when you asked to telephone," answered the Federal captain.

"But I was in hopes it was a mistake. Good Heavens! There are only seventy-five of your men, and we are surrounded and cut off. What can you do?"

"Defend the town while I may," answered the captain.

"That won't keep the town from being captured and looted," groaned Don Pancho.

The captain spread out his hands. "I have sent messengers to Aldama. If they can get there, well and good. If not, I can do no more than my duty."

"And meanwhile the rebels know as well as you or I," said Don Pancho, "that this plantation sold for six million pesos two years ago. If they take the town they will hold me for ransom. They will strip me of every available cent. Oh, I ought to have followed my brother's advice and stayed in the United States."

The captain, whose life was at stake, shrugged his shoulders and turned away to give orders to his men, without listening nay more to the millionaire's lamentations. This duty fell to Teclo, who feigned vast sympathy, notwithstanding he was really very glad that, if Morirato had to be attacked by *revoltosos,* Don Pancho should be there. When the town was captured, Teclo and his little two hundred pesos would be that much likelier to escape notice for the presence of a millionaire Lorenzana.

Teclo, for the purpose of hiding his money, which he still carried on his person, hastened, as soon as he could

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excuse himself from Don Pancho, to the house of some friends of his family, where he lived for the sake of not paying board to the company. He was greeted with relief by the family.

"We were afraid something had perhaps happened to thee," said Dona Marianita. "We were hoping that thou wouldst have been detained in Aldama, and thus escape the trouble."

"Oh, we ran into the *revoltosos* on the way," said Teclo, "but they were in a good humor, and not drunk yet, and let us pass."

"We?" repeated Carmelita, the daughter of the house, quickly. "Did Emilio come back from Aldama with thee?"

This was the young lady whose picture Teclo carried. She had not given him the picture, though Teclo had allowed Emilio to believe that she had. She did not even know that he carried it. Her question nettled him, as displaying a deeper interest in Emilio than pleased him. Indeed, he had long suspected her of having a greater leaning toward Emilio than toward himself, and he had only kept Emilio from a like leaning toward her by repetition of the various unkind things which, as an inmate of the house, he had from time to time heard her say of Emilio—the veracity of which repetitions Emilio, though not wholly guileless, for some reason had accepted without question.

"Oh," said Teclo, "Emilio was with me, but when he saw the *revoltosos* he was afraid to come farther. He said he preferred to take chances in Aldama, with a hundred Federals and a hundred and fifty volunteers, rather than with seventy-five Federals here. He wanted to turn the handcar back, but I refused, so he and one of the men went back on foot, intending to get horses at Las Cruces."

"He was wise," said Carmelita, biting her lips. "Why didst thou not go back with him?"

"Carmelita, how canst thou ask such a question?" cried Teclo. "How could I go back to Aldama, knowing that thou wert here?"

This evidence of devotion did not seem to move the girl. She bit her lips again and turned away. At that moment Don Pancho Lorenzana entered. It transpired that he was stopping with the family since his arrival that morning. They were relatives of his, but belonged to the poorer branch of the Lorenzanas—the branch that had no interest in the sugar plantation of Morirato nor the millions of its sale. Carmelita's father had been merely an employee at the *ingenio*, and had continued in his employment after the transfer to the American Company. Carmelita was Don Pancho's godchild, and had adored him since a time when she was far too little to know that he was her rich relative. On his side, he had been very kind to her from babyhood, and the affection between them was warm.

Don Pancho had come to bid his hosts a temporary good-bye. It had occurred to him that his presence in this house would surely be discovered, and that might bring trouble upon the family, in addition to his own capture. He had therefore decided to hide in the house of one of the laborers, where no one would expect to find him. Having discussed the matter, his relatives agreed that he might be right, and with earnest well-wishes allowed him to depart—to the secret satisfaction of Teclo.

II.

The *revoltosos* were an unorganized lot, and in crowding in upon Morirato, each supremely anxious to be personally upon the scene when the looting should begin, they were rather careless of guarding the surrounding country. Nevertheless, they were there, infesting the roads, the *monte*, the right of way, and the fields, and Emilio and Sotero, slipping through the brush in the opposite direction, had great trouble in avoiding them. Some of these marauders were tearing down telegraph wires and cutting them into meter lengths, and this, with the twisted rails and burnt ties of the rail-

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road track, gave to the usually peaceful roadway an appearance of destruction. As Emilio and his companion were making their way across a wide cornfield, some *revoltosos* suddenly galloped around a fence of tall cactus, and, espying them, dashed toward them with a shout of *"Quien vive?"* Emilio made no reply to the challenge —for under his banter and his laughing ways he had convictions of his own and really believed that he would have died before he would have allayed suspicion by answering with the name of the bloodiest brigand Mexico had known since the dreadful Tiger of Alica had terrorized the mountains of Nayarit, and came to a bad end forty years ago.

Emilio's silence called forth a dozen or more shots, all of which flew wild. Sotero, having fewer scruples, promptly shouted: "*Viva* Zapata!" There was a momentary halt on the part of the *revoltosos,* and Emilio and his companion took advantage of this pause to disappear in the brush. These bushes bordered a narrow, ditch-like creek—at that season quite dry—completely covering it and converting it into a veritable tunnel; and it was into this tunnel beneath the bushes that Emilio and Sotero disappeared. The suspicious zapatistas galloped up, one of them crying out that they were spies. They thrust into the bushes, and the two men crouching below saw the gleam of the rifle-barrels tearing through the dark tangle of leaves just above their heads. They dare not move lest the sound betray them; but chance diverted the attention of the rebels before they discovered the existence of the hidden creek-bed or the presence of the men in it. The *revoltosos* caught sight of two ranchmen hastening across the field beyond the seeming hedge, and promptly concluded that these were Emilio and his companion.

"Epa!" shouted a rebel. "Why are you running away?"

From across the cornfield a meek voice replied: "We do not wish to meddle with any one."

"Nothing but two rancheros," shouted one of the rebels. Hurry up, amigos; the others are getting ahead of us. Leave the fools alone."

Emilio and Sotero at once pushed their way along the dry creek-bed until they thought it safe to emerge and strike off by a short cut toward Las Cruces. There were no rebels in sight now, though there were evidences that some of them had passed here. At the foot of a telephone pole was the blue-clad figure of a Federal, huddled over a broken field apparatus—a scout shot while trying to get news to Ciudad Aldama of the presence of the rebels.

Beyond Las Cruces, where they stopped to get horses, Emilio and his companion came to the river, and were surprised to see the bridge standing intact.

"Why, what fools!" cried Sotero. "The Federals could come this far in the train, and from here on could get to Morirato any old way.

But Emilio was suspicious. He explored the bridge, and discovered that his suspicions were correct. The bridge was there; but if a trainload of Federals—or of anything else, for that matter—had attempted to cross it, bridge, train and Federals would have lain, a mangled heap, in the middle of the river. Emilio gingerly removed the dynamite, and, afraid to explode it lest there be rebels within hearing, waded out into the river and buried the sticks deep in the sand of an unfrequented pool. Then he and Sotero remounted and spurred their horses toward Ciudad Aldama.

III.

Seventy-five Federals against two hundred zapatistas was a mere farce. The Federals fought because they considered it their duty not to abandon the town without a struggle, and because surrender to zapatistas was impossible for Federals long before the suspension of guarantees made equally impossible the surrender of zapatistas to Federals. When at last the defend-

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ers realized that it was but a matter of time until they would be butchered to a man, those who were left tried to cut their way out with bayonet and sword through the encircling enemy. They retired as best they could, leaving in their path as many dead *revoltosos* as they numbered men themselves. The rebels did not follow them —they were too anxious to loot the town. Many of them had managed to slip away during the last of the fight, and were busy at the saloons, the doors of which they had forced.

The mob scattered, in all directions, through the town, some proceeding to sack the stores, others demanding money of the merchants and well-to-do citizens. A number of them broke into the company warehouse and prepared to take possession of the sugar —despite the protests of Mr. Cowan, the American manager, that it was American property, and would have to "come out of Mexico's hide for all it was worth" if they took it. Don Pancho was triumphantly unearthed from his hiding place and carried to jail, and told that he would be released for fifty thousand pesos. Otherwise, he would be killed at sunrise. This was not called holding him for ransom. It was a "forced loan."

Don Pancho protested that he had only ten dollars with him. The zapatistas at once possessed themselves of these, and told him that he might please sign a check upon one of the Aldama banks for fifty thousand pesos, and that they would keep him prisoner until the check was cashed. Don Pancho declared that he had no money in the Aldama banks. His money, what little he had, was in the United States. Besides, he was not really so rich as gossip would have him. True, Morirato had sold for six millions, but only the first payment had been made, two years before, divided between five brothers; and since then, owing to the two revolutions, the company had been unable to make its payments. He could not possibly give more than twenty-five thousand pesos, and he shuddered to think what his situation would be after giving it. And in any event he must have time, since he had no funds in Ciudad Aldama, and the banks there would not honor his check.

The zapatistas were unmoved. No doubt, they said, he would be able to remember presently some bank which *would* honor his check for fifty thousand pesos. There were only two banks in Aldama, and his brother was the agent for one of them, so his memory need not be severely taxed.

"But I tell you I have only three hundred pesos in Aldama," cried Don Pancho. "My brother is in the United States, and even if that were not the case, the funds of the bank are not his to dispose of. If I had twenty million pesos in hard cash, instead of a supposititious six, I could not give you one cent more than the three hundred I have in Aldama."

"Very well," said the chief of the zapatistas, "write me a check for that three hundred."

"Gladly," said Don Pancho, with immense relief, drawing out his check book and making out the check with a somewhat unsteady hand.

"Now, then," said the chief, taking the check with one hand, and with the other leveling his revolver at Don Pancho's head, "write me a check on the same bank for fifty thousand pesos."

"They won't honor it," said Don Pancho.

"Not even for a millionaire?"

"Not such a sum as that—of course not."

"Write it, anyway. Go on. Do you suppose I don't mean anything when I point pistols at people. Write the check."

Don Pancho wrote it.

"Now," said the zapatista, "write a telegram to Senor Gaspar Lorenzana, San Antonio, Texas, telling him to telegraph fifty thousand pesos at once to the bank of which he is the agent in Ciudad Aldama, to your credit. Have you finished? Good! Now sign it. I will try and have this sent at once. You will remain our prisoner until the

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money arrives and we can cash the check."

"*You* can't go to Aldama to cash a check, you bandit!" said Don Pancho.

"Don't worry—I shall find ways to cash it. I shall endorse it to your own cousin, who lives here, and who may, with impunity, visit Aldama. I shall of course let him understand that if I fail to receive the money, he and his family may go into mourning for you without further formality. Impress that upon him, also, if you like."

Thereafter, Don Pancho was left alone in the jail. Meanwhile his cousin and his cousin's family were alarmed beyond words for him, Carmelita being reduced to tears of despair, while her mother prayed countless rosaries and her father relieved his feelings by muttering ugly words about the zapatistas.

Disorder in the town grew frightful. The *revoltosos* were all drunk, reeling about the streets with horrible yells and firing their guns into the air. Some of them quarreled over the loot and shot one another. Even private residences ceased to be safe, and the rebels, having gutted the stores, began to demand entrance to the houses in search of money and arms—incidentally carrying away whatever valuables caught their eyes. All the afternoon the clamor and riot continued, and after darkness it still made the night hideous. There was firing, fighting and yelling at all hours up and down the streets, although the looting of the houses was temporarily left, to be finished next day.

At dawn, with a suddenness that was absolutely appalling, an engine with two cars rolled up to the station, and Federal soldiers began to pour out, followed by mezclilla-clad volunteers with broad red bands on their *palma* hats. The same Federals who had abandoned the town the day before were in the lead. As they detrained, they fired volley after volley into the stupefied crowd of rebels. The rebels in panic fled pell-mell from the scene of their late triumph, leaving all of their loot, and most of their ammunition, while a deafening shout of "*Viva* Madero!" shook the air.

The Federals did most of the fighting and the volunteers most of the shouting of "*Viva* Madero!" but between them they carried the day. The rout of the zapatistas was complete. The Federals pursued them for many miles, until only a remnant managed to escape.

Emilio and Sotero had come on the train with the Federals, and suddenly found themselves heroes. With the rapidity with which such things travel, the story of their exploit seemed to have gotten about, and the Colonel, being properly flattered himself, was willing to lavish praise upon them. One of his scouts, he said, had reached him with news of the proximity of the rebels about half an hour before Emilio had telephoned it from a little beyond Las Cruces; but then, he added, the scout had not known about the dynamite under the bridge.

In the midst of this remark, which the colonel was making to a group of Emilio's friends in the plaza, Don Pancho Lorenzana appeared, just released from the jail. He was making his way toward his cousin's house, but in crossing the plaza, and seeing the group, he stopped.

"Bravo, Colonel!" he said, grasping the officer's hand. "Happy the eyes that see you. You have saved my life and fifty thousand pesos, and in this commercial age that is a great deal. Come over to the house and have some refreshments. I can't stay with you long, because I have to go to Aldama as fast as I can to stop payment on a couple of checks, and to telegraph my brother."

The Colonel gave orders to some officers, and then with the rest of the group followed Don Pancho across the street to his cousin's house.

"Oh, *nino, nino!*" cried Carmelita, running into the *zaguan* in her eagerness to greet her godfather. "How glad I am to see you safe again!"

"Thank the Colonel for it, my child," said Don Pancho.

"The Colonel—and his soldiers,"

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said the girl, giving her hand to the officer. "Why, Emilio! I thought thou hadst gone back to Aldama."

"So I did, after Teclo and I ran into the *revoltosos yesterday.* But I came in to-day with the Federals."

"Ah, little lady," said the Colonel, "thank this young man also for your godfather's safety. He went back to Aldama to tell us of the plight of Morirato, utterly unarmed; he risked passing through the rebel bands, and even if he had not succeeded in serving us, we would still have to thank him for the effort, which was brave and disinterested."

Carmelita's cheeks were flushed as she gave Emilio her hand. "How brave of you!" she murmured.

Emilio remembered her various unkind remarks, repeated by Teclo.

"Does it make you think a little better of me?" he asked.

"Better of you?" she asked. "What a strange question—as if I had thought ill of you before."

"Didn't you?"

"Why, what can you mean? Of course not."

"Not that I was a silly fellow, who thought himself ever so smart?" he laughed. "That among other things."

"Not in the least—*never!*" cried Carmelita.

Emilio's puzzled eyes met those of Teclo, who stood by the wall of the *zaguan,* and he understood. Teclo also understood, as he watched them walking side by side in the wake of Don Pancho and the Colonel.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

BY GEORGE W. PRIEST

Along the highway Hamid went,
Troubled, foot-sore and half-spent,
Seeking—for all Home's banishment—
The fabled Garden of Content.
"In vain," he said, "would riches please,
Or comfort come to days of ease:
I'll find the Garden's mystic plan,
Or travel all my earthly span."

With Hamid far from his abode,
He met a Stranger on the road,
Who—though in humble garments drest—
Seemed like a vision of the blest.
"Oh, Sire," cried Hamid, "peace I lack,
Disclose its Garden's secret track
Ere yet the years shall hold me back."

"Vain is your quest," replied the Seer;
"The Garden that you seek is here:
Its fountains sprung when life began,
The flower within its walls is Man.
If sought for self it, mirage-wise,
Will slow retire along the skies.
Your only need, its only price,
The jewel of self-sacrifice."

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"TO LET---FURNISHED"

BY FRANCES M. ELLIOTT

"WE CAN'T go over thirty-five a month, dear," stabbed Martina's soft little voice.

We had done the bewitching city of Los Angeles in a delirious two-weeks' honeymoon, and had occupied an elaborate suite in "one of our best hotels." Now, back to reality, we were maundering through a dingy maze of flats—yellow, brown and drab, mostly drab. To-Let—Furnished challenged up from numberless windows.

We sauntered warily along, block after block, until Martina paused at length, opened her bag and dabbed her perspiring little nose with a powder puff. I clutched her arm.

"Let's try this one," I said, pointing to a drab flat midway in the block. We drew nearer. The exterior was spotted with dust stains and the bell lay disabled in a paper bag.

"Do you think it will do?" whispered Martina dubiously. For answer I rapped sharply. The door was opened cautiously by a sibyl who peered out, blinking her sandy-lashed eyes. She wore a frowzy Japanese kimono; her bronzed red hair was decorated with a black velvet bow, and her face was ploughed up with a variegated set of wrinkles.

"Any dogs or children?" she asked acridly, as I explained our mission.

"Neither," I answered with dignity. Martina giggled nervously.

The sibyl wrapped the folds of her kimono around her and led the way. She had a book in her hand, out of which she read snatches while we looked over the flat, which was neat and well furnished. The rent was thirty-five dollars a month, our limit, as Martina had said. I counted out the bills and we took possession. Martina was not much taken with our landlady, but she sang lustily as she laid the cover for tea.

The next morning Martina had the table set and the eggs boiling when we heard a knock. I opened the door. The sibyl, in the kimono of the day before, stood without. She bounced in sociably and took a leisurely survey. "Well, dearies, you're right at home, I see," she said, sniffing the toast. "Do you know, nothing would do the last lady that had these rooms but for me to come right in and eat with her? I'm alone, you know." She gave a gusty sigh.

I looked at Martina, who dropped the toasting fork with a clatter.

"I dropped in to ask a little favor," she continued amiably. "This table"—tapping the dining table—"was real expensive. Maybe you wouldn't mind eating breakfasts and suppers in the kitchen."

I cleared my throat deprecatingly, while Martina bore on us with the toast. "I don't eat in the kitchen at home, Mrs. Dikeham, and I'm afraid I can't begin now," she said, crisply.

Mrs. Dikeham became insufferable by swift, unmodulated degrees. She raised five dollars on the rent because of the wear and tear on the dining table; she besieged us at the dinner hour and starved us into submission. She took her place at the head of our board and produced a volume of poems—her own—with Arline Dulcia Dikeham on the fly-leaf. She read teary poems to the memory of the departed Dikeham. Martina deserted in favor of dirty dishes, and I was forced to listen to the wildest, nim-

blest flights of fancy. She was a disciple of the occult, and, Martina said, an all around "snoop." The month was barely half gone when we were house hunting.

"I taboo flats," said Martina, firmly.

Cottages and residences flourished on quiet side streets. We rang the bell at an oldfashioned, two-storied house. The rooms were sunny, the furniture worn, but clean, and our prospective landlady a tall, willowy blonde with a quantity of bright yellow hair.

We found her vivacious, industrious and talkative. We soon knew her family history. She had a fat, good-natured husband, "Jim," who twiddled his thumbs for occupation. He had made his money at the Klondike, and was the possessor of "luck." She had a couple of half-grown children and housed a dissipated young lawyer who hung to Jim like a leech.

We learned more intimate details. For instance, Naptha soap gave Mrs. Forbes' hair its golden lustre. Martina went into convulsive gales over this.

The rainy season began, and we settled ourselves for a cozy winter. Martina's housewifely instincts began to flower. A canary in a sunny south window poured out his heart all day, and the old piano surrendered its sweetest music under Martina's plump fingers.

But, alas! One torrential evening Mrs. Forbes burst in, wringing her hands and tearing her Naptha curls. "It'll kill me, I know it will!" she cried.

"What!" we cried in unison.

"I didn't have the heart to tell you," she wailed. We braced ourselves for the worst.

"Jim has lost the house in an awful lawsuit, and we'll all be set out in the street, with only three days of grace." My jaw dropped as I stared at Martina.

"We were sure it would go our way. That dratted Tom Oliver"—the young lawyer—"led us on, and now Jim's luck has turned."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"We have a ranch four miles out, and we'll have to hike for that."

Our three days' search was damp, listless and dispirited. The afternoon of the third day, resistance was lowest, and we approached a genteel house with a wide stone porch, hopefully.

Our bell brought a respectable elderly woman with iron gray hair. She showed us a large, well furnished room.

"The kitchen——" ventured Martina.

"The kitchen is a community," explained our embryo landlady benevolently. "There are six of us. We each have our hours and there is no conflict."

I had a sinister premonition. "No!" I whispered to Martina.

"Let's look at the kitchen," she pleaded. To my dismay, she was taken with the big gas stove and its superfluity of burners; also with the long, white tables. "It's such a novelty, dear," she said, coaxingly.

We moved in that evening, and within two days Martina had repented heartily of her community kitchen. When she went in to light her fire, one relay was always polishing off their cups, the other probing at boiling vegetables on the gas plate, while our hawk-beaked landlady hovered in the rear with caustic suggestions.

Martina would no more than get the coffee poured and the door closed than Mrs. Stover would come steaming down the hall and poke her head in at the door. "Remember, John is waiting," she would say curtly. John was a poor, deaf and dumb slave who toiled in a candy factory. He could not speak in his own defense, and the rest of us suffered for him vicariously. He was a buffer constantly in Mrs. Stover's hands. "Poor John was that shy he couldn't put his potatoes on while there was a soul in the kitchen," etc., *ad infinitum*. Why John invested in a community kitchen, God knows.

One night Martina met me at the door with tear stained eyes. "You'll never guess," she cried.

"Is John waiting?" I asked jocosely.

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"Worse than that," said Martina. "Alice Beavers is coming on a visit."

"The devil!"

"She always longed to see California, and you told her to come when we were settled," quoted Martina reproachfully. I groaned as I remembered the glib, off-hand words uttered so thoughtlessly.

After an interchange of silver, I secured a couch in the hall to sleep on during Alice's visit, which I prayed would be a short one, while Martina dropped an extra dollar into Stover's plump fist so that the gas plate might run on schedule.

Alice came, saw and was conquered by California's sensuous beauty. She was one of those exuberant personalities that floats along on the crest of the wave. The community kitchen charmed her; she made up to our fellow slaves of the gas plate; John followed her around with a diffident smile, and even Stover thawed out.

Sunday morning I was awakened early by a vigorous rapping on Martina's door. "Alice! Alice! Time for Mass!" called a voice. Dead silence at the other end of the line. An injured sniff, which I recognized as Stover's. I chuckled behind my heavy portieres.

Stover rapped again, heavily. "Alice! Time for Mass—Mass—*Mass!*" An inarticulate groan from behind the door was broken by Martina's dear, sleepy little voice. "Alice, wake up! It's Mrs. Stover!"

"Bingbat!" muttered Alice, grimly.

Mrs. Stover continued to pound and Martina to remonstrate, until Alice arose, made a hasty toilette and strode off to early Mass. I slipped in with Martina, who regaled me with Alice's unguarded admission of an easy-going Catholicism to Mrs. Stover. This had been the result.

A week later I was wrestling with a collar button, when I heard sounds of conflict in the kitchen. It was Martina's "turn," so I stepped out. Martina was flushed but defiant. A bewitching odor of muffins pervaded the kitchen, and Martina had one hand on the oven door.

Mrs. Stover eyed her with animosity while she dabbed her eyes ostentatiously. "If Mr. Stover was alive, he'd never see me hectored in my own house," she whimpered.

"Better leave the poor old man rest in peace," said Martina, removing a dozen golden-brown muffins.

"What is it?" I asked with ghoulish interest, as Mrs. Stover walked away with a loud sniff.

"We move to-day," said Martina, tragically. "It's the gas, of course. Mrs. Stover blustered out while I was making the muffins. 'What are you doing?' she asked, the minute I lighted the oven. 'Making muffins,' I answered. 'Not on that stove,' she said. 'You use more gas than anybody in the house.' I was so mad I felt like turning on her like a fishwife. I didn't say a word until I got the muffins ready. Then I stuck them in the oven as quick as I could. 'This is the last time I'll touch your old gas plate, I'll promise you that,' I said."

Well, we moved. Miss Beavers took a sudden notion that home was the ideal place after all, and left us not inconsolable. I could elaborate on our three or four other moves, all within the year, but what's the use? We are settled now in a vine-covered bungalow in a quiet suburb. It is not all Paradise to wait twenty minutes down town for a car and tramp up a boggy hillside (the rainy season is with us again), but it's home.

Martina, with her curls blowing, is at the door waiting for me, and a little "cullud" girl is in the kitchen to wash the dishes and "red up." A sweet-toned piano echoes soft lullabies, and Martina is sewing on small, cobwebby affairs and as happy as a lark. Could any man ask for more?

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THE DICE OF THE GODS

BY ROUBAIX L'ABRIE-RICHEY

Mocking looks; needle-keen whispers and smiles.
They grate like a sawblade under the file.—PEER GYNT.

THERE was a hum of voices. A buzz of expectation ran through the assembled crowd. The dance was about to begin.

The two fiddlers, perched high in a corner of the smoky room drew their bows over the strings in the first notes of a popular step and the motley throng began to sway in time to the music. The couples began to whirl. The tallow candles in their rude wooden brackets on the walls flared up, lighting the rustic scene; the blue shirts and calico dresses and the tanned faces of the dancers. A low drone came from the thumping of the heavy boots upon the rough floor, a sound partially drowned by the shrieking instruments. A dust arose, which added to the dimness. This madly eddying mass of humanity, with its bared throats, white teeth and wide-open, joyous eyes, and behind, the grotesque figures of the players, made a wierd scene in the half light.

This scene was an event in Tolo—a wedding dance in which the town was invited to participate. It was Saturday night, and all were in high feather. On the morrow, Billy Sykes, the foreman, was to marry the Mayor's daughter. In the midst of the merry-makers the latter could be seen, dancing, frolicking, gayer than all the rest as she sped around with her partner, who was so soon to be her husband. Now and then she laughed with a pretty, ringing laugh.

The waltz ended. The men mopped their sweaty faces with huge, colored handkerchiefs as they escorted their partners from the floor. There was not a breath in the sultry summer air through which the moon shone angry red at the open windows. An important looking little man in a white waistcoat stepped out and announced the next dance.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd of spectators about the door. A hush came over the assemblage inside. The musicians stopped with their bows uplifted. A derisive laugh rang out.

"Let him in; let him in!" cried a voice.

"Bet he ain't over last week's spree."

A tipsy voice began to sing with a nasal twang the well known ditty:

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town.
Some wear ra-a-gs, and some wear
ta-a-gs,
And s——"

A heavy blow cut him short.

"Frenchy, do you know your knees are out," cried another.

"It's that drunken Indian devil, Le Prue," some one muttered.

The crowd, nevertheless, fell back and left a passage way. The tall, muscular figure of the quarter-breed appeared at the end of the hall, as usual ragged but strangely disheveled, slouch hat in hand. Ordinarily, he walked in a careless, shuffling way, but now he was erect, his tightly compressed lips making a hard straight line over his weak chin. Thus they knew that he had had a few drinks, for he was sober only when he lurched

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along. There was a silence as when a hawk appears among pigeons. Every one tried to look unconcerned, but every glance followed instinctively toward the door. This man was Bill Sykes' rival, a quarter-breed, a scapegrace whom every one feared and hated. What was about to happen? The silence, growing awkward, conversation was recommenced. The object of their disdainful glances strode resolutely across the floor in the direction of Laura Tipton, the bride to be.

What had brought him to this place at such a time? The dancers were buzzing this beneath their breath. Le Prue approached the girl, and said in a voice almost inaudible: "Will you dance with me?"

She surveyed him from his grimy face to his shoes through which his toes were protruding. "With *you?*" she asked derisively. "You look like a beggar."

"I've got money," he said calmly, almost carelessly, as he drew a handful of gold from his pocket and replaced it.

"Go away, or I'll have you thrown out," the girl said, coldly.

It was his turn to laugh scornfully in the knowledge of his physical superiority, and turning his broad shoulders, he walked across the room to a row of girls who had been watching the proceedings with much interest.

"All my dances are taken," said the first to him, in reply to his request to dance.

"I'm not going to dance this evening."

"I have a partner."

Conscious of crushing defeat, he retreated to the door, but he went slowly, haughtily and completely unabashed, it seemed, unwilling to show any embarrassment. The crowd again parted to allow him to pass forth. As he went, he was conscious of the mocking glances and suppressed giggles behind him. The violins began to sound. Some one shouted a hated name after him, but he turned savagely and the offender made haste to disappear. Le Prue went in the direction of his favorite nightly resort, The Cedar Log.

"Pair o' Jacks!"

"Pair o' Kings."

"Three Queens!"

"A full house!" cried Gannon, exultantly. "Le Prue, you're stuck!"

The individual thus addressed arose from the table where the poker game was going on in full swing. To-night his recklessness had made him an easy mark. He walked over to the bar, fumbled in his pockets until he discovered a five cent piece, which he had overlooked, and placed the coin upon the polished surface. "Whisky," he said in a husky voice.

The barkeeper glanced at the coin and said unconcernedly: "We don't sell whisky for a nickel."

"But I spend dollars with you every month," Le Prue protested.

The man behind the bar, who was engaged in drying some glasses, paused momentarily, looked him squarely in the eye and said harshly, but without heat, "Get out!" in the manner in which one might speak to a dog. Le Prue went.

He came from between the swinging doors of The Cedar Log, and stood in the shadow of the buildings, his hands in his pockets and looking dejectedly at the ground. He glanced up and down this ragged little mill town with a feeling of disgust and hatred. The low, crude shacks and nondescript stores were huddled together like drunken brawlers on either side of the road, now piled high with the white dust which the wheels had ground from the earth. The brush and timber crowded up to the very doors of the houses, and the bare, deforested spots on the hills showed like huge scars in the ghostly light. From across the gulley, which split the town in twain, came the stirring notes of the violins, but the sound of revelry brought no joy to his heart. An unquenchable hatred gnawed upon him.

The people of a Western mill town are not apt to look askance on any one for either the lavish expenditure of wages or for the strain of blood in their veins, but the name of Prospere

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"He was exultant. This time he was casting dice, the mighty, sombre dice of the gods. He lashed the horses to a frenzy."

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Le Prue was a synonym for prodigality in Tolo. Sitting down at one of the tables in The Cedar Log, he had caroused and gambled until there was not another coin to be found in his tatters. Yet the dream of his life, strange to say, was to be rich—rich beyond enumeration. Some day he dreamed of breaking the house, of gaining wealth in one grand coup, little knowing that the mysterious spirits, Fate and Gambler's Luck, had already stacked his unlucky deck in the person of Ed. Gannon, the gambler who preyed upon the habitues of this particular resort.

Le Prue looked upon his poverty as the cause of his failure to attract and win the pretty Laura, and through many months he had gambled more cautiously—diligently, one might say, even—using every ruse of his cunning mind to win a big "stake." If he had been honest, it had been for fear of Gannon's practiced eye and Gannon's terrible and deathly wrath. To gain wealth had been the consuming thought to spur him on. In the old times he had lost with a good grace, which rendered the embarrassment less embarrassing, but it was no longer as before. He felt the keen edge of popular dislike, and knew the sharpness of the scornful glances which fell upon him and bit into his soul. But he stood aloof, wrapped in stoicism, giving hate for hate.

As he stood there, a longing came to him to make a last and final gamble, to thrust all upon the board, to take a single toss to win or lose all; to cast dice with the gods themselves. To win; to taste triumph; to be avenged for all the thousand petty injustices which he had suffered or to be crushed was his desperate desire. He was determined to make a last cast with Fate.

Two figures passed through the ribbon of yellow light which cut the sidewalk; two girls, evidently coming from the dance. They were chatting and laughing as they passed along. "It was that drunken Indian," one of them was saying. The listener turned away into the dusk.

III.

The heavy wagon lumbered over the stones. A fine gray dust, stirred by the horses' feet and broad wheels, filled the air about the wagon. The tardy sun had just begun to show above the timber of the mountain tops and melt the dampness of the night from the road. Morning comes late in the mountain canyons, and this red eye, peering fiercely through the smoke, had just begun to melt the shadows of the hills. Prospere lay, half-reclining, upon the coupling pole of the vehicle, his hat pulled over his eyes and apparently asleep. Save for the rattling of the chains and the rumbling of the wheels there was not a sound to break the stillness.

He traveled thus for miles, the team mounting higher and higher until the road grew more precipitous and uncertain as they proceeded. Occasionally the driver aroused himself to guide over some rude bridge or dangerous turning. Once they left the main road, and the horses proceeded with more difficulty. Noon found them upon one of the high summits of the range across which he freighted supplies. He fed the animals, placing the canvas bags of grain over their noses, and a short distance away he threw himself upon a flat rock which commanded a view of the surrounding country.

In the early days of the year, when the spring sun is shining, this particular range seems to spread itself out and away from the eye like a map of green. The white, fleecy clouds on the horizon are blended with the distant snows, but upon this day, as it always is upon those sultry days when summer wanes, and the fires gnaw at the forest, all was swathed in a deep blue mantle, which arose and blotted out the landscape. The hollows in the hills were seas of motionless, opaque vapor, which drowned the lowlands, and the highest peaks were faded ghastly and dim. The scraggy firs which he had passed not a quarter of an hour ago, were as faint and as in-

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distinct as spectres. The road which he had traversed stretched away downward in the sickly yellow sunlight until it lost itself among the trees.

Sometimes a maple leaf, gray and ashen from the fire, whirled like a gigantic snowflake and settled in the dust. Bits of charred wood and ashes were in the air. Somewhere in that expanse of forest the flames were devouring the woods, but the ashes which fell around Prospero were dead and devoid of heat, showing that they came from afar.

Down beneath him, in the depths of that blue, vaporous ocean, lay Tolo, the hated village of his torment; not as far as one would roll a stone, but miles distant by the winding road which ascended the range. Prospero lay upon his flat rock and munched a biscuit—and dreamed. A hawk was circling with shrill screamings in the air above; the cries of the wood birds came faintly to him from the mountain thickets, which added to the weirdness of his surroundings. It seemed as if very Nature was about to become an accomplice in evil.

After a time, having finished his biscuit, he got up and went to the horses, which, having eaten their grain, were stamping angrily at the teasing flies. The man unhitched them from the wagon, did up the harness, and mounting the smaller of the two, rode down the way he had so lately traversed. Now and then he turned and looked back as if to satisfy himself that everything was right for his contemplated action. The trees began to melt from his sight in the gloom as he left them. Apparently he was satisfied, for he smiled.

By steep short-cuts, half hidden byways and wooded trails, he threaded his way along down the incline, saving here a mile, there a mile. Once he fancied that some one was approaching, and he stopped in a brushy turning of the path, but it proved to be only a woodpecker striking upon a dead limb. At last he came out into the main highway about two miles above the hamlet. Surely he had chosen a good time when the Sunday quiet had drawn traffic and woodsmen from these mountain roads.

At the road's edge he dismounted, and taking his slouch hat, scooped up the smothering dust which he poured over the two horses. Then he rubbed his dirty hands over his face, and threw his hat away. Mounting once more, he began to lash his mount furiously, which, frightened at the unusual procedure, dashed savagely forward, followed by its mate. The harness becoming loose, dragged in the road behind them, increasing their panic. In a cloud of gray they swept along; his precautions had been unnecessary, for a choking coat of fine soil settled over them. The sweat began to pour from the horses' sides, which caused muddy little streams to streak their legs with foam. No less a bareback rider than the dare-devil Prospere could have kept his seat. He was exultant. This time he was casting dice, the mighty sombre dice of the gods. He lashed the horse to a frenzy.

It was this cyclone of hoofs and flying dust which, without warning, plunged from the smoky woods at the upper end of the narrow, crooked street of Tolo and went madly careering down the incline between the rickety wooden houses. Windows were raised, doors thrown open, and people poured forth to learn the nature and cause of such a disturbance. Some children in the street had barely time to get out of the way of this mad cavalcade.

Before the doors of The Cedar Log, where a crowd of woodsmen had gathered, Le Prue succeeded with some difficulty in bringing his steed to a halt. He started to dismount, but fell, apparently almost fainting, to the ground, but a dozen hands caught him. "Fire!" he cried in a choking voice; "the whole woods are a burnin'. Coming over the mountain like—like hell!"

IV.

They looked in the direction of the mountains, but nothing met their gaze

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save the impenetrable wall of blue through which a few straggling sunbeams filtered and danced upon the shingle roofs. Some detected the distant roaring of the flames, and yes, a faint breeze, hot and wilting, was beginning to stir—the breath of this furnace! Prospere knocked on every door; he called out; he ran about shouting, his voice hoarse from excitement. With the dormant fear which rested in every mind, half the exertion would have sufficed, but he was resolved to spare nothing. A sort of panic ensued. The timber was afire, then! Not a few of these people had gone through the harrowing experiences of a Western forest fire which swept away whole settlements. Only a few weeks before six families had been lost in the fire at Sapling Creek —and the previous year Forbes' Mill and Dilling had both been destroyed. With such memories still fresh, the inhabitants became frantic with fear and began to prepare for a hasty retreat down the canyon to the river, and to safety. These were the days when fire patrols or forest rangers were unheard of, and the flames, originating no one knew where, burned over the miles of wooded country.

Horses were harnessed in haste. The wagons were piled high with goods which owners hurriedly snatched up from their belongings. There were scenes of the wildest terror and confusion, which made a horrible contrast with the gayety of the previous night. In the golden sunlight which had begun to redden toward evening the inhabitants ran about like frightened ants. The mill owners were frantic. At the first sound of alarm, Tipton left the wedding feast and rushed from the house. His commands and supplications to the men to remain behind and defend the town were unheeded, and he was forced to flee like the rest, relegating his mansion and property to destruction.

Confusedly, madly, jostling one another, the fugitives poured down the narrow canyon amid the rattling of chains, the thundering wheels of the wagons, weeping women, crying children and sweaty, cursing men. The faint breeze of a little while ago had become a gale, which rocked the boughs of the pines with a mournful sough.

Le Prue ran about like the rest, assisting here and there, hitching up horses, loading wagons, and now and then exclaimed: "Yes, it's just over the summit and a-comin' like greased lightning!" The wagons rolled away one after another; the fugitives fled along the road, and he, like the others, fled also until he dropped unnoticed by the way.

When the rattling of the last wagon had died away in the distance; when the last straggler had gone and the little village sat alone in that vast expanse of forest, the man came forth like a wolf to seek his prey before making his lie a horrible reality. He went in the direction of the Mayor's house, a gorgeously furnished mansion which Tipton had fitted up for a summer home when he brought his family out from San Francisco. Now and then the culprit glanced behind him as he hurried along, but he never paused until he stood before the great, polished door with its ponderous brass knocker. This door was ajar. He hesitated to enter, and for the first time was afraid. There were little, creepy cold wires in his spine, but he could not now turn back—he would not turn back. He had hesitated, and the thought of possible remorse made him angry. Stepping forward he struck the panel with his open palm. The door opened silently upon its hinges, and he entered.

No sound came from within those curtained rooms; his feet made no noise upon the thick, moss-like carpet; in those chambers, now growing dim in the twilight, there arose a warm stuffy perfume, which came like a balm to his nostrils. He examined the curtains, the piano, and made faces in the high plate glass mirror on the wall. After all, this man was like a child. But he remembered that he must not lose any time. Then he be-

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gan to sack the house for anything of value which might be carried away.

Half an hour later, Prospere, carrying two great sacks of plunder, found his way to The Cedar Log, now dark and deserted in the growing night. By the light of a candle he saw that little of value had been left, as might have been expected, but he had not thought of that. He felt a keen disappointment, but at least he was avenged. He found a few coins in a drawer, which he pocketed. A panicky fear that some one might return came over him, and he helped himself to a glass of liquor in order to steady his nerves. Disdaining to drink from the same glass twice, he sent it crashing through the mirror behind him. He repeated his draughts so often that he soon felt quite capable of defending the place against a regiment, and sometime later fell asleep behind the bar. Yes, he had gambled with the gods, and had won.

IV.

A thunderous crashing and the roar like that of a waterfall awakened him. He moved sleepily, and then sprang up, as the scene startled him. Where was he? The room was as bright as day, lit by a red, luminous light. The noise which had aroused him was the crash of falling roofs. The side wall of The Cedar Log was a mass of flames, which swept over the ceiling through the blackened and broken windows. Snatching up the plunder, he endeavored to force it through a window in the opposite wall, but the bulky sacks would not go through the aperture, so that he had to climb through himself and leave his ill-gotten gains to the flames. On every side the canyon was ablaze, and the mountains glowed like huge coals. The dry shingle roofs of the village were streaming sparks into the night sky like huge torches, and breathed upon him a torrid breath. He fled about like a poor, frightened animal, all thought of gain or vengeance forgotten—only wishing to save himself.

VI.

It came to his dazed brain that his only hope of escape lay down the narrow canyon road, but the fire raged on either side. However, it was the only avenue left him. Placing his arms about his head, he ran at the top of his speed. First it was his cotton trousers which began to smoke, and his blue woolen shirt turned brown over his shoulders. The smoke and heat blinded him until he no longer knew in what direction he ran. He tripped over something and fell, but struggled up again, then fell once more, breathing in a fiery gust of air, and this time he did not rise. They identified Le Prue's body by two peculiarly broken teeth which he had once lost in a fight.

Near a village in a canyon, in one of those desolate, deforested regions of a Western State, where the once blackened snags of mighty woods have turned gray under the action of the salt air and the rains, there is a grave. It is the grave of one who staked all with the gods, not knowing that their dice always fall rightly. This place is not far from the road, and is well remembered, as the Western country goes, being heaped high with a pyramid of stones which support a pine board. Upon this board the following epitaph was once written with black skid grease:

Here Lies Prospere Le Prue
Who Saved the People of Tolo from
Death by His Brave
Deed.
He Was a Good Fellow.

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Mining Building, University of California.

BERKELEY FILMS

BY A BERKLEYAN

Illustrations by the Author.

ABOUT two miles from the eastern shore of the bay stretch the grounds of the State University. They are planted with groves of oak, and pine and eucalyptus, and dotted with buildings arranged according to no particular plan or scheme. Some of the halls are of frame construction, others of brick, and others of gleaming California granite. They illustrate in a rough way the fashion in which the resources and needs of the institution have developed. The older buildings are small and plain; the more recent are large, elaborate and very costly.

In the course of this sketch, we shall ramble through the premises and buildings, snapping our camera as we go along. We shall not attempt to be sympathetic or exhaustive; we shall neglect much more than we notice. We shall linger over a few pictures, and hurry on past many more.

The president's mansion stands at the summit of a broad slope, which climbs to meet the boundary of the grounds. As viewed from the front, it

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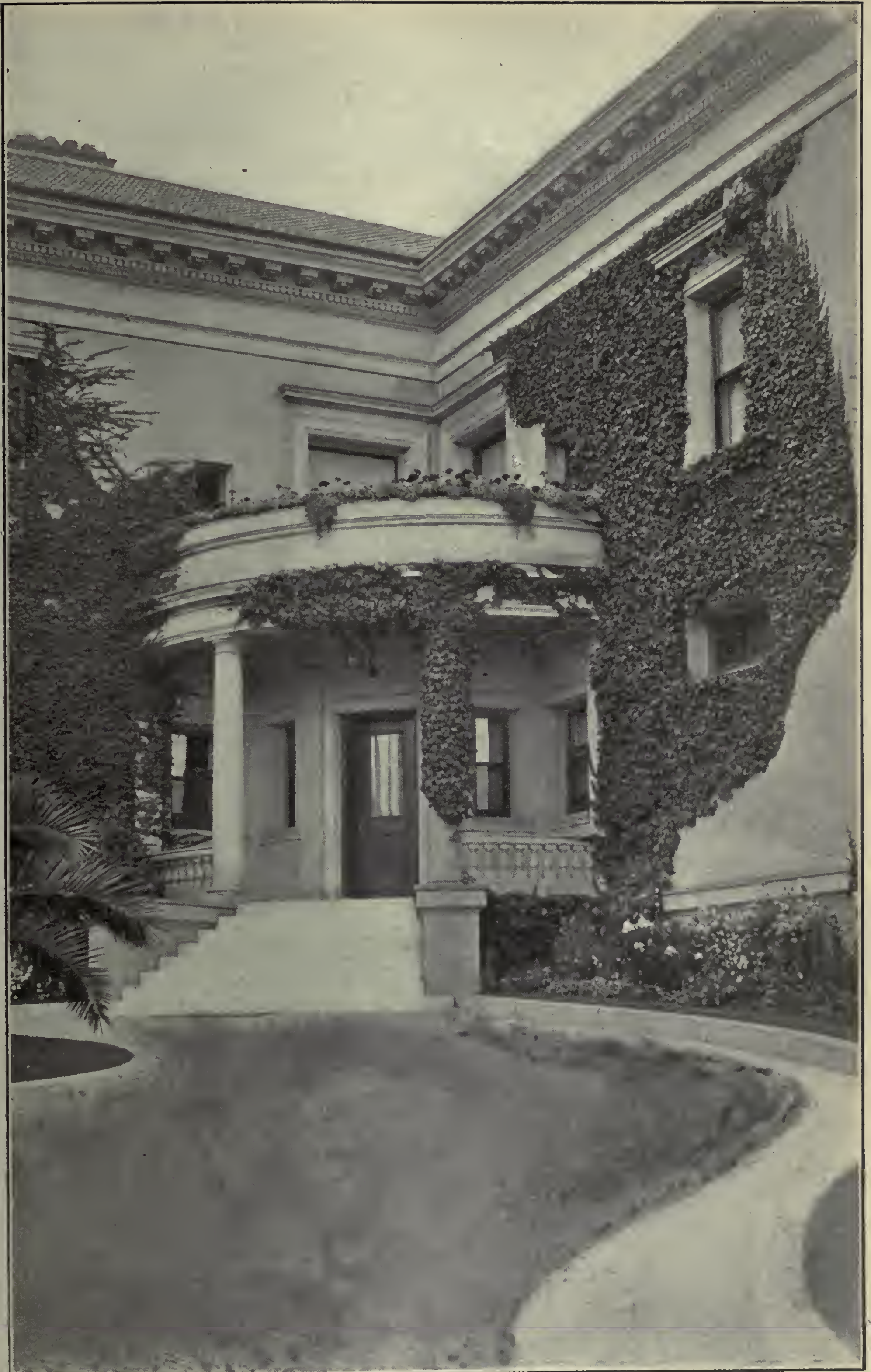

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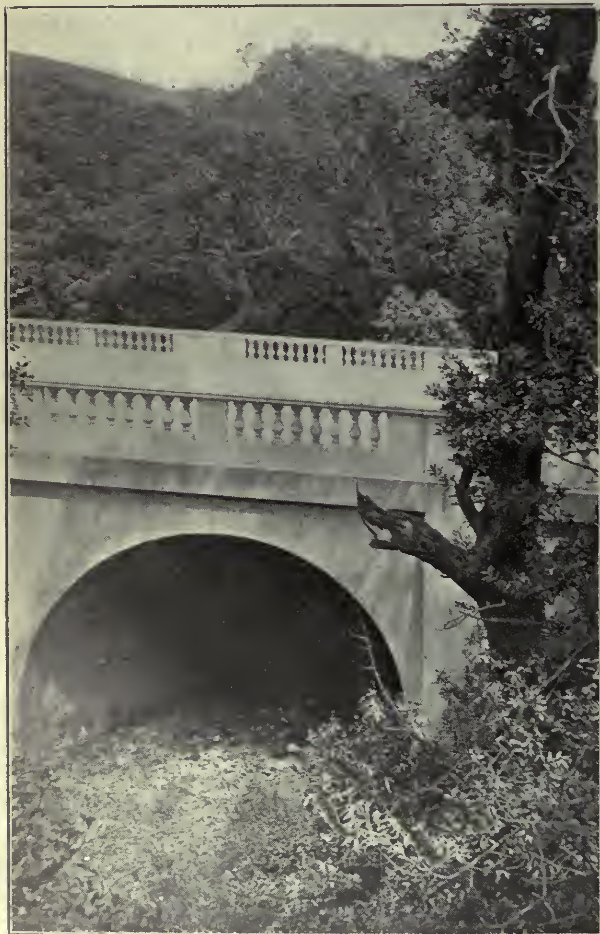
The President's home. Automobile entrance. University of California.

rises from the higher of two low terraces, the slopes of which are covered with the dark green of English ivy. These terraces are ascended by a long flight of red brick steps, bordered by lines of white granite. As the eye follows those broad white lines, it rises to another set of steps, widely built of stone, leading to the entrance. These are surrounded by a triple arch, which in turn is overhung by a little gallery, where the eye is caught and held by the adornment of the balustrade. Along the stone ledge has been placed a line of brilliant flowering plants—a blaze of red and blue. Behind these, three arched windows match the triple arch below. Above them hangs the heavy cornice, while a square-cornered, red tiled roof crowns all.

The square-cornered roof, the square cut windows, the heavy brown stone walls, all give an impression of strength and stability and dignified reserve. This is enhanced by the classic outlines of the triple arch. But just as the more human and engaging attributes of some man, who occupies a commanding position, may manifest themselves on closer acquaintance, so, when this residence is approached, little touches, which are barely noticed from the road below, are appreciated. The ground at the foot of the walls has been planted with flowers. Old-fashioned hollyhocks lift great bunches of crimson against the dark brown gray of the stone. At their feet are masses of white blossoms and of blue. Patches of ivy have been trained against the walls, the tendrils radiating out in star-shaped patterns. On the opposite side of the residence, where, in a deep angle, the automobile entrance has been placed, the ivy is especially luxuriant and seems to impart a homelike touch, which the austere severity of the main entrance denied. One turns away with a more cheerful impression than that which was received at first.

Let us turn our steps down the slope toward where, in the very heart of the grounds there lies a little valley, which seems to be a natural trap for the sunshine, that fills it to the rim with warmth and rest and drowsiness. Its shallow basin stretches from east to west. Protected by tall trees, as well as by the surrounding slopes, only gentlest of breezes are left to filter feebly in. This is the spot which has been de-



The Sather Bridge.

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"Chemistry" Porch, University of California.

A corner near the conservatory.

Below them, the ground is dotted with fan palms and dragon trees, their stiff outlines contrasting with those of the smaller plants. Indeed, the apparent confusion seems to be due to a studied striving after contrast. The broad, velvety-green leaves of the African hemp contrast with the long sprays of delicate foliage that droop from the boughs of the Chilian mayten tree. The feathery branches of the bald cypress from Florida oppose the stiffness of the African cypress from the Cape of Good Hope. The rice-paper tree, with its immense leaves, is found next to some vine with leaves no larger than the fingernail. Clumps of giant reeds stand side by side of the Douglas spruce, while the ground beneath is brilliant with the stiff, round, many petalled blooms of the zinnia or with the purple and white and crimson and violet of petunias. The dainty, fly-away flowers of the columbine, seemingly poising themselves for flight, are overshadowed by the broad leaves of the magnolia, with its immense white blossoms. The blue, white and yellow of the tri-colored convolvulus are set off by the flaming scarlet of the poppy. But these brilliant patches are the exception, not the rule. The general effect is a rather sober one of green.

When we observe how plants from the most widely separated regions have been brought together even in this small collection, which, when compared with the world's great botanical gardens, is so poor, pitiful and paltry as scarcely to be worth a moment's notice, we are impressed by the work that modern science is doing in gathering the useful plants of all parts of

voted to the botanical garden.

Narrow walks radiate in all directions, and in the arrangement of the grounds there appears to have been little plan or design. The "formal" type of gardening has been strictly tabooed. Whatever of plan there is has been to imitate the carelessness and confusion of Nature. Nevertheless, as one saunters along the yard-wide paths, one soon discovers that there is much of system where at first it seemed as though confusion reigned supreme.

One corner is sown with lumps of sandstone, and in this presumably congenial environment more than a hundred varieties of cactus are planted.

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the world and making them available. In this connection, the work of the Arnold arboretum at Harvard University comes to mind. Under the auspices of that institution, a museum of living trees, adapted to the temperate zone, has been formed from specimens gathered from all countries. For years the university had a collector in Western China. He explored the mountains and valleys, studied the native trees, and sent specimens back to Cambridge. One of his discoveries was a rubber tree which grows in a climate similar to that of Massachusetts. It survived transportation, and for some years now has been thriving in its new environment. Previously rubber was believed to be a product of the torrid zone, and of that only. Now we recognize the possibility of producing it in the United States. Are not such discoveries as this worth more than that of the man who, peering through a telescope that by chance is turned in the right direction happens to be the first to observe a new comet?

The Faculty Club, University of California.

On the south, the botanical garden is overlooked by a great granite building—the university library. As we turn from the one to the other what a contrast is presented! The garden gives the impression of Nature in its simplicity; the library conveys the idea of human endeavor at its highest. The garden seems to signify repose; the library—strenuous activity. The difference between them is the difference between the natural and the artificial. As one gazes up at that great structure, one thinks of rock blasted from the quarry, iron smelted from the mine, the materials carved and cast and riveted into forms suited to the uses of mankind, the whole woven into a single monumental edifice.

Wide, broadly curving steps of stone lead to the entrance. They make the portal—spacious though it is—seem almost insignificant in comparison. From above looks down the face of Minerva, goddess of Wisdom. When the hour for opening arrives, high gates of brass, into the pattern of which have been set scores of tiny triangular windows, swing slowly outward. The visitor enters a dimly lighted passage, ornamented with Greek and Roman busts. These have been posed on the summits of marble columns. Turning, he ascends a marble staircase, from which the reading room is reached. An immense hall, more than two hundred feet in length and fifty feet in breadth—it was originally furnished with nearly thirty broad oaken tables, each seating a dozen students. The number was not found sufficient, and others have been added to accommodate the throngs that resort there, for this is the general

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study hall for all departments.

As one stands in that vast room, and looks from the bookcases up to the lofty ceiling, spanning the walls with its broad arch, which is matched by an immense arched window at either end, one feels that the building is a worthy memorial to the donor.

I have said that the exterior of the library calls up the idea of "human endeavor at its highest." Nor do I feel especially inclined to reverse that statement when speaking of the interior. During the busy hours of the day, chairs are at a premium. The students bend over their books in a quiet, industrious and business-like manner. This is much more than could have been said of them in the old days when the library occupied a building of quite a different type, where conversaziones, candy parties and social functions of all sorts were going on in the deep recesses of the alcoves.

North Hall steps, a favorite gathering place of the students, University of California.

A stranger, who sees this storehouse of knowledge, so freely thrown open, well might ask: "Does the access to this wealth of wisdom, and the opportunity to study or enjoy the world's best literature, develop literary power among the students? Do the graduates achieve eminence in the world of letters?"

For forty years the university has been sending out its graduates. At first the classes were microscopically small. To-day they contain hundreds. Yet in all that time, among all those students, there has been only one literary genius, and he failed to win a diploma. His view was fixed so intently on one line of mental activity that he refused to acquire that breadth of culture which the degree he aspired to should represent. That man was Frank Norris. It is true that Jack London was enrolled at one time, but his residence was so short that he never became identified with the institution. Norris, on the contrary, stayed his four years, was a member of a leading fraternity, and was prominent in student affairs. But it was from the Overland Monthly that he got his start as a literary man.

Beneath the shadows of a eucalyptus grove there stands another granite edifice, white, massive and imposing. No touch of ivy, no hint of vegetation has been permitted to subdue the glare of its granite walls. The effect of the facade is monumental. The high, white wall, the columned portals, the wreaths sculptured in the solid stone, all give that impression. This is the mining building.

Raised as a memorial to a California mining millionaire, it is a noble structure, costing more than half a million, but it still stands in all the coldness, harshness and angularity inseparable from a new building. This is not the fault of the architect, who has tried to soften its lines by means of a liberal use of the arch. Three cyclopean archways form the entrance, while great arched windows pierce the side-

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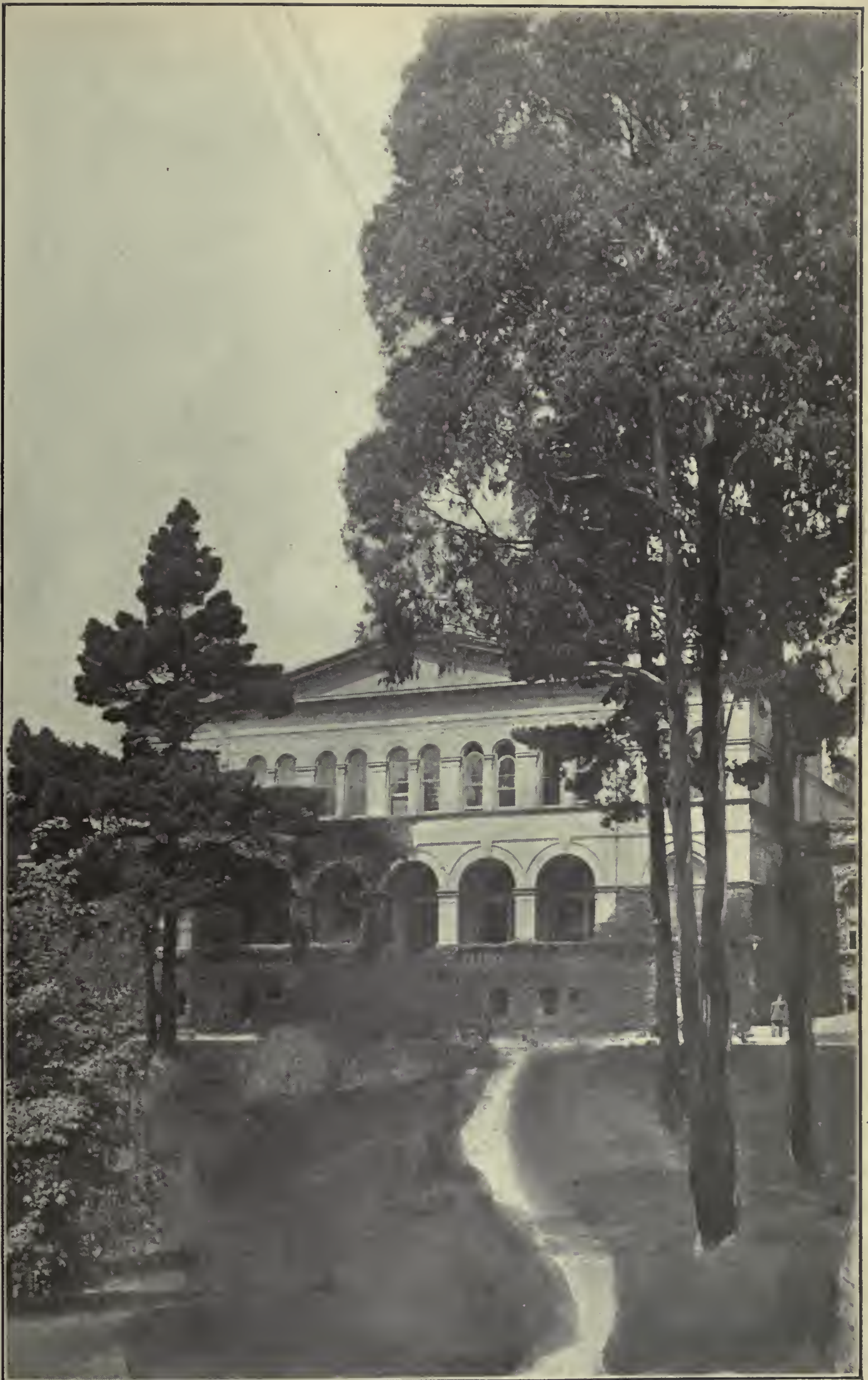

Eucalyptus trees, University of California.

The Library.

walls. But no device of architecture can supply the grace that waving vines and semi-tropical plants can give. When the eye seeks for some hint of vine or clinging creeper, or fan palm planted in the ground near by, to soften all that dazzling glare of stonework, it seeks in vain.

The effect of elemental harshness is intensified on entering. The plan is that of two courts, lighted from above. In the first of these, the floor and inner walls are of pressed brick; the pillars which uphold the galleries are built up of plainly painted strips of iron, as are also the railings of the galleries. The beams overhead are composed of an infinite number of iron straps, riveted together. Every bolthead and rivet has been caused to stand out with more than the customary distinctness. Everywhere the attempt is made to call attention to the structural materials—to emphasize granite and brick and iron.

For ornaments, there are great slabs of simulated gold, piled one upon the other, each slab representing so many million dollars. Other piles are built up of rough cubes of stone, quarried from different levels in the same mine. Into the windows have been set photographic transparencies, showing scenes in the mines. They are pictures of deep excavations, blasted in the hills, or else of mining machinery or mining laboratories. All around the court the walls are decorated with photographic views of mining scenes, in which Nature appears in its crudest and rawest aspects.

That interior seems to say that no conception of the softer things of life may enter into the miner's mind. The miner's business is with the elemental crudities of the earth, and his concern is to subdue them. His life is a titanic struggle to wrest from the iron grasp of the hills the metals which man must have. His days are spent among "rocks, crags and precipices." The sound of the blast, tearing the rocks asunder; the thud of the stamp mill, treading them to powder, is always in his ears. Such is the sermon the building seems to preach; a ser-

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The President's home, University of California.

mon of harshness, crudeness and coldness—coldness, crudeness and harshness.

And yet this is relieved by a touch which has been added by a woman. The donor has placed there a splendid oil painting. It is a portrait of her husband, in whose memory the building was given. The picture hangs at one end of the court. Just who the artist was I do not know, for he has been content to sink himself in his work. The painting is not signed. But, whoever he was, he possessed the ability to paint a "speaking likeness;" to make character shine out from the canvas. If ever honesty, kindliness and friendly fellow feeling shone from a face, they beam from that of the portrait. That picture testifies of the original that "He had a warm heart toward his fellowman, and his hand was ready to kindly deeds. Taking his wealth from the hills, he filched from no man's store and lessened no man's opportunity."

Just as at the president's mansion, the severity of the architecture is softened by the flowers which beautify the walls, so in this mining building the portrait of that kind-hearted old miner relieves the harshness of the rest. It adds the "human touch that makes the whole world kin."

If we try to photograph such a building in its entirety it is almost impossible to obtain a picture containing anything of the picturesque. But if we draw off to a distance, so as to glimpse it through the trees or shrubbery, of which the grounds contain so great a profusion, a score or a hundred artistic combinations may be found. So it is, all through the university grounds. An infinite variety of delightful views present themselves for pictorial representation, provided we are content with "little bits," and don't try to photograph too much at once.

One of these little bits is a bridge, the history of which is interesting. For many years one of the most used entrances to the university was by way of a narrow wooden bridge leading across a creek. At the very point where a broad passage would have been desirable, none such existed. About two years ago the present entrance was constructed. It was provided by a rich man's widow, in memory of her husband. There it stands—a splendid structure of concrete and

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A corner of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

granite and brick and bronze. The creek has been spanned by a bridge of massive concrete, sixty feet wide; this in turn is spanned by broad metal gates.

Possibly the mention of so many "memorials" may exert a depressing effect. Let us turn to a hall which was paid for by means of funds set aside from the regular income of the institution.

Just where the gentle slopes, leading from the bay to the hills, come to an end, and the steeper slopes begin, the chemistry building is placed. If some of the other buildings are open to objection because no attempt has been made to beautify them by means of trailing vines and semi-tropical plants, that criticism does not apply here. This is one of the older halls in an institution where everything is comparatively new. For more than twenty years it has been mellowing in its sunny corner. Originally built of dark red brick, to-day it is almost smothered in a tangled mass of ivy, and affords a welcome contrast to some of the more costly and recent structures. The stately monotony of granite walls rising in lofty magnificence may pall on the senses quite as much as sameness in any other line. What is there more depressing than the deadly dullness of a long row of residences, such as we sometimes see in cities, where every house is the precise counterpart of all the others? Each of them may be neat and sightly in itself, but their uniformity wearies the eye, which seeks variety and is not satisfied without it.

The slope to the east is covered with a dark grove of tall eucalyptus trees, but these only cut off the rays of the early morning sun. By the south side of the building there runs a broad road, below which a short, gentle slope descends to a little winding creek that traverses the university grounds from end to end. This slope is shaded by encina oaks, which are carefully preserved as landmarks and show many signs of tree dentistry. In the pleasant spring days, during the noon hour, this space is dotted with students, reclining on the grass beneath the boughs of the trees. There they rest, and smoke the pipe of peace and contentment, while the little stream below gurgles on its way.

The principal entrance to the building is in its western front. Before it the arrangement of the ground is in sharp contrast to that found below the road. While the slope leading down to the creek has been left as nearly as possible in its natural condition, the arena above has been arranged with studied artificiality. Every curve is correct. Every plant and tree has been placed with an eye to effect. Even the three oaks that stand there have consented to range themselves obligingly in a line of rigid mathematical straightness. They stand in a carefully cropped strip of lawn, the curving border of which is sharply outlined. Beyond this lie some little

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circular oases in a desert of gravel walks. In one is the round basin of a fountain, while in the next stands a profusion of dragon trees and date palms—a little riot in vegetation. Closer to the building are more trees, standing in more grass, their dark green blending with that of the ivy which climbs everywhere, and through which only an occasional spot or patch of brick peeps out. When the gentle afternoon breeze blows, it is accompanied by the rippling of palm branches, the waving of trailing tendrils of ivy and the rustling of the sharp, spike-like leaves of the dragon tree.

Entrance to the Library

There are two flights of stone steps, each leading to a little porch, provided with benches. In the smaller it used to be customary for one of the professors to conduct a class. They would convene—professor and students—at nine in the morning. There they would sit, enjoying the fresh air, the palms, the flowers, the sunshine, while the lecturer led the way into the mazes of chemical science. His methods were as gentle as the surroundings. They harmonized with them well. With many a jest and story he developed the topic, nor was it "counterfeited" glee with which the students responded.

Every year that little porch is the stage for a brief performance of a more or less spectacular nature. The occasion is when the entire graduating class of the university makes its farewell pilgrimage of the grounds. Formed in column of twos, they walk from point to point. With the girls wearing fluffy white dresses and carrying gaily colored parasols; the boys in dark coats and duck trousers, the band at the head of the column booming out a military march, they make the round of the different buildings. At each they listen to a speech of farewell by one of their number. By and by they approach that low, rambling red brick structure, clothed in the breezy exuberance of its ivy mantle, where the future chemists have been preparing for their life work. As the class groups itself in the broad space before the steps, explosive compounds are detonating with fizz, crackle and bang, while clouds of sulphurous smoke roll upwards. These clear away, and a student advances to the edge of the porch. Weird pieces of apparatus, placed on a temporary stand, are ranged before him. With their aid he proceeds to perform experiments productive of results previously unheard of in the world of science. Each climax is accompanied by the boom and rattle of explosions; more clouds of smoke float away. The last epoch-making discovery is demonstrated with apparent success, the band crashes out the "Ax March," and the class turns away from the chemistry building.

So they proceed on their winding course. Collectively they enjoy a last ramble through those scenes that have grown so familiar after four years of daily association, and which shall ever linger in loving remembrance. One

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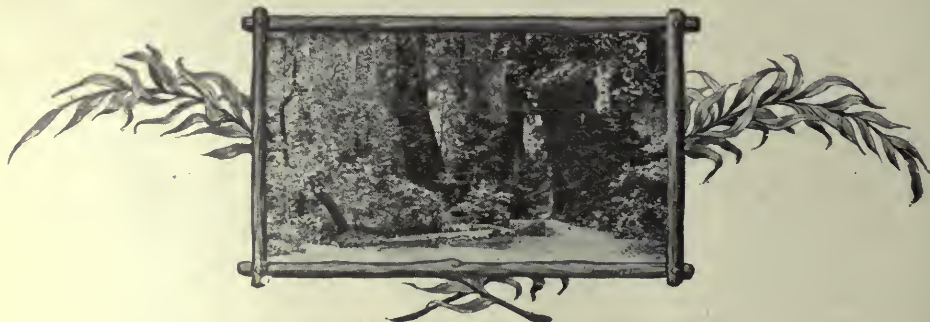
Beneath the Berkeley Oaks, near the Chemistry Building, University of California.

after another the old haunts are bidden good-bye. From point to point they go, traversing the grounds in much the same fashion that we have followed in this article, except that they visit all points instead of only a few. Finally the last speech is over, the last joke has been made, the last farewell has been given. A few days later those students receive their diplomas. Another class has been graduated from the university. They depart from those halls of learning, which are left solitary and silent, except for the care-takers.

We might go on to call up picture after picture, to dwell on scene after scene. An endless amount of material is furnished by the mingling of the natural and the artificial in the grounds of that State University, the haphazard arrangement, and the contrasts offered by different types of construction. But the graduates have left the grounds. It is time for us, too, to leave them.



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Prince Kalanianaole prominent in the festivities.

POLYGLOT PATRIOTS OF AMERICA IN OUR ISLAND POSSESSIONS

BY MARGARET L. HOLBROOK SMITH

NOWHERE in the world do so many different nations unite to celebrate our country's birthday as in our Pacific Island possessions. One may see there representatives of every nation of the globe except one—the Indian, who is the most American of them all. This strong and interesting contrast in nativities is perhaps most strongly shown in Honolulu, because of its unique cosmopolitan character, the cross roads of the great and little maritime routes of the broad Pacific Ocean, highways of commerce traversed by every nation of the globe. Fetes of any kind attract the Oriental, and Uncle Sam's birthday is fast becoming a red letter day in his calendar.

The celebration of 1912 was especially unique. The city had been gayly decorated with our own colors, flags of the foreign countries were unfurled from the various consulates, the old Hawaiian banner was seen everywhere, and conspicuous among them all was the ensign of the newest republic—China. This is made of five stripes, red, yellow, blue, white and black, representing China, Mongolia, Manchuria, Thibet and a portion of Siberia—the districts that have declared their independence of the Manchu dynasty.

At daybreak came the national salute, followed by an early concert in the grounds of the Capitol—formerly the palace. Next on the program was the parade, of which Prince

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Kalanianaole was the grand marshal. There were four bands, the usual representatives of the government and of the war veterans, two hundred Hawaiian poolas in white shirts and dungarees, ingenious floats, antiques and horribles, and—by far the most interesting—a charming Oriental exhibit. In this division were Japanese women of ancient garb, gorgeously dressed Samurai, archers, warriors, heralds, courtiers, Chinese standard-bearers—all combining to make a pageant both unusual and magnificent.

After the parade had disbanded in the Capitol grounds, the exercises of the day were also held there, the decoration of the stands being entirely in charge of Chinese women. A Japanese clergyman offered prayer, the Hawaiians furnished the music, and a daughter of Japan read aloud the Declaration of Independence. Thus did the different nations contribute their assistance to the international holiday.

As the last address ended, the crowds moved out to Kapiolani Park, where the amusements were to take place. These consisted of army maneuvers, baseball, bicycle and foot races, horse races, wrestling and jiu-jitsu. Close to the famous Diamond Head, in which the mortar batteries are situated, were encamped troops of cavalry and artillery that had come in from the outlying posts for the occasion. They looked as if prepared for real war, with their tents, their batteries and their picketed horses. On the other side of the park, the effect was more peaceful—in fact quite like a New England country fair. Here were the thousands of spectators, the hundreds of automobiles, the race track, the mounted police, and the refreshment booths.

The maneuvres were held on the polo field and were superb. They included the cavalry evolutions and the magnificent charge of the artillery as they went into action, while between the events the regimental bands played patriotic and popular airs. The "monkey drill" was an innovation to most of the spectators and the splendid effect of the troops as they often galloped at full speed across the field won great appleause.

The races and sports were no less attractive to the crowds, and it was late in the afternoon before they reached home to make ready for the evening's entertainment. This was a

Chinese Standard Bearers.

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Japanese Courtiers.

water carnival and a grand ball on the roof-garden of the Young Hotel. The fireworks were displayed from Sand Island, the old Hawaiian warship "Kaimiloa" was burned in the harbor, adding much to the illumination, and Japanese sampans, aglow with lights, flitted about the piers. Up on the Punch Bowl Crater, back of the city, green and red and yellow fires gave the appearance of a miniature volcano in action. The Big Dipper shone in the heavens above, just as it does at home, and the Southern Cross glittered low down on the horizon.

The day was over, and it had been a huge success. Even Dame Nature had assisted, for her gorgeous Royal Poincianas were in full bloom. These great trees, with their immense blossoms of brilliant red, lined the streets for blocks, and added just the necessary note to the blue sky and white clouds for our national colors.

It seemed as if humanity could invent no more in the way of celebrations, and yet a kamaaina was overheard to remark to a malihini: "Yes, it was all right—at least it was the best we have had since the annexation!"

Now, a "kamaaina," in the Hawaiian tongue, means "old resident," and a "malihini" means a "new comer" or "stranger." To the malihinis it had seemed a pretty full day—rather a strenuous one, if the truth be told—and so now they are privately wondering just two things: how did the kamaainas celebrate the Fourth before the annexation—and also how did any one of them manage to live through such ordeals with strength to survive until 1912!

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HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF THE DESERT

BY FREDERICK HEWITT

THE tourist that takes the Santa Fe route on his way to California as a rule knows little if anything of the hidden mysteries of the desert on either side of the line as he travels across Arizona.

Canyon, but seldom does he see the numerous other sights of unique wonder to be found amidst the northern Arizona desert.

For instance, very few people in reality get off at Adamana or Holbrook, and visit one or more of the

A Hopi Village, on edge of an Arizona desert.

The desert country that he sees for the most part is flat, barren and uninviting, but in reality if he could see far enough to the north or south of him he would witness sights of enchanting delight. For the most part if he lingers at all in Arizona, he gets off at the little lumbering town of Williams and takes a side trip up to Grand

marvelous Petrified Forests. And yet what a sight greets him if he does.

Journeying to them he has the experience sometimes of passing across a wash that, if the water be high, there is plenty of suspicion that the vehicle he is traveling in may get caught in the quicksand!

On the trail to the Stone Trees he

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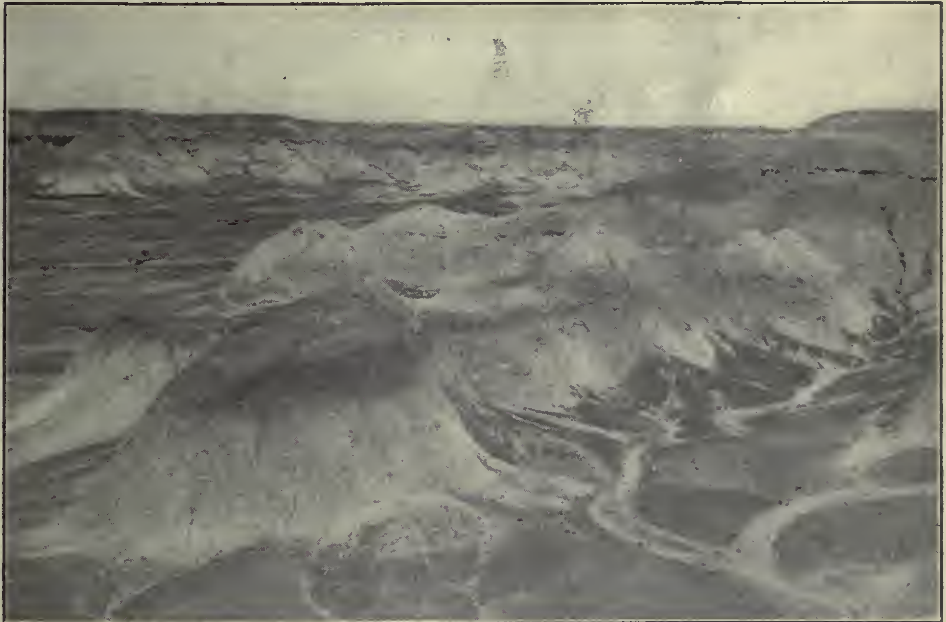
A Navajo sheep herder, Arizona.

travels over real desert—sandy, parched, barren, and if the wind is blowing he may have the experience of getting into a real desert sandstorm. The age of adventurous exploits is not over. And he will be confronted with the strangest formations of country that he has ever seen—the great piles



A section of The Bad Lands of Arizona.

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of white and greyish mounds, without vegetation, known as the Bad Lands.

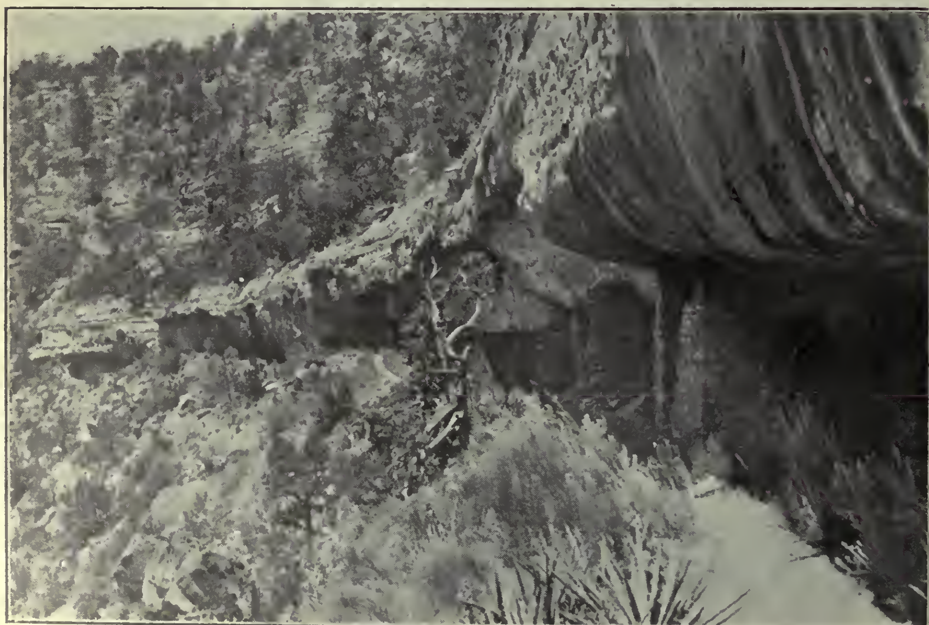
And in their very midst, scattered about for miles are the silicified trunks of primeval forests.

The ground glows with chunks of agates and crystals. Before him lie thousands of acres of veritable jewels. And he can find scattered about amongst these ancient stone trees some that are in strange positions. Sometimes one will be resting on the summit of a hill, for all the world looking like a cannon, or he can cross one that spans a small gulch, making an eerie bridge. And near to the Petrified Forests, if he asks his guide, he can be taken to see the ancient pictographs of the pre-historic Indians on a mesa wall.

Or if he travels north from Holbrook, far out on the desert, he can find the finest specimens, such as the White House, of the cliff dwellings of unknown antiquity.

A unique trip can be made farther down the line by starting out from Winslow. Seventy-five miles north of

The Petrified Bridge, a fallen ancient tree turned to stone.



Remains of an ancient cliff dwelling in Walnut Canyon, Arizona.

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that desert railroad junction town he will come to the strange homes of the Hopi Indians, perched five hundred to a thousand feet above the desert on high mesas running out like long arms into the Painted Desert!

The Painted Desert! What marvelous visions of color schemes it brings up. It is a sight for the gods! Miles of glaring desert country; great rocks; mesas; buttes glowing in gold and vermilion, splashed with streaks of white and black!

Again, surrounding the Hopi country, he can traverse for weeks through the immense Navajo Reservation—a country in itself bigger than several New England States lumped together, and he will meet with and see how the most picturesque of American Indians live —the Navajos.

If he wishes to go farther down the line and get off at Flagstaff, still a more numerous number of places of enthralling interest can be visited. There he can climb the San Francisco Peaks, and find himself two miles above sea level, and pick Arctic flowers. And yet these giant peaks commence their rise from the surface of the desert.

Hopi Indian houses on the Painted Desert.

A few miles south of Flagstaff he can visit with ease a wonderful series of Indian prehistoric cliff dwellings in Walnut Canyon; or he can drive to the famous lava fields; cinder mountains and ice caves, about eighteen miles from the town.

And wherever he goes he is seldom out of sight of some portion of the great desert.

And yet people travel on the railroad through Northern Arizona, and on looking out of the train windows say: "How barren; how uninteresting everything looks!"

They little know of the marvelous places of interest that are to be found scattered about the immense northern desert of Arizona.

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OUR LORD'S RETURN

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"If I go I will come again."—John 14:3."

THAT our Lord intended his disciples to understand that for some purpose, in some manner, and at some time, He would come again is, we presume, admitted and believed by all familiar with the Scriptures, for, when He said, "If I go, I will come again" (John 14:3) He certainly referred to a *second personal coming.*

Quite a number think that when sinners are converted that forms a part of the coming of Christ, and that so he will continue coming until all the world is converted. Then, say they, he will have fully come.

These evidently forget the testimony of the Scriptures on the subject, which declare the reverse of their expectation; that at the time of our Lord's second coming the world will be far from converted to God; that "In the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God" (2 Tim. 3:1-4); that "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." (Verse 13.) They forget the Master's special warning to his "little flock": "Take heed to yourselves lest that day come upon *you* unawares, for as a *snare* shall it come on all them (not taking heed) that dwell on the face of the whole earth." (Luke 21:34, 35.) Again, we may rest assured that when it is said, "All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him," when they see him coming (Rev. 1:7), no reference is made to the conversion of sinners. Do all men wail because of the conversion of sinners? On the contrary, if this passage refers, as almost all admit, to Christ's presence on earth, it teaches that all on earth will not love his appearing, as they certainly would do if all were converted.

Some expect an actual coming and presence of the Lord, but *set the time* of the event a long way off, claiming that through the efforts of the Church in its present condition the world must be converted, and thus the Millennial Age be introduced. They claim that when the world has been converted, and Satan bound, and the knowledge of the Lord caused to fill the whole earth, and when the nations learn war no more, then the work of the Church in her present condition will be ended; and that when she has accomplished this great and difficult task the Lord will come to wind up earthly affairs, reward believers and condemn sinners.

Some Scriptures, taken disconnectedly, seem to favor this view; but when God's Word and plan are viewed as a whole these will all be found to favor the opposite view, viz., that Christ comes before the conversion of the world, and reigns for the purpose of converting the world; that the Church is now being tried, and that the reward promised the overcomers is that after being glorified they shall share with the Lord Jesus in that reign, which is God's appointed means of blessing the world and causing the knowledge of the Lord to come to every creature. Such are the Lord's special promises: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne . . . And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

The Apostle (Acts 15:14) tells us that the *main object* of the Gospel in

the present age is "to take out a people" for Christ's name—the overcoming Church, which, at his second advent will be united to him and receive his name. The witnessing to the world during this age is a secondary object.

"My Plans are Not as Your Plans."

A further examination of God's revealed plans will give a broader view of the object of both the first and second advents; and we should remember that both events stand related as parts of one plan. The specific work of the first advent was to die for men; and that of the second is to *restore,* and bless, and liberate the redeemed. Having given his life a ransom for all, our Savior ascended to present that sacrifice to the Father, thus making reconciliation for man's iniquity. He tarries and permits "the prince of this world" to continue the rule of evil, until after the selection of "The Bride, the Lamb's Wife," who to be accounted *worthy* of such honor, must overcome the influence of the present evil world. Then the work of giving to the world of mankind the great blessings secured to them by his sacrifice will be due to commence, and He will come forth to bless all the families of the earth.—Heb. 9:24, 28; Acts 15-14; Rev. 3:21.

True, the restoring and blessing could have commenced at once, when the ransom price was paid by the Redeemer, and then the coming of Messiah would have been but one event, the reign and blessing beginning at once, as the Apostles at first expected. (Acts 1:6). But God had provided "some better thing for us"—the Christian Church (Heb. 11:40); hence it is in our interest that the reign of Christ is separated from the sufferings of the Head by these eighteen centuries.

This period between the first and second advents, between the giving of the ransom for all and the blessing of all, is for the trial and selection of the Church, which is the Body of Christ; otherwise there would have been only the one advent, and the work which will be done during the period of His second presence, in the Millennium, would have followed the resurrection of Jesus. Or, instead of saying that the work of the second advent would have followed at once the work of the first, let us say, rather, that had Jehovah not purposed the selection of the "little flock," "the Body of Christ," the first advent would not have taken place when it did, but would have occurred at the time of the second advent, and there would have been but one. For God has evidently designed the *permission* of evil for six thousand years, as well as that the cleansing and restitution of all shall be accomplished during the seventh thousand.

Thus seen, the coming of Jesus, as the sacrifice and ransom for sinners, was just long enough in advance of the blessing and restoring time to allow for the selection of his "little flock" of "joint heirs." This will account to some for the apparent delay on God's part in giving the blessings promised, and provided for, in the ransom. The blessings will come in due time as at first planned; though for a glorious purpose, the price was laid down longer beforehand than men would have expected. Bide with patience: they will come.

Different Classes of "Elect."

Those who claim that Jehovah has been trying for six thousand years to convert the world, and failing all the time, must find it difficult to reconcile such views with the Bible assurance that all God's purposes shall be accomplished, and that His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the *thing whereto it was sent.* (Isa. 55:11.) The fact that the world has not yet been converted, and that the knowledge of the Lord has not yet filled the earth, is a proof that it has not yet been *sent* on that mission.

Glancing backward, we notice the

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selection, or election, of Abraham and certain of his offspring as the channels through which the promised Seed, the blesser of all the families of the earth, shall come. (Gal. 3:16, 29.) We note also the selection of Israel from among all nations, as the one in whom, typically, God illustrated how the great work for the world should be accomplished—their deliverance from Egypt, their Canaan, their Covenant, their laws, their sacrifices for sins, for the blotting out of guilt and for the sprinkling of the people, and their priesthood for the accomplishment of all this, being a miniature and typical representation of the real priesthood and sacrifices for the purifying of the world of mankind. God, speaking to Israel, said: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." (Amos 3:2.) This people alone was recognized until Christ came; yes, and afterwards, for his ministry was confined to them, and He would not permit His disciples to go to others—saying, as he sent them out, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Why so, Lord? Because, he explains, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Matt. 10:5, 6; 15:24.) All His time was devoted to them until His death, and there was done His first work for the world, the first display of His free and all-abounding grace, which in "due time" shall indeed be a blessing to all. When the called-out company (called to be sons of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord—who have made their calling and election sure) is complete, then this feature of the plan of God for the *world's* salvation will be only beginning.

Not until it is selected, developed, and exalted to power will *the Seed* bruise the serpent's head. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet *shortly*." (Rom. 16:20; Gen. 3:15.) The Gospel Age makes ready the chaste virgin, the faithful Church, for the coming Bridegroom. And in the end of the age, when she is made "ready" (Rev. 19:7), the Bridegroom comes, and they that are ready go in with him to the marriage—the second Adam and the second Eve become one, and then the glorious work of restitution begins. In the next dispensation the Church will be no longer the espoused virgin, but the Bride; and then shall "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, Come! And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

The Gospel Age, so far from closing the Church's mission, is only a necessary preparation for the great future work. For this promised and coming blessing "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the *manifestation* of the sons of God." (Rom. 8:22, 19.) And it is a blessed fact that free grace in fullest measure, not merely for the living, but for those who have died as well, is provided in our Father's plan as the blessed opportunity of the coming age.

Pre-Millennarians Come Short.

Those who can see something of the blessings due at the second advent, and who appreciate in some measure the fact that the Lord comes to bestow the grand blessing secured by his death, fail to see this last proposition; viz., that those in their graves have as much interest in that glorious reign of Messiah as those who at that time will be less completely under the bondage of corruption—death. But as surely as Jesus died for *all*, they all must have the blessings and opportunities which he purchased with his own precious blood. Hence we should expect blessings in the Millennial Age upon all those in their graves as well as upon those not in them; and of this we will find abundant proof as we look further into the Lord's testimony on the subject. It is because of God's plan for their release that those in the tomb are called *"prisoners of hope."* What is, and is to be, their condition?

Did God make no provision for these, whose condition and circumstances He must have foreseen? Or did He, from the foundation of the world make a wretched and merciless provision for their hopeless, eternal torment, as many of His children claim? Or has He yet in store in the heights and depths, and lengths and breadths of His plan, an opportunity for all to come to the knowledge of that *only Name,* and, by becoming obedient to the conditions, to enjoy everlasting life? We read that "God is love," and "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish." (1 John 4:8; John 3:16.) Would it not seem that if God loved the world so much He might have made provision, not only that believers might be saved, but also that all might hear in order to believe?

Again, when we read, "That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1:9), our observation says, Not so; every man has not been enlightened; we cannot see that our Lord has lighted more than a few of earth's billions. Even in this comparatively enlightened day, millions of heathen give no evidence of such enlightenment; neither did the Sodomites, nor multitudes of others in past ages. Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death "*for every man.*" (Heb. 2.9.) But if He tasted death for the entire race of over twenty billions and from any cause that sacrifice becomes efficacious to only one billion, was not the redemption comparatively a failure? And in that case, is not the Apostle's statement too broad? When again we read, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people*" (Luke 2:10), and looking about us, see that it is only to a "little flock" that it has been good tidings, and not to *all* people, we would be compelled to wonder whether the angels had not overstated the goodness and breadth of their message, and overrated the importance of the work to be accomplished by the Messiah whom they announced.

Another statement is, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ranson for all." (1 Tim. 2:5, 6.) A ransom for all? Then why should not all the ransomed have some benefit from Christ's death? Why should not *all* come to a knowledge of the truth, that they may believe?

Plan of the Ages—The God-Given Key.

Without the key, how dark, how inconsistent, these statements appear; but when we find the key to God's plan, these texts all declare with one voice, "God is love!" This key is found in the latter part of the text last quoted—"Who gave Himself a ransom for all, *to be testified in due time.*" God has a due time for every thing. He could have testified it to these in their past lifetime; but since he did not it proves that their due time must be future. For those who will be of the Church, the Bride of Christ, and share the Kingdom honors, the present is the "due time" to hear; and whosoever now has an ear to hear, let him hear and heed, and he will be blessed accordingly. Though Jesus gave our ransom before we were born, it was not our "due time" to hear of it for long years afterward, and only the appreciation of it brought responsibility; and this, only to the extent of our ability and appreciation. The same principle applies to all; in God's due time it will be testified to all, and all will then have opportunity to believe and to be blessed by it.

The prevailing opinion is that death ends all probation; but there is no Scripture which so teaches. Since God does not purpose to save men on account of ignorance, but "will have *all men* to come unto the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2:4); and since the masses of mankind have died in ignorance; and since "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave" (Eccl. 9-10);

therefore God has prepared for the awakening of the dead, in order to knowledge, faith and salvation. Hence His plan is, that "as all in Adam die, even so shall all in Christ be made alive, but each one in his own order"—the Gospel Church, the Bride, the Body of Christ, first; afterward, during the Millennial Age, all who shall become His during that thousand years of His *presence* (mistranslated *coming*), the Lord's due time for all to know him, from the least to the greatest.—1 Cor. 15:22.

Thus we see that all these hitherto difficult texts are explained by the statement—"to be testified in due time." *In due time,* that true Light shall lighten every man that has come into the world. *In due time,* it shall be "good tidings of great joy to all people." And in no other way can these Scriptures be used without wresting. Paul carries out this line of argument with emphasis in Rom. 5:18, 19. He reasons that, as all men were condemned to death because of Adam's transgression, so, also, Christ's righteousness, and obedience even unto death, have become a ground of justification; and that as all lost life in the first Adam, so all, aside from personal demerit, may receive life by accepting the second Adam.

Peter tells us that this restitution is spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets. (Acts 3:19-21.) They all teach it. Ezekiel says of the valley of dry bones, "These bones are the whole house of Israel." And God says to Israel, "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I . . . shall put my Spirit in you, and I shall place you in your own land; then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord."—Ezek. 37:11-14.

To this, Paul's words agree (Rom. 11:25, 26)—"Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles (the elect company, the Bride of Christ) be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved," or brought back from their cast-off condition; for "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." (Verse 2.) They were cast off from his favor while the Bride of Christ was being selected, but will be reinstated when the work is accomplished. (Verses 28-33.) The prophecies are full of statements of how God will plant them again, and they shall be no more plucked up. "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel . . . I will set mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land; and I will build them and not pull them down, and I will plant them and not pluck them up. And I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, for they shall return unto me with their whole heart." (Jer. 24:5-7; 31-28; 32:40-42; 33:6-16.) These cannot refer merely to restorations from former captivities in Babylon, Syria, etc., for they have since been plucked up.

Though many of the prophecies and promises of future blessings seem to apply to Israel only, it must be remembered that they were a typical people, and hence the promises made to them, while sometimes having a special application to themselves, generally have also a wider application to the whole world of mankind which that nation typified. While Israel as a nation was typical of the whole world, its priesthood was typical of the elect "little flock," the Head and Body of Christ, the "Royal Priesthood;" and the sacrifices, cleansings and atonement made for Israel typified the "better sacrifices," fuller cleansings and real atonement "for the sins of the whole world," of which they are a part.

A Crucial Test—The Sodomites.

And not only so, but God mentions by name other nations and promises their restoration. As a forcible illustration, we mention the Sodomites.

Surely, if we shall find the restitution of the Sodomites clearly taught, we may feel satisfied of the truth of this glorious doctrine of restitution for all mankind, spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets. And why should not the Sodomites have an opportunity to reach perfection, and everlasting life as well as Israel, or as any of us? True, they were not righteous, but neither was Israel, nor we who now hear the Gospel. "There is none righteous; no, not one," aside from the imputed righteousness of Christ, who died for all. Our Lord's own words tell us that although God rained down fire from heaven and destroyed them all because of their wickedness, yet the Sodomites were not so great sinners in his sight as were the Jews, who had more knowledge. (Gen. 19:24; Luke 17:29.) Unto the Jews of Capernaum He said: "If the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."—Matt. 11:23.

Thus our Lord teaches that the Sodomites did not have a full opportunity; and he guarantees them such opportunity when he adds (v. 24), "But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom, in the day of judgment, than for thee." The character of the day of judgment and its work is shown elsewhere. (See Vol. I., "Scripture Studies," "The Divine Plan of the Ages.") Here we merely call attention to the fact that it will be a *tolerable* time for Capernaum, and yet *more tolerable* for Sodom; because, though neither had yet had *full* knowledge, nor all blessings designed to come through the "Seed," yet Capernaum had sinned against more light.

And if Capernaum and all Israel are to be remembered and blessed under the "New Covenant," why should not the Sodomites also be blessed among "*all* the families of the earth?" They assuredly will be. Let it be remembered that since God "rained down fire from heaven and *destroyed them all*" many centuries before Jesus' day, when their restoration is spoken of, it implies their awakening, their coming from the tomb.

In "due time" they will be awakened from death and brought to a knowledge of the truth, and thus blessed together with all the families of the earth, by the promised "Seed." They will then be on trial for everlasting life.

With this thought, and with no other, can we understand the dealings of the God of love with those Amalekites and other nations whom he not only permitted, but commanded Israel to destroy, saying, "Go smite Amalek and utterly destroy all they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." (1 Sam. 15:3.) This apparently reckless destruction of life seems irreconcilable with the character of love attributed to God, and with the teachings of Jesus, "Love your enemies," etc., until we come to recognize the systematic order of God's plan, the "due time" for the accomplishment of every feature of it, and the fact that every member of the human race has a place in it.

We can now see that those Amalekites, Sodomites and others were set forth as examples of God's just indignation, and of his determination to destroy finally and utterly evil-doers, examples which will be of service not only to others, but also to themselves, when their day of judgment or trial comes.

Some, who are willing enough to accept of God's mercy through Christ in the forgiveness of their own trespasses and weaknesses under greater light and knowledge, cannot conceive of the same favor being applicable under the New Covenant to others; though they seem to admit the Apostle's statement that Jesus Christ, by the favor of God, tasted death for every man. Some of these suggest that the Lord must, in this prophecy, be speaking ironically to the Jews, implying that he would just as willingly bring back the Sodomites as them, but had no intention of restoring

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either. But let us see how the succeeding verses agree with this idea. (Ezek. 16:60-63.) The Lord says, "Nevertheless I *will* remember my Covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I *will* establish unto thee an everlasting covenant. *Then thou shalt remember* thy ways and be ashamed when thou shalt receive thy sisters . . . And I *will* establish my Covenant with thee and thou shalt know that I am the Lord; that thou mayest remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, *saith the Lord God*."

"All Israel Shall Be Saved."

To this Paul adds his testimony, saying, "And so all Israel (living and dead) shall be saved (recovered from blindness), as it is written, 'There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. For this is my Covenant unto them when I shall take away their sins . . . They are beloved for the fathers' sakes; because the gracious gifts and callings of God are not things to be repented of."—Rom. 11:26-29.

How different is this glorious plan of God for the selection of a few now, in order to be the blessing of the many hereafter, from the distortions of these truths, as represented by the two opposing views—Calvinism and Arminianism! The former both denies the Bible doctrine of free grace, and miserably distorts the glorious doctrine of election; the latter denies the doctrine of election, and fails to comprehend the blessed fulness of God's free grace.

The day of trouble will end in due time, when he who spake to the raging Sea of Galilee will likewise, with authority, command the raging sea of human passion, saying, "Peace! Be still!" When the Prince of Peace shall "stand up" in authority, a great calm will be the result. Then the raging, clashing elements shall recognize the authority of "Jehovah's Anointed," "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;" and in the reign of the Christ thus begun "shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

FALL OF NIGHT

BY EVERETT EARLE STANNARD

From this high vantage ground where fir trees stand,
I view the splendors of the dying day;
The ships of cloud in gorgeous, proud array,
That sail the sea which has no shore nor strand
Nor any coral isle nor sign of land,
Are slowly cruising on their westward way.
But now the red is fading; twilight gray
On all the glory lays his heavy hand.

And as the first pale stars peep through the dark,
And little airs of night are whispering round,
There comes the plaintive melancholy sound
Of robin's song, the fall of night to mark;
Then, like a fairy pageant reft away,
Seized by the dark is all the pomp of day.

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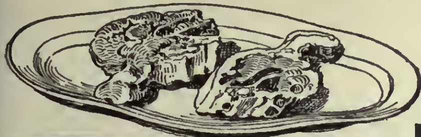

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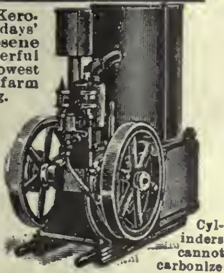

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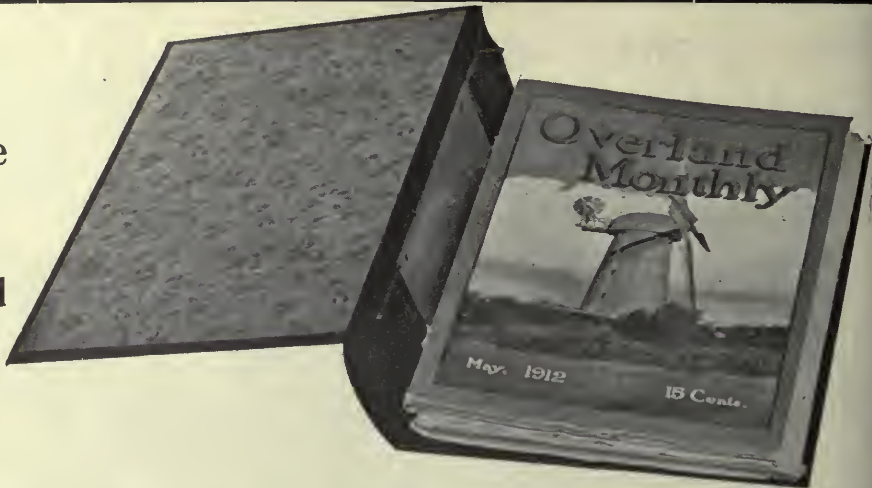

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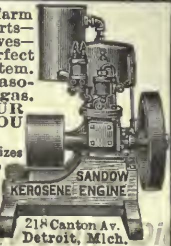

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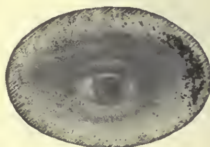

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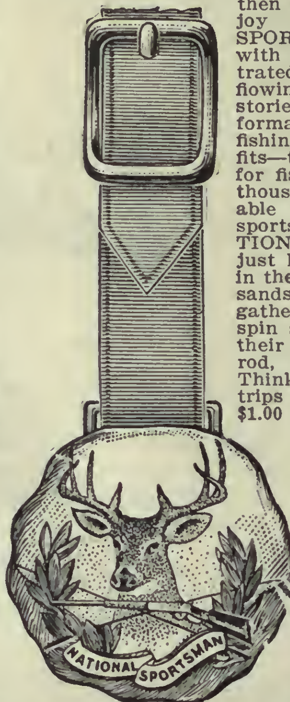

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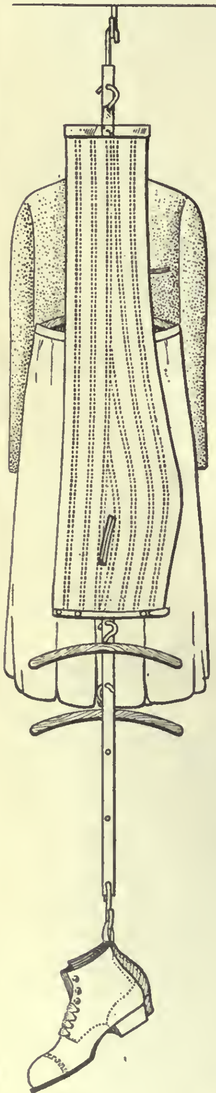

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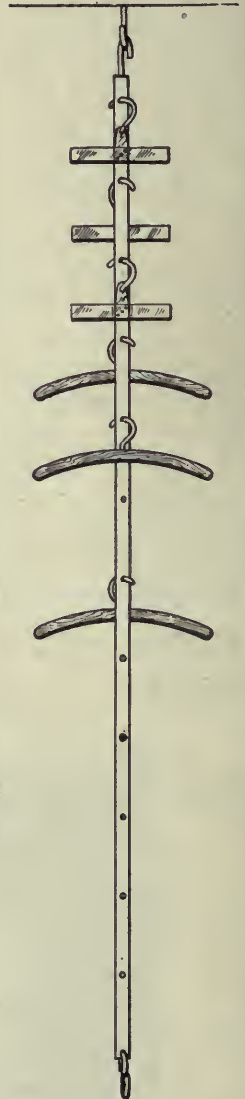

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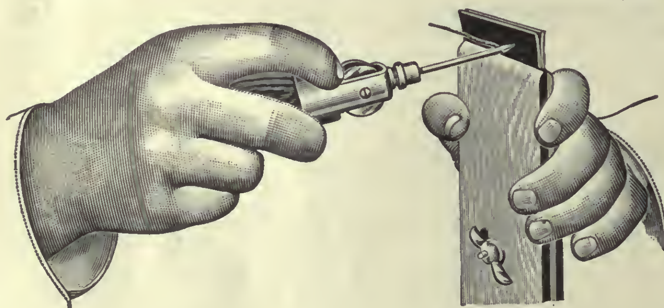

Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

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Mennen's Shaving Cream

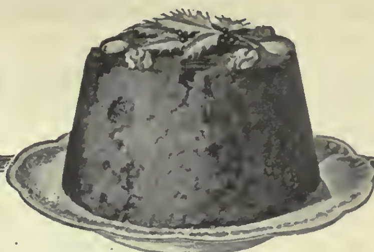
"The Perfect Shaving Medium"

Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. Contains no free caustic and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—breaks down the beard without the usual "rubbing-in" with the fingers—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is not the hasty product of a day, but the result of three years' careful investigation and experimenting. The name Mennen is behind the cream.

For sale everywhere, 25c.
Sample Tube Free
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the Celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder



CHRISTMAS PUDDING

No Christmas Dinner is complete without an Old-fashioned Christmas Pudding. Use the following fine recipe with

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and one-fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very light; add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually one pound of crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet (chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of salt, and two pounds of raisins (weighed after stoning and cutting them); lastly, add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

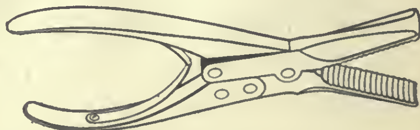
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

GREAT GRIP NUT SHELLER

TRADE MARK

Makes it a GENUINE PLEASURE to SHELL NUTS at Your Own Table

Takes Out the Solid Meats Without Mashing.



MAKES A DANDY PRESENT AND COSTS ONLY $1.50

Palace Hardware Company

581 Market Street Below Second Street San Francisco, Cal.

Write For Booklet

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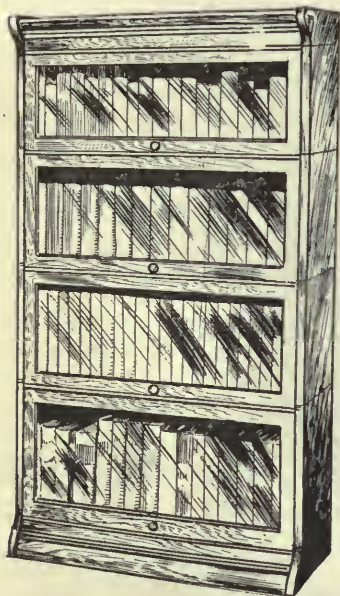
The Largest **OFFICE FURNITURE** House in the World

Exclusive Pacific Coast Agents for

"GUNN" Sectional Bookcases



Regular Standard Style

The "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase is known and sold all over the entire civilized world.

It is the "elastic" bookcase. Grows as your library grows.

You have but to satisfy your requirements of to-day.

Add a section when your library demands it.

Showing Desk Section

The "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase is rigid, simple and convenient.

The doors operate with steel roller bearings and positively do not bind in any climate, and are guaranteed to be absolutely free and easy rolling.

RUCKER - FULLER

DESK COMPANY

677 Mission Street San Francisco

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The Largest OFFICE FURNITURE House in the World

Exclusive Pacific Coast Agents for

"GUNN" Sectional Bookcases

The "GUNN" shows no sectional ear-marks, so-called. No iron bands. No unsightly dust-collecting ledges.

"GUNN" Sectional Bookcases are made in two designs—Regular Standard and Standard Mission.

Both styles are made in mahogany, oak and birch---in all finishes.

"GUNN" Products have been on the market over fifteen years and the increased demand for them year by year, and their distribution thru dealers in all parts of the world insure your always being able to add to your Gunn library with units that match perfectly in color, style and size.

For large libraries the Gunn Long Section is an economizer worth being acquainted with.

Standard Mission Design with grill work door

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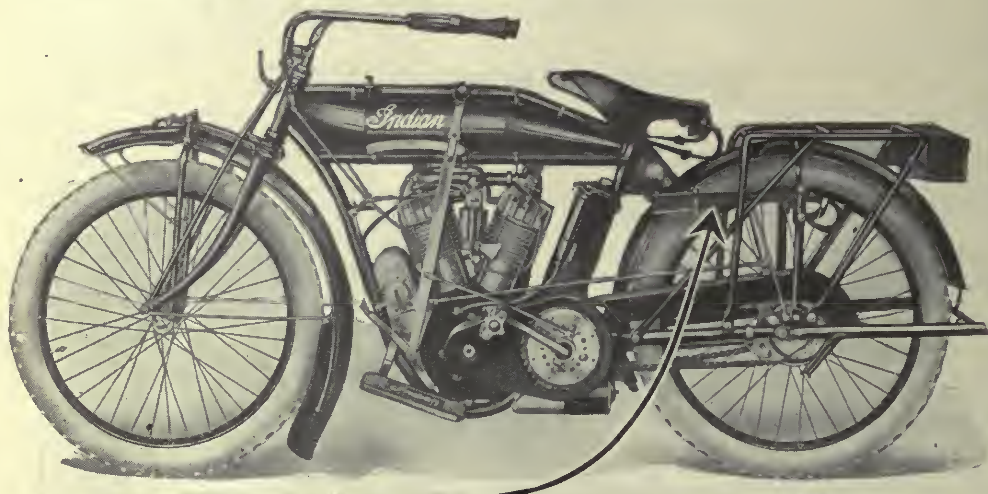
As Usual—One Year Ahead in Improvements



The Cradle Spring Frame

The Indian Motocycle for 1913

In addition to the "14 Important Improvements" of 1912, the Indian Motocycle for 1913 possesses 11 new features:

The greatest motorcycle improvement of all time is the **Cradle Spring Frame.** Rear wheel fork is hinged at the forward end, and axle connected by stays to two 7-leaf steel springs extending straight back from the joint-cluster below the saddle. Rear wheel can now pass over imperfections of road surface without affecting the body of the machine. Rider's seat retains its true level. No jar anywhere. The life of the machine is greatly increased.

Among the 10 other new features are:—New style, single clinch rims; larger tires, wider mud guards front and rear with larger splashers; casing for upper stretch of transmission chain and curve of sprocket; larger luggage carrier in rear, fitted to all models; foot rests, as well as pedals, fitted to regular 4 h.p. and 7 h.p. models; foot brake lever, fitted on left side, now operates Corbin band brake as well as the pedal action; larger size multiple disc clutch now fitted to all models alike; improved Indian type saddle. All 1913 Indians will be chain driven and finished in Indian red only.

Prices same as last year **4 h.p. Single Cylinder, $200.** **7 h.p. Twin Cylinder, $250.** **F. O. B. Factory**

SEND FOR 1913 ADVANCE CATALOG

THE HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

State Street, Springfield, Mass.

CHICAGO DENVER SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA LONDON

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Clear Vision Brougham

Model 42
$3,000 F. O. B. Detroit

Too Big to Come Down the Chimney

THE wonderful sleigh of Santa Claus that rides over all the world in a single night is not more fascinating than the charm of the modern Detroit Electric. Imagine the exclamations of surprise and delight from wife or daughter if this beautiful motor car were delivered at YOUR home Christmas morning.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you possibly offer?

It will bring joy to ALL the family from morning 'till night, from Christmas 'till Christmas, year after year—a perennial pleasure.

The real advances made in the development of the electric automobile are distinctly Detroit Electric ideas. Conspicuous among them are:

The "Chainless" Shaft Drive—a real shaft drive; Horizontal controller lever, built into the side of the car itself, out of the way; Clear Vision in all directions (note rear curved glass panels); all seats facing forward with front seats centrally located, giving well-balanced appearance whether occupied by one or more persons; body panels, door panels and roof made of pure aluminum which retains a beautiful and permanent finish without danger of checking or warping; "Closed-in" fenders made of aluminum instead of leather; Piano-hinged hoods; doors opening forward to prevent accidents and for convenience in reaching for door handles; Springs with an elastic limit, exceeding 200,000 pounds per square inch; four (2 sets) extra powerful brakes; Adjustable brake pedals, and other equally important features.

The vital unseen parts of an electric automobile are the very bulwark of your investment. Our new 1913 Detroit Electric catalog covers these points in detail. Sent upon request. Christmas deliveries cannot be made unless you order early.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO., 427 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

California Electric Garage, Los Angeles, Cal.
California Elec. Garage, Pasadena.
United Elec. Garage Co., Oakland.
Detroit Elec. Garage Co., San Diego.
Reliance Automobile Co., San Francisco.
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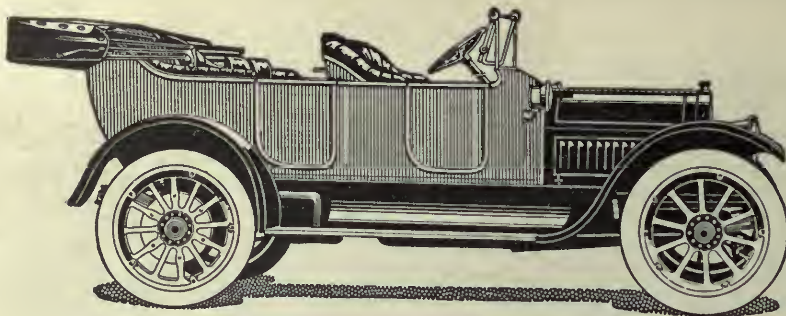

No Car Ever Shown in San Francisco Has Created Such an Impression as the 1913 Cadillac

PRICE DISTINCTION ELIMINATED—The rise of the motor industry is embodied in the 1913 Cadillac. Step by step and year by year the makers of this car have improved it until any car at any price to be compared with the Cadillac will be honored by the comparison.

People no longer buy Cadillacs because of price distinction; they buy Cadillacs because they believe they constitute the very best there is in motor cars. If the owners of Cadillacs bought other cars they would buy five and six thousand dollar makes.

The car is here! the people of San Francisco can judge for themselves.

The dominant features of the new car are its easy riding qualities, elegance of finish and excess of power.

The construction and material in the Cadillac are points no longer doubted. If you are not aware of the integrity and reliability of the Cadillac ASK ANYBODY.

SETS THE STANDARD—the Cadillac in 1912 set the standard with its electric self-cranking system and electric lights. That system has been improved and refined.

The engine has been silenced to a point beyond belief by inclosed valve mechanism and silent chain drive to auxiliary shafts.

Riding comfort has been increased by a longer wheel base—120 inches—longer rear springs and 10-inch upholstery. Standard equipment now includes 36-inch by 4½-inch tires, demountable rims, mohair top, ventilating, rain-vision windshield, Warner speedometer.

PRICE OF CAR

Touring, Torpedo and Roadster, with standard equipment listed above, F. O. B., San Francisco	$2125.00
Coupe, F. O. B. San Francisco	2650.00
Limousine, F. O. B. San Francisco	3400.00
Six-Passenger, F. O. B. San Francisco	2225.00

California — DON LEE — Distributor

512 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

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You Can Weigh What You Should Weigh

You can, **I know** it because I have **reduced** 30,000 women and have **built** up as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as **nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.**

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 106 pounds, this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write today for my free booklet

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 92 **86 Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self Sufficiency," etc.

The gift thats sure to please

ANY mother, wife, sister or friend upon whom rests the responsibilities of housekeeping is sure to appreciate a new Bissell for Christmas. The modern Ball-Bearing Bissell makes sweeping easy and abolishes the sweeping day bogy. As a thorough, handy, light little instrument of utility—

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL-BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

is not equaled by any other cleaning device, no matter what the cost. The Bissell requires no adjustments—it is self-adjusting and entirely automatic. For convenience sake and as a stepsaver, she would like two sweepers, one for upstairs and one for down.

The Bissell is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Prices $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping," mailed on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
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(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Manufacturers in the World.)

ASTHMA CATARRH BRONCHITIS

and all dreaded diseases of the air passages yield promptly to the effects of

CONDOR INHALATION

This medicated, healing, curative Inhalant directly reaches the exact parts affected, clears them up quickly and is the best home treatment for you. Loss of time, change of climate and stomach dosing not necessary if Condor Inhalation is used.

Do not neglect wheezing, gasping, choking, shortness of breath, sense of oppression, hawking, spitting, dropping in throat, coughs, colds, hoarseness, tickling or dryness in throat, loss of taste and smell, flushed cheeks, pain in chest, night sweats, chills and fever, stuffed nose, foul breath, head noises, deafness, sneezing, hay fever, etc.

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Rambler Rambler

The 1913 Cross Country

With Unit Gasoline and Electric Motor

In the 1913 Cross Country you will find an expression of the owner's good taste.

Distinguished in appearance and gratifying in comfort, the Cross Country is ideal in appointments most pleasing to the owner. You don't have to get out of the car to start or to light the lamps. Simply press the button and you are on your way.

At the instant you press the starting button the electric motor starts. As the gasoline engine is an integral part it is also turning at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute.

Starting Positive

There is no faltering or doubtful turning effort. It is quick, positive and continuous.

After the explosions start, the electric motor automatically changes into an electric generator and is creating and storing electrical energy for future use.

This motor generator has the ability to exert many times the effort that could be required of it for purposes in the car. It consumes but one-sixth of a horse power and generates as much current as can be used.

Motor Fool Proof

In construction and operation it is practically fool-proof. In the most exacting tests and even with severe abuse our engineers have been unable to injure it. The entire device is thoroughly dependable; so simple that a woman who does not care to know about its construction can expect the same success with it as an electrical expert.

With fenders of sweeping grace, radiator high and distinctive in design—doors 20 inches wide, the car is rakish, low and balanced perfectly. Ten inch upholstery, with big wheels and tires, and springs that flex with the steadiness of the pendulum of a clock, afford comfort that is rare.

Experience the feel of the Cross Country wheel. It's a delight. So flexible is the motor you can travel four or forty miles an hour with equal ease.

10,000 Mile Guarantee

Its reliability is vouched for by our ten thousand mile guarantee.

Every Cross Country is guaranteed for ten thousand miles subject to the conditions of the signed guarantee which we will give with each car.

Back of this is the reputation of this company founded upon forty years of manufacturing experience and a credit rating the highest that Dun and Bradstreet give.

Body styles include Limousine and Sedan closed cars, and two, four and five passenger open cars.

Send for a catalog and the name of the nearest Cross Country dealer.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

of California

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FIFTEEN YEARS ON FREE TRIAL

"THE Privilege of Trial" has been the policy of our Company since the first inception of the Fox Typewriter fifteen years ago.

Our willingness to place our typewriter on trial—**at our expense**—with any reliable person, anywhere, in competition with any other typewriter is evidence of the confidence we have in the superior construction of the Fox Typewriter.

We absolutely know that we have accomplished all the ends for which a typewriter is desired—and in a better way, and with less effort—than the same are secured on other well known typewriters—**and we like to prove it.**

This is the New Fox No. 24

"BETTER THAN THE BEST OF ALL OTHERS"

No other typewriter built—regardless of any claims made—is the equal of the new Fox Visible Typewriter, either in the material used or in workmanship or in the number and convenience of its special features. There are many good typewriters being built and sold, but we claim for the new Fox Visible Typewriter that it is **better than the best of these,** and that its automatic features combined cannot be found in any other typewriter.

It has a Tabulator, Back Space Key, Two-Color Ribbon with Automatic Movement, both Oscillating and Reversing, and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Platens, Card Holder, Stencil Cutting Device, Variable Line Spacer and Line Lock with Key Release. Its speed is fast enough for the speediest operator and slow enough for the beginner. It is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.

Simply sign your name to the coupon and give us your address—a catalog will then be mailed you. From the catalog select the equipment wanted—style of type, width of carriage, color of ribbon, etc.—and a Fox Visible Typewriter will be sent you at once, **express charges prepaid,** on ten days' free trial. After trial you can make a small cash payment and pay the balance monthly. Simple and easy, isn't it? And safe, too.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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We have a few very fine samples that our road salesmen have used for a short time only for demonstrating purposes, and on this stock we can make very low prices. The quantity is limited, and if interested write at once.

FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY

4812-4821 FRONT AVENUE GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

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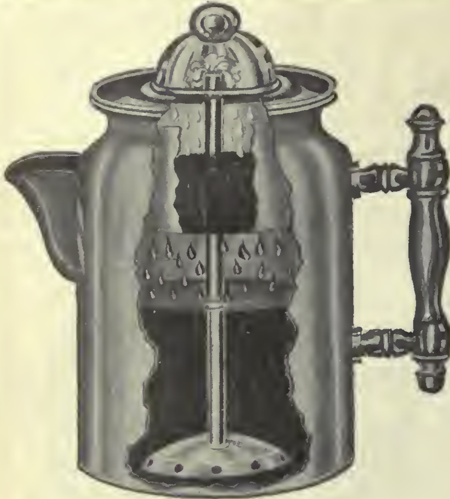

"SIMPLEX" Percolator

Regular Retail Price $3.25

PURE ALUMINUM PERCOLATOR

With French Drip Style Liner

Cpacity 4½ Pints (9 Cups)

Manufactured out of very heavy sheet aluminum; all one piece: glass top on cover; pot can be used with or without Percolator, and can also be used as a teapot.

This new Percolator is undoubtedly one of the simplest on the market. Other manufacturers (as investigation will prove) ask from $3.75 to $4.25, retail, for a similar pot, same size, capacity, etc. This Percolator is beautifully finished and polished; satin finished liner.

Special offer for new subscriptions to

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SIMPLEX PERCOLATOR delivered anywhere in U. S., reg. price -	$3.25	Both for $3.50
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Enclosed $3.50. Please send Simplex Percolator and Overland Monthly for one year to

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Every home should take at least one semi-technical magazine and keep up to date on the new wonders and advances in electricity—Modern Electrics illustrates and describes these subjects in a style that can be read and understood by every member of the family.

No. 1

THE brighest and most interesting "plain English" electrical monthly magazine published, nearly five years old. 112 to 144 pages monthly. New departments on aeronautics and "with the inventor." **The Authority on Wireless** The magazine to read if you want to keep up to date on wireless and progress in electricity. With one year's subscription to Modern Electrics for a limited time only we are making the following:—

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LITTLE HUSTLER MOTOR, 3½ in. high, finished in black enamel with nickel plated trimmings, three pole armature, fitted with pulley. FREE

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3

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By turning the crank slow or fast the current can be regulated so that a slight or severe shock can be produced.

Every boy wants one for instruction and experiment. It is a veritable fun factory and in a group, side-splitting laughter is created by the many amusements and tricks the machine is capable of producing.

It strengthens the nervous system, costs nothing to run, can be applied without aid and supersedes induction coils and medical batteries.

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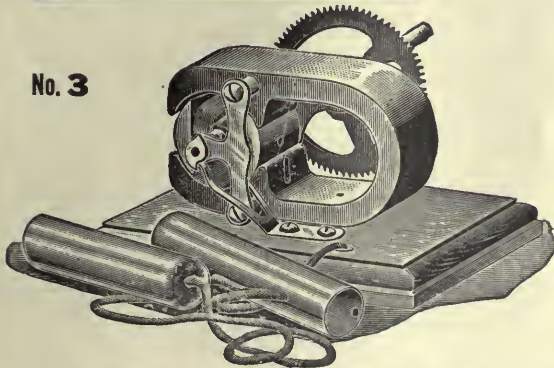

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Send $1.50 Today in cash, stamps or M.O. and get MODERN ELECTRICS for one year and your choice of the above offers prepaid ABSOLUTELY FREE

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15c per Copy Act quickly as our supply of the above is limited **$1.50 per Year**

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Enclosed find $1 50 (cash, stamps or M O) for which send me prepaid my choice of the offers, as follows:

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on terms described in this advertisement and **Modern Electrics** for one year to the address below:

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Note—For N. Y.C. or Canada add 35c; Foreign, 60c

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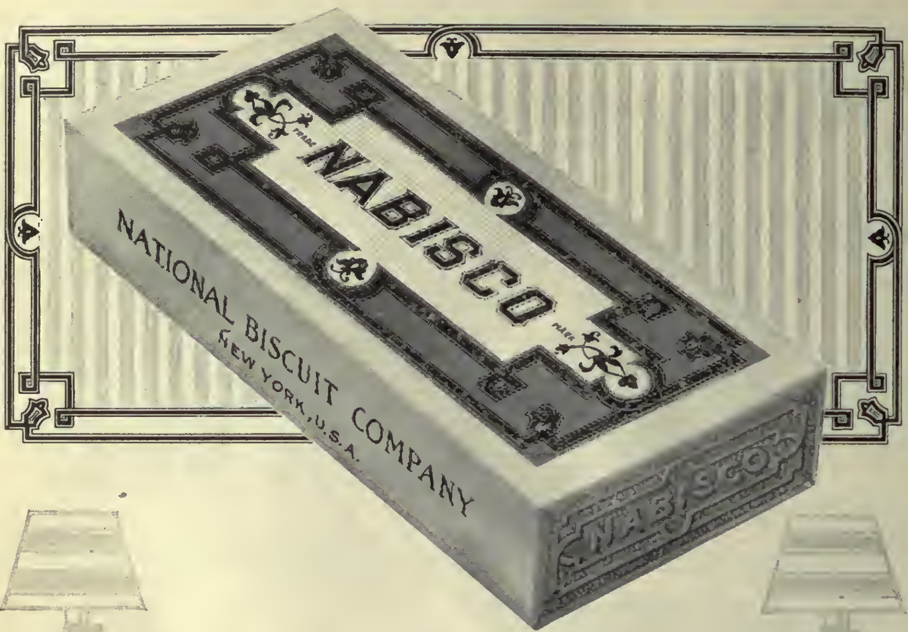

THE insistent charm of Nabisco Sugar Wafers places them first in the favor of young and old as the most fitting of all holiday dessert confections.

Serve with creams or ices, with fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Another dessert confection of pre-eminent goodness—chocolate covered.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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Quality
Is
Economy

10 gallons of Murphy Transparent Wood Finish go as far as 14 gallons of cheap varnish

It's a day's work---costs $3.20 or more---to put on a gallon of either sort.

4 days of extra work on a small-house job means $12.80, or more, to the bad.

On a big job, requiring hundreds of gallons, the *loss mounts up*.

T. W. F. remains beautiful 20 or 30 years. The other barely looks decent 2 or 3 years.

The Re-Varnishings to be paid for make an *enormous waste* of money.

Murphy Goods are handled by the following Pacific Coast Firms:

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The Varnish That Lasts Longest

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The **Present** *with a* **Future**

THIS QUALITY PEN APPEALS TO EVERYONE

NOTHING could serve the purpose of Christmas giving more acceptably than Waterman's Ideal. It is of the useful sort that is increasingly advocated. Gifts of this pen mean an end to inky fingers and scratchy penmanship, and a convenience that will facilitate a friend's business or social writing for years to come. The exclusive success of the Waterman Patents and the care in making the pens are known throughout the civilized world. There is a pen for every member of the family in large and small sizes, plain or handsomely mounted in gold or silver, and with pen points to fit every handwriting; then there is a Safety type for women, and the Self-Filling Waterman's Ideal. Pens are exchangeable after Christmas to suit the hand. Our illustrated folder, sent free, will assist you in selecting.

Safety Type—Plain or chased: No. 12 1-2 V. S., Purse Size. No. 12 1-2, S., Pocket Size, $3.00
Either size Gold Banded $1.00 extra. Also in larger sizes.

Regular Type—Sterling Silver, No. 412 Fil, $5.00. Size larger, No. 414 Fil, $7.00. Plain (without mounting) No. 12, $2.50. No. 14, $4.00. Clip-on-Cap 25c extra.

Self-Filling Type—Gold Banded, No. 12 S F., $3.50. No, 14 S. F $5.00. Also plain, No. 12. S. F. $2.50. Clip-on-Cap extra: Sterling Silver 50c.

In Attractive Christmas Boxes, Your Local Dealer Will Assist You in Your Selection

Avoid Substitutes

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

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