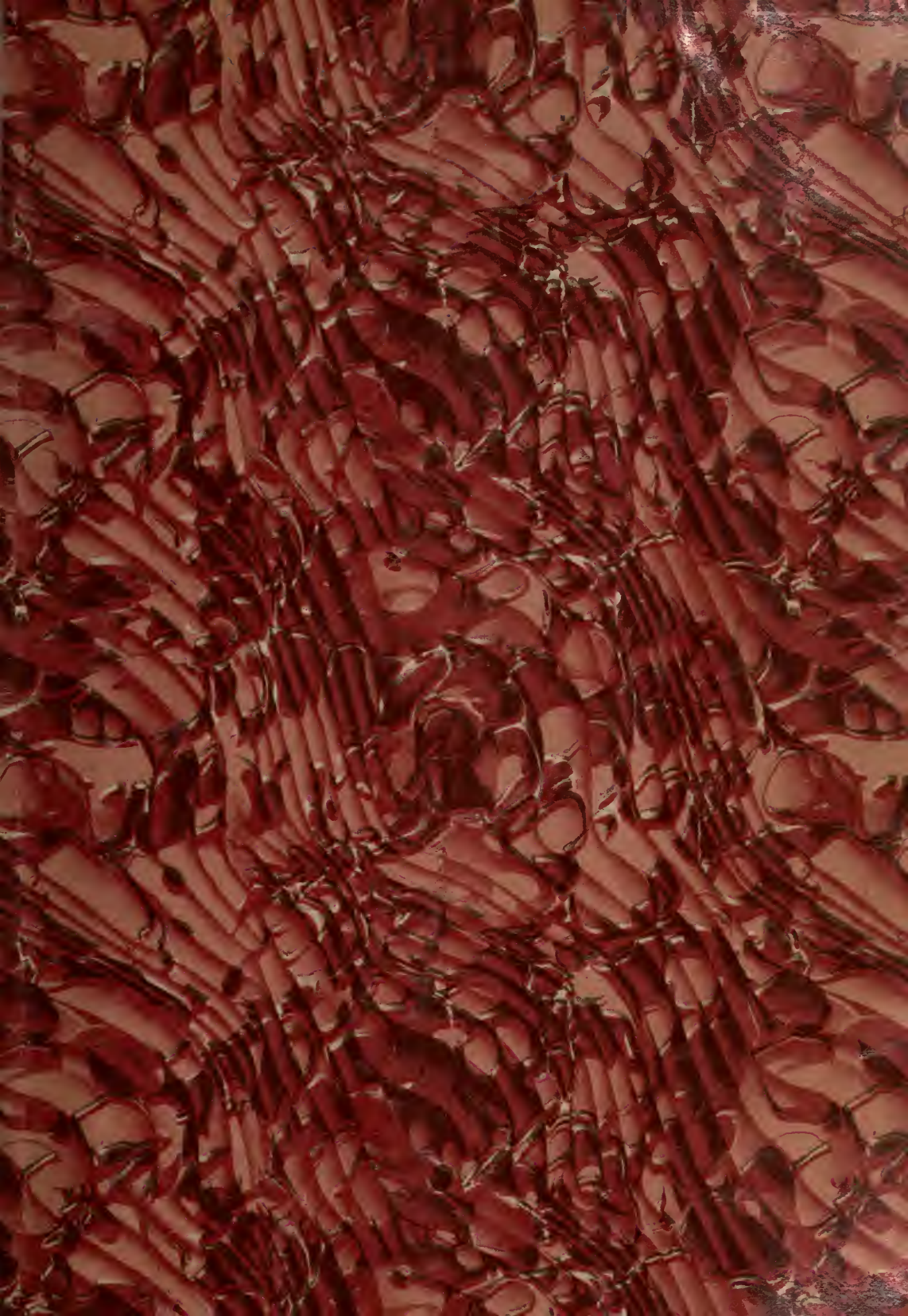
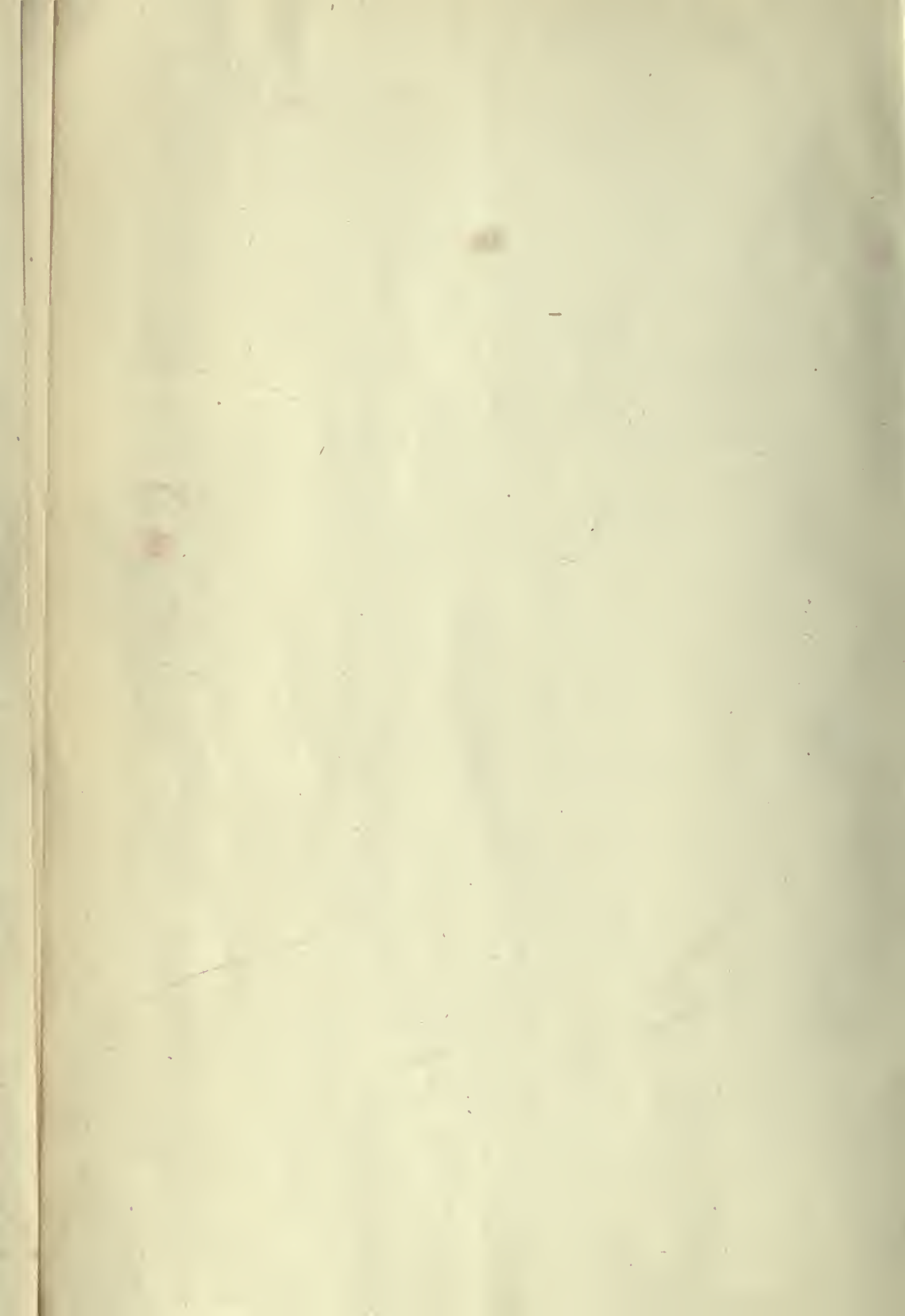


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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXX—Second Series

July-December 1917



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

259 MINNA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Overland Monthly



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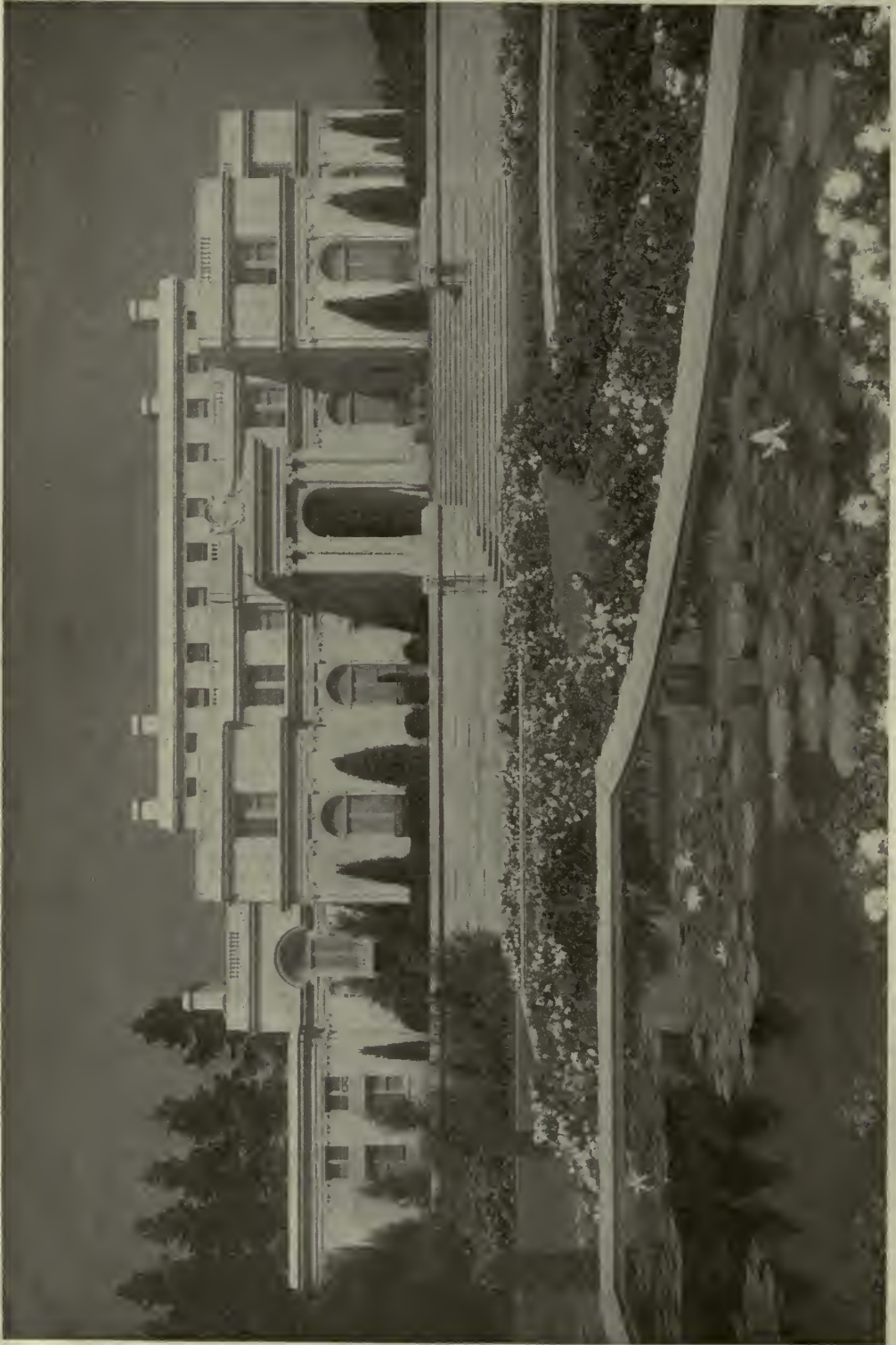
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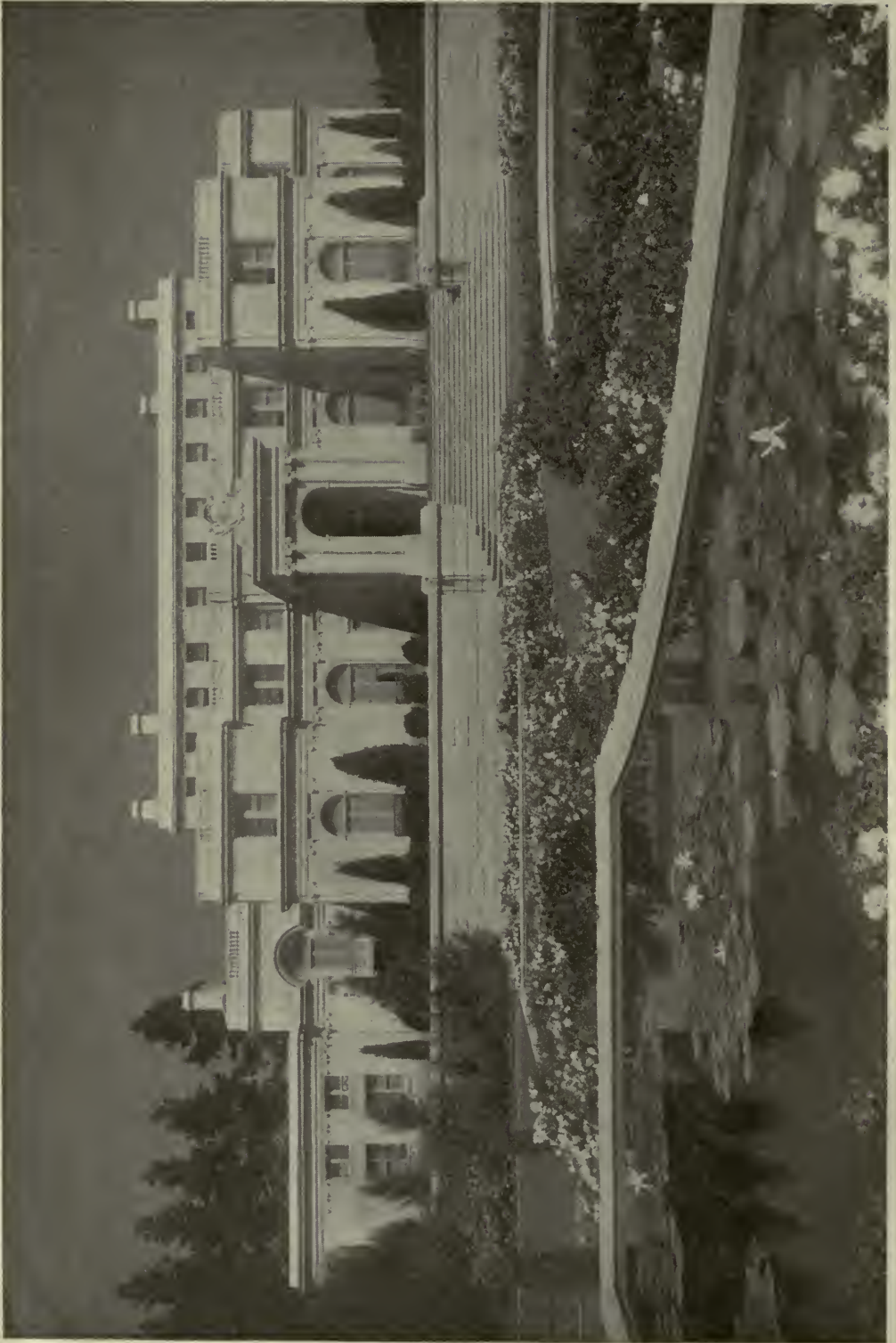
Artistic Residential
Homes
on the
San Francisco Peninsula
California



Residence of C. Templeton Crocker, Esq., Hillsborough, Cal., built in the twentieth century Italian Renaissance style.



Residence of H. Fielshacker, Atherton, Cal., in the heart of the oak country on the peninsula,



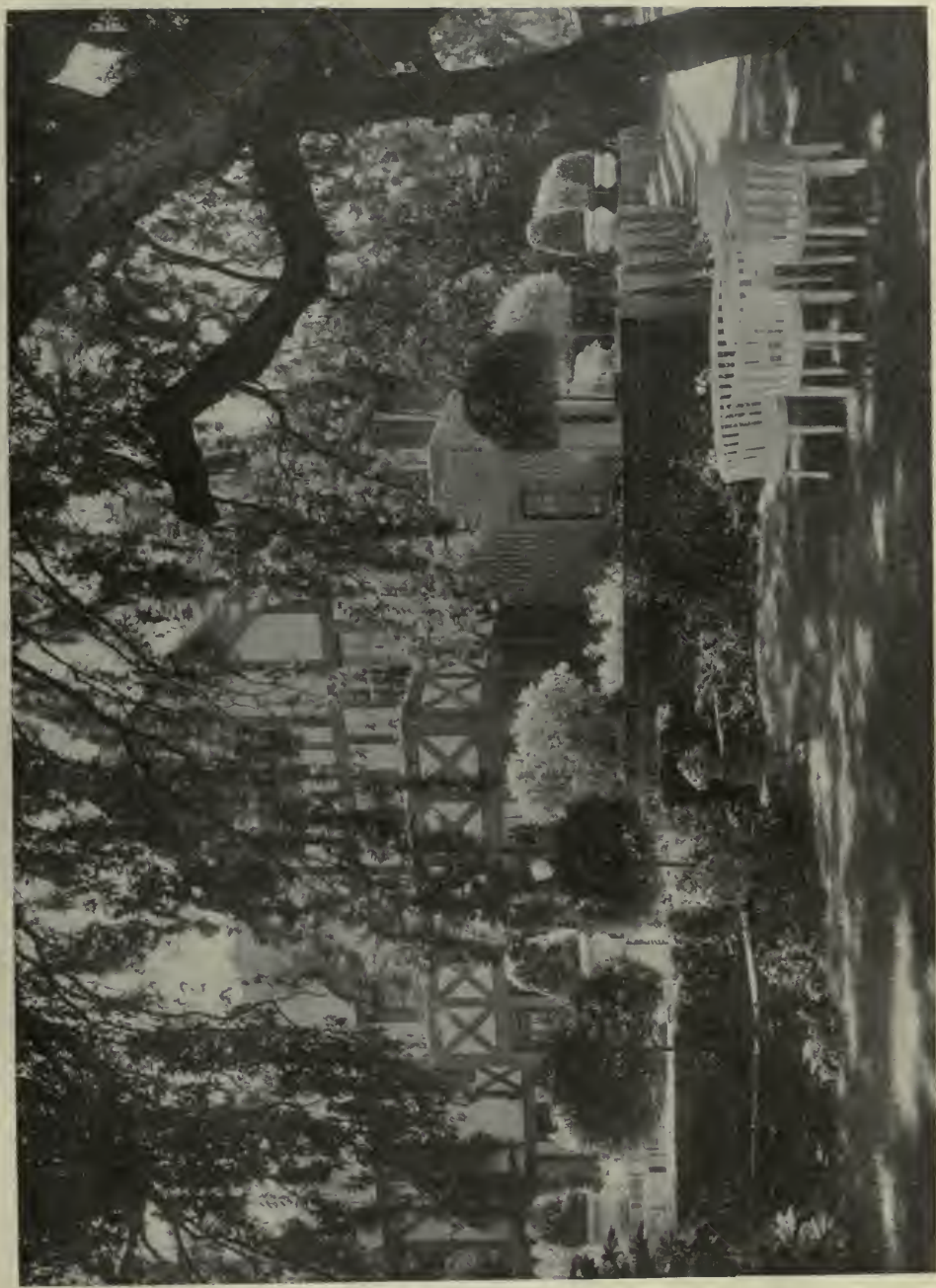
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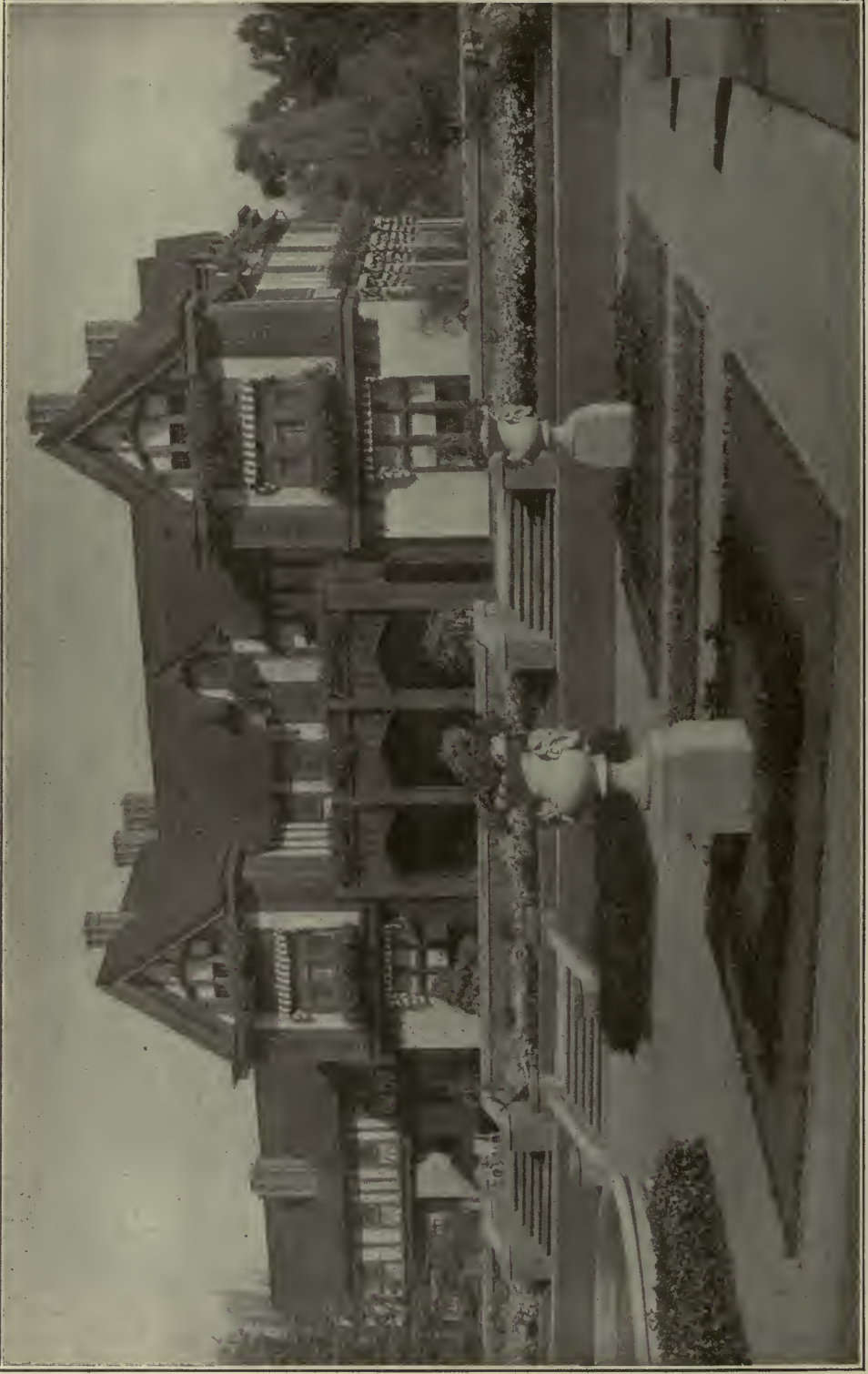
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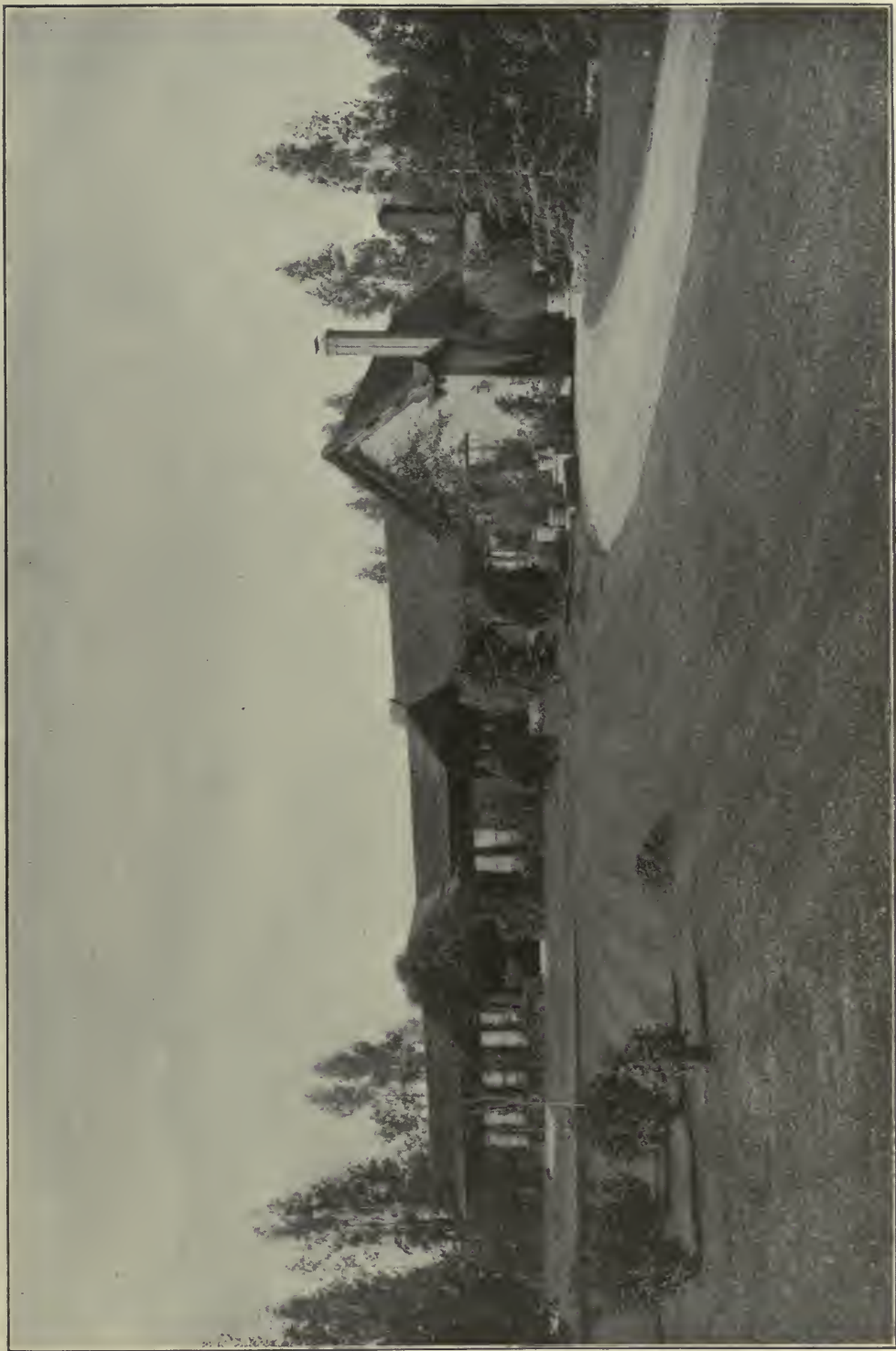
Residence of George A. Pope, an original Hillsborough home. The locality is noted for its oak groves.



Residence of Andrew Welch, Esq., Hillsborough, Cal. The blending of northern and semi-tropical foliage is characteristic of this neighborhood



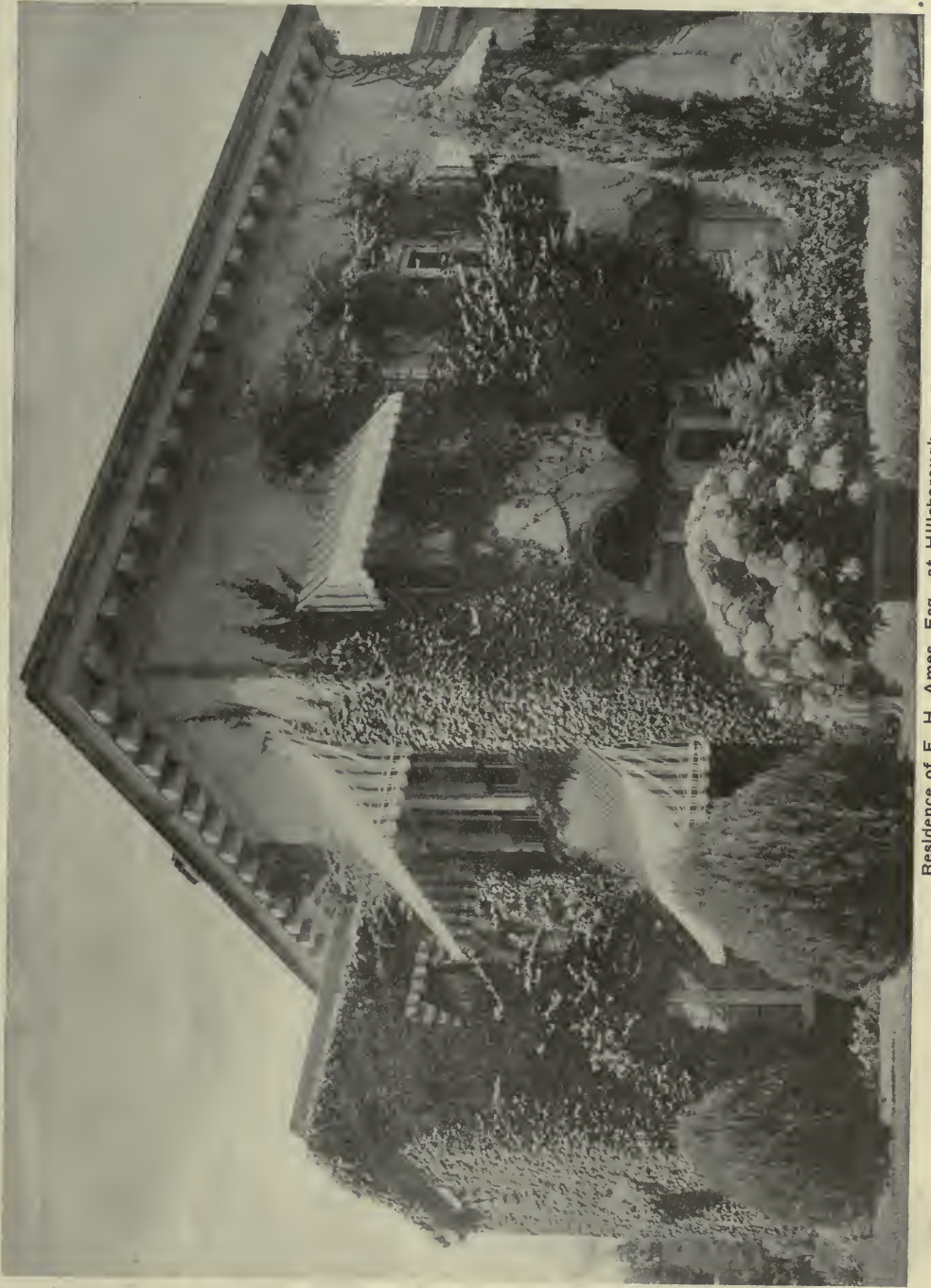
Residence of Daniel T. Murphy, Esq., Hillsborough.



The attractive bungalow home of E. L. Hoag, Esq., at Hillsborough



"El Cerrito," residence of Eugene de Sabla, Jr., Hillsborough, an excellent example of English country house architecture



Residence of F. H. Ames, Esq., at Hillsborough



Destiny of the Red Men. A. A. Weiman, Sculptor.



"Gun" Smith, over one hundred years old.

Burney
the
Squaw
Man

By

Beulah Ray

HAT CREEK VALLEY, a modern "Sleepy Hollow," recently made famous as a natural watershed for the north slope of the erupting Mt. Lassen, contains a few Indians, remnants of a once fierce, roving tribe. Under the influence of the whites, they have developed into an indolent character, no longer indulging in their old forms and ceremonies, with the exception of their gambling game,

"Sticks and Grass." Whiskers Tom proves how modern his people have become when he described a recent Indian funeral which he had attended.

"One man he floor manager. One man he give big talk. Girl, he sing. We all sit around. Smoke cigars. Felt badly. Just had a hell of a time."

Another had evidently witnessed a white man's circus, judging by his graphic description.



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"And now in these later days, white people visit Creek Valley and hear the old Indian legends told over again.

"What's matter? White girl no good. Swing 'um all around. No clothes on."

"What kind of animal, like a house, long nose?"

"What's matter? White man too smart."

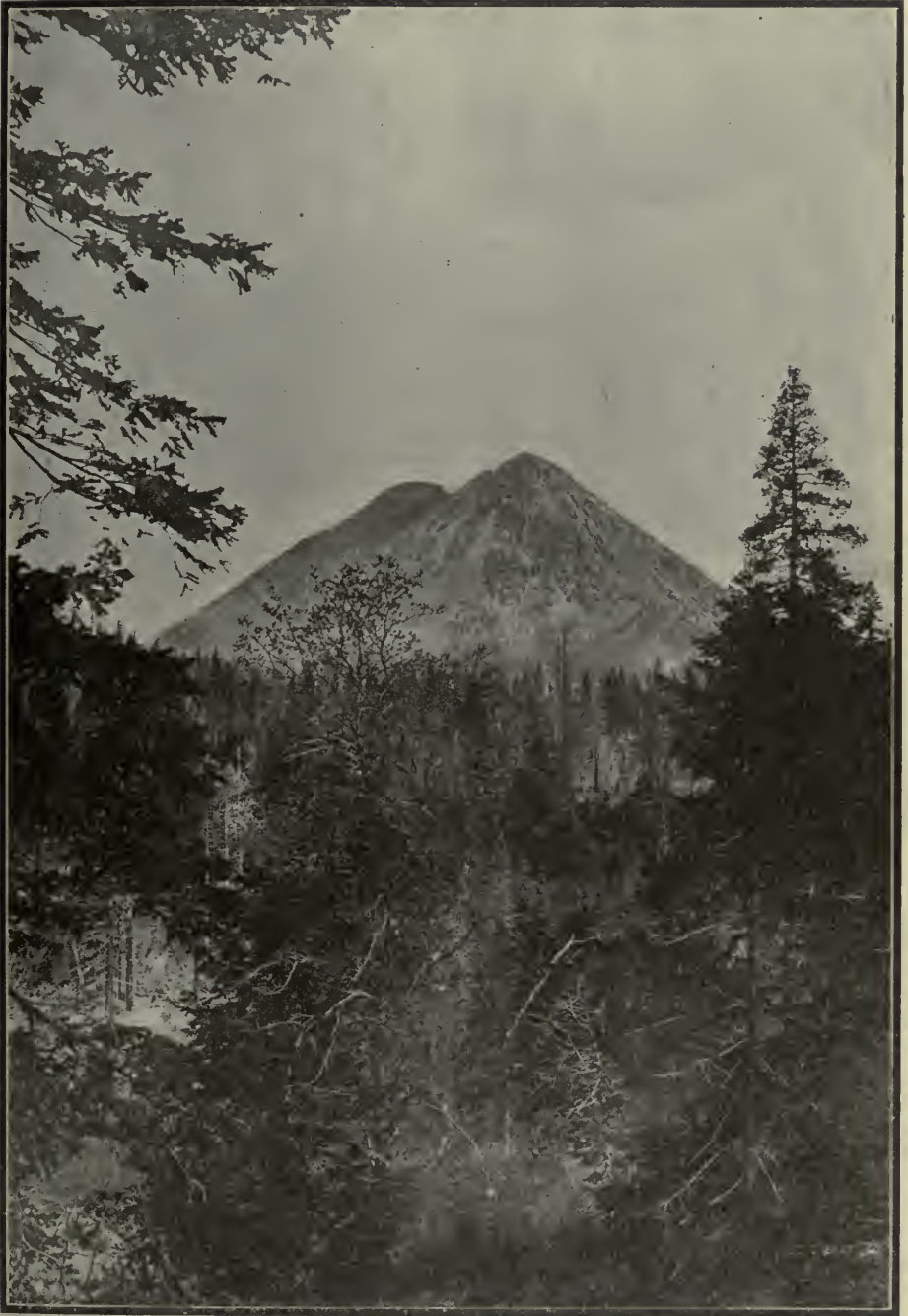
Thus under the dominance of the white man, the superstitious customs of the red men are rapidly disappearing. There are still a few legends, faintly preserved by some old Indians as a lasting memory of the once widely spread tribe, and which may be extracted by means of gaudy gifts.

In their childlike ideas regarding the formation of their lands, their streams and their rivers, they invented weird

tales, impossible, and yet based upon some scientific truth which they could not understand. Their history of the first white settlers, handed down through the various generations, can only be collected in fragments and is but half truth and half legendary.

* * * *

Many, many moons ago, when the red men rove at will over the whole country, all of Hat Creek Valley was one wide lake. Over this large body of water there reigned a coyote, a great, brawny animal, worshiped by the tribes dwelling there. Amongst these natives existed a superstition regarding this lake and this coyote. They told each other on wild, stormy nights



Mt. Lassen in the distance. Hat Creek Valley is on the northern slope of this mountain, which is now the only periodical volcano in the United States.



Mt. Burney . . . Hat Creek in foreground.

that some day a mightier ruler was to appear, a wonderful man with a white face, and the coyote, together with the lake, would disappear.

Time passed. The lake still sparkled and the mighty coyote rove at will, always during the dark hours of the night, his long, crying wail heard far and wide.

One morning while the Indians were busily grinding their acorns, there appeared before them a man with a white face. Over his shoulder he carried a spade. The natives fell down upon their knees, bowing to the ground. The mighty ruler had come. Would the great coyote and the sparkling lake disappear!

The stranger sat with them, feasted with them, when suddenly, all grew dark and a long, loud wail arose on the air. All day and all night the Indians prayed and feasted. They decked the white man with many colored beads and danced weird, spectacular dances.

When morning broke all was calm. The red men stole from their habitations and visited the lake. No longer

did that glorious body of water sparkle in the sunlight. It had vanished, leaving but a barren bed, down whose center there wound a beautiful stream, which, according to the imaginative mind of the Indians, carried with it the wail of the departed coyote. Thus Hat Creek was formed.

Although this tale is but a legend, an outgrowth of the untaught minds of the natives dwelling in that region, there is some foundation of truth regarding the lake. Evidence can still be seen at Cassel, a small town on Hat Creek, where in years gone by, the waters of a lake broke through its bank. The Indians have concocted their own story regarding this fact, of which they must have had some knowledge. The white man with the spade was probably the first miner to enter their country.

Gradually this lake bottom became rich land. The Indians pitched their dwellings throughout its entire length, living in undisturbed peace from the white men. No more had come into their midst since the days of the ruling coyote.



Mt. Lassen smokes and grumbles.

As these Indians became strong in numbers and food was plentiful, they assumed a wilder and fiercer character. Oftentimes they raided the tribes on the opposite side of the mountains, killing great numbers and robbing their winter store houses.

A rumor was spread among them that the mighty pale faces were reaching out farther and farther, settling lands with their own people and pushing the Indians into more remote regions. All the fire in their nature was aroused.

At this time, when vengeance and hatred were felt toward the whites, Burney appeared, a settler and a pioneer. He was seized, bound and taken to the strong chief, Shave Head, by a body of half-naked braves. Burney, who had lived long among the natives of other tribes, was learned in the art of Indian treachery, and his soft dialect and clever repartee won the old chief. He ordered the white man released and allowed to settle in peace.

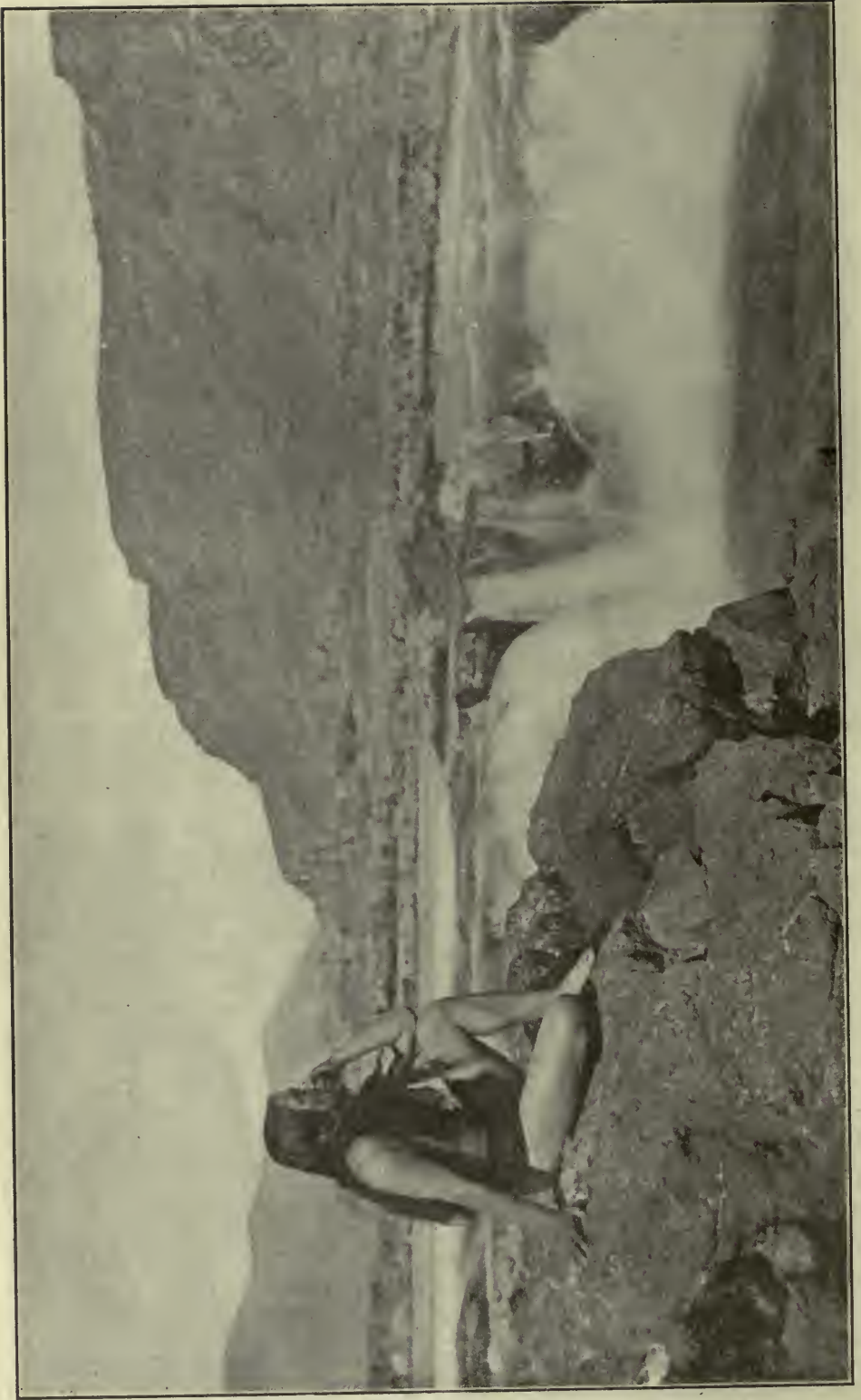
When the warriors fiercely told their leader that the pale faces meant to rob them of their lands and their women, the old man shook his hoary head and bade them be about their own affairs.

Burney chose himself a piece of land and on it erected a cabin. He spent

much of the time with the chief, imparting to the old Indian many ideas of the whites and telling him of their wondrous accomplishments.

As Burney talked wisdom with the old Indian, his eyes followed the graceful movements of the chieftain's daughter, a great-eyed, soft-voiced maiden.

Lying in his own cheerless cabin during the wakeful hours of the night, Burney found his mind constantly reverting to the girl. She was a splendid woman, strong of heart and kindly. Burney could not forget her. He struggled to overcome his love. Small chance indeed had the man with a squaw for a wife, in this world. Years spent with her would be years of isolation from the white man as well as the Indian. Burney was an educated man, and his future with this girl by his side, opened before him as clearly as the pages of a book. The man and his intellect fought. That he had learned to love this Indian maid he did not question. He felt that he was weak in heart and mind. All his finer sensibilities within him revolted. "Burney the Squaw Man." The thought of this appellation drove him to despair. Never before had he met an Indian girl who compared with this brown



“Down the barren land flowed a beautiful stream of water.”



Dr. Louie, the Medicine Man of the tribe.

maid. He saw the soul of the woman beneath the exterior of brown skin, and guided by a mind taught only in the lore of basket making and acorn grinding. His one means of obtaining her was by flight.

Burney knew his dangers. No maid was more loved, nor more frequently wooed, than this chieftain's daughter. No man was more feared and hated than he. Little compassion would the Indians feel for him should he be caught taking this girl across the mountains where a few whites were then dwelling. The horribleness of Indian vengeance was impressed upon Burney when he witnessed the punishment of their medicine man, Doctor Louie.

This man was of some importance in the tribe, after having gained his powers by diving down into a certain spring, where, while under water, he was able to see Mt. Shasta. When a certain Indian family living along Hat Creek fell ill, Dr. Louie was summoned. Failing to effect a cure the whole family died and some evil minded Indian said that the medicine man

blew poison, causing their death. This blowing of poison was attributed to the medicine man as a means of bringing death to those whom he hated.

The anger of the tribe fell upon the unsuspecting man. He was dragged from his dwelling place and bound. This was a time of great merry-making. The howling, grimacing warriors chopped Dr. Louie's head and feet off, which was the only means, as they believed, of ridding him of the devil. The ghastly scene was burned into Burney's mind. He determined to forget the Indian maid who might bring him to just as terrible a death, if not more terrible.

For many weeks he stayed away from the chieftain and his daughter. The lonely days dragged slowly. Even then he could not forget her, and felt her presence ever by his side, her wondrous eyes gazing at him. Burney wondered if she too, loved. The thought aroused all the primitive nature of the man. He felt a rage pass over him. He was a free man in a free country, and yet dared not even see the woman he loved. He spent his long days in lonely solitude and tossed the wakeful hours of the night away, thinking of this Indian girl.

One evening when the setting sun was lighting the whole valley with its rosy glow, Burney saw a graceful form appear before him as he entered his cabin. Burney was startled by the sudden appearance of the Indian girl.

"You have come to me," he whispered.

"I come," she answered simply.

When her presence so long seen in the little cabin in dreams, stood before him in reality, Burney's love for the woman overpowered him. He clenched his hands, staggering like a drunken man.

"We must flee," he hoarsely told her, "flee for our lives."

Out into the night they started, this white man, this Indian maid, bound to each other by the law of divine love. They hurried onward. The Indian girl never faltered by his side. Her outdoor life prepared her for an en-



Burney Falls, locally famed for beauty.

duration as great as his, if not greater.

When the breaking light of morning shone upon them they were far away. Sheltered within a deep ravine they awaited the coming of darkness that would hide their flight. For food they gathered berries and the Indian girl taught the white man how to live without the use of the gun which he still carried but dared not use. With the acorns which he cautiously gathered, she made flour, and their bodies did not suffer from lack of nourishment during those long nights of tramping and days of resting and watching.

Thus they made their way over the mountains. Although Burney did not choose to live with the few white settlers who had collected for protection, he erected a cabin on the outskirts of their village. When the white people learned the story of his life among the Indians and taking the brown girl for

wife, they called him "Burney the Squaw Man."

Burney had scarcely cleared the ground and completed his cabin when one morning on awaking he felt forms bending over him. He felt his mouth held by an iron grasp while he was bound and gagged. The Indians had come. As they lifted him bodily, carrying him to their waiting ponies, the scene of the medicine man's ill fated death arose before him. He saw the painted warriors gathered at a great feast. He saw the wild dances and heard the cries of vengeance. Then he saw the axes descending, descending. Horror filled him. Cold beads of sweat poured from him.

Quietly, lest they arouse the whites, they made their way back through the dense forests and heavy undergrowths. Bound tightly to a pony, Burney suffered from physical torture as well as mental. After they had traveled many hours, Burney heard the roar of dashing waters. When they reached the river they alighted and unbound Burney. With fierce yells they tore the gag from his mouth. He was surrounded by a body of war painted braves, led by the most cruel of them all, Gun Smith.

Swiftly they constructed a rude raft, binding him on it, and amid blood-curdling shrieks, cast him into the foaming depth. The heart of the man grew weak. Onward and onward he tossed on the restless waters. Burney wondered what punishment was in store for the soft-eyed Indian girl whose love for him had made her give up her own people. He ached in body and spirit. He could not grasp the overhanging foliage as he was bound hand and foot. Moments to him were hours.

A mighty roar came to his ears.

"The falls. O God," the cry was wrung from him.

He strained with all his mighty strength to loosen the bonds that held him. His attempt was useless. He felt the raft rise, then fall with a mighty jerk.

Below, the raging foam mercilessly



"The chief saw the flying bird, an omen that his daughter and the white man had eluded his pursuit."

dashed the fragile raft against sharp rocks, hurling it high and catching it again as in play, then as if tired, allowing the lifeless body and the splintered raft pass on, tossed hither and hither by the waves of the flowing river.

The whites living in the valley tell that the Indians, not satisfied with this vengeance, sought his body as it passed down stream, and chopping it to pieces, buried it along one of their trails.

To-day these settlers point out this board-marked grave as that of the man after whom the great snow-capped mountain bears its name, "Mt. Burney." The vast valley itself helps to immortalize the first white settler who braved the dangers of this uncivilized country, and is known as "Burney Valley." The river down which he floated to his ignominious death bears his name, and the falls over which he passed, now far famed for their beauty, are called "Burney Falls." A small town nestling in this rich valley is also named after the ill fated pioneer.

No railroad disturbs the monotony of this sleepy valley, and the settlers live as their forefathers lived before them, tilling their lands for such products as they themselves need, having no market. Their great herds feed at will over vast areas of pasture land.

At one end of this valley Mt. Shasta towers in all its cold beauty, while toward the southern direction Mt. Lassen smokes and occasionally grumbles, spitting out its fire and clouds of dense vapor. During the one great eruption, the flow from its belching passed down Hat Creek into the low, verdant valley, causing the water in the stream to overflow, increasing the richness of the pasture lands, instead of destroying the ranches, as is commonly supposed.

The Indians tell vague tales of how, long ago, the Evil Spirit came from the mountain and the great quantities of the lava throughout the country proves that there must have been a former eruption. This lava which flowed for miles and miles, now hardened solid, has queer formations in it. As the surface cooled, in weakened places the hot lava beneath burst through, forming miniature volcanoes. They in turn hardened, and through all these years have remained in their original shape.

If Washington Irving conceived in imagination his "Sleepy Hollow," Hat Creek Valley, nestling in the mountains where the high Sierras and the lofty Coast Range meet and verge, slumbers, an existing reality of that description.





Just A Habit

By Charles N. Webb

Of the gold there's nary sign
In this rusty pan of mine;
But that's nothin'; I am used to losin' out,
And the thing that holds me here
In these hills from year to year
Is a matter that the poets rave about;
It's a habit, that is all,
Keeps me pannin' spring and fall,
And I reckon that when I have had my share,
And Death comes to break my dream
She will find me by this stream,
Hopin', searchin' for the shine that isn't there.



Chinese school girls in modern attire.

A Transplanted Section of the Orient

By Oscar Lewis

THE CONDUCT of people of various races who have immigrated to an alien land, and the manner and speed with which they readjust their way of living so as to fit in with their new surroundings, is a subject that will repay any study that one may care to put upon it. Racial and hereditary customs enter very largely into the matter, and account for the puzzling fact that while one people, after a few years in a new country have readjusted their customs until they live in complete accord with their changed environment, those of another race, after the same period of time, are in nearly every way as completely alien as the day they arrived.

This marked racial difference in ability to drop old customs and assimilate new ones is strikingly illustrated in many cities of the West, where the

two extremes are represented on the one side by the remarkably adaptive and imitative Japanese, and on the other by the equally striking conservatism of the Chinaman.

A little consideration, however, will prove that the immigrant Chinaman does not, as is often supposed, lack adaptability. On the contrary, he shows that characteristic to a marked degree; the difference is merely that he uses the trait in precisely the opposite direction from that in which it is generally employed. Although he shows little adaptability or desire to adapt his customs to his surroundings, he has shown positive genius in changing his surroundings so as to make them coincide with his way of living.

Thus in many American cities, but more especially in the Far West, there are to be found certain quarters that



Highbinders on the lookout.

are triumphs of this Chinese trait of creating his accustomed environment wherever he may be. Here in the midst of completely alien surroundings and influence, he builds for himself a section that is as thoroughly and completely Chinese as he can make it.

Nor does time and increased association with the Occidental world win him from many of his ancient customs. Indeed, it seems often to have the opposite effect, for the longer these settlements are established the more completely Chinese they become. And perhaps the reason why the Chinatown at San Francisco is the most thoroughly Oriental in America is merely because it is the oldest.

Not the least interesting phase of San Francisco's Chinatown is the abruptness with which one comes upon it, the sense of complete contrast that breaks upon one almost in a moment. The visitor on Grant avenue where it

joins Market is in the midst of the conventional shopping district of an American city. However, if he follows the avenue north for three or four blocks, he finds himself, to all visible appearances, transported into another atmosphere. The architecture changes completely, the avenue itself loses its name of a block back, and becomes Dupont street; narrower, and with built-out balconies under which shuffle silent groups with self-contained, expressionless faces. The very sounds of the city have changed. Even, one discovers presently, the illusive smell of the Orient is there.

Back on Grant avenue, one notices an occasional Chinaman hurrying by, intent upon his business, and conscious of the fact that he is an alien in a strange land. Once within the limits of Chinatown, however, and the tables are turned completely, and it is the native who feels the sense of strangeness.

The visitor is seldom stared at, though, nor is he told in any definitely tangible way that he is not entirely welcome. Yet he feels that this is the case. He cannot bring himself to be quite at ease, for though he wander back and forth through the narrow streets for hours, he will not—unless he accosts one of them personally—receive so much as a glance from the throngs crowding past all the time. His presence will be as completely ignored as if he did not exist.

This is not merely because the Chinaman lacks curiosity, for of that human trait he has his share; the reason probably lies deeper than that. Consciously or otherwise, these immigrants seem to have labored to make their transported section of China as real as possible. They like to adopt the mental belief that they are really living within the confines of their native country. Naturally the constant presence of white faces tends to spoil the effect, reminding them that the place, after all, is not China. These visitors are disturbing factors who spoil the realism of the Chinaman's subconscious mental illusion, and for



A huckster on his rounds in the Chinese Quarter

that reason he has schooled himself to ignore their presence.

Inside the larger shops, however, the visitor finds a very hearty and cordial welcome, for the Chinaman is a merchant by instinct, and his commercial sense is sure to over-ride any idealistic considerations that might cause him to regard his customer as an intruder. The shops devoted to the tourist trade are both large and elaborate, and following the optimistic Chinese custom, are named with the native equivalent for such sentiments as "Riches Beyond Dreams," "Living Riches," and the like. One especially ornamental bazaar is called "Everlasting Prosperity," and more than one customer has left the shop convinced that its proprietor had achieved his ideal from a single sale.

The little native shops are much more characteristically Chinese. Invariably they are small and dark, often mere cluttered cubby-holes. Seldom,

however, do they look mean or squalid, for the Chinese merchant has a fine sense of delicacy in arrangement, and even the most prosaic of his surroundings show a certain artistic grace in grouping and display.

The mass of imported epicurean delicacies are interesting objects of speculation and conjecture to Caucasian eyes. Great bunches of tiny sausages; festoons of dried and mummified appearing fowls, each shining in a coat of yellow varnish and reputed to be glazed roast duck from the Flowery Kingdom—these are among the foodstuffs most readily identifiable.

Candied melon rind and cocoanut are prominently displayed, and together with lengths of sugar cane, make up the staple Chinese confections.

Native drug stores contain, besides baskets of roots and herbs in considerable variety, such medical staples as dried lizards and toads, which the apothecary grinds up before the eyes of the customer, thus forestalling any



A Chinese shoemaker glancing through a local Chinese daily paper.

suspicion of adulteration which might fasten upon him were he to follow the Western custom of plying his trade behind the secrecy of a prescription counter.

Ordinarily, the Chinese taste in the matter of personal costume runs to rigid simplicity, both as to design and coloring. Sombre black is almost invariably worn by the men and the women alike. One finds this absence of color a trifle monotonous, but when one of the Chinese holidays comes around, which they do at remarkably frequent intervals, the contrast is the more striking. On these occasions, the narrow streets burst suddenly into dazzling parades of color. The women especially are resplendent. Naturally of graceful and dainty bearing, when they appear in richly embroidered blue and white satins, the picture they make is one not to be ignored, as they pass along the crowded streets, walking slowly with downcast eyes, their black hair shining with a great mass of gold and jade ornaments.

The children, too, upon these festive days appear clad in costumes of the brightest and richest colors, and tramp

along sedately beside their mothers, greeted upon every side with admiring glances, for the universal fondness of children is a characteristic of the Chinese.

The proud father is never tired of carrying his son about on his shoulders and exhibiting him to admiring groups of friends. And seldom is the admiring circle lacking.

The one infallible way to win the lasting good-will of a Chinaman is to pay tribute to his child. He becomes inordinately proud at the slightest hint of such admiration, and sometimes in what threatens to be an access of gratitude he insists upon the visitor accompanying him home, so that he may view the remaining prodigies of the family, and from which he emerges presently loaded down with assurances of eternal good-will and with embarrassing gifts of sugar cane or potted lilies.

Chinatown, unnoticed, works its subtle influence upon the visitor, and when, after a few hours, he leaves the district, it will take him some time to readjust himself to the Occidental world.



Indian Ballad

By Alice Phillips

Thus Maquoto of my wild blood
Sang to the last tribes of the West,—
Loud with the storm and mighty flood,
Beat like a drum his bronzed breast,
Sang in his wild and native tongue,
Till all the list'ning forest rung:

He has gone over the Long Trail,
Into the dark and mystic Vale.
The wolf echoes no more his cries,
Wild and weird 'neath summer skies;
Where, in moccasins soft-shod,
The dusky warrior once trod,
Autumn's leafless woods now wail:
"He has gone over the Long Trail."

He has gone over the Long Trail,
We hear his spirit's distant wail:
" 'Tis a weary journey to take."
But *we* shall follow in his wake—
Our forests lie a barren place,
And in our stead another race.
Sigh the breezes in the moonlight pale:
"He has gone over the Long Trail."

He has gone over the Long Trail,
To join his own in that dark Vale.
Ah, 'tis better my tribe should go,
Than live, a slave to the white foe!
The swooping eagle o'er the glen,
Or lurking panther in his den,
Fears not the huntsman in the dale—
He has gone over the Long Trail.

He has gone over the Long Trail,
As the geese to the Southlands sail,
And left behind no track nor trace,
Nor written words of his lost race!
Be it mine to voice the heart songs
Of his many deeds and wrongs.
Mourn the Redmen, few and frail:
"He has gone over the Long Trail."

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT



(SYNOPSIS.—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later, Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile,

Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound. The next day in the shipyard Pasek tries to arrest Jan with his wound as evidence, but Jan destroys his hand in molten metal, makes his escape and is later captured by Pasek and returned to Galt for trial.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THREE soldiers with drawn sabres ordered the Court crowd to clear the way. Two other soldiers brought in the political prisoner. The crowd gaped and pushed one another to catch a glimpse of him. There were hundreds of peasants and toilers gathered to attend the trial. At last he comes! That is he, the giant with the great shoulders and the swinging stride, with his left hand swathed in white linen.

He has been in the military goal three months, and his face is pale and flaccid, his eyes blank and staring. Apparently he does not see the crowds jostling about him. Evidently he does not care. His shoulders are bent, and he goes forward into the court room like a great ox between the two brisk

little fusiliers. Life seems to have no more interest for him. His senses are dulled. The military authorities have divested him of the spirit that once was his.

The crowd breaks into rapid whisperings as he approaches. All Galt knows of him now. The peasant women tell one another the story of his race from the burning barn, of his fight with the fusiliers under the Gate of Kings, of the sabre cut across his wrist, of how he steeped his hand into molten metal to keep the Captain of the Fusiliers from detecting him, of his flight from the town, of his capture in the ruined castle. It makes a thrilling story to repeat to one's neighbor, while eyes can feast upon Jan, as he is taken into the great stone hall of the Barracks where political prisoners are tried.

Men say of this hall that no prisoner who has ever been tried there has been acquitted. Some shake their heads at this and smile, but no one can remember any prisoner who ever left this Court a free man.

It is a high-ceiled room, railed off for the public and the judiciary. Jan is led inside the rail and seated at a long table, with advocates and Court officials staring at him. The peasants jam their way into the hall behind the guard, occupying all the benches, and lining the walls. It is a strange crowd, eager to see the man about whom they have heard so much. Among the spectators are Nicholas and Androkoff, Jan's friends of the shipyard. They are sorry for Jan, but they are poor and can do nothing. They know how brave he has been in the past. They well remember the day when the great vat of metal almost overturned upon them.

There, too, is Madame Ballandyna, and Madame Tenta, who has gotten back her house from the government, less the amount of Jan's taxes. Jan looks around in a frightened way. Presently his gaze settled upon two faces in a far corner. He stares hard; his eyes show animation for the first time. One of the faces is that of Ujedski, the Jewess; the other is that of Stefan! *Stefan!* For three whole months Jan has not seen his son. He has asked the fusiliers over and over again to have his boy brought to him; but the fusiliers have denied him the only request he has made. Every day and every night of these three months he has dreamed of Stefan. The time has seemed like three centuries—eternity tripled. It has been a trick of Pasek's. He has wanted to learn where Felix Skarga is; he has used every means at his command to get the information from Jan; but Jan has been obdurate. He has said a thousand times that he does not know. So Stefan has been held apart until Jan is willing to tell what he knows. But Jan knows nothing!

Beholding Stefan's face in the crowd Jan rose to his feet. A great light

shone in his eyes. He stretched forth his arms and started toward the rail. "Stefan!" he cried; "my boy Stefan!" There was a stir among the soldiers. Two guards threw themselves upon Jan and dragged him back into his chair. Three months ago they would have been poor clay in his hands. With one blow of his mighty fist he could have sent them sprawling. Now he is weak from confinement and lack of food, and must obey.

"Get back into your chair!"

"But my boy—there's my boy—my little Stefan!" replied Jan, incredulous that his words were not magic to open the door to his desire.

The door at the head of the hall opened. A long-bearded *wojt* entered the Court room with great dignity. He wore a purple robe of justice. A silence settled over the hall as he advanced to the dais, upon which was a table bearing in inlaid gold the Imperial eagles of Carlmania. At this table he sat. Above, on the wall, looking down upon him, was a portrait of the Emperor, as though to see that justice be exacted.

Every one in the hall rose as he entered, and remained standing until he opened the Scriptures on the table. Upon the open book he placed a cross of gold. At this the populace sat, knowing now that only justice could ensue. The priest, Father Mamarja, entered in his black robes, ready to administer the oath to the witnesses, who went forward. They are Ujedski, Pasek, Androkoff, Nicholas, the three fusiliers, and the peasant in whose cart Jan and Stefan rode into O-Moldovo. Each kissed the Holy Book and the Cross. After this they could tell only the truth.

The Court was ready.

A hush settled over the hall. No one dared even to whisper. Fusiliers patrolled each aisle. Every face was strained, and ears were cupped. The *wojt* spoke with great clearness.

"The prisoner will rise!"

Jan got to his feet slowly. His arms were crossed behind his back. His face was listless, his eyes wide and

sorrowful. He felt himself at the mercy of these men. There was something final about the undercurrent of the atmosphere. Already he knew what the verdict was to be.

"Your name?" requested the *wojt*.

"Jan Rantzau."

"You will remain standing."

The Advocate of the Emperor now went forward. He was a small, somewhat bald man, with a bristling black mustache, and his eyes gleamed unnaturally. Heavy glasses set upon his nose. In his embroidered green robe he looked like a strange bird, peering grotesquely through the great horn rims of his glasses. He summoned the first witness. It was the Jewess.

Ujedski sat in the chair beside the *wojt*.

The Chief Advocate questioned her.

"*You are Madame Ujedski?*"

"Yes."

"*You know the defendant?*"

"Oh, yes! He and his boy lived with me five years. I have raised his boy and been a mother to him, and Jan Rantzau tried to choke me for my kindness—!"

With a jesture the *wojt* stopped her.

"*On the morning of July 17th, did you see the defendant in the company of Felix Skarga at your house?*"

"Oh, yes, yes! I heard some strange talk over the partition. A man seemed to be crying—as if he'd been hurt. Thinking I might help him, I got out of bed and looked into the room. Mother of God! what I saw! Blood on his hands, all over his left arm, and this other fellow binding up his arm to stop the blood coming! That's what I saw. And I heard them talk, about a meeting of Reds, and a fight with soldiers! . . . After a while the other man left, dressed in an old suit of Jan's, and a funny round cap."

After a flood of details from Ujedski, the Advocate waved her out of the chair, and called the little fusilier who had wounded Jan. He took the witness chair like a cock-of-the-walk. His eyes gleamed and snapped. It was

clear that he had something to say that he deemed important.

"*You are a fusilier in the service of the Emperor?*"

"I certainly am!"

"*Where were you on the night of July 16th?*"

"In the attack of the barn, where the Reds were holding their secret meeting. I set fire to the barn. After the escape of the Reds, I rode down the river with Captain Pasek and a fusilier, and lay in wait at the Gate of Kings. Just before sunrise we saw them coming. When they reached the Gate we sprang upon them. The prisoner reached for my rifle, and I fired, but missed him. He tried to strike me to the ground, but I was too fast for him; mark me, I was too fast for the fellow, and I drew my sabre and slashed the villain across his hand!"

Nicholas followed the little fusilier.

"*You are a friend of Jan Rantzau?*"

"Aye, a friend."

"*On the morning of July 17th, when you were working at the side of the defendant in the shipyard, did you not notice that the defendant's hand was injured?*"

"His hand was cut."

"*Which hand?*"

"His left hand."

"*Had his left hand been cut the day before when you last saw him at six o'clock?*"

"No."

"*Did you see the defendant at the time of the accident which destroyed his left hand?*"

"I was standing on the ground, just below the vat. It looked like it was going to slip from its chain, and the metal would have dashed over all the men below. Jan put out his hand and caught the vat just in time—but the boiling metal burned him so you couldn't tell if he ever had a hand."

"*Before this accident, did you see his hand cut and bleeding?*"

"Yes."

"That is all," concluded the Advocate. "Call Androkoff Mavero!"

Androkoff took the stand and verified everything Nicholas had said.

The Advocate then called the peasant who had given Jan a ride into O-Moldovo. He was a ruddy-faced bumpkin, excited and frightened, and he stared about, awe-struck.

"Do you know the defendant?"

"No, no, no! Honored sir——"

"What! You do not know this man Jan Rantzau?"

"I mean—excuse me, honored sir—I met him only once—one day three months ago—at sunset. I was going home to O-Moldovo with a load of hay—and this man met me on the road—and asked me to give him a ride. He had a little boy with him—so I let them climb into my cart. He told me he was a gardener, and came from the monastery at Bazias. I let him off at the railway station. That is all I know, honored sir—I swear it by the saints—that is all I know!"

He left the stand, perspiring and shaking violently.

Immediately Captain Pasek was called as a witness. Jan watched his enemy take the chair with the air of one who had long awaited this opportunity. The Advocate questioned minutely, and the *wojt* listened intently.

"How long have you known the defendant?"

"Seven years. My attention was called to him first on the night he broke open the grille in the Domos Pavilion, and let Skarga escape from us. I soon found his trail, but as the dancers had all been masked, and no one of them had recognized his face, there was no evidence against him."

"When next did the defendant come to your attention?"

"At the time he failed to pay his military tax."

"Were you the commanding officer in the attack on the barn when the defendant escaped with the fugitive Skarga?"

"I was. . . . We followed the defendant down the river and overtook him at the Gate of Kings. He injured two of our men in combat. It was in this fight that he received the sabre thrust on his left hand. When I went

to the shipyard to make the arrest the liquid metal ran over his hand and burned out the evidence of the sabre cut. But the word of the fusilier who testified that he inflicted the blow cannot be challenged. The defendant was the accomplice of the revolutionary Skarga. He aided and abetted his escape from the unlawful meeting."

The Advocate of the Emperor asked a great many other questions which Jan's Advocate, appointed by the *wojt*, attempted to attack. The replies, he asserted, were hearsay and circumstantial.

The counsel for Jan was a very, very young man seeking a place in the sun. He was too youthful to see the burning injustice to his client, and his words were mild and powerless. Had his heart been untrammelled by selfish ambition, and open to the vision of man's inhumanity to man, he might have fixed his name forever on the lips of men. As it was, the opposing counsel smiled, and the peasants smiled, and when he was through with his speech the *wojt* retired to arrive at a conclusion.

Instantly all was confusion. The peasants broke into loud conversation, the Advocates fraternized in a group and speculated genially as to the verdict, and the fusiliers, as though fearing an attempt at escape, closed in about Jan. He had been standing all through the ordeal. Now his head bowed humbly; and when he looked up he stared across the chatting spectators toward his boy. He seemed like a man bereft of his senses. Vital evidence against him had failed to move him. During the lashing delivered against him by the Emperor's Advocate he had stood as immobile as a stone. . . . It had all been as nothing to him. . . . His forlorn and hungry heart craved only his boy.

Suddenly a bell rang. The Advocates, who had begun to wander about the hall, aimlessly, now hurried back to their tables. A deep hush fell upon the room. The door opened, and the *wojt* returned. In the palpitating silence the magistrate's voice rang

out like a shot.

" . . . in view of the evidence, it is recognized that said defendant has proved himself a revolutionist, and a sympathizer with revolutionists, has aided and abetted the escape of fugitives from justice, and such conduct being against the laws of our Imperial Government, this Court hereby finds said defendant guilty, and sentences him to ten years in the prison at Floryanska."

Jan heard the words as a murmur from afar. He was struck mute. His face was fixed in painful, shocking horror.

The session of the Court being over with the announcement of the verdict, the *wojt* retired, and wild confusion broke the tense silence. The peasants talked in loud voices; the Advocates arose and prepared to depart; the guard fastened the police chains upon Jan's arms. About him Jan heard a maelstrom of voices:

"Lucky it wasn't twenty years!"

"It might have been death!"

"Floryanska is worse than death!"

"That's his boy over there."

His boy! Ten years! What was all this talk? . . . Prison for ten years? . . . He leaned forward and whispered to his guard.

"What did the *wojt* decide?"

"Sentenced you to Floryanska for ten years."

Ten years! Ten years away from his boy! Good God, it had come upon him at last, the thing he feared most in all the world! To be torn from his son, not to be able to labor for him, not to be able to hug him to his breast at night, and tuck him up, and protect him . . . !

Jan's eyes flamed. He started toward Ujedski, whom he saw quickly hurrying Stefan away.

"Stefan!" he cried, "Stefan!"

His voice was tremulous with love, quivering with emotion. He did not feel the biting steel of the chains upon his arms, nor the presence of the two fusiliers beside him. Violently he cleared the crowd and looked about. Stefan was gone. Jan strode

rapidly ahead into the street.

"Stefan! O Stefan!"

In the multitude of faces about him he lost sight of his boy's. He thrashed through the crowd, dragging the fusiliers like pygmies after him. He looked everywhere. But his boy was gone. The Jewess had mysteriously spirited him away lest some one should take him from her . . . The big man stood still . . . All in an instant he realized that he had been robbed of his son. He felt the tightening grip of the fusiliers upon the chains. His great frame shook with inward sobs, swept by a cataclysm of sorrow. Tears burst from his eyes. He cried like a child, his voice choking, his hands clenched helplessly like sledges. His feet were set apart, as though braced to withstand a terrible shock . . . Where was Jagiello? His boy needed her, now that they were going to take him away. His naked heart cried to the woman he loved to come and care for his lad, knowing neither time nor place, eons nor eternity.

"O Jagiello! Jagiello! Jagiello!"

And after a while he heard, dim and indistinct, the voice of the brisk little fusilier beside him.

"Come! The *droszki* leaves in five minutes for Floryanska!"

Jan stared dully.

"Is there anything you want before you go?"

"Nothing."

"That is a privilege we give all prisoners."

"Nothing more."

"Are you ready to go?"

"I am ready."

"And there is no favor you wish?"

"There is no favor now."

Jan went quickly with the fusiliers. It was a terrible beginning for his ten years.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The military prison of Floryanska was built in wild solitude against a cliff wall above Galt. A hundred years before it had been a fortress,

later a prison for hostages of war. It was humanly impossible to scale the sheer cliffs above the towers. To try to descend meant death countless feet below upon the unexplored crags.

The only free things about the prison were the great grey eagles that screamed far overhead, and built eyries at the tops of the beetling cliffs.

It was to Floryanska that the political prisoners of the Empire were sent. No inmate had ever escaped alive. Many had chosen death by throwing themselves from the grim walls.

Thieves and assassins—these were sent elsewhere. The Emperor deemed it vastly more important to entomb the Revolutionists at Floryanska.

In the days of the Teuton occupation this inscription had been cut in the solid rock over the single narrow gate leading in to Floryanska:

"An Gottes Segen Ist Alles Gelegen."

Which means: "By God's Blessing All Have Their Opportunity"—for death at Floryanska.

Jan's cell was hewn out of solid rock. It was centuries old: narrow, cold and damp. Through the iron bars he could look down upon far-away Galt, and the Ule flashing its yellow way northward into the Baltic. He could see the giant Huascar; and in the gold of sunrise, when the air was very clear, he could hear the throbbing hammers building her gaunt sides.

The blows were as blows upon his heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The frontier provinces of Russia, Austria and France were overrun with thousands of Carlmanian spies, despatched upon specific missions by the Military Government.

These spies were mostly women and old men, in the guise of weavers or fishermen. They penetrated into the enemy's country, accomplished their tasks, and sent their reports, to the War Office at Nagi-Aaros by word of mouth, by peasants returning to the

Motherland. In an adroit manner the position of every hill and valley became known to the War Minister. Not a bridge, ravine, wood, stream, farmhouse, barracks, arsenal or pass but that was minutely sketched and mapped, and on record in the War Office. Strategic positions were held by the factories of rich Carlmanian manufacturers—spies directed by the far-reaching espionage system of the Motherland. The hand of the Iron Chancellor was ruthless and arbitrary. A manufacturer peaceably producing Carlmanian china in the territory near the Gulf of Danzig might suddenly be ordered to cross the frontier and establish in Poland ostensibly a pottery—in reality to receive shipments of Carlmanian rifles and uniforms to store in his warehouses until the day when the Government would require them for an invading army.

A colony of fishermen might be ordered to shift the scene of their activity into the Gulf of Riga. Here their labors by day would consist in casting their nets in the fisheries; by night they would row in the pale of the moon out in the offing, and there plant mines for the destruction of the enemy's battleships when the shadow of war should descend.

An Imperial military band, its members disguised as itinerant musicians, would penetrate into the heart of Austria, to wander among the mountain villages until called to the colors by the Emperor.

In factory yards were built macadam bases to serve as the foundations of great mortars when the Carlmanian artillery should besiege the cities.

There were spies in Metz, Nancy, Innsbruck, Prague, Kalisch, Memel and Libau; and from these towns, spreading in a semi-circle round the frontier, radiated chains of lesser spies: old men teaching in schools, women working in the fields, fishermen casting nets in the sea; and rich manufacturers receiving heavy shipments from the North—ammunitions

and uniforms—all marked by a studied naivete and simplicity.

The home of Jagiello Nur lay near the frontier in the fields of Guor: one of hundreds of simple white-washed farm houses, low and squatty, with a thatched roof. For miles and miles stretched the flattened acreage of ripened maize, and flax and rye. On the southern border rose the towers of Niggh—the last Carlmanian town. Northward through the fields meandered the river Ule. Its banks were studded with gray stone forts, and its blue course was dotted with barges. In the fall of the year the blue, drifting surface became alive with the slow-moving barges, bearing the harvest northward into Dolci, and Roden-Roden, and St. Rothoan. Sometimes the barges floated southward across the border, laden with stacks of rye, and under the rye were black boxes of ammunition and rifles. The river was like a broad avenue, and its banks were lined with tall, shivering yellow poplars. Along the west bank was a little damp green wood where the Ule ambled into Niggh. Here were silver birches, and willows, and shadowy lindens. Farmhouses dotted the plain, quaint and low. Everywhere were windmills. When the sun burst over the far eastern hills and illumined the lowlands, thousands of peasant girls took their places in the fields, raking hay. They were young and ruddy of cheek; and their limbs were bare and brown; and their sturdy plump arms were burnt as by a Barbary sun.

On the day that Jagiello left Jan and Stefan, she met the boy with the wide straw hat as he was driving the barge up the river. She drifted miles to Bazias, then changing to a hay barge, floated for seven days and seven nights to Jarolsau. Here she bade the barge-boy farewell, and with the towers of the garrison town at her back, set out across country toward the headwaters of the Ule. It was a long and arduous journey, and at night by the full of the moon she went alone through the woods, with

the distant cry of the timber wolves strong in the wind. Once she slept in a deserted wood-chopper's hut; on the third night she slumbered in the ruins of a castle off the great high road between Edda and Sonn; and later she groped her way to the Barracks at Veille. The next night she hid in a barn. Toward morning she heard whisperings under the loft. A band of soldiers entered; but at the first gray streak of dawn she slipped away unseen, and, footsore and heart-broken, went toward her home.

When she was yet a mile away she could see the thatched roof and the old-gray whitewashed porches. As she drew nearer she saw that the house was still and deserted. The windows were boarded up; the door was nailed. A great fear stole over her. She sat down on the porch, wondering, awe-struck.

Presently the Commissaire of the village, a white-haired oldster who had known her family since her birth, came ambling down the road between the fields, feeling his way with his cane.

"O Commissaire!" she exclaimed; "where are my brothers and my mother?"

The old man stared in astonishment. His eyes blinked in the sunlight. "Jagiello!" he said, amazed; "is it you, my child? After all these years—Jagiello Nur?"

"O Commissaire, where is my mother?"

The Commissaire shook his head sadly. "You do not know, my child?"

"No, Commissaire!"

After a long silence the old man said slowly: "Your brothers are conscripts, serving compulsory time at the Barracks. Your mother . . . is no more."

Jagiello's heart, already torn with sorrow, sank under this fresh wound. Her eyes were blind with tears . . . She followed the Commissaire round the house into the garden of anemones and wild roses, and there, grass grown and green, was a mound marked by a simple white cross . . . With a moan

of anguish, she threw herself upon the earth, sobbing pitifully . . . After a long time she got up and looked about. She was alone. The Commissaire had long since departed. The deep blue of twilight was descending. Taking heart, she dried her eyes and smoothed out her long yellow hair. She forced open the small door of the hut and went in.

The little house was unchanged. Through all the years her memory had retained her girlhood impression of the three tiny rooms, now dark except where the twilight filtered through the openings in the thatch. The rough table was covered with dust; three crooked chairs squatted in as many corners; and in the pallets of straw great wood rats had built nests. As she entered, the rats sat up and stared at her with mild curiosity; then scampering away, they disappeared under the straw.

The utter desolation of the hut in the midst of the lonesome fields, the palpitating silence, the terrors of descending night—all crept into her heart and chilled her with fear. An impulse to rush from the hut seized her. But whither would she run? She darted from the doorway of the hut and fled into the night. Far, far afield she flew, until the hut was lost in the sea of night, and only shocks of rye confronted her as far as she could see. Upon one of these stacks she threw her weary body. The night was warm; the stars burned like sapphires; the silver crescent of a September moon dipped above the Aaros Hills. Long through that night tears welled and flooded her cheeks. Toward morning she fell asleep, and the winds cooled her hot face and the morning star watched above her.

Dawn came with a sky of soft gold and crimson. The larks were on the wing; all the little field creatures were astir, piping with joyousness.

Jagiello rose from the rye and went down to the river, a quarter of a mile away. She bathed her lovely face and limbs. The morning winds dried her freshened skin.

Presently she heard laughter across the fields, and the voices of young girls. Then an ox-cart rumbled along, driven by a brown peasant with a wide velvet hat. She called to the sun-bronzed girls.

"Ho, Marja!"

She had known Marja Leazova in the old days. The girl in the slow-moving cart stared out from under her white coif with unbelieving eyes, then called back:

"Jagiello! What are you doing here? When did you come home from Galt?"

"Yesterday. Where are you going?"

"To Roye Jouliloki's—hayng."

"I should like to work in old Roye's fields. Do you think he would remember me? Do you think he would let me work for him?"

The peasant girls shouted warm assurances. "Come with us! Pare Jons is taking us to Roye's."

She climbed nimbly into the cart, and the oxen lumbered on to the fields of Belle-Oudry.

Old Roye remembered her, and asked after her, and wept childishly at the memory of her mother, whom he had loved in his youth. So Jagiello went into the fields.

Summer passed slowly, yellow days drifting into brown. She bravely stifled the sorrow in her heart. Presently another summer came, and another. With the vanishing years her memories of Jan and little Stefan became sweeter. The bitterness in her heart mellowed and softened.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ten years passed.

On September 22d, the fields of Guor lay sweltering in the fierce heat of noon. The peasants were resting from their work in the shadow of old Roye's farmhouse. Not a leaf quivered in the blazing silence.

Suddenly, three miles down the far Belle-Oudry Road arose a whirl of dust. Nearer and nearer it came. Presently a detachment of Carlmanian

Cuirassiers wheeled into view; the sun flashed on their sabres and glistened upon their horses' withers. They were picked soldiers of the Chevalier Garde, and they rode up with imperious verve, and dismounted. There were forty mounts, and for each soldier were half a dozen excited, blushing peasant girls to fetch water and point out the road to the Jarolsau Barracks.

Of all the fascinated, slim, brown girls of the fields, but one remained aloof.

When the Captain of the Garde saw her, with the gold in her hair, and the sky's clear blue in her eyes, and the wild rose tints still upon her cheeks, his eyes danced with the eager light of discovery. With courtly grace he saluted her. He was a handsome figure in white, with gleaming cuirass and black hussar boots. He lifted his helmet.

"Mademoiselle, I have the honor to bear you a message from His Majesty, the Emperor. He requests your presence in the Palace at Nagi-Aaros."

Jagiello lifted a frightened white face.

"The Emperor!" she gasped. She laughed nervously to hide her torrent of confusion.

"You will accompany me at once to His Highness!"

"What can His Majesty want of me? I am nobody that he would want to know. Oh, you are trying to make a fool of me!"

The Captain replied with a mysterious smile: "His Majesty has great need of you, Mademoiselle."

The Emperor had commanded. When the Chevalier Garde flashed northward in the sun, the peasant girl of Guor rode to obey the Imperial summons.

(To be Continued.)

A SPRING NOCTURNE

Low drooped the branches of the pine,
Above the tender green,
Of grasses new and columbine,
And violets between.

The Willows bowed to kiss the stream,
Tall poplars kissed the sun,
The Golden Poppies closed to dream—
The first Spring day was done.

When burnished gold shone in the West,
I heard a low, sweet croon,
And night came holding to her breast
A little new born Moon.

Then one by one the Stars awoke,
And leaning far to see,
The lovely earth; their silence broke,
And joined the harmony.

The earth, the sky, the stream, the trees;
In serenade all sing,
With soothing, tender melodies,
The birthnight of the Spring.

WILLIAM NAUNS RICKS.

Under Washington's Secret Orders

True Account of the Story of the "Otter" Incident

By John Hosking

I WAS born March 12, 1849. My father was born at Vermont, March 8, 1799. My grand-father was born March 6, 1749. That is about as far as I can trace my family. I never wrote a story in my life, but I have told many. I am now an old man, and I am going to make an attempt to write a story. If I succeed in this, I shall try my hand on others.

My grandfather's name was William Dawes, known all round New York as Captain Dawes, because he commanded and owned a sloop named the "Otter." He was a sailor of good repute, an uncommon commodity in those days. Everybody who knew Captain Dawes had a good word for him. Among one of his best friends was George Washington. President Washington, as he was then called, was very friendly with the Commander of the "Otter," because of a few good things that eminent Captain had done in the interest of his country, and in compliance with the wishes of the President, whom he honored and revered.

What I want to write took place in the seventh year of his Presidency. I got this from my grandfather's diary, which he kept, and is now a very valuable book, and will become more valuable as time goes on.

General Washington met my grandfather in the cabin of the "Otter" one day, and among other things he said: "Captain Dawes, I want you to do me a very great favor."

"Anything in my power, Mr. President, I can do for you, I will do. As

the Bible says, 'To the half of my kingdom.' Command me, Mr. President, and you will find no man in your dominion more willing to sail the ocean or travel the land."

"You have relieved my mind very materially," said the President. "What I want you to do is to sail across the South Pacific to a place called Port Jackson in the Island of Australia, and find a man named Thomas Muir, who has been transported to that territory for fourteen years as a common convict and felon."

"May I ask," said grandfather, "for what crime he was punished?"

General Washington then went over the details of this man's crimes, trial and punishment. Thomas Muir was born in England, but practiced in Scotland up to the time of his arrest. In 1792 he had the courage to join one of the societies in that country to advocate political and social reform.

He was charged before the court with having, "by speeches, publications and acts, excited the citizens to sedition; and with having absconded from the kingdom when called upon to stand his trial." His "seditious practices" consisted in addressing meetings of the "Society of Friends of the People;" also with corresponding with "United Irishmen," as well as "Notable Republicans" in America; printing the "rude remarks" of a man named Thomas Paine; and his "absconding" consisted in taking passage for New York, and landing in Ireland, where the vessel in which he embarked put in for cargo. The evidence

against him was overwhelming. He was proved to have spoken highly of Thomas Paine's books. A servant he kept at his house gave evidence that she heard her master tell his hair-dresser to "buy Paine's 'Rights of Man,' and keep the book in the shop to enlighten the people." Annie Fisher, for that was her name, was complimented on her honesty and evidence.

Another witness swore that she heard the prisoner say that "Members of Parliament should have forty shillings a day as wages, and none but honest men should occupy the benches of the Legislature." Another witness alleged that he heard the prisoner term the Irish Catholics "men taxed without being represented; bound by laws to which they had given no consent, and politically dead in their native land."

The High Court consisted of Lords Chief Justice McQueen, Henderson, Swinton, Dunsinnan and Abercrombie. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation beyond the seas for fourteen years; under penalty of death should he return before the expiration of the term.

"And this is the man you wish me to cross the oceans for and bring to this country?" asked grandfather.

"He is the man, and you are the man to bring him," said Washington.

Captain Dawes was a religious man, like his President, but unlike his President he had the habit of using swear words. Now I come to a very important matter affecting my esteemed ancestor's character and good name. He frequently used the words Hell, the Deuce, and Damnation, in his prayers and in his conversation. He frequently prayed, "Lord save us from hell, the devil and damnation." In fact, he never prayed without bringing in that sentence or petition. He told one of his crew one day that he "was going to the devil fast." He told a woman that if she continued in the way she was living she would "go to hell sure." He said to grandmother once, perhaps several times, but once

anyhow: "Well, Margaret, let us be thankful we are going to glory when we die, and not to damnation."

General Washington said "that a nation that depleted itself of such men as Thomas Muir was a—" and he hesitated for a proper word, a common habit of the President. Grandfather helped him through by saying: "It was a—damnation." General Washington told grandfather that was not the word he wanted, and besides he gave a lecture against swearing, which grandfather took as personal, because he happened to be the only one addressed on that occasion.

General Washington said that: "If you take all the reformers out of any country, banish the good and true men from a realm, whether it be America, or Britain, what have you left? What sort of a country do you make? Tell me, Captain Dawes?"

"A Hell," said my grandfather, which remark was followed by another lecture.

The President parted the best of friends, notwithstanding the little episode about the use of words. Captain Dawes undertook the voyage which proved to be a perilous one, as the sequel will show. The "Otter" took exactly four months to reach Port Jackson from New York, a journey now completed in as many weeks. When the "Otter" sailed into the lovely harbor at Port Jackson, there were all sorts of questions asked. But Captain Dawes put all inquirers at ease by saying he was in need of fresh water for living purposes, and he displayed the American flag. He had to play his cards well and skilfully to get his man and save the good name of President Washington. The place was a convict settlement, and all sorts of attempts were made by the convicts to escape the hardships of their confinement and get away into the forest. Consequently there were pickets everywhere on the alert.

Captain Dawes bound all his crew over to secrecy, on pain of severe punishment for any tittle-tattle while in port. Needless to say, he selected

his crew very carefully, and acted wisely in so doing.

A policeman asked the Captain one day when he intended returning to America. The reply was: "When I am good and ready!" But we are anticipating. Soon after landing, the Captain went to Government House, the residence of the Governor of the recently established British Colony. Governor John Hunter received the American master mariner very cordially, and made many inquiries about America, more especially the President. To all inquiries, we may rest assured, the Captain gave discreet and proper answers.

"I have a member of my crew," said the Captain, "who has been poorly for some weeks during the voyage, and I have buoyed him up with the hope of getting medical attention when we landed at Port Jackson. Is there a doctor among your people here you can recommend me?"

"Certainly, Captain," was the courteous reply; "there is a man, a convict, who is very skilled in medication. I have no doubt he would be of great service to your man. His name is Thomas Muir. He has to serve fourteen years, and he arrived here only a few weeks ago. We have proved him to be a most estimable character. But his services are in great demand, as he is skilful and clever. You have my full permission to utilize his skill."

"There need be no complications over an English convict-doctor attending an American patient, I suppose. I am willing to pay for his services."

"There need not be the slightest hesitancy on your part so far as that goes, Captain Dawes. I always regard the rights of man, as man, as superceding the rights of any legislative enactment, or administration. In cases of sickness we suspend the rigor of law and relax the demands of justice out of consideration to the call of the suffering."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, Governor. I hate any misgivings about any action I do. I am glad to

hear you say that righteousness and benevolence come before law and national tribunals."

"Of course you will easily understand that the doctor is a convict, and must be duly watched and kept under surveillance while he visits your ship."

This rather disconcerted my grandfather. He thought he was winning his game all right by getting the doctor to the "Otter" to attend a patient. He had heard that Dr. Muir was practicing with some success on the afflicted convicts. "Now between man and man, Governor Hunter, do you think it is really essential for the doctor to be hampered in that way in attending a patient? Is it likely that he will attempt to escape from you by jumping into the harbor and drowning himself, if he is such a man as you have represented? Is he troubled with suicidal tendencies? Has he made any attempts at self-destruction hitherto?"

"Oh, dear no; he is one of the sanest men we have in the place. He is level-headed, wide awake, and thoroughly educated. Come to think of it, perhaps it would be as well to give him a free hand with you. Probably he will think more clearly, and be of greater service to your afflicted, if he went unguarded and untrammelled."

"I guess you are right, Governor," said the Captain. "A clever man can always do the best work when he is left to think freely."

The result of this interview was that Dr. Muir visited the "Otter" several times, and brought his patient round to good health. Another result was that the Captain and the Doctor became very friendly; and still another result was that the Doctor was able to formulate a plan for his escape; a further result was that the "Otter" sailed out of Sydney harbor with the Doctor in the disguise of an American sailor with hundreds of cheers for a bon voyage and a safe return to the land of the free and independent government and constitution.

It was a hot summer noon when the sloop set sail, slowly gliding through

the "Heads," where the swell of the Southern ocean was heard in measured cadence. Now I am going to quote from the Captain's diary the following particulars relating to this voyage. We read there:

"The rich perfume of the wattle trees was gently wafted by the lagging breeze. As the 'Heads' were cleared, the wind freshened, the gaff top-sails were run up, and in a very few hours the long line of coast faded into dim perspective. We were all looking forward to a pleasant and prosperous voyage. We got our man aboard, and thus obtained what we had taken the long voyage for, and now we were looking for home and the approving thanks of our esteemed and honored President Washington—God bless him. May he live long and die happy.

"We were fairly out in the bosom of the mighty ocean as night came on; not a mile of coast was anywhere to be seen. The stars glistened brightly upon us as if they congratulated us on taking a man to a free country to breathe the air of liberty that every man has an inalienable right to do in this world, so long as he behaves himself, as a man should.

"The morning dawned with a soft, rose color, swooned through languid airs, and melted into golden sunset. Sapphire sea shimmered beneath the sun across limitless fields of azure. Dr. Muir said to me: 'This is a dream of Paradise, Captain Dawes. My heart is too full for words. I have to pinch myself sometimes to make sure I am wide awake, and not sleeping in some dreamy flight of fancy.' 'My dear Doctor,' says I, 'you are on the highway to the land of the noble and the free, where a man is a man and not treated as bad when he is good.'

"The next day a gentle breeze came upon us, and a refreshing trade wind rippled the ocean's bosom with tiny wavelets, carrying the 'Otter' along with easy motion without any perceptible sense of moving. The silver sheen of the flying fish added to the dreamy splendor of our view, as they skipped through the pearly atmosphere

to fall with a faint, rippling splash in the undulating sea. We watched the dolphins and bonitos as they threw up a shower of brilliants in lively sport and tossing action.

"The brightness faded away at the end of our first week of the voyage. Heavy tropical showers and repulsive mists gathered; short, swift squalls blew aft with great force. Then came an ominous calm. Huge clouds hung motionless in the sultry, oppressive atmosphere; the clouds gradually grew more lowering, making an impressive and weird silence. The atmosphere became hotter, more lurid and obscure. Suddenly there came a perceptible chill, as a movement in a pillar of cloud ahead of us became an inky black. The cloud mass was bearing down upon us, gathering strength in its descent, and enveloping us in a mantle of gloom. Then we caught the sound of an angry wind screeching along the sea, lashing it into fury as it moved with rapid speed. It came upon us with a long, relentless shriek, driving us as in a compact body.

"We were in for a South Sea hurricane. Our ship was caught astern, and brought fortunately under easy sail, or she would have been immediately dismasted. We were lifted forward with one tremendous bound; hurried away as on the wings of the gale, with every inch of canvas furiously torn into shreds. Now we were completely wrapped in the tempest, our ship running under it with bare poles—as a skeleton engaged in a terrible struggle with a death-like monster. Shrouds and stays rang responsively to the raging wind, like the strings of a gigantic harp, making a kind of weird, doleful, death knell accompaniment to the howling tempest. The sound is indescribable: like ten thousand laughs and ghastly yells of as many demons let loose from the infernal regions.

"All aboard felt that an angel was completely enveloping us with huge and awful wings, as night came on, making the darkness quite complete.

Our lives hung in a slender balance hour after hour; every hour seemed our last.

"The sailors who were lashed to the wheel in a partly exposed condition, had their clothes blown off their backs. A tarpaulin was made fast to the bowsprit to do duty as a storm-jib, the hoisting of sail, even if we had it, being out of the question. To add to the dismal terror of the scene, an awful thunder-storm burst upon us; the vivid flashes of lightning lighting up the whole of the inky vault above, bringing the sweltering desert of water into view with a strange effect that dazed and dazzled, like the flames of the nether regions. Each mast was crowded with a baleful fire, shedding a ghastly, bluish light upon the sailors on deck, giving a corpse-like hue to their faces. The gruesome sight made a deep impression upon us; we seemed to be among the spectres of the dead in a strange world of fire and flame; the thunder-peals rolled and rumbled as the mad music of a funeral dirge.

"When the struggling dawn of day showed through the grey murk a canopy of clouds seemed to be torn and mangled into every conceivable shape, as the seething sea boiled away to the dismal horizon, where the broken surface was tinged with a wan light. The isolation and mystery that surrounded us were deepened and intensified each hour. On our lee was a great misty dome, and to it we were drifting with rapid speed. I thought it might be a cloud form, or an island, for all we could see in the misty gloom. A sailor who had lashed himself to the mizzen shrouds was listening most intently and eagerly to the thunder claps that were getting louder and nearer.

"'Did you hear that, Bill?' he shouted to his neighbor, another sailor.

"'I did,' answered Bill; 'let us hope we are through the worst of it.'

"Bill Adamson was an old, weather-beaten sailor of mahogany complexion, short, thick whiskers, like cocoanut fibres; strong nerves and agile movements. He was as lively as a cat. He had been in many rough seas and

could tell many stories of wild and lawless regions, both on sea and land; had served in an old Dutch whaler for some years, and had several encounters with Spaniards and others. He knew much of the adventurous life of the whale fisheries, the piratical exploits of both Portuguese and Spaniards. He knew more about storm and sunshine in South seas than any man aboard the 'Otter.'

"'I'm not mistaken,' he continued. 'No one who has heard the sullen roar of a South sea reef with a lee shore afore him ever forgets it. You see that big island rising afore us through the haze? Do you see it?'

"The sun rose like a molten globe shorn of its beams and powerless to outstare a man, as it gave a pale effulgence, very like a full moon. The gale was driving us on with uncontrollable power, making strange and awful sounds, now like the roar of fierce anger, then in measured, dirge-like tones and melancholy strains measured by distance; sometimes bursting and breaking in booming cracks like huge guns of war; all hurried us to our doom, for as the spectral light crept towards the zenith it disclosed a sight to appal the stoutest heart, though forming in itself a magnificent spectacle—a storm tossed sea breaking in mad fury upon a reef, one of those mighty fabrics of coral built up by myriads of tiny architects, the conquerors of the ocean surge in the work of making many breakwaters and natural harbors.

"We talked the situation over with Bill Adamson. for he was our wiseacre or quid nunc in all matters of critical perplexity. Bill told us that we had two chances, and both very small; one was to be driven in at the opening of a reef that is usually found opposite a river or creek where sometimes the water is deep enough to float a fair-size ship: the other chance was to jump the barrier, for if the ship took the reef at a narrow place it was possible for her to ride clear over it on the back of a wave into smooth water; but she is very likely to be caught in

the obstruction or dropped by a receding billow on a pointed coral patch and be dashed to matchwood. We must be prepared for the worst, for we are as helpless as new-born babes.

"One brave hearted sailor went into his cuddy and opened his cabin chest to look fondly on a picture of one far away; another took a Bible and opened a page by inserting a pin at random in the closed leaves; others got rum and became insensible to whatever would happen, for if they were to die they would die drunk and be drowned in liquor in a double sense; Dr. Muir and I gave ourselves in prayer to Him who calmed the roaring waves and walked upon the Sea of Gililee, with a voice saying 'Peace, be still, and lo, there was a great calm;' all looked forward to a speedy death and governed themselves accordingly; i. e., according to their own particular and peculiar ideas and feelings.

"The wind slackened towards evening; but the sea kept high as the hurricane no longer flattened its surface. We were sometimes lifted on dizzy heights, then plunged into dismal sea valleys, rising to great and descending to great depths with mathematical regularity. Sometimes we were in such terrible ravines that nothing was seen but mountainous sides of imprisoning watery walls. But the 'Otter' did her work well in the world of throbbing ocean. It was wonderful to see her climbing to the summit of the ranges of those gigantic hills, crested with wreaths of foam and froth, and then seemingly to dance and leap into the aqueous ravines again.

"We noticed a narrow opening in the reef ahead of us where the flux and reflux of the sea made a miniature maelstrom of power that could engulf half a dozen ships the size of ours; although we were fairly wrapped in clouds of spray and mist as we were drawn into deep cauldrons of seething vortexes, nobody knowing where we would be carried. Both Mr. Muir and I were impervious to the fear of our impending doom, for we both had sweet visions of Elysian fields, be-

yond the stormy things of sea and sky, where there is a calmness of blue brightness and the sweetness of a liberty undisturbed and unalloyed.

"Suddenly we were upborne, amid an awful roar and a doleful bellow, on a mighty wave ascending like a waterspout and tapering to a pyramidal point. There we were, poised for a moment like Mohammed's coffin, in mid-air, whilst the 'Otter' quivered and shook from stem to stern as a leaf in an autumn breeze at such a dizzy height; just as suddenly we sank with incredible velocity into an awful abyss, like the bottomless pit of darkness. With equally marvelous speed we were again borne on the crest of a mountainous wave right through a reef into a sheet of calm water. The mighty giant of the sea had taken us up and thrown us into the harbor of safety and peace. Away in the distance, we heard the booming and bursting of the thunderous rollers of the Pacific, as if the grim monster of the deep was tired of playing with us and cast us off in mocking anger.

"What we considered to be one island turned out to be three, and each covered with luscious verdure and fruits that Bill Adamson said we could stay and live here forever, and have plenty to eat and drink without any effort."

So much, then, for Grandfather's description of the voyage thus far. It would take me too long to transcribe the whole of this particular voyage from the diary, so I will be very brief, and merely state the bare facts.

The crew remained about a week in the coral harbor, and lived well together, enjoying a rest that they richly deserved. They glided out of the harbor in the opposite way of their entrance, and sailed away for three months without anything happening to call for special note, except that the Captain got a heap of canvas at Tahiti presented to him by the natives in exchange for some articles he could easily do without better than he could the sailing sheets. We say canvas, but it was really matting made of cocoa-

nut fibre, but it answered as a substitute for the sails that had been torn by the gale.

After three months' sailing the "Otter" unfortunately struck a rock and went to pieces at Nootka Sound. The whole crew were captured by the Indians, including Dr. Muir and the Captain. Dr. Muir won the affection of the savages by his bold bearing and ready compliance with their wishes. One of the Indians who appeared to be a chief of the tribe was in great pain with rheumatism, or sciatica. Dr. Muir rubbed and rubbed the painful limbs, and got some of the sailors to take turns at the rubbing. Of course the Indian got relief, and the lives of all were in safe keeping in consequence. Dr. Muir seemed to have had some knowledge of their customs, and they were ready to render the shipwrecked mariners any assistance in their power.

The whole company escaped from the Indians and walked nearly four thousand miles to Panama, where the Governor treated them very civilly, and gave them an opportunity to rest and be refreshed. He also kindly offered to send them to the Havanas in a vessel about to sail for that port; but Dr. Muir was stricken with yellow fever and had to lay aside for some weeks.

On his recovery the party were sent to Cuba, and were there imprisoned. How they escaped from the Cuban prison is a most interesting story, and will some day be told, either by me, or somebody else.

They got aboard the Spanish frigate "The Nymph" as common sailors, much to my grandfather's disgust, but it was a case of extreme necessity. "The Nymph" and her consort were sighted off Cadiz by the "Emerald" and "Irresistible," a part of Sir John Jarvis' squadron on the lookout for treasure ships. After two hours' desperate fighting in Cantille Bay, the Spaniards surrendered. The last shot from the "Irresistible" grazed Dr. Muir's head. He fell, apparently a corpse, on the deck.

The English officers, on boarding the conquered frigate, were impressed with the curious fact of one of the bodies lying on the deck clasping a Bible with both hands. Some sailors lifted the body to throw it overboard, when Dr. Muir groaned, and as he did so a Bible fell from his hands. An English officer picked it up, turned to the fly-leaf and read the name of one of his old school fellows, "Thomas Muir." He kept his counsel and got his old friend conveyed ashore as a wounded Spaniard, along with Grandfather and Bill Adamson. All the other members of the "Otter's" crew were killed. Dr. Muir's iron constitution triumphed, and he found means to communicate with his friends in Paris.

The Captain of the "Otter," and his friend, Dr. Muir were invited by the "Directory" of France to make their home as "friends of liberty in the land which liberty has chosen for her own."

Their entrance into France was triumphant. They were entertained at a banquet of 500 citizens of the French Republic at Bordeaux. Their health was drunk with great enthusiasm and tremendous applause when they gave an account of themselves, mission and exploits. Dr. Muir returned thanks in a felicitous speech.

On February 4th, 1799, the trio were feted in Paris, and made the guests of the French nation for the time. Here the Captain made a speech on America, the future home of the brave and true, that, in my opinion, ranks along with some of the best political literature of our country. After referring to the imprisonment of Lafayette by the Austrians, who is at "this time in the clutches of that nation as a state prisoner, with memories of our thanks of Congress for his bravery and skill at Monmouth in 1778 cheering him and buoying him up in his trials and oppression of bondage; Lafayette will never be forgotten for his defense of Virginia and the honorable part he took in the decisive victory of Yorktown in 1781; may Lafay-

ette soon be liberated is the prayer of the American nation." (Bonaparte, in 1797, insisted on his liberation, and Lafayette returned to France in 1800.)

The Captain concluded his speech by saying: "You have shown us every possible kindness since we arrived on your shores. We have to get to our home; our ship is scattered on the ocean's bosom at Nootka Sound; how are we to reach our home?"

"There is a sloop at Bordeaux harbor very like the 'Otter.' Are we within our rights as Americans in begging, borrowing or stealing that sloop?"

The hint was taken good-naturedly, and the three mariners were presented with the sloop that was re-christened the "Otter," and they sailed from France amid the plaudits and huzzahs of the French people ashore.

Arriving in New York, June 1, 1779, the party was welcomed by George Washington. Captain Dawes received the hearty congratulations of the President who, as we know, died at the end of the same year. He had not long retired from the Presidency, and the Captain always treated him as "the President" up to his death, December 14, 1799.

WHEN LIFE COUNTS

Is Life so sweet to you and me
 That we must, with humility,
 Give way to power, bow to might;
 Is it not better far to fight
 Than yield to wrong indifferently?

When with unwilling eyes we see
 There is no choice but bended knee
 Or clenched fist with need to smite—
 Is Life so sweet?

Better to face what is to be,
 Than to escape it cravenly;
 Better to bear the dreadful blight
 Of war, than fear to stand for right—
 For only when, unshrinking, we
 Dare to meet Death and scorn to flee,
 Is Life so sweet!

REUBEN PETERSON.

A Soldier of France

By Lewis C. Everard

JEAN MOREL was returning from church. He was happy. To him, who usually spent his days in a hot and heavy aired boiler room feeding the great furnaces of the power house that runs the Paris "Metro," it was an exquisite pleasure to sit in the cool and spacious cathedral, and, his heart warmed by the music and the prayers, to come out from the service into the clear, balmy summer air, to cross the Pont au Double, and to walk home amid brightness and life along the quays. The bookstalls on the quays always fascinated him, and this morning, as usual, he lingered to examine long rows of attractive looking volumes. He did not buy a book, however; he hardly ever bought one, for his money and his education were both very limited. But when he thought of all the wisdom stored up in those miles of books, it seemed as if every time he picked up one there was the romance of a great adventure in it—he might find some wonderful buried treasure such as would make him more happy than all the gold in the Bank of France. The treasure was on the quay this morning; but not in the books.

As Jean bent over to look at the title of a large volume bound attractively in red buckram, he heard a light, familiar step. Wheeling round he came face to face with Madeline de Goucourt and her governess. Jean had long worshiped Madeline, but from afar; for she was the granddaughter of the rich and proud old M. de Goucourt, a hero of 1870, and he was only the son of the concierge at M. de Goucourt's hotel.

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle," he said, as he snatched off his hat and bowed.

"Good morning, Jean," said Madeline, pausing and smiling sweetly. "Were you looking at books again?"

"Come along, Madeline," said the governess, haughtily, before Jean could reply, and taking the girl's arm she drew her away. Jean's eyes followed them as they went on up the street, and his heart was warm at the memory of the girl's smile and courteous greeting. "She is not proud!" he murmured, and stood motionless for a moment, looking at the top of Madeline's parasol, but really seeing in his mind her friendly smile and her blue eyes, broad brow and dark hair. The girl and her companion passed out of sight down the Rue des Saints Peres, and Jean turned slowly toward the bookstall again.

"If I were only educated," he sighed half aloud.

"What did you say?" asked the stall keeper.

"Could one educate himself," asked Jean while he stared dreamily over the river, "by reading all these books?"

"'Twould take too long," answered the stall keeper. "No one can read all—one must choose."

"And can one choose and be educated?"

"One must be educated before one can choose."

"Then it can't be done," said Jean, sighing.

"Oh, but yes."

"How?"

"By having some one who is educated choose for you."

"Ah, but who? I am only a fireman. Even if they would notice me I have no time in which to make friends with people who are educated. I can only shovel coal, and shovel more coal, and

there is time left only for sleep. It is only now and then that I can get the time even to go to church on Sunday."

Jean turned away somewhat gloomily. To love without hope is a very bitter sweet; and Jean saw that there was no hope for him short of a miracle.

II.

When the order for mobilization came in August, 1914, old M. de Goncourt was wild with joy. At last the time had come to repay the Prussians for the treachery of Bismarck and the humiliation of 1871. He went to the concentration post and begged to be allowed to take his place; but he was seventy, and they said it was a young man's war. So he walked the boulevards, picking up rumors and crumbs of news until he almost dropped from exhaustion; and when he came to his granddaughter he talked war and nothing else.

One evening on his return from his daily round, the front door of the hotel was opened for him not by Mme. Morel, but by a stalwart soldier in a brand new uniform, the bright red trousers and blue coat of the regular infantry. As the door closed behind him the old gentleman reached for his glasses.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"Jean, sir," answered the soldier.

"I didn't know you were old enough for service," said M. de Goncourt, as he inspected Jean's outfit with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I'm 21, sir," said Jean.

"How time flies! We grow old fast," sighed the old man. "I'd give all I have for your chance. When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning, sir."

"Well, I wish you good fortune," said M. de Goncourt, turning to meet his granddaughter, who came bounding down the steps.

"Oh, grandfather," exclaimed Madeline, as she smiled at the young soldier, "isn't Jean's suit splendid?"

"Yes; I wish I could wear one again and go along."

"Are you going to the war?" asked Madeline, with a solicitous quiver in her voice; for the dread meaning of war was becoming clearer; and Jean, though his unpolished speech reminded her of his station, was a man of fine proportions and as manly and clear eyed as any of the thousands who were offering their lives for France.

"Yes, Mam'selle—to-morrow," said Jean, proudly.

"And your mother—does she know?"

"Of course."

"What will she do without you?"

"She must do as she can—as others do, Mam'selle—but if——"

"What is it, Jean?"

"If M'sieu would permit—but it is presuming."

"Go on, Jean," ordered M. de Goncourt; "allow me to judge whether your request would be presumptuous."

"'Tis only—M'sieu—my mother; if Mam'selle would help her to write a letter now and then. She is old and has lost the habit of writing—and I know it would comfort her to be able to write, if M'sieu would permit."

"Do let me do it, Grandpa!" exclaimed Madeline, laying her dark head on his shoulder. "Just think, Jean is all she has in the world!"

"That's so," said M. de Goncourt. "All right. But not often, mind you."

Madeline threw her arms around her grandfather, but he disengaged himself, and, turning to the young soldier, looked gravely and steadily at him for a moment, then saluted, and walked slowly away with his hand on Madeline's shoulder.

III.

The first news from the border told of French success, and M. de Goncourt's enthusiasm knew no bounds. It seemed as if France would recover the lost provinces at the very start. Then came the foul blow through Belgium, and M. de Goncourt's resentment rose and his enthusiasm melted away as the German machine rolled on toward Paris—toward a new siege and a new

disaster, as it seemed to him as well as to the world.

During those anxious days it fell to Madeline to sustain the old man's drooping spirits by feigning a confidence she did not feel. Then came a day when the neighbors who could afford it began to leave the city; another day and the government itself departed; and finally there were left only the poor and the stout-hearted. M. de Goncourt refused to budge, though almost every one in the hotel had gone; and Madeline never descended the long silent flights of stairs from their apartment on the third floor without feeling surrounded by dangers. There were no young men any more to lift their hats and say "Pardon, Mademoiselle" as they passed her, no laughing groups of ladies pausing to rest at a landing, no children's voices, none of the come and go to which she was accustomed. The great house was silent and all her friends had fled.

One afternoon when her grandfather had gone out to get the latest news on the Boulevards and her governess was busied over personal accounts, Madeline sat beside an open window trying to read. Now and then there was a dull rumble like thunder. At last Madeline noticed it. She put down her book to lean out the window and look at the sky. A heavy stillness succeeded the rumbling. Madeline sat down, but instead of taking up her book again, she listened for the sound. In a moment she heard it again, and again the heavy silence settled down over the city, only to be followed suddenly by a strange, confused clatter near at hand.

Madeline became nervous and got up and went down stairs. At the front door she found Mme. Morel in great agitation. "Tis fighting," exclaimed the elderly concierge excitedly. "Mon Dieu, they are coming!"

"It sounds like automobiles," said Madeline, who had gone out to the curb in the drizzling rain to hear and see better. "It comes from the Boulevard St. Germain," she added, and ran lightly the few steps to the corner

of the Rue du Bac whence she could look down to the Boulevard. Mme. Morel followed slowly and tremblingly. From the corner they could see a stream of omnibuses, taxicabs and other automobiles rushing by at a tremendous rate.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mme. Morel. "What reckless speed!"

"There are soldiers in them—French soldiers!"

"Why are they hurrying so fast?" said Mme. Morel, and a terrible thought darted into Madeline's mind; but she put it aside and did not speak.

There was a sudden wavering in the stream of speeding machines and a taxicab swerved to one side and came to a standstill with two wheels on the curb.

"It has broken down," said Madeline, as a dozen blue-and-red-clad soldiers swarmed out of the car. They clustered round it, and from where she stood it seemed to Madeline they were impatient to be gone. Apparently the break was hard to remedy. They pulled the machine up on the sidewalk out of the way of the others that were clattering past in a seemingly endless stream.

Presently, one man detached himself from the group and came running toward them. They drew back toward the door of the hotel as he approached. He looked altogether unkempt and weary as he came near them. Suddenly Mme. Morel shrieked, "Jean!" and rushed forward to throw her arms about him.

It was indeed Jean Morel, but, after quickly returning his mother's embrace he pushed her gently away.

"I have no time to lose, mother—ah, Mam'selle Madeline!" he stammered and removed his cap.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Madeline. "Are you leaving us to the Germans?"

"No, Mam'selle—'tis a coup de main we go to give them—our turn has come. But I must be gone," and he rushed past them into the house, to return a moment later with a screwdriver in his hand.

Mme. Morel caught hold of him.

"Must you go, my son? 'Tis fate that stopped you here. The Bon Dieu does not wish you to fight this time."

"He only wanted to see if I was a shirker, mother, or too stupid or stingy to offer this tool to my country!"

Madeline held out her hand.

"God bless you and keep you safe," she said, and Jean's heart bounded with joy as he broke away from his mother and ran back to his companions around the stalled car.

The two women stood shivering in the rain, watching the men feverishly working on the taxicab while the other machines rushed past the corner.

Suddenly a shout went up from the group; the repaired motor began to purr again and the men piled pell-mell into the tonneau. Jean turned and waved his hand at his mother and Madeline. The taxicab bumped off the curb in a cloud of blue smoke from its exhaust and whirled away with the rest.

Madeline went back upstairs, reassured by the strength and confidence that had radiated from Jean's presence. She remembered how handsome he looked as he bade her good-bye, and with what a joyous waving of caps he and his companions had passed out of sight. It seemed as if all doubt and apprehension had disappeared with his coming.

Then, the next day, came the news of Foch's mighty thrust at the German flank, of the mad advance of an army in taxicabs and buses that had saved Paris—and France! And Madeline remembered the confident strength of Jean Morel as he looked at her and said: "'Tis a coup de main—Our turn has come!" Ever afterward in her innocent heart she thought of the Battle of the Marne as Jean's victory!

IV.

During the fighting that followed the Battle of the Marne, Madeline got into the habit of pointing out to Mme. Morel on a large map the movements of the troops and explaining as best

she could the strategy of the French generals as she got it from her grandfather. They speculated on the whereabouts of Jean; and upon the report of each new conflict they wondered if he had been in it. For several months there was no word from him and his mother grew more and more anxious, having no assurance of his safety except the absence of any report to the contrary. There was a terrible conflict of emotions every time the postman came; would he bring a letter from Jean, or the cold official notice of his death?

At last, early in December, a note arrived from him. Mme. Morel came to tell Madeline of it, and together they tried to find some indication on the paper of where he might be, but they could not discover a clew; so Madeline took it to M. de Goncourt and asked him if he could tell from the regimental number where Jean was stationed.

"No, my dear," he said; "if we could find out from the card, a German spy could too." So they were left to conjecture regarding his whereabouts and to anxiety whenever fighting was reported.

After that the letters came often and an address for answers was indicated; the army had settled down in trenches and the soldiers had more leisure. At first Mme. Morel called on Madeline only to write the answers and to see that the address specified by the authorities was correctly written; but as the months went by there began to appear in Jean's notes puzzling words, and more and more Madeline was asked to explain these. Presently, in the second September of the war Madeline had acquired the habit of reading the letters to Jean's mother and explaining the hard or unusual words and constructions—not always without recourse to the dictionary.

"Why does he write such words, I wonder?" said Mme. Morel one day. "He ought to know that I cannot understand them!"

Madeline had had the same thought, but now she knew the answer all in a

flash, and it filled her with confusion, which she bent her head to hide.

"Can you think of any reason?" continued Mme. Morel as Madeline made no reply.

"Perhaps he has some one to help him write them," murmured the girl, blushing as she answered with this half truth; for, though she guessed he must have had some assistance at times, that did not explain the obvious and studied elegance of the letters. That evidently was intended for her.

"Maybe so," assented Mme. Morel.

"But Jean writes well himself," she added proudly; "well enough for his old mother, at any rate."

"He speaks much of a learned comrade, a M. de Boutelle. They share everything together. Perhaps M. de Boutelle has taught him to write well. You know, they say it is often monotonous in the trenches, and time hangs heavy on the soldiers' hands."

And my boy was always quick to learn," said the old woman. "Many a time he has said to me—'if I only had time and some one to direct me.'"

At this moment M. de Goncourt appeared in the door.

"Writing to your son, Madame?" he asked somewhat condescendingly.

"Oui, M'sieu."

"Do you know anything about M. de Boutelle, grandfather?" asked Madeline.

"De Boutelle? Certainly. He is a Parisian writer pretty well known. Why?"

"Because Jean speaks often of him as his special comrade—his chum."

"Is that so? Madame, you are to be congratulated. M. de Boutelle is not only a fine writer, but a gentleman, and from one of the best families of France."

"Let grandfather see the letter," said Madeline to Mme. Morel.

"Certainly."

M. de Goncourt was a little taken aback at first; but he put on his spectacles and started to read—a bored expression on his face. As he read he forgot to be bored, became interested,

fascinated, and read the whole letter with evident pleasure. Then he turned back to the beginning and looked at it again.

"Did Jean write this?" he asked, astonished.

"Yes," said Madeline before Mme. Morel could reply.

"I never suspected he had so much talent."

"He must have been going to school to M. de Boutelle," said Madeline.

"Probably," said M. de Goncourt. "De Boutelle has always been a good deal of a schoolmaster at heart. How many times have I seen him trying to help some young newspaper man who thought he knew it all and would not listen."

"Then he and Jean are just fitted for each other!" exclaimed Mme. Morel; "for Jean always pined for learning and for some one to teach him. I wonder if M. de Boutelle knows who Jean is?"

"Oh, yes," said Madeline, "Jean says he told him, don't you remember; but it made no difference—how did M. de Boutelle answer—wasn't it something like this, Madame? 'What do I care where you came from? 'Tis what you are that counts. Are you not my comrade-in-arms and my friend?'"

"'Tis the wonderful democracy of the French army," said M. de Goncourt, forgetting his own pride of birth and station. "'Tis the spirit that won the great victories of the past and will win still more glorious ones in the future," and his voice rose as he flourished the letter, which he still held in his right hand and took a step forward.

"Granpere!" exclaimed Madeline, but her voice was drowned in a terrific roar. The hotel rocked to its foundation; glass crashed, and the chandelier shivered in fragments just over their heads.

Madeline was stunned for a moment, and her heart almost stopped beating. "The Zeppelins!" ejaculated M. de Goncourt, his hand still held high in an oratorical gesture, but with the blood running down his cuff from a severed finger.

"Grandfather, you're hurt!"

"Where?" said the old man, looking around blankly. "Ah, I see." He calmly took out his handkerchief and bound it round the wound. "'Tis almost as good as being on the firing line!" Madeline stood horrified, her hand pressed to her heart, watching him.

"The old lady has fainted," said M. de Goncourt, indifferently, finishing his bandage and pointing with the bandaged stump of a finger to Mme. Morel, who had collapsed on the floor.

Madeline rushed to her and tried to revive her, but without success.

"I'll get some water," said her grandfather, and went out. In a moment he returned with a carafe. The water, however, had no effect. "I'll go for the doctor," he said, starting toward the street.

As the door opened he became aware of a crowd gathered before the house next door. The bomb had torn a great hole in the roof and blown the front wall out into the street; the place was a gaping wreck of brick and plaster, splintered beams, and dismantled furniture.

"That close!" he murmured, as he went calmly down the street toward the doctor's residence, paying no attention to the excited people who rushed past him.

The doctor lived only two blocks away; but he was out, and M. de Goncourt hastened back, fearing to leave Madeline so long alone. The crowd had grown thicker and the police were beginning to clear the way. One of them stopped him.

"Don't crowd in here!" ordered the policeman.

"My granddaughter is there," said M. de Goncourt. "I only went to get a doctor."

"Where's your granddaughter? Where the bomb fell?"

"No, next door."

"All right," and he turned his attention to others who were obviously drawn to the spot by mere curiosity.

Just as M. de Goncourt reached his door and put his hand on the knob, the police opened a way through the crowd for several stretchers that were being carried to an ambulance drawn up at the curb. Beside one of the stretchers he recognized his own physician, and called to him.

The doctor looked up at once, and, recognizing M. de Goncourt, came over.

"What is it, Monsieur?" he asked.

"Will you look at a woman who has fainted, here where I live," said M. de Goncourt, leading the way into the hotel.

Madeline was still kneeling beside Mme. Morel, bathing her head and looking anxiously for signs of consciousness. The doctor knelt beside her.

"She's past all need," he said gravely, after several minutes.

"Dead?" gasped Madeline.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," answered the doctor, rising and assisting Madeline to her feet. "And you are shaken, too, Mademoiselle; you must go and lie down."

"Take her up to her room, Monsieur," he continued, turning to M. de Goncourt.

M. de Goncourt started out with Madeline on his arm, but paused in the doorway as if suddenly remembering something.

"Perhaps you'd better tie this up in regulation form before you go." He held out the shattered finger in its clumsy handkerchief bandage.

"Upstairs," said the doctor; and they all went up to M. de Goncourt's apartment, where Madeline was put to bed and M. de Goncourt's finger dressed.

(To be continued.)

Told in the Smoking Room

By M. Francis

THREE men were left in the smoking room of the China Maid, and two of them were angry. The large Spanish gentleman had won all the stakes from the other two across the table; the American and the other Spaniard tossed the cards aside and glared at Don Pedro.

"Don Pedro," remarked the American, quietly, "I don't like your habit of winning all the time. It's not good form, you know."

"Nor I," added Senor Montez. "It gives me the bad habit of being always broke. No man can win so much all the time as you do, Don Pedro, without a certain amount of luck—or fate. And I do not believe in Fate."

Don Pedro laughed silently at the other two across the table. "You remind me, Senor Montez, of a story; it will make you believe in Fate, perhaps." He smiled at the remembrance. "It will amuse me to tell it to you. It is late, and no one will disturb us. Will you have it, gentlemen?"

"Will we have it, my friend?" Senor Montez asked the American.

"If you tell stories as well as you play, Don Pedro, go ahead; it will be well told," the American answered, and leaned back to gaze at Don Pedro through the smoke. The hour was late and the room unoccupied but for the three men; the steward still lingered for further orders in a far corner.

* * * *

Don Pedro began: "Last year one of the plantations on the islands was not paying the owner what he thought it should, and he went down to investigate the cause of the trouble. The man in charge met him at the harbor as he landed, and took him to the main

cabin located a few miles inland. The owner of the plantation, Manuel Santos, was suspicious of the foreman—thought the trouble could be placed by him. He waited about for a few days, thinking to become familiar with the situation and to discover the cause for himself.

But Jose was cunning as only a Spaniard can be. The plantation began to pay well as soon as the owner appeared on the scene. Jose was a courteous sort of fellow, a good talker, and managed to entertain his guest enough to keep him in good spirits, while he, Jose, saw to it that the plantation appeared to pay well all the while. He would have in native entertainers of an evening to amuse Manuel Santos; both were young and liked the dancing of the natives equally well. In the meantime, Santos had written home to inquire if the state of the business accounts agreed with those given him by Jose. Of course, Jose had shown the owner false accounts, which did not tally with those he had sent to headquarters.

And then, just as Santos had decided that Jose was a crook, and must be sent away and another man put in his place, something happened that saved Jose, for one night Manuel Santos noticed that among the natives who danced before the white cabins there was one girl who was neither black like the rest, nor much tanned by the tropic sun. He saw she did not dance with the others—seemed half sullen of their presence, to hold herself aloof. He had not seen her before; and did not know why, because now that he did, it was plain that she was not one of the common workers, but a stranger among them—some one who did not

belong. The two men were standing on the porch at dusk when Manuel Santos first saw her. Jose spoke to him, but he did not answer; and Jose, following his gaze, clutched at the railing of the porch.

"Jose!" said the man sharply, "who is she?"

"Whom do you mean, sir?" answered Jose smoothly. "The one just to the left there——"

"Look!" he motioned. "I thought you said all your people worked in the fields. I have not seen that one. Who is she, Jose?"

"Oh! That, sir, is the little girl we picked up from the wreck of the White Cow, just last month; I thought you knew about her; she will not work; we can do nothing with her, and cannot send her away at this time of the year. She lives with the women of the huts."

"Call her," Santos commanded.

She came, sullen, dark-haired, beautiful as the night, looking at neither of them.

"Can you dance?" asked Santos.

"Si, Senor, but a little—not greatly," was the low reply; and with a quick glance at the scowling Jose, she made as if to go. But Santos held her with a word.

"Will you dance to-night, for us?"

Jose muttered beneath his breath; Santos smiled winningly; his tall, well-built figure made a pleasing picture against the blackness of the house.

"Si, Senor," she said to Santos, and without so much as a glance at Jose, she vanished in the crowd beyond.

"I am glad, sir, to have her entertain you. If you will come now, I will give you the list of the month's expenses before the dancers come," Jose said, softly, hiding his irritation beneath velvet.

Santos looked hard at him. "Jose, you are a great liar. No, keep your own accounts. I don't want them to-night."

Later, the dance by the natives in the late evening, the same as usual. Jose talked incessantly, nervously, through it all. And then the girl of the sullen looks and the dark hair of the night.

The dance, with Jose scowling fearful, silent, afraid. And Manuel Santos smiling, amused, first with Jose and then with the dance, which whirled fantastically among the shadows of the flickering overhead lamp. Finally Jose became calmer; his face paled with the effort at self-control, and a moment later he had risen, ordering the dancers to go, hoarsely, muttering at the girl. Santos sat still, smiling. As Jose approached the dancer under the light, she swept her hand upward, crashing the dirty oil lamp to the floor and plunging the room in blackness. There was a wild scramble, angry voices, shouts, a snorting cry from Jose. When Santos had lighted the lamp again, Jose had gone, and the room was empty; an overturned chair in the corner, and the battered, sputtering lamp in Santos' hands was all that was left. He looked out into the night; suddenly the white figure of the dancer appeared on the steps of the porch. For a moment she stood, as if waiting for him to speak.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "what did you do it for?"

"I was afraid—of Jose, Senor. He did not want me to dance."

"And why not?" Santos wondered. What could it be?

"He does not like strangers to know about me. He does not want me to leave. And you——" She laughed. "You are Fate; do you see? I have had the same dream many times since I have come. It is this: Jose will not let me go—he will try to keep me; he is only Jose, and a fool; and then some one comes—it is you—and takes me again to Spain—Madrid—where I will dance for the King. Do you believe in dreams? Mine always come true. I hope you believe in them."

"You want to go?"

"Jose—I hate him," she replied, frankly.

"Well, well," Manuel Santos pondered. "I believe for once in dreams, thou fatalist, because I wish to, and in Fate, if you will, because you are so beautiful."

"You cannot help yourself, Senor;

it is you who will take me to Madrid—away from this, and Jose.” She was very lovely as she stood before him, confident of the future, utterly sure of her dreams.

For a moment Manuel Santos believed her, and before he could think she was gone.

In the night he decided. The morning was radiant, as only the mornings of the South can be; restful and full of promise to the day. Very happy, Santos sought Jose in the lower fields.

“I’m going, Jose! The devil take your accounts; save them for another time. I go to-day on the mail steamer.” Jose looked his surprise, then he beamed graciously.

“I am sorry about last night, sir. Some one broke the light, and I will see——”

“Don’t mention it. Do you know what it was, Jose? It was,” he laughed at himself as he said it, half-doubting, “something called Fate, or perhaps chance. I am taking the dancer with me.”

Jose, stunned into silence, did not reply at once. Finally he managed. “Fate? You believe in it, sir? I always have; it is a remarkable thing, don’t you think?” Suddenly his face lighted up. “Would you risk something, sir, on your belief?”

“Anything,” said Santos happily, unprepared.

“The Spanish dancer?”

Santos caught himself up; and then remembered her confidence in the outcome. “How?” he asked gravely. After all, it would merely prove her dreams. He rather believed in them.

Jose flipped a bright half-dollar.

Manuel Santos laughed uncertainly. “All right,” he agreed. “I don’t much like it, but if you will.”

Jose pressed his advantage. “I remain, and the dancer, if you lose? And you will go to-day—alone?”

Now that there was the chance of losing her, Santos realized how much he feared to; he wanted intensely to win—as much as he had ever wanted anything in his life.

“Yes,” he said hurriedly, anxious to

have done.

“Tails, two out of three, I win; heads—she goes to Spain. One!” He tossed the coin high, and it fell, tails, into his palm. Manuel Santos cursed; and then he smiled, again confident of dreams. The second time he threw it. Falling to the ground between them, the silvered eagle gleamed up wickedly at them. Jose, grinning broadly, laughed aloud. The Spanish keep their word.

* * * *

The story-teller clinked a half-dollar on the table before the two men. It was very worn, and bright. The American examined it, carefully turning it over. He gasped. On both sides of the coin was stamped the American eagle! Senor Montez chuckled to himself. Then he said:

“That is the coin Jose used, Don Pedro?”

“Yes, that is it, gentlemen. Does it interest you?”

“Why did you tell us, Don Pedro?” questioned the American.

Don Pedro pondered, uncertain how to reply. His hand toyed with the thin-necked glass by his side. “Why, Senor Montez reminded me of it; he looks rather like a man I knew years ago.” He smiled contentedly. “And then, you see, I am that Jose.”

“Well, I’ll——” but the American never finished. Senor Montez had sprung up excitedly.

“Do you know who I am, Don Pedro?” he cried. “Ha! I see it all now! I am the man you fooled. I am Manuel Santos!”

Don Pedro had gone gray; the glass splintered into a thousand bits as his fingers tightened; without a word he stumbled over his chair and through the doorway to the deck.

“I wanted to know,” explained Senor Montez to the American, “if the story were true. I Santos? Ha! But I thought he was bluffing us, and you see, my friend, he thought I was Manuel Santos! A rare thing, that—a story of truth!”

Said the American: “Funny thing, Montez? Let’s to bed. Come!”

I Believe in Goodness

By Elsinore Robinson Crowell

I BELIEVE in goodness. I believe in its virility; in the allurements of its infinite reactions; in the high-hearted audacity the comprehension of it engenders.

I believe it to be the normal, automatic current established between the Greater Strength and man, when their working contact is harmonious. Not a deed, but the soul of the deed. Not an attitude of mind, nor a code of action (however altruistic or efficient), but the elemental force, more potent than all other forces—as vital as earth, as consuming as fire, as regenerative as electricity. Above all, as vital as earth. I think there is no task so menial, not even potato peeling, that is not quickened with cheerful importance if it is once perceived in its relation to goodness. Nor do I mean this in a mystical sense, with my thought upon crowns of glory. The average working man does not find his rejoicing in mystic exaltation. If he cannot rejoice while he sweats, he cannot rejoice. I believe goodness brings real rejoicing, ready laughter, healthy digestion, sturdy business interest, humor under matrimony, and a normal, easily nurtured content that strikes root in commuting and curl papers and all the constant disillusionments of life.

The old thunderings, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," or their more revered modern substitute, "Thou shalt not commit a faux pas"—the keeping of these is not goodness. They are the protective instinct brothers of the dog's three times round the jungle tramp before he lies down.

Tidied homes and tended offices, trained tempers, disciplined smiles—

these are not goodness. They are one with the cat's lapped fur, and often not so clean.

Goodness rests not in the following of law or instinct, precept or example. To every man the gift of it must come afresh, as he discovers God. Churches have not outlined it. Committees cannot further it. Through all smirking and snuffling it sweeps, direct, unswerving, the one reality.

Gladness is goodness, if you pass it on—cotton mills are goodness if they are not oiled with baby blood—making bread is goodness if you keep the dough and your temper sweet—putting over a business deal is goodness if you fight it fair—battling another nation into sanity is goodness if you are quite sure of what sanity consists—dancing the turkey trot, wearing glass earrings, and chewing gum are goodness if they make for cheerfulness and sympathy. Doubtless certain murders would be goodness of a strongly creative sort. But at present they are inexpedient.

Goodness is the one force of which we, as yet, most dread the experiment. Radium, at times, bestows cancer. But it is an interesting quantity and the death most respectable. The thunders of Jove may leap from a short circuit—but the Railroad Commission has drawn the sting of financial embarrassment from the situation. But for that man who dares to turn the light of Goodness Absolute into his life, and test all action by its awful rays, there are no plaudits—socially he ranks with atheists, and people who keep hens—his death's a glad relief to all tame maiden aunts.

Jesus did that. A little while he walked the fields in poverty. The

world he faced was the world we face to-day—greed-ridden, truckling, finger-crossed against the dark. His friends were working men. Lentils and fish, his food. His death, a felon's cross. Through life and death he moved, goodness incarnate. What did He leave us and what has been given? This has been given us by the church and by society: A legend of humility, austerity—the picture of a pale and praying man, abjurer of delights, walker of painful paths.

Why have they given us this? Fear. Gibbering fear of the dwellers in caves, saber toothed tigers ahowl in the dark—blood drinking fear at the altars of Baal—piteous fear of the flagellant monks, tearing their flesh lest their souls scorch in hell—Puritan fear, burning witches in fire—fear of the Modern, most hideous of all, scarring the gloss of his ready-made life, fear lest Dame Truth should really go bare! Fear that can see only gray fear in others, even in a radiant Christ.

What did his goodness really mean? The deep contentment of a busy, hopeful man; the homely pleasures of one who loved his kind; the glowing pride of one who poor, alone, was yet so brave that he could face a sneering world and preach and live the thing he thought was right. When all the time he knew that death would come (and life is very sweet at thirty-two). Yet they call him "meek!"

Among his friends were fishermen, and women who serve men, and little babes. Now fishermen are lowly folk, smelly and noisy, vulgar, too, with harsh talk of very common things. But salt with canniness. His goodness must have been of crude, compelling force to have won fishermen, after the wonders they had seen on windy nights—against their high disdain of land bred men.

The women who serve men are very tired, in brain and soul, and tainted flesh. His goodness must have been most fresh and sweet to bring them faith and love again.

And little babes—who ever saw a

little child loving a sad or brooding man, or climbing laps that did not know the merry ways of babes? His goodness must have been a cheerful thing to have let baby hands tug at his beard. And yet they call him sad.

So up and down the world his broad-clothed servants go, sterile, anointed, keeping well apart from all the nasty rows along the street. (But eating lentils not at all.) I wonder if they ever think of that young gypsy Christ who, in the gray dawn, walked beside the sea, and finding that his friends were still at work, made up a "little fire of coals" so they, all cold and cursing at their sodden clothes, on coming in found "fish laid thereon and bread," and him to eat with them. Such was his goodness, simple, just like that. So without fearing, one might say if he were here, "I'm glad we're friends. Let's never be apart."

We killed him for that free simplicity. As we would kill him now—or cut his name from off our calling lists. (I see a vision of him in some homes I know. The unshaved slums would call him "pal"—they're used to queer ones there. But how those righteous homes would freeze and glare and wonder if he washed!)

He went. But goodness lives, and I believe in it. Not in this drab and gutless thing we're taught, the relic of the cave man's fear. But in that moving force, all white audacity, that sweeps regardless onward to the sea.

The laws are not my over-lords. There's only God and I. So every deed I do is consecrate because it is a past between Himself and me. The thousand social laws are stones that build a wall to close me in—"they" call it "Guarding me." The air is bad inside. I'd rather go along the trails where great clouds roll and sunlight burns me clean and air is sweet. The trails go somewhere, anyway. I'll not be rotting snug behind a wall.

What if a woman came to see the purpose of her sex in its true light. Not to be pampered—not to charm—nor subtly work men's wills to serve

her ends. Not to preserve her value in the wedding mart by keeping lust at bay while scarce veiled breasts and penciled, luring eyes all call that lust to life. Why! God made women to bear and mother men, first in their bodies, then within their souls. Their beauty, wit and charm to be but greater food that should sustain when baby milk has passed. Their bodies were made sweet that the great work should never fail for lack of hands. God did not make a woman's hips in gracious lines to buy a limousine, an English butler, nor an Airedale dog. He made their skins to serve the very end that men's skins serve, or pigs—to cover veins and nerves. Both pigs and men grow wrinkled, rough and brown. But in the end they justify their lives by slabs of bacon and good work in towns. But what vast service to a weary world does liquid powder aid?

A woman's life might mean strong mothering, wise tenderness for all hungry men, quick laughter filling all the ragged gaps they leave so they won't know they left them—an endless patience and a bridled tongue. The going with them on their hunting trips, not as a tinkling exclamation point in chiffon negligee, but to dig bait and cook the beans, and see their shirts are dry. (That's "Woman's right"—to join her life so with the man's she gets the whole adventure tang with him.) A comradeship so true it bides with them when they forget she is a

woman, and long for other lips and eyes, forget she cares for pretty things, forget to rise when she comes in the room. (What do such gestures matter when their whole need lies naked to her sight?) A sympathy that learns to stand and smile, and shut its mouth and hand the nails. She'd have no skin at fifty—but she'd have a laugh. That's goodness. Yet if she really saw and lived all that, it would more horrify her social world than if she sold her perfumed feet and arms to some flat old roue.

Suppose a man—but I am not a man; I cannot know. I only think that if I were a man and brave enough to face things as they are, and try to knock them into what I'd have them be, I'd taste at least a lot of heady joy. The chances are, though, I'd die poor. Perhaps in jail.

* * * *

I cannot see the end of all this mess—this private fear and public war—this everlasting squirming from white light. But I know this: That just as surely as the hills are laid in folds and rivers rise by some assembled plan that never fails, so surely will all human life shape up in the good end. Then, groping, we will leave the darkened house and rise above all cringing and pretence, above the flabby life of churchly fold and dreary dullness of the other sins to where the sunlight flashes, and the free winds shout along the uplands of our father God.

BARTER

Yes, I will bless thee, Life,
 With all thy pain—
 Thy meed of sorrow, transient dreams, and all—
 If to my voiceless heart thou wilt but call
 Its song again!

JO HARTMAN.

Memories of Early California

By M. L. Cook

OUR OLD home was in San Mateo County. It was a frame house, set in about fifty acres of beautiful, tree-shaded land.

We reached the county road by a winding lane that followed the wooded banks of a little Creek called the Arroyo Mocho. On the other side of the high road lay the marsh, and between us and the marsh was the railroad, built within my recollection. I remember perfectly that I was lifted to the top of the gate post one day, and told to "watch for the cars." I watched because every one else was doing the same thing; and presently along came the first train to pass through San Mateo County over the Southern Pacific Railroad, and I had helped to make history!

It was interesting history that we were making in those days, too. The air was full of pioneer stories. Father and mother had crossed the plains on their wedding trip, when every night the prairie schooners were arranged in a circle round the camp fire, and men with guns guarded the camp for fear of surprises from the Indians. They had lived through the Vigilante days, and a certificate of membership in the Committee hung on the wall at home. Many a time I've pushed a chair up to it and stood studying the mysterious emblems that surrounded the engraved matter. The one I remember best was the wide open eye at the top, with rays going from it in all directions. It made me think of "The Right Eye of the Commander" in Bret Harte's story—that awful eye that never closed, not even in sleep, and that glared at the murderer the night he crept to the Commander's bedside, to stab him as he slept!

Yes, it was much more fun to make history than to study it; although I think we got more enjoyment out of the subject than children do now when it is really taught. Our history book had stories in fine print at the end of each chapter; and I remember them as good stories, too, and it helped the lesson to read them. Teachers in those days were not hard on a recitation made up of "glittering generalities;" and an idle habit of reading, combined with some glibness in narration, was an asset in the good old times.

The only really objectionable thing about school was that it interfered sadly with more important and profitable engagements (as now-a-days.) Aside from that it wasn't so bad. For one thing the school yard had been chosen with real inspiration. The very oak trees in it did not grow straight as elsewhere, but were bowed over or lay along the ground, making climbing a delight to the smallest and least venturesome; and we swarmed over the branches, until the bark, naturally so rough and corrugated, was worn perfectly smooth and shiny.

Digging in the ground for beads was a great resource. I wonder now where they could have come from, those myriads of tiny beads of different colors; but then I took them as a matter of course. I had read "Prescott's Conquest," and knew all about those wonderful robes worn at Montezuma's court—robes richly adorned with feathers and embroidered with just such precious stones as those I dug out of the ground in the school yard. Mother had little sympathy for archeological research; and she used to show signs of discouragement when she was in a hurry to put up my lunch of a morning

and found my "dinner pail" full of beads and dirt.

The walk home after school hours was nice, too, for it was not embittered as the morning walk was, by the thought that there were arithmetic lessons to be learned and recited at the end of it (we never did home work); and besides, we had plenty of time to enjoy it. There was no nature study in the schools in our day, but we needed no interpretation of nature as she revealed herself in those walks; and how I pity children born too late to enjoy California when she was as young as we were!

The meadows were one blaze of color from the "scolches;" and the wind blew them "stealing and giving odor." Where else on earth is there such a sky as we had above us? It would not have occurred to us to complain of the dust on the road. It was such fun to scuff through it, and then we could make such life-like "elephants' feet" in it, by pressing our heel down, then slowly revolving until our foot made a circle around the depression. We made a long trail of them, beginning and ending it in the grass at the side of the road; and we took great pleasure in the thought that the next passer-by would be terror-stricken at the sight of it.

We got diversion, too, from the humming sound in the telegraph poles, and never failed to put an ear to them, straining to hear the message flowing along the wires. We learned that kicking the poles increased the humming, and finally ventured to shout messages of our own up toward the wires. These were usually of a commonplace nature, but one day an intrepid companion went so far as to call out with an unusually vigorous kick, "You thief, you stole my money!" This seemed awfully daring to us, and the rest of the way we did not loiter, surprising mother very much by our unusual punctuality.

The great sensation of those walks, however, was the droves of "Spanish cattle" we met. What would children nowadays think of the vaqueros who

had them in charge? We certainly were never afraid of them, and I must have been impressed by their picturesque to remember them as well as I do. Their perfect horsemanship, their distinctive Spanish dress, their swarthy faces framed in the invariable red bandana, with sombrero on top of that, make a picture in my memory. One of them always rode ahead of the drove to warn us to cover. We never needed to be told twice, and the mere sight of the vaquero was enough to make us scatter wildly as we burrowed under fences to hide in the tall grass until the drove went by.

Alas! In escaping into the fields I was impaled on the other horn of the dilemma; for the tall grass held, I knew, gopher snakes "by the galore." The farmers would not have them killed, and they waxed fat in their immunity, and were of an appalling length—often more than six feet. It was of no use for mother to assure me that the snakes in my illustrated "Sinbad the Sailor" were very different, and that the gopher snakes were gentle and too well gorged usually to want to do anything but lie in the sun and sleep. I was not convinced, and lay awake many a night, not daring to breathe lest the awful thing crawling in my imagination on the floor of the room should hear me and come to crush my bones as the boas did those of the hapless antelopes in the story books.

As if that weren't enough to make night awful, the coyotes usually chose my waking hours to walk abroad in marauding bands. I wasn't afraid of them in the day time—sneaking brutes that were always skulking away; but heard at night, thousands strong (apparently), they might have struck terror to a braver heart than the one I could hear thumping so loudly under the bed clothes on those occasions. It always seemed to me that the war-whoop that rent the air the night of the Deerfield massacre must have sounded something like that coyote chorus.

We used to hear vague stories of mountain lions having been seen in the

foothills in the early times. We knew the foothills well, but the lions had evidently retreated before civilization, for we never saw one. There was a day, however, when a group of us had started to follow the creek to its source. Before we realized it, we were in a deep twilight gorge, with wooded banks; and there on the sand at the water's edge, we came, like Robinson Crusoe, upon a strange and solitary footprint, made evidently by a larger cat than one could possibly imagine. I don't remember that anything was said, but we gave up our explorations then and there, by tacit consent; and for me, at any rate, the source of the Arroyo Mocho is still undiscovered.

I think our elders never made any conscious contribution to the atmosphere in which we lived. There was talk of the gold mines, of course, and much interest in comparing the specimens of gold dust in the little bottles with which we were so familiar. Mother's "breast pin" was a fine piece of gold quartz in an irregular setting, and it was obvious that the like were to be picked up on the streets of any mining town. But father and mother would undoubtedly have been surprised at our idea (gleaned from Aladdin's adventures and "The Alhambra") of what gold mines looked like—vast caverns blazing with gold and jewels. The sunset was not a natural phenomenon to us. We looked, and told ourselves that that wonderful glow was reflected from Caribou, where the gold mines were.

Perhaps the books we read were responsible for our rather romantic views of things, and yet Bret Harte and J. Ross Browne were not sensational writers. The latter was by far the "favorite saint in my literary calendar." I read and re-read his books until I can quote from them at length, even now. The one I liked best was "Crusoe's Island," and I reveled in his account of life in the mining towns, and thrilled at his adventures among the strange people who made the settlement of California so different from other pioneering. And the best thing

about those wonderful books was that the hero writer was one of my own country men—a Californian like myself!

We saw little juvenile literature, and fell back on the grown-up books; so that we are well read in the standard novelists at rather a tender age. We had the delight, though, of a few excursions into a sensational field. There was a dark closet opening off the upper hall at our house, and stored in it were alluring piles of pamphlets and magazines. My acquaintance with a publication called "The Chimney Corner" was made there, and I can remember mother's face of consternation at finding me one day sitting on the floor of this closet beside a lighted kerosene lamp, buried in "Lady Audley's Secret." I have always meant to get that book and finish it, for I was prevented from doing so at that time; but I do not know yet whether the secret (whatever it was) was ever discovered, or whether the heroine went on to the end, moving among her brilliant associates, her proud head held high, while her heart was wrung with sickening remorse and apprehension.

Aside from these glimpses into exciting fiction, our life as children seems to me, as I look back upon it, quite ideally simple and natural. The companions we had at school we scarcely saw at other times, as our homes were scattered, but there were six of us, so we were never lonely; and childish propensities for mischief expend themselves harmlessly in a playground as large and diversified as was ours. It included the fields and surrounding hills—even the marsh—with clam digging and boating on the sloughs. Our boat suited us perfectly, and we were greatly offended when a playmate from the city dubbed her the "Mudlark," and jeeringly maintained that he could "pick the nails out of her with his fingers." Probably it was true, but Providence watched over us, and a good thing for us, too, as the sloughs were deep and the tide water swift and strong as it ran out.

It was undoubtedly Providence, also, that prevented us from growing up perfect barbarians; for in good time we had two excellent private schools in the neighborhood, which supplied us with much-needed conventional training, and enabled us, in spite of our reluctance, to "scramble ourselves into a little education."

For certain things like shopping and dentistry we had to go to San Francisco, twenty-one miles away, but this gave me the great treat of my life. Once a week father drove in to town, driving out again the next day, and my visits to "the city" were timed so as to go with him. To get in on time for business hours, we had to start early in the morning, and this meant that I was wakened by mother in the middle of the night, as it seemed to me, and dressed with her help by lamp light, shivering with cold and excitement, and talking in stage whispers, "so as not to waken the others."

We started off usually just as a faint glow was coming up behind Mt. Diablo—so that we saw the wonder of the world's awakening. I was always glad to see the houses closed and dark along the way—it made me feel superior to be awake and stirring before any one else. The part of the drive I liked best was rounding San Bruno mountain, for the road skirted the water, and the goats on the paths above our heads tinkled their bells and sent showers of pebbles rattling down, as they went hopping along the steel hillside.

The toll house was somewhere near the mountain then, and we always found the toll keeper, "Old Kag," standing smiling in the door, with a canvas bag of money, which he gave to father. That was a wonderful house—just large enough for "Old Kag" (short for Baril, his real name), and as he stood in his little door, framed with pink mallow blossoms, I thought he might be some friendly kobold, and the canvas bag full of fairy gold. I am so glad I didn't know the conduct of toll-roads, or that father received the money in any official capacity, for that

would have spoiled the whole adventure.

Just after this, it seems to me, we left the water's edge and skirted a marsh, with the oyster beds at our right. Here father never failed to sing half of his entire repertoire:

"A-rakin' of the oyster beds,
To me it was mere play."

The other half usually followed—a longish ballad, "The Steam Arm." The same air did for the entire program, but father's audience was never critical.

The drive began to seem long at about this point, and I realized that I had had nothing to eat since dinner time the day before; but the Six Mile House, kept by Henry Blanken, of kindly memory, was not far away. Father always went into the house for his morning coffee, but mine was brought out to me, and I drank it sitting primly in my place, from nice thick cups without handles. I am fond of coffee, and have drunk it with varying pleasure in different lands; but never has it tasted as it used to at kind Henry Blanken's, served in those interesting thick cups!

Not long after this we pounded up the board way into Billy Bridges' livery stable, and were in the city. The "sights" don't seem to have impressed me, for the only thing I remember of those visits is sitting on the steps at the back of Aunt Clara's house, and looking out over the bay at the shipping. One memorable night the hull of a ship lay burning in the harbor, and it was a thrilling sight as darkness came on and the flames were reflected in the black water. The "Olympians" were considerate enough to let me stay up later than usual that night, and I sat and shivered in the evening air, imagining the breaking out of the conflagration, and repeating to myself (from my school reader):

"And there were men and women,
Crowded upon the deck;
And there were frightened seamen
Rushing to leave the wreck.

"In vain the captain shouted,
 The craven crew had left her;
 Of every boat bereft her,
 Destruction was undoubted."

The quarter where Aunt Clara lived is no longer a residence district. The San Bruno Turnpike Road is gone, and with it the friends that made the drive over it such an occasion of delight. The old California is gone, too, with the Spanish residents, the adobe houses, the vaqueros, old Chinatown and the Missions, as they were in the early days. The "early California flavor" in life, the present generation can never know, and we leave them rather mystified by our efforts to make them see what they have missed.

We admit all the defects of our State, the chief of which, to Eastern visitors, seems to be the long season of dust and drouth. But they have never lain in bed under the sloping roof of a "story and a half" house, and heard the soft pit-pat of the first rain drops of the season grow to a steady roar on the shingles. They have not waked the next morning to "Heaven upon earth for freshness, sweetness," and looked out on a California washed clean by the first rains.

They have never come back, after ten years of exile, in a steamer from the north, and come into the harbor at nightfall. If they had, they might have complained, as I did upon a like occasion, that the city lights were certainly very poor. They swam and flickered as if I were seeing them through a rainstorm, though the night was beautifully clear.

Yes, no doubt, we old Californians seem prosy enough when we try to fan the fame of patriotism in the breasts of our young compatriots. But I maintain that we have something in our lives and consciousness that they have missed, unhappily for them. The few existing relics of old times are for us charged with a meaning and pathos that naturally the young cannot feel. It helps us in our enjoyment of the present that we see it through the glamour of the past. The real California is restored to us by our memory of her in her youth and ours. Our love of her even keeps us from finding anything obvious in the sentiment of our "State anthem." Obvious! It is not what we say, but the spirit in which we say it. Dear Californians of those golden days, now then, all together!

"I love you, California, you're the finest State of all."

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS TO TRUTH

As is the mainland to the sea,
 Thou art to me:
 Thou standest stable, while against thy feet
 I beat, I beat!

Yet from thy cliffs, so sheer, so tall,
 Sands crumble and fall;
 And golden grains of thee my tides each day
 Carry away.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Gold-Dust and Greenbacks in Early Montana

By Harrison A. Trexler, Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of History, University of Montana

MAN USUALLY finds it possible to adapt himself to his environment. After moving to a wilderness home where the conveniences of his old surroundings are lacking, he invents a means of supplying his needs by finding substitutes. Well known is the story of how our colonial forefathers adopted furs, fish and wampum as a medium of exchange in place of the money they had used in Europe. This practice of barter was again renewed decades later when the pioneer moved westward to the Pacific.

In the early sixties, when gold began to be seriously mined in Montana, from California and Idaho, a wave of miners started for the new El Dorado, and from the East the "tenderfoot" came to seek his fortune. Montana in 1862 was hundreds of miles from settled communities. The trails to her gold fields lay over prairie, stream and mountain range, where hostile savage and desperate "road agent" lay in wait. Hence little coin got into the Territory. Nevertheless, the thousands of miners needed a medium of exchange with which to purchase food, blankets, picks and other necessities.

Granville Stuart, the sole survivor of the party of three who in 1858 discovered the yellow metal at Gold Creek and started the gold rush to Montana, gave the present writer much valuable information on the subject of early Montana currency. He remembers that not only was there not much silver coin in the Territories in the sixties, but also that there was a "very little" gold coin. "Greenbacks" or United States notes began to arrive in 1862 or 1863. "Shinplasters" or fractional

currency, came still later. Mr. Stuart holds that little if any Confederate money ever reached Montana.

Society being without a necessary supply of money in early days, Montana escaped reverting to the barter stage by finding an exchange commodity at once of great intrinsic value, of fair divisibility, and of almost universal distribution among the scattered settlers. This medium of exchange was gold dust. Gold dust was the money used in most of the early gold camps of the United States. It can be examined to-day in many of the bank vaults of our mountain States. After the gold is panned or taken from the sluice boxes the large nuggets are removed, if luckily there are any, and the finer particles, ranging in size from about that of a navy bean to mere chaff, is the "dust" of the early days. Its color varies, the gold from each gulch having its own shade. The color depends on its purity and the nature of the foreign substances which it contains, copper, silver, etc., each of which gives the dust a characteristic hue. Early miners and merchants became so accustomed to handling it that they could tell from what gulch it came with great precision.

"I could tell almost always from what gulch dust came," said the late Judge Frank Woody, of Missoula, who came to Montana in 1856, and was in point of residence the oldest white inhabitant of the State. "In the sixties," continued Judge Woody, "I clerked in Worden's store at Hell Gate (old Missoula), and handled thousands of dollars worth of dust. Every merchant had a little set of

scales on which it was weighed. Besides the scales we had a brass 'dust blower,' an arrangement by which we could blow out the lighter refuse and save the pure metal."

Granville Stuart says that he often used a dust blower during the early years when he was engaged in the mercantile business. "The bankers of the sixties," continued Mr. Stuart, "also had a set of models called 'test stones,' a collection of samples of gold from the various gulches by which they could better value the dust. The gold from each gulch had been assayed, and its value could be exactly given if its gulch was correctly located."

A. D. Richardson, who visited Montana in 1865, says that gold dust was then the currency of the Territory. He saw scales for weighing it in all of the stores. He claims that twenty-five per cent was wasted in weighing for small purchases, and that the boys of Virginia City washed the storage sweepings, which sometimes netted them five dollars a day each. ("Beyond the Mississippi, from the Great River to the Great Ocean," Hartford, 1867, p. 479.) When Bishop Tuttle arrived in Virginia City in July, 1867, he found that every one carried a buckskin pouch for gold dust. He says that all of it was examined by the banks before it was accepted. (D. S. Tuttle, D. D., "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop," New York, 1906, pp. 128-9.)

According to Judge Woody the dust was worth from \$12 to \$18 an ounce, the poorest coming from Silver Bow Creek, near the present city of Butte. The latter was mixed with silver amalgam, and was worth about \$12 or \$13 an ounce. Dust from the better gulches of Bear Creek and Gold Creek brought from \$16 to \$18. Granville Stuart claims that the dust from Highland Gulch, south of Butte, was the best dust in the Territory, being worth nearly \$20 an ounce. A dust from Florence, Idaho, was mixed with a gold colored sand, and was therefore deceiving. It was worth about

\$14 an ounce.

During the sixties, articles not only of large but even of small value were purchased with gold dust. Judge Woody recounts that for a dollar's purchase the merchant took a penny-weight and three grains of dust. Whiskey was then twenty-five cents a drink. The bartender charged for it seven grains of dust. "Of course," smiled Judge Woody, "these were not the exact equivalents, but the dealers wanted to play safe." Granville Stuart claims that the saloonkeepers of the old day swindled the poor miners wretchedly. "The miner would order a whiskey, which cost twenty-five cents," said Mr. Stuart, "and would pour his dust in the blower, which would be lying on the bar. The bartender would apologetically say that his scales were out of order, which was often not true. But the miners were too often drunk and said nothing. The bartender would then take a pinch of the dust between his thumb and finger as pay for the drink. He thus took from fifty to seventy-five cents for a twenty-five cent drink."

Gold dust was long popular as money in Montana. An old banker, Mr. G. A. Wolf, president of the Western Montana National Bank of Missoula, claims that it was quite commonly used as money as late as the seventies. Silver was scarce throughout the United States at the time. Fractional currency, or "shinplasters," were in quite general use, but there was little other money of small denominations. "We had shinplasters for ten and twenty-five cents by the handfuls, but little other change in the gold days," stated Mr. J. C. Lehsou, a prominent Montana banker.

Until the late sixties, national bank notes did not reach the Territory. United States notes or "greenbacks" were unpopular. As a result gold dust continued to be the great vehicle of exchange in Montana.

There were reasons why greenbacks were even more unpopular in the gold camps than in other parts of the United States. The continual fluctu-

ation of their depreciation as the North met military reverse or success made them a risky form of property. In the East the daily press gave quotations of greenback values and consequently the receiver of them was certain at least of their immediate value. But mail between the isolated camps and the financial centers was often delayed, and even mail by the "pony post" was literally weeks in reaching Bannack, Virginia City, Helena and other camps. The Montanian of the sixties was therefore loath to accept money even whose immediate value he did not know. It was the problem of speculation experienced in the East plus a lack of knowledge of present quotations.

An additional reason for the distrust of greenbacks doubtless lay in the fact that the large Southern population of the Montana of that day was opposed to the National government's war money on principle. Although Granville Stuart does not believe that Southern feeling affected the value of greenbacks, it is hard to see how the many Confederates who came to Montana could have been human and not have looked askance at the circulation of the money with which their enemies were carrying on the war. The Civil War was in full swing when the gold miners came, and many Southerners flocked to the gold fields. Large numbers of Confederate soldiers arrived in Montana both during and after the war. Confederate Gulch is a reminder of this immigration. In fact, the historians of early Montana love to enlarge on the troubles of this period. Montana was begotten in the throes of civil strife. Party feeling ran high. Attempts to name towns for Confederate celebrities caused a tempest of bitterness. This far-away echo of Bull Run and Gettysburg is one of those touches which gives the first settlement of Montana such a romantic history.

In addition to the peculiar problems met by greenbacks in Montana, there was the old argument against paper money that this form of cur-

rency experienced throughout the country. Thus Granville Stuart spoke of them: "The people of Montana did not know how the war would terminate, and so hesitated to accept greenbacks. All prices were quoted in gold. As well as I can remember greenbacks were worth but forty cents on the dollar when they arrived. This was hard on the poor people from the East who arrived with their fortunes in greenbacks. Of course they were discounted in the East, but when they got to Montana prices were frightfully high, and they were pretty hard-up."

That greenbacks depreciated materially, and that their depreciation was subject to fluctuations is well known. Suffice it to state that the average discount relative to gold during its worst year, 1864, was 49.2. From then on it had its ups and downs daily, and rose to an average of 71 or 72 during the three years following 1864 to nearly 90 from 1870 to its redemption in 1879. (Among other places, a table of greenback depreciation from 1862 to 1875 can be found in A. Barton Hepburn, "History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money," New York, 1903, pp. 204, 229.)

The Montana depreciation of this form of currency kept pace roughly with quotations in the East. In 1863-4, when its nadir was reached in New York, it was at the low ebb in the gold camps. David B. Weaver, a pioneer of those times, says that at Curry Gulch flour was sold for \$28 a sack in gold, or \$56 in greenbacks, and that it was at the same figure the following year. ("Early Days in Immigration Gulch," in Publications of the Montana Historical Society, vol. VII, pp. 79, 84.)

But the rate of discount was seemingly not consistent. While greenbacks suffered a 50 per cent depreciation in the case of flour, smoking tobacco at the same time and place sold for \$300 a pound gold, or \$550 in greenbacks. (6 *Ibid.*, p. 84.)

One of Montana's most distinguished pioneers, Cornelius Hedges, says

that in 1865 greenbacks were discounted 50 per cent "when taken at all," ("In Memoriam"—to Charles Rumley—in *Pub. Mont. Hist. Soc.*, vol. III, p. 24.) Another contemporary, Lyman A. Munson, wrote that in the sixties gold dust was worth \$18 an ounce, and that "it took thirty dollars or more in greenbacks to equal it." ("Pioneer Life in Montana," in *Pub. Hist. Soc. of Mont.*, vol. V, pp. 225-6.) When Dimsdale's "Vigilantes of Montana," the first book published in the Territory, came from the press in 1866 it was advertised in the *Montana Post* of November 10th at the following rates:

"Price in dust, \$2.00. Greenbacks, \$2.25."

In 1867 Bishop Tuttle found that greenbacks were discounted 15 per cent, while by the following year they had fallen another 5 per cent. ("Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop," pp. 129, 214.) At times the fluctuations must have been radical. It is stated in the "*Montana Post*" of November 3, 1866, that "In the last two weeks gold has descended from 53 to 46 per cent premium." This would mean a material rise in the value of greenbacks.

Other pioneers of the early sixties vouch for these discount rates of greenbacks, but few of them agree as to the ratio between them and gold. This is doubtless due to the fact that the camps were widely scattered, and that there was relatively little communication between them. It also seems doubtful whether greenbacks had any fixed value in the terms of gold in a single camp at one time. The people of the East at least had the advantage of a money market. Such an institution was wholly lacking in Montana.

From the above statements, it is obvious that either the degree of depreciation on the part of greenbacks was most unstable, or that the Montana—settlements made little attempt to keep well informed as to the condition of the money market. On the other hand it should be remembered

that most of these statements were made for many years after the events narrated took place, and that the vouchers for them may have recollected exceptional cases, and to have been guilty of generalizing much on them.

Any one who has done much interrogating of actors in events which took place before has met this tendency. It is noticeable that the two contemporary accounts given above, that of Bishop Tuttle, who quotes from his letters written at the time to his wife, and the reference to the "*Montana Post*," both place the depreciation at about half that of the reminiscences. But that the depreciation was considerable is evident.

I have stated above that the greenbacks, after gradually improving in value after 1865, reached par around 1879, when they were redeemed. The history of their rehabilitation in Montana was much different from that in the East. I quote from the account as given me by Granville Stuart. "The miner," said Mr. Stuart, "was clever enough to either hoard his best dust or sell it East and trade off the inferior. For this reason, the Territory was full of dust worth from eighty to ninety per cent that of the best dust. It was therefore little better than the greenbacks of the late sixties. Finally the merchants decided to simply make greenbacks the standard, as in reality they had been for some time. This was in 1869. From that time on, gold-dust became less and less the money of the Territory. The years 1863-9 were the years of the rule of gold-dust."

That the gold dust of Montana became debased is learned from Judge Woody. He tells the story of an old Deer Lodge banker who confessed that he often mixed the inferior Silver Bow Creek dust with the best dust from Bear Creek and Gold Creek, put the mixture in an old coffee mill, ground it sufficiently, and then sold it for the best of gold dust.

Thus the force of Gresham's Law was in practical operation in the wild

gold camps of old Montana. The cheap dust drove the better out of circulation and reduced the gold dust economy to a part with the contemptible legal tender and possibly irredeemable greenbacks.

Greenbacks thus had their ups and downs in the gold camps of Montana. But their fate was no worse than in other parts of the United States. They

were execrated on Wall street, at the cross-roads villages of Iowa, on the Golden Gate, and among the rough men who wielded a pick and washed gold dust from the gravel of the Montana gulches. A hard-headed miner as well as a metropolitan banker will always prefer a medium which has intrinsic value to a currency which threatens to be irredeemable.

THE THINKER

The morning light has placed a golden crown
 Upon his massive head;
 His rugged body glistens with the dew
 And dancing sunbeams, filt'ring through the trees,
 Play 'round his bowed and silent frame.
 His stern and fixed gaze looks past the flowers
 That scatter all their perfume to the breeze,
 His ears untuned to catch the birds' sweet notes
 Or any of the wakening day's soft sounds.
 His thoughts do pierce the clouds and reach the stars;
 Spring cannot stir his heart to joy, his soul to love,
 His troubled mind revolves the mystery,
 And rests upon men's woes and griefs.
 He scans the past and searches future's store.

Awake! O Thinker! to the present day,
 For God is calling thee
 To look upon his beauteous world,
 To let the birds fly round thee
 And to hear their song.
 O, let the sun that brightens field and hill
 Light up thy dark and sombre soul
 And sing, with us, a hymn of joy.

ROBERT WORMSER.



Proserpine

An Idyl of the Oregon Woods

By F. Imogene Hunt

OVER against the bunk house in Camp 17 the first rhododendron had just burst into bloom, dawn-pink petals against the blackened and weathered walls, and by that token the crew, from the Boss down to the Chinese cook, knew that springtime had come. And even Kurtz Andersen, just sobering up after a visit to the nearest metropolis—this was in the good old days—even Kurtz Andersen welcomed it.

There is something almost uncanny in the coming of an Oregon springtime, out where the fir woods stretch for miles and miles back from the sea in lonely green-columned silences. It brings with it no sudden burst of color and rich new life. Only here and there you may come upon a troop of white trilliums or a patch of wood violets, the ferns unroll new fronds, and down along the streams the alders put forth a mist of pale green leaves. And then the rhododendron blooms—and that is all. Yet you cannot fail to know that spring is come; you feel its presence though you see no visible sign; it is as if the woods had suddenly wakened from a long dream and were singing softly to themselves.

Probably the loggers of Camp 17, and Kurtz Andersen in particular, would have scorned these feelings put thus into words, but for all that the magic of the season crept into their veins. And doubtless that was the reason why Kurtz fell in love. Although after all, the strangest part of the story is not that he should have fallen in love with Percie—who would

not? The strange part, that not Solomon himself could explain, is that Percie should have cared for Kurtz. And where the strangeness of it lies you shall presently see.

That morning Donaldson, the Boss, had looked askance at Kurtz, who was still a trifle uncertain as to the relations between himself and his surroundings. Usually Donaldson had no compunction about firing any man whatsoever, but when a boss comes across a master woodsman he is loth to part with him, whisky or no whisky. And certainly Kurtz could do things with a tree that others never dreamed of.

"Think you can tell a fir from a cedar this morning?" asked Donaldson, curtly.

Kurtz looked his superior squarely in the face, and a lesser man than Donaldson might have flinched at the sudden wrath that smouldered under his black brows. "Any time I can't, you can feed me to the cows," he answered.

"Alright," said the Boss briefly. "You and Matthews can begin over on Myrtle Creek."

Proceeding accordingly to Myrtle Creek, Kurtz and Matthews began, with the promptness of experienced woodsmen, to serve the death warrant on one of the great firs that overhung the ravine. At first Kurtz sat on a log and directed the preliminaries, but presently the vigor of the morning air crept into his muscles, and he flung himself into the work. The undercut was soon made, but the saw had not

eaten far into the opposite side before it became evident that it had not been so recently sharpened as might be desirable. Your true logger cannot abide a dull implement. So Matthews went back to camp for another, not without some cryptic remarks about its being somebody's fault for bringing out a dull saw in the first place. Fortunately for him, these arrows fell short of their mark.

Kurtz presently grew thirsty, and not being above taking water when nothing else could be had, started down towards the stream whose gurgling faintly invited him. At the foot of the slope there was a marshy place, luxuriant now with skunk cabbages, the brilliance of whose yellow calla-like blossoms vied with the rankness of their odor. It was not the sort of a place usually chosen by young ladies for a morning stroll. But as Kurtz crashed down among the ferns, he heard a little startled cry of surprise, and there was a splash of water and a flash of pink as some one disappeared through the alders. Such a phenomenon was a challenge. Kurtz followed.

Within a few yards he came upon her, a laughing slip of a girl, sitting breathless amongst the miner's lettuce on the hillside. Her hair was over her shoulders and she was making a hasty endeavor to put it up.

"I beg your pardon," said Kurtz in confusion.

"Not at all," she answered. "It was silly of me to be frightened."

Now in the unspoiled west one does not wait on formalities, the mere fact of meeting is sufficient introduction. So Kurtz dropped down on a mossy-cushioned log and essayed to continue the conversation. It is not every day that one meets an attractive girl in the woods, nor is one often in just that stage of spirituous exaltation that relieves from native bashfulness without compromising one's wits.

"Were you out bear hunting," Kurtz inquired, "or just looking at the scenery?"

The girl shook her head and answered nothing at all, but continued to

devote her whole attention to those refractory tresses. They were of a soft, dusky brown, and her eyes may have matched—or perhaps they were blue or violet—Kurtz never was quite sure. Her slim figure was clad in a plain blue-gray dress and her feet were enclosed in very proper shoes. Kurtz was a little bewildered. He would have sworn to bare feet and rosy draperies in that first flying glimpse, except that the recency of his trip to town made him cautious of accepting the testimony of his senses.

Since his somewhat awkward inquiries drew forth no hint of the girl's identity, he tried the more pointed method of formally introducing himself, including an account of his present occupation and a brief resume—carefully expurgated—of his past history.

To which the girl responded simply, "You may call me Percie."

"But I mustn't stay here," she added when her curls were reduced to order. "And I daresay they aren't paying you four-fifty per to hold that log down. Will you fish out my sunbonnet, please?"

For that article was cruising jauntily down stream. Kurtz rescued it.

"Perhaps I'd better walk out to the road with you," he suggested. "The woods are sort of dangerous—wildcats and that sort of thing."

"Nonsense," the girl laughed. "I come up here often."

"What for?"

"Why, berries and things," said Percie. "The salmon berries are ripe now, you know."

"This is a good place for them," remarked Kurtz pointedly.

"Yes," said Percie. "Good-bye." And she vanished into the alders.

Kurtz went back to his fir with a new intoxication in his head. Girls, as a rule, at the rare dances or other social occasions on which he came in contact with them, rather avoided him. Whether from dislike or timidity he had never inquired; he had never cared. Yet this girl's frank friendliness touched some unsuspected chord

of emotion. He forgot all else, and seizing his axe began to chop recklessly into the undercut in the big fir. A sudden ominous crackling warned him of his error. The giant swayed, trembled, then cut through the air with a long sighing sound and struck the ground with a dull thunder. It went in a direction entirely of its own choosing, diagonally across the ravine, so that it split in two in the center. Kurtz stared dumbly.

A shout of rage aroused him. It was Donaldson.

"That's a hell of a place to put a tree," he stormed. "What do you mean?"

For once Kurtz was silent.

"Go back to camp," ordered Donaldson, "and sleep it off."

Kurtz went, his pride crushed and broken. He wheedled a cup of coffee from Lee, the cook, and sat in the doorstep of the cook-shack drinking it. This was, incidentally, no slight tribute, for Lee was chary of such favors. But Kurtz, with his ferocious black hair and diabolical ways, exercised a powerful fascination over the Chinaman.

"Where's Neil?" he asked, presently.

"Don't know."

Neil was Lee's assistant, an unpromising youth of nineteen or twenty, whom Kurtz took particular pleasure in worrying. And just now when he was both physically and spiritually ill he felt special need of some such diversion. This being denied, he returned his coffee cup with elaborate thanks, and then sought the bunk-house.

And there he came upon Neil, in the act of examining something which he had just extracted from a corner of Kurtz' bunk.

"Hold on there, young man," thundered Kurtz, precipitating himself upon the offender like an unwieldy cannon ball.

Neil gave a faint squeak, like a trapped rabbit, and stood as if paralyzed. He dropped his find—a little wad of something wrapped in oilcloth.

"So!" continued Kurtz. "What's the idea?"

"I saw you put it there last night," confessed the lad. "And—and I wanted some."

"Oh, you did, eh?" Kurtz picked up the package, folded the oilcloth carefully about it, and sitting on the edge of the bunk pulled off his left boot and stowed it away therein. "Always put your valuables in safety deposit," he remarked jocularly. "Remember that, Neil." Then he looked the culprit up and down with inscrutable eye. "What for?" he asked finally. "Wanted to buy a Ford, maybe?"

Neil flushed; he was near to tears. "I want to go home," he said. "Back East. I've got a mother and sisters, and I thought—that I could start over again—"

"Nice start—stealing," put in Kurtz sarcastically.

"Well, I'm not the only one," returned Neil, pointedly.

"So? You think you saw something?"

"Yes, and I've read the papers—"

"That's enough from you!" Once more strange fires flamed in Kurtz' eyes.

Neil instantly repented of his boldness. His eyes measured the distance to the door.

"Not yet." Kurtz placed himself across the path of escape. Deliberately he drew an ugly-looking knife from his pocket and flashed it in the sunlight. "That would be the easiest way," he said. "There's nobody about—and I guess I could preach the funeral sermon."

Neil shrank back against the wall.

"But you're not worth it." Kurtz shut the knife and put it back. "Now, promise that you'll never breathe a word of this—to man nor woman, bird nor beast—"

"I promise on my honor," cried Neil.

"Alright. If you ever break that word, you can't run fast enough nor hide far enough but I'll get my hands on you. And you'll not leave this camp

either. I'll keep my eye on you. Now go!"

Neil thus disposed of, Kurtz' thoughts reverted to the girl of the woods. Although it had been a pleasant experience, the memory of it induced a strange fit of melancholy, so that Kurtz was moved to seek refuge in music. He helped himself to an accordion belonging to one of the Italians, and seating himself under the rhododendron proceeded to evoke weird sounds which, if taken at their face value, demonstrated his state of mind to have been lamentable indeed. But the uncomfortable mood was thereby effectually exorcised, and Kurtz spent the rest of the day meditating over some apparently delectable scheme.

That evening at table he was unusually merry, and at the first opportunity turned the conversation to the sensational and mysterious bank robbery of a few months before. Neil, who helped Lee with the serving, showed signs of embarrassment, whereupon Kurtz redoubled his efforts.

"Here's Neil now," he remarked. "A bright boy, as we all know. Now, Neil, what's your theory?" But Neil retreated to the kitchen.

This was the beginning of a curious cat and mouse game that seemed to afford Kurtz the keenest pleasure. By subtle means, and without arousing suspicion in the other men, he kept Neil constantly uncomfortable, tempting him to tell what Kurtz well knew he dared not. It was an ingenious mode of torture. To be sure, it was playing with fire, but Kurtz liked it therefore all the better.

Meanwhile he did not forget Percie. Being a man of resource, he easily found opportunity for revisiting the salmon berry thickets not once but a dozen times during the next few days. He was not surprised to find no one there.

"Of course, you scared her away," he soliloquized. "You're not a beauty, Kurtz Andersen. And you're a darn fool to be thinking about a girl any-

way—cut it out, my boy."

And with this thought in mind he returned to his work. He was "bucking," that is, removing the limbs from down timber and sawing it into lengths. It was an arduous business, the more so as the buckler works alone, though indeed it was this last that Kurtz had aimed for. Late one afternoon, pausing to reconnoiter a giant fir, he was startled by a laugh behind him.

There she was, perched on a stump, tin pail in hand. "Don't let me interrupt your work, Mr. Andersen," she called mischievously.

"Good afternoon," greeted Kurtz, dropping his resolution along with his axe as he went up to her.

"Have some?" She held out her pail.

Kurtz politely selected one of the golden, but insipid, berries. Both were silent for a time, as if it were enough to be near one another—at least that was the thought that ran in Kurtz' mind. They could hear the rhythmic hum of a saw and the far-off ringing of steel on steel as some one wedged a tree. A big gray squirrel came running along a branch. Kurtz bent expertly and caught it, holding the frightened little creature gently between his two hands.

"Isn't he beautiful!" exclaimed Percie softly.

Presently Kurtz freed him, and he ran up into a nearby tree, chattering angrily. The man and girl laughed in unison. Kurtz was glad to have found a common ground for conversation. He soon discovered that Percie knew as well as he, and understood far better, the ways of the wood creatures. He judged that she had been brought up in the woods, probably on one of the isolated homesteads that are scattered throughout the country. But he did not find it easy to ask her directly, for with all her simplicity and frankness, she was possessed of a certain reserve that he could not penetrate.

Kurtz was obliged therefore to resort to sherlockian methods. He

found excuses to go down to the little postoffice at the mouth of the valley, and even to walk up the winding road past the different farms, some prosperous, some barely winning existence in the face of the forest. But this availed him nothing, for he was too shy about his new acquaintance to make direct inquiries. He took special care that the men at the camp should not learn of her, for he felt vaguely that they might find fault with Percie's conduct, or having looked into the wondrous innocence of her eyes, judge himself an undesirable companion for her. Besides, this little touch of mystery lent the affair an air of romance that was sweet to Kurtz, who had lived so long in a world of unrelieved matter-of-factness.

He did not see Percie often, but he thought of her always. Occasionally, during those marvelous weeks of May he would come upon her—he dared not think that she sought him out—and they would talk for a few minutes or an hour on various matters relating to the woods, for that was the only world Kurtz knew that was suitable for discussion with a young lady. But although their talk was of commonplace subjects there was always an undercurrent of hidden things. Kurtz found himself quoting poetry out of the distant past, and even attempting to formulate some of the vague philosophies that the woodsman absorbs by contact from the forest. Yet he did not see whence all this was tending.

Then one evening as he sat at the usual game of cards, the Italian brought out his accordion. It was his most beloved possession, and he could do magical things with it. Kurtz had been going about all day in a sort of exaltation that centered about the ever vanishing and ever recurring images of Percie which filled his brain. The appeal and throb of the accordion allied itself with this state of mind. Kurtz felt more and more uncomfortable, as if his thoughts were reaching out after something beyond them. Then suddenly it burst upon him, the

knowledge and the certainty, the marvelous secret of it all. He threw down his cards and abruptly retired to a shadowy corner of the room. I love her, I love her, his brain repeated over and over. And mingled with the magic of it was a vast astonishment. Love—the undreamed of! Suppose the men should read his face—he shrunk further into the shadows. Kurtz the Terrible in love!

Attracted by the music, Neil came stealthily in, his sharp eyes seeking out Kurtz in order that he might select a seat as far from his tormentor as possible. Kurtz thought, in the space of a few minutes, of many things. After a while he went over to Neil.

"Come outside a minute," he invited.

Neil dared not refuse. They walked out into the moonlit clearing.

"I've been thinking," said Kurtz, "that a logging camp is no place for a boy like you. You ought to be splitting kindling and bringing water for that mother of yours. Now see here"—he drew an old wallet from his pocket—"here's fifty plunks. No, don't say anything. It's not tainted money. I earned it with this good right arm. And I'll do what I like with it. Maybe I owe you something—maybe I don't. Maybe I've got a mother of my own—maybe I haven't. Don't ask questions. Just say nothing to nobody, and cut out in the morning on the shortest road for home. Do you get me?"

Neil gasped. Something stuck in his throat and he could not answer. Kurtz thrust the wallet into his hands.

"Don't say a word," he admonished, and turned swiftly back, leaving Neil to sit in the moonlight and wonder why he had ever doubted that fairy tales came true.

Kurtz slipped back into his shadowy corner and luxuriated in the song of the accordion. And another strange impulse shaped itself in his mind. "It will leave me dead broke," he soliloquized, "but that's no odds. And it might get me in wrong—no, I guess

Kurtz Andersen can manage a little trick like that."

But such resolves come sometimes too late.

Next morning Neil drew his slender pay and left. He was anxious to say a few words of awkward thanks to Kurtz, but Kurtz was equally anxious that he should not, and skillfully kept out of his way.

That same day, as it happened, the slow course of justice, coming at last to fruition, brought the unexpected to camp.

Donaldson was in his office when the two strangers arrived.

"I'm Smith, deputy sheriff," the one introduced himself. "We want to know if a man came to this camp about three months ago, dark, black eyes and hair——"

"Kurtz Andersen, yes," said Donaldson.

"We thought so—we didn't know the name, but we've traced the man. He's wanted for bank robbery. Is he still here?"

"He's on the force," said Donaldson. "I'm not surprised, gentlemen—Andersen is doubtless capable of anything—but I'm mighty sorry. He's a fine fellow in some ways and a very wizard with the timber. I hate to lose him."

"Can't be helped," said Smith, briefly.

"You'll find him over on Myrtle Creek—follow this road," directed Donaldson.

The bookkeeper, who chanced to be present, here put in a word.

"It would be my advice that you wait till noon, when all the men will be around. I'd hate to try arresting Andersen all by my lonesome—with due respect to you and your assistant, Mr. Smith."

But the majesty of the law was not to be daunted by such a suggestion.

Kurtz was, as usual, working alone. When the two men came up, intuition, born perhaps of experience, told him their errand.

"Well?" he snapped.

Smith produced a paper. "Kurtz

Andersen, you are under arrest," he began, "on the charge of——"

"Not by a long shot——"

Smith's hand was on his revolver, but Kurtz had the swiftness and agility of the cougar, and before the deputy sheriff realized what was happening had possessed himself of the weapon.

"Drop yours," he commanded the other man, who prudently obeyed.

Kurtz threw the two weapons into a tangle of blackberry vines. "Now," he said, "the best man wins. If you two can take me, alright, there'll be no kick coming." While they hesitated, he continued: "I'm willing to return the cash, gentlemen; in fact, I'd already planned to do so when convenient—you won't believe that, of course, but it's the straight truth. It won't do society any good—much less me—to put me behind the bars. Come on—I'm ready."

Smith was no faint heart, nor was his companion. They accepted the challenge. The fight was intense, but brief. Any of the men who knew Kurtz could have prophesied the outcome.

"Good day, gentlemen," said Kurtz, and picking up his axe strode off, leaving the two to return to camp at their leisure.

Once more alone, Kurtz pondered. He might easily take to the woods; the odds were with him. But somehow, the thought was displeasing. His joy in the victory had evaporated, and the idea that stood out most plainly was that he was a marked man—branded a thief in the eyes of the world. It never occurred to him before that Percie might not have cared for his friendship if she had known that there was a wad of something in his left boot. He had considered the robbery, when he thought of it at all, as an achievement to be proud of—though not boasted of in public. Even his project of restitution had been made in a spirit of generosity, not of repentance; a favor conferred, rather than an obligation fulfilled. Now he looked on his act for the first time in

the guise of crime. The conception was all the more terrible for its novelty.

So finally Kurtz came to a decision. "If there's any way to wipe it out, that way for me." He took up his axe and continued his work where Smith had interrupted it. Only one thought troubled him—that he would probably never see Percie again. "Though, of course, it's better that way," he assured himself.

At the noon whistle Kurtz went back to camp with the others. Donaldson and the two officers stood in a group apart near the cook shack. Kurtz walked up to them.

But before he could speak, Smith stepped forward and held out his hand. "The best man wins," he said. "It's a little irregular, but Mr. Donaldson has convinced me that the law is for men, not men for the law. Which means that if you could put a little matter that we know of in some convenient place—say that stump yonder—I might find it and consider my duty at an end."

"You'll never regret this kindness through act of mine," said Kurtz Andersen.

That afternoon Kurtz sought out the most solitary spot he knew of in order to be alone with his thoughts. He broke off a branch of rhododendron—it was withered and faded, the petals hanging like beggar's rags—and sat fingering it while he meditated. Some things he saw clearly. That life had perhaps deeper meanings than he had credited it with. That, above all, he must not see Percie again. For he was entirely unworthy of her. And for the first time he thought beyond the immediate fact of his love, and perceived that if allowed to run its course it must come to things impossible for Percie or himself. It would be best to leave the camp, yet this seemed ungrateful to Donaldson, who had so loyally befriended him. If he

stayed he must tell Percie plainly—she was a mere child—but she must be made to understand.

At this he became suddenly conscious that she was standing before him.

"I've come to say good-bye," she said, with her usual direct simplicity.

Kurtz' spirit rebelled within him, forgetting that this was exactly what he had been planning all afternoon to bring about.

"No, you mustn't—you can't——" he cried.

"But it has to be."

"But why?"

"Because," she pointed to the dying flowers in his hand, "they are passing, and when the rhododendron goes, summer comes—and I am going away."

"I don't understand."

"Probably not," she said a little wearily. Then most softly: "But never mind. Before I go I must tell you one thing. I love you, Kurtz Andersen—no, don't speak, let me say it——"

But Kurtz in his amazement had nothing to say.

"I shall not forget you. And you—perhaps you will remember me?"

Kurtz held out his arms in mute appeal. He recalled afterwards, at the time he was conscious of nothing but the paradise of her eyes, that she wore a garment of a marvelous rosy pink, and of a fashion utterly strange to him.

She came to him swiftly, brushed aside his outstretched arm, and kissed him on the forehead. Then she was gone.

Kurtz knew from experience the futility of attempting to follow. He sat in a trance of wonder and grief, unconscious of time or space. After a while he glanced down at the branch of rhododendron, which he still held in his hand. It was blossoming anew, where she had touched it, with the dewy freshness of early springtime!

Father of Waters

The Following Poem Was Inspired by Reading John Muir's "Yellowstone Park."

First as a vapor light,
Inland you take your flight,
Winged, on the wind, to the mountains you flee.
Then as white snow you fall,
Or as the rain you call
Out to the fountain, the flower, the tree.

Then joining hands again,
Down past the haunts of men,
Lending your energy, speeding along
Through the wide mountain gates,
Leaping to meet the mates,
Come from the prairie and plain with their song.

Glacier and snowbank white,
Pine gloom, savanna bright,
Cane brake, magnolia, are all on your way,
Geysers are at your head,
From the great seas you're fed,
Father of Waters, glide, roaring and gray!

Now rapids booming broad,
Only by man o'erawed,
Strength, you are lending, as Samson of old,
To grinding mills for flour,
Freed then, at least, but dour
Springing away as a robber most bold.

Leaping from out your banks,
Playing the weirdest pranks,
Building, up-rooting, then planting anew.
Spoiling both field and town,
Feeding land farther down,
Father of Waters! From vapor you grew.

Then on your broad expanse,
Commerce has found advance,
You've carried her loads from the fields to the sea,
But now your work is done,
Clear from the setting sun,
You've toiled all along, but to rest now you're free.

Thus is the life of man,
Only the briefest span,
Toiling, rejoicing, o'er victories won
Out of eternity,
Into eternity,
As from ocean to ocean the river has run.

RUTH C. HOFFMAN.

The Entry of the United States

From an English Point of View

By John C. Bracken

THE magnificent speech of President Wilson is our greatest victory since the war began, and we are unreservedly proud and thankful that it should have been made. Every sentence in his past speeches that has been criticised here and in his own country adds to the splendor of the victory. When we were at war with Napoleon, the United States came in at the end against us. This war against Germany has brought her in on our side. The difference between then and now is eloquent of the justice of our cause, and that America should have waited and pondered so long before deciding adds immensely to the weight of her condemnation of Germany's rulers.

President Wilson asks his country to enter the war for two sets of reasons. The first arises out of Germany's conduct of the submarine war. The war of 1812 expressed America's opinion that our policy at sea was against its liberties; her entry into this war on our side is a certificate that Germany is the arch-enemy of freedom on the seas and the Allies its protectors. This is much—how much only those know who have studied the long history of our old differences with America on the law of the sea.

But the other grounds for American intervention are more striking still. "Our object," says President Wilson, "is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world against selfish autocratic power, and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world

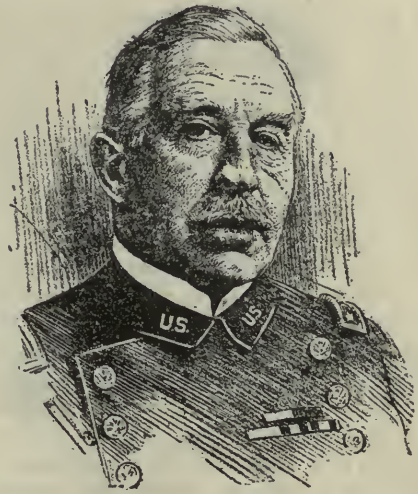
such a concert of purpose and action as will henceforth ensure the observance of these principles." Language could not be clearer. The German people, with whom Mr. Wilson is careful to say America has no other quarrel, are here branded with the stigma of being unfree and politically backward. They think they are fighting for their liberties; they are, in fact, fighting for their chains. And so badly has their government mismanaged their affairs that it has produced a kind of Holy Alliance of free peoples against them. "A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by the partnership of democratic nations." Hug your chains, Mr. Wilson says in effect to the German people, and you will always be political outcasts, unfit for the fellowship of free men; break them, and you may have both peace and freedom. What incompetence on the part of their rulers it is that has brought the most conceited people on earth to a pass when even Russia, so long despised by them, can pity them as slaves. It will not be for their moral vices that the future historian will castigate Germany, but for their intellectual forcible-feebleness.

Think of it. Here is a nation which wants some sort of an empire in the East, and the way she sets about it is to invade Belgium, to unite Englishmen of all shades of opinion against her, and finally to bring in the United States against her. Why, France got more out of her defeat in the last war than the present rulers of Germany knew how to get out of their strength.



Major-General Pershing, who will lead the first U. S. A. unit on the firing line of France.

It would be unfair not to acknowledge the great contribution which the Russian revolution has made to the great moral victory for the Allies which Mr. Wilson's speech is. Before the revolution a great part of Mr. Wilson's speech could either not have been delivered, or if it had could only have been read as an attack on our eastern ally. It is impossible to ex-



Major-General Leonard Wood, who will command new U. S. Army Department.

aggerate the difference that has been made by the establishment of a free Russia. It has made this war quite unequivocally one between those who love freedom and those who do not. It has made Germany what Mr. Wilson calls her, "the natural foe to liberty." At the same time it has opened



Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, who is driving back the Germans on the Northern sector.



General Petain, now Marshal of the Armies of France. The defender of Verdun against the long and strong attack of the German Crown Prince.



Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, K. C. B., First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, Chief of the Naval Staff, the Commander of Great Britain's Indispensable fleet.

up for the German people a way of escape from their present troubles. If they stand by the masters whose gross incompetence is now revealed, they will suffer the penalties of slavery; if they achieve their own freedom, they



Lt.-Gen. Sir F. S. Maude, who captured Bagdad, and destroyed the Kaiser's dream of world-wide power reaching into Asia.

will also win a place for their country amongst the great nations of the world. The arch-enemies of Germany are not the Allies but her own rulers; it is they, not we, who are dragging her down and ruining her body and soul.

Mr. Wilson goes even farther. This



Rene Viviani, vice-premier of France, and Minister of justice, one of the leading representatives on the recent conference committee at Washington.



Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and one of the most prominent members of the consulting committee that met at Washington.



Marshal Joseph Joffre, who turned the tide of victory of the German invasion of France at the Marne. The German army has been retreating ever since.

war, to his mind, is one for the liberation of all the peoples of the world, including the German people, for the privilege of every one everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. "The world must be safe for democracy," says Mr. Wilson; "its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty." There are thus two ways in which the German people can work for peace. One is by offering themselves up as sacrifices to stupid and incompetent rulers. That way is the peace of bondage, the dull, heavy sleep of slaves. The other way is by achieving their own liberty.

The intervention of the United States makes victory, and a victory of the people, certain. Mr. Wilson says that he is ready if necessary, to spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify the pretensions of the rulers of Germany. That means, in a word, that Germany's chances depend solely on the success of the submarine campaign. The United States are right to prepare a great army to take part if necessary in the land war in Europe, but the condition of its employment is the defeat of the submarine campaign. This, then, should be the first object of American energy, and to its achievement everything else

should be sacrificed. This done, everything else follows; this not done, nothing else matters.

Mr. Wilson looks forward to the "utmost practicable co-operation and counsel with the governments now at war," to the "organization and mobilization of all material of the country to supply the materials of war." Let us put it a little more simply. The greatest service that the United States can render—and it can begin at once, whereas her military co-operation must wait—is to help us to clear the seas of hostile submarines. There are two ways in which this service can be done. One is by the building of swarms of ocean-going destroyers and fast craft which will hunt down submarines and if necessary convoy shipping. The other way is by building cargo boats in such numbers and with such rapidity as to destroy Germany's chance of keeping pace with the new construction. The mere addition of the German ships in American ports to the active tonnage of the world will repair the losses in the worst month from the submarines. The problem of keeping pace with future destruction is one that American co-operation, rightly organized, should make certain of being



Aristide Briand, member of the French Socialist party, and a representative of the people.

solved. The world's shipping needs some five millions of new tonnage. We ought to be able to supply from one to two million, and America can, if she sets about it, easily supply the rest.

We are anxious that the war should be shortened. It cannot be shortened very appreciably by America's military activity. It can be shortened at sea by her inventiveness, her industrial energy, and her immense natural re-

sources. This is a problem after America's own heart, and if we concentrate upon it the last of our anxieties is gone. We shall win, we shall win for the good of the people, and we shall win soon. What a load to have taken off one's heart. And what a splendid prospect opens up of future political co-operation between us for the freedom and happiness of the people.

Notable Messages

Many notable and noble messages have been sent to the United States in praise of the great act of Good Friday.

The French President said—

From now onwards it will be more than ever apparent to the impartial mind that German Imperialism, which deliberately prepared and ended by declaring war, had conceived the mad dream of forcing its hegemony on the world. It has succeeded only in revolting the conscience of humanity. You have become the interpreter before the universe, in eloquent and memorable language, of outraged right and menaced civilization. All honor to you, M. le President, and to your noble country.

Prime Minister Lloyd George said—

America has at one bound become a world power in a sense she never was before. She waited until she found a cause worthy of her traditions. The American people held back until they were fully convinced that the fight was not a sordid scrimmage for power and possessions, but an unselfish struggle to overthrow a sinister conspiracy against human liberty and human right.

These words represent the faith which inspires and sustains our people in the tremendous sacrifices they have made and are still making. They also

believe that the unity and peace of mankind can only rest upon democracy, upon the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, upon respect for the rights and liberties of nations both great and small, and upon the universal dominion of public right. To all of these Prussian military autocracy is an implacable foe.

Mr. Asquith said—

There is not a man among us who does not breathe more freely now that he knows that, through the action of the President and Congress of the United States, the whole English-speaking race are to fight as comrades side by side in the most momentous struggle in history.

The President's speech will live in the annals of eloquence as a worthy and noble exposition of the grounds and the aims of a great national resolve. The people of the United States have been forced, as the United Kingdom was forced, into a struggle which in neither case was of our own seeking. They have realized, as we have realized, that the choice lay between peace with humiliation and war with honor.

Never have the fundamental issues which are at stake been stated with more precision or with a greater elevation of thought and language than in the President's address.

Journal des Debats said—

The great republic across the Atlantic, peopled by millions of Germans by origin, and descendants of Germans, the refuge of the persecuted of all countries, the land of plain dealing, of science and of liberty, denounces German policy as the scourge of humanity. . . . In proportion as the men of Berlin try new dodges, imagine new atrocities, and bring to help them more perfected instruments of destruction, the peoples of the earth will rise one by one against the new barbarians.

M. Clemenceau said—

We have a war map in our turn, and an excellent one. It shows the German Chancellor innumerable cohorts of free peoples, so vast that their extent is lost to view, with fighting power which has nothing to fear from

his own. Our great number is perhaps worth something, as it gives us the greater staying power.

The support of America is so formidable that all the other neutrals hitherto hesitating, beginning with China and Brazil, will be seen hastening to help us put the Kaiser's hordes in strait waistcoats, whilst in Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria and perhaps Germany itself, American intervention, following so closely upon the Russian revolution, will have the effect of another sledge-hammer blow.

The Berliner Tageblatt said—

Germans must not underestimate the importance of the United States entering the war, for it cannot be forgotten that the population of the United States is over a hundred millions, and that it is the richest country in the world.

TO AMERICA

No doubts had we, nor need of man's approving,
Clear was our mandate from the Eternal Throne;
We, to the aid of outraged Freedom moving,
Needs must have ventured though we marched alone.

Not all alone nor friendless have we striven,
Comrades marched with us 'gainst embattled sin,
Comrades the bravest, lealest under Heaven,
Yet lacked we one—the nearest of our kin.

Now, as a man who 'mid dear, friendly voices,
Harkened for one sans which the world seemed dumb,
England to-day, with heart upraised, rejoices,
For thou hast spoken, thou hast said, "I come!"

DAVID A. ROBISON.

Mr. Lloyd George

By Babu Lal Sud, B. A.

THERE are three ways of getting into Parliament, viz., through (1) wealth and social position, (2) through family name and (3) through ability. A great number of members of Parliament owe their seats solely to their wealth and social position. A greater number of them are returned members of Parliament by virtue of their family name, although some of them show ability worthy of the name. Their family, perhaps for centuries past, have thought of Parliament as their natural place, and as soon as a member of the family is twenty-five or so, he takes to politics as a matter of right, and is, without any hitch or trouble or turmoil, returned its member. This class is known by the name of the political caste in England, and cannot stand those members of Parliament whose fathers and grandfathers did not sit in Parliament before them, and whom it calls intruders, upstarts and so on. And there is a number of members in Parliament who owe their seats neither to wealth and social position nor to family name, but to the fact that before entering the House of Commons they strive hard and win for themselves a recognized position in public life. It is this class of members which is looked down upon by the political caste which calls it all sorts of names. Mr. Lloyd George belongs to this third class. He does not come of wealthy parents nor of a family the members of which sat in the House of Commons for some centuries past. Apart from this he did not have the advantages of Eton and Oxford life which the majority of members have who are neither wealthy nor belong to the political caste, as was the case with the late



Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, virtually dictator of Great Britain.

Mr. Goldstone, and is the case with Mr. Asquith. Neither of them came of wealthy parents nor belonged to the political caste. But they had this in their favor that they had been to Eton and Oxford. Poor Mr. Lloyd George! When he entered the House of Commons in 1890 his name aroused bitter enmity in "Society." And why? Because he did not come of wealthy parents; he did not belong to a family the members of which had been sitting in the House of Commons for some centuries past, and at the top of it all, he did not go to Eton or Oxford. And Mr. Lloyd George had to fight hard to overcome this prejudice of the political caste against him. The caste system in politics is as rigid in England as the caste system among orthodox Hindus in India. Those who fondly believe that there is no such thing as caste in England, and for the matter

of that, among Englishmen, would do well to study the question of political caste in England, and then and then only can they understand that caste plays as important a part in English politics as it does among orthodox Hindus in India, perhaps more. For an Englishman, with no wealth and social position and without family name and history to back him up in his struggle for life in politics, to come to the fore is no joke. He is tolerated, no doubt, because of his ability. He is acknowledged as a man of stuff. So far people and politicians welcome him. But to see him elevated to one of the highest positions in England is not a thing which his people and friends care to tolerate. He must be possessed of an ability of a very exceptional order, and then he can come to the fore, for, as stated above, he has to compete not only with the cleverest politicians, but has also to overcome the prejudice of the political caste against him which is so deep-rooted and is so universal that it requires great endurance, tenacity and courage to overcome it. That Mr. Lloyd George overcame this completely, and came to the fore despite so many disadvantages and handicaps with which he started on his political career can be easily judged from the popularity he enjoys and the esteem in which he is held at the present moment.

Mr. Lloyd George was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The fact is, the great men are not generally born rich, and Mr. Lloyd George is no exception. Take Asquith, Gladstone, Dadabhai Naoroji, Gokhale and others. None of them were born rich. It is quite possible in the majority of cases that the ordinary circumstances in which they were born serve as a fillip to their greatness, for who knows that the glare and glare of riches might not infect them with what the French call the grandiose? However, that is by the way. Mr. Lloyd George was born in Manchester—the city of Free Trade—on January 17, 1863. His father, David George, who came of yeoman

stock from Pembrokeshire, was a teacher in an elementary school in Manchester; and his mother, Elizabeth Lloyd, was the daughter of David Lloyd, who, though a shoemaker by trade, was noted for his learning at Llanystumdwy. Before Mr. Lloyd George was a year old, his father, being unable to bear the irritations and strain of teaching on account of his indifferent health, gave up the teaching profession and moved to Wales to a small farm near Haverfordwest, and took to the pursuit of farming. Thus the accident of Mr. Lloyd George's birthplace in Manchester did not prevent him from being "first, and last, and above everything a Welshman." Within two years of the family's return to Wales, Mr. Lloyd George's father died of pneumonia at the early age of 44, and his mother was left a widow with two infants, and very shortly afterwards a posthumous son was born to her. Mrs. David George was a businesslike and immensely industrious woman. She sold the farm, and went with her young children to share her brother's home in the village of Llanystumdwy in North Wales. Her brother Richard Lloyd, was a shoemaker by trade, and was not rich, and therefore Mr. Lloyd George could have none of the luxuries of life in his youth. Recalling those early days Mr. Lloyd George himself says: "We scarcely ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday morning." But from this it should not be inferred that Mr. Lloyd George lived in abject poverty in his young days. The fact is that there was nothing in the way of luxury to be had, but there was no abject poverty. But if Richard Lloyd, Mr. Lloyd George's uncle, was not rich in this world's goods, he was a great scholar and preacher. He belonged to a religious sect known as "The Disciples of Christ," and his shop was not only the field of theological controversies, but also an arena of the political life of the village.

Such surroundings could not possibly fail to leave their impress on little

Lloyd George and shape his career and mould his character both politically as well as morally. There was also the smithy of Hugh Jones at Llanystumdwy which, in conjunction with his uncle's shop, was responsible for shaping Mr. Lloyd George's career, as it was here that the intelligent, educated and enlightened villagers gathered together to thresh out the political, religious and philosophical questions of the day. "Yonder smithy," said Mr. Lloyd George once, "was my first parliament, where night after night we discussed all the abstruse questions relating to this world and the next, in politics, in theology, in philosophy, and science. There was nothing too wide and comprehensive for us to discuss." Of his academic career very little is recorded. In fact, there is nothing worthy of note excepting one incident which proved that he had the courage of his convictions while even very young. The village school that he attended taught the Church Catechism and Creed compulsorily, or, in other words, religious instruction was combined with secular education in schools during his school-days. He led the successful revolt for conscience's sake against this compulsory religious instruction in his school at Llanystumdwy by absenting himself along with a large number of his school fellows from "the regulation Ash Wednesday Church School Parade." The revolt was so successfully organized that it resulted in the abolition of religious instruction in his village school. As a schoolboy he accomplished in his own village school what years of political agitation failed to accomplish through Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George is not a university man. In fact, he did not have any "education" worth the name. He could not afford to. His uncle's means were not such as to enable him to send Mr. Lloyd George to Eton and thence to Oxford. The only school he attended was his village school, where he passed the preliminary examination at the age of fourteen. That was all the education he had, and he has never been ashamed to confess

his early educational limitations. He speaks of them thus: "Personally, I should be ungrateful if I did not say that I owe nothing to the University. I owe nothing to secondary schools. Whatever I do owe is to the little Bethel." But since then the universities of Oxford and Wales have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

His uncle soon found out that there were germs of greatness and statesmanship in "little George," as he was then called, and that if properly looked after and educated, he was sure to become a great man one day. Since his infancy Mr. Lloyd George showed signs of oratory and his uncle settled that he should be trained for the legal profession, and for training his nephew for the law he devoted the few pounds which he had saved for his old age. As this money was not sufficient for his nephew's education for the law, he himself, although past youth, set to work to study law and the French language with his nephew so as to save the cost of preliminary legal education. In this connection Mr. Lloyd George himself thus summarizes his uncle's devotion: "My uncle never married. He set himself the task of educating the children of his sister as a sacred and supreme duty. To that duty he gave his time, energy, and all his money." He was articled to a solicitor at Portmadoc, and was admitted a solicitor in 1884, at the age of 21, but it was not until he had earned the guineas with which to buy the robes in which to appear in courts that he started practising as a solicitor.

Mr. Lloyd George soon made his name as an able advocate, and his office at Portmadoc soon became the resort of "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented." But the majority of his clients belonged to a class "which helped to build up a reputation rather than a bank balance for their advocate." He himself admits that one serious drawback of his as a solicitor was, "I never sent in any bills of cost. The result was I never had any money." It was

only when his brother joined the firm that "things improved" so far as money was concerned. The most notable among his earlier cases was the quarry men case. Four quarry-men were charged before the Carnarvon Magistrates with unlawfully fishing with a net in the Nantle Lower Lake. The point at issue was whether the lake came under the definition of "river" or not. Mr. Lloyd George argued that the Bench had no jurisdiction to try the case, which must be sent to a higher court. The following dialogue which took place between the Bench and Mr. Lloyd George shows how courageous and independent-spirited Mr. Lloyd George was even in his young days:

Mr. George—Yes, sir, and in a perfectly just and unbiased court, too.

The Chairman—If that remark of Mr. George's is meant as a reflection upon any magistrate sitting on this bench, I hope that he will name him. A more insulting and ungentlemanly remark to the Bench I have never heard during the course of my experience as a magistrate.

Mr. George—But a more true remark was never made in a court of justice.

The Chairman—Tell me to whom you are referring? I must insist upon knowing whether you are referring to any magistrate or magistrates sitting in this court.

Mr. George—I refer to you in particular, sir.

The Chairman (rising)—Then I retire from the chair. Good-bye, gentlemen. This is the first time I have ever been insulted in a court of justice. (He then left the court.)

Another Magistrate—In fairness to the chairman and other magistrates I must say that Mr. George was not justified in making such remarks.

A third Magistrate—I decline to proceed with this case until Mr. George apologizes.

Mr. George—I am glad to hear it.

A request for an apology to the Bench elicited the following bold statement:

"I say this: That at least two or three magistrates in this court are bent

upon securing a conviction whether there is a fair case or not. I am sorry the chairman has left the court, because I am in a position to prove what I have said. I shall not withdraw anything, because every word I have spoken is true."

Upon this the remaining Magistrates left the court. They, however, returned after a brief consultation, and the chairman announced that Mr. Lloyd George's remarks were unjustifiable and as such should be withdrawn, and that the case should proceed.

On January 24, 1888, Mr. Lloyd George married Miss Margaret Owen, only daughter of Mr. Richard Owen. Mrs. Lloyd George has been a distinct factor in her husband's life, and with her assistance her husband has accomplished many great things. She has always accompanied her husband in his political tours, and on many occasions has miraculously escaped injury, rather death. In 1892—the year of Mr. Lloyd George's election as member of Parliament—while he was driving through the streets of Bangor with Mrs. Lloyd George at his side, a fireball of tarred tow, dipped in paraffin, was thrown at him, which knocked his hat off and fell on Mrs. Lloyd George's dress. It was only the prompt action on the part of her husband which threw the ball out and extinguished the flames that saved Mrs. Lloyd George. In 1895—the time of another election—she was again saved from serious injury by her husband's prompt action. Three years ago when Mr. Lloyd George was driving through the street of West End, London, with Mrs. Lloyd George, a suffragette threw something at Mr. Lloyd George which so closely touched Mrs. Lloyd George that it was only luck that saved her. It is said of Mrs. Lloyd George that though she takes her breakfast much earlier than her husband, to keep him company she again takes her breakfast with her husband at about 9:30 a. m. It is because her husband has to keep late hours in order to attend to his work as Minister of Munitions and

as such cannot be expected to take his breakfast as was his wont before the war.

The idea of entering Parliament was suggested to Mr. Lloyd George by Mr. Michael Davitt at a great meeting at Blaenan Festiniog, on February 12, 1886. At that meeting Mr. Michael Davitt spoke on Home Rule, and Mr. Lloyd George moved a vote of thanks. At the close of the meeting Mr. Michael Davitt strongly advised him to turn his thoughts to a parliamentary career. This encouraging advice enabled him to give the matter serious thought, and the leaders of the new political and spiritual thought in Wales found in Mr. Lloyd George a man after their own heart. "You require a member from Carnarvon Boroughs," said one of them in 1888; "you have him ready at hand in Mr. Lloyd George. Give him his chance, for he is destined to become the leader of Wales in Parliament." Although he had been freely mentioned as one sure to make an ideal member of Parliament, there were people among older and more cautious Liberals to whom he appeared a bit "advanced," and who feared that his extreme views "would frighten timid voters." They were not reassured when Mr. S. T. Evans (now Sir Samuel Evans, President of the Admiralty Division), who was then Member for Mid-Glamorgan, gravely told them: "Don't worry about that. Lloyd George will lose fifty per cent of his National Radicalism in the House of Commons." It is worthy of record what the "South Wales Daily News" said of his candidature in February, 1890: "We believe that he belongs to that class of young and rising Welshmen who will in a future, and no distant future period, be the pride of the Welsh people." The vacancy occurred in March, 1890, and Mr. Lloyd George was chosen as candidate, and returned a Member of Parliament on April 10, 1890, with a majority of 18 votes. It was in the 27th year of his age. In his maiden speech, on June 13, 1890, he called attention in Committee of Supply to the appointment in

the County Courts of Wales of Judges who could not speak Welsh. On this subject he spoke with all the experience gained from his large practice as solicitor which he had built up in Carnarvon and the district. It is said that Gladstone was "exceedingly delighted" with his maiden speech.

When he first came to London it was his intention to read for the Bar. But as the House of Commons absorbed a great share of his attention, he gave up the idea of becoming a Barrister, and continued his practice as a Solicitor. Once inside the House he drew the attention of the House to the needs of Wales, and, needless to add, his tireless efforts and untiring activity have brought Wales many desirable and important reforms. In his early days as a Member of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George did quite remarkable things. But they were, to be candid, unnoticed and unrealized. In those early days the House of Commons did not realize Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Lloyd George did not realize the House of Commons. The atmosphere of the House of Commons was alien and antipathetic to him. It is true that he had made his local fame as orator, solicitor and nationalist. But his oratory was not the oratory which suited the House of Commons. He had the "fiery gospel and rhetorical tongue." But this is the exact thing which the House of Commons cannot stand. Moreover, as a speaker in English, he could not carry the members off their feet. His oratory in English was stumbling and ragged, and the House of Commons could not stand it. It was only when he spoke in Welsh that he could really rouse the members. But the House of Commons did not care for Welsh. Gladstone may have been "exceedingly delighted" with his maiden speech. But the fact remains that during his early days he was one of those members of the House of Commons who are considered unsuited and uncongenial to it (House of Commons) and its atmosphere. If anybody had told Mr. Lloyd George during those days that he

would become one of the foremost figures of the House one day, he would never have believed it. In fact, he would have been startled at such prophecy. It was the Agricultural Land Rating Bill which first made the House of Commons realize him and Mr. Lloyd George realize the House of Commons. It looks curious, rather funny, that a Rating bill should attract a great orator. But Mr. Lloyd George had studied rating in all its minutest details as solicitor, and was more thoroughly familiar with rating than any other member of the House of Commons. Since then "the orator became a Parliamentarian" and "has never looked back since." From that time onward he has become a parliamentarian who has been cradled in the House of Commons. Perhaps it is not generally known that it was in connection with this Rating Bill that on May 22, 1896, Mr. Lloyd George was, along with Mr. Herbert Lewis, Mr. J. Dillon, and some others, suspended from the House for a week. "I decline to go," said Mr. Lloyd George, in reply to the speaker, "as a protest against the action of the government." After his return to the House, he made very able and clever speeches on the Voluntary Schools Bill and the Irish Local Government Bill.

It was the South African war that brought Mr. Lloyd George to the fore, and proved to demonstration that he was a man of courage, convictions and independence. He deemed the Boer war a blunder and "fought as strenuously against the war as the Boers did against the British," to quote Mr. Beriah Evans. His attitude during the war earned for him the epithet "pro-Boer." But he justified the epithet, and "became at once and everywhere, the object of general opprobrium, the aim of every political sniper, the objective of every Tory bombardment, and deployed and massed attack." The majority of his Liberal friends, to speak nothing of the Conservatives, left him at that time. But being convinced of the righteousness of his policy, he remained undaunted and unwavering, and held on. His life was

threatened, but he did not care for his life. In fact, it is characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George that when he espouses a cause he gives all he has to that cause, and that is the reason that he can carry his cause always through to a victory. He gave his all to his attitude during the Boer War. His unpopularity reached its climax in the riots which took place in Birmingham in December, 1891, on the occasion of a meeting at which he had to speak. It is said that some men had sworn that Mr. Lloyd George should not leave Birmingham alive. This riot was organized to the tune of:

"We'll chuck Lloyd George into the fountain,
And he'll never come to Brum any more."

The text of his speech was Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield pronouncement. Mr. Lloyd George being aware of the fact that a band of men were bent upon disturbing the meeting, nay, causing him physical injury, he reached the Town Hall, Birmingham, where he had to make his speech, two hours before the time for delivery of his speech, and utilized this interval in dictating to a shorthand writer the substance of what he intended to say. With the typewritten note Lloyd George rose to speak. The moment he rose stones began to reach through windows, and immediately afterwards there was a big rush for the platform. But luckily Mr. Lloyd George was spirited away to an anteroom and from there escaped in the guise of a constable. But the speech appeared in the morning papers, and Mr. Lloyd George achieved success, rather won the battle. Any other man with a less stout heart and of weak convictions would have been afraid to visit Birmingham and to speak to people mad with rage against him. Mr. Lloyd George is not a weak man. On the contrary he is a born fighter and loves to be in the thick of the fight, especially when the odds are against him. "He never avoids an issue because it

means a fight against great odds. He will attack it the more cheerfully for that fact. He loves to go out against 'ten or twelve of them,' for he likes to see them run," remarks one student of his career. And Mr. Lloyd George was unsparing in his attacks on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whom he regarded as the real author of the Boer war. It was his chief delight "to indulge in a tilt against Mr. Chamberlain." He said about him in one of his speeches: "One of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches does more to jeopardize the Empire than a score of Nicholson's Neks The New Imperialists will have to procure a revised version of their Scriptures—a Birmingham edition—commencing: 'In the beginning Joseph Chamberlain created heaven and earth.'" His attitude during the Boer War (1899) proved two things, first, that he was a man of courage and convictions, and secondly, that he was a little Englander—i. e., one opposed to an Imperial policy.

The Education Bill of 1902 found in Mr. Lloyd George one of the cleverest and alertest of critics, and it was through him and his efforts that the principles of Non-conformity were, in a large measure, secured. Mr. Balfour testified to his work in this connection thus: "There is the Honorable Member for the Carnarvon Boroughs who, through these debates, has played, in my opinion, a most distinguished part, and who has shown himself to be an eminent parliamentarian." The Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose weekly articles in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* are read with great avidity and rapturous eagerness by the public, remarked about his work in this connection with the Educational Act of 1892: "In the opinion of many, what Mr. Lloyd George has done is small compared with what he will accomplish again."

When the Conservative Government fell at the end of 1905, and the Liberal Government came into power with Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George was appointed to the office of the President of the Board of Trade. This caused gen-

eral surprise. It was said by many people that Mr. Lloyd George, although possessed of eloquence to sway the masses, lacked business qualities and abilities as an administrator, and as such was not qualified for the position. They further were of opinion that he obtained this high position simply because of his rhetorical powers. His appointment caused great annoyance in the Tory ranks. At the time the *Daily Mail* wrote:

"Nobody in the country knows less concerning the policy of his government than Mr. Lloyd George That he will ever enter a cabinet again is unlikely, and when his political career comes to a hasty end, it will be found that it was the great moment of his life when, disguised in the respectable uniform of a policeman, he fled before the foolish mob which thought it worth while to silence his traitorous speech."

For some time he was not much heard of. He was busy mastering the details and intricacies of his office, and soon made himself well familiar with the work of the Board of Trade. His predecessors, Mr. Chamberlain and the Marquis of Salisbury, no doubt, did much to improve the commercial life of England during their time of office, but it is doubtful if either of them accomplished so much as did Mr. Lloyd George during his two years at the Board of Trade and during which short time he had placed three great and important measures on the Statute Book, viz., (1) the Merchant Shipping Act, (2) the Patents Act, and (3) the Port of London Bill. While at the Board of Trade it did not take him much time to build up his reputation. He soon became known as "the greatest fighting force in the Ministry," justifying Mr. Winston Churchill's assurance that "Lloyd George is the best fighting general in the Liberal Army." He also proved himself as great a diplomat by averting a great railway strike in 1907, and settling the Manchester Cotton Dispute so satisfactorily and amicably. At the Lord Mayor's banquet, the Prime Minister, Sir H.

Campbell-Bannerman paid a warm tribute to "the great gifts of unconquerable hopefulness, of unflinching courage, and of alert diplomacy, which Mr. Lloyd George possessed."

The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, tendered his resignation in April, 1908, and Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister, and Mr. Lloyd George Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Times "was found acquiescing in his appointment to the Chancellorship as the best of possible appointments," and congratulated Mr. Asquith on the formation of the new Cabinet, stating that it was stronger than its predecessor. Even the Daily Mail, which, two and a half years ago, had strongly criticised the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George to the presidency of the Board of Trade, acknowledged that Mr. Lloyd George "has proved in office that he possesses in exceptional measure that practical business capacity, business restraint, initiative and large open-mindedness, which, allied with the faculty of conciliation, are required of one who will control the national finances." His historic Budget was introduced on April 29, 1909. Among many other social improvements, it provided for Old Age Pensions. But it should be noted that the foundation of old age pensions had been laid by Mr. Asquith. The Budget caused quite a sensation throughout the whole of Great Britain and was strongly opposed by those "whose interest it is to maintain the present unequal distribution of land." The Tariff Reformers were extremely strong in their condemnation of the author of the scheme. The favorite adjective applied to the Budget were

"Socialistic," "penal," "vindictive," and "iniquitous," and the author of the Budget was described as "a highwayman preying on the pockets of the rich." The city financiers held a protest meeting in the city under Lord Rothschild's chairmanship. Lord Rosebery described the Budget as a "revolution." The Tory press with one voice denounced it. The House of Lords rejected the Finance Bill, which led to the famous quarrel between the Lords and the Commons, and resulted in the triumph of the Commons over the Lords. The attitude which Mr. Lloyd George took up in connection with the Finance Bill can be expressed in his own words:

"Why should I put burdens on the people? I am one of the children of the people. I was brought up amongst them. I know their trials: and God forbid that I should add one grain of trouble to the anxieties which they bear with such patience and such fortitude."

The Budget was, however, passed in due course, and the credit for it is due to Mr. George. The Insurance Act was introduced by him on May 7th, 1910, and was in full working order in July, 1912. It was a national scheme of insurance against invalidity and illness. Although the scheme itself met with nothing but praise, the insurance "tax" and the "servant tax" provided material for unnecessary criticism of the scheme and its author. But, anyhow, he won the day. The fact is that Mr. Lloyd George has "not only dreamed dreams of a newer and better England," as one writer remarked, "but has translated those dreams into realities."



The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Existence of a Supreme, Intelligent Creator Established

PART III.

IS THERE a God? Where is He? What is He doing? And is He possessed of infinite power and goodness? These are amongst the great questions that have engaged the serious consideration of the most eminent thinkers from time immemorial. Neither could there be questions of any great import to a race of beings helpless and cursed with sin and every conceivable form of evil ending in death—for such is the lot that has befallen the sons of men. But out of the depths of misery and despair, men and women in all ages have instinctively lifted their hearts to one whom they hoped was their superior, and whom they called God.

In our generation the question of the existence of a God, His qualities of character, etc., is equal in importance to that of any previous time. Human sorrow and suffering are on the increase. From the battlefields of blood-stained Europe there are heard the shrieks and moans of the dying, the bitter wail of the anguished, of the heart-broken and afflicted. Sorrowful widows and orphans are everywhere seen. Is it to be wondered at that under these tragical circumstances men cry out for information concerning a merciful God? Is it not of the utmost importance that men shall know of and believe in an omnipotent God of love and mercy?

Before going extensively into our theme, "The divine Plan of the Ages," it seems eminently proper that we should tarry a little here to establish in our minds the fact of a supreme, intelligent Creator; for no one could make headway in the study of the Divine

Program who did not previously believe in an Almighty God.

Even from the standpoint of the skeptic, a reasonable and candid search into the unknown, by the light of what is known, will guide the unbiased, intelligent reasoner in the direction of the Truth. Yet it is evident that without a direct revelation of the plans and purposes of God, men could only dimly approximate the Truth, and would arrive at indefinite conclusions. But let us for the moment lay aside the Bible and look at things from the standpoint of reason alone, and see if there is not sufficient evidence about us on every hand to convince us of the existence of an intelligent personal God.

He who can look into the sky with a telescope, or even with the natural eye alone, and see there the immensity of creation, its symmetry, beauty, order, harmony and diversity, and yet doubt that the Creator of these is vastly his superior both in wisdom and in power, or who can suppose for a moment that such order came by chance, without a Creator, has so far lost or ignored the faculty of reason, as to be properly considered what the Bible terms him—a fool (one who lacks or ignores reason): "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

However it happened, at least this much of the Bible is true, as every reasonable mind must conclude; for it is a self-evident truth that effects must be produced by competent causes. Every plant and every flower, even, speaks volumes of testimony on this subject. Intricate in construction, ex-

quisite in form and texture, each speaks of a wisdom and skill above the human. How short-sighted the absurdity which boasts of human skill and ingenuity, and attributes to mere chance the regularity, uniformity and harmony of nature; which acknowledges the laws of nature, while denying that nature has an intelligent Law-giver!

Theories Which Lack Proof.

Amongst those who profess faith in a God are some who, while they freely use the term God, do not believe that He is a personal, intelligent being, because, according to their interpretation, "God" simply means "good"—a Good Principle. Therefore, everything in the world that is good for anything, according to their thought, has that much of God about it. And this relates both to animate and inanimate things. A piece of stone or a stick of wood that may be put to good use for man's comfort may be properly called God, because to them God merely signifies goodness, and does not convey the thought of a personal, intelligent force or being. We wonder that such a conception of God meets with any acceptance or approval whatever, so devoid is it of sense and reason; for how could a good principle, merely, be the creator or first cause of all the magnificent display of creation in the universe, whether we think of animate or inanimate things? Surely the theory is so untenable as to require no further refutation, even for the most shallow-minded.

Others there are who deny the existence of an intelligent Creator, and claim that nature is the only God, and that from nature all forms of animal and vegetable developments proceeded without the ordering of intelligence, but governed, say they, by "the law of the survival of the fittest" in a process of evolution. According to Evolutionists, Nature is a great, impersonal God, whose first production of life on earth was in the form of pro-

toplasm. After thousands of years, they say, an ambitious family of protoplasm evolved and became tadpoles. For some thousands of years the tadpoles reigned as an aristocracy on the earth; and then an ambitious family of tadpoles concluded to evolve and become frogs, which in turn evolved and became monkeys. After other thousands of years an aristocracy among the monkeys evolved and became college professors; and that is the attainment of our day!

We wonder how this theory can appeal to any, since it so utterly lacks proof and contradicts fact; for we see all about us that the various creatures are of fixed natures which do not evolve to higher natures. Though those who hold to this theory have made repeated endeavors, they have never succeeded either in blending different species or in producing a new fixed variety. No instance is known where one kind has changed to another kind.

We remark that changes such as the transformation of caterpillars into butterflies are not changes of nature; the caterpillar is but the larva hatched from the butterfly's egg. Though there are fish that can use their fins for a moment as wings, and fly out of the water, and frogs that can sing, these have never been known to change into birds; and though there are among brutes some which bear a slight resemblance to man, the evidence is wholly lacking that man was evolved from such creatures. On the contrary, investigations prove that though varieties of the same species may be produced, it is impossible to blend the various species or for one to evolve from another. For this reason the donkey and the horse, though resembling each other, cannot be claimed as related, for it is well known that offspring from the two is imperfect and cannot propagate either species.

Surely if unintelligent nature were the creator or evolver she would continue the process, and there would be no such thing as fixed species, since

without intelligence nothing would arrive at fixed conditions! Evolution would be a fact to-day, and we would see about us fish becoming birds and monkeys becoming men. This theory we conclude to be as contrary to human reason as to the Bible, when it claims that intelligent beings were created by a power lacking intelligence. Let human reason do her best to trace known facts to reasonable and competent causes, giving due credit to nature's laws in every case, still, back of all the intricate machinery of nature is the hand of the great Author, the intelligent, omnipotent God.

Our Great Creator Wise and Good as Well as Powerful.

Is it not, therefore, a reasonable claim that the existence of an intelligent Creator is a clearly demonstrated truth, the proof of which lies all around us—yea, and within us? for "we are His workmanship," whose every power of mind and body speaks of a marvelous skill beyond our comprehension. And *He* is the Designer and Creator of what we term nature; the One who has ordered and established the laws of nature, the beauty and harmony of whose operations we see and admire.

Moreover, the science of Phrenology has long since demonstrated that amongst the highest faculties of the human mind are the organs of faith and reverence, which give rise to a belief in and worship of a supreme being. To whatever extent these organs are awake and active, the individual is given over to contemplation of the Creator and things pertaining to Him. We ask, Is not the possession of these organs in the human mind clear evidence of the existence of a superior being on whom they might be exercised? This Great One whose Wisdom planned and whose Power upholds and guides the universe, whose Wisdom and Power so immeasurably transcend our own, we therefore instinctively worship and adore.

To realize the existence of this

mighty God is but to dread His omnipotent strength, unless we can see Him possessed of benevolence and goodness corresponding to His Power. Of His possession of these qualities we are fully assured by the same evidence which proves His existence, His Power and His Wisdom. Not only are we forced to the conclusion that there is a God, and that His Power and Wisdom are immeasurably beyond our own, but we are forced by reason to the conclusion that the grandest thing created must of necessity be inferior in every quality to its Creator.

Notwithstanding the deep degradation into which our race has gone, there has been, nevertheless, some noble specimens among men who have made themselves especially renowned because of their excellent qualities. Some there are possessed of benevolence to a sublime degree; others have a very fine sense of justice; and still others are blessed with wonderful patience and long-suffering. Hence, must we not conclude that the greatest manifestation of benevolence and justice among men is inferior in scope to that of the Creator, even as man's wisdom and power are inferior to His? Thus we have before our mental vision the character and attributes of the great Creator. He is wise, just, loving and powerful; and the scope of His attributes is, of necessity, infinitely wider than that of His grandest creation.

Countless Worlds About Us Produced By Divine Power.

But further: having reached the only reasonable conclusion relative to the existence and character of our great Creator, let us inquire, What should we expect of such a Being? The answer comes, that the possession of such attributes reasonably argues their exercise, their use. God's Power must be used, and that in harmony with His own nature—wisely, justly and benevolently. Whatever may be the means to that end, whatever may be the operation of God's Power, the final out-

come must be consistent with His nature and His character, and every step must be approved of His infinite Wisdom.

What could be more reasonable than the exercise of power as we see it manifested in the creation of countless worlds about us, and in the wonderful varieties of earth? What could be more reasonable than the creation of man, endowed with reason and judgment, capable of appreciating his Creator's works and judging of His skill—of His Wisdom, Justice, Power and Love? All this is reasonable, and all in perfect accord with the facts known to us.

And now comes our final proposition: Is it not reasonable to suppose that such an infinitely wise and good Being, having made a creature capable of appreciating Himself and His Plan, would be moved by His Love and Justice to supply the wants of that creature's nature, by giving him some REVELATION? Would it not be a reasonable supposition that God would furnish to man information concerning the object of his existence, and his Creator's plans for his future? On the contrary, we ask, would it not be unreasonable to suppose that such a Creator would make such a creature as man, endow him with powers of reason and longings of soul reaching out into the illimitable future, and yet make no revelation of His plans to meet those longings? Such a course would indeed be unreasonable, because contrary to the character which we reasonably attribute to God, contrary to the proper course of a being controlled by justice and love.

Having Given Man Capacity for Appreciation, God Provides Him a Revelation.

We may reason that in creating man, had Divine Wisdom decided it inexpedient to grant him a knowledge of his future destiny and a share in His Creator's plans, then surely Divine Justice as well as Divine Love would have insisted that the being be limited in his

capacity, so that he would not continually be tormented and perplexed with doubts and fears and ignorance; and as a consequence Divine Power would have been under those limitations. The fact, then, that man has capacity for appreciating a revelation of the Divine Plan, taken in connection with the conceded character of his Creator, gives us abundant reason for expecting that God would grant such a revelation, in such time and manner as His Wisdom approved—His due time.

So then, in view of these considerations, even if we were ignorant of the Bible, reason would lead us to expect and to be on the lookout for some such revelation as the Bible claims to be. And furthermore, noting the harmony and order of the general creation, as in grand procession the spheres and systems keep time and place, we cannot but conclude that the minor irregularities, such as earthquakes, cyclones, etc., are but indications that the working together of the various elements of this world is not as yet perfected; and additionally, that the disorders and disturbances in the governments and affairs of men occasioned by sin and human weakness are also but temporary. An assurance that all will ultimately be perfect and harmonious on the earth as in the heavens, with some explanation of why it is not so at present, are requests which are not unreasonable for reasoning men to make, or for the Creator, whose Wisdom, Power and Benevolence are demonstrated, to answer. Hence we should expect the revelation sought to include such an assurance and such an explanation.

We are not overlooking the fact that in claiming the Bible as God's Revelation we are antagonizing some of the most eminent scholars of the past and of the present. Nevertheless, it seems evident today that those who so vigorously oppose the Bible and reject it as God's Revelation, do so because of the God-dishonoring creeds of Christendom. Supposing that the Bible supports those creeds, which it does not, many bright minds have

thrown overboard the Bible as well as the creeds. Surely those who reject the Bible as the Word of God have no other foundation for faith than the guess of this or that man or that of themselves! Such a faith is mere credulity. It is a well known fact that all men are more or less imperfect in judgment; and if men were to picture God there would be as many styles of God as there are different persons in the world.

As evidence of the truth of this suggestion, we call attention to the numerous creeds formulated during the Dark Ages, and to the different kinds of Gods those different creeds have pictured. The noblest minds of that time were deceived into worshipping the worst images that could be made. While the heathen nations were making their ugly idols out of wood, stone, clay or metal, the nations of Christendom were giving, orally or in print, atrocious descriptions of God, the like of which could not be moulded out of clay or fashioned from any material. We are not finding fault with our forefathers, but with the real instigator of the creedal misrepresentations of the Almighty. As St. Paul declares, "The god of this world (Satan) hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest

the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them."

God's Character Perfect in Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power.

Having established the reasonableness of expecting a revelation of God's will and Plan concerning our race, it is our purpose, in the next article of this series, to examine the general character of the Bible, which claims to be just such a Revelation. And if it presents the character of God in perfect harmony with what reason, as above considered, dictates, we should conclude that it thus proves itself to be the needed and reasonably expected Revelation from God, and should then accept its testimony as such. If of God, its teachings, when fully appreciated, will accord with His character, which reason assures us is perfect in Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power.

"Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before Him and adore.
"The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy name in fairest lines."

A Constructive Suggestion for Certain Amendments in the Revenue Bill

By H. C. Brown

ANY tax directed at only a small group of industries is unjust and mischievous discrimination that is wholly out of sympathy in a democracy where the whole people should bear the burden equally. We therefore submit our argument for the amendment of H. R. 4280, Section 504 and Section 600.

Section 504 provides for a tax on the amount paid for all advertising and advertising matter, other than newspaper and periodical space. It is estimated that this will produce a revenue of \$7,500,000.

Sec. 600 provides for a tax of 5 per cent on gross sales of all the several classes of manufacturers enumerated

below. The amount which each class is expected to yield is indicated by the figures opposite their respective names—the total being \$118,750,000.

Automobiles, \$68,000,000; tires and tubes, \$12,500,000; musical instruments, \$7,000,000; motion picture films, \$7,000,000; jewelry, \$7,500,000; sporting goods, \$2,000,000; pleasure boats, \$500,000; perfumes and toilet articles, \$4,750,000; proprietary medicines, \$8,500,000; chewing gum, \$1,000,000. Total \$118,750,000. (Both sections producing a total revenue of \$126,250,000.)

Many senators and congressmen, interviewed, recognize the proposed taxes under sections 504 and 600 are discriminatory and unjust, but they also say: "We must raise the money, and are helpless unless an alternative plan is offered."

The alternative plan:

Strike out Sections 504 and 600, and as a substitute insert:

"That there shall be levied, assessed, collected and paid upon all manufactured products sold by the manufacturer, producer or importer, a tax equivalent to one per cent of the price for which so sold."

Strike out Section 602 on page 29, and amend Section 603, on Page 29, as follows:

"Change lines 13 and 14 to read: 'That upon all manufactured articles which are . . .'" and on line 19, that the word 'five' be stricken out, and the word 'one' substituted therefor."

According to census reports (see World's Almanac for 1917) the value of all manufactured products in 1914, the latest available figures, was \$24,241,333,000. It is calculated that, for 1917, the total value of all manufactures will be about \$30,000,000,000. Figuring for safety's sake on a production for the present year of \$25,000,000,000, one per cent of this sum would be \$250,000,000, which is very nearly twice the amount of revenue Section 504 and Section 600 (as in-

corporated in the bill) are expected to yield.

This proposition has the added advantage that the yield can be determined beforehand with a reasonable approach to accuracy, while the committee's figures are necessarily only estimated, and may be greatly reduced by reason of the five per cent tax.

The tax of one per cent on all manufactured products would not be burdensome on, and certainly not destructive of, any line or individual concern; and on account of its comparative insignificance, it would, with a few exceptions, be absorbed by the manufacturer and not passed on to the consumer.

The exceptions are meat, flour and bulk goods generally. But with regard to these, a one per cent tax, even when passed on to the consumer, is so small that it would scarcely be noticed. Taking meat as an extreme illustration of these—suppose the average price for the entire carcass at the packing house should be, say, 16 2-3 cents a pound; it can be seen that a tax of one per cent on this selling price would amount only to 1-6th of a cent per pound, which would have no perceptible effect on the retail price of the same. This one per cent tax on all manufactured products would, like the excess profits tax, be paid at its source, and its collection would therefore be a comparatively simple matter that very quickly would become almost automatic.

Certainly as an American citizen and a business man, you are interested in helping your representatives in the Senate and Congress to legislate in the interests of the community as a whole, and any revenue bill that places the entire burden on a very small group of manufacturers is unjust, discriminatory and undemocratic. It is therefore suggested that you immediately communicate with your representatives in the Senate and House, urging the amendment of Sections 504 and 600, as herein suggested.

In the Realm of Bookland

"An Intimate History of Journalism."

This sub-title fairly characterizes "The Street of Ink," a new book by H. Simonis, with eighty portraits and other illustrations. Fleet Street, London, is the one referred to, where printing presses abound, and whence go out over Great Britain such enormous quantities of the printed page. In the words of Mr. Simonis, "the history of every paper, be it London, or provincial, is a romance of enterprise, the reading of which could not fail to uplift and encourage the ambitious young man, for whose benefit, as well as for that of every journalist who is proud of his work, this book is written." It naturally follows that there are many such romances recounted here, which are both interesting and inspiring, while the personalities involved in them are fascinating. It could not be otherwise, of course, where so many famous men are portrayed—Lords Burnham and Northcliffe, Sir Arthur Pearson, Sir George Riddell, Sir Gilbert Parker, and a long list of others only less known. The human element abounds throughout the book, and likewise the historic, for London journalism has covered much of human experience. Several provincial papers are considered, which change the atmosphere from Fleet street, and American journalists have brief space accorded them. It is a book that all editors and publishers will enjoy.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"White Nights and Other Russian Impressions." By Arthur Ruhl.

The very great interest in Russia and things Russian which has prevailed both in Europe and this country for many years has been quickened and given a new direction by the recent momentous events which have so swiftly and quietly transfigured that

nation. We have had, on the one hand, a considerable number of excellent works dealing with the present-day thought and art of Russia, and, on the other, various books of travel, more or less purely descriptive and external in character; yet all of these leave something uncompleted and unanswered.

Mr. Ruhl satisfies a long-felt craving in supplying us with vivid and first hand impressions of atmosphere and personality: he gives us a study which seems to lay bare the essential soul and gesture of a folk—the inner quality of a whole environment. This he is able to do for us by virtue of his unusually sympathetic reaction to foreign conditions, a sensitiveness which feels through outer manifestations to the human significance within, of which they are but the visible sign and symbol.

We are treated here to peculiarly intimate glimpses of Petrograd, Moscow and Klev—and of Russian ways of thinking, feeling, and expressing. Moreover, he gives us a very real sense of the totality, of the vast conglomeration, which is Russia as a whole, and which has been so little conveyed by books of a merely routine descriptive variety.

\$2 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Hundredth Chance," by Ethel M. Dell, author of "The Way of an Eagle," etc.

"The Hundredth Chance" deals with the marriage of a girl to a man who is socially her inferior. She accepts him for family reasons, but all her affections are centered upon a man of her own station, who, however, has always been quite unworthy of her. Under these circumstances, she very speedily repents of her bargain. The rough-

ness of her husband, Jake Bolton, who is a trainer of race horses, blinds her to all his good qualities, and she endures much adversity and nearly sustains complete moral shipwreck before she comes at last into the safe haven of her desire.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"His Family." By Ernest Poole, author of "The Harbor."

The publication of a new novel by the author of "The Harbor," is an event of great importance in the literary world. Rarely has an American story met with the success enjoyed by that book, and confident have the critics been in their predictions as to Mr. Poole's future work. These predictions would seem to be fully realized in this volume. "His Family" has to do with a father and his three daughters, and their life in the midst of the modern city's conflicting currents. These daughters are very different, one from the other, in character, and the way in which individually they realize earlier ideals or ambitions of their parent, the manner in which he sees himself in them, is one of the most interesting qualities of a work that is tense with emotion, alight with vision and vitally interesting from the start to the close.

\$1.50 net. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Treloars," by Mary Fisher, author of "The Journal of a Recluse," "A General Survey of Literature," etc.

Each season a few books stand out commandingly because of certain dominant traits which the rank and file do not possess. When, for example, "The Journal of a Recluse" first appeared, quietly and anonymously, a few years ago, it elicited remarkable praise, and its vogue has widened continually among discerning readers. Now the author's name is announced on the title page of a new novel that in its own way is no less remarkable. It may be broadly classified as a satire, a story which mercilessly scathes some of the pet foibles of society. Its characters,

while clearly sketched, are merely foils to this higher purpose.

The action revolves around the home of the Treloars, a family living near Berkeley, California. The father is a retired clergyman whose chief delight is to debate with his friend, Dr. Parker, on the respective merits of spiritualism and materialism. Meanwhile, the younger Treloar enters a San Francisco newspaper office, and undertakes to bring idealism into its hurried precincts only to find himself fighting a losing battle. A further disturbing element is his German friend, Max Gietmann, frankly anarchistic, who founds "The Dawn," a magazine of protest against everybody and everything. Amid this maze of conflicting ideals, we see a group of exceedingly likable young people, from the capable Margaret Treloar and her friend, Dorothy Parker, to the late arrival, but one of the finest of the lot, Dan Holman, fresh from the battlefields of Europe. Even the actress Nita, with a touch of the adventuress, has a likable side. Every character is invested with a marked personality, but the chief value of the book is its incisive comments on social and ethical problems of to-day.

\$1.35 net. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

"The Californiacs," by Inez Haynes Irwin.

In an altogether delightful little essay, Mrs. Irwin sketches some of the charms of the country on the Pacific Slope, and especially of San Francisco. In a spirit of clever satire she pokes fun at the people out there who are conversationally enthusiastic to the exclusion of all topics but that of local charm. Yet as the essay progresses, one is often led to think that the author is as good a booster as the people she so humorously berates for the same offense, and it is with no great surprise that one learns at last that the essay is a confession and not an indictment.

Here is the finale, a fair sample of the whole: "It takes the stranger into its great warm, beating, mother heart. If you are sad it makes you glad. It

infuses you with its working spirit. It inspires you with its fighting spirit. It asks you to work and fight with it. Massachusetts never permitted me to work or fight for it. Woman is as yet in no real sense a citizen there. And the result is that I love California as I love no other State, and San Francisco as I love no other city. I have no real criticism to bring against the Californiac. In fact, reader—ah, I see, you've guessed it. I'm a Californiac myself."

75 cents net. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, California.

"The Unhallowed Harvest," by Homer Greene, author of "The Lincoln Conscript," "Pickles," "Sap," etc.

This is the story of a man who makes a strong and determined fight for his ideal; namely Christian justice for rich and poor alike. It is impressive and convincing, portraying characters each with a strength of purpose that is not to be turned aside. The reader is carried along to the last page as interested in the outcome of the struggle as any one of the participants. The action is unusual in that so many characters are portrayed. Not once does Farral himself stand out as a remarkable force, but grouped about him are men and women of unusual force. All these act and react upon one another, and each contributes his or her share to the success or failure of Farrar's scheme of the attainment of Christian justice.

\$1.35 net. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"A Fool's Commentary of Scripture and Doctrine," by Pater Guilielmus.

The Christian ministry may not agree with all that is said by Pater Guilielmus, but they will find in his commentaries suggestions for a hundred sermons. He does not sermonize. A brief comment on the given topic is all that is said. The reader is left to elaborate his own sermons. To many a thinking man the volume will prove a mouthpiece, giving bold expression to his half-held convictions and assuring

him of his right to think, to speak and to smile.

80 cents net. Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Son of His Father," by Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Men Who Wrought," "The Way of the Strong," "The Night Riders," etc.

This is a story which takes the reader from the financial center of New York to the coal region of Montana. Most of the action takes place in the West, a locality in which the author is at home in vividly portraying character, action and colorful background. In this Western land the son shows the inherent genius for financial manipulation which has made the father a power in the land. His father offers him a partnership in his \$25,000,000 business if he will make \$100,000 in a year, and the young man starts on the task. His experience is dashed with all kinds of wild adventures in the West—and Miss Hazel. Once the reader is started on these adventures, he will read to the close of the entertaining book.

Illustrated by Douglas Duer. \$1.35 net. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"A Desk Book of Words Frequently Mispronounced."

This work may perhaps be described as the most important treatise on the pronunciation of English words which has been published since the appearance of James Buchanan's "Essay Toward Establishing a Standard for an Elegant and Uniform Pronunciation of the English Language," in 1766, and John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary," in 1791. The first contained a bare list of words respelled for pronunciation; the second, in addition to indicating the pronunciations preferred by its author, gave also those of the recognized authorities.

Christ or Nietzsche?

A pamphlet, recently written and distributed in Germany, contends that

Germans, and especially von Hindenburg, have full right to the privileges of the superman. Just what these privileges are and in what way opposed to the democratic conception of government is interestingly and fairly told in "The Will to Freedom, or The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ," by John Neville Figgis (Scribner's.)

Campaign Diary of a French Officer,
by Sous Lt. Rene Nicholas, French
Infantry.

For vividness it would be hard to match this brief story of the front, and not so much because it was written by a Frenchman as because it is a genuine diary. The actual diary, one learns, bears blood-stains and smears of mud, and is pierced by a hole made by a tiny piece of shell. The printed book is quite as realistically thrilling as if it bore the scars of the original. In only one instance is the diary form abandoned. Lieut. Nicolas was shot and lay for some hours between the lines in the Artois offensive of May, 1915, and perforce had to write about the most remarkable episode in a remarkable chronicle while lying on a hospital cot. This story first appeared in Atlantic Monthly, and attracted widespread attention. \$1.25 net. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

"The Eternal Husband." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

"This book," says William Lyon Phelps in his Essays on Russian Novelists, "has genuine humor"—a comment that one cannot often make on Dostoevsky's work. Here the great Russian realist is dealing with the old triangle, but to this theme he gives an original variation. He presents an abnormal character in abnormal circumstances. The volume is an interesting addition to Mrs. Garnett's excellent series.

\$1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Agamenticus, the Purple Hill," by
Ethel Morse.

A mountain and a camp: Agamenticus is both. Here gathered Owaissa (Blue Bird), guardian of the mystic name, and Wa-ye-ka (story teller) with the Camp Fire Girls. Interwoven in a story which every one will find entertaining and charming is a message of particular worth to those interested in Camp Fires. Owaissa met the same problems which other guardians are trying to answer, and that she met them with wisdom is proved by the fact that she is well known as one of the most successful Camp Fire guardians. One perplexing question—what to do in the special Camp Fire meetings of each month—was interestingly answered by Owaissa's programs for Ceremonial Day, Nature Day, Home Day, and World Day.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, Clay & Co., New York.

Baroness Souiny, whose "Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow" will appear this month, is stated to be in America studying the country with the view to a future interpretation of American women, in whom she is deeply interested. The contrast between the Russian woman and the American is not, from the Russian noblewoman's standpoint, entirely in favor of the American.

The Century Company, New York.

Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt. D., LL. D., has furnished in this excellent reference book on pronunciation something that every professional and business man should have at his elbow, and is indispensable to every student of the English tongue. No lawyer, churchman or teacher should be without it. Every public speaker, be he in politics, on the platform or the stage, will find it a standard guide to pronunciation and a veritable vade-mecum reflecting the best usage as indicated by the dictionaries of the present time and conditions.

Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.62. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"Milady's House Plants," by F. E. Palmer.

This is a complete instructor and guide to success, with flowers in the home, including a noteworthy chapter on the ideal sun parlor. It furnishes excellent ideas on Mr. Palmer's lifelong observations and experience. The book is lucid, complete and compact; it is all real and reliable. Plants which won't do well are not recommended. It excels in many other respects. One of its notable features is the interesting and educational illustrations contained therein, the latter posted exclusively for this work by Mr. Palmer, showing how to "take cuttings," repot plants, and so forth.

Another feature is a special chapter on Sun Parlors or Conservatories, the reading of which will be enjoyed even by those women who cannot as yet afford to have one—but have expectations. In this chapter Mr. Palmer strikes an absolutely new note, taking issues with the architects and all the precedents followed by them up to this day, particularly as to the interior planning of such structures.

The text is not at all confined to the care of plants in the house, but carries the work forward throughout the entire year—giving in detail the method of renewing the life of the plants by taking them into the open in the spring, caring for them through the summer, and bringing them back into the house in the fall in full health and vigor, and ready to grace the home all through the dreary winter.

Copiously illustrated with photos. Paper cover, 60 cents; cloth \$1 net. A. T. De La Mare Company, 438 West 37th street, New York.

"Practical Landscape Gardening," by Robert B. Cridland.

Owing to the disturbed condition of the many countries in the world, per-

haps none of the many vocations of man has been more affected than the quiet one of gardening. And this does not concern gardening in the old world in particular; it concerns gardening in every portion of the new world as well, in the States of the apples and potatoes as well as those of the orange groves and early tomatoes. Were justice and mercy used in the disposal of the earth's vast bounty of fruits, vegetables and flowers, the home life of many children would not be robbed of what should be the heritage of every child, fresh fruit and vegetables, and much of the discussion of the day regarding the high cost of living would lose the foundation for its support. In time, these wrongs will be righted, and those who are quietly laboring to teach the multitude how to conduct profitable gardens and to realize the real value of growing things, are the pioneer teachers who are educating the nation in the problem of foodstuffs.

Such a man is Robert B. Cridland, who, in his recent book, "Practical Landscape Gardening," at once commands the interest of the reader, points out the limitless possibilities of what can be done with the soil, and carries him out through his own kitchen into the garden, and inspires him or her to set to work and plant. The amateur gardener is not left, however, to begin his work in an unenlightened manner, but holding his pencil and camera fittingly, he beautifully illustrates every step of the way. There is a wealth of instruction and sound advice in "Practical Landscape Gardening," that contributes a charm which is ever associated with nature at its best. The summer of our childhood is brought back, and perhaps herein lies much of our love for this book. The past has its memories that bless the present its duties to perform.

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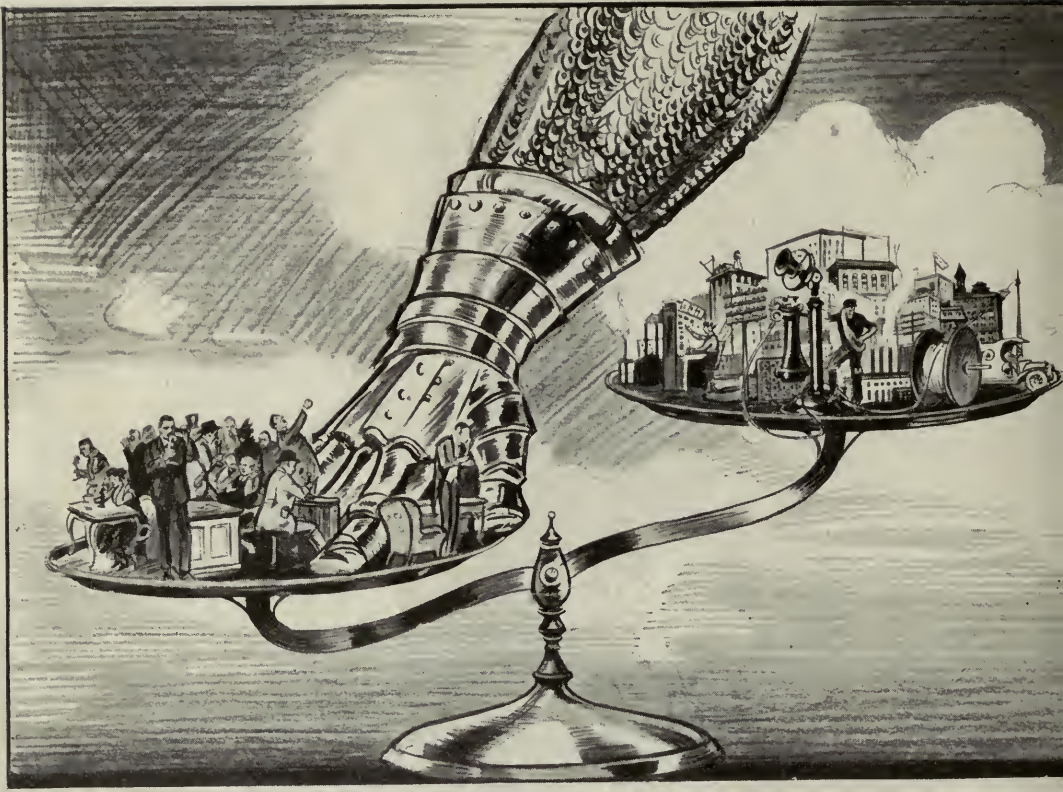
Overland Monthly

AUGUST

1917



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&
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Overland Monthly



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



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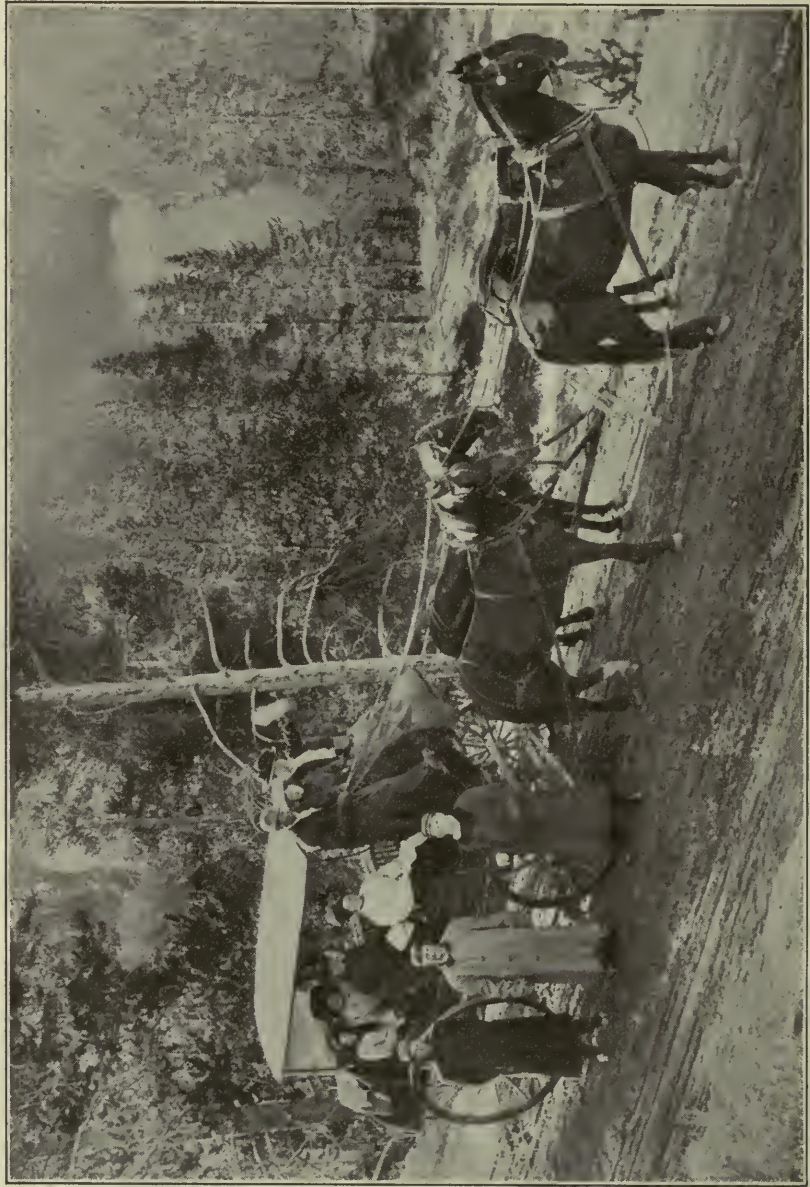
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*A Ten Minute Trip Through
Yellowstone Park*



An original settler in the park. The bears are now quite tame and numerous.



The inevitable automobile is now rapidly taking the place of the picturesque old stage coach that formerly carried visitors through the park.



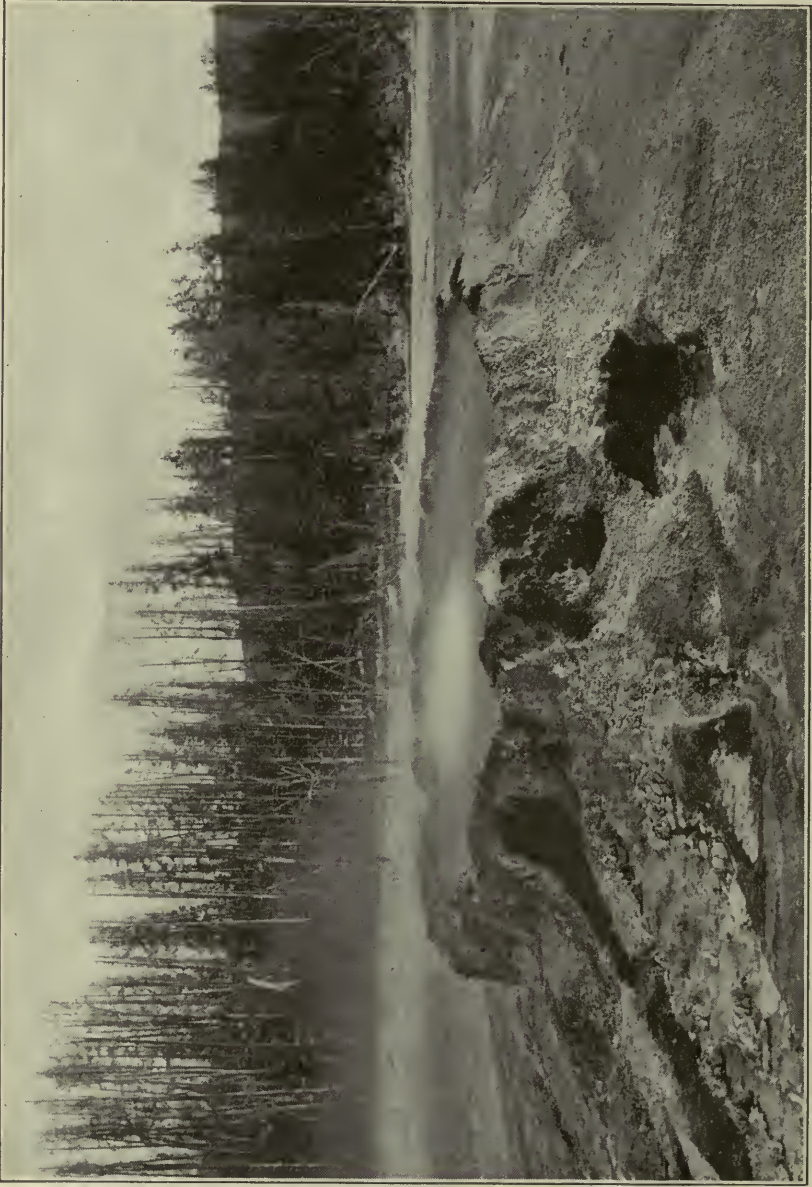
Obsidian cliffs, one of Nature's beautiful designs in colors.



Fishing at the Yellowstone Lake outlet, a popular diversion of visitors.



Beautiful Minerva Terrace, one of Nature's fretted masterpieces at Mammoth Hot Springs.

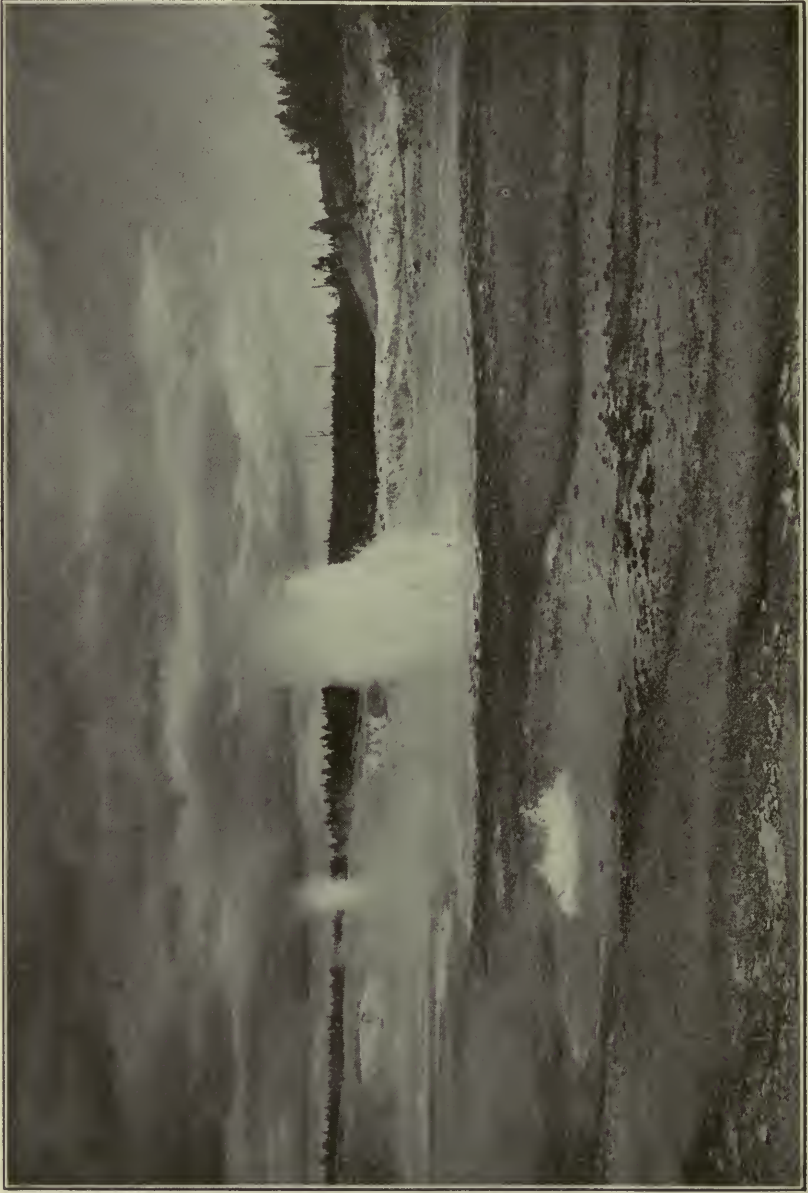


The Punch Bowl, one of the innumerable hot springs in the park.



The Giantess Geyser Crater.





Great fountain geyser in action.



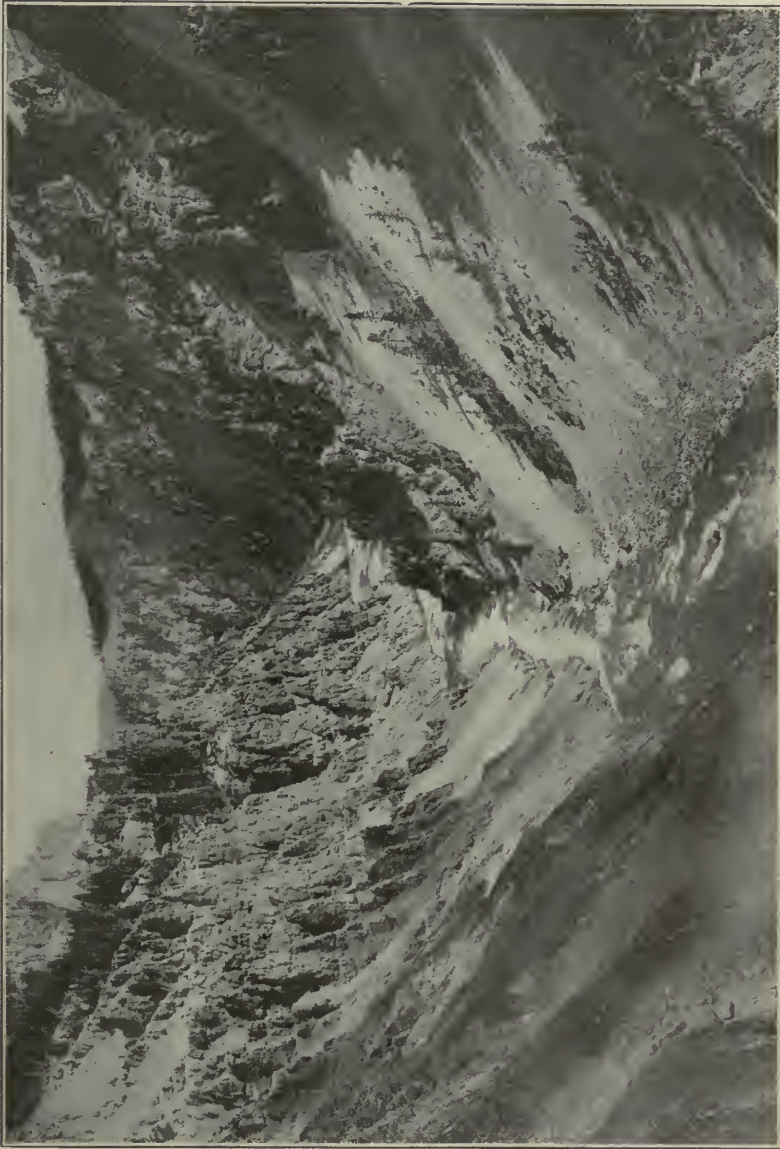
The famous Giant geyser, the daddy of them all.





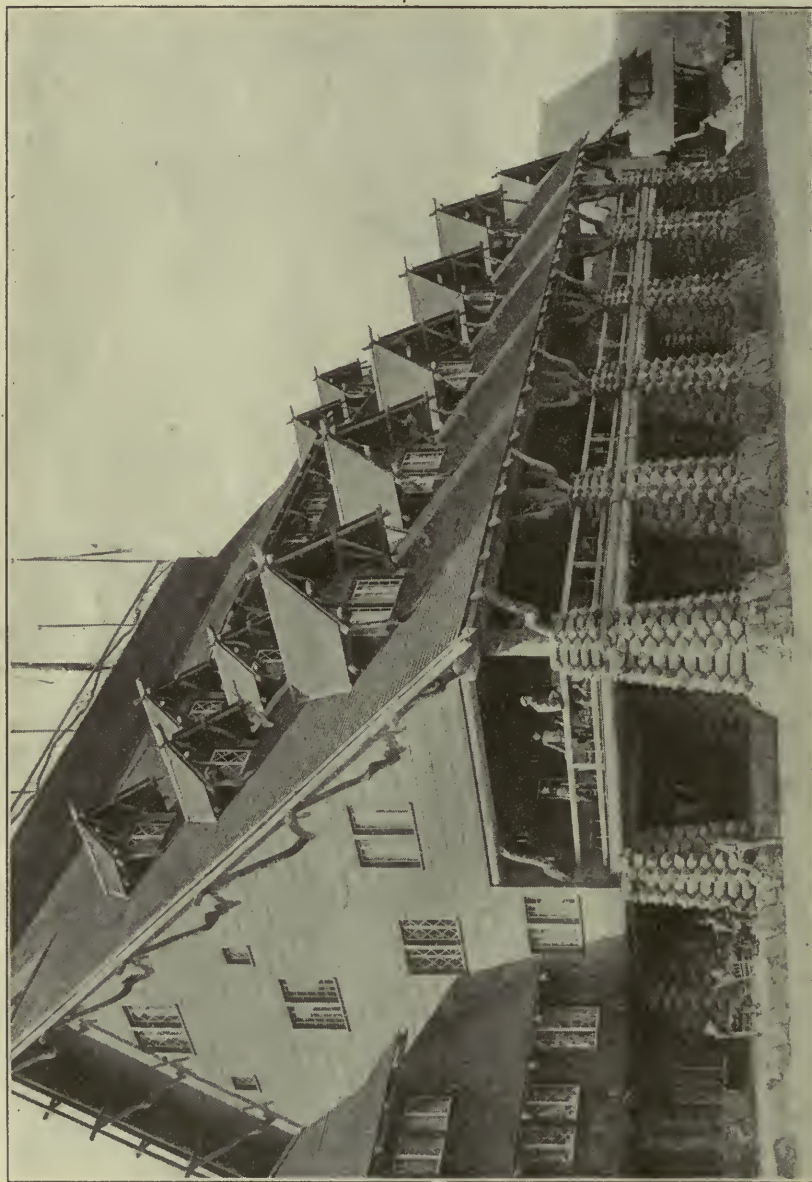
The great falls of the Yellowstone, nearly twice as high as Niagara.





Grand Canyon from the brink of Falls.





The old Faithful Inn.



The Monastery: Mission San Fernando, Rey de Espagno. "I caught the distant, many-arched gleam of white shimmering through the trees."

Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Photos.

The Mission San Fernando, Rey de Espagno

An Impression of Its Reconstruction

By Larry Hoar

BOSTONIAN by birth am I—but
Californian shall I be the rest of
my days. Every Easterner looks
forward to the day when he can
go West. My day has come; now and
always more shall I live

Out Where the West Begins

"Out where the hand clasp's a little
stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little
longer,
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Or where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.

"Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are ach-
ing,

Where there's more of singing and less
of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less
of buying,
And a man makes friends without half-
trying,
That's where the West begins."

And a God-blessed, satisfying land
it is—this Land of the Golden West,
this California—a place that seems to
be outside the pale of endless heart-
aches and strife and money-mad hurry;



The Workshops-That-Were. These still link the church to the Monastery.

a place clothed in soul-quieting peace. California! Magic lodestar that has at last guided my trail into the hollow of God's hand! Mystic spot hemmed in by the eternal mountains; guarded by deep-bayed, constant ocean; peopled by happy, gracious humans! Sometimes—almost—I seem to have been reborn into another world that is tenderly nursing this stiff, bent old body of mine from all its aches and chills of age to awakening vigor and to a sweet forgetfulness of all past hardships and woes.

Small wonder that I love these hills, clothed in a thousand greens and golds and purples; these valleys embroidered with the dainty pink and white of prosperous orchards, or dotted with gardens and new-mown meadows; these groves of orange, of fig, or walnut; the motley profusion of roses that clamber over numberless road fences here—and there deck the humblest peon's home with a wealth of fragrant prettiness. And birds! Never were there so many, happy throated birds in all the world as wing and dart and warble in this so beautiful, so pure aired, so serenely skied, so deliciously scented, so peacefully quiet new home of

mine. My Land of Forgetting! My Land of New Life!

I love nothing better than just to ride about this Romance Land under the spell of the unexpected. Sudden pictures flash before me at every turn of the winding roads or half elude me as they nestle in broad-bosomed valleys deep-hidden among close-clinging trees. Some such a well nigh hidden spot I discovered the other day, about twenty miles north of Los Angeles. I was motoring along turtle fashion—slowly and alone—through the broad-circled, splendidly groomed San Fernando Valley. Mysteriously spell-bound was I by the soft air that drifted down, crystal pure, from the many-pinnacled mountains and filtered, languor laden, through blossom-scented orange groves and faintly sweet mustard fields quite engulfing my lulled being. By mere chance I looked over my shoulder for a second glance at two century old palm trees that, off toward the hills, towered conspicuously above the surrounding orchards. Low beyond the gracefully drooping, ferny-limbed pepper tree lane along which I was riding, suddenly I caught a distant, many arched gleam of white



Archway of the Monastery. "Drowsily guarded by a veritable Son of the Mission."

shimmering through the trees. Quick curiosity swung my car back, and I, with all the pride of a Columbus, discovered—that is as far as I myself am concerned—a fascinating array of old adobe structures; some great, some small and all more or less crumbled

by the relentless hand of Time. To my delight I learned that I had "discovered" the famous, though rather unfrequented, Mission San Fernando, Rey de Espagno, founded in 1797 by Father Lasuen.

As a child—eager, expectant—I



The Old Mission Fountain.—“I left my car beside a quaint, three-basined fountain which was built by the Mission Padres decades ago, and marks the center of what is said to have been a very fine old garden.”

loved nothing better than just to prowl about the attics and old abandoned mills of my Grandmother's estate. Now that almost forgotten prowling spirit joyed again within me. I left my car beside a quaint, three-basined fountain which was built by the Mission Padres decades ago and marks the center of what is said to have been a very fine old garden. I hobbled about among the flowers a bit, wandering eastward, attracted, I presume, by a large, crudely stepped mound of boulders that have easily kept their position in spite of the years that have battered against them, and the shrubs that have overgrown them. But this heap was not—as I had expected—a mere artistic arrangement of stones. When I had caned myself awkwardly to the top, I was surprised to discover—flower rimmed—two small, conical, brick-lined vats near which mellowed the corner of a little, vine covered adobe ruin. As far as I have been able to learn, the passing of the years has taken with it all information as to the original office of vat or building. The present age has ignominiously decreed that the vats harbor the rubbish left about the garden by disgustingly

inconsiderate sight-seers, while the vine-clad corner shelters the garden implements.

From my vantage point on this stone mound I looked about me. Skirting the whole place could be traced irregular fragments of the great wall that, a century ago, protected ten, possibly only eight, acres of the richest Church land in the entire chain of Missions (22 in all) that linked San Diego to San Francisco. Naturally, the wall did not interest me as much as did those two imposing structures—the Monastery and the Church—both of which, though picturesquely ravaged by Time, still survive the great circle of ruins about them.

I have been told that the San Fernando Mission is, perhaps, the most satisfactory relic of the early California Missions in the original completeness, and until the past months almost untouched state of its decay. Until recently, practically no repairs had been made upon the place since 1846. At that time it was sold to Don Eulogio Celis by Pio Pico, the last Spanish Governor of California, and thereupon unwillingly deserted by the last Padre. Since then the Church has suf-



Interior of Church: The Altar.—The large hole, high in the center of the wall, was made by treasure seekers who thought to discover gold and jewels secreted beneath the beam-end on which rested the great silver Crucifix long since removed.

ferred shamefully at the hands of plunderers, and the Monastery, saved by the very discourtesies that mocked its noble walls, has housed bats and owls, swine and horses, hay, ranch hands and mercenary care-takers.

The wide, white-arched Monastery corridors that first caught my attention have remained stolidly indifferent to the insults of the years, and assume grotesque superiority toward the present day embellishments of patent hog-wire fence, large paned windows, and new, shiny screen door. The latter was drowsily guarded by a veritable Son of the Mission—his father, a spry old Indian of 97 winters, having been born there. A sort of self-appointed door-man, this soft eyed, shabbily garbed idler seemed to be watching lest I slip into the building without first being properly coin-introduced, and view—well, not much that I cared to linger over. It was therefore with no reluctance that I hobbled to the east end of the long, brick-tiled corridor, and made my laborious way over a chain-like mass of small, roofless, well-nigh wall-less, weed-grown rooms that in a desultory fashion still link the Monastery to the Church some

hundred yards back toward the hills.

As I paused beyond these ruined heaps—a bit weary, for I am not as spry a man as I was fifty years ago—I was startled by the manifestations of activity that met my eye. The Church, a tall, rectangular pile, pleasingly disguised by the trees through which I had first seen it, now mocked noisily at my dispelled illusions. Most unromantic sight! It was scaffolded and laddered; was cement pillared and newly bricked; was being daringly excavated at bottom and glaringly roofed at top. Here a team, hauling away soil that had once been lofty walls; there a man, hoisting aloft adobe bricks that were recently but humble soil. Yonder a fellow prying from the thick wall a huge, broken-off, weather-stained beam; near him another laborer hewing a bright new log to replace the fragment. The activity of the place was appalling. Only one re-
poseful object was in view—the quaint adobe mixing wheel; but even that had been recently active, for tell-tale stacks of large, sun-baked bricks were strewn all about.

As I stood there, cane and camera in hand, I confess I was a bit dis-



The Western Wall of the Church.—“The main entrance where many a peon laborer, with typical languor, was working on the wall which, weakened by numerous treasure-seeking excavations, had recently given away, crushing with it a part of the Baptistry room.

mayed by this unexpected, prosaic hustle and bustle because I had eagerly looked forward to that fantastic quiet which “summons from death’s dateless night the shadows of the great and good, the brave and beautiful, and fills the mind with visions of departed glory.”

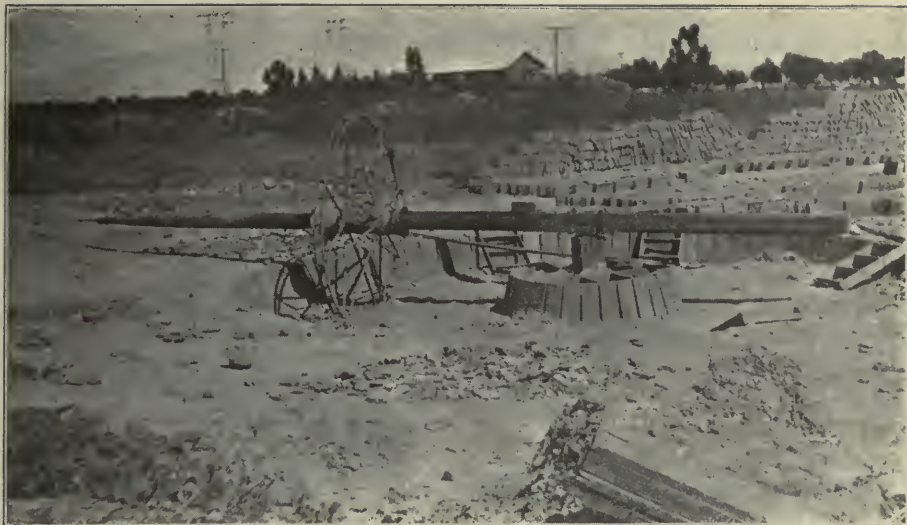
But better, perhaps, than those visions which the quiet of earlier ruins might have summoned for me amid the undisturbed shadows of that old Church is the delightful fund of information, legendary as well as historic, that I gathered from the gentleman who was superintending the work now under way at the Church; a work promoted, I understand, by the Land Mark Club of California.

I presume that genial Superintendent, being interested in ruins, was attracted by my bent up, old appearance as I rested on the pole of his mixing wheel and watched his men, for he approached me in a most friendly fashion. When I had told him who I was, and how I had unexpectedly chanced upon this rather secluded spot, he with an easy grace told me much about the Mission. “This,” he explained, indicating the square set-off by the church, the row of dilapidated

rooms over which I had just clambered; and the crumbling wall far back of me, “this, I am told, was the Fiesta Square. You would scarcely believe,” continued my self-appointed guide, leading me through fragrant, waist-high mustard toward a slight elevation, “that this irregular, hollow-centered little hill once rang with to-reador’s applause, would you? Yet it is, as old Indian Joe” (the 97 year old fellow) “has often told me, ‘the place where the bulls used to kill the Indians.’ And there,” with a laugh, “there is the Barbecue Pit where the Indians turned the tables and killed the bulls.”

From here, assisting me over the scattered debris, he turned churchward again, approaching, semi-circular, beam-shot ridge of adobe that flanks the eastern wall of the hallowed structure. Through a break in this ridge we entered the enclosure, and lo! I was in the sacristy of the San Fernando Mission. Sacristy? The sacred apartment looked rather like a shelled dugout—so tunneled and tumbled and pillaged has it been by the numberless treasure seekers.

Thence, beneath the thick-walled arch we entered the Church proper;



Adobe Mixing Wheel.—“The only reposeful object in view was the quaint, adobe mixing wheel; but even that had been recently active, for tell-tale stacks of large sun-baked bricks were strewn all about.”

huge, warp-sided, windowless save for four very small ones, just under the eaves. Sepulchral indeed did it seem, especially when my guide, pointing to the slightly elevated portion of the floor between us and the sacristy arch over which we had just stepped, explained: “There where the altar used to be, there beneath those fragmentary red tiles, were buried the noblest of the church men whose lives were beacon lights along the holy trail blazed by the marvelous Father Junipero. And just here,” smoothing down a bit of the plowed-up sod floor, “just here we unearthed a nameless Friar yesterday. Vandals, I presume, had long ago exhumed his body to secure the heavy silver chain and ruby set ring which were the insignia of his order. It looked as though the robbers had merely dumped his poor, old skeleton back any way that happened.” I shuddered, for I have been so near my own grave that I like not graves. My kind-hearted guide seemed to understand, and quickly began to tell me how, of yore, the Church had been lighted by numerous candelabrum suspended, previous to each service, from many nails in the walls. In vain did he carefully search the scarred, weather-

grimmed shell that I might have a memento of early California. But alas! so effective had been the searchings of other seekers that only one nail seems to have been overlooked, and it is almost roof-high on the altar wall—that very nail has centered full many a flickering candle above the crown of the huge, silver crucifix which, too, has long since been removed.

As my cicerone scanned every side of the massive adobe, he pointed out the all-but-faded arch frescoes; named the various Saint niches, beneath many of which great holes have been picked by treasure hunters; showed me the spot from which a village barber had taken a choice bit of altar decoration to embellish his shop. “Often,” smiled my new made friend, “yes, often have I been shaved by that very barber.” Then he told me about the parish priest who, in 1905, removed the baptistry fount to his own little church; answered that the long row of time-shattered rooms—over which I had clambered earlier in the day, and which I had just glimpsed through the south door—had, a century ago, been the workshops of the most famous Mission silversmiths, textile experts and leather workers in California. At

the low, deep-arched, north door he paused an instant. I sensed, rather than saw, that it led to a sad, unkept graveyard—so I pretended to ignore the gloomy arch. Again the man understood and helped me over the plowed-up floor on which my cane was so useless. At the Western, main entrance, straggled many a Peon laborer, who, with typical languor, was working on the wall that, weakened by numerous treasure seeking excavations, had recently given away, crushing with it a part of the baptistry room "where the padres," according to Indian Joe, "made Christians out of Indians."

Just outside the western door my good friend left me on the mound of that great, fallen wall. Long did I stand there, the spell of the place fascinating me. At last my eye slowly left the church and followed the long, narrow workshops—that-were—pathetic, irregular little heaps bespeaking the former joy of industries which once linked the man-life of those eager Indians to the God-life, just as that chain of adobe linked the Monastery to the Church. With a sigh and a turn of the head I looked away. Off to the west, northward circling, I could trace the broken thread of wall that once enclosed a rolling meadow and century-old olive grove—still sentinaled by two towering palm trees. And beyond, way beyond, are the hills—the blessed, constant hills! And mountains, splendid, passive, powerful like the early life that once dwelled, blessed and con-

tent, neath the very walls at my feet till—and my guide's oft repeated words explaining the abandonment and doom of a once peaceful life rang in my ears—"till the soldiers came!"

But back to the Mission! Yes, I would like to have visited this San Fernando a few years ago. How entranced would I have been mid the broken shadows of this quaint, pioneer monument of Christianity. For then was the proud, unchecked ruin at its zenith, sacrificing its all to such an indescribable, mellow-toned symphony of yielding line and blended color as only the master hand of Time could have perfected;—the lone, vesper windowed wall of the bell tower softly etched against the copper sheen of sunset sky, a fantastic sentinel bending over the huge, crumbled mounds that once with it guarded the far-pealing chimes;—great patches of brilliant sky glinting through a gaping roof of giant beams, weathered dull, warped and broken with the age-long weight of red, gabled tiles, here and there, still clinging stubbornly to roughly hewn ridge poles;—long, golden rays of a low-hanging sun streaming in above the half-wasted Western wall, touching the choir loft with flaming brightness and softly, reverently kissing the far, dark, vandal-scarred eastern wall where was wont to hang the great silver crucifix. Ah! I would like to have seen the grand old ruin then, ere the too transient splendor of its picturesqueness had passed.



Discovery of Humboldt Bay

As Described by a '49er to Louise McLean

IT IS an historical fact that the greatest discoveries are accidental, whether scientific or geographical. Sir Isaac Newton came upon the law of gravitation by being hit in the face with an apple as it fell from the tree; Christopher Columbus ran into the American continent in trying to find a shorter route to India, and one could go on enumerating similar instances well known to history, and then tell that Sam Brannan, well known San Francisco pioneer, discovered Humboldt Bay while searching for the mouth of the Trinity River.

There lives a man in San Francisco, now over ninety-two years of age, who is authority for that statement. He is James R. Duff, and he came to San Francisco in 1849, like thousands of others, to find gold that had been discovered in California. While not one of the party that went with Brannan on that voyage of discovery, Mr. Duff often heard the story from both Brannan and James T. Ryan, who accompanied the former, and who was Mr. Duff's brother-in-law; in fact, he was one of those who welcomed them upon their return.

Like most stories of early California days, the tale of this voyage of discovery sounds as strange as any fiction, and seems stranger when one considers that Brannan and Ryan and their companions were contemporaries of Mr. Duff who, in spite of his ninety-two years, retains vivid recollections of the early days of gold and of those prominent in the making of San Francisco.

All historians corroborate Mr. Duff's statement that Sam Brannan came to California early in '46, and started a paper in San Francisco called the

"Star." He was a Mormon, and came from Utah with a party of Mormons, all of whom, when the gold excitement came in '48, abandoned journalism for the gold fields of the Trinity River, and there dug a fortune.

News of their success came to the Mormon headquarters, and, according to Mr. Duff, the story leaked out and went the rounds in California that Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, had written to Sam Brannan that the gold he had found belonged to the Lord and should be sent to Him.

Whereupon Brannan had returned the reply:

"If the gold we have found is the Lord's, let Him send an order for it, and it shall be delivered."

If further efforts to get this wealth to Salt Lake City were made they failed like the first one, because Sam Brannan remained in California, and in '49 was considered the richest man in San Francisco, owning the land from the northeast corner of Montgomery street to the northeast corner of Washington.

But like many another "richest man" before and since, he wanted more, and thought that if the banks of the Trinity River were so rich then, the gravel gold would be more plentiful at the mouth of the river, which he figured must be somewhere on the coast north of San Francisco.

Brannan dwelt on this idea so strongly that early in '51 he called together a number of his friends, including James T. Ryan, afterward a United States Senator from California, and chartered a fore and aft schooner to sail up the coast. The adventurers were confident of finding the mouth of the Trinity River, and equally confi-



Logs impounded in a mill dam, preceding being cut into lumber, any size required to meet market demands.

dent that they could load the schooner full of gold. Spurred by this prospect, the party was a merry one, but, alas, no river did they find. After many days they came upon the rough, high, rugged coast of Trinidad.

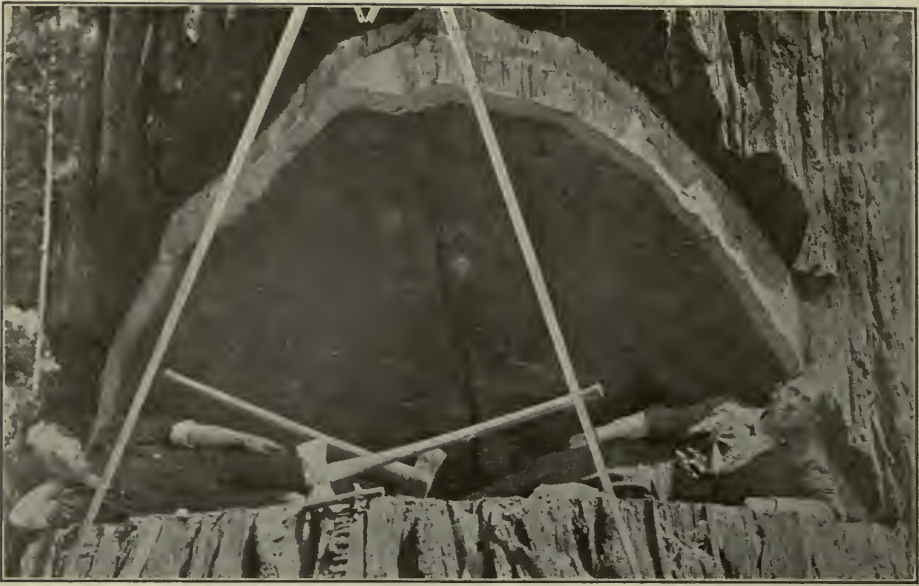
They knew then that any outlet of that golden river was impossible beyond that point, so they turned their course south, this time following more closely the shore line, which leveled

off to a sandspit below the bluff of Trinidad.

A few miles below this point they found the mouth of the Klamath River. Just why they came to the conclusion that the Trinity River must empty into the Klamath instead of having an outlet of its own, the narrator did not remember, but their surmise was correct; their primary search was ended, and they named the point of the outlet



A mountain stream, Humboldt County.



Undercutting a big redwood tree. Cross-cut saws are used in falling it in any direction desired. This tree was over 16 feet in diameter.

—“Eureka” (I have found it.)

But they did not find sand glistening with golden ore, and sighing, bade farewell to their dream of a schooner filled with precious metal sailing into San Francisco harbor.

Coasting down the sandspit below Eureka, the lookout above shouted to his mates that there was a fine bay on the other side of the sands. Knowing that this water at least must have an outlet into the ocean, they sailed on, but when they found it, they also made the discovery, verified many times since, that the bar over which the waters of this new bay rushed to the ocean, made them well-nigh impassable.

But no entrance presented itself, so, seeing no other way, after they passed Table Bluff, which stands between the entrance of Humboldt Bay and the mouth of the Eel River, they cast anchor, launched a row boat, rowed it ashore and carried the boat over the land to the shores of this newly discovered body of water.

The nongenarian narrator of this tale remembers only the names of three men who were in that rowboat. They were Sam Brannan himself, Jas.

T. Ryan and a man named Wardwell. There were one or two more, the others of the party remaining in the schooner. These pioneer discoverers, having failed to find what they sought, were now eager to see what they had found, so they immediately launched the boat, and for the first time the waters of Humboldt Bay, named by them in honor of the great discoverer, were disturbed by oars guided by white men's hands.

There were Indians on the shores of this bay, Indians who followed the pale faced strangers as wonderingly as the red men who saw the sailors of Columbus fleet, and seemed to the men in the row boat to be kindly disposed toward them. So they rowed ashore and landed, wishing to see more of the trees that grew so thickly down to the water's edge.

But they had been deceived in the attitude of the Indians. Sam Brannan and his comrades were immediately seized, bound and thrown on the ground, while the Indians held a council of war as to the manner of their death. The men could tell that the red brothers liked their clothes, and it was for the sake of obtaining them

that they were to be condemned.

Fortunately for them, however, the chief was opposed to killing them. He would not even permit them to be stripped of their clothes, but compromised with his followers by permitting them to cut off the buttons off the white men's garments.

So the richest man in San Francisco and a future United States Senator lay on the ground while the red savages greedily tore the buttons off the pale faces' clothes. Then they cut the thongs that bound the white men, and threw them back into their boat with orders to return from whence they had come.

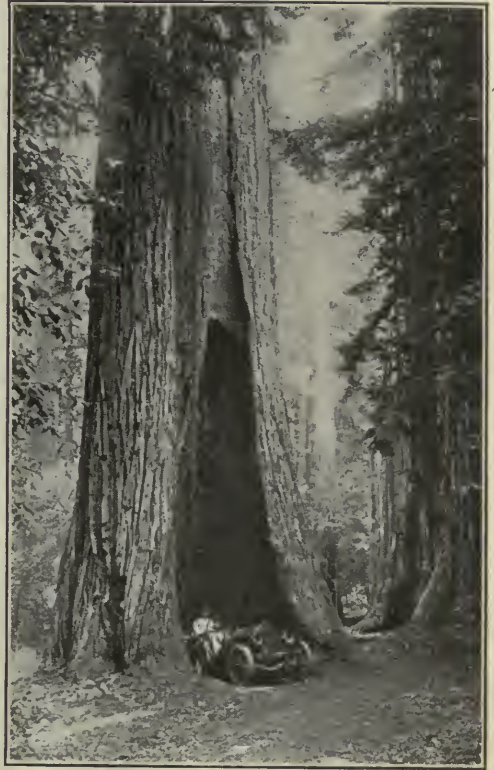
Here the narrative fails to tell just how the brave discoverers were able to keep on their clothes for the rest of the voyage or how they expressed their feelings at such treatment. It is safe to conclude, however, that in a case of "buttons, or your life," they were glad to get off with a loss of buttons. They continued their voyage in peace back to San Francisco, where they told of their great discovery.

Mr. Ryan, who was convinced that the timber on the bay was equal to a discovery of gold, persuaded Mr. Duff to go back with him to cut that timber for lumber with which to build wharves in San Francisco.

Within a year they had started the first saw mill on Humboldt Bay, and the story of their efforts in that direction would be a separate one in itself. Finally after cutting a million feet of lumber and loading it on four barges, they saw it all capsized crossing the bar at the entrance of Humboldt Bay. And lumber was then selling at \$50 a thousand feet!

The same button-loving Indians afterward gave sufficient trouble for the Government to establish a fort there, called Fort Humboldt, and Colonel Buchanan was in charge, with a young captain named Ulysses S. Grant.

The Duff and Ryan families lived for several years in Humboldt, but



An ordinary specimen of a big redwood tree.

during the early days of the saw mill the men lived there alone. Mr. Duff told of a hunter, Seth Kinman, who supplied them with meat by shooting elks. Seth Kinman was also an avowed enemy of the red men, and shot an Indian on sight. He would come into their camp and remark casually:

"I saw an Indian through the trees, and looked down the barrel of my gun, and the Indian stubbed his toe." And the camp followers knew that Kinman's unerring aim had made another dead Indian.

With the horns of the elks he had shot, Kinman fashioned a chair, covering the seat with hide and sent it as a present to the President, then James Buchanan.

Thus Humboldt Bay was represented in the White House.



In the Good Old Golden West



By Stanton Elliot



Oh, a song I would be singin'
From this fair, Pacific Shore,
To the chap who is a-clingin'
To a life that is a bore:
There's a country that's a waitin'
With a welcome in the air
For the pluck that's up an' laffin'
And the man who's on the square;

From the vast Sierra highland
To the Colorado's roar,
From the Catalina Island
To "The Canyon's" rocky floor,—
Oh, I love the easy freedom,
And the luck that's in the ground,
And the loyal, royal spirit
From the plains to Puget Sound.

'Mid the Yellowstone's wild fountains
And the Garden of the Gods,
Round Yosemite's parked mountains
Where the golden sunset nods,
Let me roam through Nature's story,—
Dream the dreams that wait for all
Who would find a matchless glory
In the magic of her call.

Oh, there's room for ev'ry mortal
In the land I love the best,
And there's welcome in each portal
In the good old Golden West,—
Where the evergreens are mighty
An' all Nature fills the eyes,
From the splendor of the Rockies
To the West-Gate's Paradise.





A VISTA FROM THE TRAIL

Beyond the Hills

By Howard Hamilton

"What lies o'er the hills to the North, ma mere?"

"Higher and higher hills,
Forests and flowers surpassing fair,
Torrents and rippling rills:
Long leagues of steel that the people ride
To cities and towns at the ocean's tide,
And a sister nation side by side
Her destiny fulfills."

"What lies o'er the hills to the South, ma mere?"

"A quarter of the earth;
Lands where the keels of the earth repair,
Beyond its greatest girth;
Sincerity's soul and the soul that feigns,
Lacks of the lazy and labor's gains,
Freedom and virtue and sin in chains,
Plenty and dreary dearth."

"What lies o'er the hills to the West, ma mere?"

"A mild and mighty main;
The wares of the world its vessels bear
Through many a trade-lane;
Laughter and life, and love and worth,
Sorrow and song, and death and birth,
Hope and despair, and tears and mirth,
Striving and loss and gain."

"What lies o'er the hills to the East, ma mere?"

"Cities and plains and seas;
And vast world markets flourish there,
Prosperity's golden keys:
The spendthrift's waste and the miser's gold,
The care-free young and the wise, wise old,
Minds that sparkle and minds that mould,
Full goblets and dead lees."

"And what's beyond; what's beyond the hills?"

"The same, and still the same;
The soldier battles, the peasant tills,
From war and peace spring fame:
Prophet and poet, and sinner and saint,
Power's abuses and pauper's plaint,
Hearts that conquer and hearts that faint,
Till flickers out life's flame.

Hassan's Tale

By H. Ahmed Nouredin Addis

THE SUN, a yellow, flaming ball, was rapidly nearing the distant mountain-tops, and still the weary caravan dragged on. Suddenly on the rise of a slight eminence our dust-sore, glare-dimmed eyes caught a speck of glistening white in the distance.

"Look!" cried old Ali, the leader, upon whose experienced judgment rested the fortunes of our little caravan, as he shaded his still keen eyes with a lean, gnarled hand. "If it please God, we shall pass the night in Demirkeuy. There stands the minaret of the Mosque of the Merciful at no great distance before us."

As he spoke the sun dipped behind the hills, and young Hassan, a farmer of the country, produced from his pocket a handful of olives and a flask of water, upon which, with a murmured "Bismillah," he proceeded to break his fast. It was the Holy Month of Ramazan, but we others, in pursuance of the exemption from the fast accorded those upon a long journey, ate and drank as usual. With Hassan the case was different. He had joined us only that afternoon, and was going no farther than the village of Demirkeuy, where he was called on business connected with his farm. Most of the others were traveling on business of one sort or another. Some were merchants, others manufacturers, and still others were going on visits to their friends or relatives, while one young man was a student from Constantinople, who was going home for a short visit with his parents.

In the whole caravan I was the only person who had no occupation—no definite object in making the journey.

I say I had no definite object, but that is scarcely true, for I had an object, or motive, rather—half-formulated though it was—and that was to investigate the reports of disturbances—uprisings of greater or less extent, all serious enough, however, which had taken place among the considerable Armenian population of the part of the country through which we were at this time passing. In this matter I had kept my own counsel, although I knew that a word to any one of my friends who held high government positions would have brought down upon me more pamphlets, circulars, official reports and other treatises upon the subject than old Nourri Effendi, the postman in our district, could carry at one load, and far more dry reading matter than I would wade through in a life-time. Besides, as is the case with most hare-brained youths who attempt to woo the muse of letters, I wanted first-hand knowledge, wanted to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears, so as to introduce into my writings as much as possible of that elusive literary spice known as local color. So here I was with the caravan, and, to be absolutely candid, while I had undoubtedly absorbed an appreciable amount of local color, I had so far utterly failed to find one scrap of information that I sought. The various races and tribes with whom we were thrown in contact, and through whose villages we passed, Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Arabs, etc., all appeared civil, law-abiding peoples; so much so that I had given up all idea of getting any information of the Armenian uprisings, and had some thought of dismissing the whole mat-

ter from my mind as a pure fabrication.

Being in this frame of mind, as we neared the village of Demirkeuy, I addressed myself to the young farmer Hassan, who had lately joined our caravan.

"You must indeed have come far, Beyim," he replied, "if you have never heard the story of our judge, the Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim Effendi, of Demirkeuy."

I shall never forget Hassan's look of wonder as I disclaimed all knowledge of the story, as well as the existence of the Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim.

"It is a sad tale, my Bey. One that is well calculated to melt a heart of iron, but this evening when the camels are fed and we have dined, and all are comfortable within the caravanserai, I will tell it to you."

* * * *

"It happened thus," began Hassan later, when all were seated in the caravanserai, and his low, musical voice could scarcely be heard above the noisy bubbling of the narghiles. "Many years ago when the Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim Effendi, at that time a young man, held court in this village, there came before him a celebrated case: an old Armenian woman, a widow named Papsian, was found in the miserable hovel where she made her home, cruelly murdered. Suspicion pointed to a certain Khosrov Chobanian, an Armenian outlaw, well known for his daring as well as cruel deeds. This Khosrov was arrested and brought into court, where he was identified as the murderer by the little great-grandson of the old woman, who had been in her house at the time of the killing, and who recognized Khosrov at the instant his eyes rested upon the outlaw's face.

"When Khosrov saw that the case was going strong against him his whole manner changed. From a bearing of scornful, untamed pride, he assumed an appearance of the most abject penitence. Casting himself at the feet of the Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim, he con-

fessed his guilt and begged for mercy. His family, he said, was starving, and the old woman was generally reputed to have a great store of money hidden about the hut where she lived, so he had gone to beg her assistance, but without result. The old woman had, he said, become so enraged at his demands that she had threatened his life with a rusty old musket which she produced from its hiding place, and in attempting to strike the weapon from her feeble hands he, overestimating her slight resistance, had inflicted the wound which resulted in her death.

"Whether the guilty wretch's ill-contrived tale really deceived the Cadi or whether his naturally kind disposition asserted itself in a flood of pity for the despicable creature at his feet, no one can tell. In any case he let the monster off with a sentence of ten years' imprisonment.

"Some years passed. Abdullah Ibrahim Effendi had passed from young manhood to middle age. Yet no thread of gray marred the handsome brown beard—no hint of age dimmed his penetrating eye. Age and experience have but served to ripen that judicial mind which even in youth held out such brilliant promise; and the court of Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim was justly celebrated for the wisdom and justice of his decisions.

"One summer, after a long, weary session of the Cadi's court which had dragged on from day to day and from week to week, through the hottest, most exhausting season of the year, at the earnest solicitations of his colleagues, together with the zealous entreaties of the Vali, himself, Abdullah Ibrahim Effendi consented to take a short vacation. So with his family and two servants he set out for a trip to the mountains in a carriage drawn by two fine Arabian horses.

"Near the close of the second day of the Cadi's outing the carriage was crossing a small mountain stream over a dangerously rocky road, when suddenly 'Dour' cried a voice from the thicket which lined the roadway. The

horses, taken by surprise, halted in obedience to the shouted command, and the servant who was driving was so completely astonished at the unexpected occurrence that he dropped the reins, thus placing the carriage and its occupants at the mercy of the two armed bandits who appeared in the roadway, one from either side, and seized the reins which had slipped from the hands of the frightened servant.

"At the sight of the elder of the bandits the Cadi started back. 'You!' he exclaimed. 'You—Khosrov Chobanian.'

"'Yes. I am Khosrov Chobanian,' replied the robber. 'What of it?'

"'Nothing, except that I am the Cadi Abdullah Ibrahim, of Demirkeuy, the judge who showed you mercy beyond your deserts when you were tried for the murder of the poor old widow Papasian.'

"'Mercy—yes—ten years of mercy. Ten long weary years.' And the Armenian laughed a mirthless laugh.

"'Yet it was mercy, man. Only ten years for the most fiendish murder ever committed within my district. In any other court it would have been twenty years, more likely—yes, possibly the death sentence, for a crime such as yours.'

"'It was not murder,' grumbled the bandit, as he dropped his eyes, cowed for the instant before the honest eyes of the judge. 'It was as I said at the trial, an accident—purely an accident.'

"'What of the testimony of little Arshag, the old woman's great-grandson? He did not say it was an accident.'

"'Yes, the lying little devil—but mark my words, judge, when I was free again he paid dearly for his part in that business—just as all who bring suffering to Khosrov Chobanian must pay for it. Even now, if you care to look upon that hillside you will find the rank mountain grass growing between his whitened bones at the foot of the pointed stake upon which with my own hands I impaled his living body.'

"'What! Yet another added to the already long list of your crimes? Halid!' cried the judge to his servant, as he sprang from his seat, 'help me arrest these men.'

"The Cadi's feet had scarcely touched the road before there burst forth out of the undergrowth a company of fifteen to twenty men, all armed, and ferocious as their leader.

"'Enough of the comedy,' exclaimed Khosrov, as his men gathered around him. 'Let's get to work.'

"In an instant the carriage was surrounded, and the judge with his servant, who were already on the ground were roughly seized and led a few paces in advance. Then with no gentle hands, the Cadi's wife and daughter, a girl already entering young womanhood, with a young woman servant, were dragged out of the carriage and their veils stripped from them; then the three sons, all small children, were roughly pulled forth and ranged beside their mother and sister.

"'Bind them!' ordered the bandit chief.

"Ropes were produced and the prisoners bound securely, leaving a little slack in binding so that they might manage to walk. Then at the order of their chief the outlaws marched their prisoners to a little circular open space about twenty minutes' walk from the deserted carriage."

At this point in his narrative, Hassan's voice grew thick, and he nervously toyed with his chaplet of beads, as in little explosive gasps he told a story of which for the sheer revolting horror of its details, I have never heard the equal. Upon witnessing the terrible indignities to which the defenseless women were at first subjected, while the men of the party were forced to look on totally incapable of rendering them the slightest aid, the strong-willed Cadi lost his senses. But the small boys—the Cadi's sons—were forced to sit and witness the disgracing of their mother and sister. And as he saw, the eldest of the boys yelled curses at the bandits—called upon God to punish them for

their crimes—until a bullet from the chief's pistol stretched him motionless upon the earth.

The young man's speech gradually became more coherent as he went on: "With dashes of cold water they revived the fainting Cadi and the unfortunate women. Forming a circle about their chief, with the prisoners ranged before him, they played at holding court—but such a court was surely never held before—such travesty and devil's mockery of justice. The judge was charged with passing sentence upon the Armenian, Khosrov, and the others, servants and members of his family, were tried as his accomplices. The testimony was a mockery—no opportunity was given for the prisoners to speak in their own behalf—in fact, none was wanted in that farce of a trial; it would have been useless. The verdict was, guilty—and the sentence, imposed upon all alike, was—death.

"What death?" cried the bandit chief, in his assumed character of judge.

I sat and observed, as far as my emotions would permit me to observe, the play of expression on the narrator's face—the smouldering fires of bitterness in his dark, shining eyes, as he recounted in revolting detail the wrangling of the bandits as to which form of death they should inflict upon their prisoners. To his listeners it was obvious that Hassen entered fully into sympathy with those unfortunate victims of lust and hate, as one who himself has suffered much—for often as he talked, his voice would break and fail him absolutely.

The Armenians argued. First one torture was proposed, only to be cast aside as over-mild upon the mention of another that seemed to them more fiendish. Then the last suggested method would be discussed and discarded in favor of a worse. So it continued until one black-faced wretch suggested a means of torture compared to which death upon the rack would seem a blessing, a sweet and gentle release of the soul from its earthly bondage. Upon this, then, they were

at last able to agree.

But it seemed that just as they were about to undertake this devil's business Khosrov, the leader, remembered suddenly that their odious trade necessitated the band's presence in another place some miles distant—and that there remained no time to carry out their plans.

Some one moved that they carry their prisoners with them, and put them to the torture on the first occasion when time hung heavy on their hands and there was need of diversion.

And thus they did. But on the route the extra burden of the prisoners becoming cumbersome, they were dispatched some time the following day with but little torture.

"But what became of the bandits?" I asked Hassan, who seemed to have finished his tale, as he sat, his head sunk upon his breast. "And the poor little boy who was shot—was his body left as it lay to make a feast for the wolves?"

"The boy still lived. The bandit's bullet left him weak and ill from loss of blood, yet consciousness never left him. That night when all was quiet he crept away, and a Kurdish shepard found him and cared for him until the wound was healed. Then he came back to Demirkeuy, and through his agency, Khosrov Chobanian and the other bandit leader were brought to justice."

"And what of the other murderers? Were they not punished as well?"

Hassan shook his head. "It was impossible to identify them. Many were arrested, but it was impossible to fasten their guilt upon any except the chief and his second in command; the two who stopped the Cadi's carriage that fatal afternoon."

"A horrible tale," I commented for want of better observation. "A horrible tale, indeed. Yet bandits will be cruel, whatever may be their blood, and that they chanced to be Armenians is still no reason for hatred toward that race. Rather should we pity the people so disgraced by deeds of horror and cruelty."

"But listen; the end is yet to come."

And Hassan raised his flashing eyes to mine. "Understand, my Bey, that I hate no man for his race—still less for his religion—yet I would have you hear my tale until the end, and ponder what you hear.

"The trial lagged, but still the proof was absolute. From day to day the new Cadi heard the witnesses, until finally Khosrov and his lieutenant were adjudged guilty. Because of the fiendish horror of their crimes, the sentence was death by the sword.

"The morning of their execution the soldiers, whose duty it was to guard the prisoners, carried one man to the scaffold and led the other. The man they carried was the chief's second, unconscious from fright at his approaching end, and when they struck his coward's head from his insensate body he still lay in that terror-inspired trance. The leader, Khosrov, though a braggart ever, stood boldly forth and cursed the soldiers who led him to his death. A cruel butcher—yet he was a brave man. And when the sword was poised to smite his head from off his shoulders, he raised his voice and cried: "Armenia," and all the waiting multitude of his own race and creed that stood about the scaffold's foot were moved to frenzy on hearing the cry: "Armenia, my country, I die for thee!"

"And now among his people that vil-

est of assassins, Khosrov Chobanian, is reckoned a patriot, a persecuted lover of Armenia who died in freedom's cause."

Hassan must have caught some look of interrogation or incredulity in my face, for he continued: "What of a people whose heroes are murderous cut-throats and bandits, whose great men—men whose names they link with that of the All Merciful, were lust-inflamed butchers, the horror of whose cruelties becomes odious—sickening to repeat? What, I ask you, my Bey, can we expect—what must we expect of such a nation?"

I shook my head, at a loss for words to make reply, when an old man who had been sitting in the shadow, and to whom I had previously given no attention, jumped to his feet and rushed toward Hassan.

"That's a lie," he began hoarsely; "it's all a lie. I knew Khosrox Chobanian, and," his voice grew louder as it vibrated in the intensity of his emotion, "I bear witness that he was a true patriot and died a martyr's death."

"A lie, is it?" Hassan flung the words back at the other, as with a quick motion of his hand he pulled down his collar until all could see a drawn red mark upon his breast. "Look!" he cried, "this is the mark of Khosrov Chobanian's bullet. I am the Cadi's son."

COMPREHENDED

Attuned are souls of singers . . . Give me pause,
 Ye who have sensed Song's pain-sweet ecstasies,
 And, sensing, drunk Life's nectar to the lees!
 To-day my pen would fain transcend the laws
 Of Rhythm—or else some vagrant, lone Muse awes
 My fancy with her measures! Crooning seas
 Call out to me; your far-off Arabies
 At last are mine; the gleaming star-dust draws
 A trail for Lotus feet, and I shall go—
 Ah, thither, where the mosque stands by the blue,
 Wild waters; where those dusky eyes I know
 But in my dreams may smile on me (Oh, Rue,
 I lift my chalice!) and the Amaranths blow
 Their fragrance in my face, like dreams come true!

JO. HARTMAN.

Wanted---A Plain Stenographer

By Gertrude Wall Orton

THAT'S the idea, A. J., pick out a plain girl with good, horse sense," said George Bostwick, our secretary.

"Well, how's this?" I asked, reading him the copy for an advertisement I had just written.

"WANTED—A reliable stenographer of plain appearance for——"

"Oh, that won't do, A. J., that won't do at all," he said, with a twinkle of amusement in his hazel eyes. "Can you imagine any woman admitting that she is plain? Why, you wouldn't get a single answer to an ad. like that! Just put in a regular notice and pick out the plainest one yourself."

"No, this is all right, and it is going in just as it is," I affirmed. "When they see this, they will know what they are up against, and I won't have to turn so many down."

I was really desperate about the matter. Within four years we had thirteen different stenographers in our Honolulu office. It seemed just as though every single man in the Islands were standing around waiting for a chance to marry one of our stenographers. No matter how strenuously the applicants would protest—before the steamer sailed—that they didn't ever intend to get married, that it was the last thing they were thinking of, that they wouldn't marry the best man on earth, that nothing would ever induce them to change their minds—they sooner or later—mostly sooner—listened to the voice of the siren, in the form of a persuasive would-be husband and gave us the go-bye. Actually, it had gotten to be a joke down there. As soon as a new stenographer would ap-

pear in the office, everybody in town would be making bets as to how soon it would be before she would marry. Now, I am not making any objection to matrimony, mind you. Matrimony is all right in its place, but it became very tiresome, to put it in mild language, to hunt up a new stenographer every few months and send her down there to be married to some fellow I'd never seen nor heard of. This firm is no matrimonial bureau—it's Coleman & Co., Importers.

After I had sent Number Thirteen down, I thought perhaps the hoodoo would be lifted, and I really did have a rest for over eight months. Actually I believe I commenced to gain weight, not having to worry every time the Pacific Mail came in for fear there might be a letter from Al. Woodbridge, Manager of the Honolulu office, enclosing the resignation of his stenographer, and asking for her successor. But out of a perfectly clear sky came a cable from Woodbridge, saying that number Thirteen had eloped with a planter from Hilo, and asking me to rush a stenographer down on the first steamer. That wasn't such an easy matter as he seemed to think it, and the mail came in before I could lay my hands on one, bringing a letter from Woodbridge on the stenographer matter, and giving specifications as to what kind of a girl he thought might stay by the job for more than a few months. The letter was full of suggestions as to what kind of a person to get.

"Pick out a plain girl—one pretty well along in years. I don't want an old pelican who will want to run the office herself, but some reliable, mature person who will not be likely to

catch this marriage bug and leave us in the lurch."

"Woodbridge has the right idea," Bostwick reiterated. "If you can get a girl of that sort, you will have the matter settled for good. But take my word for it, you won't get anybody to answer that ad."

It was easy enough for Woodbridge and Bostwick to make suggestions. They were always making suggestions, most of which, however, didn't work out so well in practice as they sounded in theory. Experience has taught me that while my own ideas might not be considered brilliant, in the long run they at least prove to have a practical working basis. As it was up to me, in this case, to find the girl, I decided to try the ad., anyhow, so I sent the boy off with it, and in the morning it appeared in the papers.

Over night I had come to the conclusion that Bostwick was right: no girl would answer an advertisement that labeled her as plain. If a girl isn't beautiful she usually consoles herself with the thought that she has "charm," whatever that is; and who, that has "charm," would consider herself plain?

When I arrived at the office the next morning I was far from prepared for the sight that greeted me. The outside office was crammed full of spring millinery; all the chairs were occupied, and it was a case of standing room only. I squeezed through into my private office, but what I saw of those girls during my laborious entrance made me boiling hot. Before I opened my desk I looked through the glass partition, and confirmed my hurried observations. They were as handsome a lot of girls as I have ever seen!

"What a mess," I groaned, falling into my chair, just as Bostwick opened his door, looking in with a silly grin.

"Going into the theatrical business, A. J.? There's fine material out there for the chorus."

"That's enough from you, George. This is nothing to joke about. How many are there, anyhow?"

"Oh, about sixteen."

"How would it be to go out and tell them the vacancy is filled; that would be the quickest way."

"Better see them, I think. There might be one to suit," he advised. "I'll sit over here in the corner and size them up, and cough when I think you have got one who might do."

I agreed to this and interviewed the whole lot. They were a mighty bright lot of girls, and if it were not for their good looks, any one of them might have been acceptable. There was one who might have passed, but Bostwick said her voice sounded like a silver bell, and a wedding bell at that, so I had to let her go with the rest.

"Great Scott, man! Isn't there a plain stenographer in this town?" I exclaimed, as the door closed behind the last one.

"Maybe not, A. J.," said Bostwick, who is something of a poet. "No woman with intelligence or sweetness of character is entirely unattractive."

"Well, there must be one somewhere, and I'm going out to find her," I snorted, and I took my hat and went out. Really, my idea was to go out and lasso the first homely woman I saw, but as I entered the elevator, I thought of the typewriter agency employment office, so went there, instead. I told them what I wanted, a girl who was quick and intelligent, but not so good looking that every man who saw her would want to marry her. They promised to do their best, so I went back to my office somewhat mollified.

There were two stenographers from the agency waiting when I returned from lunch. The first one answered requirements as far as looks were concerned, all right. She looked like the caricature of a school-teacher, and talked like Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and then some. If I had carried a grudge against Woodbridge I would have sent her down.

The other was a little slip of a woman about thirty-five, and about as tall as my shoulder. She filled out the blank we always use for applications, and I noticed that she was a widow and her name was Mrs. Ludlow. She was

just the sort of a person I feel perfectly frank with, so after going over the routine questions, I told her how things were—an epidemic of marriages in the Honolulu office, and that I was supposed to put an end to them.

"We're not going to take any chances on sending another stenographer down there to have her marry and leave us in the lurch again. It's too expensive—we have to pay her passage down—and besides, it lowers the efficiency of the office. So we've decided to have future applicants sign an agreement to stay at least two years."

"Two years," she deliberated. "Why, that's not bad at all. Two years go very quickly. But suppose you decide that I am not satisfactory before that time elapses?"

"Don't you worry about that," I assured her. "If you'll agree to stay with us for two years, we'll hold up our end and keep you that long."

"All right, then, bring out your contract," she decided.

"You're sure you'll not want to get married before then?"

"Positive. I'm what you might call immune from anything of that kind."

I thought her voice sounded somewhat sad as she said this, so I commenced to talk about the Islands, the ideal climate, and so on—and one thing led to another, until we had been talking for over an hour. She seemed anxious to get away from the United States, and said she had been in Mexico several years and liked the tropics immensely. She gave me a lot of references, but I never bothered about any of them, as I consider myself a pretty good judge of people, and I liked her manner and her looks. She wasn't pretty or handsome after conventional standards, though she did have great big eloquent eyes that might do considerable damage. But she was a widow and old enough not to be wanting to marry the first man that came along, and furthermore—wasn't she willing, yes, anxious to sign the two years' contract?

Of course I accepted her, and gave

her a letter to Al. Woodbridge. The steamer was to sail in two days, so I made out an order for her ticket and told her I'd be down at the steamer to see her off. I called Bostwick in and introduced them, and he thought just as I did, that she was the very person we had been looking for.

"That's a mighty nice little woman, A. J., and safe, too. I'll bet there's no marrying nonsense about her," he said.

"Well, we have her word in writing that she'll stay with us for two years, so we should worry about her marrying!"

I went down to see her off and we had another nice little chat. I jollied her all I could, fearing she might feel blue going away all alone, but she was in high spirits. I wished her good luck, and after the steamer sailed, I really regretted that she was going to Honolulu, and wished I had offered her an opening in our city office.

In a few weeks, Al. Woodbridge wrote, saying that Mrs. Ludlow had arrived, and congratulating me upon my perspicacity, saying she had already made herself almost indispensable. "This is the first time," he wrote, "that you have shown any ray of intelligence in sending us a stenographer."

Months flew by, and the Honolulu stenographer matter was a trouble of the past. Incident to some changes in our operations, I made a trip to Manila with a view to enlarging our offices there. Three months of hard work, and I was worn out, and looked forward to a rest and a good time in Honolulu on my return trip.

The steamer docked in the early forenoon. Woodbridge met me and we at once went back to the office on Merchant street. I asked about various things—among them Mrs. Ludlow.

"Yes, she's all right, and a wonder," he answered. "She lives with the Mullers—old friends, I believe, from the East. She's strictly business in the office, but outside—I'll leave it to you to see for yourself. Believe me, she has one good time. She's a mighty

nice little lady at that, and as clever as they are made. She's improved in looks, too, since she came."

But I wasn't at all prepared to find such a change in her. Actually, she had dropped half a dozen years in as many months, and her eyes that had impressed me as being sad and melancholy, now had the frank, half-amused expression of one who regards life as a rollicking comedy.

"You haven't regretted signing that contract yet, have you?" I asked, after exchanging greetings.

"Not in the least; that is, I haven't seen anybody yet to make me regret it," she added.

"See here," put in Woodbridge, "that's a kind of a slam on people around this office, isn't it? It seems to me that Mrs. Ludlow is mighty particular."

"In view of the contract, you would not want me to feel otherwise," she remonstrated, looking from Woodbridge to me.

"Being particular is a good fault," I assured her. "And if any one tries to get you to change your mind about this contract, you just tell me and I'll finish him. I can be a dangerous man when I try."

That night Woodbridge and I went to dinner down at Waikiki Beach. It was a perfect Hawaiian night, and the usual crowd was dancing on the verandah. There were about a dozen couples on the floor, and we stopped to watch them a few minutes "walking the dog."

"There she is, as usual, with the cubs," Woodbridge was growling. "If she would take up with grown men it wouldn't be so bad, but it makes me sick to see that crowd of cubs perpetually following her around."

Somewhat puzzled, I followed his gaze and saw Mrs. Ludlow. She was easily the most graceful and attractive, though perhaps not the prettiest, woman on the floor. Her partner was a clean cut, good looking lad of about twenty-two.

"It's the only thing against her, but in my opinion it's simply disgusting."

Woodbridge looked as though a crime, little short of murder, had been committed.

"Why so peeved," I questioned. "Hasn't she a right to dance if she enjoys it? You say she is a wonder at the office."

"I don't care what she does. She can hang from a telegraph pole if she likes to, if she'd only keep away from those kindergartners."

"What's the matter with them? That young fellow she is with seems to be a decent looking enough chap."

"It isn't that. They are all right themselves, but it's the looks of the thing! A woman of her age ought to choose men friends, not a pack of boys."

"Well, it is quite sensible of her, I think," I volunteered. "She can be good friends with boys like that without any danger of wanting to marry any of them."

"Come on, let's go. It is sickening to look at."

Just then Mrs. Ludlow spied us. She bowed and smiled, and would, I am sure, have joined us, but Woodbridge grouchily pulled me out.

"It's the same thing all the time," he continued. "She goes everywhere and sees everything, but it's always with some cub. I think some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Why don't you speak to her then, if it upsets you so. But maybe she's lonesome and goes with them for lack of some one older and more congenial."

"Nothing of the sort," he growled. "She has had plenty of chances to go with more suitable persons, and it's her own fault."

"How do you know she has had other chances?" The matter was getting interesting.

"Well, I've asked her out myself a few times."

"So? And she turned you down?"

A light was beginning to dawn on my dense consciousness.

"Oh, she accepted a couple of times."

He lapsed into a moody silence, but

I had heard enough to see how the land lay. Woodbridge himself had a "case" on Mrs. Ludlow.

I was up to my neck in work the next few days, but even so it didn't take long to see that Woodbridge spent more time than specifications called for in talking and dictating to Mrs. Ludlow. It got on my nerves to see him sitting in his private office mooning out at her through the curtains. She appeared perfectly oblivious of him, and went about her work unconcerned and carefree. One time I unintentionally overheard him talking to her—he suggested that they take dinner together Sunday.

"I really couldn't arrange to do it," I heard her say, and she found an excuse to look up something in the filing room.

I thought about them both a good deal, and wondered if she wouldn't encourage Woodbridge a little more if she didn't feel herself tied to the terms of that contract, as he was a very fine fellow, good looking and a gentleman in every way. But I felt pretty sore at him, as I considered that it was his duty to keep himself in the background now that we had some one who might stay with us, and to make it as easy as possible for her.

Sunday, Woodbridge took me in his car out to Makapuu Point. Coming back, about nine miles from home, we came across a machine with a broken axle laid up by the roadside. We stopped a minute to see if we could lend a hand, and who should pop out on us but Mrs. Ludlow. She and the Mullers had been out for the day and were coming home when the axle broke. We took the ladies in with us while Mr. Muller made arrangements with a nearby garage to have the axle fixed up. Mrs. Muller insisted upon our taking dinner at their home that evening, so I had an opportunity to get really acquainted with Mrs. Ludlow. We had the best kind of a time, and before the evening was half over I had discovered that Mrs. Ludlow and I had exactly the same tastes and opinions.

The next day I seemed to be possessed. Lord knows there was enough work to be done, but I simply couldn't settle down to it. The only thing I could think of was Mrs. Ludlow's eyes. "Are they blue or brown, are they blue or brown?" I found myself constantly questioning, until finally I got disgusted and went up to the office to find out. Luck was against me, for she wasn't in. She had gone over to the Trust Company with some papers, and wouldn't be back all afternoon. I hung around the office, thinking she might possibly show up later, until one of the clerks asked me if I wasn't feeling well. I went back to the hotel and phoned her at Muller's. I told her I wanted to talk over some business matters with her, and she consented to take dinner with me. I found out that her eyes were blue, but one would suppose they were brown on account of her lashes being so long and black. I had to look several times to make sure, myself. After dinner, she offered to teach me to one-step, and as I didn't become expert in one lesson, we had to keep it up for a week or more. I never realized before how much pleasure one could get from dancing.

Woodbridge commenced to act in a very peculiar manner. He buried himself in work, which in itself is very commendable, but all his social instincts died a sudden death. Whenever I suggested going anywhere he always had some important work that required immediate attention, so I naturally looked to Mrs. Ludlow for companionship, and as our tastes were identical, I couldn't have been better pleased.

I outstayed my time over three weeks longer than my original intentions, but if the manager of a concern can't do what he wants to with his own time, who can? Bostwick cabled five times about a matter which he thought I ought to handle myself personally, and as it was one of the largest deals we had had in years, I finally decided to leave.

That last evening I drove Mrs. Ludlow out toward Makapuu—it was our favorite ride for some reason. Just

before we got home we passed a crowd of "Malahini" tourists, who were murdering "Aloha" on ukeleles, which they had evidently just purchased.

"It doesn't sound much like the 'Aloha' played by the band when the steamer leaves, does it?" she said. Then after a pause: "Just think, to-morrow you will be gliding away from us to those strains."

"To-morrow!" The word had a ghastly sound.

"I shall miss you very much," she was saying slowly.

"All at once I saw what my going meant. No more drives along the beach, no more walks under those big, luminous stars, no more dancing on the verandah in the soft Hawaiian night. But it wasn't the beach, it wasn't the dancing, and it wasn't even the Hawaiian enchantment that I wanted—it was she, my mate.

"Come back with me—I want you; I want you to marry me," I stammered.

I took her hands in mine and she didn't object.

"You will come?"

"How can I?" she whispered.

"Is there anything—anything in our way." It was inconceivable that she didn't care for me, a monstrous thought which I pushed away in horror.

"Yes, there is—something."

"Tell me, then, what is it," I cried in desperation.

I looked at her in agonizing suspense. The imp of laughter danced in her eyes.

"The contract!" she answered.

"Damn the contract," I cried in triumph, taking her in my arms. "I made it and I can break it. It is dead and annihilated. You'll come?"

She stopped laughing.

"Yes," she said, "I'll come."

* * * *

I have decided that it would be inhuman to expect any one to live up to this contract again, but the stenographer matter doesn't bother me any more. We now have a male stenographer in our Hawaiian office. This was my wife's suggestion.

CATHEDRAL PEAK

(A Favorite Mountain of John Muir)

There is a peak with mild gray walls, and snow
Spread round it like soft ermine, to a lake
That shines with dawn gold when the birds awake
And the cold, gentle morning-whispers blow.

First on its straight rock-spire rests the glow
Of day, when eastern clouds begin to break;
And here, when summer melts the last soft flake,
Cassiope and flaming snow-plants grow.

This is Muir's temple of the upper skies,
Where, in cool dawns, he stood to watch the light
Of morning spread, till meadows gleamed afar;

And in the eve, when regal color dies,
The high expanse of snowy summits, bright
Under the silence of the evening star.

THOMAS GORDON LUKE.

The Vow

By Farnsworth Wright

A COLD December rain was falling, but it was uncomfortably warm inside of the train that rolled slowly westward toward Liege. The gray haired, portly German who shared my compartment mopped his face with a handkerchief, rose and paced slowly back and forth. Then he abruptly resumed his seat, and stared out of the car window at the gently rolling fields, from which all traces of the great war had disappeared.

I had already studied him minutely. The nobility of his bearing attracted me, and something in his expression fascinated me. He seemed like one who had endured some terrible ordeal, which had impressed itself into his life and recorded itself indelibly on his face.

As if he felt my gaze, he suddenly looked up, and his eyes met mine. Abashed at being caught staring, I pulled from my pocket a newspaper and proceeded to peruse it, although I already had mastered its contents long before the German boarded the train at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The German noticed the newspaper, glanced at my face, and then looked at the paper again. All this I saw out of the corner of my eye.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, in a rich, sonorous voice, his accent only slightly suggesting his German origin. "I notice that you are reading the Chicago Tribune. May I ask whether you are an American?"

"Yes," I answered, thinking that he was probably a German who had lived in the United States.

"Your country fascinates me," he continued, "and I always enjoy talking to Americans, or to my fellow country-

men who have lived in America. It is the world's great melting pot, where peoples of different races and religions dwell in peace and amity together, animated by the same ideals, and co-operating one with another. The lesson of America will one day bring the International Republic."

I looked at him intently, trying to form a correct estimate of him. He was plainly an idealist, yet he seemed also a man who had lived through great experiences.

"So you are an internationalist," I remarked. "One meets them everywhere since the ending of the Great War."

"I was an internationalist even before the war," he said, somewhat proudly. "My belief in internationalism never faltered, even when the world was turned into a madhouse."

"Then you were not a soldier?" I suggested.

"I was a soldier despite my beliefs," he explained. "And yet my beliefs had much to do with my part in the war."

"I was with the first of the gray-clad legions that swept over this region. I took part in the first infantry charge against the cannon-battered forts of Liege, before the war became a siege-battle of trenches. But I went into battle without the spiritual exaltation that animated my comrades and made them glad to die for the Fatherland. My heart revolted at the part I was playing. It was not that my soul cried out against the wrong to little Belgium, for I would have felt the same way toward Russia or England or France. Before the forts of Liege I sought release from my soul-torment, but I bore a charmed life. Instead of

death I received the Iron Cross for valor."

His face displayed a noble dignity such as I have seldom seen. His soft gray eyes seemed to fill with memories, to embrace the past and not the present in their field of vision. Even his fierce, stubby gray mustache could not frustrate the tenderness of those compassionate eyes.

"I fought through the war without receiving a scratch," he went on. "Once I nearly gained the death I coveted, but it was denied me. I brought my dearest friend into the grave instead."

"Some dear college chum?" I hazarded.

"Yes," he answered. "He laid down his life for me, and I am going now to visit his grave. He died in Flanders."

"You say you were friends in college," I said. "Was it at Heidelberg?"

"At Oxford," he replied.

"Then your dead comrade was an Englishman!" I exclaimed.

"No. He was a Frenchman."

"How on earth did you, a German, come to be the chum of a Frenchman in an English university? And how did you meet on the battlefield? As foes or as friends? By accident, or by tryst?"

"There were three of us," he explained. "One was an Englishman, one a Frenchman, and I was a German. We represented three diverse races, three dissimilar languages, yet no comrades ever loved each other more whole-heartedly than we three. We were true Corda Fratres, which is Latin for 'Brothers in Heart.'

"Filled with the spirit of internationalism and human brotherhood, we felt that our experience was but the forerunner of a similar feeling that some day would sweep over the world and break down the barriers of nationalism everywhere. So we met one night in my room and pledged ourselves to citizenship in the great World Commonwealth. Gone for us, we declared, were the ties that bound us to our native countries. Henceforward we would live for no single nation, but

for the world. I solemnly renounced my allegiance to Germany, and my comrades renounced their devotion to France and England. We failed to see that nationalism must be the basis for internationalism. A man does not renounce his family to become a member of his city or his country. He is at once a citizen of his nation and his district. If he is not a loyal member of his family, a good citizen of his town, he cannot truly be a citizen of his country. We failed to see that we must be true citizens of our nations to be citizens of the world. But I am digressing.

"We pledged ourselves never to bear arms for our individual countries, and we became citizens of the world brotherhood. We named Christmas Day, the anniversary of our vow, as a day of tryst, and agreed to renew our vow each year on that day. We signed the pledge with pens dipped in our own veins, as a token that the same blood flowed through us in spite of our different nationalities. We affixed our names according to the alphabetical order of the Esperanto names of our countries, Anglujo, Francujo and Germanujo: Harold William Hazelwood, Alfred Bonnet, Heinrich Schmid.

"The next summer saw us each in his own country. Then came the thunderclap. Europe speedily became a slaughter-house.

"A wave of patriotic fervor swept each country, and even those pacifists and socialists who had preached the general strike as a preventive of war rushed to the colors. Among them was Hazelwood, my English comrade, stricken by the enlistment fever which hit the English universities like a pestilence. He entered an English drill camp, and became a soldier of the king. Alfred Bonnet and I had no choice. We were receiving military training from our governments at that time, and were at once rushed to the front.

"The months that followed were like a nightmare. At first we advanced rapidly, overrunning Belgium and northern France like an onrushing

tidal wave, by sheer force of men and guns. Village after village, city after city, fell to us without offering much resistance, except at Liege and Namur, where the Belgians made a heroic stand. Then the Battle of the Marne was fought, and the opposing armies dug themselves into the earth. The trench lines stretched from Switzerland to the North Sea.

"One day I was ordered to report to my general. I was at that time in Flanders.

"'Private Schmid,' said the general, 'I am informed that you speak both French and English like a native. Is it true?'

"'My pronunciation has been praised by natives of those two countries,' I replied.

"'Private Schmid,' the general continued, 'you have received the Iron Cross for valor. Your courage is unquestioned, and we wish to make further use of it. You will be fitted with a French uniform, given a name and full details regarding the French regiment to which you will belong. The man whose name you will bear is a prisoner in our hands, and he bears a close resemblance to you. You will seek out his regiment, impersonate the captured Henri Martel, and bring back certain information which we require. Report to me at midnight in your French uniform, when you will receive final instructions and be passed through our lines.'

"The assignment pleased me because of its very danger. There seemed but little chance to impersonate Henri Martel successfully among those who knew him. I would cease to be an accredited murderer, for I would be put to death as a spy.

"I shaved off my mustache, got into the enemy's lines, it matters not how, and found Henry Martel's regiment. So little of it was left that it was joined to another command, and there remained only one or two men who had known Henri Martel. They did not discover the deception.

"I obtained the information that my general wanted, and then I was ready

to escape. I hid my notes in my boots.

"It was Christmas Day. I was to go on sentry duty that night. I watched the great shells mount from the French guns behind me, and flit through the air with a dull whine, like foul bats, and now and then a German shell plopped into the ground near me. They made a hideous noise, plowing holes into the earth as if they wanted to get back to the infernal regions where they belonged. I watched the cannons spit fire. I heard an occasional dull roar, miles away to the north, from our huge German forty-twos, which the English soldiers called Jack Johnsons because of the clouds of black smoke which they belched. I had seen those monsters pounding Liege in the first days of the war, and I thought they must surely succeed in blasting a path to Calais and Paris, and even to Dover and London. Nothing seemed able to stand against them.

"My spirits sank lower and lower as my hour approached to go on sentry duty. At last the minute came. I received the countersign, and took my place in a sort of listening pit, with a telephone by my side to give a quick alarm in case of attack.

"I was preparing to make my flight, when through the communicating trench a small group approached, in command of a lieutenant. It was a party of newspaper correspondents. With them was an Englishman who had been wounded in the arm. He was acting as interpreter between the French and British soldiers, for his wound unfitted him for other military duty.

"I did not at first notice the young lieutenant, for my eyes were popping out of my head at sight of the interpreter. It was my English comrade, Hazelwood.

"He started when he saw me. Then he gazed intently into my face to assure himself that it was really I. He strove to conceal his recognition of me, so as not to doom me, but even his impassive English face could not become a mask after that unexpected meeting.

"The lieutenant addressed him, but Hazelwood did not hear. The lieutenant saw the direction of his gaze, and raised a flashlight to my face.

" 'Heinrich!' he ejaculated, recoiling a pace.

"The lieutenant was Alfred Bonnet.

" 'Alfred!' I exclaimed. 'It is you! And Harold is here, too! Do you remember? This is our trysting day! But I am discovered, and now I will find the death I have sought ever since I was forced to bear arms against my brothers. I am a German spy.'

" 'Oh, Heinrich, this is indeed the day of our tryst,' put in Hazelwood, in English. 'We swore eternal friendship, but in this tragic moment we are met as enemies!'

" 'Wait for me in the communicating trench,' Bonnet ordered. 'I wish a few words with this German before I give him into custody.'

"The soldiers and correspondents withdrew, and Hazelwood went with them, leaving me alone with Bonnet.

" 'Heinrich, I am desolated,' he exclaimed. 'I cannot let you perish. Promise that you will never use against France any military information you have gained, and you shall escape.'

" 'Alfred,' I replied, 'I have violated all my ideals by fighting in this war, and I want to be allowed to die.'

" 'Heinrich,' he replied with emotion, 'I cannot permit it. You must at once run for your lines. Go now, while there is yet time.'

"At that he fired a shot into the air.

" 'Now they are coming. Run, run quickly,' he entreated.

"I stood still, and then he shot himself in the shoulder.

" 'Don't wait! I will say that you shot me in trying to escape. Oh, Heinrich, run, for God's sake, run!' he implored, in an agony of impatience.

"He sank to the ground, and I ran blindly into the night. The shots of my pursuers whistled after me. I stumbled into one of our barbed wire entanglements, and went through it, leaving much of my clothing on the wire.

"How I crawled through the remain-

ing entanglements amid the hail of bullets is more than I can say. I passed the last barrier, then stood upright and walked slowly toward the German trenches. In the glare of the fire balloons my French uniform was recognized, and I became the target of German bullets. I suppose the men in the trenches thought the French were attacking. But I bore a charmed life, as at all times during the war, and I stumbled into a German trench in a faint, but without a wound.

"When I came to, I was lying in a field hospital. My boots were gone, and I knew that the information which they contained, and which Bonnet had asked me never to use against France, was even then before the general. I was congratulated for my work, and given a four weeks' furlough.

"Not until the war was ended did I learn what had become of Alfred Bonnet. He fell ill of his self-inflicted wound and of the excitement which my appearance and escape had caused him. In his delirium he called on me, pleading with me, implored and begged me to escape. Again and again he lived over his meeting with me, and exhorted me to run, run, and keep running.

"Out of his own mouth he was convicted of aiding an enemy spy to escape. He was tried and shot. On his grave was placed this inscription:

" *'Traître Il a perfide son pays.'*

"Hazelwood was wounded again shortly afterwards, and took part in the war no more. Bonnet, rotting in a traitor's grave, at least was at rest. Only I, the most ardent internationalist of the three, was doomed to fight on and on as a nationalist, until the very last day of the great conflict. I fought at Ypres, at Verdun, in Picardy, sometimes against the British and sometimes against the French. Several times my regiment was decimated, and I was assigned to new commands, but I always came through without a wound.

"When the war was over, my first

thought was of Bonnet, and then I learned from Hazelwood how he had lost his life in saving mine.

"I am now on my way to Bonnet's grave in Flanders. Hazelwood and I have removed the lying epitaph which stigmatized our comrade as a traitor, and we have built him a worthy monument. Each year, on Christmas Day, we clasp hands over his grave and offer prayers for his soul.

"Last Christmas, after our tryst, I went with Hazelwood to England, but this year he will spend several quiet weeks with me in Aix.

"It is good to have such a comrade," he concluded, and smiled for the first time since he had been talking to me. The sadness of his face modified his smile, making of it a smile of consecration rather than one of gladness.

The train was rolling into Liege when he finished his narration, and I had to change for the express to Paris. I bade farewell to my new-found friend with genuine regret at parting from him so soon.

Three weeks later I was motoring through the war zone with a friend.

We had been visiting the ruins at Ypres, and from there we turned south-east. A few miles west of the Belgian frontier my gasoline gave out.

While my friend waited in the car, I took a pail and went to the nearest farmhouse, walking through a line of trees that had been pollared by shell-fire. I succeeded in getting a few gallons of gasoline, and started back with it, when I came across a grave with a marble headstone. I had seen so many soldiers' graves in the field that they no longer interested me. Possibly it was the marble headstone that caused me to stop, or perhaps it was the weight of the gasoline.

The headstone bore the name of Alfred Bonnet.

Reverently I removed my hat, and knelt down in the falling rain to read the epitaph. In three languages—English, French and German—was inscribed:

"A noble friend, a true patriot, he died a martyr to his country, which was the world. May his soul rest in peace."

WHITE ROAD

White road, white road, whither do you roam?

Around the world and back again a long, long way;
'Cross hills, through vales, 'neath the sky's blue dome—
A glad road, a clear road, away to the end o' the day.

White road, white road, what do you keep for us

Blowing clouds, and singing brooks, and meadows bloomy-sweet,
April winds, and dripping leaves, huge waves that heap i' sea,
Dew o' morn, and slanting rains, and song-birds wildly-fleet.

White road, white road, whither will you carry us?

Away, away from men and towns to the land of—Anywhere.
White road, white road, what will you bring to us?
Love, and laughter, and glowing dreams for two to share.

VERNE BRIGHT.

Scotty's Luck

By B. A. Atkinson and M. C. Watson

I SEE Scotty Mills is down here in Southern California, running an orange orchard lay-out," remarked my old-time Nevada friend, "Poker Bill," who had just drifted in from the Oatman gold fields, bringing with him a frank contempt for the sporting ethics of latter-day mining camps.

"He's takin' quite an active part in State politics," continued Bill. "They sent him to the legislature last year, and are talkin' about makin' him a county supervisor or something. No wonder he's gone to pieces in these degenerate times, when a square sport hasn't a chance to make an honest dollar, and has to go into the political graft to keep his hand in."

We were sitting in the comfortable lobby of a Los Angeles hotel, where we had strolled after sipping a cool mint-julep at the bar. Bill is a type of the Western gambler, first in the game at every new mining town, proud of the reputation of being a "square sport," and inclined to become reminiscent, when he runs across an old acquaintance, who reminds him of the days when the name of gambler was synonymous with plutocrat. I had known him during the height of the greatest gambling dynasty the West had ever produced, and quite understood the grouch he was nursing. The drastic reforms of recent legislation had blurred his perspective and depleted his finances. He sullenly rebelled against the modern schemes and makeshifts resorted to by the "profession," and sadly recalled the glittering palaces and wide-open games of better times.

Scotty Mills, of whom he spoke, had been a prominent character in the

sporting circles of Tonopah, when the last big gold boom was on in Southern Nevada. He came direct from New York, where he had been employed at "Canfield's," one of the swellest gambling places in the world at that time. The "Mizpah Club" of Tonopah was a decidedly nifty joint then, and worked only high-class men, at salaries approaching a bank-president's. But, when the boss introduced the Eastern fellow to the shift going on duty, they rather resented his metropolitan manners, and the elegant simplicity of his dress. He wore no jewelry nor loud colored accessories, although his sartorial equipment was expensive and fashionable.

The Western gamblers delighted in jewels, as much as a Fifth avenue belle. When money was easy they invested prodigally in diamonds. These were at once an adornment and an ever-ready negotiable asset, in case their luck should change, or they should get scooped on some deal. Accordingly, every man on the shift sported a diamond head light, finger ring, watch-fob and cuff-links, the stones varying in size and value with the purchasing capacity of the owner.

But notwithstanding this handicap of style and dress, the new man was a prime favorite in a week's time. He was a tall, slim, dark fellow, in the middle thirties, cool, athletic, good-looking and always sober. It was his boast that the blood of a line of Indian chiefs ran in his veins. His father had been a famous editor, in the palmy days of the South, before the Civil War, and was a member of a proud old Southern family. Had Scotty followed in the footsteps of his father, and taken up the art of writing, he

would have made a dandy story-teller. The boys delighted in getting him to spin yarns, largely imaginative, no doubt, but with the ring of the unusual about them. I had heard that the same gift made him famous during the session of the California legislature, of which he had been a leading member.

A vision of the old Nevada days, when Scotty and his fellows presided, cool and alert, over the games, where a fortune depended on the turning of a card or the stopping of the wheel, passed through my mind, while Bill sat grumbling over the decadence of the times. It was, in truth, less than a decade ago that the poker chips had rattled, and the wheel had spun, and the faro dealer had watched his game with an unerring eye and ready gun, and the heaps of yellow gold had changed hands, and men had gone out of the swinging doors broke, who had come in with a fortune in their pockets—yet all that garish life and activity was as foreign to the present time as if it was the fabric of a dream.

"Them was the ways!" Bill was saying. "Gambling fashionable? Well, I should say so! If a man had a drop of red blood in him, he heard the call of the game. But they've all turned mollycoddles now. A pretty pass when Wingfield sets up for a capitalist, and Jim Butler plays farmer, and Tex Rickard takes to writin' for the Scientific Press. I remember when they was all takin' a man's chances; and when Tex Rickard pulled off the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield, the desert was alive with autos and special trains between Tonopah and the prize ring, and nobody was afraid to bet his pile on a gamble to win.

"But this about Scotty gets my goat. Of course, I know there's boodle in the political graft, but how a square sport could git down to it puzzles me. I mind some stiff yarns Scotty used to tell about his experiences, half of 'em lies, no doubt, though he was a game one all right. I remember when our shift came off one morning at the Mizpah Club, and we all rounded up at the bar. The night work was strenu-

ous, when all the miners came in from the hills, and the big plungers drifted in, staking their thousands on any old game that took their fancy. Then there was the solid Eastern investor, who was likely to squeal and git ugly when he was well plucked. Altogether the night work told on a man's nerve, with no drinks in workin' hours. Look sharp, and keep cool, was the word, and not to git rattled at any chance gun play. Keep your own weapon handy, and take care of the coin, if you had to drop to the floor when the barkin' was frequent.

"So, as I was sayin', we were lined up at the bar for a mornin' bracer before turnin' in. The house was runnin' three shifts, and ours was the stiff one, for the early mornin' boys generally had only a bunch of all-night boozers, a few high-graders, and maybe a stayer or two, who was bucking roulette or faro, to get back enough dough to carry him through the day.

"Scotty always sipped a single high-ball and then smoked one Perfecto. He said the glutton at the table or the boozer at the bar never got the real zest of the cup, or the delicate bouquet of the cigar. It was the epicure that pulled down the genuine article. He had a way of moralizing and hitting the high place that captured the boys, and they would hear him talk for an hour without bolting, and that is saying some.

"Somehow, we got to talkin' of horse races; and the Kansas Kid told how he had won a thousand dollars on the ponies last year. Scotty said it reminded him of an experience he had a few years before. Of course, all the boys insisted on his tellin' it, and he did."

Bill paused, while a reminiscent look passed over his smooth shaven face.

"Out with it!" urged I. "Scotty could tell a good story, though his accuracy might be questioned."

Bill threw away the stub of his cigar, and settled himself back in the big cushioned chair, and began.

"Scotty had been working all winter

at the Canfield establishment, in New York; but the stern arm of the law had begun to tighten on the popular gambling houses, and, after an expensive raid, one night, everything was closed up. Money had been coming easy, and he and his wife, a dandy, game little woman, by the way, had been living high all winter, and had neglected to lay by a wad.

"So," says Scotty, 'with the bad luck of a fool sport, the shut-down left me broke. I couldn't ask the boys to help me out, for they were in as bad as myself. When the spring races came on, the ponies attracted me, for I am a Kentuckian, and born on the blue grass. It happened that a friend staked me to bet on a favorite; but the favorite lost, and I just had my return ticket to get back to the city on.

"I was feeling pretty blue when I boarded a crowded car and anchored myself to a strap. Looking down, to avoid pulverizing anybody's feet, I glimpsed a piece of pasteboard on the floor, and put my foot on it, until I had room to stoop and pick it up. It was a ticket on one of the day's winners. I put it in my pocket, and early the next morning began to hustle around to raise the money to take me to the track. It would have come easy, if I had told any of the boys my good luck in finding a prize ticket; but I didn't care to divide proceeds with them. I had already hypothecated my watch and jewelry, and had sworn an oath that I would not ask for my wife's, not wanting her to know I was down to my last penny. So I just touched a friend, who happened along opportunely, for enough boodle to get me landed safely at the track, with my ticket. and trusted to luck to get me inside. Not having played the ponies for some time I failed to recognize any of the touts on the outside, and was getting discouraged, when I happened to spy a knot hole in the fence. Peeping in, I saw big Tom Reagan talking to a friend, both leaning on the fence. I knew him slightly, and called to him. He came over and recognized me through the hole. I told him my predicament,

and he told me to push the ticket through and he would cash it for me. He motioned me to the gate, and was soon back with three hundred and fifty dollars, which was what the pasteboard called for. I instantly catapaulted out of the slough of despond, and felt richer than Vanderbilt.

"With a gambler's confidence in his luck, I commenced plunging, and never lost a bet that day, nor any day following until the close of the season, when I found myself over a hundred thousand dollars to the good. That was the year of the world's fair at Chicago, and my wife and I decided to take in the show. It also occurred to me that it might be possible to pick up expenses on the turf.

"Talk about chance! There's no such thing. It's all hunch. Sitting in the Pullman drawing room, going to Chicago, I began to figure a little on futures, but my pencil refused to obey my mind, and kept writing the capital letter B. My hand seemed to be directed by some power outside of my own will. All it seemed capable of doing was to make a big B. It scared me, and I called Bertha's attention to the uncanny trick my pencil was playing. She's a good sport, and also dabbles a little in auto-suggestion, whatever that may be, and telepathy, and that sort of dope.

"'Scotty,' says she, 'you're going to bet on a horse, name beginning with B, and he'll sure be a winner. Go to it, boy, for it's going to be the last sporting you're to do. As soon as you cash in, we're off for California and an orange orchard. I'm tired of uncertainty—wallowing in money one day, and pawning your shirt the next for a meal ticket.'

"Scotty gave a little groan: 'Lord, if I'd taken her pointer,' he grumbled.

"'Boys,' he continued, 'the rest of the story is so cussed queer that I won't blame you if you think it's all a hop dream, but it's on the level. That night I had a vision of a black horse, with a high arched neck and the movement of a thoroughbred, walking toward me, his nostrils quivering with

spirit and his hide like a bolt of black satin. He wore a blanket, with an immense B embroidered in gold on each corner. I sprang up, broad awake in a second; and Bertha and I sat around in pajamas, talking about the vision, and waiting for daylight.

"As soon as I could get to the track I grabbed a race sheet, and ran my eye over the entries to find a horse with a name beginning with B. Sure enough I found Bounvellerie, but it was a sixty to one shot. The horse was unknown, but well bred and from Kentucky. I felt a hunch that he would be a winner. I was lucky enough to find old Donovan, the boss, in a good humor, so I asked to see the horse.

"'Why, there he is now!' says Donovan. 'Not much of a hoss to my thinking, though he's got a good pedigree. Looks pretty well dragged out with the trip.'

"'I was badly disappointed at first. The horse had only arrived from Kentucky the night before, and looked rough and ill-conditioned. He moved rather stiffly, but I laid that to the trip, though the talent shook their heads.

"'Too much blue-grass,' ventured one expert horseman.

"A lanky negro boy was leading him around, and somehow the two of them didn't seem to fit in with the nervous alertness of the Northern race-track. I was allowed to examine the horse, and found him physically flawless. When he took his workout, I noticed the stiffness of the journey sort of melt away, and the lithe movement and long stride gave me heart. My boyhood, on my grandfather's plantation in Kentucky had made me a fair judge of the main points in horse-flesh, and Bounvellerie began to look good to me. Also I seemed to hear Bertha's injunction: 'Go to it, Boy!' and I decided to trust my hunch.

"'So I broke into the storm center, and nearly paralyzed the book-makers by buying up Bounvellerie to a standstill. When the bookies refused to take any more bets, I rushed through the crowd with my hands full of thousand dollar bills, backing the black

horse against the favorites. People looked at me as if I were crazy, and ready for a strait-jacket.

"The race came off on the day of the Chicago Futurity, and excitement ran high, though the most reckless plungers looked tame beside my wild betting. To tell the truth, I was in to win or lose all. When the race was called I got a place near the post, and waited breathlessly for my horse. All fears fled when Bounvellerie was led out. He was the very picture of my dream, sleek, powerful and stepping proudly toward me, as it appeared. I never had a doubt after that. He had been worked out under cover for a week, and no one outside had got wise to what he could do. His jockey was a keen eyed mulatto boy, who knew the horse from a foal, and seemed to be on confidential terms with him, for he often whispered into his ear, as he hung over the beautiful arched neck.

"When the flag dropped the horses were off in a bunch. Gladstone, the favorite in the betting, was fully two lengths ahead at the first quarter. The rest were so bunched that it was hard to distinguish Bounvellerie; but when they neared the half, the black horse, like a streak of jet, flashed ahead, neck and neck with Gladstone, leaving the rest in the rear. It looked like a Santa Fe train, leaving a Mexican tramp, on the desert. As the two came in on the half, still neck and neck, the grandstand fairly howled, and literally went crazy. Not so the backers of the favorite. They were dumbfounded. The impossible was happening. What was this stranger off the blue-grass and the farm that was reaching for their good money?

"Just then something happened that almost stopped my breath. The negro jockey, who had seemed to be a part of the horse, understanding him and purring to him over his neck, seemed to lose his head for a second, and, for the first time brought down the whip on the satin flank. Unused to the lash, Bounvellerie, surprised, and at a loss to understand, became confused, and soon lagged a length behind the favor-

ite. The backers of Gladstone cheered wildly. Women screamed, men threw their hats in the air, and strangers slapped each other on the back and shook hands. But they soon changed their tune, for the black jockey was again whispering to his black mount. The horse recovered himself, and, bounding forward, like a rubber ball, nosed out, winner in one of the greatest races on record.

"The bookmakers were paralyzed when I cashed in. A lot of turfmen were sick, while I left the track a multi-millionaire. I gave the jockey and attendant enough cold cash to set them up in business for themselves. It took two extra plain clothes men to guard me to the hotel, with my bundle of winnings. Bertha was not a bit

surprised, just waiting for me to come home with the swag.'

"Just like that he told that yarn," Bill added, grinning. "Finally the Manna Kid got his breath and asked:

"'But, Scotty, what did you do with all that money?'

"'Oh,' says he, kinda careless like, 'I strolled down to Memphis that winter and tried to corner cotton.'

"He must have made another raise, though," ruminated Bill, "to get in on the orange lay-out. They tell me those orchards cost real money. Well, if he is satisfied to mope around in the dirt and fool away his time passing rotten laws at Sacramento, it's his funeral. But I hate to see a square sport go to pieces that way, right in the prime of life, too."

REALITY

When down the quiet aisles of night
Go spirit-feet of dreams,
And through the dusky pillars drift
Soft songs of distant streams,

This swart reality of earth
To which our senses cling
Fades slowly as a landscape dims
Beneath the night's great wing.

Life puts its garish robes aside,
Its masks of strife and play,
And inner secret hearts are bared
As when men kneel to pray.

The temporal is cast away,
Eternity is seen
In every act, in every deed,
And naught of earth is mean.

O ministry of twilight hours,
You teach our hearts to see,
Though earth's a dream and life's a dream—
Love is reality!

The Glory of Hans Von Gluck

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

CAPTAIN Hans von Gluck had won his spurs, or, to be concrete and precise, he had conducted himself with such signal gallantry as to be given the Iron Cross and placed in command of a certain U-boat, the further description of which must be left unwritten. A well aimed shot that sent a great liner to her doom had been his victory. All Berlin shouted the name of Hans von Gluck, and the Kaiser himself praised his service to the Fatherland. The triumph of Hans von Gluck was the more spectacular because of his exceeding youth. He was scarcely more than a boy in years, though he had proved himself to be old in the diabolical arch-craft of the under-seas.

His stern responsibility had developed him suddenly. The rosy rotundity of his face had hardened into set angles. His mouth had straightened into a grim, straight line beneath his downy, light moustache, his nose pointed like a hawk's beak, and his clear, blue eyes squinted a trifle at the corners from the habit of gazing intently over vast, steely distances of sea with living harvests of ships.

And besides this external development in Captain Hans von Gluck, something new had grown into being within his inner self—his Soul. He had tasted of new game, his heart beat double-quick to a strangely savage joy, he had responded to an unholy desire—the lust to kill. It was a tremendous excitement to survey the measureless Empire of the Seas in search of human quarry. To sight a boat, to stake life and honor on the course of a torpedo, to dive deep, to wait half mad for the result—these were phases in the great game of life and death. There had

been a number of results for Captain Hans. He was proud of the marksmanship of his crew. They seldom missed. He had watched trawlers, fishing smacks and other small craft, reduced to a tangle of sail and splinters, and distorted faces of drowning men go struggling down; he had observed bigger ships crushed and crumpled impotently beneath the deadly shells, and once on the greatest day of his career, he had seen the tremendous bulk of the liner as she proudly clove the sea like a saber stroke, halt, shudder, stick her bow deep into the trough of the sea, then plunge out of sight suddenly in the vortex of a vast maelstrom. In that dizzy swirl there had been white faces and wildly clutching hands. There had been perfect calm and debasing frenzy. He had heard cries that were so primitive in their crude agony that they might have come out of the beginning of Time, but there was also the sound of a song and both were lost in the din of his cheering crew. He had seen, too, a woman's face close by in the water which sent a shudder through him because it was something like a picture that he wore buttoned close over his heart. It was only a fleeting glimpse, and it vanished, mercifully, in a second, and was gone. He had come to judge human beings by the way they died. He despised the coward and paid homage to the brave. These and many more such things he had witnessed until they became a part of the day's work, and as each succeeding ship was picked off and its human cargo sent into eternity, his mouth straightened firmer beneath his light, inconsequential moustache, and he muttered between his fine white teeth, "For the Fatherland!"

Indeed, to him, this dealing of death was a sacrificial rite such as his pagan forbears had performed. The military spirit that dominated him he had sucked in his mother's milk, was bred in his bone and it bayed out of an ancestry as old as human tradition and as relentless as Fate. So, with something of barbaric religious exaltation, like a hero of his native Niebelungen-land, he repeated "For the Fatherland," as ship after ship went down.

II.

On a certain day of blue sky with little, drifting petals of white cloud; bluer sea with shimmering flashes of foam; golden sunlight streaming between and God's Peace over everything; the soft, west wind came up, bringing with it memories divorced from that time and place. Unconsciously the stern expression of the young Captain's face relaxed, and he forgot to scan the ocean for prey. His thoughts had wandered off to the pine forests of the Tyrol. In reality it was but a few years, though it seemed a past incarnation, when he and Gretchen had played together there. She was chubby and dimpled and flaxen as a Nurenburg doll in those days, and she cried so adorably when he teased her. Were it to do over, he reflected soberly, he would not tease her, even to see her April-shower tears. Yet he knew for all her pretty discomfort she understood him quite well—little minx!—and she repaid him with interest by smiling at Fritz, the miller's boy.

She not only understood him but she ruled him as well, in that inexplicably insidious way that women have, and when it came to a clash of wills, it was hers that won. He remembered distinctly the first time he had bowed to her power. He liked to hunt and trap, and he became an expert with his little gun. Why, even his father told with pride over his pipe and beer how his Hanschen could shoot a hawk on the wing and it was an occasion of festival and song when he got his first deer. On this particular day

he had trapped a squirrel and the little creature's leg was cruelly mangled. He was stooping over his quarry, about to kill it, when up out of somewhere came Gretchen with eyes ablaze, palpitating breast and a sharp note of command in his voice that he had not heard before.

"Stop!" she cried. "Don't touch him! Give him to me, you brute! He's my little pet, and you've hurt him!"

Hans hesitated. Something of the pride of the chase swelled in his breast, but died again. Humbly and apologetically he handed over the wounded squirrel which Gretchen had been feeding every day without his knowledge, that she might nurse the saucy creature back to provokingly impudent health again. He had yielded up his independence, but he had gained something priceless in return.

He wondered analytically what it was that made her different to him from other girls. When he looked at the well worn picture that he always carried buttoned up over his uniformed and be-medaled breast, he could not decide if it were her wholesome beauty, her loveliness or because she was the best comrade and the truest sport of them all. She could walk the farthest, climb the most unfalteringly to the greatest altitudes and ride the swiftest of the young folk of the country round. That was enough to warm the red blood in a lad's heart. She was fit to be a Viking's daughter! If she had been a man—but Hans was humanly glad that she was not.

He had gotten to believe that he could not live without her any more than without the sunshine or the air, when she came to him, pale and quiet, with the manner of great renunciation. Her family was going to America to live. The blow fell on Hans like a death sentence. He and Gretchen were to be parted. But before the terrible day arrived, far out in the cool, sequestered sweetness of the woods where they had romped so often, they plighted their troth. Her flaxen braids, as sunny as newly cut hay, rested for the first time on his breast, her lips

met his in a kiss that was a covenant, and they vowed to each other that nothing could part them but death.

The years had come and gone, and Gretchen waited beyond the ocean while Hans, covered with glory, scanned the seas and served the Fatherland.

III

There had been a lull in submarine activities while the Powers laboriously unraveled tangles on international red tape and quibbled gravely over inconsequential details of dealing death. This gave one a breathing spell; a certain lethargic, animal relaxation from the nerve-rending tension. Perhaps a tiger feels so with a bellyful of game or a boa-constrictor in his satiated stupor. The only unpleasant part of the rest was that one had time to think, to realize and to remember, when one's blood pressure surged to a higher pitch. And it was very odd what trifles of flotsam and jetsam came to the surface on that tide of memory with its currents, its eddies and its quicksands. He recalled the old playfellows—he had half forgotten some of them, Franz, the bully of the village school, for instance—the boyish pursuits and games, but always and forever the same rosy, dimpled Gretchen with hair the color of newly cut hay and eyes like the summer sky, dominated his dreams.

He heard from her irregularly and with decorous reserve. Perhaps a certain shyness had crept into her woman's heart. Since they parted he had grown from a youth to a man; she from a maid to maturity, and the war-god had come to reign upon the earth. Would she recognize in the grim commander of that particular U-boat of bloody fame, her callow Hanschen (as she had always called him) of the old, happy childhood days? In spite of his pride in his triumphs he had never written her quite all; not, for example, the incident of the blasted liner which had placed his name on the roll of honor, for he recalled the episode of the snared squirrel and intuition bade

him be silent. There were some things a woman could never understand.

The loquacious and miscellaneous Powers of Earth, having haggled diplomatically, unburdened themselves of polite notes of explanation and counter explanation, at length decided upon something. At least one of them did. Germany announced her new submarine policy, and left the world guessing how much more she meant than she said.

Hans von Gluck was glad. He was sick of the stultifying inactivity of peace, and he longed to be off reaping the harvest of the seas. He had not long to wait. At this crisis sealed orders were handed to him, and curiously enough, at the same time, a letter in a familiar, feminine hand-writing, post-marked the United States of America. Mechanically he ordered his vessel under way, and with breathless expectation he tore open Gretchen's letter. It told a great piece of news. Her father had determined to return to offer his services and those of his sons to the Fatherland. Time and space made no difference to their loyalty. They would come home and go down to death or help win the ultimate victory of Germany. The spirit of the Vikings again, thought Hans. Then she explained that her father must first stop in England to close some business of the firm to which he belonged. Therefore they would have to sail on an English ship, and she gave the name of the vessel and the date of departure. By some sinister coincidence it was the sister-ship of the one he had torpedoed, a great British liner, and she was even then on the sea! More than this, she was nearing the fateful coast of Ireland. He chilled, then grew hot, and his sailor's iron heart quailed with the premonition of evil. The sealed orders trembled, unopened, in his nerveless hand.

In a short while the U-boat was putting out to sea from her secret base. The time had come to act. The orders must be read. Captain Hans von Gluck broke the mighty, authoritative seal of the War Office, which to him

possessed the unquestionable finality of the first Ten Commandments writ on tablets of virgin stone. He read, and yet he did not seem to comprehend. He stared long and fixedly with ox-like stupidity at the document. For the moment, thought did not connect with thought, the vibrant chain of cause and effect was broken and his mind had ceased to act.

The glassy, green sea was slipping rapidly away around him. Finally he looked at his watch and started like one who had been struck. Then he awakened to the poignant consciousness that his orders were to torpedo without warning the liner on which his Gretchen and her family were aboard. The ship was carrying ammunition to the allies, and it was said that she had two mounted guns. They might sight her at any moment. Hans issued some general commands, and as if in hypnotic obedience to the War Office, he ordered the course of his submarine straight across the path of the death-sentenced steamer. Then he lost track of time. Silent, motionless, he stood and gazed devouringly out over the clear, salt sweep of the sea.

The crew with the crack gunners had followed their inflexible Captain Hans too long either to question or to doubt him. He alone knew his orders. On board he was supreme, and all obeyed him blindly.

Night fell, and a thin, yellow rind of moon arose above the primrose sunset into the fathomless purple sky. All was silent, but the swish of the sea and the regular throb of the engines. All was peaceful but the heart of Hans von Gluck. He began to wonder if, after all, the ship had eluded him. Possibly she had altered her course. God! how he hoped she had! Then lights loomed out of the void—little merry, twinkling, dancing lights, and a long, black plume of smoke traced its inky, undulating pattern against the stars. A dark, rapidly moving shape was seen to approach. It loomed majestically; it grew into the form of a monster leviathan. Hans had sighted it when first the tiniest glimmer shone

on the face of the water, and it held him spell bound. The expectant crew saw it also and waited, panting like bloodhounds at the leash. They whispered to each other:

"She is to be our prize. The glory, ach! the glory of Captain Hans von Gluck!"

But what were the Herr Captain's orders? Strange that he did not issue them. That question was in every heart, yet smothered on every lip.

Hans, meanwhile, was telling himself that he had become a military automaton, a cog in the great machine of the Empire. He was no longer an individual, but an instrument of Fate, yet try as he would, he could not give the order. A storm of conflicting and vital passions tore him—patriotism, duty, love. He clutched at every faint hope that he was not to sacrifice Gretchen on the altar of their forefathers, even though he knew she would go down willingly and nobly, without a struggle, like the calm lily face he had seen on the wave the night he won his fame. Gretchen knew how to die. What if her letter were merely the use of an English spy to save a great prize from the just vengeance of the Fatherland? But no, his sinking spirit told him, no spy could invent that letter, living and breathing of her personality and her character. A spy might forge the handwriting, but never the heart of his loyal and beloved Gretchen.

The tense minutes ticked off relentlessly until there were few left. There were none. The liner was near, combing up the calm sea into a white highway of foam. She towered enormous, magnificently insolent against the starry sky. At sight of her almost upon him, the blood lust leaped into life in Hans. She was his prey, in the name of the Fatherland! In one moment he could send her lurching, gutted, to the bottom. She was in position for a perfect broadside shot—the kind that never failed. The supreme moment had arrived. The gunners only waited the word to fire. Their itching hands were on their guns, and

every man stood in position, ready to act.

Hans von Gluck touched a button. A marine sprang, obedient, towards the compartment where the Captain sat immovable behind the grimly closed door. Quick as the sailor leaped in response to that summons he was not swift enough to reach the Captain's sanctuary before a shot rang out, startling and sharp. The marine knocked, but there was no answer. He hesitated, alarmed. The precious seconds were flying. He opened the door.

Captain Hans von Gluck lay dead on the floor, shot through the heart, with his revolver in his hand.

Consternation reigned. There was almost panic aboard.

Immediately the officer next in command recovered himself and shouted:

"The orders, quick!"

They were found, together with a letter from America and the picture of a flaxen-haired girl, where Hans von Gluck had laid them.

The officer read with bated breath.

"Fire!" he commanded with an oath. "Fire quick! The ship carries ammunition and is armed! We are to sink her without warning at any hazard!"

The crew fell into place. Every

instant widened the distance between the submarine and the steamer, which had swung around so the infallible broadside shot was lost. The torpedo was sent plunging through the sea. A moment of awful suspense followed. *It fell short of the mark!*

Another and another shell sped vainly in pursuit. The great ship changed her course to a zig-zag, accelerated her speed and replied with shots from her guns.

The officer in command cursed impotently.

"Traitor!" he said of his dead captain. "It is always for some damned woman that a man makes a hero or a fool of himself! If I had known one moment earlier I would have killed you with my own hands! It is too late! All is lost!"

It seemed the irony of fate that a cablegram from Gretchen was waiting for Hans, advising him that because of the new submarine policy, she and her family had abandoned their trip to England and would sail on a neutral ship.

Meantime the trans-Atlantic leviathan sped on serenely towards Liverpool and safety, to the shame of the Captain, but the everlasting glory of the man, Hans von Gluck.

A Box In The Attic

By Lannie Haynes Martin

I've an old brown box in the attic—
 Perhaps you've an old attic, too,
 As dusty and musty and crowded
 With things that you like to look through—
 An odd, jumbled, motley assortment
 Is mine—I suspect your's as well—
 I'd probably call yours mere rubbish,
 And you? Well, you never could tell

Why I've kept a dog-eared old reader,
 Its pictures all colored with chalk,
 And in it a crumbling, sere oak leaf,
 But you did not have that same walk
 With me through the red paths of Autumn.
 And you never saw that old shoe,
 When, treading a minuet measure,
 Its buckles were shining and new.
 And you did not go to the school house
 Where I, in that little plaid dress,
 First mastered the magic of reading.
 I am sure that you never could guess
 Why I've kept that battered, tin rattle,
 And that white, woolly dog with one ear,
 But the soft, gurgling coos and the laughter
 That went with them *you* did not hear.
 And *you* did not wait for the whistle
 The postman would give when he'd bring
 That little old packet of letters,
 There, tied with a red cotton string.
 That limp, tattered thing, once a ribbon,
 That tied my hair on the day
 When I, with my first lover, hunted
 The trailing arbutus in May.
 I could buy jewels and laces,
 Houses and pictures and books,
 But never the wealth of the world could make Life
 Look, as in mem'ry it looks,
 When I touch the talismans kept there—
 When I feel their magical power,
 Youth, Hope, Love, Joy, Faith, Beauty,
 New-born come back for an hour.
 And maybe when we get to Heaven
 There'll be attics where we can store
 The boxes of all the loved garments
 Our earth-hopes and earth-joys wore.
 For there may be heavenly rapture,
 And there maybe angelic bliss,
 But always the heart of a maiden
 Will cling to her lover's first kiss,
 And always the heart of a mother,
 Her baby's first prattle, would miss.



The Heart of Rebecca Ann

A Story of Arizona in the '60's

By Hattie Brown

IT WAS an interesting event when the first steamboat reached Yuma, Arizona, in 1852. It was called "Uncle Sam." Such an event established the importance of Yuma, and gave it a pre-eminence over any other shipping point into the territories for quite a while. Yuma acquired a notoriety also on account of being the place where the infamous "Doc" Glanton and his gang operated. Glanton, it will be remembered, was the leader of a notorious gang of freebooters. They established a ferry across the Colorado at Yuma and used it as a hold-up scheme to trap the unwary. The Yuma Indians also had a ferry, though they hired a white man as pilot, a deserter from the U. S. Army. This caused a rivalry, and Glanton's gang fell on the Indian ferry-owners, slew the white pilot and thought they had got rid of a rival. The Indians waited their opportunity, and finally wiped out the Glanton gang in retaliation and revenge.

Another event that gave Yuma importance in the early history of Arizona was the "Gila City Gold Rush." Yuma was the point at which the thousands of gold seekers congregated to reach the new city.

Still another event was the building of the first school at Yuma. It was felt by the best people that the children ought to have some education. There was a difficulty about raising the necessary cash to erect a suitable room. Jabez Smith, a sturdy and enthusiastic educationalist, settled the matter by building the school himself, and in about a month the building was ready, a teacher secured, and the pu-

pils assembled for work. It is interesting to Arizonians to know of such sturdy pioneers as the Jabez Smith type; men who took ideas into their heads, and if others would not help to carry them into effect, they would do the work themselves. We make no comment on the nature of the structure, except to say that some people held the opinion that the building would blow down at the first gale; Jacob Estabrok, builder and architect, was asked to inspect it, which he did, and came to the conclusion that the structure would never fall, because "it leaned every way, and whichever way the wind blew it would keep it upright. If it listed at one gale, the next would put it straight up again."

One of the first pupils at this school was Rebecca Ann Reynolds, commonly and colloquially known as "Betty." This maiden held the proud distinction of being in the first bunch of pupils, and also the first to marry out of the said bunch. The story tells how this came about. One day she could neither study nor sit still. Her feet were fidgety and nervous, wanting to stray out into the glorious June summer morning and chase the big yellow butterflies flitting over the tangle of wild flowers at the edge of the playground. Her feet coaxed, but she shook her head. It was her sixteenth birthday, and about time she gave up some of her tom-boy follies and plays; but it certainly was tantalizing, for this once, to chase those butterflies. Besides, the lessons had to be learned, and there is no possible chance to escape that ordeal. She gave up the impossible with a sigh and found solace in

facing the possible. Her brown eyes strayed out through the open window with the fragrance of June and its butterflies, and her thoughts followed their movements with infinite interest and pleasure.

The long arms of the golden sunlight fell across her "Reader," coaxing the student to leave work and fly away in the summer sunshine to nature's broad fields of freedom and life.

Rebecca Ann was one of the commonplaces of life: she was just Rebecca Ann, nothing more, and nobody expected anything very great or astonishing from her. She was just as dear a girl as any one would wish to know, and nobody on the Blue Ridge had anything to say against her. She was a child of the hills, born there and reared there, where everybody knew everybody's business as well as their own. She had thick auburn curls, just missed being red, with glints among them like the golden rays of sunshine.

She bent her eyes to the open book and tried to settle down to the three "R's." But a look of mischief played in her brown eyes. She watched some flies buzz through the open window, play round the room and out along the timber edge, where the wild roses wafted their precious perfume and the butterflies hovered round to enjoy the fragrance. The flies and bees danced and buzzed from blossom to blossom in the sunbeams and seemed to laugh with glee as they blew from one joy to another. The humming bird joined in the play among the honey-suckers and sipped sweetness from the flower-cups. A squirrel whisked out from the rose tangle and pounced on a morsel of food; then a second came and there was a fight. They rolled over and over in the grass while the maiden danced in glee. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, clapped her hands and ejaculated joyfully: "He got it; he got it." She quickly remembered herself and blushed as she returned to her desk, all eyes in the room being turned to her.

"Betty, tell the pupils what he got,"

said the schoolmaster smilingly.

The girl stood up, still blushing, and told the story, but it did not last long, for the June breeze was stirring her blood like red wine.

A berry struck Johnnie Hopkins on the nose and he yelled. The pupils tittered. Rebecca Ann fell to her book.

"What is wrong, Johnnie?" asked the teacher, kindly.

"Oh, nothing, teacher," replied Johnnie, as he rubbed his nose and grunted, "jess a bee bit, but he's gone now."

"Which is very strange, Johnnie," responded the teacher, "considering there was no bee in the room. Betty, did you throw that berry at Johnnie Hopkins?"

Rebecca Ann looked up from her book and laughed into the teacher's eyes, and replied with a knowing, mischievous wink: "Yes, sir."

"You may bring your books up here," said the teacher, "and sit at my desk during the remaining term, Betty."

The girl frowned; then slowly gathered her books and walked up the aisle with an ominous flash of her brown eyes. The pupils tittered again, and the teacher smiled into her flashing eyes. He caught the angry glints; turned his back, smiled again, and called the reading class together.

Some days after, on a bright noon-day, the pupils were playing ball at the little log school playground. Rebecca Ann was at the bat. Suddenly she gave a strong stroke and the old bat splintered in pieces. She sank to the ground. The children left their bases and gathered round, but the teacher was the first to her side. He gently took her brown hand away from the jagged splinters, and with his pocket knife removed a splinter that had pierced her fleshy palm. The wound thus caused dripped warm blood over his hand; her playmates cried out, but he waved them into silence.

"Look over into the flowers, Betty," he said gently. She did. It was soon over. The splint was successfully re-

moved, and when Betty looked again her hand was wrapped in the teacher's handkerchief, whilst he was washing the blood from her fingers. She stood up and smiled faintly her thanks to the teacher.

The next morning the teacher crossed the meadows on the way to school with a young girl at his side. She was dressed in pink and carried her bonnet on her arm. When they came to the rails they halted. The teacher kissed the girl, then sprang over the rails as she turned back.

The pupils were waiting on the steps of the little log school, and they all laughed as the teacher kissed the girl, except Rebecca Ann, who seemed some how to forget to laugh. This was remarkable for her, as she usually was the first to burst out into hearty laughter. A lump rose in her throat, and this makes it extremely difficult to laugh. The girl in the pink dress, away in the green meadow, turned and blew kisses back to the teacher from the tips of her fingers. The teacher waved a hand back as he came up the path to the school. He smiled up the steps to the waiting pupils and greeted them with a hearty "Good morning, all!" to which all suitably responded, except Rebecca Ann, who turned and walked silently into the school room.

The bell rang from the belfry, calling the pupils to study who all filed in to take up the routine of the day. Rebecca Ann settled at the teacher's side at his desk; although the lump still pulled at her throat; the punishment of the day before was not forgotten. Pencils scratched over the slates, breaking the silence of the room as she took her own pencil and peeped out of the corner of her eye. The teacher opened the desk to take out a book and sprang back as a big garter snake lifted its head and crawled out of the desk to the floor. The teacher caught the snake with the same hand that he cut out the splinter with from Rebecca's palm yesterday, and his handkerchief still bound the wound. The girl worked at her book like a busy bee and gave no

sign of alarm until the other pupils screamed. Then she looked with wonder out of her brown eyes at the little girls who sprang to the top of their desks as the boys went out of the room for stones and sticks to fight the snake, which disappeared in a hole of the floor.

"Betty, did you hide that snake in my desk?" shouted the teacher, after the pupils had resumed their seats.

Betty nodded defiantly.

"Then stay after school!" The teacher's voice was even and firm.

The day passed. School was over. The pupils filed out into the welcoming evening and Betty was with them. The enticing breeze was full of twittering chirps of birds and incense of flowers. Her playmates pleaded with her to go back to the schoolroom, but she was stubborn. She put her well hand over her wounded one, and smoothed the soft folds of the handkerchief that bound it. Her heart softened and she turned her flashing eyes to the door of the schoolroom. With easy steps she returned to her desk in the schoolroom where the teacher sat writing. She stood waiting with downcast eyes, feeling her guilt. But the teacher kept at his work. A bee buzzed round the room, breaking the silence with its humming. She watched the bee, but he worked on as if unaware of her presence. Her temper gave way at last, as she reached out and tapped his coat sleeve and looked at his bowed head with its mass of black wavy hair. She thought it was beautiful hair and longed to stroke it gently with her wounded hand; but she reached for his pencil and tossed it across the room. The teacher's eyes met hers.

"Betty, how old are you?" he asked in a firm tone.

"Sixteen," she answered with an angry voice. "What makes you ask?"

"A woman," he responded softly and meditatively. "Betty, do you know I love you?" His fingers tightened over hers, and his voice shook. "I love you better than anybody, or anything else, in all this wide world."

She lifted her startled eyes to his; the remembrance of the moving kiss of the morning flashed before her, and she stamped her foot.

"Oh, I hate you. I hate your deceitful actions. You kiss the girl in pink at the rail fence this morning and profess to love me in the evening. Go to the girl you kissed this morning and tell her you love her."

She finished her indignant remonstrance in a flood of tears, ran out of the room and followed the little trail up along the hillside to her home. The teacher looked out at the window and laughed heartily and loudly.

The girl arrived at a trysting place in the trail; sat on the top of an old boulder and dried her tears in his handkerchief.

"I hate you," she whispered to the cloth, as she pressed it to her lips and kissed it shyly. Down across the meadows the rays of the evening sun played round the pine trees. The frogs started up their croaking in the swamp. The little homesteads in the valley glistened in the evening rays. She looked at the small red church away on the slope of the distant hillock, as the silver thread of a babbling stream flowed by its side, and the tombstones in the graveyard at a little distance away reflected like snow-patches in the sun. A line of pink moved along in the meadow at her feet, and a sweet voice sang a merry song as Rebecca Ann mused over the scene.

Over in the shades near by a herd of cattle rested. The girl dressed in pink halted as one of the herd moved from the other cattle and bellowed in loud tones. Rebecca Ann rose to her feet. The girl in pink screamed with fright and ran swiftly as the angry bull made chase.

"Let him hook her if he wants to," she muttered as she sat on the boulder. "He's mine; he's mine." She looked at her wounded hand, and the white handkerchief seemed to speak pleadingly to her.

She sprang and ran down the trail like a dart to the helpless girl and climbed over the rail fence to the side

of the fainting one, who was shrieking hysterically and screaming her loudest. Rebecca Ann stood in the trail as the animal was coming towards them. "Run, run for your life," she shouted in desperation. The girl in pink awoke from her trance and ran. Rebecca Ann stood in the road and shook her bonnet at the bull as he approached. The furious animal halted for a second, then dashed ahead with one bound, caught Betty between his horns and tossed her over his back. As the bull turned to repeat his deadly work upon the prostrate girl, a pistol shot rang out over the stillness of the meadows and the charging bull staggered in the frenzy of death. The teacher threw the smoking pistol aside and knelt by the maiden's side. At the other side the shaking girl in pink tossed her tangled curls back over her brow. Rebecca Ann sat up and was dazed for a moment or so. Her arm stung, for it had been struck by her fall, but she smiled into the faces of the two bystanders. The teacher in examining the arm discovered it was broken. He stooped and kissed the girl as he supported the broken arm. "Sister," he said to the girl in pink, "get me some strips of cloth, will you?" This in a low voice. "Sister" turned her back. Rebecca Ann heard the tearing of cloth as in a dream. At the sound of the word "Sister," Betty's heart bounded forth in glad waves of happiness; her eyes sparkled, and her face was covered with a happy smile. Before her imagination danced the words of bliss: "Sister, Sister, Sister." A voice called her back from Paradise. "Betty?" She looked up at the owner of the voice and smiled.

"Listen, darling, to a story I have to tell. Once, out in the great world, far beyond that line of blue, a physician needed a rest and a change. Being in indigent circumstances he came out here and taught school that he might pay his way, and also to teach a certain little maiden on whom he had set his heart. He tried to teach her the lesson of love. That physician brought his own darling sister with

him to attend to his domestic life. When the maiden on whom the teacher set his heart saw the physician kissing his sister, who was dressed in pink, that maiden frowned in sadness and chagrin. But the mystery is cleared up now, and I hope the maiden will believe the teacher when he says 'I love you.'"

Betty closed her eyes as the doctor caressed her. The pain became more and more acute on account of the broken arm, and the girl fainted away in sheer weakness and exhaustion in the doctor's arms. After using the restoratives the doctor and his sister brought the weak maiden back to consciousness and strength. The two helped the third on towards home, away up the old trail.

Sister held the one hand, and her brother held the other. As the brother held the weak hand wrapped in cloth, the maiden felt as if her whole heart and soul had been given to him. She felt such a restfulness and calmness as the pine trees quivered and fluttered in the evening zephyrs after the sun had set behind the western hills. When the maiden was able to walk without any aid and seemed so happy to be walking along the trail with the teacher's aid, sister wisely went on ahead and gathered some daisies and other flowers and blossoms to make a bouquet.

Teacher and pupil, doctor and patient, walked along and told to each other the old familiar story of life and love.

THE HORIZON

The far horizon ever hath a charm,
Which is not felt for beauty near at hand,
That yearning for the unattainable
Will lure us always to more distant land.

In all it is the infinite we seek,
For that ethereal something we call God.
Across those hills may be Elysian fields
With fawns and fairies gamboling o'er the sod.

We know not all the beauty it may hold,
That far horizon ever beckoning us
Forever it eludes our thirsting hearts
With hopes forever doomed to turn to dust.

But grieve not that we cannot win our goal,
For now to us will it be ever fair
As are the dead whom we can never clasp,
And whom we love the more for our despair.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT



(SYNOPSIS.—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later, Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile,

Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound. The next day in the shipyard Pasek tries to arrest Jan with his wound as evidence, but Jan destroys his hand in molten metal, makes his escape and is later captured by Pasek and returned to Galt for trial. He is found guilty and sentenced to ten years at Floryanska. Meanwhile, Jagiello, in the south, is selected because of her beauty for a desperate mission for the Empire.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHEN two days had passed the Chevalier Garde emerged from the low-lying farm lands of the South and entered the capital.

With the Garde rode Jagiello, looking for all the world like a captive maid instead of the beautiful peasant girl obeying the Imperial summons. And what might that summons mean to her? To what intrigue might this royal journey lead? What black plot might be awaiting her in the city of the palace? She rode bravely with her escort of forty soldiers, though her heart fluttered and her cheeks burned scarlet. Her eyes were wide with the wonder of the sights about her; for she could now see the towers of Nagi-Aaros lifting above the trees. On the outskirts of the city a crowd of boys and girls gathered and ran beside the horses,

shouting, and waving their arms, and cheering. Men and women came out of the shops that lined the streets and gazed at the lovely girl until the cavalcade vanished up the avenue toward the Imperial Palace.

Before Jagiello's wondering eyes the magnificent structures of the city unfolded: now the St. Amiens University with its five and twenty buildings, set between spacious esplanades; now the Botanical Gardens, gorgeous with bloom; and far up the broad avenue the Merchant Station, the terminal of fourteen railroads radiating to Paris, and Vienna, and Petrograd. At the crossing to St. Pol a division of cavalry whirled from the Artillery Park westward toward the Barracks, sabres ringing, accoutrements jangling, resplendent in gold bandoleers. As the Garde passed the Naval College, Jagiello thought the stately white-stone buildings fairy palaces. A moment later the

jewelled Cathedral of St. Larent came into view with dusky gold and gorgeous carvings, and towering bronze doors. Jagiello gasped. Her wide blue eyes stared and stared until the poplar-banks of the Palace grounds shut the Cathedral from sight. Above on the balconies she heard cheering, and the Garde lifted their spiked helmets, and smiled upward at pretty girls waving the flag of the Empire. East and west were great avenues flanked by parks and public buildings, and cool fountains, and blue lakes.

When at last the avenue opened like a fan before the Palace, the peasant girl grew tremulous with wonder. She felt so humble before the great buildings; she wanted to leap from her horse and run away and hide in the gardens—then to slip back to the home-like flats of Guor. Dome upon dome rose blinding in the sunlight beside towers, battlements and facades of lavish splendor. From the topmost tower fluttered the black and crimson banner of the Empire—*her flag, Jan's flag, Stefan's flag!*

The Captain rode through a machicolated gateway and dismounted to help Jagiello from her saddle. She leapt gracefully to the ground.

Her feet were brown and bare; her throat was exposed down to the white mounds of her firm young breasts; yellow hair streamed about her shoulders; her lovely neck was slender and delicate as the stalk of a lily. And thus in nature's beauty she went up the broad marble stairs of the Palace on the arm of her Captain. In the entrance to the great hall soldiers fell back and saluted as she passed inside with the Chevalier Garde. Admiring eyes noted her beauty and the lithe grace of her movements. And then suddenly she looked full into the face of one whose presence struck terror to her soul—Captain Pasek!

His eyes sought a response to his smile, but in another instant Jagiello had entered the long corridor, and was passing the Hall of the Ambassadors.

At the end of the corridor an attache

opened an oak door. The Captain showed Jagiello into a white-and-gold boudoir—the boudoir of the Princess Celestine when she visited the Royal Palace.

The Princess was traveling through the Riviera. One of her companions, a woman from Nisegrad, with comely white hair, greeted Jagiello.

"Is this the maid of Guor?" she asked.

Jagiello stood abashed.

Said the Captain: "If you will prepare her to enter His Majesty's Presence, I will send a messenger with news of her arrival." He then withdrew, closing the door.

The woman came over and took Jagiello's hands in her own. "You are beautiful, my child," said she, smiling mysteriously. "They have searched long for you, but at last they have found you. I daresay the Emperor will reward Captain Traake richly."

"Do you mean that the Captain has been searching for *me*?" asked Jagiello.

"Of course no one knew who the most beautiful woman of the Empire was until you were found. Only His Majesty, Captain Traak, you and I will ever know why you are here. Even the soldiers who escorted you know nothing of the purpose of your coming. And no soldier of the Empire asks or answers questions. 'The fighting men of Carlmania are of stone,' is a well-known saying among other nations. In six months we will go on a journey together—a most secret journey for a most secret purpose. But enough! I can tell you nothing of that. His Majesty and the Chancellor will inform you. Now take off that dress and I will give you a velvet gown."

Jagiello rebelled.

"Why don't you tell me why we are going to Warsaw? Why have I been brought here? Why should I change my dress?" The awe that had silenced her died; resentment flamed in her cheeks. "If His Majesty wants to see me, I will go before him as I am!" she exclaimed.

"Dear child! you wouldn't dare!"

Minutes passed—minutes of arguing, threatening, imploring—but to no avail. When Captain Traake threw open the door, Jagiello was still in her bare feet. In her eyes blazed defiance.

"His Majesty commands your presence!"

The old woman's hand flew to her heart in terror. "His Majesty will punish me for this!" she cried. "The wench! I can do nothing with her!"

Captain Traake smiled tolerantly at the pretty rebel. Taking her arm, he led her into the wide corridor. As they approached the *Salle des Gardes*, he whispered: "Address His Majesty as 'Sire'; do not turn your back to him upon entering or leaving; answer only when he asks."

He threw open a great door and they entered the *Salle des Gardes*.

The magnificent hall was illumined with sunlight, agleam with golden arabesques. Rich tapestries were hung upon high walls; the portraits of rulers of the House of Austritz looked down upon His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Rudolph III. He was seated in shadow at a great desk under the gold Eagles of Carlmania. By his side stood the Chancellor, and just behind, two officers of the Garde, motionless, alert. An attache advanced to His Majesty.

So quickly had Jagiello been conveyed before the Emperor that the realization that she stood before one of the great ones of the earth thrilled her to the depths of her soul. Not ten feet from her was the War God of Europe, who by a sign of his hand could plunge the world into war! Here was the Great One who had wrested Carlmania from obscurity by his indomitable will, and built his nation into the foremost military power of Europe! He looked younger than his portraits; yet crows'-feet were forming at the corners of his narrow, steel-blue eyes. The invincible spirit of youth was yet upon him, though his brown hair was touched with grey at the temples. Withal, his face was handsome and clean-cut, dom-

inated by an obstinate jaw. He was dressed in the blue uniform of a Colonel of the Grenadiers, across his breast the crimson ribbon of the House of Austritz.

"Sire," said the attache, bowing deeply.

His Majesty looked up. His eye fell upon the picturesque figure of the peasant girl. Curiosity and interest crossed his face.

"Is this the maid you have brought from Guor?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes, sire," replied Captain Traake, advancing with his helmet hard against his belt, and bowing.

"What is your name, mademoiselle?"

"Jagiello Nur."

"Do you love your country?"

"Oh, yes, sire!"

"If your country were in danger, would you give your tribute toward her safety?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Mademoiselle, men of the Empire lay down their lives when the Empire calls. You must give your beauty to the nation."

His Majesty saw that her beauty was royal, that she held herself with grace and dignity. He smiled in appreciation. He dismissed the attache and the officers of the Garde, who went out with the Chancellor.

His Majesty continued: "What I am about to say to you will be known to only four persons in the world: yourself, Madame Jousa, Captain Traake, and your Emperor. No word of this must ever pass your lips. You understand?"

"Yes, sire!"

He paused impressively.

"It is known to us," he continued, "that Russia, France and Austria are preparing to mobilize their forces to wage a terrible war upon Carlmania!"

Jagiello gasped. Here was a secret that would shake the world were it known, yet the Emperor spoke of it with calm.

"The first move against our country will be made in Russia. The invasion

will be led by Prince Rupprecht. Three courses are open: A naval attack upon our coast, an airship raid upon the capital, or a military invasion across our eastern frontier. The plans are in the possession of Prince Rupprecht. These plans we must learn."

His Majesty paused to mark the effect of his words. Jagiello's face was pale.

"Prince Rupprecht, prominent in Petrograd society, has a prime weakness: he is easily enamoured of beautiful women. Now you see, mademoiselle, that Carlmania has an urgent use for your beauty."

Jagiello trembled. Her slim hand flew to her throat. Her face turned deathly white. "No! no!" she breathed, as the intrigue burst upon her.

The Emperor had expected this revolt and he smiled gravely.

"You will do this because your Emperor commands it for the good of the Empire," he said with cold finality. "At the proper time you are to go to Warsaw with Madame Jousa, who will accompany you as a companion. You will stop at the Hotel de Europe. When you have learned the enemy's plans you are to tell them to Madame Jousa, who will then make her way back to Nagi-Aaros with them."

It was not the danger of the intrigue that stirred Jagiello's soul; it was a face that rose between her and the Emperor—the face of the man whose son she had borne, and whom she loved with a love beyond words. She was ardently patriotic, but this proposal— She could not do that! For the sake of the sacred memory of Jan and Stefan, she could not resign herself to this terrible thing, even at the behest of the Emperor! She buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. She was a pathetic figure as she stood before the Great One, fighting for the purity that had been born with her great love for Jan. The simple beauty of her transfixed the Emperor. The sheen in her hair, the scarlet buds in her cheeks, the lovely con-

tour of neck and shoulder, the sparkle of her eyes, made of her a fascinating pawn in the game of nations.

"No, no!" she cried; "I cannot, sire; I cannot obey! The man I love——"

"You will do this thing because your Emperor commands it!"

His Majesty's words interrupted with a cold, hard ring. Jagiello felt their meaning like the chill touch of steel. The torment of her soul betrayed itself in the look of fear in her eyes, and her parted red lips.

The great door swung open behind her. A sentry entered. Seized with a sudden desperate impulse, Jagiello darted through the half-open door and fled down the corridor.

Captain Traake sprang to intercept her.

His Majesty halted him with a gesture.

"She will return," he said quietly. "She must be willing."

CHAPTER XXXIX

Jagiello ran down the wide marble steps into the gardens, disappearing between the trees where hidden pools glimmered. Sunshine penetrated the glades in shafts of burnished gold. She ran and ran until her breath came in little gasps; then, exhausted, she sank down upon a stone bench.

Immediately she was aware of someone close by. She glanced up with a startled look.

She was on her feet almost instantly, in an attitude of defense.

"Captain Pasek!" she exclaimed, feebly.

He smiled at her with exasperating calmness, enjoying her confusion. At length he spoke.

"Jagiello, it is a friend who speaks. I have brought you news from Galt. Jan has been sent to Floryanska—he is dead."

Jan dead!

The world of green and gold became black and whirling; she sank back upon the bench in a moment of overwhelming grief. . . . Jan dead?

. . . What would become of Stefan?

"Jagiello—if you could think kindly of me once again—for the sake of the old days—for the sake of little Stefan—I will promise that nothing shall befall him. . . . I will escape. We will return to Galt together."

The girl stared at Pasek for a long moment, hate and revulsion boiling in her heart. Her eyes flamed with indignation; her bosom rose and fell like a smoldering volcano. Then with an enraged cry she thrust Pasek away from her, and fled back toward the Palace.

Up the great stairs and through the door of the *Salle des Gardes* she hurried, her wild heart beating tumultuously. Half a dozen officers of the Garde sprang to intercept her, but she outwitted them and did not stop until she threw herself, breathless in body and agonized in spirit, at the Emperor's feet.

"O sire, I have come back!" she cried. "Jan is dead! Jan is dead! Now I will go!"

The Emperor started to his feet, staring incredulously.

"Only care for my son—for my boy Stefan—for my helpless little child. . . . I am unworthy to be his mother. . . . He must never know what I have done! Oh, care for him, sire, and I will go—I will go to the Prince!"

"I will richly reward your son," replied the Emperor.

CHAPTER XL.

Madame Jousa escorted Jagiello to the boudoir of Her Highness, the Princess Celestine.

It was a spacious, beautiful room, done in white and gold, with deep windows that looked down upon the rolling esplanade. With hungry eyes, Jagiello saw that the bed of the Princess was soft and exquisite with silks; that a toilet set of heavy, carved gold lay upon the ivory dressing table; that in the dressing room hung row after row of silken gowns, with dozens of pairs of tiny slippers and numerous

bonnets in individual boxes. The splendor overcame her; the luxury out-rivalled her wildest dreams. To her, accustomed to thatched roofs and pallets of straw, this was fairyland.

Madame Jousa fluttered about excitedly, lifting filmy garments from boxes and drawers, searching out Her Highnesses' choicest treasures. And what treasures out of the king's purse! What wonderful silks and jewels for the daughter of an Emperor! With each added bit of finery Jagiello's heart beat faster, and her eyes gleamed brighter. It was as if all the treasures of the Indies had been suddenly cast at her feet, and she had but to choose. It was as if she had rubbed the lamp of Aladdin, and the riches of the earth had floated out of the enchanted mist! . . . With what care and precision Madame Jousa bent above her now, twisting her hair into the bewitching coiffure of Marguerite of Parma! With what an instinct for effect the beldam selected the small black velvet slippers with the jeweled buckles and placed them on her Cinderella feet! And then the gown of velvet, and the peacock bonnet with its iridescent hues.

For six months this fairyland remained to charm the peasant maid, while Madame Jousa schooled her in the graces of the court. Then one October day the beldam was summoned by the Emperor, who addressed her thus:

"From to-day Jagiello will become Madame Rouledou. You and she will start for Warsaw to-night on the Jarolsau Express. You are to go to the Hotel de Europe, where Prince Rupprecht will arrive on Friday. The rest I leave to the wit of women!"

Into Jagiello's trunks were folded gowns of red and black and silver, flaming yellow and old rose, with satin slippers to match. Madame Jousa chose with a lavish hand, and the Princess' favorite costumes went into the trunks. And at last she brought forth from a secret compartment a jewel case, and placed upon Jagiello's

fingers rings of rubies and of diamonds and of pearls; and about her neck a collar of sapphires; upon her wrist a bracelet of green jade. There were jeweled anklets, too, fit for the dancing girl of a Rajah; these the devoted dame secreted in her bosom. And when at last all was ready for the journey, Madame Jousa summoned an officer of the Garde and ordered a motor to take them to the Railway Station. It was almost seven o'clock; the Express left at seven-thirty.

Two attaches entered the boudoir and carried out the trunks. Presently the officer returned and escorted the ladies down the staircase to the waiting motor. There were no farewells; there were no questions. Every detail suggested a well-regulated machine. Jagiello, her heart fluttering, thought she saw curious glances in the eyes of those about her, but reflection assured her that she must be mistaken. What possible connection could there be between the barefoot peasant girl who had entered the Palace six months before and the proud, richly-dressed woman who now glided swiftly toward the station? Besides, was it not the custom of Princesses and women of the royal blood to come and go at will? and who would not accept Jagiello for a woman of the purple? She held her head high, with the pride of a queen, though her heart was heavy with thoughts of Jan. She fought back the tears that struggled to her eyes, and set her lips as she strove to still her riotous emotions. This swift peripetia had overturned her humble world.

An attache shut the door of the tonneau; the purring car glided swiftly down the broad path through the gardens, lake-red in the sunset. Presently the twilight came down; when the motor drew up at the railway station it was black night. Hundreds of yellow lamps flashed; trains panted in from Paris and Vienna, and thundered east to Warsaw and Petrograd. Porters rushed in and out of the coaches; sentries challenged every unknown traveler, demanding passports, shouting coarse admonitions, throwing open

bags and portmanteaux in their frantic search for secret papers of a foreign government. A regiment of Carlmanian Lancers arrived on the Aaros special from Doon; they detrained, resplendent in crimson tunics and flashing lances, from which the bandrols of the Empire drooped.

Unnoticed in the confusion, Madame Jousa and Jagiello stepped out of the tonneau and boarded the Express. Whether all arrangements had been made by the Imperial Government for their ease in traveling, Jagiello could but conjecture; certain it was that every sentry and secret service officer passed them by; nobody addressed them; nobody examined their baggage; and in a few minutes they found themselves in a compartment of the first class, with every luxury provided for a comfortable journey. The Express got under way, and soon was trundling through the city toward the countryside and low-lying farm lands. Dotting the landscape were yellow points of flame from solitary windows of lonely farm-houses. In the west a crescent moon dipped above the lace of purple hills, then disappeared.

Rumbling over bridges and through tunnels, the Express dragged its long column of steel through ancient stone-built towns, half way across a nation. The following midnight it slowed down for Warsaw. Circassian soldiers with vataghans at their belts swarmed aboard, and with the same energy displayed by the Carlmanian officials, opened baggage and examined passports, and growled at all travelers exciting their suspicion. Jagiello looked up and saw that Madame Jousa's face was calm and unruffled. She was accustomed to national savagery. Journeying from city to city over Europe with Her Royal Highness had given her a calloused exterior that even arrest must fail to annoy. Leaning forward she addressed Jagiello in a tone that could be distinctly heard through the compartment.

"Madame Rouilledou, shall I call a motor?"

"Yes," quickly responded Jagiello,

gathering up her gloves.

Thereupon a tall Russian made his way toward them.

"Your passports!" he commanded.

"Certainly," replied Madame Jousa, presenting the papers.

The Russian examined the documents, then looked at Jagiello with penetrating eyes. "You are Madame Rikkah?" he asked.

"I am Madame Rouledou," returned Jagiello.

Madame Jousa ventured with admirable ease: "I am Madame Rikkah."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Hotel de Europe."

"How long will you remain there?"

"As long as the environment agrees with the health of Madame Rouledou."

"Why did you leave Carlmania?"

"Madame desired a change of air—doctor's orders."

"You come from Nagi-Aaros?"

"We spent several weeks visiting the galleries and gardens of that city."

To Jagiello he said, abruptly: "Where is your husband?"

Madame Jousa responded with alacrity:

"Madame Rouledou lost her husband in the accident on the Doon bridge last January. He was employed on the Central Division of the Aaros-Nisegrad Railway. Madame has been in delicate health ever since. We have had to travel much, and have come to Warsaw, having heard much of the historic grandeur of your city. If the climate agrees with Madame Rouledou we may spend six weeks here—or we may leave to-morrow for Petrograd." Madame Jousa paused. "I hope this gives you the information you desire. Madame is greatly fatigued after her journey, and if you will send us a porter——"

Jagiello was seized with a fit of coughing; and the Russian secret service agent, perceiving only facts to substantiate Madame Jousa's explanation, hurried off and summoned a porter.

"I daresay you'll be much better in the morning," Madame Jousa soothed

Jagiello, amiably.

"I trust so," said Jagiello, smiling.

The porter appeared and carried out the ladies' hand-baggage. Jagiello and Madame Jousa stepped into a waiting motor and were whirled through the illuminated streets toward the Hotel de Europe.

Somewhere above the city roofs a cathedral bell was tolling midnight. Jagiello, gazing from the motor windows, saw wide boulevards light as day, splendid parks and drives, and majestic stone buildings. Excepting Nagi-Aaros and Paris, there is no city in Europe endowed with the grandeur of Warsaw. Her lights were once the most brilliant of a continent; to-day they illumine her decayed glories. A city of horrible memories, her name must forever be linked with prodigal splendors.

Madame Jousa, who was familiar with all the great hostelrys of the continent, had carefully disguised herself to avoid being recognized as the Princess Celestine's maid. When the car came to a stop before the hotel, the dame perceived that it was brilliantly lighted for an important function.

"What occasion is this?" she asked the chauffeur.

"Prince Rupprecht arrives to-night," answered the driver. "They are giving a grand military ball in his honor."

"Ah, you have arrived at an interesting moment, my dear Madame Rouledou!" beamed Madame Jousa. "After all, we may catch a glimpse of His Excellency!"

CHAPTER XLI.

Porters came and took their portmanteaux; and together the travelers went into the rotunda of the hotel.

Through the great halls echoed the crash and swing of a military band. The martial "Maid of Millaise" sent Jagiello's pulses tapping. Two wide staircases led up to the ballroom on the second floor. Through the great central arch Jagiello caught a glimpse of the magnificence within: the bril-

liant lights, the white and gold uniforms of the Czar's officials, the glint of sabre sheaths. She was thrilled at the vision. Between the dances, officers and beautiful women came down the staircase and strolled into the gardens.

From snatches of conversation about her, Jagiello learned that Prince Rupprecht had not yet arrived. A delegation of officers anxiously watched the doorway for the appearance of his motor. It was a favorite custom of His Excellency to travel *incognito*, and turn up in the most unexpected way to surprise his hosts.

Jagiello noticed the concerned expressions on the faces of the Russian officers. As she and Madame Jousa made their way to the lift, a tall, distinguished gentleman with iron-gray hair went up with them to the second floor. He was clean-cut, excessively handsome, and had he been pointed out to Jagiello as the Prince himself, she would have felt her conception of Rupprecht justified. As it was, when the lift stopped Madame Jousa felt in her handbag for a ruble to tip the porter. As she withdrew her empty hand she emitted a low cry of dismay. "Oh, Madame Rouledou—I've been robbed! My purse—is gone! Oh, what shall I do?" She leaned against the gold wall of the lift in a faint.

The distinguished gentleman, perceiving her distress, chivalrously assisted Madame Jousa from the lift into the corridor.

"I greatly regret that Madame should be annoyed by any loss," he said, bowing with grace. "Were my mother or sister in a similar position I should esteem it a favor to have them assisted. If Madame will accept, I should be honored to have you avoid inconvenience." So saying, he drew a roll of currency from his pocket and offered several bills to Madame Jousa.

Madame Jousa replied with an air of lofty courtesy. "Though a stranger, your favor is received with my deepest gratitude. I am Madame Rikkah, and I shall wire for a remittance at once and return this sum shortly!"

Thereupon the distinguished-looking gentleman ended the adventure of the corridor with a sharp look of respectful admiration at Jagiello. He strolled languidly toward the ballroom. It was a warm October evening. Jagiello's face flushed scarlet. A question had arisen in her mind, but before she had had time to impart it to Madame Jousa, the distinguished gentleman entered the ball-room.

Simultaneously there arose a great shout; a thousand welcoming voices thundered above the crashing anthem of the military band.

"Long live the Prince!"

"The Prince!" gasped Jagiello, at the same instant noticing that Madame Jousa's bag contained the lost purse. "He was the Prince!"

Madame Jousa smiled a thin, sophisticated smile. "I thought it a safe conjecture," she said.

CHAPTER XLII.

The boudoir of Madame Rouledou at the Hotel de Europe was at the east end of the great hostelry. It commanded a view for thirty kilometers, unequaled in the city. In the morning the sun blazed through the deep-set windows, awakening Jagiello.

Her maid appeared at eight-thirty and aided her to make her toilet. At ten-thirty a messenger knocked at the door, and brought the card of Prince Rupprecht. Madame Jousa sent back word for the Prince to call at eleven, which he did, punctually.

The Prince was attired in tan riding breeches and a navy coat. He was as handsome as he had seemed the previous evening, and his manner was suave and polished.

"Good morning, Madame Rikkah," said the Prince.

"Good morning," returned Madame Jousa.

"I trust my visit has not inconvenienced you?"

"Not at all, Excellency. Your visit is most opportune. I have just received a remittance by wire." With which she paid him the loan he had

so graciously made her the previous night. "I should have been greatly inconvenienced but for my good fortune in meeting so considerate a gentleman and so courteous a Prince!"

At this moment Jagiello appeared from the adjoining room. She, too, was attired in riding habit, not by coincidence, but by design, for she had seen the Prince in the mirror of her boudoir upon his entry.

"Prince Rupprecht—Madame Rouledou," announced Madame Jousa, introducing Jagiello.

The Prince bowed low. Clearly he was impressed with her beauty. To his companion's words: "Madame Rouledou is traveling through your interesting country in search of health and pastime," the Prince bent a fascinated ear.

"Just now I am going for a ride, and I hope to find your city as splendid as Nagi-Aaros," said Jagiello, her heart racing beneath her calm exterior.

"It will be a great pleasure if Madame Rouledou will permit me to show my Warsaw to her."

Jagiello smiled delightedly.

"Oh, Excellency, but would I not be taking you from important affairs?"

"Important affairs can wait when so charming a lady as Madame speaks!"

So they went out together, and for upwards of an hour they rode through poplar-lined streets, past parks, and lakes, and luxurious gardens; and at noon they lunched in the Cafe St. Urban in the Polaise. Whereupon the Prince leaned across the table and gazed deep into Jagiello's wonderful eyes; while she glanced indifferently past him toward the motor boat races on the Vistula. The Prince's voice was strongly impassioned. . . . "To-night there will be a ball at the palace of Count Tarik . . . You will come? . . . I beg of you, Madame Rouledou!"

"Yes," acquiesced Jagiello simply. The Prince attributed her simplicity to good breeding. Then he went off to attend a private conference at the Royal Palace; and although Jagiello surmised the significance of the meeting

she did not venture to discuss its tremendous import, even with Madame Jousa.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Attired in a dancing gown of Her Royal Highness, Jagiello stepped into the Prince's motor and was whirled away over the gleaming asphalt to the Red Palace of Count Tarik across the Vistula.

The boulevards were dazzling under the arc lights. From beyond the river drifted sweet-scented breezes from the Botanical Gardens. The sharp tang of coming winter was in the air; the stars glimmered dimly through the frost-mist.

The Prince sat close to Jagiello. Through the long ride she could feel the passion of his presence; it filled her with revulsion, but she played her part well in the game of Emperors and Kings, little knowing at that moment what a cataclysm of suffering she would be the innocent cause of bringing upon the Toilers of the world!

At length the noiseless car slowed down and drew up before an isolated palace surrounded by ancient, interlacing trees: the notorious Red Palace of Warsaw. It towered with pinnacled buttresses and pyramidal roofs, glimmering with lights like hundred-eyed Argus.

The Prince assisted Jagiello to the ground, and the car glided away. Through gates of latticed iron they passed, up the great steps, into the brilliant hall where a host of revellers laughed and chatted while waiting for His Excellency.

When the Prince appeared in the doorway with Jagiello on his arm a great cheer went up. Soldiers in uniform saluted. Pretty women summoned their most bewitching smiles. To Jagiello, honored with the attention of the Prince, it was but empty homage; her heart was of stone; her soul quivered under the lash of treachery forced upon her. Through dulled senses she perceived the lights of the salon to be red, and the hall to be red,

and the women's lips to be redder than the tapestries, and the wine that sparkled in the thin-stemmed glasses raised in salutation to her and the Prince to be redder even than the women's lips. She smiled and bowed mechanically in response, knowing it to be but mockery. The blood rushed scarlet to her cheeks; her face burned with her shame. Through great arches she gazed upon colonnades and slender pillars of white marble, encircled by dancers; everywhere was the rich, barbaric splendor that proclaimed Count Tarik's fiery taste. She passed with the Prince across the hall and met the Count, famous half across the world, yet her heart raced no faster; the suave compliments of the Count fell meaningless upon her ears.

How slowly the minutes dragged by, and how she longed to be through with it all! Yet the Imperial command must be obeyed. Alone in a corner after gliding through the polonaise with the Prince, she closed her eyes an instant and conjured up the fair fields of Guor, smiling through miles of pleasant uplands. How happy she would be to be back once more at old Roye's, to throw herself upon a shock of rye at twilight, to drink from the stream that threaded to the Ule . . .

Suddenly she was conscious of women dancing; the shouts of men filled her ears, mingled with the clink of gold. She looked up and, white upon the tables, half a score of Russian girls flung their lithe, naked bodies about to the wild cadences of the music. The assembly shouted savagely, and men showered gold upon them. The nymphs cavorted with frenzied abandon and parted lips; at length their breath came in gasps; exhausted and quivering, they dropped into heavy waiting arms . . .

Jagiello turned away, revolted at the sight. A hush fell upon the throng. Andriekoff, the young Russian baritone, mounted a table and began to sing; his voice throbbed with tragic solemnity.

"Love me, oh, love me, Donna Lombarda!
Love only me, love only me!"

"I have a husband; how wouldst thou have me
To love only thee, to love only thee?"
Do him to death, Donna Lombarda,
Do him to death, and love only me!"

The voice of the singer quavered and rolled with passion; the music throbbed in unison.

"How shall I slay him? after what fashion?
To love only thee, to love only thee?"
There is a fashion, Donna Lombarda,
There is a fashion, easy for thee.
In thine own garden, Donna Lombarda,
Close to thine house lies a poisonous snake.
Cut off its head, Donna Lombarda,
With mortar and pestle pound it and break.
Thou shalt poison his cup, Donna Lombarda,
Even with this when he asks thee for wine."

It was a song sung by peasants in the hot vineyards, waiting for the sea-wind to rush out of the sunset.

"For thy husband will come hot from his
hunting,
And beg thee for wine, and beg thee for
wine.

"I have so great thirst, Donna Lombarda,
Give me to drink, give me to drink!
What hast thou done, Donna Lombarda?
The wine is beclouded, what dost thou
think?"

"There came in the sea-wind last night at
sunset,

It clouded the wine, it clouded the wine!
'Drink with me then, Donna Lombarda,
Drink from the one cup, thy lips with mine!'
'Why should I drink, who come not from
hunting?

Why should I drink, who am not athirst?"
'Nay, thou shalt drink, Donna Lombarda,
At the point of my dagger, thou shalt drink
first!'"

To Jagiello his voice was the far booming of the surf. Before the music died away the revellers gathered the young singer upon their shoulders, lionizing him. Again and again he sang "Donna Lombarda," while servants bore in trays of Burgundy and magnums of Irroy. In the midst of the singing the Prince pressed glass after glass of wine upon Jagiello until a mist rose before her eyes, clouding the red glare of the lights. Now she saw three officers approach the Prince, saw them laugh and cajole with him, then grow serious, then put their heads together and whisper:

" . . . to-morrow at the Royal Palace . . . we will go over the plans . . ."

"This means war!"

"It must be avoided . . . until the new year . . ."

"War cannot be avoided now."

"Prince, are you ready with the plans of attack?"

"To-morrow at two."

Jagiello saw the three officers withdraw. The roar of voices descended to a low, pulsating whisper, fainter and fainter; she felt herself slipping, slipping—her clutching fingers closed upon the arm of the Prince. She remembered afterwards being escorted from the hall by His Excellency, and going down the staggering staircase into the garden in the glowing dawn. It was a Saxon garden with old sandstone figures, and there, with passionate suddenness and ardor, the Prince clasped

her in his arms and rained kisses upon her—upon her drowsy eyes, upon her soft, warm neck and arms, and upon her naked bosom. The Prince's car drove up; together they stepped in; the chauffeur shut the door of the tonneau. As the motor whirled swiftly away between the trees, the banners of the sunrise mounted in gorgeous whirligigs above the embattled towers of the Red Palace of Warsaw.

In the car, Jagiello breathed through vivid, parted lips. She knew that the succeeding hours would be hours of horror, yet her heart was steeled with loyalty to her Emperor. The Prince's arm was around her. Her heart beneath the mockery of her smile was cold and dead. The Prince's arm was but the long arm of the Empire.

(To be continued.)

MIA CHIQUITA

[My Little One]

INDIAN MOTHER'S SONG OF THE DEAD

The poppies close on the mesa;
The white mist sleeps on the sea;
And cradled low, in the hovering grass,
My nestling sleeps 'neath the tree.

Sleep, Little Pigeon, with folded wings,
While I mourn me the silent nest;
Grown and flown are the stalwart sons,
I warmed 'neath my breast.

Whispering breath of the evening;
And stars throbbing close on the hill;
On my cheek once more the fragrant breath,
In my arms the mother-thrill.

My dearest muchacho* remains with me,
Though I hear no pattering feet;
And over my old and wrinkled breast,
Play no clinging fingers sweet

The half-worn sandal, the bit of shell,
His blanket I still may hold.
Ah, mia chiquita remains with me,
My majel* that never grew old!

*muchacho—child (Spanish)

*majel—wood-dove in the Indian.

A Soldier of France

By Lewis C. Everard

(Continued from last month)

CHAPTER V.

MADÉLINE was confronted now with the most disagreeable task of her life. She must write Jean of his mother's death, and she did not know how to do it—how to soften the blow or offer him any comfort.

She sat down to write, but for a long time only stared blindly at the paper, imagining to herself just what his life must be there in the trenches. Finally she summoned all her wits and began the letter:

"My dear Jean," she wrote and paused. She was not sure it was the proper way to begin. She had always begun his mother's letters that way; for Mme. Morel insisted on the "My."

Madeline began again, this time without the "My"—"Dear Jean." That would do—but would it, though? She wondered whether he would notice it, and there was a little flutter at her heart. Well, something had to be risked; she could not begin "My dear Monsieur Morel." That would sound too formal and certainly cold formality was out of place on this occasion. She decided to let it stand "Dear Jean."

"Thou hast a brave heart——" Here she found another difficulty—a year before she would have thought nothing of saying "thee" and "thou" to Jean; for he was then merely the concierge's son. To use these terms to the bold, handsome soldier—fast becoming an educated man, thanks to the democratic camaraderie of the French army—was different. Madeline felt that they placed her on a level with him now—and they sounded startlingly familiar. She hurriedly changed the line to "You have a brave heart."

But that seemed flat and meaningless; so she changed it back again, desperately resolving at last that she would have no more scruples. The thought came to her suddenly that she really had put Jean on a level with herself long ago.

"Thou hast a brave heart," she wrote. "Call up all its strength now to receive the message I must give thee. Thou art not ignorant of the German habit of sending airships to bombard defenseless cities—nor that Paris is their special goal. May God comfort thee—a bomb fell yesterday on M. de Suresnes' hotel next door—and thy good mother—she is now in Heaven. I would tell thee all had I the strength, but I cannot, except that she died of the shock and not from any hurt.

"Would that I might do something to comfort thee; perhaps it will do thee good"—Madeline's heart throbbed violently here and she wondered if she were indeed going too far, but she was now in no condition to be discreet. "Perhaps," she wrote, "it may be some distraction to thee to write to me now and then. May God guard thee amid the dangers of war and comfort thy heart in this affliction.

"MADÉLINE."

CHAPTER VI.

Jean, choked and blinded by the dirt cast up by a high-explosive shell, was struggling with all his might to dig up a machine gun buried by the explosion. His one thought was to get the gun in time to help check the German assault, which he knew was even then under way. The men in charge of the gun and all but two others in that short section of trench had been killed by the

shell. Beside Jean worked Alais de Boutelle, the blood trickling down over his torn shirt from a scratch on the cheek. They wasted no breath in words, but worked silently and desperately.

The gun was at last in place.

"They're coming now," said de Boutelle as the heavy shells fell further away. "I'll feed; you work the gun."

"Have we enough ammunition?"

"Yes; begin."

"Wait a moment," said Jean calmly. "Let them think we are all killed."

By this time the third survivor had recovered from the shock of the explosion, and had his rifle in position, but waited for the machine gun to begin.

"Now!" said Jean grimly, as he discerned a movement through the smoke in front of the trench. The gun suddenly added its sharp bark to the tumult, of which they seemed the very center. All around them was a grey pall of smoke and dust; they could not see beyond their own 20 foot section of trench, and the rattle of the little gun seemed insignificant in the general uproar, as the cartridge tape writhed and jumped through de Boutelle's hands, passing into the clicking mechanism of the breach.

The movement in front began to take shape, and in a moment the world seemed to contain a million Germans and only three Frenchmen. Jean bent low over his gun, and though his heart drummed rapidly, he swung the barrel with grim, unthinking coolness. His forearm was ripped open by a bullet, but he did not notice it beyond being annoyed by the blood that ran over his fingers and made them slippery. Another struck his helmet and half-stunned him for a moment. As in a nightmare he saw the Germans only 30 yards away; his fingers seemed incapable of movement, and the stream of bullets pouring from the gun paused. There was a dreadful moment of inaction. But it was only a moment, though to him the interval seemed interminable. Somehow his mind or his will forced a way out of the daze, and

the little gun again resumed its fiery sputtering. Nearer came the Germans, but with every sweep of the swinging, quivering, scorching barrel the oncoming line thinned. Now it was ragged; now broken; and suddenly it faded away in the smoke and dust.

Half an hour later a relief squad found Jean and de Boutelle, clumsy with exhaustion and wounds, trying to bandage the head of the third survivor, whose rifle had played a brave accompaniment to the mitrailleuse until a shrapnel bullet pierced his helmet and made a groove down one side of the skull. Quickly, but with tenderness, they were lifted into stretchers and taken to the field hospital in the rear. Before the surgeons could get to him Jean was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

He awoke to a feeling of intense depression. His body was cramped, his head ached, and when he tried to rise a sharp pain flashed through his left arm and he fell back. He managed, however, to turn sufficiently to glance around. All about him were the white cots of a base hospital, filled with wounded men. And, not more than two yards away was de Boutelle, whom he had not known to have been wounded any more than he had realized the severity of his own hurts.

Jean was able to leave the hospital in two days and to walk about with his arm in a sling. The flesh had been torn and the bone chipped and cracked by a piece of shrapnel; he would not be fit for service within a month, said the surgeons. As soon as he was allowed to get on his feet, he went to sit beside de Boutelle's bed.

"Never thought we'd come out of that, did you?" de Boutelle asked as he weakly extended his hand out to Jean.

"I didn't think about it at all," said Jean, with such an indifferent air that the subject was dropped.

Then there was silence for a moment.

"And now you are going home?" said de Boutelle, with a smile.

"Yes," said Jean—"and you?"

De Boutelle grimaced. "I—hope so," he said.

"You aren't badly wounded?" said Jean, with quick concern. "I should have——"

"Oh, no," said de Boutelle, smiling grimly. "I got one in my left leg. It is nothing. But it will keep me here a couple of weeks, they say."

Jean was silent.

"What's the matter?" asked de Boutelle.

"Why, our company may be distributed, now there are so few of us left!"

"We'll stick together somehow."

"If we could be sure of that," said Jean eagerly, "I wouldn't mind so much. All my life I have wanted to learn, and never before have I had the time nor any one to tutor me. I should not find another willing to bother with a poor fireman."

"Nonsense!" said de Boutelle. "I'm glad I've been able to help you a little; but you must not think my attitude unusual. You know how Capt. Deschelles got up that play and took a minor part in it himself because some of us privates were better actors than he, though he's a better soldier. This is what democracy means; and it is to save democracy for all the world that we fight the Germans."

"You are right," said Jean.

"And I speak not only of our company, but of every company in the army," said de Boutelle. "France leads the world because she chooses the best man for whatever purpose is to be accomplished, not the man who is born in a certain place or rank. And that is your hope, Jean. You are a natural soldier; you have already attracted the attention of the general; you will be mentioned in the dispatches and—I think you will some day be leading an army corps."

"Why not you before me?" said Jean, smiling and thinking that if medals were to be awarded, at least two others of his acquaintances probably would become recipients.

"Because I do not enjoy fighting as you do. It doesn't interest me. I do it because it has to be done, but I usu-

ally think of other things instead of putting my mind on the fight."

"For an uninterested man you do it mighty well," said Jean dryly.

De Boutelle took no notice of this, but remained silent, and soon Jean had to leave him.

"Au revoir, mon vieux," he said as Jean arose.

Jean's heart leaped at the affectionate epithet.

"Au revoir," he said, bending down to kiss de Boutelle's cheek.

"I'll see you in Paris," added the author, as Jean reluctantly released his hand. "Do me a favor when you get there; go tell my mother I'm all right and that I hope to see her soon." Jean promised to do so, then shook hands once more and went out.

When Jean got his discharge from the hospital, he was ordered home until ready for service again. With his order was handed to him a letter addressed in the familiar handwriting of Madeline. He started to open it at once, but decided to save it until he was in the train. "It will shorten the journey," he said to himself. So he tucked it away in his pocket, got his kit, and found a place with the trainload of wounded going home to convalesce.

Notwithstanding their wounds, the men in the crowded compartment were happy; for ahead of them was the prospect of seeing home and loved ones again. They greeted him exuberantly, and with evident regard; for every man in the division now knew how the Boches had been stopped in front of a certain trench, and it was rumored that presently all France would learn it through that formal but none the less brilliant document, the official communique.

Jean was conscious of a very faint feeling of pride; and he was very happy, too. He imagined himself walking in unexpectedly and finding his mother and Madeline together. He knew his mother would be overcome with delight. And Madeline—would she not look into his eyes as she had that rainy night when he last saw her

and take his hand and be glad he was safe again?

He felt the letter in his pocket, then drew it out and opened it. "Ho, ho," chuckled a swarthy poilu beside him, noticing Jean's tender handling of the letter. "A billet-douce, eh? She won't have to write now."

Every one in the compartment turned to look at Jean, who blushed under his tan, but answered simply:

"'Tis from my mother!"

"God bless her!" said the poilu; "I have wished that mine were living until this war began. Now—I sometimes thank God she does not have to suffer as many another mother does who has sons at the front."

Jean unfolded the letter slowly, enjoying it in anticipation.

"Dear Jean," he read, and joy ran riot in his veins. "Thou hast a brave heart—" His mother never wrote thus. Sudden apprehension seized him. He continued to read with a tightening of the throat and a sense of oppression about the heart.

"What is it, mon fils?" asked the poilu.

"My mother," whispered Jean, "she is dead—Zeppelins—"

"Let me see," said the poilu, taking the letter from Jean's nerveless fingers, while the rest of the men leaned over and extended their hands in sympathy. "We adopt you," said one, "come to my home—my mother shall be a mother to you."

"Is there need?" asked the poilu, pointing to Madeline's signature. "This lady, is she not of your family?"

"No," answered Jean, "I am nothing to her."

The poilu handed the letter back to him, then put his arm about Jean's shoulders and in a gentle and fatherly voice said: "She no longer suffers the agony and uncertainty about thee, my son. Think. It's a blessed release from a world of anxiety and mourning."

"Come with me," repeated the young fellow who had spoken before. He was a red haired giant, blue eyed, towering above his companions. "Thou are near

enough like me to be one of the family."

Jean murmured his thanks, and, crushing the letter to his breast, sat motionless, staring out of the window for the rest of the journey. When the train stopped at the Gare du Nord, he got out mechanically, but on reaching the platform paused a moment, uncertain where to go. A large hand was laid on his shoulder and the deep, friendly voice of the blonde giant sounded in his ear. "This way, my brother; you are going home with me." Jean made no protest, but walked along beside him, hardly conscious of the pressure of the big man's hand on his shoulder, though he had noticed that his friend was wounded in the left foot and could no more than touch the ground with it.

"My name's Latourette," said the big man.

"I am called Jean Morel."

No further words were spoken. Latourette found a cab, had their baggage put into it, and insisted on Jean's going with him. " 'Twill do you good to see some women-folks," he said. "My wife and my mother will surely be glad to have an extra man to entertain—and it will take some of the strain off me."

"There is one that I would wish to see—" began Jean.

"Oh, the lady who wrote the letter?"

"Yes."

"I thought you said in the car—"

"That I am nothing to her—yes. But to me she is now everything."

Latourette whistled. "Don't she like you?"

"'Tis impossible she should—my mother was concierge of the hotel where she lives—and she is rich and her grandfather is proud!"

"Is that all?" said Latourette. "Pouf! I begin to find this an adventure. You need an ally, and I'm your man. Go to my house, get into a bathtub, don some clean duds and we'll go together to see this lady, and I'll take my wife along. She'll be a better ally than I. She's a sweet talker—what are you smiling at?"

"It will take more than that to bridge the gap between Madeline de Goncourt and me."

"The name sounds high-toned," Latourette admitted. "Is she a haughty lady?"

"Oh, no," Jean hastened to say; "quite the contrary. But her grandfather is proud and old."

"We'll show him how hard it is to be proud, if he don't stop it," laughed Latourette. "Ah, here we are, mon vieux."

They had stopped before an imposing mansion on the Boulevard St. Germain. Latourette put his hand on Jean's shoulder again as they got out of the cab. "You don't mind being my crutch?"

"Of course not."

"This is a jolly lark! Won't they be surprised when we walk in on them?—But I beg your pardon; in my joy, I had forgotten your grief." Latourette opened the door and led Jean into the hall. A lady was just coming to the door. "Alec!" she cried, and threw herself into his arms.

"Glad to see me, Kitten?" laughed the blonde giant, holding her tight and looking down into her face. She was small and dark, and her head did not reach to his shoulder. "I have brought you a war brother; he's adopted. Take him into the family now—his mother's dead."

The little woman took one arm from around her husband's neck and held out her hand to Jean; and a smile of sweet compassion came over her face. "Monsieur, thou art one of us."

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning was Sunday, and it was decided that they should celebrate the homecoming by going to the cathedral. To this plan Jean had no objection; for his Sunday visits to the cathedral were his most pleasant recollection of the city, if only one be excepted. And he found comfort now as he had before in the pleasant loftiness of the architecture, the richness of the music, and the solemnity of the service.

They came out into a bright, clear

day that reminded Jean of his last visit to the cathedral. The life along the quays was different, however; for though there was the same shimmer to the water and the same beauty in the vista up the river, the people seemed different. The carefree gaiety of former days had passed; many wore mourning, and all but the children had serious, thoughtful faces.

Jean asked to be allowed to get out of the carriage and look at a book, explaining as well as he could how he had in former days stood before those miles of bookstalls and worshipped knowledge. This time he bought a book, but not for its binding. The name of it was "93," and it contained the story of another agony of France, a romance for none but the stout-hearted. "We will go directly to the Rue de l'Universite," said Latourette as Jean got into the carriage. Jean nodded and the coachman was given the order.

As they drew up before the well-remembered door Jean's face became set, and he descended from the carriage with the book he had just bought clutched in his left hand and pressed against his heart. In answer to their ring the door was opened by a strange woman and Jean stepped back. Latourette put the familiar hand on his shoulder and urged him in. "Come," he said, "be brave," and he led the way with Jean up the stairs, Mme. Latourette following them.

At the door of M. de Goncourt's apartment they hesitated a moment. Latourette then knocked gently. The door was opened almost immediately and Madeline, dressed all in blue, stood before them. Her hat, which was also blue, was still on; for she also had just come from church, and her blue eyes looked out in wide astonishment from under the brim.

"Jean!" she exclaimed, and then catching sight of the others, blushed with confusion.

"Mademoiselle," said Jean, "permit me to introduce Madame Latourette and Monsieur Latourette."

"Will you not come in?" said Madeline with prim cordiality.

As they entered, M. de Goncourt bustled in from the next room.

"Father, here is Jean Morel returned—and Monsieur and Madame Latourette."

"Glad to see you safe, Jean," said the old man. "What did you say the name was?"

"Latourette," said the big man genially. "We're almost neighbors, M. de Goncourt, though we've not met before."

"M. Latourette," said the old man. "I'm very glad to see you. I know something of your family; 'tis of the good old mixture, French and Scotch. Sit down. I see you are in the army, too. Tell me how things are going." And he made them comfortable and plied Latourette with questions about Joffre's strategy and the efficacy of the shrapnel "curtain." Mme. Latourette sat gazing at her husband and listening to his spirited replies; and Jean and Madeline talked apart.

"Mademoiselle," began Jean, fumbling in his pocket, "this letter that you sent me—I thank you for it most heartily."

"'Twas a cruel thing to have to write, and I was so awkward."

"Not so, Mademoiselle; it is a wonderful letter and I shall keep it as my most valued possession——"

"Oh, no."

"With your permission, Mademoiselle, until I die!"

Madeline averted her head. "Keep it, Monsieur, and God grant that it may be of comfort to you."

"You do not know how your words affect me, Madeline," he said, seeking her eyes with his. Madeline felt her blushes returning, and again averted her face. Her hands were trembling.

"Why, if you wish to offer me consolation, do you not say 'thee' and 'thou' as in the letter?"

Madeline was about to reply, but in her uneasiness she had moved nearer and nearer to the grate, where a crackling fire blazed, and now as she nervously settled her skirts again they flared out and caught fire. With a cry she leaped to her feet. All but

Jean seemed petrified with horror. Without an instant's hesitation, however, he bent over, seized the burning skirt and calmly crushed out the fire with his hands. It was done before the others had moved. Jean had pushed Madeline gently into her chair again and stood looking dubiously at his burnt hands; and the blood streamed anew from the wound in his arm.

M. de Goncourt leaped to his feet and found his tongue at the same moment.

"Monsieur," he said, holding out his hand to Jean, "you are the bravest and coolest man I ever saw."

"It's not that," interrupted Latourette, his sang froid returning at once. "He's merely in love with your granddaughter."

While this speech was being made, M. de Goncourt had been wringing Jean's poor burned hand. He dropped it now.

"The devil you say!"

"Isn't it so, Morel?" asked Latourette.

"Yes!" said Jean.

"A concierge's son!" exclaimed the old man, "in love with my granddaughter!"

"He's a Latourette!" said the big man.

M. de Goncourt was bewildered, and turned inquiringly toward Mme. Latourette, while Jean lifted his gaze from his hands to Madeline's face.

"Yes," said Mme. Latourette; "we have adopted him."

M. de Goncourt blinked his eyes rapidly and adjusted his glasses as the full significance of this clarifying intelligence came home to him. He cleared his throat.

"Then I suppose I cannot object," he said slowly. "That is, if Madeline returns his—ah—his affection." He glanced searchingly at the girl.

Madeline suddenly seized Jean's right hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You might pick out a less painful place," said Latourette, jovially. And Madeline hid her face on Jean's shoulder.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra"---America Answers!

By Charles Hancock Forster

PART ONE

A BOY SCOUT came to me the other day and told me that he had saved the life of a French soldier, somewhere in France, with a nickel. He took it to Sunday school and dropped it into the collection plate when they were taking up an offering from the boys and girls of the country to send Bibles to the men on the West front. That was two years ago; now the news comes that, in many instances, these Bibles, happening to be inside the coat, next to the heart, or within the trousers, next to the stomach, stopped bullets from entering and deranging these vital organs. The Boy Scout above mentioned had a Literary Digest which contained pictures of the Bible with the marks of the bullets. Some of these missiles happened to stop in such a precise manner as to point out very suggestive and illuminating scripture quotations. The boy's nickel did the work.

I tell this to introduce you to a very interesting fact. The German General Staff look upon the Bible as a menace. Some of the staff do it in a premeditated, direct manner; others indirectly and unconsciously, through the influence of their training. I fully agree with a certain officer of high rank who declared that it is inconsistent for a German soldier to carry a Bible in his knapsack, and at the same time carry on like a pagan at the command of an officer who has been taught that war, to be victorious, must still be war,

with all its sickening smells and bloody sights.

Here lies the secret of German ruthlessness. The intellectual life of Germany has been saturated by a pagan philosophy, the result of a well-planned effort to prepare the soul of the people to carry on the next great war. This is another instance of efficiency. Prepare the deadly weapons and at the same time mould the soul of the people in a pagan pattern and leave the conscience free to use the weapons to the limit of awfulness. To accomplish this, the ideals of Christianity had to be overthrown and the influence of modern civilization subtly undermined. To this end, the military caste seized upon the philosophy of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche and made it an institution in Germany. It is very doubtful whether the writings of Nietzsche would have lived at all were it not for the patronage of the ruling classes, who saw to it that the ideas of this philosopher were taught in the universities. Very soon the books of Nietzsche went into the background, but his teachings, pruned and gathered together into a finished philosophy of life and morals, became the outstanding feature in German intellectual life. A prominent general once said that a handy edition of one of Nietzsche's books, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," should be printed and placed in the knapsack of every German soldier.

It is my purpose in this article to tell the public a few of the things that Zarathustra said, blasphemous things indeed they are, but it is well that we know the soul of our enemy. I want to do my little part to help my fellow-countrymen develop an intelligent and earnest conviction that they are fighting in a crusade for Christianity and that high civilization of which Christianity is the foundation. Before the war we could meet this philosophy upon the forum, argument for argument, but it comes to us now armed to the teeth, and we are compelled to unsheathe the sword.

The Christian philosophy of life did not suit the militarism of Germany. They realized, and rightly, that a person educated and reared in the atmosphere of Christian civilization would be a very unsuitable creature to become an officer in the German army during the great war that was to come. To make the great, military machine effective officers were needed trained in soul as well as in body. To this end they took the philosophy of Nietzsche and his disciples and made it the creed of the German soldier.

The creed begins by denouncing Christianity as a religion only fit for weaklings, because it originated among the Jews, at a time when they were down and out. They were a weak, subject race, a nation of slaves, full of hate and resentment for the Romans—their conquerors. This philosophy claims that the ideals of Christianity were born in this feeling of hate and resentment. The Jews hated the Romans, and everything Roman was bad and wicked. It was bad to be a Roman and good to be a Jew, and all the qualities of this conquering race: military power, material wealth and its enjoyment, were regarded as sinful, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. So, therefore, the Christian religion originated in a revolt of slaves against a strong and mighty race. According to The Sermon on the Mount, it is a state of blessedness to be poor, meek, weak, pitiable, despised and ugly. It defies impotence. To illustrate this

idea about the origin of Christianity, Nietzsche used the following illustration: "That the lambs should bear a grudge against the big birds of prey is in no wise strange. There is no reason for blaming the big birds of prey for what they do, and if the lambs say among themselves: 'These rapacious birds are wicked, and he who is as little as possible like a bird of prey, but rather the opposite, like a lamb, is good,' no one can find fault with the establishment of such an ideal."

Here is another sentence taken out of the creed of Prussian militarism: "Christianity retards human progress; it is an influence making for the impoverishment and degeneration of human life." "Nothing," wrote Nietzsche, "can be more seducing and corruptive of noble ideals than the Christian symbol of the sacred cross. The idea of a god upon a cross is an awful paradox. It has subverted all ideals and overturned all real values. . . . The Christian would have us understand that he is better than the mighty, better than the lords of the earth, whose spittle he must lick. He does not merely claim that he is better off now, but that he will be better off in the future life! But enough! Enough! Bad air! Bad air! Methinks it stinks! It stinks with falsehoods!" This is the Christian workshop where ideals are manufactured! Here is a sample of that blasphemy which made possible the sinking of the Lusitania. It called the idea of peace and good will to men a "shameful, modern effeminacy of sentiment." It cried against Christianity as "the most dismal feature in European civilization." It spoke of Christ as "a savior bringing blessedness and victory to the poor, the weaklings and the sinners, a savior representing seduction in its most awful and hideous form."

I do not know whether to call it the prayer of the Prussian or a pagan howl of disgust and aversion for the things of Christian civilization. Let the reader call it what he pleases. One thing is sure: it reveals the soul of Prussianism in a few words: "Permit

me just a glance!" cried Nietzsche. "Just one glance of something perfect! Something completely finished! Something mighty, triumphant, in which there is something still to be feared! Permit me just one glance of man that justifies man! A redeeming case of man! I have seen enough of man going downward, ever downward, into the thinner, the more comfortable, the more mediocre, the more Christian!" A picture of the redeeming case of man prayed for is drawn in the philosopher's own words, as follows: "My Superman belongs to the warrior class, to the chivalric aristocracy. He values extra-extravagant health, a powerful body and all that is necessary for its preservation: war, adventure, hunting, sport, feasting and dancing . . . He demands enemies for himself. They are his distinction. He steps out of a state of peace into the innocence of the conscience of a beast of prey. As an exultant monster he walks away from an abominable sequence of murder, violation, cruelty and torture, with an unrestrained feeling of revelry, and with the conviction that for a long time the poets will have something about which to sing and celebrate."

Well! The day has come! The prayer has been answered! The Superman is abroad in the land! As long as Zarathustra was only a voice we didn't mind, but when a nation grows insane enough to make him a living reality, running amuck in the fields of civilization, there is only one answer we can give. We didn't mind it in the least when Nietzsche told us that "there is no longer anything to be feared in man," and then went on to say: "The vermin man is in the foreground and in the majority; the tame man, the man hopelessly mediocre, who considered himself to be the highest type of man." Or did we mind it when he wrote: "The purpose of modern civilization is to change and rear man into an overly-civilized animal, a domesticated beast, even a Christian creature, and this fact is the decline and the shame of mankind."

We merely regarded these expres-

sions of nauseating blasphemy as the ravings of a fantastic genius, but we were compelled to take an entirely different attitude toward them when they started to march across Belgium in the fall of nineteen hundred and fourteen.

The keynote of the teaching of Nietzsche can be summed up in a sentence by saying that it is the right of strength to manifest itself as strength, to search for enemies, for resistance, for triumph. To him it was clearly absurd that a great military organization like the German Empire should take for its religion a faith that exalts weakness and humility, and that defies the idea of turning the other cheek. He asks the world to believe that the only ideals worth the name are those of the Homeric heroes and Scandinavian Vikings. If strength and might shall endure, they must subdue weaker things and rejoice in spoils and victory.

But what is the faith of Prussianism, dominated, as it is, by this type of doctrine? How does it regard the future of the human race? It believes that a great struggle between ideals has been going on for centuries, and that Christianity, in a large measure, has triumphed over the classic ideal, and has held the ground most of the time. It believes that Germany is divinely ordained to overthrow the weak ideals of modern civilization and to bring about a revival of the glorious, warrior ideals of classic days. Nietzsche reveals the deep-rooted ambitions of the Prussian soul in the following words: "A race must come that is strengthened by wars and victories, to whom adventure and pain, even danger, have become a need . . . But will this race of super-beings ever come? Yes! It is to come! A redeeming race! It will restore to earth its goal, and to man his hope! This Anti-Christ! It must come some day!

Germany aims to fulfill all the hopes of this pagan philosophy. She is fighting to save the race from the moral code of Christianity. "In Napoleon," wrote Nietzsche, pointing out to his countrymen the inspiring mo-

ments of European history, according to his point of view, "the antique ideal appeared bodily, and with unheard of splendor before the eyes and consciences of men, and once again, more strongly, more plainly, more forcibly than ever before . . . there arose and resounded through the earth the rapturous and terrible counter-cry of the right of the mighty. Like some last hint, pointing to the other road, Napoleon appeared . . . Was he the end? No! The great awakening is merely adjourned for a time. Might there not be, at some time or other, a necessity for a still more terrible, a still longer prepared for blazing up of the old conflagration? Nay, is not this even to be wished for as much as possible? Even to be willed? Even to be furthered?"

The day for which the philosopher prayed has arrived. The rapturous cry of the right of the mighty is echo-

ing around the world! On every hand we witness the terrible, long-prepared-for blazing up of the old conflagration!

It is Christianity or paganism, Christ or Caesar! We have taken up the gauge of battle against this philosophy of life which comes at us to overcome us, to force its ideals upon us, armed to the teeth, ready to crush all our dearest hopes and most cherished ideals. We fight this natural foe of all liberty. "To such an end we dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we have and everything that we are, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace that she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

Zarathustra has spoken! America has answered!



TE DEUMS

Let not the smoke of incense blind your eyes

Think not Te Deums are the all in all,

For they are only steps by which we rise

To service, and without which we would fall.

EUGENE AMMON.

Bakersfield's Experiment in Municipalized Charity

By Wallace M. Morgan

THREE years ago, when the freeholders' board was drafting a charter for the city of Bakersfield, the city manager form was a very new development in the evolution of municipal government. Accordingly, when the board had decided on the manager form as the central principle of the new charter, the ice was well broken for the introduction of other innovations. Local conditions as well as the general trend of governmental progress, helped to turn the minds of the freeholders toward humanitarian lines, with the result that Bakersfield's new charter lays the foundation for a government as broadly helpful and considerate of that portion of its citizenship least able to enforce a demand for help and consideration as it will be easy to find.

The freeholders provided for a public welfare commission of seven members, to have general control and supervision over matters pertaining to public health and sanitation, public morals, public charities, parks and playgrounds and public amusements, "with full police power to control, censor or suppress anything detrimental to public morals." They provided for a free employment bureau, for a charity commissioner to investigate all cases of need and to furnish relief in all worthy cases, for the employment of school and district nurses, physicians, emergency surgeons, bacteriologists and food and market inspectors. Further, they established a minimum daily wage of three dollars and a maximum day of eight hours for all workmen employed by the city or directly or indirectly on any public work. This article has to do only with Bakers-

field's experiment in municipalized charity, but I mention these other kindred features of the new charter to illustrate the spirit in which it was framed, and in which the venture of the city into the field of benevolence and brotherly kindness was undertaken.

It was not at all the plan that the city should take over any duty or responsibility which the county or the State assumes with respect to indigents, orphans or half-orphans, but the fact that in every city and village Associated Charities and other organized or unorganized agencies are called upon to aid the needy and unfortunate was accepted as proof that the State and the counties do not go so far in their efforts to lift the burdens of adversity from the shoulders of the weak to the shoulders of the strong as the public mind and conscience demand. Members of the freeholders board knew from personal experience that associated charities and other similar organizations ordinarily are supported by contributions from a comparatively small number of people in the community, and that the sums contributed are in proportion to the generosity or accessibility of the contributors and hardly at all in proportion to their financial ability to give. They reasoned, moreover, that whether giving to charity is considered a duty or a privilege, it ought to be shared by all members of the community according to their financial means, and the most practicable way to accomplish this equitable distribution is to provide for a charity fund in the tax rate.

There remained some question, of course, as to whether charity officially administered might not come to be

cold, mechanical and perfunctory, but opposite this fear was the demonstrated fact that private charity is fitful, spasmodic, often ill-advised and very often wholly lacking at the most necessary time.

At this point I ought to say that recently a new city council, hearing much of the tendency of city, county, State and National taxes to increase, and seeking the least resisting points at which the city budget could be pruned down, voted to discontinue the charity commissioner and the school nurse, and to give up the municipal removal of rubbish. The political pendulum is as unstable in Bakersfield as in most other cities. But this official action should not be taken as an indication that municipal administration of charity is not a success. People made little complaint over having to hire their individual rubbish collectors again, but they rose in quite a remarkable storm of protest over the discontinuance of the school nurse and the charity commissioner. In this popular protest joined the parent-teachers' associations, the Woman's Club, several labor organizations, members of the grand jury, hundreds of petitioners and both daily newspapers—a degree of unanimity almost unparalleled in the city's history.

Because this municipal handling of charities is new—officers of the State Board of Charities and Corrections tell me that Bakersfield was the first and only city in the State to undertake it—some detail of the cost and results of our two years' experiment may be of value and interest elsewhere.

The charity department undertook, at first, the same field of effort which the Associated Charities had occupied. The lists of this organization were turned over to the city, and from figures furnished by its officers the necessary charity appropriation for the first year was estimated at \$4,224. I am very sure that the work which the Associated Charities had undertaken before—to see that no resident family nor any person within the city incapacitated for labor went hungry or cold—

was more thoroughly performed after the charity commissioner got on the job. But before very long it developed that the fund apportioned would cover a larger field.

First, the free employment bureau, which had been conducted as an adjunct of the police department, was placed in charge of the charity commissioner, who thereafter spent her forenoons in the employment office and had her afternoons to devote to charity work.

With the outbreak of a diphtheria epidemic in the fall the charity department supplied funds for the purchase of antitoxin where families of the patients could not afford to buy it. When wage earners were quarantined the city helped provide groceries if circumstances required. In her visits among the homes of school children the school nurse found occasional babies who could not thrive on the beans and bacon rinds which their parents seemed to think were quite the proper diet, and she was authorized to purchase milk and other foods required as well as tactfully to instruct the mothers in the science of baby-feeding. The quantities of milk and foods bought by the nurse were small, and the cost was light, but this policy of helping in material and instantly understandable ways aided greatly in winning the confidence and co-operation of that class of people among whom it is hardest to establish respect for the laws of health and sanitation, and, coupled with wonderful tact, insight and human sympathy on the part of the nurse herself, it soon made that official an undisputed authority in all matters pertaining to health, an always welcome visitor and a confidential advisor on a score of subjects.

A typical case of which the people interested in this work are particularly proud was that of a young Spanish girl who was fast going into tuberculosis. With milk and eggs and other nourishing food which the charity department supplied, the school nurse brought her back to health and vigor, and developed her at the same time into a gra-

cious and effective apostle of cleanliness, neatness, beauty and good neighborliness throughout the circle of her family acquaintance.

In one of the schools attended largely by children of Mexican and other foreign parentage the principal and some of the teachers had been improvising lunches for pupils who brought little or nothing with them to eat at noon, and who showed signs of being insufficiently nourished at home. On their request, a closet was stocked with provisions for such emergency aid, and a little later a system of regular noon lunches was established, with free tickets to all children unable to pay for them. A table, dishes, table cloth and napkins were purchased, also out of the charity fund, and little youngsters born below the Rio Grande, some of whom were wholly strangers to the formality of even a table, were taught how eating is accomplished in polite society and acquired other experience of still greater value in the making of an American.

With the beginning of cold weather we constructed a small corrugated steel building for a free lodging house, and during the winter every man who applied was given a warm, dry place to sleep. The winter of 1915-16 was bad from an industrial viewpoint, and on stormy nights the number housed in this place ran as high as fifty-two. This building cost the charity department \$507, and the salary of a police officer in charge of the lodging house also was paid from the charity fund.

Nevertheless, with all these unplanned expenditures, at the end of the fiscal year there was a surplus of \$112 in the charity fund. For the second year we reduced the appropriation to \$3,900. A larger demand for labor reduced to a minimum the number of idle men, and the free lodging house was not opened last winter, although it was kept in readiness should the need arise. Effective work by the health department and the school nurses eliminated the diphtheria epidemic, which had been an annual affair for years, and the charity department

saved money on antitoxin.

So, with the reduced allowance, the work of bettering child conditions still could be extended. We had a meeting of all the school principals, the charity commissioner, the school nurse, the probation officer, and representatives of the churches, the parent-teachers' associations, the women's club, labor unions and other organizations interested in charities, and laid out the work with a view to covering the charity field more fully than ever before.

School principals were told that the city would finance free lunches in any school where need for them developed. Principals also were asked to call on the manager or the charity commissioner for shoes or clothing for any child who was kept at home for lack of them, or who came to school insufficiently clad. The charity department agreed to cooperate with the Infant's Friend's League in an effort to see that every child born in Bakersfield was born in a clean bed and had suitable clothing ready for its use. The city offered to pay the rent for a "model cottage" which members of the parent-teachers' associations proposed to establish as a day nursery and training school for girls who might want to fit themselves for domestic work. The distribution of supplies to needy families and the maintenance of the free employment bureau was to remain, of course, the central work of the charity commissioner.

Private and imperative demands on the time of those who were foremost in the plan for the "model cottage" prevented that part of the program from materializing. Otherwise it was carried out fully.

We have made our share of mistakes. Every adult subject for charity is a separate, distinctive, original problem in psychology, different in character and analysis from every other of its kind. Sometimes the fault is physical, sometimes it is mental. It is worst of all when it is temperamental. But even the temperamental cases cannot be swept aside as unworthy of consideration if children are involved, as us-

ually is the case. And a charity commissioner must be a rare combination of tact, insight, sympathy and clear-headed judgment and discrimination if she is to solve each of these psychological and economic puzzles in its own right way.

But the consideration that threatens to terminate Bakersfield's experiment in municipalized charity is not one of successful administration, demonstrated results, or even of ultimate economy, for it is not questioned that the city can handle the charities more economically than can private organizations. It is purely a question of tax rates. The American city likes to be well served, but it has a wonderfully tenacious regard for a low tax rate, and nothing disturbs the sleep of the average councilman more than a published clamor about increasing public expenditures. So the question resolves itself into one of comparative values and popular and official education to the fact that money spent for public service may be more than offset by money saved in private expenditures for private service.

Bakersfield's charity work during the past two years, covering all the ground I have outlined, has cost about twenty cents per capita per year, or about three cents per \$100 of assessed valuation. My own opinion is that municipal charity work and district nursing should be combined under one head and one expense classification. Both lines of service could be handled very well in Bakersfield with an appropriation which a tax of four cents per \$100 assessed valuation would cover.

This means that it would cost the man whose property is assessed at \$1,000 forty cent per year to know that every man out of work and out of money had a warm, dry place to sleep and was helped to find a job next morning; that every resident of the city who was sick or old or physically incapable of earning a living was supplied with the necessities of life; that every child who went to school hungry was given a hot lunch at noon; that every child was decently and warmly

clad; that fathers and mothers who were shiftless and incompetent were helped with encouragement, suggestion and advice, and with the material aid that makes advice more potent and effective; that soap and sanitation were introduced into homes where they had been strangers before; that in haunts of poverty and ignorance childish bruises were bound up, infected wounds were cleansed and healed, diseased eyes were treated and ailments and defects of all kinds that tend to stunted or perverted growth and development were treated properly.

It cost Bakersfield about six times that much to maintain law and order. It costs another six times as much to protect property from loss by fire. It costs three times as much to sweep the streets and four times as much to light them.

In the ordinary functions of government we are familiar with and reconciled to public expenditures for the preservation of property and property rights. We are less familiar with and rather more rebellious against public expenditures for the preservation and conservation of health and physical stamina, citizenship and race progress.

But in these times, when the world has gone to war over race and national ideals, when wealth accumulations of ages are being expended and destroyed with utter abandon that each contending nation may maintain its ideal of race opportunity for future activity and development, it seems to me that there can be but one answer to our question. And that answer is that whatever it costs to make sure that the community's man-power is developed and conserved, that loss of race power and race efficiency through results of ignorance, poverty and neglect are reduced to a minimum, that the boys and girls from even the poorest of homes may grow up to able, alert, effective manhood and womanhood, with an intelligent, abiding loyalty in their hearts to a land which they know to be a land of equal opportunity, in fact as well as in theory, is a good community investment.

America At War

By James Davenport Whelpley

PRESIDENT Wilson's valiant and long continued effort to maintain the "processes of peace" within the United States, a major part of the rest of the world being at war, has failed. Reacting to the increasing insolence and aggressiveness of German procedure and to public opinion in America aroused in consequence, he committed himself on April 2d to a war policy that was quickly seized upon by Congress, amplified and emphasized, and within four days transmitted from academic utterance into serious and momentous action.

The declaration of war against Germany as enacted by Congress and signed by President Wilson is notable in many respects. In its broadest significance it marks the end of the second and the beginning of the third great epoch in the history of the United States of America, each succeeding epoch being greater than its predecessor in its influence not only upon the American people but upon humanity. The first epoch was inaugurated through the Declaration of Independence in 1776; the second began when the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, ushering in as it did a civil war in the course of which nearly three million men bore arms; the third dates from April 6, 1917, and promises to afford future historians full scope for their descriptive and imaginative powers. It was on April 6th that the American Government, with the practically unanimous approval of a vast majority of the American people, declared as follows:

"Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of Amer-

ica, therefore be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared, and that the President be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government, and to bring the conflict to a successful termination. All the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

Second only in importance to the fact that this resolution adds America to the long list of countries now at war against Germany is the significant wording of the declaration to the effect that it is against the "Imperial German Government" that war is declared and not against Germany as a nation. The Imperial German Government is alleged to have "committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States," but the American Government and the American people through their representatives declare war against the Imperial German Government as now constituted and as distinct from the German people. It is possible to thus differentiate, as the German Government is an autocracy, politically responsible to its individual head and not to the German nation. It is a declaration of war by a modern democracy against an obsolete form of government. It is with a German Government subordinated to the will of the

German people that the "Government and the people of the United States" hope to renew treaty relations later on.

The declaration of war was passed by the Senate by a vote of 82 to 6, and in the House by a vote of 373 to 50. These figures represent not only the status of sentiment in Congress, but are a probably more or less accurate indication as to the state of American public opinion as a whole.

Roughly speaking, the vote in the Senate would indicate that there are at least six States in which pro-German or pacifist sentiment was strongly developed. Senator La Follette is from Wisconsin, a State of many Germans and strong pacifist leanings. Senator Gronna is from North Dakota, where the Swedish element is large and markedly pro-German. Senator Lane, of Oregon, does not seem to have so successfully interpreted the sentiments of his constituency in voting against war, as his course has aroused vast indignation. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, the State of W. J. Bryan, is for peace at almost any price, as is his political leader. Senator Stone of Missouri, spoke for his German friends in St. Louis, and Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, is a pacifist. The opposition of these six senators was not on party lines, as three of them were Democrats and three Republicans.

The fifty members of the House who voted against war were animated by various motives. A few are avowedly pro-German, others are opposed to war under any conditions, and others believed that the time had not yet come for America to take up arms. It must be noted, however, that many of these men in the House and Senate who voted against the declaration of war did so merely to register their own convictions or those of their constituents, and not in any spirit of disloyalty to their country. Many of them have since taken occasion to announce that while they felt it their duty to vote against a declaration of war, once the United States was at war they would give their best to help carry on.

It is with these members of Congress as it is with an approximately equal proportion of the nation at large. The number who would fail of loyalty in the struggle now on is negligible. So long as there was a chance of averting war they stood for their pro-German, their anti-British or their pacifist convictions or sympathies, but with America committed to hostilities these same people will ask no odds as to their loyalty, devotion and willingness to sacrifice for the honor and safety of their country.

Two great factors have played a leading part in bringing America into the war by a practically unanimous vote. The first of these is the character of the submarine warfare conducted by Germany, with all it means in its violation of international law treaties, plighted word, and the laws of humanity; and the second is the change of Government that has taken place in Russia. The fact that an autocratic and unconstitutional Russia was one of the Allies has hampered the progress of the Allied cause in America in many ways, both sentimental and practical. For many years the American public has been fed with anti-Russian literature, and it was a dull day in an American newspaper office when some story of autocratic Russian methods could not be dished up for the readers. That many of these stories were untrue mattered not. Nothing was so incredible or so unfavorable to the Russian Government as to escape belief. A vast ignorance of Russia and all that was Russian existed in America, and the general public had no knowledge or power of discrimination to be used in separating the true from the false.

Strong anti-Russian influences took advantage of this state of affairs, and the powerful and intelligent Hebrew element in the population of the United States conducted a publicity campaign against the old Russian Government, only equaled in intensity and effectiveness by the campaign conducted at Washington and in the money markets against Russian finan-

cial effort. Had this state of affairs still existed when President Wilson asked Congress for a declaration of war against Germany, opposition thereto would have been greater. Just how much greater it is difficult to say, but perhaps it is not extreme to suggest that it might even have delayed the action of the President in laying before Congress his case against Germany with a view toward securing a declaration of war and a vast loan of money to the Allies. As it was, he knew that the forces previously anti-Russian were now eager for the United States to assist the new Russian Government in every way possible. One of the most powerful Hebrew bankers in New York, notoriously opposed in the past to any loans of American money to Russia, has stated publicly within the past few days that since the revolution Russia had become a "favored nation" in the money markets of the world. It may be truly said that much so-called pro-German activity in the United States during the past two years and more has not been so much pro-German as it was anti-Russian. Tales of the vast resources of Russia and predictions as to the future economic greatness of that country fell upon deaf or prejudiced ears in America until the revolution swept away the autocratic form of government. Too much importance can hardly be given to this Russian factor in determining the degree of support now given by America to the Allied cause, for recent events in Petrograd have made a tremendous appeal to cherished traditions and principles, and in a day the formerly antagonistic Jewish forces have become reconciled to the idea of the United States of America as an Ally of a democratized Russian Empire.

There are now in the United States nearly two million people who were born in Russia, and nearly another two million who were born in Poland. These two foreign elements in the population considerably outnumber the Germans now in America who were born in Germany, and the revolution in

Russia, with its guarantee of freedom for Poland, has converted these Russians and Poles from a people either hostile or indifferent to the government of their fatherland into a community of fervent pro-Russians. It has also brought to the support of the United States and the Allies in their conduct of the war many Jews of other lands, even including many from Germany and Austria, who now look upon America as their homeland, in league with the new Liberal Government in Petrograd, pledged to abolish the largest Ghetto in all the world—the Jewish Pale. Even this necessarily superficial glance at one of the many problems of government as they present themselves in America suggests something of the complexity of the situation that has confronted President Wilson from August 4, 1914, to April 2, 1917, the day on which he put his convictions and policies to the acid test of a Congressional vote.

If it is true, as many believe and events would indicate, that President Wilson has been watching and waiting for that day when he could count upon the united support of the nation for sterner measures with Germany than were possible through diplomatic procedure, he chose his moment well, for he came in with the tide. During all these long months now mounting into years of war, he has continually, and perhaps hopefully striven for some peaceful and honorable way in which America could be spared actual hostilities. Until that day when the German Government announced its intention to adopt unrestricted submarine warfare as its principal weapon he may have still cherished the belief, or at least the hope, that the war would be brought to an end within a short time, or would be so conducted as to render American armed intervention unnecessary. From the day that Germany refused to modify her purpose, even after the United States had severed diplomatic relations, he must have abandoned all hope and have determined to devote his considerable talents and energies to preparing the

American nation for the inevitable. In the light of what is only now revealed to the public, but what has been known to the Washington Government for many months past, new meanings can be read into the public utterances of the President during the past year. His conversion to armed preparedness for the United States was a volte-face, the explanation for which is now apparent though at the time it was announced he was fiercely criticised by some of his closest friends. He could give no explanation at the time and was compelled to weather the storm as best he might, but he had the satisfaction of finding, even before the seriousness of the threat of war with Germany was realized, that the nation was largely with him.

Mr. Gerard, the late Ambassador to Berlin, has been talking freely to his own countrymen since his return from Germany, and the disclosures he has made as to the unspeakable barbarity of German methods are calculated to add considerably to American self-justification for war, if such justification be sought. What Mr. Gerard is now telling the public has been known to President Wilson these many weeks, and he can have no illusions as to the character of the "Imperial German Government" with which he was so long exchanging diplomatic notes couched in terms of mutual good-will.

These matters are immaterial at the moment, however, for the die is cast and America is at war with the Central Powers, and to this end "all the resources are pledged by the Congress of the United States." In the years to come it will be possible to set forth in logical array the political events of the Great War and to estimate more truly the strength of the many cross-currents that are influencing men and Governments at the present time. No more valuable and enlightening contribution to history could be made by any one man than is within the power of the President of the United States should he decide at the end of his term of authority to add another to the volumes of world history he has already



General Pershing, leader of United States troops in France.

written. A frank statement of the mental processes through which he has passed since August 4, 1914, and the events which brought them about, would constitute a volume of intense interest and vast historical importance. It would let daylight into many recent international situations now shrouded in mystery, and would show those who live through this war to that day of disclosures that what the many were allowed to know was as nothing compared with what was actually known to the few who had been so placed as to watch the progress of international affairs from behind the scenes. In less than three years the people of all the world have become so accustomed to expect only such information as their various Governments deem it expedient they should have that, when the veil is finally lifted, it will be found necessary to revise many of our judgments and convictions now formed upon perfect knowledge, but to which we now give unswerving allegiance.

The people of all the world without the frontiers of the Central Powers have sighed with relief and hailed with joy the appearance of the United States in the armed arena ranged on the side of humanity against a would-

be world-bully. This advent guarantees a whole-hearted victory over Prussianism, it gives promise of a shortening of the war, it eases the burden under which the Allies have been staggering, and compels the German General Staff to re-draw the Hindenburg line upon the map of Europe. Upon the submarine the Germans placed their hope, and while these underseas craft have done enormous damage and will do more, the grave of this German hope is already dug. The American Navy will assist in the actual warfare, and American industry will put more ships afloat within a year than have already been destroyed.

That the entrance of America into the war will lead to renewed German effort to bring about an advantageous peace is obvious. The nearer to the Rhine is drawn, the Hindenburg line and the smaller the percentage of shipping destroyed by German submarines the more active will the German peacemongers become. To secure a cessation of hostilities will be the earnest effort of the German people as the Hindenburg line draws nearer to the Fatherland and it becomes more and more evident that the Allies are not to be starved out. The next few months will be times of great feats of arms on land and sea, but their effect upon the future of mankind will be no more significant in history than the political events impending. The terms of the settlement of this war will determine the fate of civilization beyond any time for which prophecy is possible, and the fact that America has now become an Ally ensures the power of the victors to provide for the future as well as for the immediate years to come. One of the grounds upon which the Prime Minister of England welcomed America as an Ally was his expressed belief that the presence of America at the final council would be a guarantee of a "just peace."

As President Wilson says, America asks no new territory, no revenge, no indemnities, and no bill of costs for the blood and treasure that may be ex-

pected in this war. The purpose of America is to aid in putting an end for all time to what is now called Prussianism. With an eye single to this one purpose, and asking no material or political advantage from a victory, not even a reimbursement for what the war may cost, the struggle cannot end successfully for America until this purpose is satisfied. Unless the German Imperial Government is changed in character, or so hedged about with safeguards as to render it innocuous to the rest of the world, America's cause in this war is not triumphant, and, as has been stated by Congress, "all the resources of the country are hereby pledged" that it shall triumph.

It is this premise, and this alone, that justifies the entrance of America into the war being described, as it has been, as "the greatest political event in the history of the world." It is the first real step towards the carrying out of the plan for a league of peace for all the world. Such a union of all the civilized nations has long been talked of. It has been held that the greatest result of the war would be the birth of such a league. The manner of machinery that would be necessary for the successful carrying on of such a league has been a favorite theme for inventive intellect. It has not heretofore been admitted, or even suggested, that such a league was possible until peace came again; that it could pass from theoretical into practical existence until the representatives of all the great civilized nations had met in solemn conclave after the war was ended and determined the manner of procedure should the peace of the world be again threatened.

During all this preliminary discussion an unrecognized but powerful agency has been at work to bring about a league for peace that should not await the threat of another war before becoming effective. On August 4, 1914, the first move was made. The British Empire joined with France, Belgium and Russia, thus constituting themselves the nucleus of an organization for peace that was in time to se-

cure the adherence of all peoples excepting the Germans and their dupes. Thirty-two months later the American people, awakening to the fact that while they had been talking of a future league for peace one was already in existence, and already hard at work in a most practical way to make dreams come true, discarded their academics and joined the league that was already far on its way towards the desired end.

The world league for peace is now practically complete. Within the league autocracies have no place and fall by their own weight, thus strengthening a cause which is essentially democratic. The war has now become a struggle on the part of the democracies of nearly a score of countries, comprising within their borders a vast preponderance of the population of the world, against the last refuge of autocracy, the enemy of the purpose of the league. The end is inevitable; democracy will win. The league for peace having its birth in the greatest war in all history, its brotherhood bound together by the spirit of a common cause and a common agony, will be far stronger and far more lasting in character than if it had been recruited through popular appeal and its principles set forth in illuminated resolutions. The compelling need for all the world is now that this league for peace, with its armies and its navies now in the field, should accomplish its purpose at the earliest possible moment.

It is here that America steps in with a message of cheer to those who have borne the heat and burden until now. With a surplus of everything needed to carry on, America offers herself at a timely moment. The American navy is already at work; the American army will expand in time to whatever size may be needed in the near future. American industry has bent its back to the allotted task. The moral support has already been given, and has brought relief and renewed hopefulness to the effort of all democracy, and practical and material support is

quickly following on in constantly increasing effectiveness.

The moral support given by America to the Allies has not daunted the Germans so far as we are allowed to know. A deficiency in understanding prevents them from a full realization of what it means for today or for tomorrow. It is sneered at. To the Allies this moral support has been as strong wine to the spirit, and in its reaction it has done much to purge the souls of those who give it of everything that dimmed the inner eye. At the first sign of material aid and comfort for the Allies from America in consequence of the extension of the league for peace consternation appears in the German camp. A loan of millions of cheap money, the launching of thousands of new ships to nullify the submarine attack, the increasing tide of supplies of all kinds that is already beginning to flow towards the Allied peoples in Europe—these are things that the German mind grasps with intelligence and understanding. The brutal materialism of the Prussian spirit is at home in all such affairs and suffers no illusions as to what they mean to the German cause at a time when every resource is strained to the uttermost. The Hindenburg line has already been reached in the economic life of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey, and on this line a last stand is being made. When it was drawn upon the economic map of Europe it was regarded as proof against the resources of the Allies, but with America's resources added to the pressure against it, erstwhile confidence is rapidly disappearing.

In America events are moving rapidly, and perhaps in view of the object lessons afforded by the experiences of the nations of Europe, not to say those of a near neighbor, Canada, it may not take the American people quite as long as it would otherwise to devise the best way to arrive at a given point. The first few months of the war period will be a time of much confusion and lost motion. This is inevitable, for no nation learns from another so completely

as not to make mistakes. The navy, the regular army, the financial powers and the highly organized industries are already under way, and will carry on from the beginning to the end with marvelous method and efficiency, and it is to these agencies that the Allies look for that immediate aid which is most needed. They are already getting it, and behind this strong first line of attack the American nation will work out the other problems to be solved, that the full strength of the country can be thrown into the fray.

The raising of a great army will present many difficulties, as the English people well know from their own experience. For years Congress has starved the War Department of the American Government until it is hardly more than a skeleton upon which to build the gigantic military structure now needed. Upon this Department is now thrown the enormous task of getting together several millions of men and forming them into an army. It will prove equal to the task if given the sympathetic understanding of the nation and the unqualified support of Congress, for within the regular forces of the United States, as they were to be found at the beginning of the war, is material of the finest quality with which to leaven a new army.

The question of the treatment of enemy aliens is also one that will have to be determined in the light of bitter experience, for in no country in the world does this question present such difficulties as in America. The people have still to realize that proclamations and admonitions, kindly or otherwise, will not check the activities of those who wish to hamper American activities in the war. It will take sterner methods than are as yet contemplated to maintain a reasonable degree of safety. The labor situation is extremely favorable, for all the organizations have come forward voluntarily and pledged their support to the Government, agreeing in the meanwhile to postpone all labor discussion until after the war. The Mexican menace cannot become serious, and the more

German reservists who leave the United States to enlist with the Mexican forces the better for the United States. All that is necessary is to effectively guard the southern border and leave to the American navy the patrol of the east and west coasts. Assisted by the army of Colombia, American forces and defenses can be trusted to prevent any serious attack upon the Panama Canal. No expeditions into Mexico from the United States are necessary unless it be decided to take over the oil-fields on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Mexico can best be left to stew in her own juice until the time comes later, as it may, when the United States will be compelled to undertake a job of sanitation such as was successfully carried out in Cuba and the Philippines. At the end of the European war America will be in excellent shape to make short work of any threat from her southern neighbor. There will be an effort to make trouble between Japan and the United States, but in the very nature of the present and actively operative league for the peace of the world lies a guarantee against this. It is also a case where the selfish and the generous instincts of both peoples march together.

What the entrance of America into this war means to those Americans who have been fighting the battles of the Allies in the belief they were best serving the interests of their own people, and of humanity, no words can say. Thousands of Americans have been in the trenches in France from the beginning of the war; thousands more have served in helpful capacities behind the firing lines, and no small number have given their lives for the cause. Many thousands more in America and elsewhere, deprived for various reasons of the privilege of active service with the army, have given of their energies, their time and their income to a cause which they have taken to their hearts as it were their own. They have labored with such of their fellow Americans as had not yet been fully aroused as to what was going on in the world to convince them that here

was the thing that concerned them most from both a spiritual and a material point of view. It has been a propaganda, unpaid and largely unorganized but inspired beyond defeat. To those Americans who have fought in the trenches, and to those who have fought

the German menace with less tangible but none the less valuable and effective weapons, the American declaration of war against Germany has come as a great victory justifying their belief and confidence in the spiritual and political future of America.

The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Bible as a Divine Revelation Viewed in the Light of Reason

PART IV

FOR MANY years the great colleges of Christendom have been undermining faith by undermining belief in the Bible. While they do not make an attack upon faith itself, while they admit that faith may have its place as a grand quality of character, and that the Scriptures instruct for faith, yet they proceed to do the very same kind of work that both Robert Ingersoll and Thomas Paine tried to accomplish—to undermine confidence in the Bible as the Word of God. The majority of the ministers of all denominations today have endorsed the so-called findings of Higher Criticism—that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, nor Isaiah the greater part of the prophecy which bears his name, etc. They undertake to prove that Jesus was mistaken when He declared that Isaiah the Prophet said thus and so; that St. Paul was also mistaken when he quoted from the Prophet Isaiah; that Daniel did not write the book which bears his name, or if he did, it was fulfilled before the Christian Era—notwithstanding Jesus' assertion to the contrary.

Accordingly we are not surprised to find that today most people do not know what to believe. Yet just at this very time, when Higher Criticism, Evolution and various New Thought theories are destroying the foundations of faith, and when many intelligent people fear to think along Scriptural lines,

Bible students are finding the Word of God to be the world's most wonderful Book. God's Plan for human salvation was never so well understood as now, in the midst of all the turmoil in the denominations, in the great institutions of learning, and in the world. True, the Bible is not yet a Revelation to any considerable portion of the human family. This is no argument, however, against its claim that ultimately it will be such. Suffice to say that the Bible repeatedly alludes to a set time future when it will become a Revelation, an unfolding, to all men—the living and the dead—to the intent that whosoever wills may profit by its instruction unto life eternal.

The Light of Civilization.

The Bible is the torch of civilization and liberty. Its influence for good has been recognized by the greatest statesmen, even though for the most part they have looked at it through the glasses of conflicting creeds which, while ostensibly upholding it, have grievously misrepresented its teachings. The grand old Book is unintentionally but woefully misrepresented by its friends, many of whom would lay down life on its behalf. Yet they do it more vital injury than do its foes, by claiming its support to their long-revered misconceptions of its Truth, received through the traditions of their fathers. Would that such would

awake, re-examine their Oracle, and put to confusion its enemies by disarming them of their weapons!

The Bible, the oldest book in existence, has outlived the storms of thirty centuries. Men have endeavored by every means possible to banish it from earth. They have even made its possession a crime punishable with death; and the most bitter, relentless persecutions have been waged against those who had faith in it. Yet the Book still lives. Today, while many of its foes slumber in death, and while hundreds of volumes written to overthrow its influence are long since forgotten, the Bible has found its way into every nation and language on earth. The fact that this Book has survived so many centuries, notwithstanding such unparalleled efforts to destroy it, is at least strong circumstantial evidence that the great Being whom it claims as its Author has also been its Preserver.

Nor can it be disputed that the moral influence of the Bible is uniformly good. Those who become careful students of its pages are invariably elevated to a purer life. Other writings upon religion and upon the various sciences have ennobled and blessed mankind to some extent. But all other books combined have failed to bring the joy and peace to the groaning creation that the Bible has brought to both rich and poor, learned and unlearned.

This Book throughout constantly points to one prominent character—Jesus of Nazareth—who, it claims, was the Son of God. From beginning to end His name, His office and His work are made prominent. That a man called Jesus of Nazareth lived about the time indicated by the writers of the Bible is a well corroborated fact of secular history. That this Jesus was crucified because He had rendered Himself offensive to the Jewish priesthood is a further fact established by history, outside the evidence furnished by the New Testament writers. These writers, except St. Paul and St. Luke, were personal friends of Jesus of Nazareth, whose doctrines their writings set forth.

No one would write a book unless he had a definite motive for so doing. We

therefore inquire, What motives could have inspired the men who wrote the Bible to espouse the cause of the man Jesus? He was condemned to death and crucified as a malefactor by the Jews, the most religious among them demanding His death as one unfit to live. Therefore in espousing His cause and in promulgating His doctrines, His followers braved contempt, deprivation and bitter persecution, risked life itself, and in some cases even suffered martyrdom.

Existence of Any Book Implies Motive on Part of Writer.

Admitting that Jesus was a remarkable person, in both His life and His teachings, we ask, What motive could there have been for any to espouse His cause after His death—especially when that death was so ignominious? If we suppose that these writers had invented their narratives, and that Jesus was an imaginary hero, how absurd it would be to think that sane men, after claiming that He was the Son of God, begotten in a supernatural way, with supernatural powers by which He healed lepers, restored sight to those born blind, caused the deaf to hear, and even awakened the dead—would wind up the story of such a character by stating that a little band of His enemies executed Him as a felon, while all His friends, amongst whom were the writers themselves, forsook Him and fled in the trying moment?

The fact that profane history does not agree in some respects with these writers should not lead us to regard their records as untrue. Those who thus conclude should prove some motive on the part of these writers for making false statements. What motives could have prompted them? Could they reasonably have hoped thereby for fortune, fame, power or any other earthly advantage? The poverty of Jesus' friends, and the unpopularity of their hero Himself, with the great religionists of Judea, contradict such a thought; while the fact that He died as a malefactor, a disturber of the peace, held forth no earthly advan-

tage to those who would attempt to re-establish His doctrine.

Moreover, had such been the object of those who preached Jesus, would they not speedily have given it up when they found that their message brought disgrace, persecution, imprisonment and even death? No men to-day would undertake any such ministry or any such mission, imperiling life and all earthly interests, unless influenced by some impelling force born of a conviction that their mission and their message had the stamp of truth, and were God-directed. Nor were these writers fanatical. On the contrary, they were men of sound, reasonable mind, who furnished in every case a reason for their faith and hope; and they were perseveringly faithful to their convictions. Reason plainly teaches that men who sacrificed home, reputation, honor and life, who lived not for present gratification, but whose central aim was to elevate their fellowmen, and who inculcated morals of the highest type, were not only possessed of a motive, but that their motive must have been pure and their object grandly sublime. Reason further declares that the testimony of such men, actuated only by pure and good motives, is worthy of ten times the consideration of ordinary writers.

What we have here noted is likewise applicable to the various writers of the Old Testament. They were, in the main, men notable for their fidelity to the Lord; and this history as impartially records and reproves their weaknesses and shortcomings as it commends their virtues and faithfulness. This must astonish those who presume the Bible to be a manufactured history, designed to awe men into reverence for a religious system. There is a straightforwardness about the Bible that stamps it as Truth. Knaves desirous of representing a man as great, and especially if desirous of presenting some of his writings as inspired of God, would undoubtedly paint such a one's character blameless and noble to the highest degree. The fact that such a course has not been pursued in the Bible is reasonable evi-

dence that it was not fraudulently gotten up to deceive.

Divinely Commissioned Prophets, or Seers.

Glance now at the general character of the Prophets of the Bible and their testimony. A rather remarkable fact is that with few exceptions the Prophets were not of the priestly class; and that in their day their prophecies were generally repugnant to the degenerate and time-serving priesthood, as well as to the idolatrously inclined people. The burden of their messages from God to the people was generally reproof for sin, coupled with warnings of coming punishments, interspersed with which we find occasional promises of future blessings, after the nation should be cleansed from sin and should be returned to favor with the Lord. Their experiences, for the most part, were far from enviable. They were generally reviled, many of them being imprisoned and put to violent deaths. See 1 Kings 18:4, 10, 17, 18; 19:10; Jeremiah 38:6; Hebrews 11:32-38.

In some instances it was years after the death of these men that their true character as God's Prophets was recognized. But we speak thus of the prophetic writers whose utterances claim to be the direct inspiration of Jehovah. The term prophet, as generally used, signifies public expounder, and the public teachers of idolatry were also so called—for instance, the prophets of Baal. See 1 Corinthians 14:1-6; 2 Peter 2:1; Matthew 7:15; 14:5; Nehemiah 6:7; 1 Kings 18:40; Titus 1:12.

Prophecy, in the ordinary sense of teaching, afterward became popular with a certain class, and degenerated into Phariseeism—teaching, instead of God's commandments, the traditions of the ancients, thereby opposing the Truth and becoming false prophets, or false teachers.—Matthew 15:2-9.

Out of the large class called prophets, Jehovah God at various times made choice of some men whom He especially commissioned to deliver messages, relating sometimes to

things then at hand, and at other times to future events. It is to the writings of this class, who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, that we are now giving attention. They might with propriety be designated Divinely commissioned Prophets or Seers.

When it is remembered that these Prophets were mainly laymen, drawing no support from the tithes of the priestly class, and that they were frequently the reprovers of the personal sins not only of kings and judges, but also of priests, it becomes evident that these Prophets could not be parties to any league of priests or others, to fabricate falsehood in the name of God. Reason, in the light of facts, contradicts such a suspicion.

Character of the Writings of the Bible

If, then, we find the Bible, which claims to be God's Revelation, written by men whose motives we see reason not to impugn, but to approve, let us examine the character of the writings claimed as inspired, to see whether their teachings correspond with the character which we have reasonably imputed to God, and whether these teachings bear internal evidence of their truthfulness.

The first five books of the New Testament and several of the Old Testament are histories of facts known to the writers and vouched for by their characters. Manifestly it did not require a special revelation simply to tell the truth with reference to matters with which these writers were fully acquainted. Yet the fact that these chronicles have a bearing on Divine revelation is sufficient ground to make the inference a reasonable one that God would so supervise that the honest writer whom He selected for the work should be brought in contact with the needful facts. The credibility of these historic portions of the Bible rests almost entirely upon the character and the motive of the individual writers. Good men will not utter falsehoods; and the united testimony of these writings silences any suspicion

that their authors would say or do evil, that good might follow.

Why Record Facts of History Considered Indelicate.

It in no way invalidates the truthfulness of certain books of the Bible, such as Judges, Kings, Chronicles, etc., when we say that they are but carefully kept histories of prominent events and personages of their times. It should be remembered that the Hebrew Scriptures contain history as well as the Law and the Prophecies; and that their genealogies, etc., were the more explicit in detailing circumstances because of the expectancy that the promised Messiah would come in a particular line from Abraham. Thus we see a reason for the recording of certain facts of history considered indelicate in the light of this Twentieth Century.

For instance, a very detailed account of Judah's children is given, of whom came King David, through whom the genealogy of Mary, Jesus' mother, as well as that of Joseph, her husband (Luke 3:23, 31, 33, 34; Matthew 1:2-16), is traced back to Abraham. Doubtless the necessity of establishing the pedigree was the more important, since of the tribe of Judah (Genesis 49:10) was to come the King of Israel, the promised Messiah; and hence the minutia of detail not given in other instances.—Genesis 38; etc.

There may be similar or different reasons for other historic facts recorded in the Bible, of which we may by and by see the utility and which, were it not a history, but simply a treatise on morals, might without detriment be omitted. Nevertheless no one can reasonably say that the Bible anywhere countenances impurity. It is well, furthermore, to remember that the same facts may be more or less delicately stated in any language; and that while the translators of the Bible were too conscientious to omit any of the record, yet they lived in a day less particular in the choice of refined expressions than ours; and the same may be surmised of the early Bible times and habits of expression. Certainly

the most fastidious can find no objection on this score to any expression in the New Testament.

The Five Books of Moses.

The first five books of the Bible are known as the Five Books of Moses, though they nowhere mention him as their author. That they were written either by Moses or under his supervision is a reasonable inference, the account of his death and burial being properly added by his secretary. The omission of the positive statement that these books were written by Moses is no proof against the thought; for had another written them to deceive and commit a fraud, he would surely have claimed that they were written by the great leader and statesman of Israel, in order to make good his imposition. See Deuteronomy 31:9-27.

Of one thing we are certain—that Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, and organized them as a nation under the laws set forth in these books; and that for over three thousand years the nation of Israel by common consent has claimed these books as a gift from Moses, and has held them so sacred that not a jot or a tittle must be altered—thus giving assurance of the purity of the text.

These writings of Moses contain the only credible history extant of the epoch which they traverse. Chinese history affects to begin at creation,

telling that God went out on the water in a skiff, and cast a lump of earth into the water. That lump of earth, it claims, became this world, etc. But the entire story is so devoid of reason that the merest child of intelligence would not be deceived by it. On the contrary, the account given in Genesis starts with the reasonable assumption that a God, a Creator, an intelligent First Cause, already existed. It treats not of God as having a beginning, but of His work, of its beginning and of its systematic, orderly progress.—Genesis 1:1.

Then, stepping over the origin of the earth without detail or explanation, the narrative of the six Days (epochs) of preparing it for man, proceeds. That account is substantially corroborated by the accumulating light of science for four thousand years. Hence it is far more reasonable to accept the claim that Moses, the author of the Genesis account, was Divinely inspired, than to assume that the intelligence of one man was superior to the combined intelligence and research of the rest of the race in three thousand years since, aided by modern implements and by millions of money.

In the next article of this series we will look at the system of laws laid down in the writings of Moses, and will note the corroborative evidence that these writings were under Divine supervision.

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Infinitely the most salient figure among the Britons of colonial South America is that of Ambrose O'Higgins, the bare footed youngster of the county Meath tenant farmer, who rose to be viceroy of Peru. Conceive, if you can, the gap between the foreign and friendless young hawker and the Viceroy of Peru—holder of an office coveted by every one of those grandees of Spain privileged to remain with heads covered in the presence of the Emperor

himself. Yet the man who struggled across the Andes to Chile and Peru, and set up his humble stall in the shade of the cathedral at Lima, bridged this mighty gap, and won his way to the throne of the most important vice-royalty in the world.

The main features of Ambrose O'Higgins' life in Spanish South America are well enough known. He prospered in his commercial life, and, having made sufficient money for his needs, offered his services to the Chilean Government for the surveying of roads and

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A point to be noticed in O'Higgins' remarkable life is that he was no less than forty years of age when he entered the Spanish colonial service. He flung away the cares and details of his part, and entered the arena, handicapped by some twenty years.

\$4 net. The Century Company, New York.

"A Diagnosis and Other Poems." By William Pegram.

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The diagnosis is that of the ills of life and their prevention and cure, for like a good physician the poet would, by warning and admonition, forestall evil if possible. The weaknesses of humanity are not pointed out in a spirit of discouragement, for a remedy is always also shown. Truth is the prophylactic and medicine in one. Man needs to understand the real nature of fear, selfishness, envy, despair—in short, all the "sins," big and little, that sum up "man's inhumanity to man," which is, after all, the real preventive of happiness, and health of mind and spirit. Having, through ignorance or wilfulness, acquired unhappiness, if he will but pause to analyze this state of mind, man can regain happiness through selfishness and an understanding of the laws that govern his inter-

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The great war is nearing the close of its third unenlightened year. Professor Powers' work, to those who have not read it, will bring a helpful understanding of the circumstances which have militated against the early conclusion of a satisfactory peace.

Of this book, Lord Cromer, in *The Yale Review*, said:

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75 cents net. The Little Book Publisher, Arlington, New Jersey.

"White Nights and Other Russian Impressions," by Arthur Ruhl.

Mr. Ruhl's book is timely. It is not a routine descriptive book, but one of those rare studies which seem to get at the very essence of a people and its environment. It would be hard to give more vivid impressions of Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev, or of Russian ways of thinking, feeling, etc., than are conveyed in the chapter called "White Nights," while the titles "At the Front," "Russia's War Prisoners," and "The Volga Refugees" give the reader a vivid picture of present conditions in Russia. The chapter on the Duma, carried as it is to the very date of the revolution, supplies information nowhere else available at this moment when it is so greatly needed by American readers.

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"Primitive Worship and The Prayer Book; Rationale, History and Doctrine of the English, Irish, Scottish and American Books," by Rev. Walker Gwynne, D. D., author of "The Christian Year."

In view of the work of revision of the Prayer Book in England, the United States and Canada, it is hoped that this book may be of special value at this time. The object of the author has been to utilize the vast amount of learning which so many and so able liturgical scholars have stored up in the past, so that the general reader, as well as teacher and candidate for Holy Orders, may have a book of modest di-

mensions that will give a bird's-eye view of its subject. To the student it may serve as an introduction to a more exact study later on of those treasures of devotion which, in all ages of the Church, and in many tongues, have been the censors on which have been laid the heart thoughts and petitions of martyrs and saints.

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"God, the Invisible King," by H. G. Wells.

"Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God he begins at no beginning, he works to no end." These are the words of Mr. Britling in H. G. Wells' novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and they are of particular significance now in view of the recent publication of Mr. Wells' new book, "God the Invisible King." For in this volume Mr. Wells sets forth with the eloquence of utter sincerity the religious belief toward which Mr. Britling felt his way. This is the religion which Mr. Wells himself has sought and found in the ruins of the devastated countries of Europe, a religion of immediate faith in God, "a protest against dogmas which have obscured, perverted and prevented the religious life of mankind," a religion intended not primarily to shock and insult, but to liberate.

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"The Tree of Life," by Dr. George W. Carey.

The author is widely known for his text books on the chemistry of life. To him, so-called disease is neither a "person, place nor thing." The present book covers the wonders and possibilities of the human body, the "bridge of life," "optic thalamus." The book is an expose of physical regeneration on the three-fold plane of bodily, chemical and spiritual observation.

Published by Dr. George W. Carey, Los Angeles.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "The New Map of Africa," "The New Map of Europe," "Foundations of the Ottoman Empire," etc., will return from Paris within the next month. Dr. Gibbons is scheduled to lecture at Chatauqua, and despite the dangers of ocean travel he is planning to keep the engagement. Since the outbreak of the war he has lived with his family in France, from which he has contributed articles to the Century Magazine on international diplomacy. Dr. Gibbons' new book, "Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," is announced by the Century Company.

The J. B. Lippincott Company will publish shortly the second edition of "The Fundamentals of Naval Service," by Commander Yates Stirling U. S. N. Major Lincoln C. Andrews' "Fundamentals of Military Service" will appear in the fifth edition about the same time. These are not only authorized by the military and naval authorities for men preparing for and active members of the two branches of service, but are eminently interesting and valuable to the general reader and citizen. The President of the B. & O. and other captains of industry, have found Major Andrews' book of the utmost practical value to the men under them in those great industrial organizations that may be compared to armies.

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Overland Monthly



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



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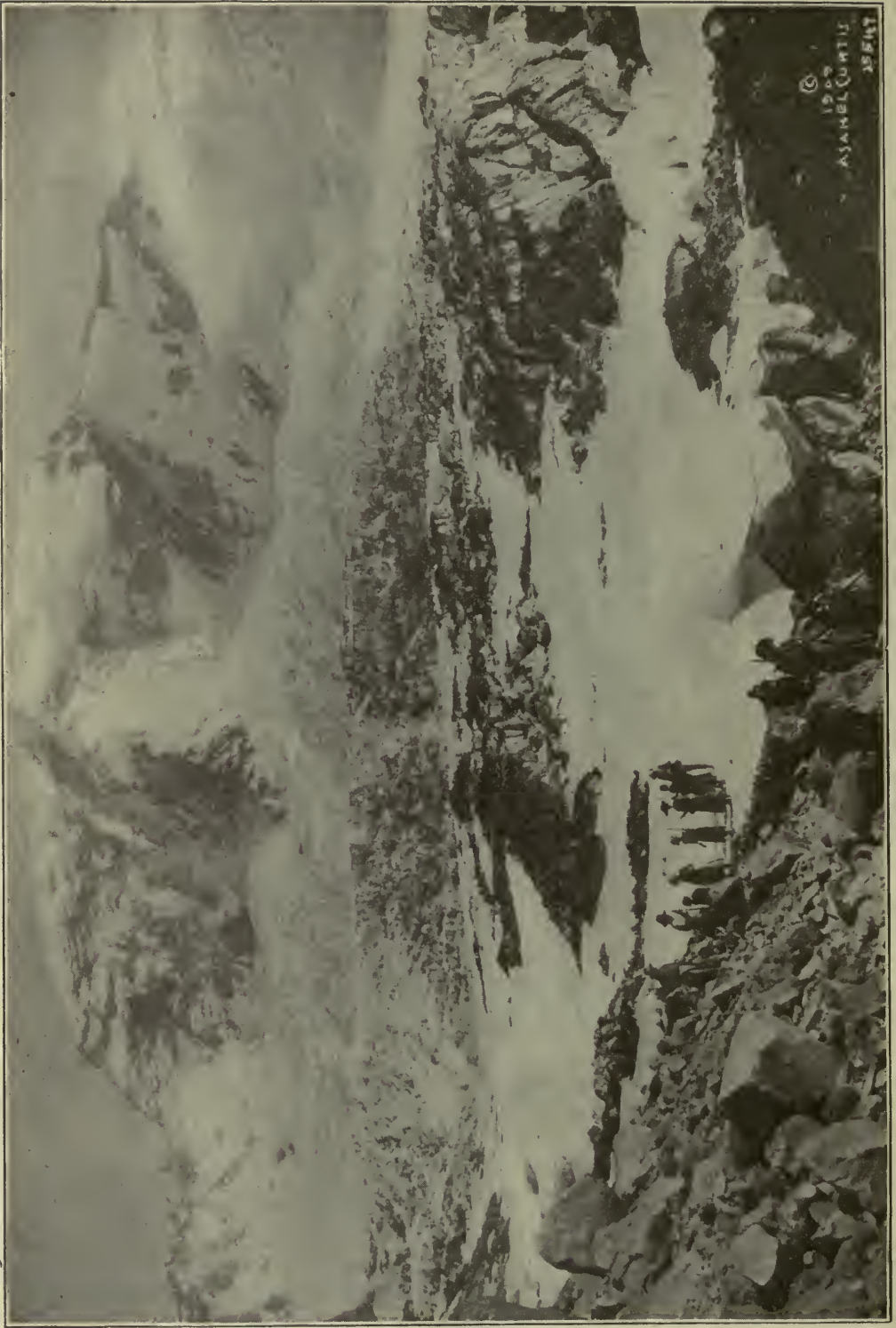
VESPERS

The birds are sleepy, yet they pray
Unto their god, in humble way,
That he will give them, for their need,
To-morrow, store of drink and seed.

They thank him, gravely reverent,
That he, this day, in bounty sent—
For that he is so kind and good—
Much folk to walk within their wood

And glad them by their raiment bright
From leap of sun till lack of light,
And give them heart, the whole day long,
To labor at their task of song.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



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1909
ASABEL CURTIS
355113

On an Alaskan glacier moving towards the coast water.



Cape Resurrection, Alaska, a notable landmark for navigators.

ALONG THE ALASKA COAST

From a Diary Letter Written on the "Northwestern" Between
Nome and Seattle, August 29th to September 11th, 1916

By Grace A. Hill

AUGUST 29, 1916, 10:30. We have been properly "seen off" by half of Nome gathered at the docks as usual to speed the parting boat. We have ridden the waves on the venturesome little "Genevieve," and been taken on board the big "Northwestern," and now we are being held for a last good-bye look at Nome.

Nome is really quite beautiful from this distance. The sea is breaking in a long line of curling white foam along the beach, and behind rise the fine, clean hills. Although they display no vestige of a tree or shrub, their colorings of green and brown and gray have a freshly washed look. I wish I could make you "feel" those hills. To me they are like a benediction: they



Ketchikan, Alaska, an important shipping point on the long sound.

stand so imposingly strong and peaceful in the midst of a stormy land.

September 1. Nothing exciting has taken place on board the "Northwestern" other than usually happens during the first stormy days between Nome and Unimak Pass. We came through the Pass last night. It was pleasant to see land again, and the mountains were decked in scarves of mist. Soon it was too dark to see anything but the black outlines of the hills and a few twinkling lights near the water. A little brown sparrow flew in our rigging, and after cocking his head uncertainly for a moment, flew off, giving us to understand that if it were a little later he should like to have gone south with us. Two stormy petrels flew on deck and were picked up by one of the passengers. To-day we are in the Pacific, which for once, even in these seas, seems worthy of its name. We begin to see some floating sea-weed. Black swarms of shear-water are everywhere. Three big whales came near enough to greet us, and then passed by, their great dark bulks diving along near the surface. The sea is beautifully smooth, and

sometimes the scattering flocks of birds, skimming the surface, seem to drift before the boat like autumn leaves before the wind. Now and then, too, a sedate puffin dives and plumes himself near enough for us to admire his gorgeously colored mask, and then is off, flapping the water as he goes. It seems strange to see other birds than gulls so far from shore.

September 2. Another beautiful day. The sea is so smooth as to form a mirror for the flocks upon flocks of low-flying birds which constantly drift by. Sometimes they settle on the water in big black masses, which appear in the distance like drifts of dark seaweed or debris. Once the steamer almost ran into one of these congregations before the birds took flight. They took wing, churning the water for several hundred yards as though a small tornado had settled upon the smooth sea. We are headed for Seward, and at our left is the long, jagged line of hazily distant mountains. Sometimes a shifting fog envelops us completely and drearily, but it quickly thins to hang like a golden veil between us and the sun, so that a beauti-



Serrated Peaks that cut the everlasting snows.



Latouche, from the hills rising in the background.

ful amber light is cast over the water. In one of these weirdly beautiful moments we counted five great whales who broke the glassy surface and went bounding along as though for their morning plunge. Flashing their great, shining tails, they stirred the water into spray and foam, which caught the yellow light. Two came so near we could hear the shrill whistles with which they sent up their spouting fountains.

The peaceful, early hour, the weirdly yellow light, and the great, graceful, shining bodies of the whales, as they disported so joyously, made one think of them as splendid gods of the sea surprised at their morning bath.

September 3. We wakened at two o'clock this morning, to find ourselves in Seward. We had been four days and a half on the water, and were making our first landing. We came on deck sleepy and shivering, expecting to see, as in all towns farther north, the distant lights of a town, with a low line of hills in the background. We found ourselves a little glow-worm at the feet of a great, black silhouette of a mountain, which towered straight

above us into the sky. It was as though a great black blot had covered half the starry sky. And to add to the strangeness of the scene, a fringe of northern lights was sending up its quavering fingers above the mountains. The bright lights of the town were beside us, and danced on the water all about us. When we looked about it was easy to imagine ourselves in a quiet lake hemmed in by imposing mountains. Almost immediately, "gray dawn" began to appear, and before we left at five we were taking pictures.

Seward is modern as well as beautiful, with wide streets and paved sidewalks. There is a picturesque grouping of shade trees near the waterfront, and behind rise snow-streaked Matterhorn-like mountains. These are clothed far up with trees and a rich green growth of shrubs and mosses. As we steamed out, their tops were bathed in a pink glow from the rising sun, and they threw a beautiful reflection out upon the water.

Resurrection Bay, as we crept out between its walls of tree-clad, snow-laden mountains, was like a fairy-land.



Down the flank of a gigantic peak.



Latouche, Alaska.

It was so fresh and wild in the cool, clean, morning light that it seemed we were the first human intruders upon Nature's choicest retreat. And all was so still it seemed the world was awed by its own beauty. When we passed Resurrection Cape it was draped in a band of billowy mist which was rolling in from the sea, and into which shortly we sailed.

Five hours later we stopped at Latouche, where we were to load with copper ore. Latouche consists merely of the buildings which belong to the mining company. Behind them rises a straight brown wall of rock, in which are many small, black openings like mystic caves, and in these we could see the figures of men at work. While we watched, there were several loud explosions, and each time a broken mass was shot out from the face of the rock. The men in the caves were not at all disturbed, although to us their position seemed most perilous. Every one enjoyed the day on shore, walking about the beach or picking berries or flowers or pretty leaves from the hill-sides. There were quantities of a large species of huckleberry, and great, luscious raspberries and salmon-

berries just waiting to be picked. There was here a dense Washington-State-like vegetation, with all sorts of ferns, beds of broad-leaved skunk cabbages, the vivid red berries of the "devil's walking stick," elder bushes and solomon-seal, and the picturesque tufts of low-growing cornel or bunch berries. There were a few late flowers, including fire-weed, fall dandelion, monk's hood, and a profusion of a variety of spiked orchids. At twelve o'clock in the morning we sailed away, having spent twelve hours at Latouche.

September 4. We came into Valdez this morning at five o'clock. Valdez, like Seward, is nestled at the feet of snow-capped mountains. Just behind the town, between two mountain ridges, is a great, spreading glacier. From the boat it seemed that with a few minutes' walk one might stand upon it. But we were told it was farther than we thought, and with the short stay we were to make, it was impossible.

Along the waterfront at Valdez were unusually large flocks of beautiful, lazy glaucus gulls. They perched upon the piles or languidly stretched their wings and dipped their feet at the water's edge. This easeful indolence



Juneau City at the base of Mt. Juneau, Southern Alaska, capital of the territory, and the site of several big mining properties.

was the result of the quantities of dead and dying salmon in the water and about the shore, which furnished convenient food. The little streams along the beach were full of fish trying to work their way up, only to bruise and wear themselves out and be carried down a prey to the birds.

The town of Valdez is quaint and pretty, with a profusion of towering cotton-wood shade trees which measure their lengths on the mountains above. Because these trees are so unusually tall and straight they give a vivid impression of having received inspiration from the snowy peaks.

Valdez has pretty lawns and gardens, and every place allowed to run wild is filled with masses of picturesque vegetation. One characteristic of the town seemed to be the quantities of plump red-clover blossoms which grew everywhere along the walks, and each passenger, as though moved by the same impulse, came back carrying a dewy bouquet. On the whole, we liked Valdez so much that when the whistle called us we were loath to return to the boat.

When a few hours later we drew up to the long wharf of Cordova, we met with our first rain, which was literally descending in a sheet. From the wharves of Cordova the town is not in sight. Here, however, are freight sheds and a large cannery. To reach the town one must walk or take a jitney up a winding boulevard-way around the hill-side, where, with the mountains about it, rests Cordova. Our concern for the present was not the town, however, for cheerily puffing in the rain was the engine which was to take us up the picturesque bed of Copper River to Miles Glacier. The trip was a gay picnic, with luncheon served en route. The famous glacier did not fall short of our expectations, and pushed off a great blue mass of ice with a thundering roar and splash. Arriving back at the dock at nine o'clock in the evening, there was still time for a trip through town and a movie or dance.

Leaving Cordova toward morning, we went back to Orca, where we spent a day loading with canned salmon. Orca is principally a cannery, clinging



The town of Seward, Alaska Coast.

to the feet of a steep mountain. Although the canning season was over, we enjoyed looking through the big, clean cannery.

We sailed from Orca out into the Gulf of Alaska, through rocky walls which gave the fantastic impression

of being great gray hammocks suspended to cradle the snow. Here once more in full sweep from the Pacific we met with a fine storm, which temporarily cleared the decks of poor sailors.

The next morning the sun rose on a quiet sea. Away at our left was a long



Mouth of the famous Mulr Glacier, Alaska.



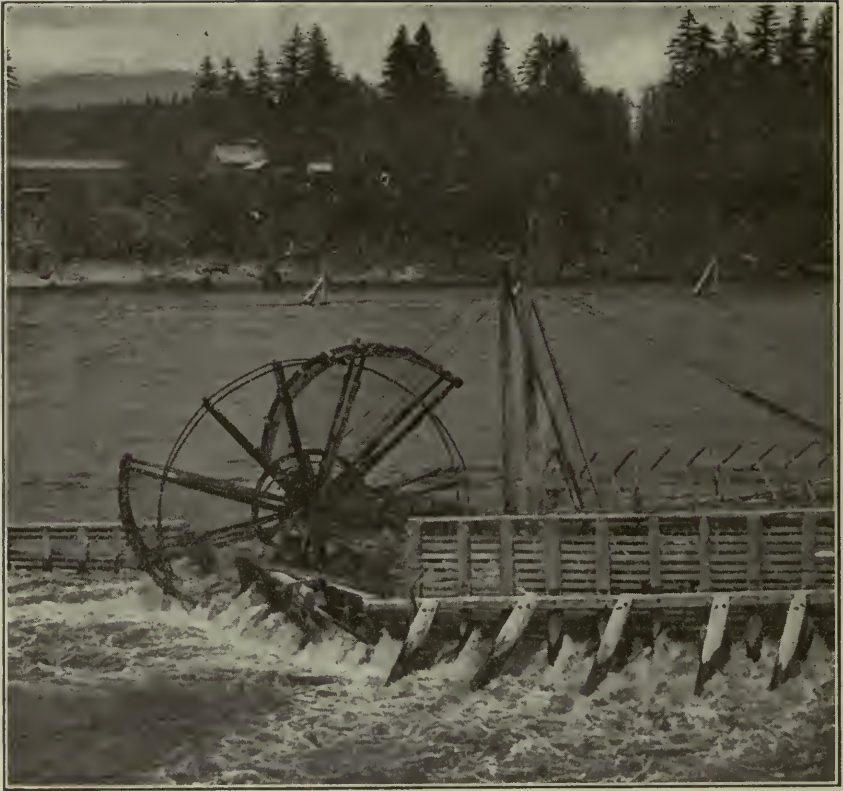
Distant snow peaks bordering a desert plain.

line of pure white mountains headed by Mount St. Elias, which the guide-book says is 18,017 feet high. Rosy and gleaming in the morning sun, they looked like a row of giant icebergs floating in the sea. Later we came within sight of the shore, with its glacier-bearing mountains. Here we saw Malispina basking her snows of a thousand years in the sun. All day these wonders lasted, and just before sunset we passed Brady's Glacier. There were great green floating icebergs everywhere, and we were told they came from Muir Glacier, of which unfortunately we did not get a glimpse. Sometimes a green, sparkling mass passed near us, which was studded with scores of resting gulls.

We were soon in Icy Straits, where the scenery was unusually pretty, with jagged promontories and many little rocky islands. The water was as still as upon a little inland sea, and to look

at the rocky wall about us, it was easy to imagine we were in some wild, unfrequented mountain lake. The day closed with a sunset of glorious splendor. It was directly in our wake, gilding the soft, low-hanging clouds and the white tops of the little waves the boat left, and shedding a radiance upon the line of white mountains through which we had passed. Nearer promontories were hazily purple, while those nearest were in vivid contrast black. It all seemed to remind us that we were leaving the land of rosy, snow-clad mountains, beautiful skies, unsurpassed glory and enchanting mystery.

At eleven o'clock, when purple-black darkness had settled over all, we saw in the distance a cluster of twinkling lights. Before long we were steaming up the narrow canal which has Douglas and Treadwell on the left and Juneau on the right. They were

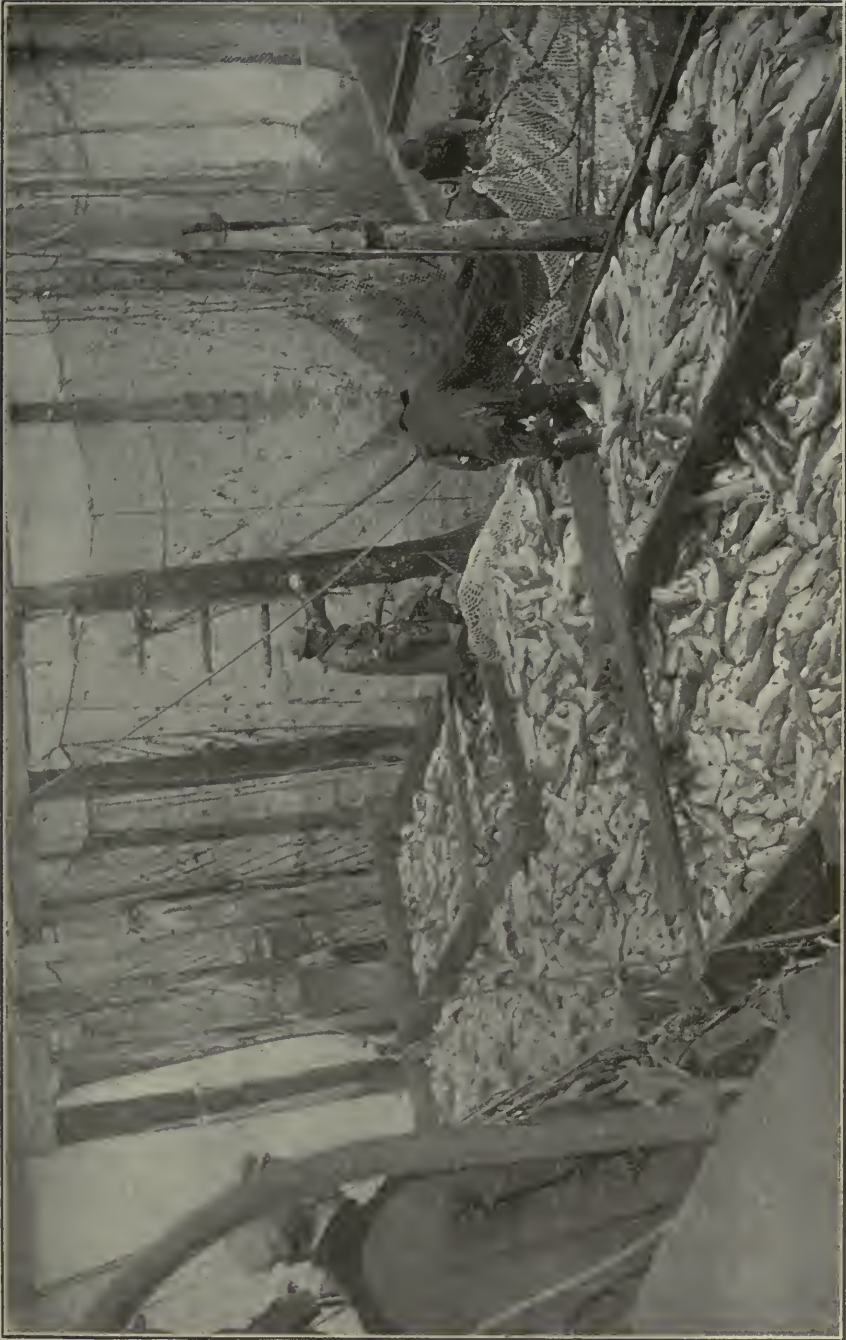


A salmon fish trap near the mouth of a river.

all brightly illuminated, and rows of light ran up the mountain-sides to the large buildings of the mines, which, with their many windows and bright lights, looked like gleaming jewels in the blackness. We found another sleeping town, and our passengers moved up the brightly-lighted streets in a body, when they dispersed, each to seek his own pleasure. Some went to buy curios and post cards, others to see the government buildings, while still others took autos and rode along a smooth, picturesque road, which led far up around the hillside to the great stamp mill.

September 8. As we steamed up Sumner Strait a stiff breeze from the Pacific overtook us, as though fearing we were to have too peaceful a time in the walled trail of the "Inside Passage." The deep blue water was lashed into white-caps and the waves broke with picturesque fury at the

rocky feet of the mountains. Although the sky was not overcast, a few storm clouds of mist hung over the mountains, casting forbidding shadows out upon the water. Near the shore we watched two little white, twin boats courageously breast the storm, now riding the waves and now lost to sight in the troughs. The gulls showed their usual appreciation of an angry sea by dipping and flashing joyously through the spray which broke from each curling wave, carrying an iridescent rainbow in its fall. For once, all too soon, we found sheltered water upon rounding a little, rocky light-house-topped promontory. And the day closed in Clarence Straits with another gorgeous sunset, this time in black and gold, like a Japanese painting. Like the sunset of the night before, it was in our wake, a path of glory to the purple mountains which walled us from the receding land of mystery.



A load of twenty thousand salmon dumped on scows to be carried to a cannery.



Salmon fishers of the Alaskan Coast drawing in a seine of fish

September 9. At four-thirty this morning we tied up at the dock of Ketchikan. Here we traveled in parties up the silent, dewy streets, hailing each other as though upon a desert island. Ketchikan, "the first city of Alaska, clinging partly to the hillside," is, as the guide-book says, "harmless enough." We may now consider the grandest scenery of our trip to be behind us. We liked Ketchikan, though. It was clean and fresh in the morning light. And we liked its ancient totem poles, so grim and silent and pathetic in their alien surroundings.

All day Sunday our big steamer spent twisting its way through the

close-wooded banks of the part of our trip known as the "Inside Passage." While farther north it seemed sometimes that we were upon a wild mountain lake, here the narrow passage suggested a peaceful river which flowed between two steep, tree-clad walls.

Lest you become weary, I will slip over this better-known part of the journey. To me and others who had spent several years in the wastes of the Far North it was a happy entry to the land of civilization and of loved ones.

Monday afternoon, having been nearly fourteen days en route, we landed in Seattle.

THE WIND IN THE PINES

I watched the Druid sheathe a darting light
Deep in a white fair breast; the sob of death
I heard, and by the altar's embers bright
I heard one cry with low and moaning breath.

At twilight in the pines I dream once more
I see the glow and hear the priest's grave tone,
And the moaning through the shadows o'er and o'er
Of him who loved the heart upon the stone!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

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The famous bonanza mining town of Virginia City, Nevada, at the base of Mt. Davidson. Part of the town was undermined and caved in during the eager excavation of rich ledges.

Reminiscences of Early Virginia City, Nevada

By A Californian

The following chapter from the life of George T. Marye, a well known pioneer, gives some account of the activities in Virginia City, Nevada, of one who carried on a large business there during the most interesting period of that wonderful town's brief and brilliant career. Marye was so prominently identified with the leading industry of the place that any account of his life there is to some extent a history of the mining development of Virginia City.

IT WAS in February, 1869, that George T. Marye first went to Virginia City, when Sharon and Ralston were the leading figures in Comstock affairs, the one in Virginia City and the other in San Francisco, before the railroad was built from Reno, and when heavy freight was still brought into the town, and ore hauled from the mines to the mills, on great wagons, with trailers, drawn by twelve and fourteen horse or mule teams, and lighter freight, such as fuel gathered

by Chinese in the surrounding hills, was brought in on donkey-back, that patient animal dubbed by Ross Brown the Washoe canary, on the principle of "lucis a non lucendo," for certainly his vociferous notes were not those of a song-bird. Marye went there to take charge of the Virginia City house of the firm of Marye & Cahill. The firm had two branches, one in San Francisco, under the management of Cahill, and one in Virginia City, of which Marye took charge. Not long



Another view of Virginia City, Nevada.

afterwards, it was found expedient to conduct the business of the two offices entirely independently of each other, and Cahill took over the exclusive ownership of the San Francisco office, and Marye became the sole owner of the office in Virginia City. That office, under his management, did an enormous business, and during the

years from 1873 to 1879, both inclusive—that is, during the Great Bonanza period—it is believed that fully one-half of the entire brokerage business of Virginia City was transacted there. Marye found it situated in the busiest and most frequented part of C street, on the west side, a few doors south of the Agency of the Bank of



Belcher mine, Gold Hill, Nevada.

California, and he always kept it at the old stand. In the fire of 1873 the building occupied in part by it was destroyed, but Marye bought the property from the former owner, F. J. Hammel, and at once rebuilt and reopened the office where it had been. In the greater conflagration of 1875 he was fortunate in not losing his building, though the flames burnt right up to it and partly destroyed it, but the office, through a queer freak of the fire, was practically uninjured and his business uninterrupted. Wells-Fargo & Co.'s express and banking office was just across the street, a few doors farther south, and when the San Francisco-

opposition from a new competitor, the recently organized Union Express Company of California. Charles E. McLane had succeeded his brother, Louis, as President of Wells-Fargo's, and they both owed their selection to the fact that their brother, Allan McLane, was President of the Pacific Mail Company, whose vessels were virtually the only means of regular transportation from California to the Eastern States and elsewhere, and Wells-Fargo's naturally wanted to receive favors, or, at all events, to make favorable traffic arrangements with the only regular carrier. But when the railroad overland was opened the situ-



Sugar Loaf Mountain, Virginia City, Nevada.

Nevada Bank opened an agency some years later in the building opposite the Bank of California, on the southeast corner of C and Taylor streets, the four most important places of business in the town were within a stone's throw of each other.

Wells-Fargo, though, when Marye first became its neighbor on the Comstock, was not as flourishing as it had been, and as it became again not long afterwards. It was under the rather feeble management of Charles E. McLane, and was meeting with vigorous

ation changed entirely. Shippers wanted to send their goods by the quickest route, and the Union Pacific, or those in control of it, soon organized an express company of their own, and Wells-Fargo could only bill from the Pacific States as far east as Ogden, and from east of the Missouri River only as far west as Omaha. Lloyd Tevis and D. O. Mills conceived the plan—the idea originated with Tevis—of starting an opposition express company in California and associating with them Charles Crocker of the Central Pacific,



The Union mine shaft and Mexican mine mill, a famous property in the bonanza period, and still producing small ledges.

through whom it was expected favorable terms with that company could be made for the new enterprise. The plan was carried out and added not a little to the difficulties of Wells-Fargo's. Its stock dropped from about par, or \$100, to \$13, and at the latter figure or thereabouts, Tevis, Mills and Crocker quietly picked up enough of the stock to secure the control of the company. They levied an assessment of \$5 a share on the stock of Wells-Fargo and sold to it their own recently organized company, which thus went out of existence. Tevis became President of Wells-Fargo's, opposition was over, and through Crocker, arrangements were speedily made with the Union Pacific Railroad to enable Wells-Fargo's to issue through bills of lading over the lines of that road, and the like privilege was given to the express company of the Union Pacific over the lines of the Central Pacific. Wells-Fargo & Co. had far the best of that bargain, and its stock rapidly advanced again, and it paid six per cent on par for a long time, and until it did even far better.

In 1869, as in the two preceding years, prospecting, though actively carried on in the Comstock mines, did not lead to any great discoveries. The most striking development was the substitution of a dividend for an assessment in the Hale & Norcross, and that was a development in mining management rather than in mining exploration. But the indications in the mines were promising, and the interest of mining men in the great lode never flagged, and that of the general public knew but little abatement. Conditions underground were, for the most part, the same as they had been, the east and west walls of the vein were as well defined as ever, and the vein formation between them was the same as when the early finds which had dazzled the mining world had been made in the upper levels, and so there was a feeling of confidence that important discoveries might be made at any time. And it may be remarked *en passant* that as those conditions are still much the same at the present day, it may not be altogether unreasonable to hope that some new and important find



An engine crew of the Virginia & Truckee R. R., bucking a winter snow blockade with a powerful engine.

may be again made on the Comstock.

In the summer of 1869, Marye was called back to San Francisco to give his attention to the affairs of the office there. Edward Cahill, who had charge, was the soul of honor himself, and therefore the less likely to suspect dishonesty in others, but he had noticed various irregularities which caused a feeling of uneasiness, and so he summoned Marye to his aid. Marye was a first-class accountant, and at once began the conduct of a thorough investigation of the books and business of the San Francisco house, which was promptly followed by the disappearance of the clerk towards whom suspicion pointed. Subsequent examination disclosed the embezzlement of valuable stocks and sums of money amounting in the aggregate to more than sixty thousand dollars. Edward Cahill's big heart and his great reluctance to suspect dishonesty in others might seem to have rendered him more than usually likely to become the prey of untrustworthy employees, and yet so far as is known, this was the only instance where he suf-

fered any loss through the peculations or dishonesty of any person in his employment. When we take into account the enormous volume of the brokerage business of those days, the rapidity with which it was transacted, the wide and abrupt fluctuations in the values of the securities dealt in, and the atmosphere of feverish speculation in which it all took place, it becomes a subject of wonder that there were not more cases of dishonesty among the many clerks in the brokerage houses. The certainty of early detection, no doubt, had a strong deterrent influence, but it is none the less immensely to the credit of a numerous body of men in trying and responsible positions, and in the very vortex of stock speculation, that there were so few cases of dishonesty among them.

The year 1869 was far advanced when Marye was able to return again to Virginia City, as the occurrences in the office in San Francisco had been tedious and vexatious. During the remainder of 1869, and until late in the spring of 1870, he spent his time about equally between San Francisco and



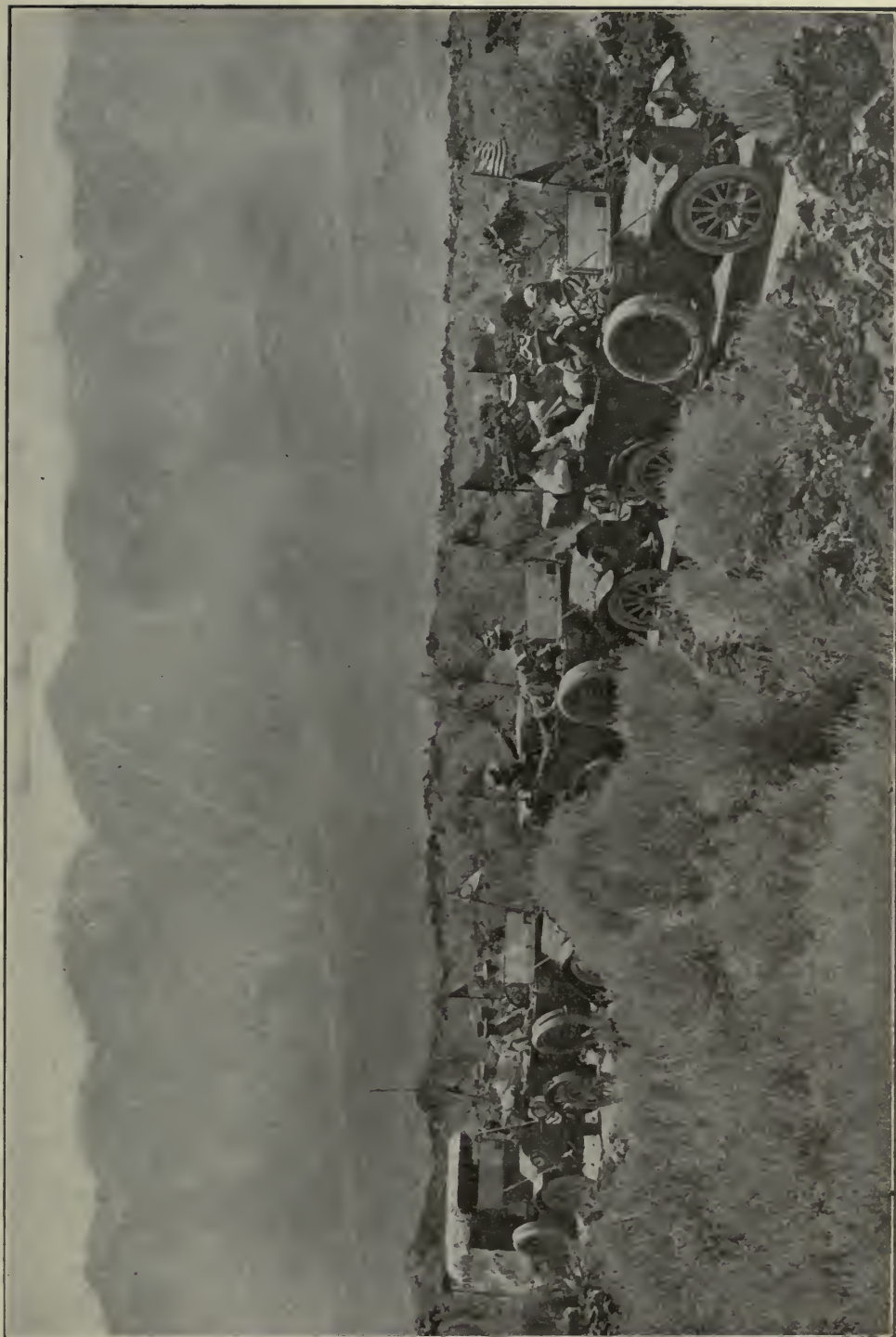
A Nevada prospector's camp.

Virginia City, giving his attention to the business of both offices. It was not until well along in 1870 that he was able to give his undivided attention to the business in Virginia City, and he then busied himself with the organization of the office and the extension of its business. He was very fortunate in having time allowed him to perfect all those preliminary arrangements, and also to pass through a very serious spell of illness at the close of 1870 before the occurrence of those interesting events which preceded and accompanied the development of the great ore body in Crown Point and Belcher in 1871.

The Crown Point and Belcher Development.

It certainly behooved those in Marye's line of business to get their houses in order and to be prepared for what was coming. No one, of course, at that time anticipated what was immediately ahead; a great many people hoped and looked for new discoveries on the Comstock, but no one expected that the next one would so far outstrip all that had gone before

or that it would be attended with such an unprecedented upheaval in the stock market. At the time when it first began to be bruited about that there was an improvement in Crown Point, the shares of stock in the mine were selling in the neighborhood of three dollars. Those same shares afterwards went to eighteen hundred dollars, but between those extremes of depression and inflation, and in the gradual advance upward, there were many and wide fluctuations, and the business in the stock of the company, as indeed in the shares of the other mines of the great lode which participated in the advance, was enormous. J. P. Jones, who was afterwards for many years in the United States Senate from Nevada, was at that time superintendent of the Crown Point; he and Marye were friendly, and he was a client of Marye's office. For a time he told Marye frankly about the situation in the mine, but later he not unnaturally became less communicative, as he was trying while prices were still low to prevail on Alvinza Hayward to buy a large block of the stock for himself and to carry a goodly amount for him as well. He did in-



A motor party traveling over a sage brush plain in Nevada.



Owens Lake and Valley, due to excessive faulting

duce him to take that course, and Hayward gradually bought enough of the stock to secure and hold control of the mine as long as it was worth having.

Of the progress of those stirring events, William Sharon was no unobservant spectator. He followed developments very closely, and he soon made up his mind that if there was an ore body of any magnitude in Crown Point, Belcher, the next mine on the south, would have its share. He promptly started in to buy Belcher stock, and he succeeded in securing the actual stock control of the mine without putting the shares beyond reach on an already excited market. This no easy achievement was accomplished largely in Marye's office and through his judicious handling of the business. The venture turned out highly profitable to Sharon, for Belcher proved a better mine even than Crown Point, and the shares which he bought at less than one hundred dollars afterwards advanced to two thousand dollars and over, and not long after that Sharon told Marye that he was the second richest man in Cali-

fornia, D. O. Mills, his principal associate in the Union Mill & Mining Company, and in other Washoe enterprises being the richest.

The great boom, the halcyon period of Virginia City's chequered existence, was now fairly under way, to continue with many vicissitudes until the mighty market of 1886 marked the beginning of the end of greatness. During the ten or twelve years from the early discoveries on the Comstock to the uncovering of the unprecedented ore-body in Crown Point and Belcher, very considerable progress had been made in the general growth of California and Nevada. The railroad had been built from Sacramento to Reno and Ogden, and the old stage route from Sacramento to Virginia City by way of Strawberry Creek, Tahoe and Carson had been virtually abandoned. The travel now all went by rail to Reno, and from there by stage coach through the Truckee Meadows and the hot springs at the foot of the mountain range, over the picturesque Geiger Grade into the far-famed mining metropolis of Nevada. The mention of

the Geiger Grade will always bring back pleasing memories to many old Comstockers and to other travelers, too, who passed over it at the right season and the right time. The mountains traversed by it were stern and rugged, sterile and even forbidding in appearance, with little to hide their bareness save a sparse growth of sage brush and a bountiful scattering of huge boulders of rock. In winter, when the mountain sides were white with snow, the roadway frozen hard and rendered dangerous by the slippery ice, and the Washoe zephyr whistled around the stage in fierce blasts which even the most imaginative could not construe into a lullaby, there was nothing particularly agreeable about the trip. And in summer, during the long, hot days, when the burning sun poured down from a cloudless sky on the bare, treeless road and hillside, the wayfarer sweltering in the glare of light and heat had little thought of enjoyment. But when on the evening of such a day he started out at night-fall in the coach from Virginia City to Reno over the Grade, he had before him a drive which could not be sur-

passed anywhere. The moon soon flooded the mountains with its gentle light and softened and concealed the barrenness of their aspect, while the gigantic boulders cast afar deep, mysterious shadows. The dull-colored, dusty sage brush, idealized by the mellow rays of the moon, took on shapes of fantastic beauty, and, in the freshness of the evening, after the scorching heat of the day, exhaled a pungent, aromatic fragrance. The beauties of the landscape thus transfigured by the enchantress, the freshness and the fragrance of the early night, the exhilaration of the drive behind six spirited horses under the control of skillful hands, combined to secure a lasting place in the memory for the trip over the Geiger Grade by moonlight in summer as a sort of Washoe midsummer night's dream. After the opening of the Virginia City & Truckee Railroad there was not much passenger traffic over the Grade, but as long as the palmy days of Virginia City continued, the road was well kept up, and it was much used as a pleasure drive to the hot springs at the foot of the mountains.

To be continued.

FOR THE DAY'S BEGINNING

Did you start the day with gladness, with laughing, buoyant gladness?
 And did you send a happy smile with kindness bursting through?
 A heart perhaps was weary, with an outlook dark and dreary,
 And needing just the sunshine which might have come from you.

Did you start the day with gladness, with blithe and cheerful gladness?
 And did you call "good morning" in a merry, bracing tone?
 Did you find the joy of bringing just a little bit of singing
 Into other lives whose problems may be harder than your own?

Did you start the day with gladness, with lilted, loving gladness?
 And did you speak your gratitude to One whose blessing brings
 A joy and peace in living, a pleasure earned by giving,
 And a real and true enjoyment for the higher, nobler things?

ELLA FLATT KELLER.

War Preparations on the Pacific Coast

By Arthur L. Dahl

WAR may be very destructive, but the business of preparing for war is a very stimulating and a tremendous thing. There is scarcely an industry that does not feel the mighty impulse of the Nation's military policy. Some cities, by reason of their location, feel the fever more than others equally large, but more remote from the centers of concentration of the fighting forces.

San Francisco is the base of the government operations on the Pacific

Coast, and it is certainly a busy and a warlike city. Its streets are filled with uniformed officers and enlisted men, the flags of the various recruiting and examining branches of the Service are flying before numerous buildings, and troops of incoming soldiers, sailors and marines are landing daily from other Coast points, to take up their temporary abode at the Presidio.

Uncle Sam has had established at San Francisco for many years huge warehouses to supply the normal needs

of the Army and Navy on the Coast, and in the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. These supply depots today are hives of industry, for the work of providing necessary clothing and equipment for the thousands of new recruits flocking into all branches of the military service is a tremendous task. To provide the great quantities of clothing, shoes, hats and other items required, the Government has placed orders with many of the largest manufacturers on the Pacific Coast which call for the utilization of every facility of those plants. Hundreds of thousands of shoes, shirts, uniforms, underwear, and caps are being made in the workshops of San Francisco and other nearby plants under contract to the government, and some plants are running continuously, having three shifts of workers.

In addition to the thou-



One of the "fighting tanks" used during recruiting in San Francisco

sands of regular soldiers and National Guard concentrated near San Francisco, there are over three thousand student officers in training at the Presidio, and the task of providing food and living supplies for these men is by no means a simple one. The farmers and vegetable growers within a radius of a hundred miles of San Francisco are called upon to furnish their produce to feed the hungry and husky prep. soldiers, and thousands of dollars are spent daily for food supplies. It is estimated that at the present time more than a million dollars a month is being spent by the government in San Francisco alone for food and other perishable supplies, practically all of which is furnished from nearby points. This sum will be greatly increased as more soldiers are concentrated near the city. Although the Presidio grounds are large, and the facilities adequate for many thousands of men, yet the officers in charge are already taking steps to construct a temporary city for the housing of the new army. Contracts have already been let for millions of feet of lumber to be used in constructing barracks for the men at a point near San Francisco, the exact location of which has not yet been announced. The contract for the lumber for these barracks was such a large one that all the lumbermen of the city got together and pooled their facilities for filling the Government needs, and when the officers asked how long the millmen needed to fill the order, the lumbermen replied that the material could be delivered at the designated place within a week. To do this, however, would deplete the stocks of many of the big mills of the city, but the timber resources of the Coast are tremendous, and whatever the demand for lumber it will be met as quickly as the material is needed.

According to the Chamber of Commerce, every woolen mill on the Pacific Coast is working for the government alone, making cloth for uniforms and overcoats, and in weaving blankets. Buckingham & Hecht, the largest shoe manufacturers in the West, are devot-

ing all their time to government orders, and a San Francisco manufacturer of gloves has more than 400 employees engaged on a war contract for gloves. Even the soap needed by the Army in the Western Department, including Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines, is made by an Oakland plant. In fact, it is said that practically all supplies needed by the Army, except arms and ammunition, are produced on the Coast and are used for the needs of the Western Division. Even a portion of the ammunition is made at the Benicia arsenal of the Government.

One would think that the jewelry business would be the last to feel the impulse of increased business due to the war, and yet in San Francisco every jeweler reported an unprecedented demand for certain articles. Every wrist-watch in stock was sold within a day or two after the student officers' camp was established, and the manufacturing jewelers found it impossible to make flag buttons fast enough to keep up with the demand. Shreve & Co., one of the foremost jewelry firms in this country, and operating a very large factory at San Francisco, found such a demand for a small gold flag-button they put out to sell for \$2.50, that it was necessary to utilize several other departments of their factory to meet the needs of the trade.

Ever since war was declared, the business section of San Francisco has been decked with American flags, and the colors of the Allies. The recruiting stations are centers of interest, and crowds are always on hand to watch the men who apply for enlistment. Many schemes are used to attract the attention of passers-by, including the use of phonographs playing patriotic airs, or some pretty girl dressed as Columbia, who sings to the gathered crowd. One enterprising tractor manufacturer in California has constructed and presented to the recruiting officers a model of the terrible "tanks" that wrought such havoc on the battlefields of Europe. This tank, with appropriate placards, runs up and down Market street, or stands in front of a re-

cruiting station. It was even used, in conjunction with the California National Guard, to demonstrate its use on the battlefield, and a big mimic battle was staged for the benefit of a moving picture concern.

While the work given to the young fellows in the training camp is serious business, and their schedule is an arduous one, extending from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night, yet the boys manage to inject considerable fun into their work, and the camps abound with the cheerfulness and optimism of youth. The training officers lead their charges on long hikes over the hills, to develop their wind and staying powers. On these walks it is contrary to regulations to talk, but the boys are encouraged to sing or whistle, and it is a thrilling sight to see them coming swinging by, a thousand or more strong, singing or whistling a popular air. That many of the men possess superior voices has been demonstrated by the recruiting tactics used by the Army, in co-operation with the local theatres. Twenty or thirty of the young soldiers, with good voices, are allowed to appear between acts at some of the theatres, during which they sing patriotic airs, or go through some drill evolutions designed to arouse the patriotic impulses of the audiences. Sometimes these acts have been so popular that it is difficult for the actors to go on with their play, the audience demanding more songs by the soldier boys.

The young fellows at the officers' training camp at the Presidio have established their own little daily paper, and the items that appear therein are often exceedingly clever and witty. A number of newspaper men from the big dailies of the West have joined the

Army, and they contribute their best to their new paper.

Considerable anxiety has been occasioned amongst the men in training by the announcement that the Government proposed to re-examine the men and eliminate those who fell short of the most rigid physical and mental test. Since it is an assured certainty that all of the student officers will eventually be given commissions in the enlarged army, the Government is anxious to have only the very best men continue the course. Already a few of the men have been dropped, one or two for drinking, and others for newly discovered physical defects that were not apparent during the first examinations.

That the very flower of America's young men are entering the Service is apparent to those who have the opportunity of watching them drill, or observe their actions while on the streets. Clean-cut, athletic fellows they are, some from the big universities and others from professional walks of life. One bond firm in San Francisco found it necessary to announce to its patrons that the service of the firm would be temporarily impaired through the resignation of seven of its brightest young men, who had responded to the call of the colors.

The naval branches of the government are showing equal activity on the Pacific Coast, and the two government navy yards, at Mare Island and at Bremerton, are rushed to capacity in construction and repair work. The crews and personnel of all naval vessels are being recruited to the full limit, and great quantities of supplies are being purchased and stored on the colliers and supply boats for use in any part of the world to which they might be called.



The Flying Leave

By E. L. White

IT WAS upon the last day of his flying leave that Captain John Falconer suddenly realized that he wholly loathed the bare idea of returning to the trenches.

The blow fell unsoftened by a pang of prescient warning. Fresh from the great spade war, he had enjoyed every moment of his holiday by reason of the incisive contrast. The train that bore him from one adjacent country into another had magical qualities, for it passed the boundary of the fifth dimension and whirled him into a new world, while the other blew out in a puff of smoke and a last crackling roar of artillery. At Victoria Station, he stepped from night into day.

Lying back in his lounge-chair and fortified by a good dinner, he gazed around the drawing-room with his newly stimulated appreciation. The sense of security, the absence of noise, the comforts of home—each contributed to his all-pervading happiness. It was good to look at familiar faces after daily lightning glances at the great scarred countenance of General Death. There was a smile upon his lips as he turned to answer a girl's question.

"When are you going back to the trenches?"

"I'm due back to-morrow."

He paused to admire once more the somewhat unusual beauty of the girl. With flaming hair, the color of an autumn leaf, and amber eyes, she exacted a toll of fugitive glances, by reason of her vital brilliancy.

Hitherto, Falconer had paid homage to no woman—only answering the call of one—mighty and mail-clad—who stood waist-deep in the green-white circlet of her seas. But while he now paid tribute to Yvonne Parmiter's

charm, he could not avoid wonder as to the source of the intermittent trouble that clouded the clarity of her eyes.

She echoed his word.

"Tomorrow? So soon? Will you—mind?"

Those around looked at him: the women with admiration, the men with some envy. The perfect physical fitness that was the heritage of his personal hardships, marked him as one apart—one who was living, in reality, and sowing a rich harvest of experience and memory.

"Mind!" He laughed. "Rather not! It's a grand life; I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Indeed, we all of us pity those who stay at home."

Every word was uttered in honest faith.

"But the change," the girl persisted. "It is so impossible to realize." She furrowed her brow in an effort to capture the idea. "Tonight, you are *here*. We are here. And tomorrow, we shall all go out, just like the flame of a candle, and you'll be *there*. Tomorrow, the trenches will be the reality. Home will be only the dream."

Falconer nodded.

"That's so."

His lips moved stiffly. It was at that moment that he fell into hell—to find, like many another of his comrades, that it was but a few spadefuls deep.

Suddenly he visualized it, with merciless clarity. Mud. There was nothing but mud—earth and water still writhing—mingling and separating—in the giant throes of creation. Again he crawled over it upon hands and knees until he was cased inside a pitch plaster. He sank thigh-deep and felt his boots plucked off by the suction of its foul, noisome lips. He had helped

to dig out its victims, buried to their waists and shoulders. He thought of his last dug-out, where a spring rose nightly, like a vile caricature of Undine, turning his straw bedding to oozing filth. He recalled snapshot nightmare patches of slumber, when the air seemed to materialize to black honey, and he fought with fear of suffocation. A mean, foul, muddy hell—such as made its victims yearn—Tomlinson-wise—for the clear red pit-coal fires of tradition.

Yet for months Falconer had dwelt therein, finding the life good, upon the whole, and meeting hardships with fortitude and optimism. It was true that he went to the war animated with that nervousness that is not incompatible with courage, and had felt the heroic thrill of the conquest of fear. His name had been mentioned in a dispatch.

Yet he had been spared the reaction that is the inevitable aftermath of overstrained nerves. While his comrades, in rotation, had collapsed under exhaustive nerve-drainage, he had been invulnerable. The enemy had reserved him for a long-range target, striking at him in the midst of his enjoyment of the security of home.

A clod of mud had found its billet in his brain.

The mellow chimes of a clock aroused him from his reverie. It was a sinister reminder of the passing of the flying leave. Tomorrow, he was due back in hell.

He gazed round the room with brooding eyes, marking the signs of external comfort, which, by comparison with his muddy trench, seemed transmuted to luxury—the pile of the carpet, the delicate hue of the hangings—the glint of many an ornament gleaming under the rose-shaded electric globes. He stared at the dainty gowns of the women—the indifferent faces of the men.

In a gust of anger he hated them all. He was a damned soul who had just heard the recalling whistle of his overseer. There were but three prime factors of existence—to be warm, clean,

and safe. These care-free, overwashed men and women were spending their energies in the pursuit of trifles, blindly unconscious of their possession of the fundamental essentials. And to keep the roof whole above their heads—and others of their kind—he must go back to rot in that slimy, pestilential foulness.

It was not fair. His madness waxed, inflamed by the bitter sense of injustice of the laborer who has borne the heat and burden of the day. He has spent a couple of days of his flying leave in London, and while there, had thrilled with the stimulating sense of acquitted duty. Upheld by conscious rectitude, he had faced pertinent questions posed by recruiting posters; lying back in his stall, at places of amusement, he had listened, outwardly stolid of demeanor, but inwardly elated, while he was vocally thanked from the stage.

He had done his share. Let one of these others take his place for awhile!

"Halloa, Falconer! Your leave's running rather dry."

Falconer looked up at the man who had addressed him with feelings of unconcealed aversion. Charteris was a lawyer of some distinction, with an undertow of sinister repute that avoided the reproach of open scandal. The soldier instinctively distrusted the sagging lines of his tired face—plain traces of the collapse of mis-spent power. He hated even to see him in the proximity of Yvonne Parmiter, although Charteris was for many years married. Moreover, he had known too many women and held them light.

"How d'you feel?" Charteris gave his habitual croaking laugh. "Rather like a schoolboy at the end of the holidays?"

From sheer force of habit, Falconer dissented.

"Not much! I couldn't stick the life here now. Besides, I never cared a rap for going back to school. Except"—he added in a different voice—"once."

"Ah?"

The question was perfunctory; but seized with a sudden need for self-ex-

pression, Falconer caught at the opportunity. He craved the relief of utterance. For a few minutes, at least, he would escape the strain of pretense, and in re-living the minor pangs of his boyish tragedy, he could re-live the major tragedy of today.

He began to speak rapidly.

"It was this way. I thought it was going to be my last term, and, in my youthful exuberance, I took my toll of last grudges on the place. I forget exactly what I did, and when I heard that after all I was to go back, I magnified the thought of my mischief into crime. The fear of its consequences poisoned my whole holiday. I brooded over it, day and night. I dreaded going back—I positively dreaded it."

The note of actuality in his voice was arresting. His account of the charge in which he had won recognition had been terse as a telegraphic dispatch. Yet now, he was plainly in the grip of a real agony.

"Nonsense!" It was Charteris who objected. "The average boy isn't a nerve-center. Probably you had five bad minutes of funk, just as your train came in."

"No." Falconer's voice was sharp. "I was—in *those* days—highly strung as a hare, forever on the hop. I tell you, I used to make pictures in my mind of my return. I can see them now."

Instead—he saw mud—a desolation of sodden flats intersected with interminable trenches—where rain-drilled pools reflected a leaden shell-stabbed heaven.

He tightened his mouth to hide the involuntary quiver of his lips.

"The last day came. My time was up, even as now. I was standing, just as we are now, in this drawing-room, watching the trains. An express shot by, and suddenly, my whole brain caught on fire. I saw my future written in one word, *Escape!*

"Ah!" Charteris awoke to interest. "The wonder is that you never thought of it before. In every impasse there is always the way out."

The heaviness of his features broke

into mobility as his eyes sought, for a second, the downcast face of Yvonne.

"Kipling was right," he went on, "when he wrote of the magical locomotive. 'Unseen, romance brought up the 9.15.' Hulloo! There goes the Folkstone boat-express."

With a long-drawn shriek, a golden streak, luminous and explosive, tore across the darkness.

Charteris laughed at Falconer's involuntary start.

"Remind you of a Jack Johnson?"

"Not the least resemblance." Falconer laughed. "But, seeing the train, brings it all back again. I remembered a maiden aunt, a foolish soul, devoted to me, who lived in a creeper-bound house, absolutely buried in a Devonshirecombe. My refuge. I thought of no side-issues. I just fixed my thoughts on her. And that express seemed to me like a bridge from me to her."

"Go on!"

Charteris' unwonted interest was sustained.

"It was then, or never. That very night, in fact . . . By the way, has it ever struck you that this is an unusually easy house to escape from, as there are practically no alternatives? You could not undo all the bars and bolts of the big entrance without waking up the stone Crusaders in the church yonder, and the back regions are always infested with crowds of yelping dogs. There only remains the small side-door. Have you ever noticed it, Miss Parmiter?"

"Yes. At least—I think so."

"Everything depended on whether that door would be left open—that is, whether that key would be left in the lock. Nine times in ten it is. The chances were all in my favor. But occasionally the Governor, in an unusual fit of fussiness, for some occult reason, pockets the key.

"I waited until the house grew quiet, until the very last inmate had gone to bed. One by one, I accounted for them; listening for their footsteps and verifying them safe within bounds by the slam of their doors. After all my vision of travel in a lightning express,

the only train that stopped was the 4:15, due at the Junction, forty minutes away.

"I packed my bag and waited. Presently, the last sound in the house died away. Then silence. And then the house woke up and began to talk. You know those myriad noises that make you strain your ears, for you know that you are just upon the point of distinguishing words that never come?"

"I know." It was Yvonne who spoke. In the pallor of her face her eyes shone with yellow-brown lustre. "You wait and listen in the darkness, and all the time, all around you, that great Whisper."

Falconer nodded.

"Presently—the time to start. I opened the door and crept down the passage, fearing every step, lest a creaking plank should betray me. I reached the staircase and peered into the black well of the hall. I could only just distinguish the door.

"Would it be open? I asked myself the question a hundred times as I crept down the stairs, but I had no real anxiety. I *knew* that it would be open. There was no reason to doubt. I firmly believed in my luck. All the same, when I reached it, my hands trembled so violently that I could hardly try the latch.

"And . . . I found it locked."

He breathed heavily, again savoring the accumulated disappointment of the years. His last hope gone. His flying leave at an end. And ahead—mud! Wastes of churned-up mud!

"What happened afterwards?" Yvonne had also caught her breath.

Falconer laughed.

"Oddly enough, I really forget. Of course, I went back. And I am fairly positive that nothing was half so bad as I expected. It never is."

The clod of mud in his brain stirred, momentarily threatened by the solvent of returning sanity.

He held out his hand.

"And now, I must wish you all 'Good bye.' I must get a long night. I shall be off before you're up tomorrow."

He formed an heroic central figure in that cheery drama of farewell, a counterpart in living bronze to his forbears, those stone Crusaders at rest.

Half an hour later, he was alone in his own room, prowling around it, restlessly fingering the ornaments and staring at the pictures, unable to control his movements. Although the radiator was turned on, he lit the gas fire and held out his hands to the ruddy glow of the asbestos. He pressed another switch and flooded the room with extra light. He wanted heat and brightness to excess. Tomorrow he would be back in a deliquescent trench.

The thought was unbearable.

Presently he turned off the lights again, and, opening his window, looked out into the night. It lay below him, earth-scented, faintly luminous and thrilling with the last vibrations of the world's many voices—thready echoes from tropical bazaar and filmy splashing of polar seas mingling in an English garden.

Filled with a passionate yearning for its peace and beauty, he drew a long breath. He could not leave his country.

Involuntarily, he thought of another spot that he loved. A northern vale, remote and rarely visited, where the silvery ribbons of foaming streams fell sheer down the green and purple hills and the brown surface of the tarn reflected the trees in pellucid sepia. Dry ling underfoot, silence unbroken save by nature's orchestration. Fur, fin and feather and the rough comfort of the primitive inn. In one word—sanctuary.

As he watched, a whistling scream awoke every slumbering Dryad in her tree. With a rattle of metal and a pall of fire-sprayed smoke, the express shot by in a roar of thunder.

The sight fired the torch in Falconer's brain.

In that second, he captured the elusive fragment of thought that had evaded him in the drawing room.

A parallel. At last he saw everything clearly, reading the cryptic script of the "Book of Destiny." From the

beginning, this minute had been foreseen. His boyish flight was no childish freak, but a carefully planned trial essay—preparation for the real performance. In every detail, the parallel was perfect.

He would escape.

But, this time, the door would be open.

A tempestuous storm of exhilaration rushed through him, wrecking all proportions into chaotic ruin. Side issues were non-existent, the far future a blank. Yet, moved by some blurred scruple, he snatched at a writing pad and scrawled a few lines.

"I am leaving earlier than we planned so as to save the mater another good-bye. Thought it best. Do not worry about me; am feeling splendidly fit after my good time here, but am anxious to be back again."

He laughed as he wrote.

Slowly the night wore on, and, in its passage, proved the truth of the saying that the future is but the past entered by another door.

It seemed to Falconer that every detail of his early escapade was duplicated. He waited, with the same strained eagerness, for the household to answer to his call-over. He heard his father's heavy stump and the outburst of simulated high spirits under which he concealed his real fleeings. Falconer was touched by the noisy laughter and pointless jest; the poor old governor was taking it hard. He felt, too, how his mother paused perceptibly by his door, fingering the handle as though she would fain turn it.

To keep the old childish lump from arising in his throat, he began to pack his bag, whistling softly the while. He did not know that the tune was not the inevitable "Tipperary," but "Forty Years On."

Presently, his preparations were made, and he took up the time-table that hung from a nail in the wall. Even in that remote spot, train services were mutable.

Yet, upon the whole, he was not surprised to read that, even after the lapse

of years, the only train that stopped at the Junction was timed for 4:15.

The faithfulness of the repetition was even more forcible as the hours wore on. The interminable vigil, when he fretted against the strain of inaction—when every second was a slice of hell sandwiched between each clock-tick. And then the noises of the night, rising one after the other, to merge into the general under-chorus. Here and there he traced back one to its source: the distant hoot of an owl, the patter of a mouse, the squeak of a bat, the snapping of a board.

One voice was silent—the trumpet-call of her who stood amidst the foaming seas, her mighty heart giving back an answering throb to every wave that buffeted her sides.

That voice he heard no longer.

Slowly, the hands of his watch crawled on until they reached the hour of his start. He threw a last farewell look around his room, then opening the door, stole, with beating heart, into the corridor. As he cautiously felt his way in the darkness, the warrior of a campaign shrank down to the little frightened schoolboy of so many years ago.

Every board seemed to snap underneath his weight in just the same startling manner; the handle of every door turned audibly as he passed by; unseen people stalked him down the length of the passage. When he reached the landing and looked down into the gulf of blackness below, the familiarity of the scene gave birth to a tremor of apprehension.

The parallel was growing too perfect. What if it persisted in following in the lines of the abortive experiment right up to its conclusion?

Last time the door had been locked.

The suggestion was appalling. The whole concentrated dread of return fell upon him, engulfing him, paralyzing every faculty. With the ineffective strength of a sleep-bound dreamer, he struggled vehemently to break free. At any cost he must escape. Never before had the Flemish mud choked so vilely—never was the northern valley so dear and so remote.

He scarcely knew how he descended the staircase. It seemed to him that something vital within him had dragged forwards the leaden limbs of a dead man. He reached the bottom and there stood awhile, straining his vision to the utmost.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he saw, against the darkness of the walls, a lighter patch, with the tracery of naked boughs outlined against a star-spangled sky.

At last the drama had freed itself from the spell of the past and had boldly broken into a new and startling development.

The door was already open.

Scarcely able to credit his good fortune, he stared at it. It seemed to symbolize his success—to show that the gods of chance had breathed their benison upon his flight.

But while his thanksgiving was still a breath fluttering upon his lips, he shrank into the shadow at the sound of a footstep without.

The patch of sky was eclipsed by the bulk of a heavily coated man's form. A whisper, audible by reason of its very force, reached his ears.

"Why haven't you come? The car's in the lane. I've been waiting."

Charteris' voice was easy of recognition. It was instinct, however, that told Falconer the name of the second shadow that materialized from the darkness.

"I—I couldn't quite make up my mind."

From the quiver in her voice, Falconer felt that Yvonne's indecision was piteous. It moved the other man to scarce-concealed impatience.

"I thought we had settled all that, for once and for all."

"I know, I know. But I want to think again. It means a lot for *me*."

"Very well, then. Take ten minutes." Charteris turned on his heel. "You are a free agent and your choice must be free-will. If you do not come

at the end of that time, I shall go off alone."

The words suddenly recalled Falconer to a sense of his own crisis. His train would soon be due at the Junction. Ten minutes' delay would nibble away a fatal deficit in his margin of time.

As he caught his breath in the anger of baffled purpose, hope revived once more. There was no reason to despair. The girl would go. Many a barely noticed hint and rumor recurred, all pointing to the inevitable conclusion. From Charteris' recent words, it was evident that she had already made up her mind. Her present misgiving was but the automatic recoil.

Quivering with impatience he stood waiting for her to move. The minutes slowly ticked away, yet no second blot obscured the sky.

The door stood open in vain.

Every nerve in Falconer's body chafed at the torture of delay. He writhed with the agony of some small wood-creature snared within sight of its hole. Would she never stir? His whole fate was interdependent with hers, yet she remained passive, squandering the last precious minutes in inert caprice.

With the whole force of his nature, he prayed that she would go.

The answer to his appeal came with startling celerity. Throwing back her head with a movement of resolution, Yvonne sprang to her feet. No hesitation was in her step as she passed towards the door.

It was his own savage throb of joy that awoke the submerged soul of Captain John Falconer. . . . In the cumulative horror of that moment of realization he watched Yvonne.

Her hand was on the latch. For a space she paused. Then—she closed the door. Upstairs she sped, the key tightly clasped in her hand, leaving Falconer standing once more inside the locked door.

The Soul of England

"If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop her! *But she
ain't!*"

THESE lines to be found in Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Return" written to celebrate the homecoming of the troops—all arms—after the South African war. In the expressive Cockney dialect in which Kipling delights, the London soldier speaks of the change war has wrought in him—a change he sums up as being "the makin's of a blooming soul." And the South African War was, as our soldiers have often said, a "picnic" beside the present Titanic struggle. What changes are taking place in the hearts and souls of the men who month after month—aye, and year after year—have faced shot and shell and death in its most hideous form, and cold and wet and mud and snow and horrors past description? It is a strange and wonderful problem—a problem that has intense reality and significance; for it is in the hands of these men when they return that the destiny of England will lie. One thing we can be assured of: there probably is not one of these men who after a few months in the trenches cannot re-echo with even deeper sincerity the significant conclusion of Kipling's South African soldier:

"I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man."

Thoughts are waking to life in our men's minds that were probably there deep down before this great crisis stirred the still waters, half unconscious, wholly inarticulate; for the Englishman is not given to self-expression, especially where his deeper

emotions are concerned; his is a reticence so complete that more superficial races stand amazed. The war correspondents, official and unofficial, have drawn from us endless surface pictures of our English soldiers, of their marvelous cheerfulness under the most trying conditions, of their equal readiness for sport or battle, of their never failing kind heartedness, of their pluck and patience under such a strain of toil and suffering as would seem beyond the limit of human power to endure. But the picture, life-like as it is, is yet drawn from the outside; of the inner depths of the soldier's nature it suggests little or nothing. It is only those who have served side by side with Tommy Atkins, who have watched him daily in war and work and play with observant, sympathetic eyes, who can speak of the man as he really is. An American, Mr. James Norman Hall, who took the King's shilling at the beginning of the war and trained and served with Kitchener's Army for some time at the Front, has drawn a picture of his English comrades that will surely endure. He has had a nature keen enough and sympathetic enough to pierce to those emotions which the Englishman in his shyness and reticence keeps so carefully concealed under an air of indifference and surface gaiety.

This is what Mr. Hall writes:

The better I knew Tommy, the better I liked him. He hasn't a shred of sentimentality in his make-up. There is plenty of sentiment, sincere feeling, but it is admirably concealed. I had been a soldier of the King for many months before I realized that the men with whom I was living, sharing rations and hardships, were anything other than the healthy animals they looked. They relished their food and talked about it. They grumbled at the

restraints military discipline imposed on them, and at the paltry shilling a day they received for the first really hard work they had ever done. They appeared to regard England as a miserly employer, exacting their last ounce of energy for a wretchedly inadequate wage. To the casual observer theirs was not the ardor of loyal sons fighting for a beloved Motherland. Rather it seemed that of irresponsible schoolboys on a long holiday. They said nothing about patriotism or the duty of Englishmen in wartime. And if I attempted to start a conversation along that line, they walked right over me with their boots on. This was a great disappointment at first. I should never have known from anything that was said that a man of them was stirred at the thought of fighting for Old England.

(The story of numbers of those silent, unconscious heroes who went to their death for England at once willingly and reluctantly has been written in four lines with a pathos that wounds by Bernard Gilbert, the Lincolnshire dialect poet:

“He didn’t want to go,
Not when the war began,
But all at once he went;
Tho’ he said he hadn’t meant.”)

. . . Months before I should have been astonished at this reticence. But I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts or glowing tributes could have been. Indeed, they were far more eloquent. Englishmen seem to have an instinctive understanding of the futility, the emptiness of words in the face of unspeakable experiences. It was a matter of constant wonder to me that men living in the daily and hourly presence of death could so surely control and conceal their feelings. Their talk was of anything but home, and yet I knew they thought of but little else.

Seldom, indeed, has that intense reticence been broken; yet, fortunately for us at home, it has sometimes; and the soul of the English soldier—surely

the very soul of England herself—has been revealed. Sometimes the unveiling has come in one of those sacred letters, the last treasured consolation in many bereaved homes, written to be sent only if the dark frontier were crossed, so that the soldier might say in death what he could never say in life. More often those deep, unutterable thoughts and feelings, never spoken by Englishmen in ordinary talk between man and man, have found expression in the wonderful poetry of the trenches. It has been said that on the banks of the ugliest ditches often blow the tenderest and most delicate flowers; the horrors of trench warfare seem to have stirred to widespread life among our English fighters that great gift of song which has been the peculiar and unique glory of the English people from the days of Caedmon and Chaucer. That strong tie to home and country which Norman Hall found to exist below the wordlessness of the English soldier has found expression in wonderful and varied form in these poems which are inspired with an intensity of patriotic devotion and tenderness that can hardly be measured.

Before the war men had talked as if the love of England was dying out, as if our island home—“that precious jewel set in the silver sea”—which Shakespeare loved, had ceased to hold the hearts of her sons, who had wandered away from her into the barren deserts of cosmopolitanism and internationalism. No word of that sort is heard now. For the love of England has indeed shown itself deep and strong, if unexpressed; it only needed the spark of danger and sacrifice to flare at once into unquenchable flame. England called to her children to give all that man or woman can offer; and from the uttermost parts of the earth they answered to her call.

“O England of our Fathers and Eng-
land of our Sons,
Above the roar of battling hosts, the
thunder of the guns,
A Mother’s voice was calling us, we
heard it oversea,

The Blood which Thou didst give us
is the blood we spill for Thee."

So has written a Canadian soldier,
and echo answers back from distant
Australia:

"Oh, England, I heard the cry
Of those who died for thee
Sounding like an organ voice
Across the wintry sea.
They lived and died for England,
And gladly went their way—
England, oh, England,
How could I stay?"

And in England herself, great, even terrible, was the awakening. On that fourth day in August when war was declared, how many men and women realized for the first time in their quiet, sheltered lives, and realized with amazement, what England meant to them—something more than life and love, something sublime, immeasurable! Rupert Brooke in one of his essays has written of the thoughts that passed through one man's mind—his own, no doubt, but typical enough all the same.

As he thought "England and Germany," the word "England" seemed to flash like a line of foam. With a sudden tightening of his heart he realized that there might be a raid on the English coast. He didn't imagine any possibility of its succeeding, but only of enemies and warfare on English soil. The idea sickened him. He was immensely surprised to perceive that the actual earth of England held for him a quality . . . a quality which, if he'd been sentimental enough to use the word, he'd have called "holiness." His astonishment grew as the full flood of "England" swept him on from thought to thought. He felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover.

That same discovery has been made by thousands and tens of thousands, of whom too many, alas, lie in nameless graves in France and Flanders and Gallipoli, under the stormy waves of the North Sea, and in the desert sands of Africa and Mesopotamia. But from

those obscure resting-places all send back the same message:

"Tell England we lie here content."

They had found out that the more they gave, the more sacred to them became the country they loved; she became theirs in a sense never realized before.

"Yet I have fought and bled for you,
And, by that self-same sign,
Still must I love you, yearn to you,
England—how truly mine!"

The treasure they had held so lightly had now become precious beyond all price; indeed, the thought that the war was to some extent sent to exorcise that materialistic spirit which had made this great possession seem of little value is an idea that is often suggested by the soldier-poet. Very finely is it expressed by Lieut. Geoffrey Howard:

"God gave us England from of old,
But we held light the gift he gave;
Our royal birthright we have sold,
And now the land we lost for gold
Only our blood can save . . .
Malvern men must die and kill
That wind may blow on Malvern Hill;
Devonshire blood must fall like dew
That Devon's bays may yet be blue;
London must spill out lives like wine
That London's lights may shine."

A similar thought can be traced in Lance-Corporal Harvey's poem found in the little volume he has published, dedicated "To all Comrades of mine who lie dead in foreign fields for love of England or who live to prosecute the war for another England":

"If we return, will England be
Just England still to you and me?
The place where we must earn our
bread
We who have walked among the dead.
And watched the smile of agony,
And seen the price of Liberty,
Which we have taken carelessly
From other hands. Nay, we shall
dread,
If we return,

Dread lest we hold blood-guilty
 The thing that men have died to free.
 Oh, English fields shall blossom red
 In all the blood that has been shed
 By men whose guardians are we,
 If we return."

Mr. Norman Hall has said that while the men never talked of home, he knew they thought of little else. What is a characteristic common to all the soldier-poets whose work I have studied, however varied their forms of expression and their metrical skill, is the intensity of their devotion to home as symbolized not only in their own country or village, but often still more deeply in some local landmark—a range of hills, a lofty spire, or some ancient building; and together with this is the closeness and delicacy of their observation of all those little things in nature that make England what she is, giving her an individuality, a unique character different from that of every other country. Each of these soldier-poets can say with Lance Corporal Harvey:

"Within my heart I safely keep,
 England, what things are yours:
 Your clouds, and cloud-like flocks of
 sheep
 That drift o'er windy moors."

It is of such things as these they are thinking all the time. The horrors of war—the destruction and desolation of fair stretches of country—have opened their eyes as never before to the peace and natural beauty of England, still safe from the invader. An interesting little detail is recorded by Norman Hall, that the soldiers coming straight from England felt a peculiar horror and indignation at the twisted, shell-shattered poplars and willows of "No Man's Land," giving them the name of "Kaiser Bill's flowers." The same feeling has inspired more than one of these soldier-poems. Lance Corporal Michael writes on the spring beauty of Stratford-on-Avon:

"Orchard land! Orchard land!
 Damson blossom, primrose bloom:
 Avon, like a silver band,

Winds from Stratford down to Broome:
 All the orchards shimmer white
 For an April day's delight:
 We have risen in our might,
 Left this land we love, to fight,
 Fighting still that these may stand,
 Orchard land! Orchard land!"

The same idea is even more forcibly expressed in Lance Corporal Harvey's little poem, entitled "Defiance":

"I saw the orchards whitening
 To Easter in late Lent.
 Now struck of hell's own lightning
 With branches broken and bent
 Behold the tall trees rent:—
 Beaten with iron rain!
 And ever in my brain
 To every shell that's sent
 Sounds back this small refrain:—
 "You foolish shells, come kill me,
 Blacken my limbs with flame:
 I saw the English orchards
 (And so may die content)
 All white before I came!"

"X" is not, strictly speaking, a soldier-poet, but in his stirring War Poems he seems in many ways to come very near the heart of the trenches; and he has surely expressed the truth for many and many a soldier as he has stood waiting in tense silence to "go over the parapet" in his lines:

"I know that all our England shone before you
 When you went down. It made a radiance
 Even of the front of death."

Though, perhaps, it is not so much "all England" as that little corner of England which is home. "Home—what a perfect place," wrote Lieut. E. Wyndham Tennant, one of the many who have given their lives to keep it perfect, in his beautiful little poem "Home Thoughts in Laventie," written amid the trampled mud and desolation of a shell-shattered village:

"I saw green banks of daffodil,
 Slim poplars in the breeze,
 Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
 A-courting on the leas;

And meadows with their glittering streams and silver scurrying dace, Home—what a perfect place.”

And it is home in the same way—a dearly loved corner of England—which fills the mind of the soldier who wrote:

“I can’t forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring
In summer time and on the Downs
how larks and linnets sing
High in the sun. The wind comes off the sea, and oh, the air!
I never knew till now that life in old days was so fair.
But now I know it in this filthy, rat-infested ditch,
When every shell must kill or spare, and God alone knows which,
And I am made a beast of prey, and this trench is my lair—
My God! I never knew till now that those days were so fair.
And we assault in half an hour and—it’s a silly thing,
I can’t forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring.”

And a soldier fighting for England in distant German East Africa is stirred by the same thoughts; and to him in the burning tropical heat and the dreariness of the desert comes the picture of one little West-Country corner of the land whose love has inspired him:

“Marching on Tanga, marching the parched plain
Of wavering spear-grass past Pangani river,
England came to me—me who had always ta’en,
But never given before—England, the giver,
In a vision of three poplar trees that shiver
On still evenings of summer, after rain,
By Slapton Ley, where reed-beds start and quiver
When scarce a ripple moves the upland grain.”

Face to face with death—face to face with horrors worse than death—

to many of these soldier-poets has been given a wonderful revelation of the joy and beauty of life. In much of the lyric poetry written before the war it is impossible not to recognize a very definitely minor note. Even when the poet was celebrating the beauties of nature he too often seemed oppressed with anticipations of approaching decay, while many were the introspective and psychological poems devoted to the gloomy problems of the decadent soul. Life was hardly worth living, yet death was hardly worth dying; the world had, indeed, “grown old and cold weary”; when suddenly the great call came, and the world and life and death to all who answered it were transformed and glorified.

“We have come into our heritage” is the word alike of Rupert Brooke and of Julian Grenfell. Was there ever a poem at once more full of the strong wine of life and youth and of carelessness of death than Julian Grenfell’s “Into Battle”?—from which we have only space to quote two verses:

“The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees

Leans to the sun’s gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Color and Warmth and Light,

And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

“The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;

Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after death.”

The same thought that it is the fighting man who has found complete security is the idea which breathes in Rupert Brooke’s sonnet “Safety,” one of the five great sonnets grouped as “1914.” “War knows no power” over such men is the keynote.

“We have found safety with all things undying,

The winds, and morning, tears of men
and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and
clouds flying,
And sleep, and freedom, and the au-
tumnal earth."

But there is one question to which the soldier poets do not give us any definite answer: What do our fighting men—the men who do the work, who suffer and die—think of the tragedy and mystery of war? To them, as to us, so far as the soldier-poets have spoken for them, it remains at once a horror and a bewildering mystery. Not, indeed, all horror. Those who are nearest to the horror and who see it most plainly are not like our Pacifists at home; they can see that even in this most awful of wars there is something brought out by the struggle besides ugliness and squalor and suffering and death. In his poem "Back to Rest," written on the way back from the fighting at Loos, "Edward Melbourne" (Lieut. W. N. Hodgson, M. C.) has expressed this well:

"We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled;
We that have known the heart blood
Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine."

But the mystery remains—the mystery of that strange law which seems to run through all human history—that, horrible as is war, the nations that will not fight for their existence and to guard their own land shall inevitably be destroyed and desolated by more virile races. With tragic force that question has been asked and left unanswered by one soldier-poet who has now passed to the Great Beyond. Has he learned the answer now? The poem was found on his dead body, and was evidently written but a day or so before his death in the Somme fighting in October.

Who made the Law that men should
die in meadows,

Who spake the Word that blood should
splash in lanes,
Who gave it forth that gardens should
be bone-yards,
Who spread the hills with flesh and
blood and brains?

Who made the Law?

Who made the Law that Death should
stalk the valleys,
Who spake the Word to kill among the
sheaves,
Who gave it forth that Death should
lurk in hedgerows,
Who flung the dead among the fallen
leaves?

Who made the Law?

Those who return shall find that Peace
endures,
Find old things new, and know the
things they knew,
Walk in the garden, slumber by the
fireside,
Share the peace of dawn, and dream
amid the dew—

Those who return.

Those who return shall till the ancient
pastures,
Clean-hearted men shall guide the
plough-horse reins,
Some shall grow apples and flowers in
the village,
Some shall go courting in summer
down the lanes—

Those who return.

But Who made the Law? The trees
shall whisper to him:
"See, see, the blood—the splashes on
our bark!"

Walking the meadows He shall hear
bones crackle,
And fleshless mouths shall gibber in
silent lanes at dark.

Who made the Law?

Who made the Law? At noon upon
the hillside
His ears shall hear a moan, His cheek
shall feel a breath,
And all along the valleys, past garden
crofts, and homesteads,
He who made the Law,

He who made the Law,
He who made the Law shall walk alone
with Death—

WHO made the Law?

What answer can be given? Geoffrey Howard, in the poem part of which has been quoted earlier, has perhaps come nearest the truth of the mystery:

We have given all things that were
ours,
So that our weeds might yet be flowers.
We have covered half the earth with
gore
That our houses might be homes once
more;
The sword Thou hast demanded, Lord;
And, now behold the sword!

And Leslie Coulson himself has given much the same answer in another of his poems:

Mayhap I shall not walk again
Down Dorset way, down Devon way,
Nor pick a posy in a lane
Down Somerset and Sussex way.
But though my bones, unshriven, rot
In some far distant alien spot,
What soul I have shall rest from care
To know that meadows still are fair
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.

And if to keep those meadows safe
and fair a life was required, Leslie
Coulson was perfectly willing to pay
the price—nay, more, as he has writ-
ten, he was

very proud and glad
To do this thing for England's sake.

Is there some mysterious law of
compensation that works from age to
age which will make up for all this
loss of young, brilliant and heroic life?
To save England and to make a newer,
better England, all is worth while. One
man who has been through the fire is
clear enough about that, and has sent
back a message of triumph.

Thank God (he writes) I am of this
race, and share the glorious heritage
which belongs to every man, woman,
and child of this England of ours. . . .

I am by nature undemonstrative, reti-
cent, unimpassioned. But the things I
have seen, the men I have known—
some of who will never come back—
have stirred me to a degree which I
never imagined to be possible. And to
save a country, to preserve a people
which can breed such men, is worth
any sacrifice.

And his word of cheer is echoed
back by a soldier-poet:

Mourn not for me too sadly; I have
been,
For months of an exalted life, a King;
Peer for these months of those whose
graves grow green
Where'er the borders of our empire
fling
Their mighty arms. And if the crown
is death,
Death while I'm fighting for my home
and king,
Thank God the son who drew from you
his breath

To death could bring
A not entirely worthless sacrifice,
Because of those brief months when
life meant more
Than selfish pleasures. Grudge not
then the price,
But say, "Our country in the storm of
war
Has found him fit to fight and die for
her."
And lift your heads in pride for ever-
more.

And perhaps, after all, the love of
country is no greater and no more un-
fathomable mystery that the tragedy
of war; indeed the beauty of the one
and the horror of the other seem in-
separably interwoven. "Greater love
hath no man than this, that a man
should give his life . . ." Is it the
reverse of that law that unless he be
willing to give his life he shall never
know the heights and depths of love?
Only by sacrifice is the soul awakened.
The war has awakened England's soul;
and who could tell better what the Eng-
land is that her sons are fighting and
dying for than one of them, Geoffrey
Howard:

Her seed is sown about the world. The
 seas
 For Her have path'd their waters. She
 is known
 In swamps that steam about the burn-
 ing zone,
 And dreaded in the last white lands
 that freeze.
 For Her the glory that was Nineveh's
 Is naught: the pomp of Tyre and Baby-
 lon
 Naught: and for all the realms that
 Caesar won—

One tithe of hers were more than all
 of these.
 And she is very small and very green
 And full of little lanes all dense with
 flowers
 That wind along and lose themselves
 between
 Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of
 quiet sheep.
 And in the hamlets, where her stal-
 warts sleep,
 Low bells chime out from old elm-
 hidden towers.

O N F O O T

No bridge for me with easy span,
 Rather a shallow, brawling ford,
 Where I may venture as a man
 Upon the errands of my Lord,
 And plunge and struggle and be glad
 When once across, for slips I had.

No bed for me so soft and high,
 I sleep this autumn night aground;
 My camp-fire's red all night so nigh,
 My star-spied sleep not over-sound.
 How oft I wake and stare to see
 If yet the East has news for me!

No altar set with lacquered brass,
 But granite gray, with lichen dight
 Wears gallant orange for my Mass—
 How blue my dome, how amber bright!
 Bellman and bedesman mounts the Day
 An "Ite missa est" to say.

At table of the dew-cold earth
 I break my fast, then lift my load
 With lonely freedom for my mirth,
 With hope for spur and faith for goad
 No wings or wheels for me, but grace
 To go my footsore Master's pace.

Where Maizie Came From

By G. Charles Hodges

HE HAD drifted in from Higher'n Haman.

Flinging the bridle over the dejected head of his lean pony, he entered the Last Chance. For a moment he hesitated in the saloon's doorway, blinking his mild grey eyes in a futile endeavor to adapt his good-humored gaze to the shadowed interior after the blinding desert glare.

"Howdy, gents," he smiled, and knocked the powdered alkali from his battered Stetson hat.

"Blast me!" welcomed the proprietor of the Last Chance, casting an elusive wink in the direction of his expectant patrons. "Blast me—if here ain't a reg'lar terror!"

For a second, the men in the only saloon of the Suburb o' Hell solemnly regarded the newcomer. The lanky giant grinned affably. They burst into an applauding laugh.

"A sure-Texas annihilator?"

"Wot d' yu drink—pink lemonade?"

"Terror my gran'ma—look out fer coyotes, m' son; they shore do bite in these Gawd-forsaken parts!"

In nowise disconcerted, the wayfarer chuckled, crossed the plank floor and beckoned hospitably to the men. "Sho, sho, have one on me," he drawled in easy agreeableness. Then: "Mister, set up drinks fer the crowd." A delighted rush for the bar evidenced the popularity of the invitation.

The stubby, white-aproned man beamed across the pine counter. "Stranger," he declared in enthusiastic eloquence, "the Suburb shore welcomes yuh. Without enquirin' the why 'n wherefore of yer joyful presence among us, we mercifully dispense with yer past an'll call yuh 'The Terror'!" Mac paused for breath, then genially

raised a bottle, thoughtfully adding: "It's one on the house."

It was in this way that The Terror became a part of the Suburb o' Hell—the biggest, kindest, most inoffensive person in the whole of that turbulent mushroom mining camp. He was as much a part of it as the castellated mesa rearing gaunt and scarred behind the place; as the desert stretches slinging about it, with the wagon trail to Higher'n Haman fingering away toward the ragged mountains; as the Last Chance Saloon heading the straggling row of corrugated iron shacks like a fussy old hen and her chickens.

And within the Last Chance he spent most of his days—and nights. Soon, with unvarying routine, he came to occupy the same battered little table over against the further wall. Day after day he sat there, sprawled out in his chair. His long legs curled almost affectionately about the table as hour upon hour he heard the alkali drift sweep in from the barrens to fling itself in furious impotency against the corrugated iron siding. He drank, it is true, but stolidly and without any particular enthusiasm. Although not infrequently he found occasion to damn many things, he cursed in a bored, apathetic manner which left the recipient of his somewhat unusual imprecations dumb in speechless fascination. So, while it must be confessed that he swore, it was all done in such wearied disinterestedness that he might as well as have said "shucks!"—which he did now and again in moments of tremendous seriousness.

During the long afternoons he engaged in checkers with an expressionless nonchalance defying all attempts at penetration. It was upon Saturday

nights and Sundays, however, that he varied this impeccable conduct in turning his baffling reserve to poker, playing with an inscrutable indifference to men and fate which was the despair of his many opponents. It remains to be added that, with outward innocence and unostentatious success, he generally acquired the longer row of chips. Which larger piles of reds and whites and blues might have explained his abstention from play for the more prosaic checkers upon the other five days—if there was anybody desiring to explain.

If a person were fastidious, one would call him a gambler. The Terror regarded it as merely playing cards; so, also, did the Suburb o' Hell.

Nothing was ever known to disturb the utter placidity of his features—except when Spanish Joe idly fingered his guitar. It was then that a vagrant little light danced across the eyes of The Terror while he listened hungrily to the farago as though the pulsing melody in some way held the key to his reserve. The faraway expression in his eyes intensified as the old cow-sons filled the Last Chance:

“ . . . They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment
Who are posted and know every brand.

“Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on;
Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on . . .”

When the raucous chorus, bawled out in hoarse enthusiasm, fell away, Any-Odds Gilson would look across at the sombre face of The Terror and shake his head.

“It ain't natural-like,” the inveterate taker of chances always commented, to the amusement of the group about him. “It don' stan' ter reason, no-how. Them quiet cusses pull the bottom out o' almighty hell when somethin' starts 'em. Some day——” Gilson's ratty eyes shone in suppressed

excitement. “Some day—well, betcher any money somethin'll start him. You see!” he reiterated stubbornly, to skeptics, as The Terror slowly shook himself out of his abstraction.

It was in this way that the days ran by, days broken only by the weekly arrival of the stage from Higher'n Haman. The coming of the stage was an event—an event occurring in remarkable regularity on the part of the greyed driver, Shaemus McShaemus, with pardonable pride every Friday afternoon.

To the Suburb o' Hell, impatiently awaiting at the Last Chance the weekly break in its isolation, this was a record to be looked upon with complacent satisfaction—very much as though the presence of the Suburb in some indefinable way contributed materially to the result. At any rate, on Fridays the stage dragged in from Higher'n Haman under the writhing desert heat, and the Suburb had never known it to be more than an hour or two late. So Fridays became the alpha and omega of the mining town's existence. The reluctant passage of one Friday began the tedious succession of days monotonously alike which must be endured until once again the place could leave its siesta, stirring into an activity befitting the arrival of the stage and the news of the world which was hidden beneath the taciturnity of Shaemus McShaemus.

And on this particular Friday, the morning was wearisomely deliberate, giving way grudgingly to a noon calm which dallied into the early hours of the afternoon. “Stage's due,” growled some one at last, expectorating with the accuracy of long practice into a convenient corner of the Last Chance.

The proprietor of the saloon consulted his watch with sudden animation. “So it is—so it is!” he assented, as though completely astounded.

The overpowering lethargy of the week's end passed. Immediately other timepieces of varying diameters were laboriously withdrawn, looked upon, and shoved back with a confirmatory nod.

"Hit is time, by jumminy!"

"She oughter be a-pullin' in'!"

A man braved the afternoon glare. The eyes of the room lethargically followed him in shuttering glimpses through the swaying doors. He returned jauntily. A sudden quickened interest in life gripped the crowd.

"Dust?" demanded a voice.

"Dust," was the laconic reply.

"Can yuh see 'er a'tall plain?" the owner of the Last Chance queried eagerly.

"Nope—p'rhaps five minutes yet."

"Can't see no—passengers?"

"Not a blamed bit!" snorted the investigator disgustedly. "Never can see nothin' 'till it gits here with that danged desert dust. Say, wot'n blazes is yuh a-drivin' at, anyway, Mac? Give us the dope, pronto!"

The stage was momentarily forgotten as the men shifted interestedly. The saloon keeper maintained an important silence. Finally he announced impressively: "My friends!" and winked at a pile of lumber. "Friends, I'm expectin' ter have the enjoyment of offerin' yuh a most pleasin'——"

The mysterious source of pleasure remained unknown. He listened for a moment as the Terror straightened, uncoiled his tenuous legs, and leisurely drew himself into a standing position. "The stage is come," Mac concluded flatly.

There was a dead pause. Then the familiar oaths of Shaemus McShaemus checking the team broke in upon their silence.

The habitues of the Last Chance felt that in some way they had been the victims of another of Mac's little streaks of humor and bolted indignantly into the street. The Terror followed deliberately in their rear as the stage drew up before the saloon, the fine powdery dust of the desert tipping the heads of the blowing horses and creasing their heaving flanks in a dirty brown lather. Shaemus McShaemus declined to see anything unusual in the breathless appearance of the Suburb without the Last Chance. But there were some who felt that Mac and the

stage driver had put something over on them.

"Blame it!" howled an aggrieved hanger-on. "It was a low-down trick ter git Mac ter—— Wot the juice?" he ended weakly as a girl fluttered from the stage.

She turned irresolutely from the high-topped wagon toward the Last Chance, the onlookers whistling in astonishment as they surveyed her.

A woman in the Suburb o' Hell. The girl hesitated, standing for a moment in the circle of idlers and staring back at them in a defiant hardness which was jarringly at variance with her slightness and her girlish helplessness. A tinge of color began to beat about the white spots standing out from her pasty cheeks; her black eyes glinted a biting challenge reminiscent of something festering in open hideousness at Higher'n Haman. A wracking cough shook her. With a pathetic gesture of weariness, she turned back to clutch the worn telescope valise dumped carelessly at her back.

The girl faced about and pushed through the grinning men with panic-clogged steps, dragging the old valise after her. Some one tried to encircle her with a heavy arm. She jerked away in a kind of horror which seemed to blot out the calculating coldness stamping her the second past. The bag was dropped. She faced her tormentors in a flood of bitterness.

Then she swayed and bowed her head in that hollow, harassing spasm shaking every part of her frailty. Struggling to blink back the tears filling her eyes, the girl bent down and blindly reached for the bag. As she groped frantically for the handle, she started at the contact of a hairy hand. Her own flashed back from the valise. She recoiled in a new terror as she was firmly seized by the arm and swept away in dumb despair. A pair of doors swung to and fro behind her. She felt herself dropped into a chair which creaked—her arm was released.

The squat telescope bag was dropped to the floor at her side, bulging precariously, as a hoarse voice expos-

tulated: "See here, Terror, wot'n 'ell's the matter—shove up thet there gun!"

The girl made an ineffectual dab at her drowned eyes. She glanced covertly up. She glimpsed through the mist of her tears an enormous man, a great hulk of an ungainly man, the biggest and most awkward man she'd ever seen, playing a gun. He waved admonishingly a six-shooter toward the swaying doors hiding all but a mass of shifting boots. In a mixture of surprise and chagrin, the girl saw the giant turn upon the short man's loud protests a face devoid of any particular expression. "She came on the stage," vouchsafed the larger men by way of explanation, jerking his head in the direction of the girl.

For an instant the little fellow blinked in utter bewilderment. "Paint me purple!" he gasped, "paint me purple, if it ain't Maizie!"

"Mister McGowan?" the girl questioned dully, with the reluctance of one who hardly expects to find anything right.

"Thet's me," was the reply. "You are Maizie?"

"They call me Maizie," the girl responded indifferently. "Things—is ready for me?"

"Ah, to-night—to-night, m' dear," Mac answered jauntily. Then he pointed with evident pride to the far end of the Last Chance at the pile of lumber.

A smothered "shucks!" breathed with dangerous intensity behind them, in startling suddenness, recalled the Terror's presence.

Mr. McGowan flashed about: for the first time, he was made uneasy by the other. "No offense—no 'ffense!" he found himself stammering in uncomfortable—and unusual—haste. It was later that it struck him as funny that he of all men, the mighty proprietor of the Last Chance, should give heed in a flash——

The acid disapproval lingered in the big man's eyes for a deadly second. Then his undisturbed features burst into a sullen flare of anger. He furiously shoved his gun back into its holster.

For a breath he wavered and gazed at the crimsoning girl with a stare which carried sweeping disillusionment, intermixed with a baffling disappointment. He turned slowly about and strode past the girl.

The doors banged shut. Maizie straightened as though she had been struck. The color rushed from her burning cheeks. Spontaneously, she turned a white face to the proprietor of the Last Chance, and flung her hands out in an appeal of passionate helplessness. She felt as though she had lost her only friend in the Suburb o' Hell. Then she began to sob.

Mr. McGowan threw up his pudgy hands in horrified confusion.

That night the Last Chance radiated a joyous blaze of garish light shimmering out from beneath the doors into the street, as though to rival the brilliancy of the desert night above the Terror's head.

Quite mechanically, he stumbled up the worn steps and entered the Last Chance. He vacillated for a moment, then from sheer habit crossed the place oblivious to the unusual crowd, to the happy clink of glassware waved in hilarious greeting, to the suppressed excitement pervading the uninviting nakedness of the interior. He did not give the slightest attention to the broad sweep of amused glances he left behind him. He paused in front of his table against the further wall, then dropped heavily into the protesting chair.

Apparently he did not hear the loudly echoed "Sh! Sh!" stilling the room. He did not even raise his head to discover the reason for the tense quiet gripping the Last Chance. In moody thought, he slouched wearily forward, half-turning his back from the hushed men. Somewhat without the yellowed circles of flickering light cast by the reeking oil lamps, he had withdrawn into the shifting half-shadows along the wall. He was a shadowed spectator who did not watch, a listening man who did not hear the tumultuously applauded words of Mr. McGowan. Absorbed in a gloomy contemplation

of the extraordinary afternoon and the strange passenger of Shaemus Mc-Shaemus, he was vaguely conscious of the desert sounds drifting into him from the Mojave night-world. Just as though the peevish hoot of a tiny elf-owl shrilling from a clump of mesquite really could tell what it was about the girl that affected him so profoundly.

The tentative chords of a guitar thrummed through the Last Chance. The Terror hungrily strained for the lazy notes to follow.

He clutched the table. He stared through the clouds of tobacco smoke to the end of the long room. He rubbed his eyes in utter amazement. Here, here in the Suburb o' Hell, in the Last Chance Saloon, here there was a stage—for whom?

But the fingering of the guitar had drifted the aimless notes into sensuous rhythm which must presage a dance by whom? Again he stared through the roving murk of the place to the rough stage and Spanish Joe joyously picking an unusual, compelling melody from the guitar. The Terror impulsively rose in his chair, then sank back.

It was the girl.

She was a carmined and rouged Maizie, with a reckless touch of color in each pale cheek, and her ruddy lips parted in a dashing smile. She ran down the stage, toed, her arms pressed tightly against her hips, and bowed. A kindly clapping of hands steadied her shaking steps; Jose broke into an imperious accompaniment which made her forget the uneven floor and the expectant faces of the men peering up at her through the blue haze.

Then she danced. Her pink-stockinged legs moved in instinctive grace, tossing the piquant ruffles of her ballet dress in a bewildering whirl of fluffy pinker billows. Her bare arms were clasped behind the glinting golden brown of her hair; the men gazed in deep satisfaction upon the low bodice and her white shoulders. At length the throb of the guitar grew softer and its poignancy died away as Maizie fled to her room. A riotous ap-

plause reverberated against the sheet iron roof; the premiere of Maizie was a success.

The Terror relaxed in his chair with a sigh. He had never seen a girl so beautiful as Maizie.

Night after night she danced.

And the Terror watched. His old reserve fled before the tumultuous emotions struggling on his face as Maizie swirled and swayed to the lilt of the guitar. There were moments when he gripped the table incessantly, and there were moments of the intermissions when he half-started for her little dressing room—always checked by accessions of mortifying indecision. A hard smile came into her face as she watched him night after night. With the passing of the weeks, a hopeless air would reveal itself to contend with the determined lines about her wearied little mouth. She could only dance on, trusting that some time he would understand.

Although her admirers were many, she would have nothing to do with them—fiercely keeping at a distance save when she smiled upon them across the puny footlights. And even then they felt that she did not smile upon them.

So she gave the lie to the stories from Higher'n Haman way. And stranger, the habitues of the Last Chance respected her—partly because after all she was a woman, and partly because they could not forget the cold fury on the face of the Terror as he swung the unusual passenger of Shaemus McShaemus past the broad grins of the men.

Continually regarding the fascination of the Terror and the longing of Maizie, the immovable Gilson commented upon the change. "Tell yuh wot, gents," he said, "somethin' happens when they look an' look an' drink thet-a-way. Yuh wait; sometime, somethin'll make him crazy mad an'—well!"

Although they still laughed at Any-Odds, it was now a constrained laugh and marked with a tinge of doubt.

They scrutinized with deeper interest

the Terror—quiet, serious-eyed, and puzzled. When she finished a turn, he drank—more silent, deeper-eyed, and thinking hard, very hard. When Maizie danced no more for that night he passed out through the whispering men—slowly, perplexed, as though he were trying to piece together something which he did not comprehend entirely.

There came a night when Jose played—alone. Maizie did not dance. The Terror listened impatiently. The soothing swing of the "Night Herding Song" vaguely recalled to him his yesterdays—riding the long range with the Texas steers:

" . . . Slow up, dogies, quit yer roving around,
 You've wandered and tramped all over the ground;
 Oh, graze along, dogies, and feed kinda slow,
 And don't forever be on the go—
 Oh, move slow, dogies, move slow.
 "Hi-oo, hi-oo, hi-oo.
 "I have circle-herded, trail-herded, night-herded and cross-herded, too,
 But to keep you together, that's what I can't do;
 My horse is leg weary and I'm awfully tired,
 But if I let you get away I'm sure to get fired—
 Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up.
 "Hi-oo, hi-oo, hi-oo . . ."

The song died away; Maizie came out. She ran up to Spanish Joe, whispering a word to him. He nodded approvingly to what she said, and struck into a peculiar eerie burden which had never been heard before, watching Maizie in pathetic admiration.

Its erotic appeal pulsed upon the listeners with a wrenching enchantment; it was indefinite yet pregnant with its allurements, exquisitely soft but thrilling in its clearness, joyous with the laugh of life, yet interwoven with its deeper sad burden. Maizie danced, edging far down the stage and only pausing when she looked straight up to the Terror gazing back at her.

And there she danced the eternal theme—the call of some one to some one else.

No one could know the price her steps cost her. No one could fully guess the despairing hopes that Maizie hardly dared breathe placed upon each step. It is a long and weary way back from where Maizie went.

In her elation, the barrenness of the Last Chance passed, and she was no longer oppressed by the tawdriness of it all. Man by man, the onlookers faded from her vision; she danced for one man alone. The gnawing realities of her life detached themselves from her thoughts until at last even the moving call of Jose's guitar grew fainter and fainter, yet the stirring intensity of its throb remained in all its passion. She danced in an ethereal rapture as she saw the longing crystallize in the man's face with each step she made. She was calling the tune—did he understand?

The quivering notes blurred away.

Everything was still as she made her finale. The seduction of her appeal held the Terror. He stared blindly back at Maizie's white face as she hesitated questioningly on the edge of the stage. Did he understand, now?

Maizie and the Terror did not hear a man stamp into the Last Chance. The stranger shook the dust off his chaps, loudly letting it be known that he had just come in from Higher 'n Haman way. There was some indefinable manner about this riding gent that made it apparent he did not give a tinker's damn for the Suburb o' Hell, its inhabitants—and the Last Chance Saloon. Indeed, he diffused a positive contempt for the Suburb, insinuating that he regarded his enforced sojourn therein as a favor wrung reluctantly from him. He clanked up to Mr. McGowan, and plumped down upon the bar a great black bottle, peremptorily indicating his desire to have filled the same. He flung down a dollar, tipped up the bottle, and let a portion of its contents disappear in a series of loud gurgles without so much as asking the outraged Mr. McGowan to join him.

The riding gent, having satisfied his thirst, zigzagged among the tables of muttering men to a position not far from the engrossed Terror. Affecting a superior grin, the buckaroo condescended to look over the Last Chance. The Terror became aware of the man's proximity with a feeling of annoyance. He glanced from Maizie to the riding gent, and somehow felt instantly hostile; he did not like the intruder at all. He straightened, watching the riding gent closely as the latter stared hard at Maizie.

The Terror hitched at his belt thoughtfully. The riding gent's was a most offensive stare which followed Maizie's precipitate retreat toward the wings—if the burlap could be called such. And the Terror found at once that he hated this desert rider cordially and completely. As the riding gent continued his insolent leer, a great fear began to creep into the drawn features of Maizie. She shivered as if it were a bad dream and started to exit. Then she wavered, held on the stage in spite of her unwillingness. With her hesitation, the scrutiny of the riding gent twisted into a triumphant sneer, as though he had recalled something nastily pleasant.

Coincidentally, the innocent grey eyes of the Terror fused into two steely dots, reminding one of the business ends of a pair of '44's. The expression of the riding gent was out and out intolerable.

The man turned a face full of insinuation to the waiting men. "Is that the best yuh got in this joint?" he mocked, ogling Maizie. "Why, she was——"

A passion choked curse snapped off the words. The gasping sob of Maizie electrified the room. The Terror sprang at the riding gent.

When it came to the show-down the

man from Higher'n Haman was pulling a gun. But the Terror was quicker. He flashed across the intervening space, lunged upon the riding gent, and yanked the poised gun from its hand with a wrenching sweep of his long arm. Rushed, the buckaroo was borne backward. Before the dazed gun-fighter could duck, a massive fist smashed into his face. Thrashing wildly, he reeled against a table. The creaking legs gave way. The Terror and the bad-man crashed to the floor in a tinkle of glassware. They rolled, the Terror sending vicious jabs into the beaten gunman.

A moment later the Terror got to his feet, panting hard. Without so much as a glance at the riding gent, he brushed past the gaping fringe of men. He flung out his twitching paws pleadingly to the shaking girl hovering irresolutely in the background. "Come on, kid," he rumbled, tenderly. "We're a-goin' ter git married."

Maizie raised a pitiful little head to the giant's face. Then she swallowed hard and shook her brown hair.

A surge of timidity, almost fear, swept into the Terror's bloody features. "Not marry me?" he groaned. "There ain't nobody else?" He glanced about him incredulously.

And again Maizie shook her head.

Then she pulled herself together in a sudden determination, tried to throw off the pristine yearning which possessed her. "I can't marry you," she breathed dully, like a dead soul at a hopeless task, "because——"

The eager man brushed aside the words with a magnificent disdain. "But I love you, Maizie." She looked at him—a new hope dawning—but waited.

"An' we'll git hitched proper—parson an' all the fixin's!" he added.

This time Maizie nodded.



GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT



(SYNOPSIS.—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later, Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength falls her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile,

Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound. The next day in the shipyard Pasek tries to arrest Jan with his wound as evidence, but Jan destroys his hand in molten metal, makes his escape and is later captured by Pasek and returned to Galt for trial. He is found guilty and sentenced to ten years at Floryanska. Meanwhile, Jagiello, in the south, is selected because of her beauty for a desperate mission for the Empire. After six months at the Court, she is sent to Warsaw to enamor Prince Rupprecht and steal the Russian war plans.)

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN Jagiello awoke it was white noon.

She stared about her in amazement, forgetting for an instant the horrible memories that assailed her. She was in the Prince's suite in the Royal Palace, overlooking the silver-glinting river.

The suite was luxurious beyond words.

The bedroom was appointed with rich antique furniture; adjoining was the library where official business was transacted; beyond that was a dull-mahogany smoking room; and to the right opened a dining-salon with simmering samovar. The hangings were of sombre lees-of-wine velvet, richly brocaded. Beautiful Iran rugs with vivid Russian colorings lay upon the floors. Hanging lamps of fretted sil-

ver and gold filigree depended.

As consciousness of her surroundings dawned upon Jagiello, the horror of the sunlight overcame her; she wanted to die, to vanish from the world of sorrow, and torture, and man's hate, and selfishness, and intrigue. Her head lay upon lacy pillows; silken coverlets lay soft over her; her face was pale as death itself; her golden hair showered about her naked shoulders. She lay stunned and bewildered, peering up through half-shut eyes at a ceiling of rosy figures painted in a cloud of soft pink tints. At last, moving her head, she saw the Prince.

He was sitting at a great desk in the library, clad in a dark-green velvet coat, smoking a cigarette, and playing abstractedly with two white wolf hounds that reclined at his feet.

Presently she heard voices, vague whisperings, and the Prince looked up

and gave directions for luncheon to a servant who entered the library. Then his secretary came and went, and two sentries received instructions and went out, closing the door softly. It was all very mysterious, the comings and goings of the Prince's retinue—and Jagiello was invisible to them all.

Shortly the silence returned to the rooms, and the Prince stroked the silky noses of the beautiful dogs, and struck at them playfully, while they in turn joyfully snapped at his hands and feet, and rubbed their long, slim heads against his legs. The Prince's movements were mechanical, as though some thought obsessed his mind. At length he arose nervously, crossed to the window and remained looking down at the Lazienki Park, with its white palace; and all the little *cukiernias* that lined the street; and at the division of cavalry deploying in the Military Park across the river. Quickly tiring of this diversion, he entered the bedroom, glanced anxiously down at Jagiello, stared a long moment at her lovely, tired face, then returned to the wolf hounds. The dogs watched his every movement with the keenest interest.

Finally he went over to the door that opened from the library to the corridor, and tried it to see that it was locked. Glancing once more toward Jagiello to assure himself that she still slept (never suspecting that she was conscious of everything he did), he returned to the library and ran his hand swiftly up and down the side of the window frame, as though seeking some secret spring. His hand halted halfway down the casing, and his fingers pressed an invisible knob. Instantly a panel of the wall next to the window dropped forward. Then in a flash the Prince called the dogs.

"Olga! Boris!"

The hounds bounded to their feet from the soft rug.

"What do you do to any one touching the panel?"

Instantly both dogs leapt through the air ten feet and snapped their wide, powerful jaws within half an inch of

the Prince's hand.

"Ah, Boris! Olga! You have not forgotten! Mind! if any one opens the panel—hold them!"

Olga and Boris wagged their tails, an action which said as plainly as words that an enemy opening the secret panel would not escape with his life. The Prince, his voice laden with fond admiration, rubbed the soft noses of the hounds with his left hand; with his right hand he reached behind the panel and took from its hiding place a packet of yellow papers, bound together with a dove-gray cover.

Jagiello thrilled as she watched him out of the corner of her eye, feigning sleep. Had chance so quickly revealed to her the hiding place of the Russian war plans? Were these the documents she had come to Warsaw to procure for the Emperor?

Closing the panel, Prince Rupprecht returned to his desk, and, lighting a fresh cigarette, slowly unfolded the yellow sheets. As he did so, Jagiello saw his hand tremble. His eyes constantly shifted from the papers to the door—to the window—to the bed; and at every sound of whatever nature he sprang to his feet, his hand reaching for his revolver. He was not lacking in physical courage, she knew; then was it not true that only papers of the gravest importance could cause the Prince such agitation? And what papers save those detailing the Russian plan of attack, for which purpose the Prince had been sent to Warsaw by the Czar?

For many minutes the Prince stood above his desk, nervously shifting the pages, absorbed in their contents.

Then *Rap! Rap!*

The Prince started. His hand darted under his coat and reappeared, grasping an automatic pistol. There was an instant's silence. Then the knocking was repeated, briskly, as of some one with an important message. The wolf hounds were on their feet, ready to spring, their ears laid back, the hair of their backs bristling.

"Low, Olga! Down, Boris!"

The Prince spoke in low tones. He

replaced his revolver, then noiselessly crossed to the panel, opened it, and replaced the document. He closed the panel cautiously. The knocking was heard a third time, insistent. Before going to the door, His Excellency stepped into the bedroom and once more stared down at Jagiello, who lay seemingly in deep slumber.

"Still asleep!" he murmured. He bent low and kissed her.

Then retracing his steps, he closed the folding doors between the bedroom and the library. Jagiello breathed more freely. She opened her eyes, and cupped her ears for the slightest sound.

The next moment she heard the Prince unlocking the door leading to the corridor. Then the voice of an *attache* was heard announcing the Prince's visitors. She distinguished voices in cordial greeting. As the men entered the library she sensed the rattling of sabres, and judged the callers to be Russian officers. Presently she heard laughter, then the clinking of wine glasses and the voices settled down to a steady hum.

CHAPTER XLV.

It was two o'clock by the little Sevres clock on the mantel. The early afternoon sunlight streamed across the wonderful rugs, emblazoning the rugged browns and golds interwoven in their texture. Above Jagiello hung a little golden bird in a gilded cage. Below in the street a military band was marching past the Palace, and the music inspired the bird to sharp, brilliant rolls and twitterings. She lay gazing up at the bird. She and the little songster were alike prisoners of the Prince—she a prisoner of man's cabals and plotting, the plaything of an Emperor. She had pledged her loyalty to secure for her country the Russian war plans; now her nimble mind was devising means of obtaining access to the secret panel.

She leaped lightly from the bed, throwing down the silken coverlet, and began dressing. A strange dizziness

came over her, an unaccountable weakness. She sank back upon the edge of the bed; catherine-wheels whirled before her eyes. Then, faint and far-off, she heard the voices of the Prince and the officers as the men moved from the library into the smoking-room. A door banged shut. The dizziness passed, and Jagiello, keenly alert once more, listened intently. Only a burst of laughter could be heard occasionally.

The library was empty!

Where were the wolf hounds? Had the Prince sent them out with the *attache*? Or had he left them at the far end of the library to guard the panel? Jagiello had seen their lightning-like leap across the room. She dared not touch the panel in their present lest she be torn to pieces.

She dressed quickly. Then tiptoeing to the folding doors she timidly parted them. Beyond she could hear subdued voices. Through the crack she could see the dogs reclining on the rug. They stared at her with almost human vision, their heads transfixed, with sinister design. Jagiello knew well what the price of opening the panel would be. How was she to escape their vigilance?

She reasoned that the men were the Russian officers who had arranged to meet the Prince here at the Palace at two o'clock. She remembered that they were to discuss the war plans. In that event, would the Prince in all probability not come and take the plans from the panel shortly? Instant action was necessary. But—the dogs!

As Jagiello met the gaze of their beady eyes inspiration came to her.

She opened the doors wider.

"Here, Olga! Come, Boris!" she called softly.

The beautiful dogs got slowly to their feet and stood watching her. She darted back into the bedroom; they followed, wagging their tails. She turned and stroked their noses, and talked to them soothingly.

Meanwhile she fastened on her bonnet. Then she stood up on the edge of the bed and opened the door of the

little bird's cage. Tears rushed into her tender eyes, but the stakes were high, and she knew she must not hesitate to win. She put her hand into the cage and gathered the frightened little songster between her fingers. Then going to the door of the dining-salon, she opened her hand and the bird flew straight ahead toward the windows, striking the panes, and dropping to the floor bewildered. Swift as arrows, Olga and Boris bounded after the bird, which, gathering strength, flew upward toward the ceiling of pink clouds. The canary had evaded the long, savage jaws, and now began flying around in frightened circles.

Jagiello faced the library, her heart beating wildly, her body trembling from sheer excitement. She ran across to the secret panel. Her deft fingers moved up and down the side of the window frame. She shuddered, well knowing that now her life hung in the balance. Suddenly her fingers touched a slight projection; this she pressed, and the oak panel fell forward. Her hand shook violently as she reached into the secret crevice. Her fingers closed upon a packet. She drew it forth. It was the same packet that His Excellency had replaced not half an hour before.

In the dining-salon she could hear the wolf hounds still dashing back and forth in great leaps after the canary. Now they began barking furiously, evidently angered that they should be thwarted for so long. She knew that the barking would bring the Prince in a moment, and, sure enough, she heard quick footsteps from the direction of the smoking-room.

Her moment had come.

White and trembling, she turned to the door leading to the corridor—and escape. The dogs were barking savagely. Even as her hand closed upon the knob her eyes fell upon the open panel! One glance, and the Prince would know what had happened! She must close the panel at the risk of her life.

She thrust the packet into her bosom and reached out with both hands to

throw up the oak board. In that instant the canary flew out from the dining-salon into the library, and circled over Jagiello's head! Olga and Boris came leaping and plunging through the doorway. Simultaneously the door of the smoking-room was flung open and the Prince appeared.

The panel *clicked* back into position as Jagiello's hand fell upon the door to the corridor. The attack of the dogs was the more dangerous. As Jagiello's hand left the panel, scenting danger, with swift accord they sprang at her.

Jagiello opened the door, darted into the corridor, and hurled the door shut.

She heard the two dogs strike the door with powerful impact, snapping their fangs—but too late!

She ran down the corridor toward the wide staircase. Two sentries quickly sprang toward her and seized her.

"The Prince!" she cried, hysterically; "they are killing him! Go to the Prince!"

The sentries released their clutch upon her and rushed down the marble corridor toward Prince Rupprecht's room.

Jagiello ran breathlessly down the staircase.

In another moment she was out in the sunshine, lost among the crowds that thronged the street.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Straight and swiftly, Jagiello made her way to the Hotel de Europe.

She climbed the staircase and reached the corridor leading to her room, out of breath. Her face was the hue of chalk. A nameless terror seized her—the excruciating terror of pursuit. She knew that the Prince, missing the yellow packet that she clutched frantically to her bosom, would instantly be upon her trail. She knew the penalty: it was the penalty of all spies caught in the Czar's domain: death in obscurity, or worse than death in the white wastes of Siberia.

Her hand fumbled with the knob of her door; finally she got it open and flung herself inside, hurling the door shut and backing against it for support. She stared with terrified eyes at Madame Jousa.

"Madame! Madame!" cried Jagiello in broken gasps, "here is the packet—the war plans—from the Prince's room. He knows! He is following! Quick! Take it and flee from the city! I may never see another day alive. Tell the Emperor—I did it for my boy—I did it for my boy! . . . O Mother of God! hurry! hurry!"

Madame Jousa took the precious packet in her shaking yellow hands, and hid it securely in the folds of her dress. She was already dressed for the street. Without even bidding Jagiello good-bye, she went into the long hall and surreptitiously made her way out the rear entrance into the street. Here she hailed a motor, and started toward the railway station.

Quickly changing her dress and hat so as not to be recognized, Jagiello locked the door of the hotel room and made her way into the street by the same rear entrance. She was none too soon, for as she mingled with the crowds she saw the motor of the Prince roll swiftly up to the hotel. Rupprecht and three Russian generals got out and hurried into the hostelry. Jagiello took a tram car and went into the outskirts of the city. Here she remained in hiding for three days. She veiled her identity as the beautiful Madame Rouledou, and became a poor country woman whose husband had been killed in a railroad wreck south of Lubin, and who must now make her own way laboring in the fields. Finally she worked her way to Skierniewice, and went to work in the fields of a peasant family named Bazaroff, owners of a small farm just outside the town.

As she worked, Jagiello wondered what fortune had attended Madame Jousa. Her own task accomplished, it mattered not what happened to herself. But the gravest dangers faced Madame Jousa. Her plan had been

to deliver the packet (or whatever papers she might acquire from Jagiello) to a Carlmanian farmer in the suburbs of Warsaw. The farmer would boldly ship the packet hidden in a cheese in a consignment down the Vistula to Alexandrovo. Here it was to be received by a humble Carlmanian produce dealer, whose mission in Poland was to successfully convey the packet across the frontier . . . Had Madame Jousa successfully given the plans to the appointed farmer?

Jagiello was soon to know.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Monsieur Bazaroff was a thrifty peasant. Each morning he drove into Skierniewice with a cart of fresh vegetables, and each evening drove back with half a dozen rubles. One day about two weeks after Jagiello had arrived he returned unexpectedly at noon. His wife saw him coming far up the road. She called out anxiously, thinking something ill had happened to him. When he drove up his face was colorless, his eyes big with excitement.

"It is war!" he cried, "war! war!"

His wife screamed in alarm, then dragged the details from him.

"Carlmania has made war on the Czar! An army is marching toward Warsaw. It will pass through Skierniewice soon! Russia—England—France—they are all at war—with Carlmania! Mother of God, the Carlmanians are marching on Warsaw!"

Jagiello listened with blanched face and sickened heart. Little did the simple Bazaroff dream that the slender peasant girl who worked in his gardens had, by the theft of Russia's war plans, set the nations upon each other!

Consequences had followed with amazing swiftness.

Immediately the Russian War Office learned of the theft of the packet from Prince Rupprecht, a thousand government agents combed Poland for trace of a beautiful young woman and a crafty old dame. But the wily Madame Jousa had evaded the secret

agents and given the packet to the farmer to be shipped down the river. And while the cities and villages of Poland were searched for the exquisite Madame Rouledou, Jagiello, the simple peasant maid, was quietly digging vegetables in Bazaroff's gardens. Now in self-defense Russia ordered the swift mobilization of her troops. The Russian fleet was transformed from gleaming white to sombre gray, ready for action. With equal swiftness the other Powers prepared for the inevitable conflict. Overnight France and England armed each a million men, and cut the cables connecting their domains with Carlmania. Out of a nest of hatred, and suspicion, and jealousy sprang the greatest catastrophe to civilization. The Powers, overburdened with armament, could not avoid war. The underground diplomatic service of Europe had long known that war was imminent. Russia mobilized to protect herself upon learning that her war plans were known at Nagi-Aaros. Britain, jealous of Carlmania's naval supremacy in the Baltic, joined with Russia to crush this imperious young nation; and France, secretly allied with England, struck with her sister to protect her frontiers.

The hate of centuries focused into the hate of the moment. Where Britain had built three new dreadnoughts, Carlmania had added six superdreadnoughts to her fleet. Where France increased her standing army by another army corps, Carlmania drilled sixty thousand conscripts. Thus the fighting forces of each Power accumulated with each year. The nations were drained by taxes that the war chests might be ready when the hour should come. Millions of Toilers paid the penalty with their blood and half-starved bodies, while half a dozen crowned heads increased the war taxes. While Carlmania remained the advocate of militarism there could be no peace in Europe. And the great hour struck when a peasant girl opened the golden cage in the bedroom of Prince Rupprecht, and let loose a little bird. So on the tenth of November

Carlmania was at war with most of Europe—Russia, France, Britain and Austria.

Within a week five Carlmanian army corps had been thrown across the frontier and were marching on to Warsaw. Hordes of Slavs were hurtling out of the East to defend Poland's capital: thousands upon ten thousand men—great, grim, stolid Cossacks who would face the terrible siege guns of the enemy like posts of granite, immovable, implacable, and go down if need be in sweating, bloody multitudes, unknown to each other, unknown to the world—go down like leaves before the hurricane, knowing not why, thrown into the deadly fire of a million rifles because the "Little White Father" at Petrograd had written his name across a sheet of paper.

All Europe was aflame with war. The legions of France joined the Imperial forces of Austria and entered Poland from the south. The Allies were concentrating to save Warsaw. British Hussars and mounted rifles, followed by heavy Dragoons, Lancers and Cuirassiers, were transported by troopships to Calais and hurried across the frontier into Austria at Olmutz, and northward with the French Chasseurs toward Warsaw. Within that week the world knew that the first great battle would occur before Warsaw, and that the existence of Carlmania hung upon its outcome.

The Battle of the Nations began on the twenty-first of November, on a Friday, a dismal day overcast with storm clouds, with the sun hidden from the world.

At the first warning of the approaching army, the Bazaroffs fled with thousands of other peasants. For days Jagiello knew that a battle would soon ruin the countryside. Soldiers from the surrounding forts had warned the populace to flee. The farmers, gathering their poor possessions into bundles, escaped toward Grojec and Gora.

Jagiello remained at the Bazaroffs. The awful horror that had come into her heart sickened her. She lay upon her pallet, tossing in fever, crying out

shrill maledictions upon the Emperor that had commanded her into causing this debacle. The first night of her sickness the Bazaroffs had sat up alternately with her all night, with a candle flickering in the lowly hut. Toward morning she had awakened with delirium, crying out: "Oh, it is war, and I have started the war! . . . Oh, God! God! God! stop the war! . . . Here, Olga! Come, Boris! See, there is the bird! It has escaped! . . . Now it is war! . . . Oh, Jan! Jan! Jan! I have started the war! . . . Stefan, my precious, precious boy—I am coming home. . . !"

She lapsed into unconsciousness. About two o'clock old Bazaroff went for the priest, thinking that she was about to die. When the priest came he found her sleeping peacefully, so he went away. It was then almost dawn. Mounted soldiers were going from house to house, crying out to the peasants to leave the towns, as the Carlmanian cavalry patrols were only twenty kilometers away. At sunrise, believing that Jagiello could not live through the day, the Bazaroffs packed their few clothes and hurried away toward the railroad.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Jagiello was now alone in the deserted hut.

When the delirium had passed she sat up, weak and shaken, and cried out after the old man and woman until her voice became hoarse: "Bring me water—Oh, bring me water!" At length she fell back in exhaustion upon her pallet. Her body tingled with the fever; her flesh was afire; her throat was hot and dry. Just outside the window was a well, and on the brink of the well was a bucket of cold, clear water. At length, swept with the fever flames, she crawled, half clad, along the floor to the door of the hut. It was late afternoon; the sky was gray with tumbling clouds. Inch by inch she went, suffering untold torment, the anguish of her soul commingled with the racking pain of her body.

At length she reached the masonry of the well. Two feet above her rested the bucket on the brim. She reached up a thin white arm, exerting the last bit of her failing strength, until at last her fingers clutched its wooden sides. Frantically she touched the top of the bucket, then started to lower it to her mouth. In that supreme moment her strength failed her, and the bucket fell from her grasp. She swooned and lay quite still. The cold water flooded her breasts and limbs. She opened her red, sunken eyes, and stared with awful fixity about her. Seeing the empty bucket she cried out in despair. The fever flames swept her anew. The empty bucket lay beside her, mocking her. She crawled over to it and licked its sides, crying: "Water! Water . . . Mother of God of Czenstochowa, I started the war! I started the war! O Prince! Don't! Don't! . . . Oh, dear Jan, water! water! . . ."

Suddenly she realized that night had shut down. She tried to drag herself back into the hut. But her strength was exhausted; she fell back helplessly upon the ground. Hours later when she awoke the sky was black and starless. She heard far-off rumblings and strange thunder. Detonations made the earth tremble. Her head palpitated as from swift, hard, racking blows. She opened her eyes and saw a world of crimson flame, burning like a Galt sunset. In her delirium she had seen jets of flame; now it seemed that the delirium had returned, and the jets of fire had become mountains of scarlet vapor, and the earth rocked and trembled like the dynamic rending of worlds.

"Mother of God, I started this war," she moaned.

That night the Carlmanian troops threw themselves forward in an attack on the outer ring of forts encircling Warsaw. Ten thousand head of cattle lowed in terror; countless herds of sheep bleated pitifully; farmhouses for twenty kilometers were set afire, their flames blending with the blazing fields; mitrailleuses rattled in a rain of death; the formidable "Black Ma-

rias," the 42-centimetre siege guns of the Carlmanians, convulsed the earth in deafening fury . . . In the ancient Church of St. Maurice two thousand peasants, unable to escape from the city, cowered and prayed in a diapason of awful voices. A regiment of Carlmanian Cuirrassiers, finding the Church in their line of advance on Praga, ordered it leveled by the siege guns. This was done, and the ruins buried the praying peasants . . . Toward morning a thousand French Lancers attempted to cross the lower bridge that spanned the Vistula. The bridge was suddenly dynamited by Carlmanian scouts, destroying the cavalry. . The terrible Carlmanian shells wiped out whole British regiments—mere boys from the streets of London; transformed homes into abattoires; and carried away entire hills. The Royal Palace was reduced to smoking ashes; the Botanical Conservatory was filled with ten thousand wounded; the Park Lazienki was grooved with trenches at dawn, and nine thousand Cossacks were buried by sappers. The White Palace in the Park, where gay soirees had once been held, now ran with the blood of thousands.

The next morning the Carlmanian War Office issued this bulletin:

"Nothing to report."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Nothing to report!"

The east was blood-red with the sun bursting through rents in grayish-white clouds.

The rifle fire that had continued all night now increased ten-fold. The siege guns again bellowed. To Jagiello, lying upon the dew-soaked ground, tortured with fever, the screams of the shells were voices from hell. She moaned and twisted through seven days as the fever ran its course. She was hours crawling back into the hut—hours of writhing by inches, until she at last gained the bread-box in the kitchen and ate its meagre contents. The fever left her sallow and shaken. . . . On the fifth day she saw

on the horizon a column of British troops; these advanced in the direction of the hut, and soon the fields were moving masses of khaki uniforms, French with baggy red breeches, and picturesque Highlanders—magnificent men with the rhythm of brass bands in their step. These regiments were converging before Warsaw to join the Cossacks in their defensive movement against the invading Carlmanians. Suddenly in the sky a bird appeared, grew larger and larger—a Carlmanian armored aeroplane. It swooped down, and, amid a rain of lead, darted upward and southward. Presently the southern sky became black with similar giant birds that swept over the French and British—a hundred aeroplanes, a formidable fleet, obscuring the sun. Without warning they cast crimson death upon the army below. Bomb after bomb exploded among the troops with flaming detonations. The regiments returned a deadly rifle fire; the French aerial guns bombarded the air, and a dozen planes hurtled into the fields. Their petrol tanks exploded and the fields took fire, and soon became waves of leaping flames. Where the regiments did not die in close-packed hundreds, the fire consumed them. The storm of bombs from the sky was such that no troops could withstand; the soldiers shrieked and died. When there was left but a torn remnant of English infantry and French cavalry officers, the planes winged gracefully northward, spilling trails of flame upon farmhouse and barracks. Three hours the battle had raged—pitifully one-sided—and the yellow mustard fields were waist high with dead. The remnant of the living sweated and toiled, piling corpses into funeral pyres. These burned and smoldered through all that night. The right flank of the Allies had been totally destroyed.

"Nothing to report," repeated the Carlmanian War Office the next morning.

All night Jagiello, from the doorway of the Bazaroff hut, watched the pyres burn; and her face twitched with agony

and her teeth clicked hard, and her nails bit the palms of her hands until the blood came.

"O Mother of God!" she moaned again and again, staring at the burning dead; "O Mother of God, let me die with those I have caused to die! Strike me dead that I too may become ashes upon the plain to be blown about by the winds of a thousand centuries!" She was death-white and staring.

After midnight she rose and staggered northward toward Warsaw. The sky for miles and miles was flaring with pillars of flame, shutting out the stars. The earth reverberated with the challenge of the Carlmanian guns. Every quarter hour those terrific engines spoke, their roar rising tumultuous, hissing, monstrous, the voice of Carlmania itself with all its violent hate. Heroic regiments of Russian Cossacks with bloodshot eyes and blood bursting from their foreheads were bending back the onrushing Carlmanian lines; when the shells burst those blue lines would be gone. Nothing would be left but the powder mist and the dust from buildings, sifting earthward, through which the Carlmanian troops pressed forward with maddened cheers toward the inner chain of forts. The Russian trenches were heaped with dead. Toward morning the firing ceased. The sun rose, a hot red disk, flaring upon a thousand thousand dead.

And that morning again the secretive Carlmanian War Office announced to the populace:

"Nothing to report in the Eastern theatre of war."

Nothing to report! And all day the firing sent thousands of fathers and sons to their deaths. Nothing to report! As far as the eye could see, fields of grain shot into flame and were destroyed, homes were dynamited to give free range to the great guns, marvelous buildings, centuries old, were reduced in an eye twinkling to mounds of dust! Nothing to report! And on the sixth night the appalling disasters of the Battle of the Nations passed beyond belief.

The great bridges across the Vistula having been dynamited, the French and British Cavalry began crossing the stream on pontoons a mile below the Cen Tower. In the red-shot darkness the horses splashed and neighed, as thousands upon thousands swept into the murky waters in a wild dash for the Russian outposts.

And then in a blinding glare, the great oil tanks up the river were set afire by a Carlmanian patrol, and the burning oil was turned into the swift stream. The flaming waters rushed down upon the swimming cavalry. In all history, no battle horror could compare with this. The racing river of living fire encompassed thousands upon thousands of cavalry troops. In an incredible short space of time all were in the burning maelstrom—the troopers, the horses, the countless barges of Russian wounded drifted down the river, the hordes crossing on the pontoon bridges—all in one gigantic funeral pyre. Three blasts of a whistle ordered retreat—but too late! The flames leaped heavenward in brilliant, quickening gusts. The cries of the fathers and boys were not cries, but muffled gurgles as the red death swirled upon them. The horses, whinnying piteously, plunged wildly toward the shore—five thousand magnificent chargers, the flower of the Allies' cavalry. Their terrified whinnings could be heard for miles. Each white puff of shrapnel added a new terror, and their plunges unseated many riders, and sent them beneath the water to a merciful death. Half an hour it lasted—half an hour of hell on earth, and when the blazing waters had again become sullen and inky, the banks were lined with the poor dead.

The cavalry charge was over.

That night the Carlmanians stormed the forts and took the city, reporting the *coup* by wireless.

In the morning the Carlmanian War Office declared to the world: "*Our army in the Eastern arena of war has entered Warsaw. Nothing further to report.*"

Nothing further to report! And Ar-

mageddon had come!

The Slavs, driven eastward from Warsaw, were reenforced by two new army corps and poured back to retake the city.

On the seventh day Jagiello, now recovered, joined the Red Cross and went about among the soldiers, ministering to the dying and wounded. On the seventh night the Slavs and their allies flung hordes of troops upon the lost Warsaw forts. Under the shelter of the French artillery the Allies' lines beat ahead. The Carlmanians had mounted mitrailleuses upon the towers and walls of the city. As the crisp gray lines advanced the machine guns spit red streams of bullets. Men were mowed down—grain before Death's scythe. Where one regiment was wiped from the earth, another gray line advanced, singing fanatically, to die as their comrades had before them. The Allies' plan was to overwhelm the Carlmanian Cuirassiers by sheer numbers. Men were pitted against machines in this last great war, and while a stunned world was held in ignorance by the War Office reports, men fell like flies at the behest of Emperors and Kings. . . . On—on—up to the high towers, facing the spraying fire of the mitrailleuses, swept the long battalions to be cut to pieces. The Cen Tower crumpled into a dust heap, shot into ruins by the French artillery; a sirocco of shrapnel sent a khaki brigade of British dying in the midst of singing a music hall ballad. The fanfare of a bugle sent pale blue blocks of Carlmanians in great waves to bend back the Allies' advance; their bayonets gleamed, grim phantoms in the dreadful night, stabbing! sweating! cursing! shouting! blind and insensate, enfiladed and outranged, dying with foam-flecked faces, with Homeric laughter upon their lips. Over their stiffened bodies came the reserves in dense masses, sickened and white, but always stabbing with their bayonets, until at last they too went down, trampling and shouting. The French Chasseurs, the Austrians, the British Dorsets and the West Kents—went into the

battle line by battalions, until at last the brittle front swayed forward and went cheering past the outer walls up to the great Fior Gate.

From the towers the Carlmanians hurled hand grenades which burst with deadly showers of steel splinters. The fleet of aeroplanes swooped out of the night sky, dropping lyddite bombs upon the Allies storming the great Gate. The city, fired by the bombs, roared into great licking flames that could be seen throughout the countryside for a hundred miles.

Warsaw was burning!

In the red glare, under the shelter of the trees in the Park Lazienki, Jagiello passed among the wounded Carlmanians as they were carried in from the battle line. She bound their wounds and gave them to drink, while her eyes burned with an unholy light, and she shook with silent grief at thought of the cataclasm she had helped bring upon the world.

Suddenly a detachment of fusiliers dashed into the Park as a member of the General Staff drove up in a motor. The Captain reported to his superior. Jagiello heard the order of the officer:

"Go through the Gate and dynamite the charging enemy—or send a volunteer."

The member of the General Staff whirled away.

The Captain called to the men of his detachment:

"I want a volunteer to dynamite the enemy before the Gate."

As he turned, Jagiello saw the cringing look upon his face. It was Captain Pasek.

Instantly a soldier ran forward, a ragged, uncouth fellow whose face was unrecognizable from the powder stains upon it. He belonged to another regiment; his comrades had mostly been wiped away by the enemy; and so when his country needed him, this Unknown was ready.

There is never a situation so perilous but that there is a man ready to die to conquer it.

This man expressed his willingness to die.

Two fusiliers seized a box of dynamite from one of the motor lorries; this the Unknown took and ran low in the direction of the Fior Gate. Beyond, the blazing buildings outlined the mammoth Gate as some huge monolith—the key to the city. The Unknown successfully entered the fighting maelstrom; and tamped into the base of an outstanding tower the charge of dynamite, and lit the fuse. At once three blasts of a whistle sounded, and the Carlmanians fell back. The Cossacks and British pursued them, falling into the trap. A Dorset discovered the sputtering fuse. At once a terrible cry went up from the soldiers along the wall. With tramlings and curses they scampered to safety, like rats rushing from swirling flood waters. Only one man was left in the open: the Unknown, still

tamping the charge home. Suddenly he turned and ran. A deafening cheer from the Carlmanians greeted his heroism. The bark of an unfriendly rifle stopped his dash for safety; he threw up his arms and pitched forward. A moment later a charging British line came up to the tower; there was a terrific concussion; a mighty sheet of flame glowed out; a rain of stones spread death. A comrade dragged the hero of the Fior Gate into the shelter of the inner girdle of forts. Jagiello quickly went up to the gallant soldier and looked into his face. It had ceased to resemble a face. His arms had been carried away. "O God, be merciful to me—let me die! let me die!" he moaned.

Jagiello knew his voice.

He was Felix Skarga.

To be Continued.

A SUMMER STORM IN THE HIGH SIERRA

Faintly rolls the distant thunder;
 Darkening is the eastern sky;
 Dreamily I watch the storm-clouds
 Phantom-like go sailing by;
 Watch them as they slowly gather
 O'er the peaks of the divide—
 Trace their shadows in the water
 Blending with the woodland side.
 All around is hushed—expectant;
 Timorous birds their music cease:
 Air balsamic, trees and flowers,
 Lofty heights, breathe nature's
 peace.

Near and nearer rolls the thunder
 And more darkly glooms the sky;
 Undismayed I see the storm-clouds
 Fast and faster sailing by:
 See the heavier storm-clouds lower
 O'er the peaks of the divide,
 While the softening shadows deepen
 On the lakelet's tree-girt side.
 Freshening breeze and scattering rain-
 drops
 Exaltation doth increase:
 Rustling trees and rippling waters,
 Misty heights, breathe deeper peace.

Now o'erhead the thunder crashes—
 Angry darkness shrouds the sky;
 Spellbound—awed, I watch the storm-
 clouds
 Charged with power drifting by;
 Mark the lightning forked and vivid
 Flashing bolts both far and wide,
 While the rain-drops strike and sparkle
 On the waters at my side.
 All around the tempest rageth,
 But the tumult soon will cease;
 Flooding torrents, swaying treetops,
 Veiled heights breathe coming peace.

* * * * *
 Faintly rolls the distant thunder,
 Lighter grows the eastern sky;
 Soul-refreshed I watch the storm-
 clouds,
 Mystically sailing by;
 Watch them as they break and scatter
 O'er the peaks of the divide,
 And their phantom shadows brighten
 In the waters at my side.
 Azure sky and golden sunlight,
 Songs of birds again release;
 Trees and grasses, fragrant flowers,
 Radiant heights, proclaim God's
 peace.

DOUGLAS GOWER POOLE.



Handling disappearing guns ashore.

Battle Practice for the U. S. Fleet

By Dio L. Dawson

THE Government spends millions to teach the officers and men what war means. How the blood tingles in our veins and a thrill passes through us from head to foot at the very mention of the word war! How keen we are to listen and catch every word of dramatic sensational news when it all pertains to War! Associated with that word are all the grim details of bloodshed and disaster which have not come to mean less to us than they did forty-five years ago. When we hear the boom, boom, boom of the guns of the fleet saluting the

port, or some admiral of the line, our minds run on to magnify the reports of those six pounders of the saluting battery until the rolling thunder of actual battle assails our ears. The wildest imagination cannot picture the real condition nor realize what war, the sort of war we are to know in the future, will do for us here on the Pacific.

Millions of dollars are spent each year by the war department in an effort to realize this very thing itself. The fleet maneuvers, target practice and mock warfare are all carried on with an idea toward impressing upon

the minds of the sailors and officers from the admirals down what war means and how it must be conducted.

Although the drills of every day which the sailors are put through go a long way toward making proficient men-o'-war-men of them, they do not come up to the actual thing. There are a great many things lacking, as the excitement and the carrying out to the letter of each detail. For instance, at the gun drill only dummy shells are used, and at target practice only common shells which have no bursting charge are fired at the target. The men get no experience handling the more dangerous shrapnel and armor-

lessness develops which has in the past resulted in injury and death. The sub-caliber on the large guns, where a small shot is aimed and fired with the use of all the large guns' mechanism, cannot be of the value of actual fire, except as it train the eye of the pointer and make him familiar with the gear of the gun.

All of these devices have been worked out by the divisional officers and found of great value in training the crew, but they have to continually make a correction for the percentage of error brought on by the excitement and clamor of actual firing. It is to do away with this error that the depart-



U. S. Marine officers being schooled in bridge construction.

piercing shell which will be used almost entirely in battle. Then, as it is known in every other great game, the excitement of the real conflict is so much greater than in all preparatory affairs that one or two men of each crew will be found unable to perform their work and seriously impair the service of the gun.

There is much difference between handling a bean-bag and a genuine powder-bag. Only at target practice is the latter used, and it is liable to be thrown promiscuously about as if it were a bean-bag. In this way a care-

ment has taken steps to carry on battle practice and discharge every gun on the ship by batteries.

The Management of a Ship that Lives.

The manipulation and general management of one of our great ships of war is a task which thus far has only been assigned to men who have passed their prime of life in unquestionable service, men who have never known an error, who have proved through years of active duty what cool, level-headed thought can do when fraught with



U. S. Marines embarking on a transport for foreign service.

nerve; that kind of nerve which never fails and is never overwrought. A tremendous responsibility of invested wealth, and, what is infinitely more, of human life, rests continually upon the captain's shoulders. To err in the slightest detail, during the operation of all the various functions of the ship during action, is to throw into confusion the intricate clock-work system which governs every instant the freedom and movement of the vessel.

A modern warship, in its fullness of power, is like a gigantic monster endowed with breathing, pulsating life. Its heart is down beneath the protect-

searchlights, and above all, the signal system, by means of which the messages fly from ship to ship with a rapidity and sureness hitherto unknown, are all conducted by electric energy. It is this unity of mechanism and properly applied force which gives the monster its throbbing animation and makes it essential that every part work toward the accomplishment of the one aim—to destroy.

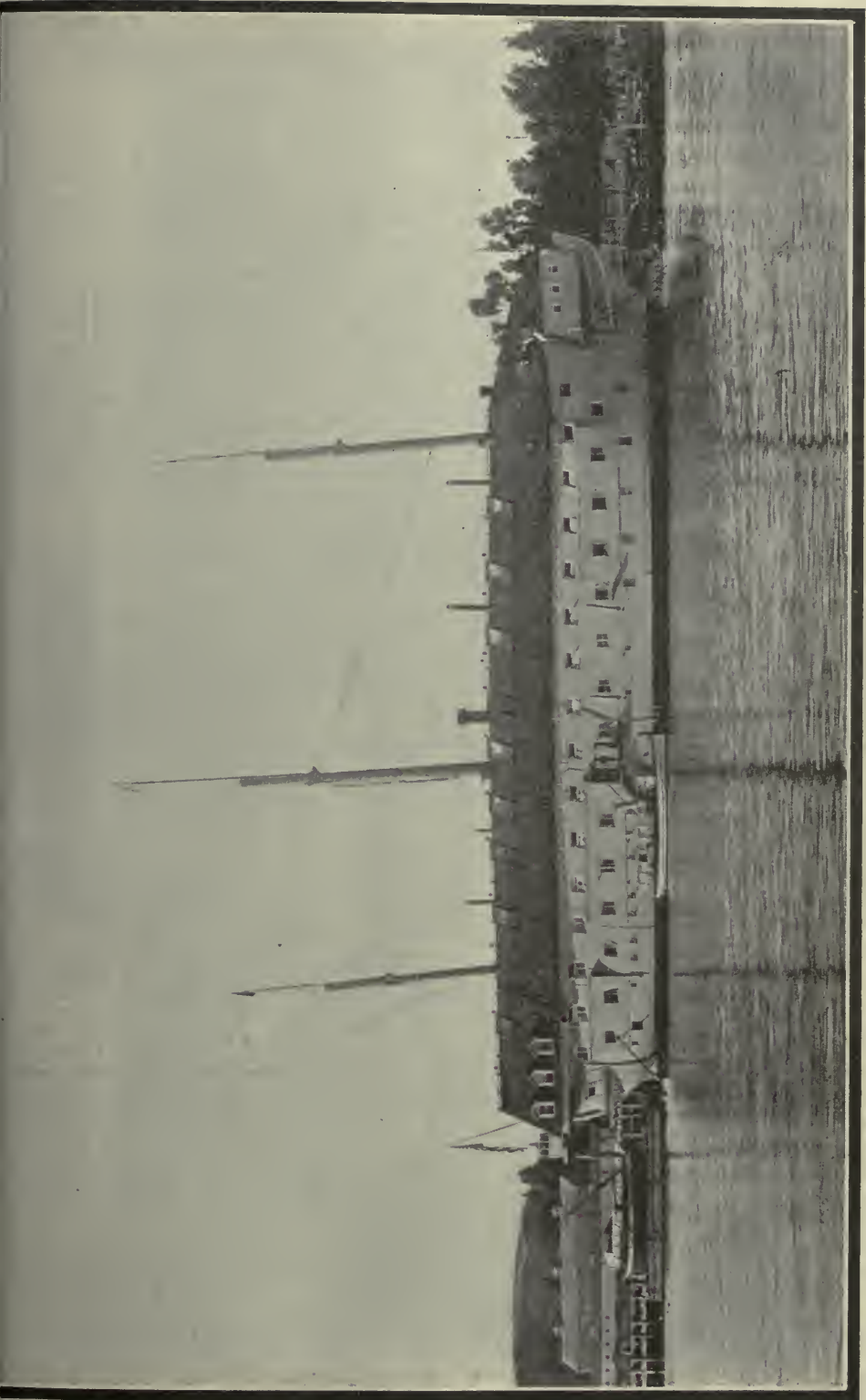
Should a shot fired from the enemy penetrate the armor at the water line in the forward end of the vessel, instantly an electrician would press a button, which would shut every water-



Brigade of Marines in company mess formation; a muster of three thousand.

ing armor in the dynamo room from where the electric currents emanate throughout the ship and set in motion the hundreds of devices which automatically perform the work. All the inner workings are carried on with electric energy with an inexpressible swiftness. All the ammunition hoists, leading up to the breech of every gun, the carrier trays coming up the circular pits under the turrets from the magazines, the long rams which shove home the charges weighing thousands of pounds, the cranes, the ash hoists, the

tight compartment door in that end. These heavy doors work automatically and will keep the water from flooding into the ship. If one steering gear is shot away another is thrown into use without losing control of the ship. A man trained to do the one thing is always on hand throughout the thousand and one nooks and stow-holes of the great vessel. All of the eight hundred and fifty of the men on a cruiser have their stations and go to them when an alarm sounds. By apportioning out the intricate duties to be per-



The old U. S. frigate Independence, which fought through the war of 1812, at the time she was lying at Mare Island, San Francisco Bay. Since then she has been broken up.

formed, and having each officer responsible for his men and to the captain, who in turn is responsible to the Admiral, our fleets of war are able to systematically conduct a battle on the high seas.

The means of communication through the ship itself and from one to the other, as well as to the flagship, seem limitless. It is a case of all talk at once, all answer at once, and some talk twice at once, or oftener. On the bridge there are constantly a dozen or more quartermasters, signal boys and electricians. There also is the captain and executive officer, and the officer of the deck, or the aid during action. Every speaking tube and telephone attach to the battle-tower on the bridge.

lights for night use, is operated instead.

Battle Practice Proper.

The great problem is to conduct warfare with a minimum amount of disaster and risk to the ship and crew. When every device which goes to make for that unity of action and life that throbs within the ship itself is thrown into its maximum use, and the strain and shock is taken up by the structure of the vessel, something is liable to give way and bring havoc and death. It would seem impossible for everything to take its share of resistance at just the proper time without endangering life and equipment.



U. S. Marine officers' school and advance base, Port Royal, S. C., demonstrating construction of foot pontoon bridges made of bamboo and ordinary kegs.

Into these tubes and over the wires, messenger boys and orderlies shout the orders of the captain respectively as he gives them for one quarter of the ship or another. When the conflict of battle is on and nothing can be heard save the din, the divisional officers and sight setters, to whom orders and the range must be given, wear a crude helmet with a speaking tube attached to it over their heads.

When it is too dangerous for a signal boy to get up in view and send messages, a large semaphore dummy with black arms and flags at the ends, and

In order to test every gun, every hoist, every beam and every man on board, the department has ordered battle practice to take place from time to time. The whole fleet steams to sea for this practice and sets adrift a huge hulk or raft to be taken for the enemy. Around this enemy they speed at full blast, in column, by fours, front on line and in squadron formation, all under the command of the Admiral just as if he were shouting the orders instead of signaling them, and commanding a company instead of a fleet of ships. While the engines are un-



Marines writing home in leisure hours.



A close shave for a holiday ashore.

der this strain, and the waves are rolling back from the bows in long, curling billows, the guns are fired by broadside into the mock enemy. Firing by broadside means that every gun pointing out from one side of the ship, amounting to some thirty on a battleship or cruiser, are electrically attached and go off at one instant. The concussion and shock of the terrific report from all these great guns is sufficient to make the ship jump like a cork on a wave, and burst every piece of glass-ware on board if this is not properly looked after. It is the limit of human endurance to withstand the shock, and

thing will carry away. Imagine yourself standing on the deck when a broadside is to be fired, awaiting to see what will happen to you. It is not a pleasant sensation.

In order to keep the various gun crews under control in spite of what may be taking place at the very next gun to them, they are separated by screens and bulkheads. One crew may have been blown to atoms and the rest will go on firing with all the courage and desperation confidence in their gun can give them, while if they knew, their confidence would leave and they could no longer put up a fearless fight.



Signal company of Marines in skirmish by the flank. Showing field telegraph telephone.

the intense feeling experienced of doubt and fear as to whether the ship will stand the strain or not requires all the nerve that can be mustered. A gull flying fifty feet above the muzzle of a twelve-inch gun when it was fired dropped dead into the sea.

Of course every precaution is taken to prevent fatalities, cotton is stuffed into the ears and each member of the crew has his place to fit into, and if he is there, no damage can result to him unless something carries away. That is what the test is for; to see if any-

Most of the accidents have resulted through the men having lost complete control of themselves during the intense excitement, and gotten out of place. The slightest error will throw into confusion the crew as a unit, with fatal results. Inside the turret two men must stand under the breech of the gun as it recoils. One of these must stoop and let it come in over him, while the other must lean back so it can come up within six inches of his shoulders and head. What would be the result if these men failed to get

into position after passing up the powder? They have been known to forget.

There is no team work so exacting and so fatal in case of error as is required of a turret crew. The two pointers stand over the guns with their eyes in the sights. The first pointer fires and keeps the gun on the mark in respect to elevation, the other manipulates the motor which keeps the turret in train. Both are engrossed in the target and are utterly oblivious to what goes on in the turret around them. They keep her on and fire. The sight setter sits almost on the gun just beside the first pointer with a speaking tube attached to his head which leads down from the top or crows-nest, where the spotting officer sits and marks where the majority of the shots strike the water, and another officer by the use of the range finder determines the range; from these direct he gets the distance and adjusts the sight accordingly. If he loses his head or makes an error, all the firing is ineffective.

The plugman is the gun captain and sees that everything is in readiness before he gives the signal to the first pointer to fire. He and the officer of the turret are the only ones inside who attend to anything but their single duty. A gun captain gets five dollars more a month because he must have a level head. A gunpointer gets ten dollars more because he must be the best shot of his division as found out by constant trial. And so every one who must display ability above the ordinary gets paid above the ordinary.

There is always a keen competition among the sailors for first honors at marksmanship, and those who hold the pointers' certificates do so by virtue of their excellence. Whatever a man's rating on the ship, he has a chance to be a pointer if he can come up to the standard.

The men who handle the powder bags and projectiles are placed in the most dangerous positions about the gun. When the breech is opened as quickly as possible after fire, there is always the danger of a "flare-back,"

and if the powder coming up is not out of the way, it will be ignited and all hands killed. If a man shows signs of fear in the operation of his duty, his officer usually comforts him by pointing out that if he gets it they all will get it, and there is no more danger where he is than where any of them are. This is not always true, but it is a valuable argument and convincing. On the whole, the crews are made up of competitive bluejackets who dare to do anything, and will take any risk to better their chance of winning the trophy.

Abandon Ship and Other Drills.

Usually when the excitement is at the highest a signal will go up on the flagship to have Fire and Collision Drill and Abandon Ship. The cry is passed along the decks: "Stand by for a collision on the port bow." The guns are then deserted save for a few



An air scout sailing through the air and taking bearings.

who are to look after the exposed ammunition, and all rush to their places for the collision. A hauling line is thrown under the bow of the ship and fastened to a great, thick mat, which is thrown over the side and hauled under to where the hole is supposed to be. When this is completed the fire alarm sounds, the hand pumps are manned, the hose which have been led out for Battle Practice are carried to the compartment where the alarm signified the fire to be, and streams of water are shot out of the port-holes.

Under heavy fire from the enemy's guns, being rammed by an enemy's ship and fire broke out between the decks, with all the accompanying conflagration, the bugles then sound the long, desolate call to abandon ship, as if it were no further use to try to keep her afloat. Everything is left as it is, and the sailors come piling out on deck

from all quarters of the ship and gather at the boat to which they have been assigned. Some carry with them boxes of canned meat, some tins of hard tack, some water breakers containing fresh water, while others fetch rifles and other small arm ammunition, and still others cast loose the boat and lower it into the water. Sea ladders are thrown down to it, and all clamber in over the side. The captain goes in the gig, the doctor in the whale-boat, the engineer officer and many of the "black gang" go in the two steam launches, while all the divisional officers and their divisions take all the cutters. And so there is a place for every one even when the ship is sinking. Each person provides something to subsist on until assistance comes from some quarter. These drills are of great value, and accustom every man to his duties under all circumstances.

THE LOVER OF BEAUTY

Who sows the stars upon the field of night
 Or throws the moon's soft glamour on the sea?
 Who makes the fire-flies flash on bush and tree
 Or thrills the dawn with flush of rosy light?
 Who gems the dew that sparkles on my sight
 Or gives the bird its airy pinions free?
 The rose its hue and fragrant charm for me
 Or flowers the fields with myriad blossoms bright?

O deep within my soul I know the Power
 That Nature with a million voices sings;
 Who gave my life its glory for a dower
 My eye its light; my soaring thought its wings,
 And He must love the sky, the hill, the flower,
 For Beauty is the very heart of things.

WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN.



The Hidden Chopper

By G. Chapman

GREAT-AUNT MARY and I were seated in front of the open fire, and Aunt Mary's dreamy expression as she gazed at the bed of red coals told me she was living over some of the scenes of her active youth.

"Tell me something of your pioneer experiences, Aunt," I asked. Aunt Mary laid down her knitting and drew her shawl closer and folded her dear old withered hands, and with a wistful smile began:

"We, my husband, baby and I had recently settled in our new home, a desolated little homestead in Southern Oklahoma, and, like the rest of the homesteaders, we were having a hard struggle. After living all our lives on an old-fashioned farm in Missouri, where we had every comfort available to farm life, the rough new country seemed to us very wild and lonely. We were nearly ten miles from our nearest neighbor and twenty miles from the town, to which John and I managed to drive every Saturday for our supply of groceries and the mail.

"This trip to the little country town was our only pleasure, and both being young, we usually tried to make it a holiday. We came home in the cool of the evening, tired but happy, and the little old home looked like a haven of rest to us then. John worked early and late, clearing off the timber and putting in a small crop of corn and barley. I busied myself with my house-work, the care of my baby and the planting of a few vines over the western window.

"At first I was frightened to death at the sight of the Indians. We often saw them walking toward town, but they very rarely stopped at the farm.

John often hailed them cheerily and waved to them from his plow. They would look at him soberly and walk on, paying no attention to his noisy greeting.

"One Saturday afternoon John hitched the team to the buckboard and came in to help with the baby. She had not been well for a few days, and I finally decided to stay at home with her. John kissed us and scrambled into the buckboard, calling back to me: 'Don't bother with supper; I'll get a bite in town, and I may be a little late getting home, as I'm going to have Bess shod.' We watched him drive out of sight, I with a catch at my throat and the baby whimpering fretfully. It was the first time I had been left alone and I wasn't quite sure whether I was lonesome or frightened. But I did know that my strong, level-headed husband was driving rapidly out of sight, and it left me feeling rather helpless and alone.

"I sat down to rock the baby to sleep but she started a pitiful little wail. The lump in my throat got larger, so winking fast, I tried to keep the tears back, but it was too late—my tears rained down on the baby, and she looked at me wonderingly and with such a profound stare that I laughed. The lump had gone, and I was feeling better, so put the baby into her crib and began doing my chores.

"The sun was low in the west when I had finished with my work, and I sat down by the window to watch the beautiful sunset. I felt a peaceful calm and a quiet sense of security steal over me as I gazed over the little farm that meant so much to us both, and I gave silent thanks for the love of my husband, the joy of my baby and the

little home we were making.

"'Me want gun!' The words came like a shot in the still air. I whirled around and saw a drunken Indian lurching back and forth within the room. He had gotten off his horse and crept silently to my kitchen door. My heart was pounding within me, and I was weak from fright. I mustered up my courage and said, trying hard to keep my voice from trembling: 'I have no gun; go away.' He stood there woodenly, and I said again: 'I have no gun; go away.' He said: 'John he go to town; me want him gun.' I realized that the Indian had passed John on the road and was taking advantage of his absence to frighten me into giving him John's new rifle.

"We stood staring at each other; he stubbornly waiting for me to produce the gun, and I so paralyzed with fear that I couldn't move. The baby whimpered and sat up in her crib. I leaned over and picked her up, cuddling her and battling for time to get my scattered wits together. I looked at the Indian just in time to see an evil smile hover around his mouth, and he pointed a large forefinger at baby: 'I kill um papoose no get um gun,' he stated calmly. I walked to the door and the hill covered with timber crossed my vision. It brought a thought, and I said: 'John is up there cutting timber; he has his gun up there.' The Indian said patiently: 'Me see John in town.' I said: 'Yes, but he has returned, and he is now up there,' pointing again. As the Indian followed the direction of my hand with his eyes we heard the strokes of an axe up on the hill, one—two—three times. My blood froze within me, as I knew there wasn't a soul within ten miles of us. The Indian turned to me with a puzzled expression upon his face, and again I said: 'Don't you hear him?' Again the mysterious chopper repeated the strokes of his axe, one—two—three.

"The Indian gave another look and hurriedly climbed upon his horse and

was soon out of sight. I ran to the barn and saddled my mare, wrapping baby in a blanket, and started off at a gallop down the country road. I met John just a few miles from town, and he was dumbfounded at my appearance—wild-eyed with fright and with my hair streaming down my back. I told him hastily of the visit from the Indian, and pleaded with him to drive back to town for the night. He tried to reason with me, saying that the Indian was frightened away, and that he wouldn't be likely to return; but I cried and coaxed, so he hitched Dixie, my mare, on to the back of the buckboard and bundled us into the seat beside him and drove back into town. After a restless night we arose at an early hour and started homeward.

"In the cool morning air I felt ashamed of my fright, and even laughed at my ridiculous ride. I felt then that I was permitting my imagination too much scope, and after thinking the matter over calmly, I felt that I had allowed my fear to overcome my reasoning faculties, and that I would have been safe had I stayed in my own home. We drove on and my spirits rose higher and higher as we neared the farm.

"On turning into our farm yard my husband uttered an exclamation of surprise, and I looked at him to see what had happened. His face had turned a greyish tint, and his eyes wore a look of horror. I hastily looked in the direction his hand shakingly pointed. Our home was in ashes. A few smoking embers were still red from the recent fire. We sat there stupidly for a while, and I watched the blood flow back into my husband's face and a tender light replaced the glazed horror in his eyes.

"Then he clasped us both in his rugged brown arms and whispered: 'Thank God, Mary, for the warning, or you and baby wouldn't be safe in my arms now. The red-skin has evened up.'"

His Last Entertainment

By Grace Hutcheson

"Things are not always what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream."

THE steamer "Governor" had made good time on her run from Los Angeles, and now almost an hour before she was due, was steaming into San Diego Bay.

Up on the hurricane deck a couple well worthy of attention leaned over the rail. If the yellow hair of the blue-eyed, pink-cheeked girl was a trifle too "golden," if the dainty whiteness of her skin and the blush on her cheek a bit too apparent to be natural, it did not appear so to the young man whose gaze swept appreciatively over her trim figure in its natty blue tailored suit; not a detail escaped him, from the small feet, snugly encased in the bronze slippers and silk stockings to match, the little white-gloved hands, swinging a silver mesh bag and vanity case, up to the vivacious, mischievous eyes that coquetted at him beneath the becoming, stylish hat that rested so lightly on the before-mentioned blonde curls. A charming couple, indeed, they were, for he was a striking contrast. He wore a light-gray, Norfolk jacket suit, low gray suede shoes, blue silk sox that matched the gaily bordered handkerchief tucked into his left-hand breast pocket; a soft gray and blue draped Panama hat, jauntily tilted back, showed the soft, dark hair that clustered over the brow of this languid, prosperous looking young man who raised a pair of limpid brown eyes, in which lurked a timid, confiding expression, to follow the glance and pointing hand of his companion.

The ship was entering the harbor. Like a long, black finger, Point Loma

stretched out, beckoning to them. It was evening—just sunset—and the whole Western sky was a blaze of color. Flaming crimson flooded the sky, and then crowded for more space to conquer, reached out long streamers into the deep blue of the bay, which mirror-like reflected back the rosy hue. A riot of color, as though on the placque of a busy artist, mixed and blended into indescribable tints; but, even as they gazed, the picture changed; before its marvelous beauty could be realized, it had changed and the clouds blended into other colors and shapes. The upper sky faded from rosy red into a soft pink which grew fainter and fainter until the outer edges became fluted with fluffy white; a bank of snow broke into thousands of little islands and floated off over the clear blue sea of the evening sky, while redder and redder became the line where Point Loma's dark shape met the horizon.

As the ship reached the dock, the last bright hue had vanished and the deepening blue of the evening sky became dotted with twinkling, beckoning stars.

The girl turned impulsively.

"When I met you in San Francisco, I told you of our wonderful sunsets. How glad I am you have had the opportunity to see that I did not exaggerate their beauty. Did you ever see anything so glorious, Manuel?"

"Never," came the answer in soft tones which touched so lightly on the ending consonant of the word. "At least, not in this country, but now that we have arrived at San Diego, I hope the acquaintance, which has proven so delightful to me on board ship, may be continued, and that during my brief

sojourn in the southern part of the State, you will remember your promise to show me more of its beauties."

Feminine nature never will be proof against the admiration and expression of caressing sweetness such as lay in those clear brown eyes; no woman could wantonly hurt the feelings of a man so charming, and Gladys introduced Manuel to the friends whom she was visiting, and his pleasing manners and easy grace at once won their admiration and he was included in the pleasure trips, picnics, dinners and parties planned by Gladys' friends for her entertainment. A delightful addition to the party he was, for no thought of self seemed to enter into his plans for others' comfort and pleasure, and though giving the impression of one who had traveled through many lands, he visited the wonderful caves at La Jolla, gazed in appreciative wonder at the "White Lady" or the Alligator's Head, walked silently through the old Estudillo House, "Ramona's Marriage Place," at Old Town, and at every point of interest showed a keen sense of pleasure.

"Who is he?" Gladys' friends would ask, with feminine curiosity.

"He has a little shrug of his shoulder which suggests French nationality," said a smitten one.

"I think he is Jewish," answered a jealous one, who had danced but once with him, for, after a picnic supper on the beach at Coronado, they were spending the evening at the Pavilion—and Manuel's dancing was enchanting—every step a glide, he moved like a bit of thistledown, or floated along as on the wings of a gull; the abandonment, the pleasure, nay, even the passion, with which he swayed to the measure of the music, made even watching him a joy—to be his partner—a too swiftly ending dream.

So thought Gladys, and sighed.

These friends of hers were but the companions of her finishing school days, and none knew of her childhood home in Los Angeles, where she was born. Wistfully her hand went to her fluffy, too-yellow hair, but the smile

on her lips faded as there rose before her the picture of her swarthy-skinned, square-figured mother and sisters; she recalled her sailor father's half affectionate, half insolent tone as he called her his "little blue-eyed squaw."

* * *

Manuel's visit was over—important business matters, he said, compelled his return to San Francisco—and to a farewell dinner at the roof garden of the Grant Hotel he invited his new friends.

It seemed strange that one could be unhappy in such beautiful surroundings; high above the lighted streets, overlooking the calm bay from which wafted in soft sea breezes, which, with their brisk salt tang, lightly stirred the shrubs and perfume laden vines of the garden, Gladys listened resentfully to the sweet melodies of a hidden orchestra, and leaning over the rail of their little balcony, gazed rebelliously down on the stately old palms surrounding the little plaza which marked the center of the town, and looked without seeing them, at the many colored streams of water playing from a brilliant electric fountain, until through her tears they became a blurred confusion of vague lights. Manuel's caressing glances disturbed her; though they told her that he cared, her heart was heavy, for even though he did care, she must let him go—he must never know.

As they waited in a flowery little nook of their private dining room until the remaining members of the little party should arrive, Manuel's fastidious eyes swept anxiously over the table set for his guests; the fine linen, bright silver, sparkling cut-glass, received his criticising glance, and more than once he beckoned to the busy, soft-footed attendants, and in his quiet way, suggested a change here, or an addition there.

At last, a happy, laughing group, they were seated. With sinking spirits Gladys watched the languid indifference with which Manuel accepted the solicitous attentions of the waiter who stood at his elbow, and with a queer

little choke in her throat, remembered how every servant, every menial, at once treated him with a deference that an assumed manner could never command—so she believed. And he accepted it so unconsciously. No, he must never know.

A frown of annoyance rose to his face; he toyed with his fork, thrust it daintily into the blue-points on his plate, and turning to the waiter who had just come into the room, said in a low tone of intense disgust:

"These oysters are not properly chilled! Please remove them."

The waiter's eyes were glued to Manuel's face, the napkin on his arm dropped unnoticed to the floor, and

with true Mexican impulsiveness, he cried:

"Why, Manuel Gomez! When did you come back?"

A little sarcasm crept into his voice as he added:

"Maybe you could get them a little colder at your old home in Tijuana!" and then lapsed into excited exclamations in his native tongue.

Astonished glances sped around the table. Manuel's face flushed, and his head drooped, but the tears, that all evening had been welling up in Gladys' eyes, dried, and a soft, glad light shone in them. Slipping her hand under the table, it met Manuel's, and she gave it a long, understanding squeeze.

OUR DAY

Pass, holy day. Come, winter's dreary blast
 Or pain, or care, or night in wanton sway,
 Or pallid death, or Miserere's fast;
 I shall not nurse despair, for I have seen one day!

One golden day! Together you and I
 Did wander down the rose-dim coast of morn
 To where the restless tides of life flashed high,
 Their glory and their color to the day reborn.

Oh, sunlit day! Like sulphur-tinted sand
 The time slipped through our hands a shim'ring gold;
 Love led us on from the clamoring land
 To the starry edges of Heaven's mystic fold.

Our perfect day! I face alone the storm;
 But I could live forever in the night
 If memory lift her torch above the form
 Of dusk, and show once more that day of bliss and light.

LE BARON P. COOKE.



Thus Spake Zarathustra---Against Democracy

[Concluded]

By Charles Hancock Forster

MORE than half a century ago the leaders and the advocates of Prussian militarism realized that their ideals could not be attained in the atmosphere of Christianity and democracy, so they seized upon a philosophy that attempted to destroy these two chief tendencies of our modern civilization. The men who formed the intellectual background of the German system recognized that the Christian religion was the forerunner of democracy, and in their desire to check democracy, they sought to undermine the teachings of Jesus. History makes plain to us that wherever the simpler forms of Protestantism have opened the pages of The New Testament to the common people, emphasizing, at the same time, the living, moral issues of the Christian faith rather than ritual and dogma, a larger measure of democracy has been the inevitable result. Christ was the first and the greatest democrat. He made the Declaration of Independence possible. He taught the equality of all men in God's sight, and when he regarded the natural inequalities that come through birth, through race, environment or mental qualifications, he taught that these fortunate ones are bound, under God, to serve the less fortunate. The impact of this teaching upon the bulwarks of selfishness and autocracy has been irresistible, and slowly but surely these bulwarks have crumbled. But what we have gained of Christian ideals, of democracy and personal liberty have been gained through the blood and the sac-

rificial toil of centuries, and we should dedicate our life to keep what we have gained, cost what it may. We owe a debt to the past as well as to the future, and we cannot be of any value to the future unless we keep faith with the past.

In this article I will try to give clear and correct interpretation of the attitude of German philosophy toward modern democracy, making quotations directly from the original text of books written as far back as forty and fifty years. What has been written of late on this subject in a popular way, has been so general and second-hand, that it fails to carry confidence and conviction. Every American should understand just what is the Prussian philosophy of life. He should know just how it came into existence.

He should know the logical foundations of it. When he reads about it he should be made to feel that he is reading an unbiased statement of facts. The popular attempts to deal with German philosophy have not carried conviction. I desire to help the reader to look right into the soul of the enemy. If this philosophy about which I am writing is allowed to prevail, a new order of life will rise like a boasting terror over the ruins of our dearest ideals. We can consistently believe that the God of Jesus Christ is on our side when we understand this philosophy.

Friedrich Nietzsche and his followers recognized that the movements of democracy, the talk about equality, and the humanitarian tendencies of

modern times were sown in the life of Europe by Christianity. "We talk of nothing else," he wrote, "but the poor, the weak, the lame, the diseased and the ugly. Our laws are made with them in view . . . Jesus of Nazareth came into the world as the personified gospel of love, as a saviour bringing blessed and victory to the poor, the meek, the sinners. Did he not represent seduction in its most awful and hideous form? By accepting him as a religion the human race has ceased to advance. The religion that claims to save the world is fast leading it to its ruin."

Carrying out further this thought, there is another passage, typical of "Kultur" in its attitude toward the Christian religion, which says: "Christianity is to blame for this false idea about equal rights. Every one has an immortal soul, and is of equal rank with every one else. Christianity has enticed over to its side the ill-constituted, the ill-fortuned, the scum and the dross of humanity. . . . This poison of the teaching of equal rights for all has waged a deadly war against every sentiment of reverence and distance between man and man, and this distance is necessary to every growth of civilization. Aristocracy has been undermined most craftily by the lie of the equality of souls . . . It is the revolt of all that creeps upon the ground against the elevated."

The next time we are shocked at the Kaiser's use of the name of God in connection with his military mania we should remember that he does not mean your God and mine. For the Christian conception of God, the philosophy that has received the Kaiser's patronage has the very deepest contempt.

"The God of Christianity," wrote Nietzsche, "represents the low water mark of the declining developments of the god-type. In this god we find hostility to life, to nature, to the power of real living. . . . That the strong nations of Europe have not thrust from themselves this Christian god is verily no honor to their religious talent, not

to speak of their taste. They ought to have got the better of this sickly, decrepit product of decadence. It has placed a curse upon them and has incorporated sickness, old age, and contradiction into all their instincts . . . Two thousand years and not a single new god! But still continuing, as if existing by right, this pitiable god of Christian monotheism, this hybrid image of ruin derived from nullity and contradiction, in which all decadent instincts and all lassitudes of soul have their sanction." In another passage, even surpassing this one in blasphemy, the philosopher of Prussian militarism wrote: "Everything strong, brave, domineering and proud has been eliminated from this Christian conception of God . . . This concept sinks step by step until God is now a symbol of a staff for the fatigued, a sheet anchor for all the drowning ones. . . He becomes the poor people's god, the god of the sick par-excellence! Such a reduction of the divine! A democrat god! So pale, so weak, so decadent! He becomes thinner, paler, a mere ruin of a god!"

When one has read page after page of this awful blasphemy, and when one has listened to the cries of this pagan philosophy for a return of the bloody days of classic paganism, then, and then alone, can one understand the savage barbarism of Germany and the menace against which we have taken up the gage of battle. From the pages of this philosophy a cry comes forth for a new life, a new religion and a new conscience that can meet Europe's great need. Something to take the place "Of the cowardice, the pitiable-ness, the old woman morality that two millenniums of Christianity have incorporated into the human race." It claims that it finds this something in the primitive paganism of the classic days of antiquity, when the vikings of the north country, and the heroes of Homeric day roamed the earth. It assumes the role of a pagan prophet in the wilderness of modern civilization, and this is its cry: "Throw open the windows, and let the fresh breezes of

paganism drive out the foul, poisonous atmosphere of Christianity. Educate yourselves in warfare and in the things of the virile, warrior spirit. Develop the manly instincts that sing in battle and shout exultantly when the blood spouts from the quivering flesh of the enemy. Develop within yourselves a new spirit that is free, and tread under your feet that contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shop-keepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats."

When I first read these things, before the war, I regarded them as the ravings of insane fanaticism, although I knew that the ruling class of Germany, and the intellectual class, made a great deal of this philosophy. I then regarded it as the mere fad or hobby of the educated classes of Germany, but I have changed my mind now. It was a well planned effort to prepare the soul of the people for the next great war. What we regarded as a mere fad has proved itself to be a real and a horrible fact. I leave it to the average man to decide whether or not Germany is carrying out this philosophy to the very letter.

Great emphasis is placed by German philosophy upon the belief that it is righteousness to be strong and a sin to be weak, unprepared and unfit. It also regards sympathy and compassion for the weak and the unfit to be a dangerous sin that leads to death, and a conspiracy against the true development of the human race. It advocates, as the only true moral standard for a mighty race, that it should consider it a duty to subdue all weaker races in order to leave the world in the control of the strongest and the mightiest.

Speaking of the social and humanitarian enthusiasms of modern democracy, Nietzsche wrote: "When one studies modern civilization as I have done, he is seized with every kind of disgust and suspicion. Fear springs up. Faith in conventional morality is shaken, and finally a new demand makes itself felt. This Christian morality of compassion is to blame if the highest mightiness and splendor of the

type of man that nature can produce, is never produced. In this morality I see a great danger threatening mankind. I see the beginning of the end, the most dismal symptom of our European civilization."

Perhaps the most enlightening passage on the attitude of the military circles of Germany toward democracy is found in Nietzsche's famous illustration of a pyramid as typical of an ideal civilization: "Aristocracy must have a broad basis upon which to stand. It has for its first need a soundly consolidated mediocrity. There is a determination of nature that the common herd should be a public utility, a wheel, a function. For the mediocre it should be happiness to be mediocre. Mediocrity is the first necessity for the possibility of exceptions, and a high civilization is conditioned by it. I hate the mob of the present day, the democratic mob that undermine the working-man instinct, that destroy his contentedness with his petty existence. They make him envious. They teach him revenge." The pyramid of society must have for its base the multitude of the common classes, and for its apex, the supermen, the noble aristocracy. Nietzsche claimed that any effort to make equal the upper and lower elements of society would destroy the solid, shapely pyramid, making it a rubbish heap. The caste of supermen would be lost in the chaos and the race would decline.

Those who have been led to regard modern Germany as a leader in social-welfare legislation have not studied deeply enough into the motives of the German system. The hidden motive behind the great welfare movements in modern Germany is a sinister one, and whatever the Social Democratic party have done, they have been allowed to do it by the military caste. It is simply a case of feeding a dog well to make him fight for you. The rulers knew that an efficient fighting force must love the fatherland, and the welfare movements were used to create that love. But I cannot go into detail here to explain this. I have done so

in another article that is to appear in "The Survey" of New York, and I hope later to write for "The Overland Monthly" a careful study of the German social movements of late years.

The real Germany, and not the Germany of advanced, social reform, about which we have read so much, is opposed to modern labor movements. It frowns upon all tendencies in modern life that aim to share more equally the riches and the pleasures of life. Its conviction is that the ruling classes should stand in secure isolation above the common classes, and should frown upon all talk of personal liberty and equal rights, because such talk helps the weaker, the more mediocre element to get the upper hand. "The fact that there is a labor question is owing to stupidity," wrote Nietzsche. "I do not know what the people want to do with the modern working man now they have made a question of him. He is so advantageously situated that he is liable to go on questioning further and less modestly. There is no hope now that a modest, self-contented species, like the Chinese, will here constitute itself into a class. The modern working man is given the right of combination and franchise. If slaves are needed, why be so foolish as to educate them to be masters."

Nietzsche accused our Christian civilization of reaching up into "The Blue" to find its moral standards, and he warned us to forsake "The Blue for The Gray." By "The Gray" he meant the gray ground of nature, where the fittest survive by tearing to pieces the weaker things; the lower world of life, where neither mind nor spirit dwells, where all is red in tooth and claw. Here lies the secret meaning of this bloody hour. Germany has sought her moral standards in "The Gray." We

would have disregarded this erratic philosophy were it not for the fact that its teachings are now domineering in human affairs. We are fighting against "The Gray" for "The Blue," for we believe with our whole soul, that the morals that have stood the test, and proved themselves to be immortal, are those that have been inspired by "The Blue." When the eyes of the world's prophets have looked up into God's clear, clean Blue; when they have left the mire of the valley to reach the summits of God, it has been while there, thank God, that they have become the originators of our moral standards. Man is not a beast. He was not made to root in gray ground of nature to find himself, but when he does, the world groans in terror and agony.

But the men of "The Blue" are here, and they are fighting for the ideals of Christian civilization. President Wilson clearly understood the purposes of Prussian paganism and what would befall the world were it victorious, when he wrote: "We are now to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe of liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. . . . The world must be made safe for democracy We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make To such an end we dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we have and everything we are, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth, and happiness, and the peace that she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."



Sister Madeline

By Washington Van Dusen

"On one side I was called as it were by God; on the other side I was tempted by regrets for the world."—St. Theresa.

On fair Ravello's hills upon a crest
That faced the glory of the burning West
And purple sea, a stately convent rose
That beckoned to its passionless repose,
Like some Elysian height we reach in sleep
But cannot keep.

Outside the hall a blue-tiled terrace spread,
With vines upon the lattice overhead,
Whose rose wreathed pillars framed a thrilling scene,
With vistas fair, each airy space between,
Where mountain, cliff and shore, and turquoise sea,
Gleamed tenderly.

The abbess sat before a table bare,
And one by one the sisters yielded there
All treasures, relics of a world gone by,
To centre all their wandering thoughts on high—
Leave earth behind and live for Christ and cross—
All else be dross.

And what did Sister Madeline lay there,
The fair novetiate with auburn hair?
She brought a letter snatched from halcyon years,
A note of love—surrendered there with tears,
For earthly love must die when heaven calls
To convent walls.

But often in some happy dream she heard
The thrilling music of a whispered word,
And once she saw her lover's children play
Along the terraced heights above the Bay
In that enchanted hour when sunset dyes
The sea and skies.

And one fair day with her companion, Rose,
Upon a knoll that crowned the garden close,
Her pent-up passion struggled to be free
And there at rest above the rippling sea,
Her heart leaped up; the bonds of silence broke,
And thus she spoke:

"O Rose, it may be best some sacrifice
 Earth's love for God's own pure and radiant skies;
 Best some should leave the world of toil and pain,
 To live a life remote but free from stain;
 But, ah, for me its peace, its beauty palls
 In convent walls.

"I live in dreams. Of life's fair fruits bereft,
 I own the beauty that my dreams have left;
 I pluck the roses still, a happy child,
 As once I wandered up the mountain wild
 Near home, and heard the larks one glorious May
 By Naples' Bay.

"My father said: 'The world seems good to you,
 For you are charmed like travelers who view
 Our shores from sea, and find them more than fair;
 But when they see the dirt and beggars there,
 Illusion dies and Heaven dwells no more
 By sea or shore.'

"O for a day to wander free once more
 On olive hills or cypress girded shore;
 Or from some height whose ruins Rome recall,
 Gaze on the sea, from rose and vine-clad wall,
 Or turning view the white robed range that shines,
 The Apennines!

"O Italy, my own, I love you still,
 And all my buried life still feels the thrill
 Of memories as fragrant as of old;
 And finds its long lost past in ashes cold,
 Forever fair, as some Pompeian home
 That speaks of Rome.

"My father was a painter; o'er and o'er
 The wondrous beauty of these hills and shore
 He sketched while I adored; then mother died;
 And father would not trust me from his side:—
 'The times are ill, the convent's safer, dear,'
 And brought me here.

"My life has been for years a battlefield,
 God and the world have both called me to yield,
 My heart's been torn between contending fires,
 One throb for Heaven and one that Earth inspires,—
 O for the peace that smiles with fading day!
 Look on the Bay!

"Rose, let me dream! The sunset charms the air,
 And even from my prison all is fair.
 So love lights up my past and soul within;
 I see life's glory as it might have been,
 Sweet as the vesper hour when twilight falls
 On convent walls."

"Whirlwind Wally" Takes a Wife

By William De Ryee

Author of "Flame," "Her Glorious Night," "Royal June," Etc.

RICHARD Heathcote hummed a popular air as he entered the tiny apartment which he shared with his chum, Wallace Brenham. Heathcote thought aloud, while he relieved himself of his raincoat:

"Ten dollars! Hi-ho! Oh, well, it'll 'make the mare go' for another week."

He tossed his hat and coat in the general direction of a forlorn-looking divan, crossed to a table and began a hurried examination of the day's mail. Separating a long, thick envelope from the rest, he studied the superscription a moment, then, with a grunt that might have denoted either sadness or disgust, he dropped the epistle.

"Poor old Wally!" he soliloquized. "What he needs is an affair of the heart. There's no 'soul' to his work. He'll never produce a decent play until he knows what love is."

The door opened and Wallace Brenham sailed into the room.

"Congratulations are in order, Old Top," he cried. "I'm in love!"

"In love? The devil——!"

"No, not the devil; an angel. Ye gods! She's the sweetest, dearest, fairest——"

"Hold on there."

"Ravishingest, darlingest——"

"Mush!"

"In short, she's my soul's mate. Straight goods, Dick. She was made for me. Heavens! she's the sweetest thing on earth! I couldn't live without her. She's positively divine! Incidentally, we're going to be married tomorrow."

"Where did you meet her?"

"I haven't met her—yet."

"Are you drunk or crazy?"

"Both. Drunk with love; crazy about her!"

"I believe you!" Heathcote's tone was serious. He eyed the other suspiciously. "Wally's" evident sincerity nonplussed him. "What in the devil's the matter with you?" he snapped. "How are you going to marry her tomorrow when you don't even know her now?"

"Easy enough. She's got to marry me, that's all. We were made for each other; I feel it in my soul. If she won't consent to be my wife I'll kidnap her."

"Who is she, anyway?"

"Zula Eurl."

"The actress!"

"The actress."

"You aren't really in earnest, Wally?"

"Never was more in earnest in my life. I tell you it's a matter of life or death to me. She's as much of a necessity to my existence from now on as the air I breathe. It's simply got to be."

"Why, you couldn't borrow enough money to pay for one of her suppers at the Waldorf. How do you expect to keep her?"

"I don't expect to keep her—let her keep herself. I'm not marrying her to keep her—not for a while, anyway."

"And, besides, she's about to marry an English earl. I saw the announcement——"

"Impossible! When?"

"Comes off in June, I believe."

"Oh, well, I don't care how many English earls she wants to marry in June—she's going to marry me tomorrow."

Heathcoot laughed and went into the kitchen. Returning with two small glasses, he poured out the drinks and pushed one toward Brenham. Then, drawing up his chair, he settled himself.

The two men sat and drank for awhile in silence.

And, mentally, Heathcoot had to admit, for the thousandth time, that his companion was uncommonly handsome. His large eyes were surprisingly blue beneath his thick, black hair. A strong chin, high brow and cheek-bones lent an air of distinction, intellectuality and firmness. In view of his past experience with Brenham, Heathcoot was loath to admit of the impossibility of anything the man attempted. Just as he was sure to win out, because of a bull-dog-like tenacity of purpose, as a playwright, so, for the same reason, was he certain to win out as a lover. Unlike Heathcoot, who never varied from a working schedule, and endeavored to produce a certain amount of illustrations and paintings in a given time, Brenham worked spasmodically, feverishly—whirlwind-like. But he never started a thing he didn't finish. Heathcoot had known him to sit down at his desk in the morning, and, under the impetus of an "inspiration," work for three days and as many nights with scarcely a bite to eat and not a moment's sleep. So, although "Wally's" statements appeared preposterous, yet, knowing his friend as he did, he couldn't do otherwise than accept them at their face value. Brenham certainly deserved the nickname Heathcoot had given him—"Whirlwind Wally."

"You haven't told me how you came to fall in love with your—your affinity."

"I saw her at the Casino to-day," he said. "God! she's a dream! You don't understand, Dick. You *can't*—till you find your mate. Then you'll know why a man may need a woman more than

he needs anything else in life. Don't think that I don't know what has been the matter with me, in my writing, all along. This love is going to make a playwright out of me—just as a really great love would make a painter out of you. I'm not the kind of man to give up meekly when something I want seems unattainable. What I want I take. I want that girl—she's my soul's mate—and I'm going to have her."

"How do you expect to get an introduction?"

"That's not absolutely necessary. I had intended asking you if you knew of anybody who knew of anybody else who might happen to know of somebody who knew of anybody who had ever heard of anybody who——"

"Sorry I can't assist you."

"That makes but little difference. Nothing can stop me."

"In spite of the Englishman?"

"In spite of the devil and all his imps—if they should take a notion to object. I don't know whether I ever mentioned it or not, but my great-great-great-great-grandmother was a full-blood, Indian squaw."

Heathcoot laughed.

"Thanks for the information. I'll never disagree with you again—even though you declare yourself President of the United States."

Wally rose and lifted his glass.

"Here's to Zula!" he said.

"Here's hoping you don't end up in the calaboose," rejoined his friend.

* * * *

Amid a perfect storm of applause the curtain descended on "Nothing to Lose," at the Casino. Zula Eurl, internationally famous emotional actress, quickly disengaged herself from the arms of her leading man, and, laughing like a happy child, ran to the wings and waited for the encores. They came. Eleven times the asbestos rose and fell; then, her arms filled with exquisite floral tokens, still laughing, she made her way to her dressing-room.

Zula Eurl was very young. But she had the soul of a great actress. The stage was her natural environment; she had come to it instinctively—as a but-

terfly will seek out the flowers it needs for existence. Youth and sincerity had gained for her the world's approbation. Art, alone, had served her. She hadn't "paid the price." Many men were her friends; but as yet she had not met the man—the one who must hold the power to thrill her by look or touch. She had no doubt that she would meet him some day. But, at times, she grew tired of waiting. She was ambitious. So, when Sir Francis Devinton became so enamored of her charms, during her protracted engagement at Daly's, London, as to offer her his hand in marriage, she had demurred, and then accepted.

Indeed she was gloriously happy to-night. But two weeks remained of the present theatrical season. In half an hour she would be dining at the Waldorf with her fiance. She was beautiful—and she knew it. She was the talk of the town; Broadway's darling; and, because she was only human, it pleased her vanity. Hence, with a song in her heart, she proceeded along the passage that led to her dressing-room. Then, very suddenly, a strikingly handsome young man in full evening-dress, barred her further progress. He was so startlingly good-looking that, in spite of herself, she smiled up at him inquiringly. But the next instant the smile froze on her lips. The young man bowed gravely and said:

"Pardon me if I ignore conventionalities, Miss Eurl. Sir Francis' mother is dying from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He begs that you come at once. I am his private secretary. The car is waiting."

"Why—but—I didn't— Why, I thought his mother was in London?"

So she is—I mean *was*. She came over on a steamer—arrived just an hour ago. It seems that the boat had a narrow escape from a submarine, and the excitement was too much for her ladyship. But we are wasting valuable time. We haven't a moment to spare. Sir Francis——"

"I'll go at once."

He stepped aside and she passed into the dressing room. The young

man waited, fumbling his hat nervously.

Three minutes later they were in a hired taxi, bumping up Broadway.

"Where in the world are you taking me?"

"I'm taking you to a nice, quiet little apartment where we can talk things over."

"Wh-at?"

"You'll find out presently, darling."

"Darling"? What do you mean? Stop this car. I'll scream if you don't."

"Whirlwind Wally" drew a big, black, ugly looking revolver from under his coat and leveled it at the girl. "One cry," he announced calmly, "and I'll puncture you. Now listen to reason. I'm a gentleman, Miss Eurl. That may seem hard to believe under the circumstances, but it's true, nevertheless. I want to talk to you to-night. If you scream I'll kill you—remember that. If you behave yourself and do as I say, I'll not harm a hair of your head—remember that."

"But Sir Francis is waiting for me at the Waldorf. What in the world will he think?"

"I'm wondering what he'll think when he reads of our marriage to-morrow."

"Our marriage? Are you crazy?"

"Yes—crazy about you."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Did you ever read of young Loch-invar?"

"Yes."

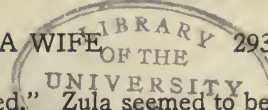
"Well, I'm his uncle. I take what I want. My name is Wallace Brenham. I'm a poor devil of a playwright. I love you as I have never loved before—and I'm going to have you."

"But you wouldn't really shoot me with that gun?"

"I certainly would."

"Then you can't love me."

"That's where you're wrong. I love you so much that I'm not going to let anything come between us—except death. Love is the 'all in all' of this life. Without it, we are mere machines; with it, we become inspired to such an extent that we can, at times, catch a glimpse of Heaven. My love



is so great that, even in one night, my soul is going to compel your soul to return that love. You are meant for me and I'm going to prove it to-night."

"You are crazy."

But even in the dim light shed by the tiny electric globe Brenham's handsome features did not suggest lunacy. The girl had to acknowledge that his profile was like that of a Greek god. He was too good-looking to be "good"—she thought. And his wonderful blue eyes seemed to penetrate to her very soul and read it.

"I love you, Zula," Wally whispered.

"Don't call me 'Zula'."

"Little darling, then."

"I hate you!"

"You are going to love me before morning."

"Never!"

"I'm going to show you your own soul to-night. You are asleep. I'm going to wake you. I am your mate. You can't resist love, Zula. I'll show you how I live—how I work—how I manage to make ends meet. I'll read you my latest play. And in the morning we'll get married. Then you can go back to your theatre and your friends. I'll not ask you to live with me until I am famous—which will not be long. They can't keep a good man down. But I can work a thousand times better knowing that you are legally mine."

"Don't you think you are carrying this thing a little too far. Don't you know that my friends will have the police looking for me inside of an hour?"

"Let them look."

The cab stopped.

"Remember what I said, and don't open your mouth," warned Wally.

Once in the apartment—from which Heathcote had been asked to absent himself for the night—Wally, after locking the door, relieved himself of his coat and vest, and, though careful to retain his gun in his hip pocket, left his lady-love to seek her own amusement the while he prepared a very appetizing little repast in the kitchen.

At length Wally announced that

"dinner is served." Zula seemed to be in a better humor. Then she was surprised when her host, after the meal, produced a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry from a bucket of ice, uncorked it and filled two glasses with the bubbling fluid. At first she refused to drink, but, succumbing to his frank, boyish enthusiasm, she joined in the spirit of the occasion, and soon both were enjoying themselves immensely—like two children playing "tea party."

"I thought you said you were so poor; had a hard time 'making ends meet,' or something to that effect."

"I am."

"That suit of clothes——"

"Rented."

"The taxi—and this wine."

"I had to pawn my watch to do it. But that's nothing; I would have sold my trunk, typewriter, anything—for this."

"You haven't read me that play. I want to hear it."

"You shall. I'll get it now."

He went into the studio and returned with the manuscript.

Zula sipped her wine through the first act. Before the second had ended she had forgotten everything else but the plight of the heroine. After the "curtain," she sat entranced for a full second. Then——

"Oh!—oh! I want to act that!"

"I knew it! Dick always said I had no 'soul' to my writing. Well, that may be so, to a certain extent—but I know it has merit. Zula, they can't keep me down. I've got it in me to write. And now—now I'm going to take this manuscript and make it the best play ever written by an American—and you'll play it! That will be my inspiration—I will weave into it my great love for you."

He was not looking at her now, a dreamy expression in his eyes. Presently he sprang to his feet.

"I have it!" he cried. "Look here!" In an instant he was by her side, pencil in hand, revising the second act. The golden head of the girl and the black of the man bent closer and closer together over the manuscript. They be-

came blinded to everything else. They talked, they laughed, they argued this point or that, they quarreled over one of the "heavy's" lines, they even shed a tear or two over the sorrows of the hero. The hours glided by unnoticed. Heathcote's small French clock in the studio struck the hour of three. At four they were still at work. They cut, patched, spliced and added to the second and third act until they both agreed that they could not be improved upon. Then they turned to the fourth and last act. Zula wept with the heroine and Brenham declaimed with the hero. At last, when they had revised the final scene to their entire satisfaction, Zula read the play over aloud from beginning to end. At the conclusion, they both applauded.

Sitting sidewise on the table, Wally gently took one of Zula's small hands. His eyes, gazing steadily into hers, sent their message home. This was his moment—and he knew it. He wanted this slender, beautiful little creature. Every fibre of his being cried out for her. And, instinctively, he knew that she wanted and needed him.

"Love is everything, Zula. Sophistication blinds a person, sometimes, to what they really care for. Conventionalities, money, name, power—what are they?—but poor substitutes for love. Why, I would rather live in a shack on the desert with you than be a reincarnation of Napoleon without you. That is the glory of love. And you feel that, too. I know you do. Why, girl, I love every hair in your beautiful head. It is almost worship with me. From the moment I first saw you last night I have been wild about you. What does that mean? It means that you were meant for me—and no other. I know you don't love this nobleman. Zula, look at me. You can't look me in the eyes and tell me you love that Englishman. You can't look me in the eyes and tell me *you don't love me.*"

"I don't!"

"Don't cheat yourself! Do you want to kill me? Do you want me to take

that play and burn it? If you want to blast your life forever, say: 'Wally, I don't love you.'"

"Fine lover, you are! At first you lie to get me out of the theatre, and then scare the wits out of me with this piece of lead that looks like a pistol. I suppose you'll have the impudence to tell me that you did it 'because you love me.'"

"Certainly. 'All's fair in love and war.' If I didn't love you I wouldn't care enough about you to lie to get you anywhere. As it is, I've saved you from ruining your life by marrying a man you don't love."

"How do you know I don't love him?"

"Because I know you love me."

"I haven't said so," softly—"yet."

"Does your mother want you to marry that Englishman?"

"Yes."

"Does your father want it?"

"No. He doesn't like the idea one bit. He's strongly against it."

"Lord! I wish I could talk to the old man for five minutes!"

"You'd talk him deaf, no doubt. I believe you could talk anybody into doing anything. You should have been a real estate agent."

Again Wally approached the object of his desire, again his fingers closed about her tiny hand. "What I want I take," he said softly. "Zula, darling, I love you with all my heart and soul. Think of the great work we can do together—you interpreting the lines I write. You are not going to marry old Spuds. Now tell me the truth. Look at me——" He put one hand under her chin and lifted her sweet face until her eyes looked straight into his—"now say, 'Wally, I love you.'"

"Wally, I—Oh, Wally, you're a regular bear!" One slender arm went up and around his neck to cling there tightly. "I do love you," she whispered.

Gently he drew her to him; almost reverently he pressed his lips to hers.

For a long time they stood thus, oblivious of the fact that dawn was creeping in at the one window. Some

kind of heavy-rolling wagon rumbled along the street below—the world they had forgotten was beginning to stir.

When Wally released her, his blue eyes twinkled a moment, then he burst into a rippling peal of laughter. It was so infectious that Zula joined in, though she wondered what it was all about.

"By George!" he gurgled at last. "I forgot to tell you that my great-great-great-great-grandmother was a full-blood, Indian squaw—ha!—ha!—ha! No wonder I'm a bear!"

"You are the handsomest, dearest bear I ever saw, Wally."

"And Dick—old Dick calls me—"

"Dick? Who is Dick?"

"Dick Heathcoot, my artist-friend. We share this hotel together—but I bounced him last night because I did not want him around while you were here. Dick calls me 'Whirlwind Wally.' Rather neat phrase, don't you think?"

"It certainly fits you."

Wally laughed again. "Let's order a taxi, take a drive in Central Park, breakfast at a quiet little restaurant I know on Forty-second street, and then

get married. What do you say?"

"I agree. And let's take this manuscript along, and as soon as we are done with the wedding ceremony we'll go and see Blucher. I'll read it to him—or you can. He can have his secretary re-type it. Then we'll go to *my* apartments."

"Not on your life. I'm not going to live with you till I get in funds from that work. I'm not that sort. Zula, you can bank on that."

"What are you talking about? You don't know straight up. Listen to me. You put in hard, grinding work on that play, didn't you? And, as your wife, I should help some, shouldn't I? Why, even if the play wasn't worth a continental, my endorsement would clinch the contract, and Blucher would advance you ten thousand this morning. But the play is great, powerful, one in a thousand, and with my name to push it—well, say, it's worth a half-million to Blucher if it's worth a dime."

Wally took a turn about the room in his excitement. "Why, I'll buy me a big, red automobile—and give Dick five thousand dollars—poor old devil!"

And Wally sailed out of the room to telephone for a taxi.

THE SNOW PLANT

Where giant fir-trees rear their shapely spires,
 Where winter's snow-drifts in the distance gleam,
 And the soft music of the mountain stream
 Falls on the ear with sound that never tires,
 The snow-plant lifts its gorgeous crimson bells,
 A floral miracle. Perhaps no eye
 Save bird, or bee, or flitting butterfly
 Shall see its beauty in these lonely dells.
 Shall we with ruthless hands uproot its stalk
 And bring it to the view of careless men?
 No, let them seek it in its native glen
 Where Nature's worshipers alone will walk.
 For only they will see the Love Divine
 That in this wondrous wildwood flower doth shine.

HENRIETTA C. TENNY.

Vancouver Territory---Its Romantic Early History

By Fred Lockley

ONE of the most interesting mementos of Vancouver is the old-fashioned frame house built by Gen. Wm. Selby Harney. It was built in the fifties, and at that time was one of the most pretentious residences in Southwestern Washington. It is located about a mile east of the military reserve on what is known as Harney Hill. It is on the farm of W. F. Edwards. In spring it looks like a gray brown island in a sea of green, for it is in the middle of a wheat field. In fall its weathered boards and moss-covered roof harmonizes with the yellow brown of the ripened grain.

But whether seen in spring or autumn, in summer or winter, it lends a picturesque touch to the landscape. It is a bit of the old South dropped down in the fields of the Far West. It is almost a ruin, but though little more than a weatherworn ghost, you can still see traces of its former grandeur. It is on the crest of the Hill overlooking the Columbia. From the front yard, Mt. Hood can be seen in all its majestic beauty. Rocky Butte looks like a sleeping mountain lion in the distance. The house is two stories high and is of the southern type of architecture. At each end of the house is a huge brick chimney. The front of the house faces the west. There are many doors and windows. They are now boarded up or weather tattered gunny sacks once nailed across the windows now flutter in the breeze. There is a large room at each end of the house which, in the old days was lighted and heated and cheered by a vast and cavernous fireplace. In the middle of the house a stairway rises to the rooms above. There are two fire-

places upstairs, also. One in each of the rooms. A door facing the south led in the old days to an upstairs veranda. The floors and beams and ceilings are still sound, but the house has long been used as a retreat for Weary Willies. The old fashioned wall paper is hanging in long and dreary streamers from the ceilings like Spanish moss from the cypresses and live oaks in the Southern swamps. Flasks by the score scattered around the various rooms tell of a day when Vancouver was far from being bone dry. Here in the old days, General Harney entertained lavishly and his slaves cooked meals of trout and venison, beaten biscuit and jelly cake, that were famous.

Vancouver has had some famous officers quartered here during the past three score years, but none of them were more picturesque and interesting than General Harney. General Harney was born at Haysboro, Tennessee, on August 27, 1800. His father, Thomas Harney, was an officer in the Revolutionary Army, and was in command of troops from Delaware, Harney himself being a son of the old Blue Hen.

General William S. Harney was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the First U. S. Infantry. He was appointed from Louisiana on February 13, 1818. On January 7, 1819, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. He was transferred to the 1st Artillery on November 16, 1821. On December 21, 1822, he was transferred back to the 1st Infantry. He was promoted to be Captain on May 14, 1825. Eight years later he became Major, May 1, 1833. On August 15, 1836, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d Dragoons. Twelve years later, on January 30,

1848, he became Colonel of that Regiment. He won his promotions for real service. He won distinction for his bravery at Fort Millon and for his charge on July 23, 1839, at Coloosahatchie. He was in command of several expeditions into the Everglades against hostile Indians.

He served throughout the Mexican War and was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallantry at Cerro Gordo. He was in command of the United States troops who defeated the Sioux Indians at the Battle of the Sand Hills on the Platte River on September 3, 1855. He was commissioned Brigadier-General in 1858. It was the ambiguous reading of the Boundary treaty, General Harney and a pig that came so nearly involving the United States and England in war. The treaty of 1846 that defined the northern boundary of the United States defined it as the 49th parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, thence southerly through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's strait to the Pacific Ocean." The Hudson Bay Company sent a flock of sheep to San Juan Island in 1853 to graze. In May, 1854, Colonel Eby, Collector of Customs for the district of Puget Sound, ran across the sheep, and decided to levy an import tax. Charles J. Griffin, the British Justice of the Peace, informed Col. Eby that he had no right on the Island—as it was not the property of the United States.

Captain Sangster, Collector of Customs at Victoria, came over on the Otter to inquire by what right Colonel Eby was trespassing on British soil.

Colonel Eby refused to back down, so Captain Sangster informed him that he would seize all vessels that navigated the waters west of Rosario Strait and north of the middle line of the Strait of Fuca. Colonel Eby told him to go to it, that he would put a customs collector on the Island and back him up with the authority of the United States. Colonel Eby thereupon appointed Captain Henry Weber as Inspector, and told him to do

his duty as an official of the United States. Captain Sangster, who was present at his appointment, said: "If he attempts to exercise his functions as a revenue officer I will arrest him." So there was room for argument in the case. The following year, 1855, the assessor of Whatcom County assessed the Hudson Bay Company's sheep, and when the tax was not paid he seized and sold some of them to pay the tax. Governor James Douglas, who had succeeded Dr. John McLoughlin as Chief Factor at Vancouver on the Columbia, but who was now Governor of British Columbia, wrote to Governor Stevens, complaining about the seizure and sale of the sheep. He said Her Majesty's government had instructed him to claim the Islands as British territory. Governor Stevens referred the matter to Washington, D. C., and Governor Douglas referred it to London. The British minister was instructed to present a claim for damages for the sheep that had been seized and sold. The result was the appointment of a commission by the two countries to determine the boundary line, but the members of the Commission fell out over the matter, and the thing dropped temporarily.

President Pierce instructed Governor Stevens to abstain from any acts on the disputed ground calculated to provoke hostility or conflict. In 1859 or thereabout, Lyman A. Cutler, an American settler, took up a Donation Land Claim on San Juan Island. Chas. J. Griffin, the British Justice of the Peace, had some hogs, one of which had the habit of squirming through Cutler's rail fence. On June 15, 1859, Cutler decided to settle the matter by killing the pig, which he did with a shot from his musket. He then went to Griffin, told him he had killed the pig that had been troubling him, and offered to pay twice its value. Griffin refused to accept this settlement and demanded \$100 for the pig. Mr. Dallas, the son-in-law of Governor Douglas, was on the Island at the time with Dr. Tolmie and Mr. Fraser. They visited Mr. Cutler and informed him it

was a British pig he had ruthlessly and feloniously killed, and told him they would have to take him to Victoria for trial. Cutler told him to try it, and if they did there would be more than a British pig killed. He reached for his pig killing gun and the party told him it was not a personal matter and that they would take it up through legal channels, so they left. The pig killing incident was reported to General Harney, in charge of Vancouver Barracks on the Columbia. At the same time the settlers sent him a petition to send a body of United States troops to protect them from the warlike Clallam Indians. Governor Harney had visited Governor Douglas at Victoria, and he had also dined with Governor Stevens, who told him the American side of the controversy. Governor Stevens had no use for the Hudson Bay Company, and thought the British should be pushed off the Island into the sea to drown or swim elsewhere as best pleased them. Captain George E. Pickett, who a few years later was to distinguish himself at Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, was in command of Company D, 9th Infantry, and had been transferred with his company from Vancouver Barracks to A Block House on Bellingham Bay to protect the settlers from the Indians. General Harney ordered him to take his company and establish headquarters on San Juan Island near Friday Harbor on the southern extremity of the Island. His orders read that he was "to protect the settlers from the northern Indians" and "to have a more serious and important duty," which was to afford adequate protection to American citizens in their right as such. And to resist all attempts at interference by British authorities residing on Vancouver Island by intimidation or force." In case any citizen was again threatened by arrest by British authorities from Victoria, he was "to meet the authorities from Victoria at once, and inform them they cannot be permitted to interfere with our citizens in any way. Any grievance they may allege as requiring redress

can only be examined under our own laws, to which they must submit their claims in proper form."

They picked the right man when they chose Captain Pickett. He was resolute, prompt and fearless. He reached San Juan Island on July 29th and went into camp. Justice Griffin, the owner of the pig that had caused all the trouble, at once visited Captain Pickett, and told him to go, or he would apply to the British civil authorities to remove him.

Captain Pickett evincing no disposition to go, was summoned before a civil magistrate to show cause why he should not at once depart. Captain Pickett paid no attention to the summons, so Justice Griffin sent to Victoria for help. Three days later, on August 3, 1859, three British warships, the Tribune, the Plumper and the Satellite anchored in the harbor. Captain Pickett declined, but invited the officers to visit him at his camp. They accepted. They threshed out the matter in a talk at Captain Pickett's tent. The British officers asked him what he was doing there, and he told them he was obeying orders of his superior officer to protect the lives of American citizens and the property of the United States. They showed him a proclamation of Governor Douglas, issued the preceding day, in which he said unless the American forces were removed he would send British troops to occupy the Island jointly. Captain Pickett referred them to General Harney for further discussion. Captain Hornby served written notice on Captain Pickett to vacate, closing his notice with this sentence:

"I reserve to myself, in the event of your non-acceptance, entire liberty of action, either for the protection of British subjects and property, or of our claims to the sovereignty of the Island, until they are settled by the Northwest Boundary Commission, now existing, or by the respective governments." Captain Hornby said he was afraid there might be a collision of the troops if British soldiers were sent. Captain Pickett told him any attempt

to land British troops would certainly bring on an immediate collision. He advised Captain Hornby to take no such action till higher authority could be heard on the subject. Following the conference, Captain Pickett wrote to General Harney: "They have a force so much superior to mine that I shall be merely a mouthful to them, but I have informed them I am here by order of my commanding General, and will maintain my position if possible. The excitement in Victoria and here is tremendous. I suppose some 500 people have visited us. I have had to use a great deal of my peace-making disposition in order to restrain some of our sovereigns." Harney at once authorized Colonel Casey at Fort Steilacoom to strengthen the position at San Juan Island for four companies of the Third Artillery, and he wrote the following letter to Governor James Douglas at Victoria: "I placed a military command upon the Island of San Juan to protect the American citizens residing on that Island from the insults and indignities which the British authorities of Vancouver Island, and the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company, recently offered them by sending a British ship of war from Vancouver's Island, to convey the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company to San Juan for the purpose of seizing an American citizen and forcibly transporting him to Vancouver's Island, to be tried by British laws. I have the honor to inform your excellency that I shall not permit a repetition of that insult, and shall retain a command on San Juan to protect its citizens, in the name of the United States, until I receive further orders from my government."

The Tribune was lying in the harbor with her guns trained on Captain Pickett's camp. She had a number of Royal Artillerymen, and also marines, sappers and miners aboard ready for eventualities. Colonel Casey landed his men at 7 a. m. in a heavy fog, and before the British gunboats knew it, Captain Pickett had been reinforced.

Shortly thereafter Major Haller ar-

rived with additional troops. The American troops were still outnumbered heavily. Before resorting to actual conflict the British decided to resort to diplomacy, so the matter was taken up with those high in authority, meanwhile the warships remaining cleared for action and ready to shell the camp of the American troops. In 1859 and 1860 the War Department was not in strong hands, and Mr. Drinkard, the Assistant Secretary of War, wrote a letter failing to sustain General Harney in his action. The Buchanan administration backed down, relieved General Harney of further negotiations in the matter, and sent General Scott, who was at the head of the Army, to agree to the British plan of joint occupation of San Juan Island. General Harney and Captain Pickett were reversed and the terms proposed by the British were accepted, and for the next dozen years troops of both countries occupied the Island till in 1871 Emperor William of Germany, as arbitrator, decided the controversy in favor of the American claims fixing the dividing line at De Haro Channel. Because General Harney courageously upheld American rights, Buchanan transferred him from the command of the Department of the Pacific to command of the department of the West, with headquarters at St. Louis. In 1861, while General Harney was en route to Washington, D. C., he was arrested by the Confederates at Harper's Ferry and taken to Richmond. Here he was most courteously treated by Generals Lee and Johnson, and urged as a Southerner and a life-long soldier to take a command in the Confederate army. He refused to desert the Union cause, so they allowed him to go. He issued a proclamation warning the people of Missouri against seceding. General Stirling Price was in command of the State Militia of Missouri, and General Harney agreed to make no military movement providing Gen. Price would commit no overt act against the sovereignty of the Federal Government.

Eight days later, Gen. Harney was

relieved of his command and was succeeded by General Nathaniel Lyon. General Harney was placed on the re-

tired list on August 1, 1863. He was brevetted Major-General, and on May 9, 1889, he died at St. Louis.

The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Bible as a Divine Revelation

PART V

AMONG the relics of antiquity that have come down to our day, there is no other object of so great interest as the Jewish people. In them we have a monument of antiquity of inestimable value, upon which are recorded, in clearly legible characters, the origin, the progress and the final destiny of the whole human race—a living and intelligent witness of the gradual outworking of a wonderful purpose in human affairs, in exact conformity with the predictions of their Divinely inspired prophets and seers. In the history of this people, and in the system of laws promulgated at the hand of Moses, there are to be found some of the strongest and most convincing evidences of the Divine inspiration of the Bible.

Profane history regarded as authentic several hundred years B. C. traces the experiences and the proceedings of the Jewish nation in full harmony with Bible records. Furthermore, the fact that for the last eighteen centuries this people have been a scattered, homeless, desolate and persecuted people (yet not without hope), in fulfillment of prophecies uttered hundreds of years previous, speaks to us emphatically of a Divine supervision over them, and adds materially to the volume of testimony in favor of the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures.

But we come now to look at the

system of laws given by Moses. These laws certainly were without an equal, either in their day or since, until this twentieth century; and is it not an impressive fact that the laws of this century are based upon the principles laid down in the Mosaic Law, and framed in the main by men who acknowledged the Mosaic Law as of Divine origin?

The Decalogue a Brief Synopsis of the Law.

The Ten Commandments are a brief synopsis of the whole Law. Those Commandments enjoin a code of worships and morals that must strike every student as remarkable; and if never before known, and now found among the ruins and relics of Greece, Rome or Babylon (nations which have risen and fallen again long since those laws were given), they would be regarded as marvelous, if not supernatural. But familiarity with them and their claims has begotten measurable indifference, so that their real greatness is unnoticed except by the few. True, these commandments do not teach of Christ; for they were not given to Christians, but to Hebrews—not to teach faith in a Ransom, but to convince men of their sinful state and their need of a Ransom. In subsequent instruction God set forth in clear terms His provision of a Ransom for mankind and the need

for faith in the same. However, the substance of those commandments was grandly epitomized by the illustrious Founder of Christianity in the words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Mark 12:30, 31.

The government instituted by Moses differed from all others, ancient and modern, in that it claimed to be that of the Creator Himself, and the people were held accountable to Him. Their laws and their institutions, civil and religious, claimed to emanate from God, and, as we shall presently see, were in perfect harmony with what reason teaches us to be the character of God. The Tabernacle, in the center of the camp, had in its "Most Holy" apartment a manifestation of Jehovah's presence as their King, whence by supernatural means they received instruction for the proper administration of their affairs as a nation. An order of priests was established, which had complete charge of the Tabernacle; and through them alone access and communion with Jehovah was permitted.

The first thought of some in this connection would perhaps be, "Ah! there we have the object of their organization. With them, as with other nations, the priests ruled the people, imposing upon their credulity and exciting their fears for the honor and profit of the hierarchy." But hold, friend! Let us not too hastily assume anything. Where there is such good opportunity for testing this matter by the facts, it would not be reasonable to jump to conclusions without the facts. The unanswerable evidences are contrary to such suppositions. The rights and privileges of the priests were limited. They were given no civil power whatever, and wholly lacked opportunity for using their office to impose upon the rights and the consciences of the people. And this arrangement was made by Moses, a member of the priestly line.

Here we would remark that the reader will be greatly assisted if he will keep in mind what the Bible elsewhere maintains; viz., that the Jewish nation, its history, its systems of laws, sacrifices and ordinances, were intended of God to constitute an outline or picture of the Divine Plan for the whole human family. In other words, the Jewish nation, with all its arrangements, showed in miniature the Plan of God for human salvation. Their mediator and lawgiver, their priesthood and their sacrifices were all typical or illustrative of a greater Lawgiver, a greater priesthood and better sacrifices for all mankind, to be revealed in dispensations subsequent to the Jewish Age. With this thought in mind, we are prepared to see a depth of significance to the ancient Jewish system, which would be void and useless did we not see further than merely that system and the arrangement which obtained in their day. But additional suggestions regarding this feature we must leave for future consideration.

Israel's Government Unique

As God's representative in bringing Israel out of Egyptian bondage, the force of circumstances had centralized the government in his hand, and had made the meek Moses an autocrat in power and authority, though from the meekness of his disposition he was in fact the overworked servant of the people, whose very life was being exhausted by the onerous cares of his position. At this juncture a civil government was established which was virtually a democracy. Let us not be misunderstood. Regarded as unbelievers would esteem it, Israel's government was a democracy, but regarded in the light of its own claims, it was a theocracy—that is, a Divine Government; for the laws given by God, through Moses, permitted of no amendments. The people must neither add to their code of laws nor take from it. Thus seen, Israel's government was different from any other civil govern-

ment either before or since.

"The Lord said unto Moses, Gather unto Me seventy men of the elders of Israel, whom thou knowest to be elders of the people and officers over them; and bring them unto the Tabernacle of the congregation, that they may stand there with thee. And I will come down and talk with thee there, and I will take of the spirit which is upon thee and will put it upon them, and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not alone." (Numbers 11:16, 17.) See also Verses 24-30 for example of true, guileless statesmanship and meekness. Moses, rehearsing the matter, says: "So I took the chief of your tribes, wise men and known (of influence), and made them heads over you; captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds, and captains over fifties, and captains over tens, and officers among your tribes."—Deut. 1:15; Exod. 18:13-26.

History of No Other Nation Equals Israel's.

Is it not very manifest that this distinguished lawgiver, so far from seeking to perpetuate or increase his own power by placing the government of the people under the control of his direct relatives, of the priestly tribe, to use their religious authority to fetter the rights and liberties of the people, on the contrary introduced to the people a form of government calculated to cultivate the spirit of liberty. The histories of other nations and rulers show no parallel to this. In every case the ruler has sought his own aggrandizement and greater power. Even in instances where such have aided in establishing republics, it has appeared from subsequent events that they did it through policy, to obtain favor with the people and to perpetuate their own power.

Circumstanced as Moses was, any ambitious man, governed by policy and attempting to perpetuate a fraud upon the people, would have worked for greater centralization of power in

himself and his family; especially as this would have seemed an easy task from the fact that the religious authority was already in that tribe and from the claim of the nation that it was governed by God from the Tabernacle. Nor is it supposable that a man capable of forming such laws and of ruling such a people would be so dull of comprehension as not to see what the tendency of his course would be. So completely was the government of the people put into their own hands that, although it was stipulated that the weightier cases which these governors could not decide were to be brought unto Moses, yet they themselves were the judges as to what cases went before Moses—"The cause which is too hard for you, bring it unto me; and I will hear it."—Deut. 1:17.

Thus seen, Israel was a republic whose officers acted under a Divine commission. And to the confusion of those who ignorantly claim that the Bible sanctions an established empire rule over the people, instead of "a government of the people, by the people," be it noted that this republican form of civil government continued for over four hundred years, and that then it was changed for that of a kingdom at the request of "the Elders," without the Lord's approval, who said to Samuel—then acting as a sort of informal president—"Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they shall say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them."—1 Samuel 8:6-22.

At God's instance, Samuel explained to the people that their rights and liberties would be disregarded, and that they would become servants by such a change. Yet they had become infatuated with the popular idea, illustrated all around them in other nations. In considering the Scriptural account of their desire for a king, who is not impressed with the thought that Moses could have firmly established himself at the head of a great empire without difficulty?

The instructions given those appoint-

ed to civil rulership as from God are a model of simplicity and purity. See Deut. 1:16, 17. In view of these facts, what shall we say of the theory which suggests that these books were written by knavish priests to secure to themselves influence and power over the people? Would such men forge for such a purpose records destructive of the very aims which they sought to advance—records which prove conclusively that the great chief of Israel, and one of their own tribe, at the instance of God, cut off the priesthood from civil power by placing that power in the hands of the people? Does any one consider such a conclusion reasonable?

Moses' Law Provided for Restitution of Property Every Fiftieth Year

Again, it is worthy of note that the laws of the most advanced civilization, in this twentieth century, do not more carefully provide that rich and poor shall stand on a common level in accountability before the civil law. Absolutely no distinction was made by Moses' Laws. As for the protection of the people from dangers incident to some becoming very poor and others excessively wealthy and powerful, no other national law has ever been enacted which so carefully guarded this point. Moses' Law provided for a restitution every fiftieth year—their Jubilee Year.

This law, by preventing the absolute alienation of property, thereby preventing its accumulation in the hands of the few. (Lev. 25:9, 13-23, 27-30.) In fact, they were taught to consider themselves brethren and to take no usury of one another.—Exod. 22:25; Lev. 25:36, 37; Num. 26:52-56.

All the laws were made public, thus preventing designing men from successfully tampering with the rights of the people. The laws were exposed in such a manner that any one who chose might copy them; and, in order that the poorest and most unlearned might not be ignorant of them, it was made the duty of the priests to read

them to the people at their septennial festivals. (Deut. 31:10-13.) Is it reasonable to suppose that such laws and arrangements were designed by bad men or by men scheming to defraud the people of their liberties and happiness? Such an assumption would be unreasonable.

In its regard for the rights and interests of foreigners and of enemies, the Mosaic Law is thirty-two centuries ahead of its times—if indeed the laws of the most civilized of to-day equal it in fairness and benevolence. At his leisure the reader may examine the following references: Exod. 12:49; 23:4, 5; Lev. 24:22; 19:33, 34.

Even the dumb animals were not forgotten. Cruelty to these, as well as to human beings, was prohibited strictly. An ox must not be muzzled while threshing the grain, for the reason that any good laborer is worthy of his food. Even the ox and the ass must not plow together, because so unequal in strength and tread that it would be cruelty. Their rest was also provided for.—Deut. 25:4; 22:10; Exod. 23:12.

The priesthood may be claimed by some to have been a selfish institution, because the tribe of Levi was supported by the annual tenth, or tithe, of the individual produce of their brethren of the other tribes. Stated thus, this fact is an unfair presentation too common to skeptics, who, possibly ignorantly, thereby misrepresent one of the most remarkable evidences of God's part in the organization of the system, demonstrating that it was not the work of a selfish, scheming priesthood. Indeed, it is not infrequently misrepresented by a modern priesthood, which urges a similar system now, using the Mosaic system of tithing as a precedent, without mentioning the condition of things upon which it was founded or its method of payment.

The system was, in fact, founded upon the strictest equity. When Israel came into possession of the land of Canaan, the Levites certainly had as much right to a share of the land as had the other tribes. Yet, by God's ex-

press command, they got none of it, except certain cities or villages for residence, scattered among the various tribes, whom they were to serve in religious things. Nine times is this prohibition given, before the division of the land. Instead of the land, some equivalent should surely be provided them; and the *tithe* was therefore this reasonable and just provision. Nor is this all. Although, as we have seen, the tithe was a just debt, it was not enforced as a tax, but was to be paid as a voluntary contribution. Moreover, no threat bound the Israelites to make those contributions. All depended upon their conscientiousness. The only exhortations to the people on the subject are as follows:

“Take heed to thyself that thou forsake not the Levite as long as thou livest upon the earth.” (Deut. 12:19.) ‘And the Levite that is within thy gates, thou shalt not forsake him; for he hath no part nor inheritance with thee’ (in the land.)—Deut. 14-27.

Is it, we ask, reasonable to suppose that this order of things would have been thus arranged by selfish and ambitious priests?—an arrangement to disinherit themselves and to make them dependent for support upon their brethren? Does not reason teach us to the contrary?

In harmony with this, and equally inexplicable on any other grounds than those claimed—that God is the Author of those laws—is the fact that no special provision was made for honoring the priesthood. In nothing would impostors be more careful than to provide reverence and respect for themselves, but severest penalties and curses upon those who misused them. Nothing of the kind appears, however. No special honor or reverence or immunity from violence or from insult is provided.

The common law, which made no distinction between classes and which was no respecter of persons, was their only protection. This is the more remarkable because the treatment of servants, strangers and the aged was the subject of special legislation. For in-

stance: “Thou shalt not vex nor oppress a stranger, or widow or fatherless child; for if they cry at all unto Me (to God) I will surely hear their cry; and My wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows and your children shall be fatherless.” (Exod. 22:21-24; 23:9; Lev. 19:33, 34.) “Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or of strangers that are in thy land, within thy gates. At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it; for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord and it be sin unto thee.” (Lev. 19:13; Deut. 24:14, 15; Exod. 21:26, 27.) “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man.” (Lev. 19:32. See also Lev. 19:14.) All this, yet nothing special for Priests or Levites or their tithes.

The Law a Marvelous Arrangement of Wisdom and Justice.

The sanitary arrangements of the Law, so needful to a poor and long-oppressed people, together with the arrangements and limitations respecting clean and unclean animals that might or might not be eaten, are remarkable, and would, with other features, be of interest if space permitted their examination, as showing that Law to be abreast with the latest conclusions of medical science on the subject, if not in advance of them. Even our hasty glance has furnished overwhelming evidence that this Law, which constitutes the very framework of the entire system of revealed religion which the remainder of the Bible elaborates, is truly a marvelous display of wisdom and justice, especially when its date is taken into consideration.

In the light of reason, all must admit that it bears no evidence of being the work of wicked, designing men, but that it corresponds exactly with what nature teaches to be the character of God. It gives evidence of His Wisdom, Justice and Love. Furthermore,

the evidently pious and noble lawgiver, Moses, denies that the Laws were his own, and attributes them to God.—Exod. 24:12; 26:30; Lev. 1: 1; Deut. 9:9-11.

In view of Moses' general character, and of his commands to the people not to bear false witness, but to avoid hypocrisy and lying, is it reasonable to suppose that such a man bore false witness and palmed off his own views and laws for those of God? It should be remembered also that we are examining the present copies of the Bible, and that therefore the integrity for which it is so marked applies equally to the successors of Moses; for although there were bad men among those successors, who sought their own good, and not the people's welfare, it is evident that they did not tamper with the Sacred Writings, which are pure to this day.

If, then, we have found no reason to impeach the motives of the various writers of the Bible, but find that the spirit of the various parts is righteousness and truth, we will, in our next article, inquire whether there exists any link, or band of union, between the records of Moses, those of the other Prophets, and those of the New Testament writers. If we shall find one common line of thought interwoven throughout the Law, the Prophets and the New Testament writings, which cover a period of fifteen hundred years, this, taken in connection with the character of the writers, will be good reason for admitting their claim—that they are Divinely inspired—particularly if the theme common to all of them is a grand and noble one, comporting well with what sanctified common sense teaches regarding the character and attributes of God.

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This book has been prepared by Louis Carnovale, one of the foremost Italian authors, to answer the vital question so frequently propounded to Victor Emanuel III, “Why did Italy enter the great European conflict?” The author states frankly that he believes it his duty to answer this question for his king and the Italian people. His efforts center, not in justification nor condemnation of the monarchical government of Savoy, but to reply exhaustively to the many interrogatories, and above all to vindicate truth and justice which have been outraged by charges wrongfully made by American friends that a people so proud and so generous as the Italians have been guilty of infamous treachery in declaring void the treaty of the Triple Alliance, and consequently deserting the Germanic side. Further to resent the foolish charge that Italy was bought by English and French gold;

further, that they were eager to acquire territory, Trente and Trieste. The author declares emphatically that the charges made against him are either selfish or of military character. Naturally, he adores Italy, and glows in her great career in history and the patriotism and ardor of her people. He asserts that all he claims in his book are facts.

The Italian-American Publishing Company, Chicago, 30 N. Michigan avenue.

“Life of “Ulysses S. Grant,” by Louis A Coolidge.

There has been no lack of biographies of General or President Grant, from his own hard-written swan song down; they are of assorted lengths and quality; but they must crowd a little closer on the shelf to make room for one more at least, the latest and one of the best. It comes just short of 600 pages, as long as a one-volume biogra-

phy can afford to be, and a study of its proportions reveals good judgment on the part of the author. It is not disproportionately a war story, as some other lives of Grant have been. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge remembered that the war was over in four years while the administration lasted twice as long; at any rate the administration gets one-half the volume, the war one-quarter and the intervening quadrennium one-half the remainder.

The material is not only thus well-balanced, it is also unprejudiced. Mr. Coolidge has had good training in non-partisanship, and he writes as a historian and not as a special pleader. Always the latest writer has access to material not available to his predecessors, and so is able to pen a truer portrait in addition to his advantage of a lengthening perspective. The style is picturesque, vivid, popular and withal scholarly. It will appeal to all classes of readers, though some of them will tire of the political chapters through no fault of Mr. Coolidge. He makes the burning issues of the double Grant administration as plain and intelligent as any could desire.

\$2.00 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

✓ "The Ford," by Mary Austin.

The story recounts the trials of an ambitious family and of "big business" in California, pertaining particularly to oil and irrigation. Three families—that of a big oil operator, a rancher and an employee of the oil man—are closely associated in its action. The rancher's property borders the oil lands. His children, Kenneth and Anne Brent, pass their childhood as playmates of Frank Rickert, the oil man's son, and Virginia Burke, the daughter of the third family. Mrs. Brent's long-smoldering dissatisfaction with ranch life grows into open revolt with oft-heard stories of sudden wealth to be obtained in the oil fields. Her husband is a natural farmer, and is rapidly approaching success on the land. But he yields to her importuning during a dry season, disposes of the ranch, and goes to the oil fields. He has little success

in "getting into things." Eventually, with other men of small means, he makes a "strike." But in so doing he antagonizes Rickert, who controls the pipe lines, and his opportunity for wealth is abortive.

With the passage of time, Mrs. Brent dies, and the four children grow up. Kenneth enters Rickert's office and becomes his confidential secretary. Anne Brent develops business acumen, achieving success in real estate ventures, and attracts Rickert's attention. Virginia Burke marries unhappily, is divorced, and then turns her attention to labor agitation. In the meanwhile, Kenneth and Anne are endeavoring to find the royal road to success—to find the doorway leading to inner chambers of "big business." But without success. Kenneth, it must be confessed, does not possess his sister's brains. He is a careful, plodding young man, very useful to his employer; but the sum total of his acquirement is the knowledge that Rickert possesses an instinct for dollar hunting. Anne's successes, however, are somewhat more notable.

"Fairhope," by Edgar De Witt Jones.

Just west of Cincinnati, Boone County marks Kentucky's northernmost point, and just back from the bend of the river lies a country parish to which for present purposes Edgar Dewitt Jones has given the name "Fairhope," and whose annals he has written in delightful fashion. The church was of that denomination which arose from a desire to do away with denominations and succeeded only in adding one more to the long list. But it might have been any other and been just as interesting under the magic pen of "David Westbrooke," rural churchman, sometime traveler and hopeful bachelor.

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of the Lord." But the chapter on Giles begins with the supposition "that every church has at least one self-appointed heresy hunter who scrutinizes the preacher's sermons with painstaking care for possible departures from the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy." The supposition is well made, and the annals of a thousand country churches might each be written with a Giles or a Lachlan, and with no ground for a charge of imitation.

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"Greater Italy," by William K. Wallace.

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"Inside the German Empire."

This book, by Herbert Bayard Swope, has been published in Japan

ese. Mr. Swope, it will be recalled, won the \$10,000 Pulitzer prize at the Columbia School of Journalism for his masterly reporting of internal conditions in Germany during the early part of the war. According to Mr. Swope, the Japanese defection from the cause of the Central Empires was a source of chagrin to the German government. "The political censors," wrote Mr. Swope, "permit no unkind word to be said about Japan," although, as a leader of German thought phrased it: "An alliance between Germany, Russia and Japan will be a 'Dreibund of Discontent.'"

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"The Bank of Colne," by Eden Philpotts.

Once more a natural industry of England—or rather a combination of two—is made to serve as background for a story of diverse elements. On this occasion the flower nurseries of Essex and the neighboring oyster fisheries

are employed for the purpose. While the author writes delightfully of flowers, their cultivation and the planning of gardens and at intervals interjects entertainingly descriptions of the conduct of the oyster industry, together with vivid sketches of the ancient customs observed in connection with oystering, it is with the human element which moves in the foregoing that largest interest and concern will be had.

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"Immortality and the Future," by Hugh Ross Mackintosh, Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh.

Herein is an endeavor to reinterpret the doctrine of eternal hope in the light of modern scholarship and research. There is a special call in Great Britain for such a study at the present time, in view of the great number of men who have perished in the war. Dr. Mackintosh was the historical method, seeking the origins of the belief and considering its immorality, its development and its certainty. In his study of ethnic ideas of death and the future, the author comes to the conclusion that the belief "that something or other in man does survive death" is practically universal. It seems to be an instinct. He shows how the bare instinct developed in various directions under the influence of racial habits and different environments, using the religions of ancient Greece and Rome as examples.

Dr. Mackintosh traces in a thorough manner the roots of the Christian doctrine in the Old Testament. Chapters on the "Eschatology of Jesus," "Eschatology in the Apostolic age," and "Eschatology in the church" follow, com-

pleting the historical basis of the study.

The author entitles the second half of the book "A reconstructive statement." His thesis is that a "Christian hope" is a part of the living substance of faith itself if that faith centers in Jesus, because in that case "life everlasting is as sure as the forgiveness of sins." This is because Jesus taught life was endless if it was righteous and fruitful. Dr. Mackintosh goes into full discussion of the various theories of Christ's second coming. This is one of the best of recent books on the subject of life after death, written from the religious point of view. It restates the old doctrine on a new foundation, after careful examination of many arguments and much evidence for and against it.

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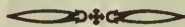
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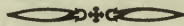
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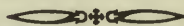
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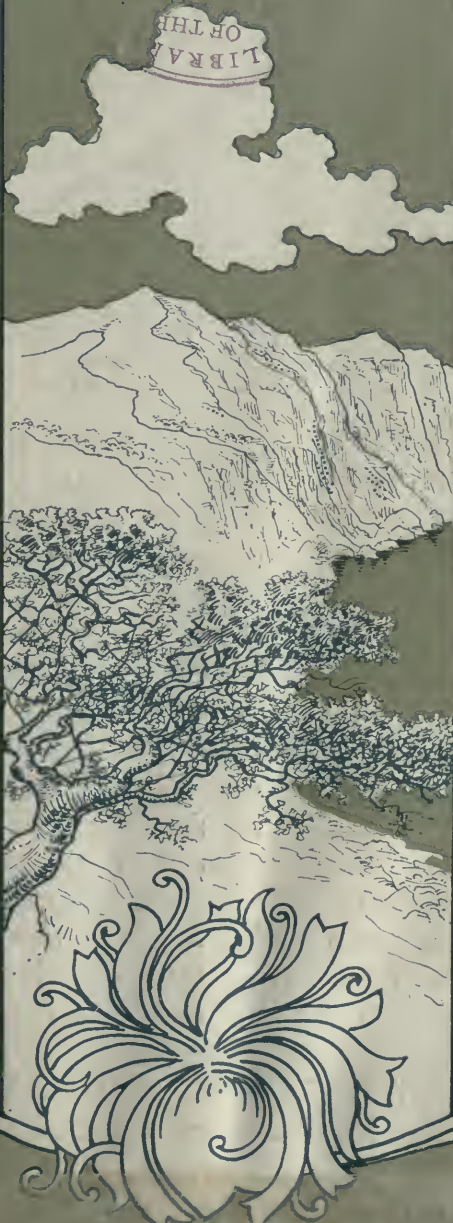
ZINE OF THE WEST

Bret Harte

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.





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Our troops are now on the firing line in France. While at home every instrumentality of our government and private industry is being urged at top speed to insure victory. The telephone is in universal demand as courier, bringing to the front men and the materials of war.

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Victor Supremacy

Overland Monthly



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



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After Dying

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Open-eyed shall I lie, in my house beneath the earth,
Open-eyed shall I lie, and on my lips a smile,
For my life was built so small there was little space for mirth.
May I not laugh and be glad, now for a little while?

Open-eyed shall I lie, and hear the grasses sing,
The daisies calling me, and the wee brown mounds of sod;
I shall lift my heart up high to kiss them where they cling;
And then I shall close my eyes and be nearer God.



*A Typical Portal
Spanning a
Chinese Highway*



A typical flour mill in China, centuries old, still remains a type seen in every native village.

China's Next Revolution---What Part Will America Play?

By Frank B. Lenz

Young Men's Christian Association, Nanchang, China

A NEW life is stirring in China to-day. This is true of the political, social, industrial and religious life of the nation. To the newcomer, the evidences of these changes are not at once apparent, but as soon as one begins to make inquiries, he finds that the "chin pu" or progress along these particular lines are distinctly marked. The changes

are, in fact, marked so clearly that we are compelled to agree with the speaker who recently said that the only thing we can be certain about is that the uncertain will happen. Nothing is permanent in China but change. This unsettled situation does not necessarily bespeak an unhealthy condition of affairs. On the contrary, it is a hopeful indication for better things



The Standard Oil Company is humorously known as the missionary of "light" in China. The five gallon oil cans of this company are used throughout China as water carriers.

in the future. A nation like an individual must pass through "growth pains" before it reaches maturity.

Industrially, China is in about the

same position that England was in a little over a century ago. She is in the handicraft stage of development. Her factory age is just beginning, and



An open shop market of various wares, usually in villages.

modern machinery is just being introduced. She still performs by hand the following trades: Spinning, weaving, dyeing, ropemaking, embroidery making, carpentry, shoe making, blacksmithing and a dozen others.

Up to the present time there has been but little indication of an industrial revolution such as the one which transformed England beginning with 1790, yet a great industrial change will eventually stir China to the very roots. If the Chinese intro-

thousand five hundred miles of railroads now operated in the country connect Shanghai with Mukden via Peking, and Peking with Hankow. The line from Canton to Hankow is contracted for and partly constructed. According to Dr. C. C. Wang of the Department of Communications, the railroad backbone of China will draw the south to the north. Contrasted with the east and west development in the United States, the development in China will be from the north to the



A camel caravan leaving Peking for the coal mines.

duce our applied sciences and develop their coal and iron industries, especially if they introduce Western inventions and transform the nation from hand manufacturing to machine manufacturing, maintain their normal rate of growth and strengthen their moral and religious life, they will become a most powerful factor in modern world civilization.

Perhaps the most apparent feature of the industrial change abroad in China is the development of the steam railways. Roughly speaking, the six

south, with spur lines east and west. When a railroad is built from Canton to the north, the tropical fruits and products of the south can be placed on the market in Mukden, Peking and Tientsin. It is interesting to note that most of the rivets and steel used in the construction of the present railroads in China have been supplied by the United States Steel Products Company of America.

At present the main highway of commerce in China is the Yangtse River. It is by way of this stream that

products of the interior find their way to Shanghai and other coast cities. But China is looking for newer and faster ways of transportation. Her canal system is practically perfect, but it has served for an age that is rapidly passing. Rapid means of communication and transportation will work marvels in uniting the nation, and a new national consciousness will follow the construction of an extensive railway system.

Just what part American firms will play in capturing Chinese trade is a

coastwise and river trade. They are now doing a nine million dollar a year business.

Another company that has seen and grasped business opportunities is the National Cash Register Company. Up until February, 1914, they had not sold fifty machines. Now they are selling fifty a month. It required time, patience and skill to adapt the Western-made machine to Oriental usages. The keys had to be fitted with Chinese characters and other changes had to be effected before the salesman could



A typical coal-seller, a far call to the auto delivery truck.

matter of conjecture. But business *can* be captured. The Standard Oil Company has proven it. In practically every city of importance in China, on any street or at any time of the day or night one can hear the hollow "thump, thump, thump" of the oil man as he goes from door to door selling a lamp full of oil here and a bottle full there. The Standard Oil Company, as well as the missionaries, are "spreading light" throughout China. This company has perhaps the finest organization in the country. They are operating their own storage tanks and steamship lines for

make the proper demonstration, but Yankee ingenuity and modern methods of advertising brought results.

Singer Sewing Machines Agencies and Stores are to be found in the remotest parts of the interior as well as in the semi-foreign sections and treaty port cities. About 15,000 machines are sold every year in China. More than eighty per cent of them have been sold in tailoring establishments.

Thirty-six cities in China have electric lights, but less than a dozen have electric street cars. The General Electric Company has supplied the equip-



A logging cart, still in its ancient form; the motor trucks have not yet made their advent into Chinese industrial life.

ment to more than half of these cities. During the year nineteen fifteen, according to the Commerce Reports of the United States Government, twenty-one new American firms were estab-

lished in China, and the American population increased from 4,365 to 4,716.

In 1914 record imports of American lumber are noted. Imports of Oregon



The common way of carrying chickens to market.

fir and California redwood lumber and other forest products from the Pacific Coast into Shanghai exceeded those of any previous year for which figures are available. The quantity imported was more than 100,000,000 feet greater than the heavy receipts of 1913, which marked an increased building activity in Shanghai. Several new American firms were established in the city, and trade opportunities are particularly good at that port for American food-stuffs, hardware, machinery, steel products, paper, drugs and many lines

greatly exceeds the output of the mills at Shanghai. The nineteen mills at Harbin produce about 1,000,000 barrels yearly. There are half a dozen or more mills in the Harbin district.

In a good many respects, China is an exporting nation. Tea has always been exported. Silks, practically of all grades, have found a ready market abroad since the war began. Demand has been insistent from America and Japan.

Antimony has become an industry and export. Prior to the war the price



A modern typical Chinese sawmill and lumber yard.

heretofore supplied from Europe. The erection of several cotton and flour mills in or near Shanghai have given an impetus to the development of home-made goods.

There are several flour mills in operation in China, in addition to the fifteen in the Shanghai district, the principal ones in Central China being at Wusieh and Hankow. There are others at Chinking, Tungchow and Yangchow. The flour milling industry of Northern Manchuria is much more extensive than that of Central China, and the product of the Harbin mills

was \$120 per ton, but subsequently, owing to the increased consumption in making explosives, it steadily rose to over \$500 per ton. With the cutting off of the supply from France and Austria-Hungary and the closing down of the mines in Bolivia and Mexico, China has practically secured control of the available supply of antimony. Eight smelting plants and more than one hundred mining companies are in operation. The mines in Hunan Province are said to be the most important yet discovered.

Since the war the United States has



Chinese carrying tea to market over the mountains of West China. (Copyrighted.)



Manchu refugee children supported by the Republican government.

become the purchaser of the stock of hides that had formerly gone to some of the warring nations, and has taken a great deal more besides. The government estimates that seventy-five per cent of all the hides exported from China in 1915-16 went to the United State, due to the increased output of automobiles and war supplies, particularly shoes and leather garments. In value, about \$750,000 worth were exported. Of the 8,000,000 goat skins

exported more than seventy-five per cent went to the United States, while three-fifths of the 250,000 untanned sheepskins went to the same country.

American firms are needed at Changsha. The past few years have been prosperous in Hunan despite unfavorable rice crops. A number of buildings have been erected in Changsha, including the Bank of Hunan, a flour mill, an ice plant, several mercantile buildings and a number of mission



Raw recruits being assembled by the government.

buildings. A cotton spinning mill is being constructed.

The Nanking district is awakening to the possibilities in the direction of raising indigo, due obviously to the prohibitive price of aniline dyes. Flour, cotton and bean mills are to be found at a number of other places throughout the district.

The declared exports to the United States from Tientsin have increased enormously, due to the closing of European sources of supply and to the low value of silver. American enter-

to rehabilitate their economic condition. The present indifferent attitude of American manufacturers and capitalists toward the opportunities now offering in China will probably be regretted in the future."

Recently Mr. Julean Arnold, Commercial Attache of the United States for China opened a campaign in the United States to capture Chinese trade. Nearly a hundred addresses delivered in all parts of the country put clearly before thousands of business men the opportunities awaiting them in the Far



Memorial arch on the government road, near Jah Ho.

prises increased, four new firms being established, while old firms were reorganized and enlarged. Because of inadequate facilities shipping decreased.

I agree thoroughly with Consul-General Fred D. Fisher of Tientsin when he says: "It seems that now is the most opportune time for American trade interests to lay a foundation for market extension in China. No doubt as soon as peace is established European countries will make energetic efforts

East. Here is the pith of some of his speeches.

1—China's foreign trade in the past thirty years has advanced from eighty to four hundred millions of dollars gold. It should be many times greater.

2—Though it is the largest cotton yarn market in the world, China has only one million modern spindles, against two and a half times that number for Japan, thirty-two times that number for the United States, and fifty for England.

3—It has thirty or forty modern mills—flour, oil, rice, cotton—match factories, arsenals, shipbuilding works, blast furnaces, electric lighting plants. It should have hundreds.

4—With a wealth of coal deposits far greater than those of the United States, China is to-day still importing coal from Japan.

5—With an area including Mongolia, Thibet and Chinese Turkestan, one-third greater than that of the United States, it has six thousand five hundred miles of railways to handle her transportation needs, and to connect her with world markets, against 250,000 in the United States.

6—She has cities of more than one hundred thousand population each where the Standard Oil Company's kerosene lamps are the greatest luxury in lighting facilities, where there exist no running water supply, no sewer system, no wheeled vehicles, no telephones, and even no movies.

7—She has no water generated power plants, although the country abounds in waterways.

Dr. J. W. Bashford, in speaking of the commercial life of China, says: "We may anticipate a large increase of industry, commerce and wealth. If a proper system of steam and electrical transportation relieves ten to fifteen per cent of her men from burden bearing and turns them into productive industries; if China adopts a single standard for her currency and a

scientific system of weights and measures; if in addition to the products of her fields she develops her almost untouched mineral resources and her unrealized water power; if steam and electricity and the countless inventions of the Western world are utilized, the Chinese will become a people to be reckoned with before the close of the twentieth century and ever after."

Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Minister to the United States, has recently said that even more significant than the trade relations between China and the United States has been the work of the American missionaries in China. He himself was educated in a Christian College—St. John's University at Shanghai. He pays a glowing tribute to the men and women who have awakened the masses to the value of the Christian teachings. It has always been the function of missions on the firing line of civilization to break down prejudice and win the sympathy and the respect of the peoples they are serving.

But it has never been their part to introduce any life-destroying habits such as the British-American Tobacco Company is propagating in China today. The opium trade was introduced by British merchants, but after a long struggle was stamped out by Christian forces and the Chinese government. Christianity will strengthen Chinese business capacity and undergird it with honesty and moral power.



Off Lens

By Ernest Dimnet

THE happy woods, fields and meadows roll into one another for miles, stretching their greenness to the blue sky and smiling to the wooing sun; the car seems to be conscious of the universal joy and bounds madly on like a deer intoxicated by the spring breezes; the sun, the speed, and every now and then the dust raised by a procession of lorries, are too much for your eyes and thoughts, and you shut your eyes, opening them only when a whiff of bagpipe lyricism searching your innermost being makes you feel that it is all true and that the Highlanders marching past the harsh-eyed German road-menders are not a dream; that the black sphinxes you see squatting on the horizon must be the dross-hills and ventilating machines of Bully-Grenay, and that the grand scene you are seeking cannot be far.

No warning is given you. Suddenly the car is toiling up a solitary road between the comfortable houses of a big village, with a high-shouldered church and a chateau with indented gables on your right; and in one moment you realize that war has been here, that the chateau, church and houses may be standing, but the swearing rage of artillery has shattered their windows, roofs and partitions, making life a burden for the inhabitants until nobody has felt like facing the morrow except an old man feeding a few chickens, and, at the edge of the wood, an invisible woman who advertises in imperfect English that she takes in washing.

Past the village rises a woody upland showing here and there on its sunny slopes crumbling trenches or rusty wires; there are shell holes, too,

in plenty, but the trees have not been hit hard, and Nature is fast making her losses good. The road alone, unhelped by plant or man, is beyond repair; so much so that, at a crossing near the ridgeway, your guide decides that the car had better go down a valley you see to your right, and you proceed on foot.

In a few minutes you are clear of the wood, and you find yourself on the broad green back of a hill with other hills in the hazy distance. "Where are we!" "Why! Notre-Dame de Lorette! the ruins you see over there are those of Mont Saint-Eloy, and the hill in front of us is the Vimy Ridge."

Cannon is booming all round, but the strong breeze brews its sounds, and they melt in a dull, deep swell, so continuous that in a few moments it is not noticed any more, and the great names you have just heard fill your ears to the exclusion of anything else. The calmness of the summer morning is too complete to admit of any recollections in strong opposition to it: Notre-Dame de Lorette and Vimy are the titles of sanguinary chapters in the history of the war, it is true, but just now they are only sacred names bearing their significance in themselves; their solemnity is undisturbed by imaginations of mad scrambling or horrible slaughter. Your guide and yourself are alone on the grassy plateau, and wherever you look not another human being is to be seen; the white road down below meanders in full view for miles, but you see nobody go up or down it; there are no sounds of distant cartings, no ploughman's song rising from a field, but the swallows chase one another in frantic joy and a buffoon of a crow tries his awkward som-

ersault a hundred times over, as if this were a verdant Cornwall district and the booming were only the seas playing along the cliff. The ruins of Ablain-Saint-Nazaire church which you gradually see rising above the lip at your right is so beautiful: the white arches, flambouyant windows, and tall tower recall so much the happy wanderings of other years, that war seems an absurd dream, and the awe you are conscious of has every now and then to be explained to yourself.

Yet there are shell-holes every twenty steps, and wires trail among the dandelions, and old trenches zigzag everywhere in indescribable confusion. You come to another trench which evidently is still used, and after following this a few minutes you hear a muffled murmur of conversation somewhere, which as you listen suggests Edinburgh Castle and quaint talks with its custodian; and in fact you soon find yourself in an underground observation post listening to the telephoning of two Scotch artillery men. You look out at the slits on which daisies have decided to bloom, and you see war at last. Between where you are and the hills where Angres and Lievin display their red brick houses flaming in the light, great chalky slopes curve away from you; and there in rapid succession and at unexpected spots English guns flash, so quickly that the light is more a gleam than a lightning. Just beneath you German shells send up their black cloud, generally at settled intervals, every now and then in batches of five or six, pretending to be very clever and to take everybody by surprise. "He is angry today, sir," explains one of the Scottish voices, while the officer who accompanies me announces that we shall see shells bursting in that identical spot all day, as "*he* may be methodical, but *he* has no imagination."

Methodical or not, imaginative or not, the Boche is nowhere to be seen. The Lens chimneys are smoking, but strain your eyes as you will through the field-glass you see no trace of life in either Angres or Lievin: the scorch-

ing sun alone has the range of the red streets and of the gardens outside; nothing stirs along the straight roads which I see on the other side of the Vimy ridge stretching towards once familiar villages; and there are no indications of any sort of activity between the sheets of water beside Swallow's Wood and the houses of Lens. Yet the enemy is there, he must be there; and when you ramble into the open and are told that "he sees you," you entertain no doubt that this is true. But modern warfare is carried on in solitude interrupted only by terrible encounters, and the strange tension of which one is conscious in the air through which shells and aeroplanes and luminous messages and electric waves travel unceasingly is as terrible as anything one ever saw from the towers of a fortress.

Later in the day my guide and I tumbled on a battalion of Canadians snugly accommodated behind a spur where no eye can see, no shell can find them. There, on a narrow space but securely and happily, they lived the busy life which fills the days of soldiers when they are neither watching nor marching. I was under the spell which one domineering consciousness will frequently lay upon our minds, and enjoying that unique feeling of solitude which I had begun to cherish several hours before; but how grateful I was for meeting those men! How delightedly I exchanged the selfish pleasure I had found in the poetry of solitude and destruction for admiration of the brave souls I was introduced to! As you must seek the monk in his cloister and the artist in his studio, you must seek the soldier where he has just fought and expects soon to fight again. There will you hear simple speeches which can show you life and the world as you used to see them before words, gestures and the multitudinous deceit of social existence made an accompaniment of falseness to them. There will you realize that it is better to be in danger of losing one's life than of losing one's soul. I have read most of the great books and lis-

tened to several men who have left the impression which the ungrammatical English or the quaint French of these soldiers created.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

Thank God, our liberating lance
 Goes flaming on the way to France!
 To France—the trail that Gurkas found;
 To France—old England's rallying-ground!
 To France—the path the Russians strode!
 To France—the Anzac's glory road!
 To France—where our Lost Legion ran
 To fight and die for God and man!
 To France—with every race and breed
 That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France, how could our hearts forget
 The path by which came Lafayette?
 How could the haze of doubt hang low
 Upon the road of Rochambeau?
 How was it that we missed the way
 Brave Joffre leads us along to-day?
 At last, thank God! At last, we see
 There is no tribal Liberty!
 No beacon lighting just our shores,
 No Freedom guarding but our doors.
 The flame she kindled for our sires
 Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.
 The soul that led our fathers west
 Turns back to free the world's opprest.

Allies, you have not called in vain;
 We share your conflict and your pain.
 "Old Glory," through new stains and rents,
 Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.
 Into that hell his will creates
 We drive the foe—his lusts, his hates.
 Last come, we will be last to stay,
 Till Right has had her crowning day.
 Replenish, comrades, from our veins
 The blood the sword of despot drains,
 And make our eager sacrifice
 Part of the freely rendered price
 You pay to lift humanity—
 You pay to make our brothers free.
 See, with what proud hearts we advance
 To France!



Lizzie visioning the big World

The Second Mating of Lizzie Lizard

By Zena B. Wales

LIZZIE LIZARD was a widow—rather a gay widow, too, I believe. Anyway, I like to think her widowhood did not weigh heavily upon her since I myself was the cause of it.

Her adventures, so far as my knowledge of her goes, began on a hot Sunday morning last spring.

Pal and I had come to our cabin for a whole week of "play-like." The cabin is tucked in a crescent of the mountains on the edge of nowhere, and there we just naturally find ourselves playing as if we are only twenty and never will grow any older, and as if we never had heard the words trouble, or worry or money. All our work out there is play. But when I went into my bedroom to make my bed, I could not quite "play-like" I was pleased to see a little, brown, beady-eyed lizard clinging with its five or six inches of length to the burlap-covered wall right by the head of my bed.

So I screamed for somebody to come quickly and commit the murder for me

that I was too cowardly to commit myself. Somebody did come, and Mr. Lizard was carried out in four pieces and thrown to the four winds of heaven, after which I felt safe, but not quite happy. I was a little conscience stricken, and wished we had "shooed" him out instead of killing him.

When we first had our little play-like home, I had been afraid of these little creatures, but gradually had become "desert-broke," and even enjoyed watching them go through all their wonderful antics. They make such a funny, defiant up-and-down movement by raising up the head and front part of the body, quick as a wink. There can be nothing slow about a lizard in the pursuit of a livelihood, since it feeds on flies and other insects.

An hour after Mr. Lizard had met his fate I was intent upon the stew out in the kitchen, when I spied something queer in a small box containing some garden tools. Investigation showed me that it was Mrs. Lizzie Lizard, whom I had caused to be widowed but



Lizzie in sociable conversation

moment and seeming to listen for my voice.

I imagine she took on my mood, too. If I gave her caressing words she seemed pleased. If I scolded her she would throw her head up defiantly, but if I just said "Hello!" she would go on about her business.

This game went on until I came to count on my little friend, but the end of play-like week had come, and I was obliged to return to the Big City, where I regaled my friends with the story.

The following Saturday afternoon Mrs. Lizard seemed to be awaiting my arrival. At least when I came she was sunning herself on a stone with one eye open for me. I played-like the eye was open for me, anyway. The next Saturday afternoon was the same, only she seemed especially frisky.

Then for two weeks, though the hills called me every day, the busy marts held me fast. But at last another Saturday came when the desks were closed. When Pal and I reached the cabin I stalked straight through to the back door, and called "Lizzie, Liz-zie L-i-z-a-r-d." I looked again to right and left, but no little brown lizard with the flashing eyes could be seen. Then I lifted up the boards of the walk, thinking some dire disaster might have befallen her. Nothing to be seen but a nest of ants living their marvelous life! All afternoon I wondered and wondered what had happened.

Next morning as I stepped out to throw away my dish-water, what do you suppose? Right there, basking in the sun, was that lizard with the most roguish look in her eyes! I knew that look was not imagination, for even the scientists admit it. Presently I saw another lizard frisking about with the unmistakable air of loving ownership displayed by new husbands in all the animal kingdom—including humans.

Then I thought I understood that roguish look. Lizzie Lizard, erstwhile widow, had a new mate. She had changed from light housekeeping alone to regular home-making.

a short while before. I picked up the box and dumped all its contents just outside my kitchen door. When I could catch sight of the little animal from among pruning shears, trowel, string and so forth, she was looking up at me as much as to say: "You great big human, why do you mistreat us? We lived in these nice, warm desert sands long before you came." I give you my word of honor there were tears in her eyes!

My heart was touched and I said right out loud to her: "Little Lizzie Lizard, widow, you may have your home right here by my door-step and welcome. I not only won't be afraid of you, but will see to it that you have good, plain board."

I wonder if she understood! The fact remains that whenever I opened my back door this little Lizzie Lady was in evidence. She would dart under the board-walk and out again on the other side, turn square around and face me, and as long as I stood still and talked to her she would not move from her place. If I just shook hand or foot ever so little she would move her body up and down in that queer way, but if I took so much as one step forward she would dart around any nearby object, coming in sight again in a



The Historian

By C. E. Barns

Spake the Sun-God* thro' the redwoods:
"I have seen the sons of men
Armed with flint-ax, bow and arrows
Filing down these unblazed narrows,
Lion's lair and rattler's den;
Hunger-scourged, with thirst that harrows,
Weary to the toil-numb narrows,

Fighting on with doomed persistence
 For a mere stone-age existence;
 Yet man's upward trend of progress
 I foretokened even then."

Saith the scout of I-tsik-ba-dish:
 "Next I saw the tidal blue
 Flash with galleons of the Spanish,
 Pride-blown, conquest-bent and clannish,
 Lead to kill and steel to hew;
 Saw the red reign break and vanish,
 For they came to rule or banish
 All save man's primeval curses—
 Famine, cold and toil's reverses—
 Saved but by the blood of martyrs,
 Pioneer and padre too."

Drooned the Sun-God thro' the robes:
 "Last I saw the tented train
 Trail the sun through flame-tipped grasses,
 Charge the ice-locked mountain passes,
 Coast-bent, gold-bent might and main;
 Vast alembic of the masses,
 World-wide customs, creeds and classes,
 'Stablishing a new condition—
 Freedom's crowning coalition—
 Taking up the threads of empire
 Where lay drenched the flag of Spain."

Hailed the Sun-God thro' the borders,
 "May their noble kind increase!
 Nay, no more by torch or sabre,
 Snares on Mispah, nets on Tabor—
 Verily that blight shall cease;
 But by faith and let-live labor,
 As man's self so love his neighbor,
 Wringing from the raw and bruteful
 Things of beauty, rich and fruitful—
 Golden Renaissance of progress,
 Strong in war, prepared in peace.

* "Some say that the Sun is the Great Father who sees all living things and knows their life-history. Others that he is the chief Scout of The One Who Made All Things First (I-tsik-ba-dish), who is sent out each day to hear all things, see all things, to give light and warmth and make happy the hearts of the people."—Indian Legend.



The Pirate

By Mayne Lindray

I.

THEY were huddled on the deck of the destroyer that had picked them out of the water, a mass of shivering people, grotesque in their life-saving gear. Their attention was riveted on all that remained to be seen of their late home, a few hours before one of His Majesty's battle-ships in active commission, and now, keel uppermost, no more than a whale-back hardly visible, at a couple of miles distance, above the greenish waters of the eastern Mediterranean. She was being rapidly left behind, for the very good reason that the Turks had her range and were able to make things uncomfortable for any craft lingering in her neighborhood.

The destroyer's crew moved about, administering tots of rums.

A midshipman, whose skinny wrists and ankles belied the proportions of his inflated waistcoat, wiped a straggle of wet hair off his forehead, tossed down the rum, coughed, smacked his lips and cheered up at once. He was a person not easily depressed.

He addressed the commander, who was muffled, Red-Indian-wise, in a blanket. "D'you suppose we shall get leave for this, sir? I could do with a month."

"Leave!" The commander withered him. "Not in the least likely. Extra hands are wanted out here; a ship's company without a ship will be just the thing. Unless you are a case of shock, which you don't appear to be from the way you took your grog, I think some one will be able to find you fatigues ashore, Easton."

There was that in his eye that made Tommy Easton retire. He melted into

the crowd, and squeezed his way to Courtlands, another midshipman, who was wedged in a warm spot abaft the forward funnel. He repeated the prophecy.

"Well, I can't be expected to take on another job until I get a pair of breeches"—Courtlands was dressed in a flannel vest and an oilskin—"Can I? It'll take a fortnight, with luck, to get new gear from Malta. They'll have to hush me up on the island. I shall live secluded on the hill tops with the goats.—"Oh, thanks, awfully!" He accepted a cigarette from a passer-by.

"I hadn't time to strip," Easton said. "It was my watch below. I barely tumbled up in time."

Courtlands glanced at him. "Get clear, all the men below?"

"Most of them." There was a silence between the two boys. "I see the island. Wonder where we shall fetch up. There was a fair scrum when I was here last, and since then they have dumped ashore the Lord knows how many more transports full. Tents! My hat! The whole place is tents now, seems to me."

Tents there were, enough to shelter the shipwrecked mariners. The destroyer disembarked them, and shot away again to her station. The sun sank; the beach was chilly. The men were mustered. The government store produced slop khaki, and a military mess invited the officers to dine off tinned courses.

Later Easton found himself tented with his brother-snotties in an encampment, a southern moon beaming between the flaps out of a still and perfect night. He nestled in his blankets. There was a little desultory talk; then quiet. The day of catastrophe was

done; to-morrow would take care of itself. He had recited his experiences to several subalterns of Kitchener's army. He was sleepy.

He slept.

II.

A few mornings afterwards Tommy Easton was frying beef and potatoes on a biscuit-tin lid, over a fire of demolished packing-case, before the door of the tent. The rigors of shipwreck had fallen upon him. The island was congested with great preparations, and nobody had yet had the time, or discovered the method, to reduce the employment of five hundred unexpected arrivals to a system. The deputy harbor-master had culled a gang for buoy-work, medical inspection had drafted the invalids into hospital, a major of Marines had weeded out the able-bodied men of his arm, and the coal-officer had detached a squad. The rest picnicked in sand, snatching the dubious pleasures of the passing hour.

Courtlands had gone on a foraging expedition for cigarettes. The other members of Easton's mess were about somewhere; but they did not happen to be on the spot when that individual prodding the beef with a fragment of hoop-iron, perceived his late commander bearing down upon him. The commander had exchanged his blanket for the uniform of his rank; he was shaven; he seemed never to have left the world of ordered things.

"Are you the only one here?"

"Just this minute I happen to be, sir."

"Oh, well." Then—"Oh, you'll do. Do you see that tug? She has been lent from Malta; she has a Maltese engineer and a stoker on board. I've sent the coxswain of the captain's gig and a couple of men off to her. Go aboard and take those lighters in tow—the string that is loading from the tramp with the red funnel—and stand by for further orders."

"Very good, sir."

"You had better draw what you will be likely to want before you go on board. You may be any time in her.

See that Hallup has the stores I told him to put in for."

"Ay, ay, sir."

He was gone. Easton fished a piece of beef out and ate it, rejecting the underdone potatoes. He dived into the tent and extracted his blankets. Emerging again, he encountered Courtlands, who had picked up the hoop iron, and was engaged with the biscuit tin.

"How filthy this stuff looks! Have you tried it?"

"'M! It might be worse. Sorry I can't stop to dish up, Courty. I'm off. kiss the boys good-bye for me."

"Off! Where to?"

"I happen to have a command, that is all," Tommy said with dignity.

Courtlands expressed his disbelief emphatically.

"If you won't take my word for it, I'm sorry," Easton said. "I'm not joking."

"Where is she? *What* is she?"

Easton pointed her out. They gazed at her. She was ancient; she was shabby beyond belief; she had paddle-wheels, and was nearly as broad as she was long. Courtlands snorted; but Tommy's heart had already warmed to her.

"And I've carte-blanche to raid the shore pusser for anything I want. It is a bit of all right, isn't it? So long, Courty. This shore business didn't appeal to me, really. Give me the bounding blue ocean."

"You'll end as a pirate if you aren't careful."

"That's not a bad idea. I shall think it out on the bridge," said Tommy Easton.

He shouldered his blankets, and went to harry the storekeeper. Hallup the coxswain was before him, a man of resource and presence of mind, with two stout seamen to bear away the spoils. He had already put in for a fortnight's run for all hands, for tobacco, sugar, biscuit, matches and marmalade. He compared his housekeeping list respectfully with Easton's mental notes; and presently, heavily laden, the party left the island.

III.

Here may be considered to begin the individual career of Midshipman Thomas Easton, R. N., master of his fate and of H. M. tug Bonny Bluebell. His opportunities were varied, and Hallup was a coadjutor after his own heart. It was Hallup, perhaps, who infected him first with something that is stronger even in the Royal Navy than simple pride of possession—the itch for any portable property, for any berth, job or occasion that would go to the greater glory of his command.

They began modestly enough, by discharging the duty to hand of towing the lighters to the mainland landing. Their course was erratic; because neither Tommy nor the coxswain had handled a paddle-wheel tug before. They mastered the elements of her peculiar navigation laboriously, starting with a difference between the bridge and the engine-room, and backing the Bonny Bluebell's substantial stern into a cruiser's picket-boat which was lying alongside the jetty. The picket-boat's crew fended her off with boathooks and hairy arms, and language horrible to hear; but after all it was only because the Bonny Bluebell herself changed her mind capriciously at the last moment that they escaped. If she had sat down on the jetty, as she seemed to intend, she must have sunk them out of hand. Hallup twirled the big wheel violently; and Tommy, sweating at every pore, passed on some of the comment that was aimed at him down the engine-room voice-pipe.

It was answered by a nervously amiable Maltese, grimy and voluble, who gesticulated through the skylight. "It was not poss-eeble to go full speed ahead ver' quickly, sah! This is a ver' old sheep, and moves with difficulty."

"She's got to get a move on out of this, Antonio, or you'll know the reason why.—Oh, *keep* your hair on!" This to the midshipman in the picket-boat, who could be heard shrilly vociferating under his stern. "Port a bit, Hallup, for God's sake! She may answer the helm this time."

The Bonny Bluebell floundered in the shallow water. Spectators on the shore made demonstrations of delight. She churned for a minute and then lurched ponderously away, leaving the picket-boat, furious and disgruntled, heaving in her backwash.

"Whe-ew!" Easton said, mopping his brow. "We are well out of that. Now for the lighters. Stand by to pass the tow-rope. Starboard a little. By Heaven, she's done it again!"

She was bearing down on the foremost lighter, quite unmoved by his frantic efforts to head her off. She proceeded placidly to clasp it to her bosom, and bore it onward in an ample embrace until Hallup's energetic manipulations of the wheel persuaded her to disengage.

Easton spent the next hour in playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, with the lighters elusive and retiring, and the Bonny Bluebell as coquettish as an elephant at play. When order was restored, tow-ropes were made fast and tug and tows were making for the open sea, he consulted again with the coxswain.

"She's so awfully broad in the beam she ought to be a good sea-boat, oughtn't she? I wonder what speed she has."

"Just three, I should say, sir—slow, slower and stop. Oh, she wants a bit of handling. Might be best to give other craft a wide berth till we know exactly how to take her. And when it comes to putting these here lighters ashore——"

"Oh, that's all right," Tommy said with confidence. "We'll just heave 'em at the beach and let 'em rip. Keep her on her course while I go below and see if I can get them to raise more steam. That Maltese fellow looks more like a cook than an engineer. I don't suppose he understands her, really."

He dived into the bowels of the tug struggling to recall the engineering he had learned at Dartmouth. He was below some time, and reappeared on the bridge, oily but triumphant.

"The beggar had dirty fires. I've

disrated him and promoted the other fellow. Now we'll whack her up, and dump our tow ashore, and then we'll stand easy and have a snack."

A beachmaster, built in with cases of stores and ammunition, mule-fodder, and petrol-tins filled with precious water and harassed by his unceasing labors, saw the Bonny Bluebell pounding towards him, with the evident intention of casting herself at his feet on the incoming wave. Catastrophe appeared inevitable, when she stopped her advance with a sudden surge of paddle-wheels, let go the tow-ropes, and then, with the aplomb born of Easton's limitless inexperience, contrived miraculously to evade the forward prance of the liberated lighters. Their way drove them at the beach, where they flung themselves ashore in attitudes of abandon. And before the beach commander, usually a fluent man, could find words to express how completely the way it had been done was the way not to do it, Easton had passed out of call, his first task fulfilled and left behind him.

IV.

Tommy Easton, it is to be noted, was a mere speck in the machinery of great operations. Where battleships are hammering at forts, and transports are pouring troops on to hard-won and hard-held beaches, a seventeen-year-old snotty may well be overlooked. It did not take either Tommy or his coxswain long to discover that in some things they were accountable to no man. They were caught up to any job that was doing, sucked dry of their last ounce of working capacity, and pushed aside again, by people who were themselves taxed to the limit. Their incomings and outgoings were nobody's business.

Hallup was the first to grasp some of the happier features of their position. He suggested roving where the victuals grew, and Tommy roved. They drew rations and rum wherever rum and rations were forthcoming, and they bartered bread and tobacco which were

to be had without much difficulty from the big ships, for tinned peaches and other delicacies conveyed by the lighters' men, who were occasionally to be found starving in the midst of plenty.

They accumulated ships' stores, too, for the rainy day. The lockers in the after-cabin bulged with canvas, heaving lines, bunting, paint and varnish—particularly paint and varnish, for which Hallup had a magpie's instinct. Some of their abundance came in ways more or less legitimate; but not all. There was a side of bacon that lost its way between a provision transport and the shore; there was a case of eggs that left a beach at dusk, never to return; there were cigarettes that might have arrived at G. H. Q. itself if there had been no elderly tug offshore at the moment. And Easton lived, like the lilies of the field, taking no thought for the morrow, at many gunroom messes, popping up out of the unknown about dinner time, and fading into the night as mysteriously as he had come, before the steward, murmuring a formula about half-a-crown, had followed the coffee round to where he sat.

Their troubles came at nightfall. The Bonny Bluebell had to make fast somewhere, and it was her ambition to tie up comfortably to one of the big ships and lie snug till daylight. Sometimes she pulled it off at the first shot; but only too often she would bump into the ship's side, and the angry voice of authority on a deck far above would drive her away. It was not so easy to find a berth, and nobody loved her. She wandered wearily, the Ishmael of the night, until she had the luck to strike some milder-mannered refuge. Tommy Easton slept on the bridge—in his sea-boots, strangely clothed and very damp, his hair uncut, his shirt unwashed—the light sleep of the mariner who is never very far away, even in dreams, from the hazards of his calling.

There came an interval when he was lost altogether to the people in charge of the distribution of freight. He vanished. One day he was at their beck and call; and the next morning he was

not. They missed him, for they had lots of jobs for anything that could pass a hawser; but they were too busy to think long about him.

Far out, made fast to a newly arrived and innocent transport, Easton's command was otherwise engaged. The inspiration was entirely Tommy's; but the treasure-trove in the after-cabin had suggested it. The transport commander was possibly flattered by the confiding air with which the Bonny Bluebell sidled up to him as he let go the anchor. He saw an ancient tug and a curiously juvenile tug-master, and he smelled the savor of fresh paint when he peered over the side. He had been allotted the farthest berth from the beaches; but he did not connect his position with what he saw below him.

Hallup had attained the height of his desire. He had a whole tug to paint from clew to earring, and as much paint as he wanted to do it with. He had hunted the booty with an enterprise that was heroic, seeing that looting a battleship's paint-store is not unlike rifling a hive with the honey-bee about. The Bonny Bluebell merged from rust and battered brown to the loveliest gray. Even Antonio and the stoker painted. They were not sure they knew how when they began; but after a little persuasion with a boat's tiller they learned quickly. Easton basked in the sun on the bridge, as grimy as a sweep, and re-read the last letter from home, more than a month old, in which his mother told him the second footman had gone to the war, and she was afraid there would be nobody to valet him when he came back. She wished to know if he remembered to change his socks, and whether his servant aired his pillow-cases.

The longest spell ends; and, to do Tommy justice, all that extra tots and encouragement could do had expedited the painting. He did not want to be out of the real business a minute longer than the job in hand demanded. It was done, ready to excite the marvel and envy of all beholders. Besides, the transport had been in communication with sophisticated people from the

fleet, and was showing a disposition to ask questions. Easton said good-bye to her politely, and set a course for the principal landing, where the supply craft were clustered thick as bees. There was nothing among them that had even a lick of expensive gray paint, much less the full glory of it from stem to stern.

He made for the break in the cliffs, keeping inside the line of patrols. He could see, behind the coastline, little balloon-like clouds drifting over the enemy stronghold, and he heard the boom of guns rolling across the water.

Hallup spoke behind him. "Begging your pardon, sir, there's a tramp in trouble. He's aground, or next thing to it, too near the enemy's ridge battery to do him any good."

Easton followed his outstretched finger. A small supply steamer was stationary below a headland. As they looked, an ensign reversed fluttered to her masthead.

"Ashore—wants assistance." Hallup rubbed his chin.

"Our job, I think!" Easton sprang to the voice-pipe. "Fire up for all you're worth, Antonio. If—if you monkey now I'll keelhaul you.—If she isn't fast aground we'll have her out of that before Johnny gets her range—eh? Dash it all! we ought to be able to handle anything on God's earth by this time. Hope we'll get her off before a destroyer butts in. They're so beastly officious."

There was no destroyer at hand when the Bonny Bluebell arrived, thudding at the top of her speed to where the tramp was struggling, like a fly in treacle, with the shoal water round her. The tug threshed about, and backed astern to get close enough to pass a heaving line for the hawser. Much painful experience had put Easton up to most of her tricks, and he maneuvered her into position in the record time of her years of ungainly service.

His most urgent reason for hurry was soon justified. A ranging salvo fell, one ahead and three astern of the stranded steamer.

"Full astern starboard—ahead port!" He was backing and filling. "Look alive with that line! Stand by to pass the hawser!"

Another salvo plumped into the sea, sending white columns leaping high into the air. Tommy wiped his eyes clear of the wind-borne spray tossed down upon him. A shell, well aimed, crashed through the foredeck of the steamer, but ricocheted overboard without exploding.

Tommy went on giving his orders. Hallup twirling the big wheel behind him. Another shell whistled over the bridge of the tug, while others fell unpleasantly close.

The Bonny Bluebell, putting her back into it, strained at the hawser. A mile away the black streak of a destroyer raced toward them. The hawser tightened; the tramp shivered, floated—and surged heavily ahead. Somebody on her deck raised a cheer. The Turks planted a few more shells, but in the shoal water just astern of her as she moved slowly but surely into the safe cover of the headland.

There was the roar of twelve-inch guns from a battleship off the landing, the majestic entrance of a giant into an affair of pygmies. The Turkish battery ceased firing.

V.

Late that evening a stout tug in brand-new gray crept alongside the flagship. A seaman began furtively to make her fast, and Tommy Easton, who was washing his face and hands in a bucket, speculated on what the gunroom mess might have for dinner. Then his heart sank. He could hear the voice of the commander, in whom the impulse of hospitality was only too plainly absent.

"It's no go, Hallup. We'll have to chuck our hand in, and try again somewhere else. Hades, but I could do with a real dinner!"

He dried his hands on a piece of waste, and gazed wistfully at the cruiser. The Bonny Bluebell slid reluctantly astern, and as she did so a big man with an admiral's lace and a

monocle came out on to the stern walk and caught the face that glimmered up at him. He looked hard at it for the half-minute before he returned to his cabin.

Somebody megaphoned from on high: "Are you the officer in charge of that tug? The Admiral wants to see you. You are to come aboard immediately."

"My hat!" Easton said. "A collar—I haven't seen a collar since the old ship went. Give me a brush down, Hallup. My goodness, he might have given me time to get my hair cut! I dare say your razor would have managed it!"

Five minutes later he stood in the Admiral's cabin. It was extraordinarily clean; and the full sense of his pariah-like existence came home to Tommy Easton. There were people who still lived like this, with fresh linen, and chintzes on the chairs. He had forgotten them.

"So you have been running a dockyard tug since your ship was sunk?"

"Yes, sir. I have a topping crew, all except the Maltese; and they aren't so bad if you take 'em the right way. My coxswain is *most* efficient, sir."

The Admiral nodded. "I believe you towed the Tarantula off when she grounded inside the bluff this morning. What sort of shooting did the Turks make?"

"They were just getting the range as we cleared out, sir. They registered one hit; but their shells are pretty rotten. It didn't explode."

"And during the time you have been in charge, how have you managed for stores and coal and so on?"

"We managed to get what we wanted, sir. We put in for 'em when we came across 'em."

"Ah! How much paint did you put in for? I don't remember what the allowance for your tug would be likely to be."

Easton opened his mouth, and shut it again. He stuttered. "Of course—of course, things sometimes h-happened to come our way, sir."

"Quite so." The Admiral dropped

his monocle, and readjusted it. "Ah, well, paint being barred, is there anything you still want?"

"If we could be sure of a berth at night. . . . My men are at it pretty hard in the day, and we do have to bucket about a lot when I'd like to see 'em turning in."

"Tell the sentry to pass the word to give my compliments to the commander, and say that I should be glad to see him."

The commander entered. The Admiral indicated Easton. "This is the midshipman in charge of the tug you were talking to just now. He has to tie up somewhere, and he is doing sound work. I shall be much obliged if you will allow him to make fast to us when he wants to, and see that he gets what is necessary, and that he dines here when he is alongside. That all right?"

"Quite, sir."

"Suit you too?" He wheeled upon Easton.

"Oh, *thank* you, sir."

The Admiral held out his hand. "That was a good piece of work today. I think a petty-officer will take over your tug presently, but it won't be because you haven't given satisfaction. You are the right stuff. Good-night."

It was the end of Easton's piratical career; he knew that as he made his way to dinner. But he forgot that he was tired and hungry, and he trod on air. What a sportsman the Old Man was! What a lot of nice fellows there were in the world. The commander had sent him on his way with a friendly nod. The awful larceny of the paint had blown over; and if that little affair of the transport was guessed at—and he suspected that the Admiral knew more than he allowed to appear—it too had been inexplicably condoned.

He breathed freely, and flung himself into the gunroom, relaxing in the company of fourteen other snotties precisely like himself.

THE HIGHWAY

Here knights have clattered past, here pikemen proud
 Here fainting pilgrims eastward not a few,
 And shy, shade-lingering lovers, two and two,
 And nuns and novices in saintly crowd.
 Here Louis Bien-aime emblazoned loud.
 And here have high-famed conscripts carried through
 Scarred standards to their doom at Waterloo,
 And all have hoped and vanished into shroud.

And now on Time's top wave come laboring these,
 With new beliefs, new hopes, new Love, new Trust:
 Still tramp the long battalions through the dust
 And still from yon half circle of old trees—
 High whispering chancel that the night wind calms—
 Still Christ on Calvary holds out His arms.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT



(SYNOPSIS.—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusillers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later, Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnought, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength falls her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile,

Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound. The next day in the shipyard Pasek tries to arrest Jan with his wound as evidence, but Jan destroys his hand in molten metal, makes his escape and is later captured by Pasek and returned to Galt for trial. He is found guilty and sentenced to ten years at Floryanska. Meanwhile, almost ten years later, Jagiello, in the south, is selected because of her beauty for a desperate mission for the Empire. After six months at the Court, she is sent to Warsaw to enamor Prince Rupprecht and steal the Russian war plans. She succeeds after a clever intrigue, precipitating the War of the Nations. During the battle of Warsaw she comes upon Felix Skarga, who has sacrificed his life for Carlmania.)

CHAPTER L.

THE Fior Gate was reduced to dust.

Fifty thousand troops poured through the shattered walls during the night. The Carlmanian army had been destroyed. The Czar's gorgeous yellow banners again floated from the Palace of Justice.

"Nothing to report," declared the astute War Offices, yet numberless thousands of men had been sent to death.

To Jagiello it was worse than death: death would have been a relief. Crouching among the dead through the night, she prayed for the hero of

the Fior Gate. Before he died he opened his eyes. In the red glow of the burning city, Skarga saw that the face that hovered above him was Jagiello's.

"O Jagiello—pray that I shall—die!"

"Oh, God, take my soul too! Do not let me live to see more of this night!"

"I am no longer a man, but a horrible thing of war. O my Carlmania! For thee do I freely die, and dying, wish that I might return to earth to die for thee again!"

"O my comrade, pray Him to take me too!"

"You are a woman—you have a son.

Return and tell him what you have seen this night—and dedicate his life to prevent war.”

Jagiello started, all the tenderness of her heart springing into new life.

“What of my son, O comrade?”

“The Emperor has given him a commission in the Imperial Flying Corps.”

“My son—my Stefan—in the war!”

The woman’s voice broke. Tears streamed down her face. “My boy—alone—and at war? And Jan is dead—dead—dead!”

The dying soldier gazed at her in pity.

“Jan dead?”

“Pasek told me that.”

“He is at Floryanska—and lives!”

“Jan lives?”

“He was sent to prison for ten years—for joining the Revolutionists—for opposing war. The ten years have passed—and Jan lives!”

“Jan lives?”

The woman buried her face in her arms, and her body quivered with grief and happiness. Afar off the guns were again speaking with the voice of thunder. When Jagiello spoke, her voice was soft with love.

“Brave comrade, here is water . . . I shall stay with you until the end . . . The night is almost over. . . Those are the Carlmanian guns, your guns, my guns, and only His hand can still them. . . . Look! the dawn is coming . . . and soon the sun . . .”

In the hush before dawn the woman covered his face with a white cloth.

The sky hung heavy with black smoke. The yellow lanterns of the Red Cross were bobbing among the dead. Jagiello rose and went out of the Park and down a long hill. For the first time in ten years she turned her face toward Galt.

“Stefan! Stefan!”

The cry in her heart urged her forward. Through the ruins of the Fior Gate she picked her way. The voice of a dying soldier called to her.

“Water, oh, give me water!”

The familiar voice smote her, and bending low before the prostrate fig-

ure she discovered Ballandyna, the cobbler of Galt.

Jagiello pressed water to his lips.

“I am dying,” whispered the cobbler. “I hoped to see my three little girls again. Elsa, and Lela, and Ula—so innocent—so pretty! . . . O God! God! Care for my little children!” He stared upward into Jagiello’s tear-blind face. “If you go to Galt—take a father’s kisses—to Elsa, and Lela, and Ula—my little white doves . . .”

The cobbler died peacefully, murmuring incoherently of his three little doves. As Jagiello rose, a mystic exhalation of spirit came over her. She raised her face to the morning sky, remembering the cobbler’s pitiful words, remembering Stefan; and an indescribable sense of love and sympathy crept into her heart, purging her, purifying her. . .

At sunrise she was miles beyond the Bazaroff hut. A peasant, hauling commissaries south to the Carlmanian reserves, allowed her to ride in his cart. For nine hours Jagiello slept from sheer exhaustion while the cart rumbled over the Lublin road. At dusk the peasant turned westward. Jagiello thanked him, then pressed south with refugees bound for the Lodz railroad. Each morning at sun-up she hurried on through meadows jeweled with dew. Along the wild hill roads she ate berries to still her hunger, and drank from sun-gold pools. At noon she threw herself under the shade of massive oaks, and here in the cool twilight of forest trees she dreamed of Galt, and Jan, and Stefan. . . At night under the stars she slept in the peacefulness of long grasses. Miles behind her soldiers were razing villages in the name of Emperors and Kings, but Jagiello dreamed quietly on; in her deep, passionate heart the welling love of her husband and son . . . The cry on her lips was the cry of a mother’s love—

“Stefan! Stefan! Stefan!”

CHAPTER LI.

Galt was festive on the day of the launching of the Huascar—the ninth

of April before the great war. It was a holiday in the town, at the behest of the Emperor. His Majesty was coming with his retinue on the Imperial yacht, cruising down from the Gulf of Danzig. From every little house the flag of the Empire was waving—the glorious black and crimson flag with the gold eagles of Carlmania. The ancient gates of the town were festooned with the national colors. Everywhere young girls and youths, thousands of toilers from the shipyard, and their wives, were in gala dress, their eyes searching the narrow streets for the first glimpse of the royal cavalcade, their ears strained for the music of the Imperial band. It was a day such as Galt had never before known. The rising sun looked down upon thousands of fluttering flags, and crowds thronging toward the shipyard.

Stefan arose early and hastened though the chores about Ujedski's hovel. The youth in him was inflamed with visions of the Huascar's launching. He was now seventeen years old, a handsome lad with bright blue eyes and a shock of yellow hair. Something of his mother's beauty was reflected in the fine lines of his face; and the rugged strength that was his father's rippled in his shoulders. After Jan's commitment to Floryanska, Stefan remained in the care of Ujedski. The Jewess had craftily kept from him all knowledge of his mother and father. The boy was reared to believe that his parents were dead. At times there came to him memories of his mother; the most vivid was of her in a lovely garden near the river, listening for the sounds of little bells as the cotton barges drifted up and down the Ule. . . . He remembered more of his father: of fine, free Sundays on the heights, romping among the wild flowers; of trips through the shipyard, seeing the mighty ships; of looking up at the guns in the forts high above the sea. The memories were pleasant dreams, in contrast to the drudging reality of Ujedski's daily round of tasks. For years the Jewess had bartered his services to the neighbors, un-

til Stefan became a boy of all work for the community. If a neighbor had a menial task, she would send across the court for "Ujedski's boy", well knowing that no work was too lowly to be done by him—and done cheaply. In time Stefan resented the yoke. But there seemed no escape from the exactions of the beldam until there dawned the day of the Huascar's launching, and the coming of the Emperor to Galt.

His Majesty's coming was heralded by a blare of trumpets and a salute of guns from the warships in the harbor. The royal yacht ran in at Galt before noon, glistening white, very beautiful with her new signal flags and polished brass. All the harbor bells began to ring, and the whistles to blow, and a stirring sound it was, commingled with the salvos of the great guns. Then the Imperial band struck up the national anthem. Thousands of rugged folk for miles around bared their heads; tears came to their eyes; they thrilled with the pomp and glory of it all. Presently a herald came up through the Street of the Larches, riding a black charger. The dense throngs parted and craned their necks for a glimpse of the procession. Soon there swung into view the marching band and a guard of Lancers, then a motor bearing the Cardinal Archbishop, and after him the grim-visaged Chancellor of the Empire; next several cars with generals and admirals in brilliant uniforms, smiling and doffing their hats to the crowded balconies. Then at last came the Emperor himself, his young-old face pale and sullen, with iron-grey hair distinguishing his features. He lifted his helmet gravely to the cheering throngs. Beside him sat his consort and the fair Princess Celestine.

From the edge of the tortuous street Stefan gazed with boyish awe at the Emperor until his big blue eyes filled with tears of emotion. When the gorgeous procession had passed, he ran swiftly through the adjoining streets to the shipyard. He climbed high up-

on a steel crane, from which he could look across to the Huascar, rising majestic from her cradle with a mammoth sweep into the blue sky. The music of the bands stirred him deeply; his heart was filled with pride at this vision of royal splendor.

When the procession reached the shipyard, the Imperial party mounted a platform and passed through into the Huascar's hold. Ten minutes later the Emperor and his Lancers appeared high above on the deck of the great dreadnought. Surrounding them were gorgeously-robed priests. The ceremonies began with a prayer by His Eminence the Cardinal, and a dedicatory address by the grizzled Chancellor. Then the band crashed into a stirring hymn, and the men-of-war in the bay roared a salute. When the smoke had cleared away, and the drums had trailed to silence, the Princess Celestine came forward to the bows and was presented with the christening bottle of champagne. At sight of her the people cheered lustily. She was very beautiful and very popular. She smiled and threw kisses to the crowds below. Her heart was with the multitudes. After the royal salute she went forward to the figurehead, and broke the bottle on the gray steel. At once the mighty ship was set free and went forward from the gaping womb toward the sea—went forward with wonderful ease and grace, sliding softly on her ways, then gathering strength, glided into the blue Baltic, a monster of the deep, roaring through petulant seas, driving bluish-green waves mountain high, great banks of foam like snowy mountains in upheaval, hissing, thundering. The seas greeted her with a great below. The guns from the Huascar's sister ships thundered merrily. All the fighting craft in the harbor whistled lustily and flew their battle flags. It was a royal welcome to the flagship of the Baltic fleet.

CHAPTER LII.

Stefan never forgot the majestic scene of the Huascar's launching. He

went home awed, the blood racing through his veins. He was filled with a desire to join the navy. To his youthful mind the coming of the Emperor to Galt, and the launching of the dreadnought represented all the glory of the world. How he longed to be a part of it all! With what ecstasy he pictured the Huascar in the throes of battle, emerging in triumph! If only there were some way that he might secure a commission among the crew! At night he dreamed of scrubbing her decks, and polishing her brass, and unfurling her battle flags; and because the sensation of pleasure was so keen to him he at length applied to the First Officer, but the First Officer smiled and said he could do nothing for him. Stefan's disappointment was beyond words. Each day during the months that followed, he stole to the jetty and stood staring off across the blue bay, a wistful, blue-eyed lad whose first great disappointment in life had broken his heart. For the Huascar rode the waters in calm majesty, her black guns silhouetted against the sinking sun.

There came a day when he returned to Ujedski's hut to find two Carlmanian officers waiting to see him.

Ujedski rose to meet him.

"Stefan," she said, "these officers want you to enlist in the navy. I told them you wouldn't want to join the navy."

"Want me—to enlist?" exclaimed Stefan, overcome, his heart beating rapidly.

The first officer, a lieutenant, said to the lad: "In the name of the Emperor, you are directed to join the Imperial Flying Corps, with headquarters on the Huascar."

Stefan could not believe his ears. It seemed as though he were living through some fairy tale. "You must have made a mistake," he faltered. "I am only Stefan Rantzau—and the Emperor does not know any one so poor as I."

"Of course, there is some mistake!" put in Ujedski eagerly. "Stefan, tell them you don't want to go!"

"There has been no mistake, Madame," the lieutenant hastened to reply. "Stefan Rantzau has been given a commission in the navy." Then turning to Stefan he asked: "Will you report at once?"

"No, he will not report at all!" rasped the Jewess. "What does he want in the navy?"

"Oh, Ujedski, I must go! I must go!" Stefan's eyes were shining. His heart beat high with hope. "Oh, to be in the navy! Yes, I will report at once!"

The beldam flamed with anger. "You'll do nothing of the kind! You hear me? What do I get for your keep?"

"I've worked for you all my life," said Stefan.

"I've slaved my life away caring for you!" returned Ujedski vindictively. "Before you go, I want the rubles for your keep!"

"The Emperor's command is that he *must* go," interposed the lieutenant, rising and motioning Stefan to follow.

Stefan went, with the old woman's anathemas ringing in his ears, went joyfully, as one opening gray gates and finding what was unbelievable beyond.

CHAPTER LIII.

Through the hot dun days of November the *Huascar* lay serene upon the blue sea, gray and grim in her war paint, the northern sun blazing upon her polished black guns. Never was she to know days of peace when in dazzling white she might have led the navy upon parade, resplendent in a thousand fluttering battle flags, her gun-decks shining, her barbettes aflame, a thing of glory, glorifying war, blinding men to the fearful consequences of her creation.

Into her steel had gone the lives of the Toilers of Galt, until her builders were prematurely old and broken, and their women withered and joyless, creating through the long years this engine to wreck and kill! Upon her invincible armor and wonderful guns

the Emperor depended for sovereignty in the Baltic. There was not an ounce of superfluous equipment upon her decks or in her immense hold. She was like an athlete, trained down to bone and muscle, stripped for swift action. She was created for war, and direct from her huge cradle she went forth to her destiny.

In those sombre days of preparation for war, Stefan was made a member of the Imperial Flying Corps, attached to the *Huascar*. The Baltic battle fleet was assembled off Galt, provisioning, coaling, a score of dreadnoughts, twice as many cruisers, and a retinue of destroyers and submarines. Each of the dreadnoughts had its hangar and aeroplane platform; each had its long-range aerial guns.

By day the fleet played in and out among the islands and channels off the Carlmanian coast, practicing at mock war; by night the squadron came steaming back into the home port, splendid in the red sunset, guns a-glimmer; when darkness shut down a hundred searchlights flared across the black waters.

Of all the fleet the *Huascar* was the mightiest, riding the sea like a great gray swan surrounded by her newborn brood. At times the cruisers and destroyers would trail away miles into the mist, tracking one another through the fog-banks; and at dusk come home to drop anchor in the shadow of the *Huascar*. She was the mother of the fleet, proud and impregnable; and her officers and crew gloried in her imperious strength and beauty. And no man upon her decks loved her more than did Stefan.

During the manoeuvres off Galt, Stefan, who had developed a natural mechanical genius, was trained in the use of the light scouting aeroplanes—small, fragile, silken birds that caught the wind and flew upward thousands of feet into the blue, to spy upon the ships below. Those were thrilling days for the lad. He soon became expert in the handling of the planes. The navy demanded youths to manipulate the scouting craft. Mere boys

were chosen. They were put through a vigorous test, and those that emerged victorious were assigned to the fleet. The eagerness, the enthusiasm, and the natural ability of Stefan quickly won for him a high place in the Flying Corps. Within two weeks he was able, within twenty minutes, to strap himself into the seat of a *Wasp* scout, dart from the platform and wind swiftly upward, one thousand, two thousand, five thousand feet, as evenly as a bird, until he was lost from sight, an invisible speck in the drifting blue. From the plane he could look down upon Galt fringing the Baltic, upon the fleet like minnows in the sea, upon the hills and furrowed vineyards, the railroad and the river, and upon luscious mountain meadows. And then he would fly to a position directly over the *Huascar*, turn the cap on the powder gun just beneath his knees, and discharge the puff of black powder in the wake of the *Wasp*. The officers of the *Huascar* would distinguish the smoke through glasses, and a gun of the battleship, fixing an imaginary range, would bellow in response. Thus Stefan learned accurately to warn the flagship of the position of the enemy, and to fix the range for the big guns.

It was not long before the sham battles became reality. On that day when war was declared, the Baltic fleet received orders from Nagi-Aaros to put to sea.

That was a momentous day in Galt.

The hills were dotted with thousands of peasants watching the ships get under way. At noon the *Huascar's* flag signalled: "*Move out to sea, due northeast.*" The twin screws of the flagship churned the water into an abyss of foam; clouds of black smoke rolled from her funnels; soon she was moving into the Lower Bay.

As the great Danzig, and Rudolph I, and Princess Celestine swept into line, the harbor bells began ringing; until the fleet disappeared into the mist the bells tolled peal on peal; the big Truska guns in the forts above the shipyard spoke in solemn and pro-

longed salute, rocking the earth. For upward of an hour after the ships had vanished and the smoke trails became one with the mist, the Toilers remained upon the hills, cheering and singing the national anthem, laughing and weeping, stirred with emotion, savage with patriotism, transformed into warriors at heart by the impetuous war songs of the Empire.

Only three men in all Carlmania knew the objective of the fleet: the Emperor, the Chancellor, and the Old Admiral.

After a week strange reports began to drift in from the outside world.

Libau wireless told of a phantom squadron drifting down the Russian coast toward Polangen. Polangen announced a great gray line of warships slinking through the fog at sunrise. Was this the Russian or the Carlmanian Baltic fleet? And where was the English squadron? Heligoland had seen the British war dogs going north in mid-November. Were they moving to engage the Carlmanians?

At 2 o'clock on the morning of December third the *Huascar* and her sister ships lay off Bornholm in the Baltic under wireless orders from Nagi-Aaros. The night was moonlit; a light fog veiled the moon. The sea was calm. The fleet was drawn up in two long battle lines. The signal lights of the *Huascar* glinted and winked; the fifteen hundred members of the flagship's crew, ready for action, were massed aft on the superstructure, waiting with tense nerves through the long watches of the night. The intense silence, the lap-lapping of the waves, the screams of sea-birds from the island—were weird and unnatural in the ghostly moonlight. An order to go into battle would be a relief, but this everlasting waiting, waiting, feeling that the enemy was prowling near—ugh!

At 2:30 a. m. the bugle sounded: "*Clear decks for action!*" Every man rushed to his post. Stefan trembled with anticipation. Suddenly the Captain of the Watch sang out: "The enemy's submarines have just been

signalled. Keep a sharp look out!"

Stefan climbed into the rigging and gazed across the sea in every direction. He swept the waters with his glasses. Presently he noticed far astern a long white streak cutting the water. The periscope of a submarine was emerging about one hundred yards away.

"Submarine astern!" cried Stefan to the lookout.

The lookout sang the warning to the Old Admiral on the bridge.

"To your posts!" shouted the Captain.

The gunners ran to their guns and stood by.

A bell rang in No. 3 barbette; half a dozen men threw themselves down the iron stairway and brought up with a fierce clicking of teeth before the 104-millimetre guns. There was a moment of finding the range. Then the officer of the barbette gave the command to fire. The guns blazed into flame. Great spirals of smoke and spray leaped into the air. The submarine was blown to pieces just under the surface of the sea. It was an Austrian, and as it sank the Huascar's crew cheered savagely, watching it foam and roll over, done to death in the twinkling of an eye. A great sheet of oil floated upon the sea where the Austrian had been. This was living at last—after the terrible waiting! But—God! why did the others not show themselves?

When the Austrian was finished, the Old Admiral of the fleet ordered the Captain to send for the most reliable aviator on the ship. There were three aviators on the Huascar—two were men older than Stefan. The Captain thought a moment—then sent for Stefan.

Stefan answered the command. He was a mere boy. His face shone with animation, his blue eyes burning with a strange fire. The lad knew the greatest moment of his life when he stood before the grim old fighting man of the Carlmanian navy—gently spoken yet hard as steel, his wrinkled face set with mysterious determination. He

said to Stefan:

"The Allies' fleet is hiding thirty-one miles northeast of Bornholm, waiting for the sunrise to engage us. We are going into action at once, sailing north to 50 deg. 49 min. We must have their exact range before opening fire. Go up in a *Wasp* plane, fly north until you sight the Peter the Great, and signal above her with black powder. And, lad, signal before they strike you!"

Stefan saluted and withdrew.

He went to the hangar and tested the *Wasp*; another moment and the engine was purring loudly. Swiftly strapping himself into the seat, Stefan fastened his muffler—a *bashlik*—over his head, and drew on his heavy gloves and leather coat. Two aviators ran the plane out of the hangar to the ascending platform; to these men Stefan now signalled; they released the plane, and it shot forward across the space toward the Danzig. Then, rising steadily, it mounted a thousand feet through the white veil of moonlight. The upper air was freezing, biting Stefan's feet and limbs. His heart was throbbing madly; every nerve was a-quiver with the tremendous responsibility placed upon him by the Old Admiral.

"Signal before they strike you!"

The words of the Admiral rang through his brain with dire significance. He had taken it for granted that the enemy would strike him. Well, he knew the game, after all. Those words must send Stefan to his death, then. "*Signal before they strike you!*" Suppose the enemy struck him before he could signal? It meant victory or defeat for the navy; it might mean triumph or despair for Carlmania! And he, Stefan Rantzau, had been selected for this fateful mission! He could hardly believe it, so wonderful it seemed. His youthful heart was reckless with joy; enthusiasm and an awful sense of responsibility gripped him. His jaws set with an unyielding resolve. Before they should strike him, he would keep faith with the Old Admiral!

The engine whirred steadily! the light plane darted northward in the teeth of a bitter sea-wind. As Stefan ascended, he could hear the ships preparing for action: the tinkling of bells in the barbettes, the rush of feet to all quarters of the ship, the fanfare of a bugle, and the order for full speed ahead. All the lights were put out. The Carlmanian fleet moved in vast and terrible twin battle lines northward toward Bornholm.

Swiftly the *Wasp* cut the air, mounting northward on vibrating wings, past the triple Allinge Lights, and the winking signals off the Bornholm Banks, miles down, faint and red. Far to his left were the Swedish Mountains, lost in the gray blur of the horizon. Stefan leaned forward. His eyes peered through the misty spaces below. As yet he failed to discover sign of the enemy.

At 3 a. m. he descended five hundred yards, the icy wind whistling through his planes, the engine thridding evenly. With a swift movement he lifted the rear guiding belt, threw the wheel over, and dropped in long circles toward the sea. He was passing the northernmost point of Bornholm, lying a black blotch a mile below. The great searchlights from the Lova Tower at Skag Horn whirled once or twice through the heavens, but the *Wasp* was beyond their range, greatly to Stefan's relief. An unfriendly operator in the wireless house on Helligdomsklipper could quickly warn the Allies' flagship, and disaster to Carlmania would result. As it was, Stefan tilted the wheel, and the *Wasp* leapt again high into the frosty air.

At 3:10 a. m., still winging northward, Stefan suddenly became aware of a faint, throbbing noise. At first it seemed part of the humming of his planes; but as it grew louder and became detached from the *Wasp*, Stefan distinguished the sound as coming from his rear. Looking back an instant, he saw a French armored plane a kilometer behind, whirling down upon him! Stefan tingled with excitement. Then for a moment his face

whitened. But the words of the Old Admiral returned to him: "*Signal before they strike you!*" He gripped his wheel, opened the petrol cock, and the *Wasp* shot ahead like an arrow.

But louder and louder above the whir of the sea-wind came the bur-r-r! bur-r-r! bur-r-r! of the pursuing Frenchman. His motor roared through the upper silences or died away, according as the wind carried the sound. Stefan's heart almost stood still. He had not anticipated an encounter with an aeroplane. He looked far down through his glasses. Within the driving mist there was as yet no sign of the enemy—no pillar of smoke. Perhaps the fleet had vanished in the night. How could he ascertain its location, and escape the pursuing plane? He had no aerial gun with which to attack his enemy: only a revolver in his hip pocket, and this was useless except at close range, by which time the Frenchman could riddle his *Wasp*.

The wind cut his face like a knife as he raced; every moment the throb of the pursuer's engine grew louder and louder. Now Stefan darted upward in the thrilling race—up, up in a spiral, until at length he had mounted above the enemy and could look down at the great gray bird keeping parallel pace just below. As he looked he saw a second aeroplane—a reconnaissance type—bearing swiftly toward him! This second plane was climbing through the sky above him; it circled in dire ellipses; gray and ominous it hovered over the *Wasp*; and Stefan, glancing up, could dimly make out the silhouette of the aviator. Then suddenly a shot rang out, and a bullet ripped through the silken fabric of the *Wasp*, striking an aluminum connecting-rod. The plane tipped violently, and but for the swift movement of Stefan in righting it by throwing his body to the left, he would have gone down into the sea. As he succeeded in balancing the *Wasp* he heard the reconnaissance plane whirring past him overhead. He quickly seized his revolver, and as the aviator whirled by he fired thrice. The shots cracked and

echoed through the clouds. Stefan saw the aviator pitch forward, lifeless. He was strapped to his seat and remained limp. By his khaki cap Stefan saw that he was British. The plane, uncontrolled, somersaulted through the air, and, with a great rush of wind, hurtled down and disappeared into the Baltic.

The Frenchman was now in Stefan's rear, ascending to a height directly over the *Wasp*. It would be a simple matter to attack Stefan's light plane; one rush, a fractured wing, and the *Wasp* would follow the Briton in its headlong plunge. Besides, the *Wasp* was staggering dangerously from the broken rod. As Stefan faced his peril, a heavy sea-mist crept into the gray spaces below as by the hand of Providence. Turning the wheel well over, and shutting off the engine, he volplaned downward with a swish of air, reeling in great half circles to arrest his sudden descent. A moment later he entered the gray cumulus. It rose about him in pearly whiteness, hiding him completely from view.

Two shots ripped through the skies, and bullets whistled past the *Wasp*, narrowly missing the wings. Lost in the fog, Stefan was safe for the moment. Before him the brass dial showed 50 deg. 49 min. N.

He must be over the enemy's fleet!

The voice of the Old Admiral rang through his brain: "*Signal before they strike you!*" What was his life compared with victory for the fleet?

Tipping the *Wasp*, he dropped like a shot through the mist—down, down! His breath seemed to leave his body. Down into the sunlit cirrus below, until, suddenly, with a great singing and crisping of his shattered plane he plunged into the emblazoned dawn.

There, in battle array directly below, his startled eyes beheld the enemy's warships.

Stefan saw the battle flags of Britain, France and Austria; and to starboard the giant Peter the Great, flying the Russian white flag with its blue St. Andrew's cross.

But Stefan had little time for ob-

servation. Above him buzzed the angry French aeroplane. And already the aerial guns of the Peter the Great were firing up at him.

CHAPTER LIV.

Bang! Bang! Bang! cracked the aerial gun from the flagship of the Allies. Stefan heard the shots hiss past him. By good fortune none struck his plane, but exploded in the air below. He continued to descend. His jaw was locked like a vise; his eyes were wide and staring; the fearful look in them was riveted upon the gun-deck of the Peter the Great, where three puffs of white powder revealed the position of the Russian aerial gun. Death seemed a trivial thing in that moment, a contingency merely to be avoided long enough to complete his mission. In his heart was the iron resolve to fulfill the destiny consigned to him by the Old Admiral. To do this he must drop two hundred yards more, to a position exactly above the Russian flagship, fire the powder gun beneath his knees, discharging the cloud of black powder that would indicate through the telemetres of the Carlmanian officers the exact location of the Peter.

The *Wasp* went hurtling and jerking downward like a gull diving for a fish; then at a sudden up-tilt of the guiding belt its speed was checked like that of a wild steed on the edge of a precipice, with a rattling of the wings and a quivering of the aluminum bars, as if the darting little *Wasp* were a bird cage in the paws of a cat. Stefan started the engine again, and as the plane swung around in the wind, he was able to glance southward whence he had come. What he saw in that visionary flash sent his heart hammering like the stroke of his engine. The Old Admiral's fleet was appearing on the far horizon; the black smoke from half a hundred stacks dimmed the splendor of the sunrise sky. Stefan's moment had come! But in that moment, as his plane rounded toward the east, a shadow passed between him

and the sun, and when he looked up he saw that which chilled him to the marrow: the Frenchman was rushing down upon him!

There was not an instant to lose now. Stefan knew that the aviator in the armored bird above him was as reckless as he was, and was intent on sacrificing his life to prevent Stefan from signaling to the Carlmanian fleet. A fraction of a second lost now might mean disaster! Stefan closed down the wheel; the *Wasp* staggered like a drunken thing; then lunged downward, roaring due east, and came to a position directly over the Peter the Great. It was all done in a flash. The Frenchman, driving against the spot in the ether where the *Wasp* had been but an instant before, missed, and was hurled far downward in headlong flight toward the sea. Stefan's shaking hand closed upon the trigger of the powder gun; he jerked it deftly; there was a sharp discharge that rocked the plane; and beneath him, curling up into his face, almost suffocating him, arose the thick, blinding mass of jet black smoke.

Stefan's work as a pawn in the game of war was accomplished—gallantly accomplished. Now he would have to fight for his life, and there was no one to help him.

The *Wasp*, dropping through the shadow, was quickly in the clear, cool air again. Stefan's face was blackened and blistered, horribly; the gray wings were drab with smoke stains. They closely resembled the color of the Frenchman who had skimmed the sea and now hovered above Stefan, preparing for a second dive downward, hoping to send the *Wasp* plunging to its doom. Stefan saw the enemy coming, but too late! With a roar of wind through its wings, the Frenchman swept revengefully seaward and overtook the *Wasp* with the rush of a hurricane. The Frenchman struck the Carlmanian's plane-tip a quivering blow, while its rifle barked out in a jet of red flame; then whirling about and becoming disengaged, it dived on through the air in safe, widening circles. The *Wasp*, vitally damaged, tot-

tered, whirled over and over like a bird shot on the wing, and dropped madly toward the Baltic. In the terrific rush of air, her left wing, fractured, flapped and flapped. The brave little plane cavorted and danced on her way to destruction, with a loud ripping of silken sheets, rolling and dipping in horrible, grotesque somersaults. The next moment the Carlmanian plane went into the waves, midway between the great gray Peter and the Austrian Tegetthoff; but the gunners on the Allies' ships saw her not, for a screaming of shells was rising from the Carlmanian ships out of the south. So the *Wasp* drifted about unmolested, tangled and blackened. Stefan was caught, limp, between the twisted rods. His ears were closed to the rising thunder of battle.

CHAPTER LV.

The dawn came up hot and crimson. The Carlmanian battle fleet encircled the northern cape of Bornholm, a dozen leagues to starboard of the Allies' navies. The black and crimson flags of the Empire floated from a score of ships, slowing down to ten knots, and gathering around the Huascar like so many ducklings about their protecting mother. The flagship slid gracefully through the sea, black towers of smoke flowing from her triple stacks. Her battle flags read: "*Open fire on the enemy!*" Fifteen hundred men upon the Huascar awaited eagerly this signal for the opening of the battle. Sons of men, stripped naked to the waist, waited with leashed nerves in the casements and the fighting tops, eager to kill or die.

A shell from the Huascar shrieked through the ruddy sky, bidding a savage "Good-morning" to the enemy's ships. The vessel rolled over to port, and then to starboard. It was veering rapidly. The shell rose hissing and screaming amid a fountain of flame, and burst hard upon the superstructures of the Peter the Great. The Tegetthoff replied with a volley from her barbette guns. She was lying at the

apex of the great egg-shaped area covered by the Allies' fleet; the space between her guns and the Carlmanian ships was clear. Her temerity brought her a swift and terrible punishment. Hardly had the bellow of her guns leaped echoing into the distance than the Princess Celestine, the Rudolph I, and the battle cruiser Nagi-Aaros opened fire with their port batteries. The Tegetthoff ripped apart under the bombardment, distintegrating, her twin smokestacks flying into fragments, her machinery lifting through the sunlit haze like a bundle of fagots, vanishing in every direction amid eructations of steam and smoke. The crumbled heap sank instantly with a crunching roar that could be heard for miles. It was a fearful sight. It made the hearts of a hundred thousand fighting men beat faster, and their eyes burn with the war-madness that swept their souls. Then, as if the Allies had become blind with rage, a dozen ships answered the challenge of the Princess Celestine. The English Collingwood and the massive Temeraire spoke first with awful wrath. Hard upon the thunder of their 14-inch guns came the hissing shrieks of the Russian Nordenfelts; and the Slava and Emperor Pavel passed from view in a dense protecting cloud of saffron smoke. To port, the French dreadnought Jean Bart, tempting fate, moved into position over the grave of the ill-fated Austrian. Her 23,000 tons shivered under the discharge of her guns, her shells burrowing into the armored hearts of the Carlmanian cruisers Ule and Danzig, until they sprang into pillars of flame, twisting skyward into cadmium-yellow torches. They sank quickly. Instantly the Huascar dug her broad nose viciously into the sea. Her 15-inch guns roared in blinding, deafening revenge. The air became a pall of smoke pierced by floods of flame. The terrific shell fire shattered the forecastle of the British Iron Duke. Burning, she turned her bow southwest, and, rolling and out of action, made for the shelter of Bornholm. Immediately the 13,000 ton Tsarevitch swung into the frontal

line. Like a fresh player in a football game, she opened fire from all her starboard turrets. Her audacity was rewarded by a shell from the Huascar, and she split in twain, the shock ripping open her entrails and spewing them into the sea.

The detonating crash of the Huascar's guns filled that gentle Sunday morning with the horrors of a living hell. Gunners, glistening with sweat, dripping black from the powder, half-mad under the spell of the killing, threw their souls into the crashing guns. High above the shroud of flame and smoke towered the tripod masts of the Huascar. The air about her was riven with death-singing shells. She was running at quarter speed, and the decks of her, and the turrets of her, and the fighting tops of her, flashed scarlet and bellowed the song of her great guns. Already the majestic Empress of India and the big Benbow were disabled and in full flight; the French Courbet and the little destroyer Fanion were running helter-skelter for Bornholm, pitifully shattered. A league nearer the enemy than her sisters, the plucky little Afridi, with the white emblem of Britain streaming proudly at her main, bolted for the gaunt sides of the Huascar; but before her batteries could launch a torpedo she was torn with shells. The next moment she went to the bottom of the Baltic, her crew lined up along her rails, scorning the boats—blackened, naked, grim-visaged men singing like a lot of choir-boys:

“Rule, Britannia!

Britannia rules the waves!

Britons never, never, shall be slaves!”

they sang, and when the singing was over only a whirlpool of grinding debris marked their grave.

“It's all over!” shouted a mad gunner on the Peter the Great.

Then, as if in corroboration, the Huascar drove into the wedge of the egg-shaped formation of the Allies, and trained her broadside batteries on the imperious Russ. Like a thunderbolt a shell shrieked at close range through

the compound armor of the Peter's superstructure, tearing away her forward revolving turret and hurling it into the sea. A second shell, aimed with cruel accuracy, screamed down upon her hurricane deck, playing havoc with her engines. A third shell from the advancing Rudolph I exploded in the pit where the superstructure had been but an instant before. The giant flagship shivered from stem to stern; the terrific explosion rent her asunder; the seas roared through her shattered bulkheads. In two minutes her bow plunged downward into the enfolding sea.

Almost instantly there appeared above the Huascar a quartet of French aeroplanes from the Paris. They circled like great birds aloft in the blue above the nimbus of smoke. Then, swooping down, they rained bombs on the decks of the Huascar. If the Huascar could be sunk, the Allies could overwhelm the remaining Carlmanian ships by sheer weight of numbers.

The bombs exploded in crimson acanthus, grooving the steel decks. The Huascar shed the bombs like water. Her gunners, riddling the upper air with a shower of balloon shells, swept the Frenchmen into the sea.

Almost instantly there appeared from the platform on the France an airship apparently old-fashioned in structure, resembling the Clement-Bayard n. r. type, seemingly overweighted and clumsy at the nose. It flew up three hundred yards, turned slowly, and winged its way to a position over the Huascar. It resembled a turkey chick, ludicrously awkward, flapping grotesquely to maintain its balance. The officers of the Huascar, surveying its clumsy movements

through their glasses, smiled. What obsolete machine was the beaten enemy sending against the Huascar?

An officer hastily gave the gunners the signal to bring the airship down.

Pop! Pop! Pop! went the aerial guns of the Huascar. Three shells exploded in the wings of the audacious Turkey. It rocked tumultuously from the force of the explosion. The left plane was completely carried away. In a flash the single aviator turned the overweighted nose of the craft downward toward the Huascar. With a hissing blast of air the Turkey shot seaward, a sinister thunderbolt. Its nose struck the flagship's after deck with a crash.

And then a miracle happened.

A terrific concussion rent the Huascar, tearing her to pieces. Her magazine burst with turbillions of flame. Her three gray-blue smokestacks shot aloft like pipe-stems. Her decks split with convulsive heavings, through which masses of half-naked men were hurled into eternity.

The nose of the Turkey had been charged with nitroglycerin.

The lone aviator had flown the Turkey into the air, well knowing that death awaited.

The Old Admiral on the bridge lifted himself from the quivering floor. His face was gray as putty, distorted, black, misshapen. He gestured with a mangled arm through torrents of fire toward the even sea, and his voice whistled between his locked teeth:

"Holy Mother of God! The Huascar's going down! See! Their ships are charging us like mad bulls! To the guns! To the guns! God! There are no more guns! The Huascar's finished—finished in seven minutes!"

(To be Concluded)

WINTER SUNSET

Rosy 'neath the fading light
The snow-fields greet the dying day,
While the shadow-ghosts of night
In the dim-stoled forest play.

R. R. GREENWOOD.

The Trail to Nowhere

By Melford Doane

IT WAS a lively afternoon at Soledad, some 36 years ago. Bun Hathaway and his bunch of cowboys from the Arroyo Grande were there shipping. The Iron Trail ended at this little frontier town in the midst of the Salinas Valley, and stockmen for miles around drove their cattle here to ship them to market.

The Southern Pacific train that carried both passengers and freight, arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, and with it Vernon Garden and his daughter Verna. Soledad was the typical little Western town, with its low, squat adobe buildings, and here and there a rambling wooden structure. The surrounding country was populated mostly by Mexicans, cowboys and ranchers.

To Verna and her father the scene was one full of interest. He had spent his early life in literary pursuits, and had come West to see life and the people as they really were. The great corral was full of long-horned cattle, bawling, bellowing, cracking their horns, pounding their hoofs. Dust was flying; cowboys were riding in ceaseless action. The scene frightened Verna a little; she tried to take in the whole thing at once, but could not make out anything clearly. The situation lent excitement.

At this juncture Dick Hamlin, a rider of the range, appeared, riding his little sorrel Arabian horse, Nedjar, just as a wild steer broke from the corral, wildly jumping, looking for some way to run. Hamlin wheeled his horse and started for the steer on the run, whirling his riata around his head. There was a streak of rawhide and the loop circled the head of the steer. All was

done as quickly as thought. There was something wild and splendid in the way he rode.

"He is the best cowboy in the country," said big Bill Davenhill, who stood by, waiting for the freight to be unloaded. The action of the cowboy had been so quick, so precise, that Verna could not help but admire this tall, lean, lithe rider of the plains. He began to coil up his riata, and Verna could now see his face, tanned, lean and slightly long, with high cheek bones, square jawed, that denoted determination. His forehead was high; the hair, straight and black, looked Indian, save for an inclination to curl at the ends. The laughter that always shone in the merry twinkle of his eye, saved his face from what would otherwise have been harsh and bitter. He wore chaps and boots, silver mounted spurs, and a vest of buckskin. A long black muffler around his neck, and a broad sombrero.

Meanwhile the cattle were loaded. The clanking of horns and hoofs had ceased, but the bellowing still continued. Some of the steers appeared wild and restless, while others seemed content and docile.

"Oh, Father, wasn't it all just grand?" cried Verna, as they saw the last of the cowboys riding out of the corral for the stage barn.

"Yes, Verna—realism. These men live naked lives. Out here in the great wide open, they are as big as the country. Rough and uncultured, but kind-hearted; here in the cow country and the desert, the environments make them what they are."

"Comestamos!" a voice greeted them.

They turned and saw an old Spaniard bowing, with sombrero in his hand.

"You like to go to the hotel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, we would. My name is Garden; this is my daughter."

He bowed low. "Senorita," he said, again doffing his sombrero. "Ah, Senor, it will be a pleasure for me to show you and the Senorita to the little hotel. My name is Ramon Garcia."

He led the way across the road down to the Alamo Pintado. "If I can be of further service to you, I bid you command me."

They thanked him and gave him a silver coin.

"Mucho gracias, Senor," he said, profusely bowing his way out.

The hotel was built of redwood boards; bedrooms above and dining room and saloon below. Supper consisted of beans, chili-concarne, tortillas and jerked meat that the vaqueros called cowboy steak. During the meal the cowboys cast furtive glances at Verna. She looked for the tall rider she had seen losso the steer, but he was not there. Hathaway noticed Shorty Robbins looking at Verna when he was not busily balancing beans on his knife.

"Say, you fellows, quit flirtin' with every pretty girl that comes here, or they won't stay, that's all."

The crimson mounted Shorty's cheeks, red as the handkerchief around his neck.

"Dog-gone it, can't you leave a feller alone. Who's flirting?"

"Come on, you cow punchers, let's wet our whistles. Come on and name your poison," shouted Jim Black.

Into the saloon they went. Jim Allen seemed quiet.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Gifford.

"Oh, Hell! I was just a-thinkin' it was a girl just such as her that made me leave home. Say, it's goin' to be cold tonight, Gifford," said Allen. "I hate to sleep out there with only a saddle for a pillow and the blue dome for a cover."

"Might sleep in the bed of the river and let a sheet of water run over you," replied Gifford.

"Ah, quit your beefin', Jim, and have a drink," said Shorty. "Make you feel better. This drink is on the house, anyway. Slim's goin' to buy a drink."

From the saloon came shouts and vacant laughter till long into the night. It seemed the revelry had no more than ceased than they began stirring around in the morning preparing for the day with the grey dawn. At breakfast Jim seemed in better humor.

"Remember the time we was ridin' for Blanco on the Cuyama, and Shorty and Bun tried to make bread, and Shorty dropped the dough on the floor and tried to wash the dirt off with water?"

The boys all laughed at Shorty, who was the butt of all jokes.

The stage with four fiery mustangs drove up in front, and soon everybody was ready to start. The road ran for the most part along the Salinas river, winding and turning, across the gullies through sage brush and mesquite; willows and sycamore lined the river; the leaves of the sycamore were turning autumn brown, and gold and yellow. In the valley the grass was brown and dry, but the cattle were slick and fat. They stopped at Last Chance for water, and at night at the stage station, Jolon. The ride the next day was along the hills. Timber grew in abundance. On the madrone trees were bright red berries that looked like holly. The country became more hilly and broken; the road crossed the Nacimonta and San Antonio Rivers, now nearly dry, but in the spring these rivers fill the bank to the brim. The stage route leaves the river here and goes over the mesa through Plato. Along the foothills were chapparal and mesquite brush; quail and rabbit were plentiful, and once they saw a deer.

The sun was still high when the drivers put on the brakes and the foam-flecked horses were pulled up in front of the stage barn and hotel at San Miguel.

Here the padres had builded the

Mission San Miguel. Long and high, with walls a yard thick, built of adobe with tiled roof and wide eaves. A great wall of adobe encircled the sacred church yard. In the ancient corridors of the mission the pious fathers walked at dusk, to ring the vesper bells and at dawn the main bells.

Here they taught their religion to the Spaniards and Indians, who listened to and heeded their teachings, dipped their fingers reverently into the time worn fonts, went into the sanctuaries and confessional, knelt at the altar in prayer. In front of the mission runs El Camino Real—the King's Highway—that reaches from San Diego to San Francisco. It is the line of the missions.

Through Paso Robles the hills and valleys were covered with giant white oaks. Moss hung from the oaks a yard long. At Santa Margarita the native Mexicans were celebrating the independence of Mexico, September 16th. Cowboys, cattlemen and ranchers had gathered to participate. Notables from Monterey, Salinas and San Luis Obispo were there.

Vaqueros were dressed in chaps, gaudy colored shirts and silk handkerchiefs of bright colors around their neck. Madison Graves, major-domo of the Murphy grant, furnished beeves for barbecue. Great pits were dug and the meat cooked over the coals, strung on willow poles. When lunch was finished they began their sports. Roping and tying a wild steer; three steers were let loose, and three cowboys vied with one another in lassoing, throwing and tying the wild steers. The prize to the winner was a handsome pair of gloves.

"Ten dollars to the one who wins," shouted Jose Blanco.

Away they went. Soon Rosamel Estrada had lassoed and tied the steer—and won. There were steer riding, bull-dogging, bronco-busting and saddle-horse races. To Verna, the races were the most interesting, as she had always rode horseback. The event of the day was the half mile race for saddle horses, owners riding. The race

was between Juan Olivera's bay mare Belle, Nick Foxen's buckskin mustang Buckshot, Jose Blanco's big black Pompon, Obe Bryan's pinto Orphan Girl, Dick Hamlin's sorrel Arabian, Nedjar. Soon the betting began, and Belle was immediately made favorite; she had won the race in Salinas only last July. Jose Blanco's Pompon was known to be a wonderful horse, but some thought the distance was too short for him.

Shorty Robbins appeared on the scene, and as usual had had a few drinks.

"Aw, they can't none of 'em beat Dick Hamlin. He owns the best horse on the range. He's small and lean, but wiry—and my, how he can run! Dick loves that horse, and he'll run for Dick!"

They had gone down to the starting point. Soon cries of "They're off!" were heard. All necks were strained. Down the road they came in a cloud of dust, hoofs clattering, riders yelling, the crowd crying out: "Come on, you Pompon!" "Come on, Juan." Each called for their favorite. On came the thundering horses, Belle and Buckshot in the lead, Nedjar off to one side, running easily, and the magnificent Pompon coming from behind like a rifle shot. Orphan Girl had been left at the starting place. They were only an eighth of a mile away when Hamlin leaned over and yelled in Nedjar's ear: "Now run!" Nedjar dropped his ears like a rabbit, lowered his head, came like the wind, passed the flying leaders to win by a nose. A blanket would have covered the four horses.

"Whoopee!" yelled Shorty. "Dick came through that finish like a bat out o' hell!"

Verna and her father were sitting with Don Nicholas, Deputy U. S. Marshall, from Santa Barbara.

"Oh, I wanted him to win. Isn't his little horse wonderful! Can you imagine him beating all the best horses here?"

Covarrubias smiled, and told of his own black mare, Black Beauty. "I have her at San Luis Obispo. I will

bring her up and give her to you. I know you love a horse and will be good to her. She can run as fast as they; no one can throw the dust in your pretty face when you ride that proud beauty."

Vernon Garden, at first thought, was going to offer to pay for the horse, but saw that Don Nicholas would take it as an insult, and so decided to let his daughter accept the horse as a gift.

Covarrubias drove over to where the vaqueros were riding the unbroken horses of the range. There was a little hunchback, a tall, lanky cowboy from Arizona, and two Spanish boys, who seemed to ride these wild mustangs as though they were a part of the horse. The prevailing rule in riding the bronchos at the round-up does not allow the rider's hand to touch leather. The horses are blindfolded and saddled; some even had to be thrown to get the saddles on. Then another vaquero would take the halter rope in his hand and ride up beside the unbroken horse. As soon as the rider had mounted, the blind was pulled from the broncho's eyes. Immediately they began bucking. All comers were ridden, till a tall, dark, grey Mexican horse, called Dynamite, was brought out. He was slim, quick, powerful. Fire flashed from his eyes; he kicked, snorted, bellowed and whistled. Away he went, and soon threw the rider sprawling in the dust. Another tried it with the same results. Even the hunchback, who was considered as good a rider as ever rode the range, was thrown after he had made a game try.

"Reckon if you all want that cayuse rode I'd better take a hand at him myself," said the tall Arizona ranger. But when he attempted to mount the horse whirled and kicked him. Some one yelled for Hamlin to try him. "That fellow was like dynamite, alright," said one of the Spanish boys. It seemed as if no human being could ride this vicious brute. He threw himself on the ground, uttered a curious sound, half-moan, half-groan, and started to get up. Instantly Hamlin was on him;

he had made a flying leap, and landed in the saddle. He was now slapping the broncho back and forth across the head with his sombrero. Dynamite leaped, stiff-legged, in the air, head down; he gave an extra side twist while still in the air. No sooner did he hit the ground than his back was up, and he was at it again, bucking, plunging, rearing—all the demons let loose from hell could not equal him.

Hamlin was with him at every jump, yelling, still whipping his broad sombrero back and forth across his head. Dynamite finally quit, beaten. He raised his head, nostrils dilated, sweat running from his body. He had given up.

At night there was a dance in the round hall. The sixteenth of September is to Santa Margarita what the Fourth of July is to the Eastern cities, where Verna had lived.

Senoritas, with soft, languorous, dark eyes, were gaily dressed. Bright sashes around their waist reached nearly to the floor. Mantillas on their head, flowers and ornaments in their hair. The cowboys had discarded their chaps and spurs; some had taken off their coats. All wore bright leather belts, elastic armlets of red or blue held up the sleeves of their gorgeous colored shirts.

The dances were all lively and spirited, different from the dances Verna had seen and danced, but withal quite interesting.

Covarrubias, the Marshall, had been talking to Vernon Garden, of the country, the people and their environments.

"With your kind permission, I will now show your daughter how to dance the Spanish waltz."

The proud, haughty Spaniard, who was the idol of the romantic days of California, danced with the pretty, brown-eyed girl, who had been the petted, courted favorite of the dance at the Governor's ball in Washington. The Spanish guitars moaned their plaintive accompaniment to Pico's violin. Their figures glided among the dancers in the stately grace of the Spanish waltz. This subtle, willowy

girl, and the tall, chivalrous Spaniard, reminded one of the courtly days of old Castile. As they finished the dance he lifted her up on a chair, and with a bow and a graceful sweep of his hand said: "The people of the State of California are proud to welcome so distinguished a gentleman as Vernon Garden, and the Senorita, his charming, beautiful daughter. May they live and prosper here."

Meanwhile, among the crowd the good father Aguilera, the beloved priest from the Mission San Luis Obispo, passed among his people with pleasant words and jovial laughter, setting the seal of his approval upon the merriment. The dance continued till the eastern sky was streaked with morning light. At dawn the good father summoned them all to mass at the little wooden school house on the hill.

The next few days were spent in preparation for their trip to the Cuyama and the wonderful Painted Rocks. A mustang team was bought and stores of provisions were loaded on the spring wagon.

Jose Blanco gave Verna his great dog, Propono, which was half shepherd and half hound. Propono was big, faithful, strong. Long black hair, streaks of brown over his eyes, and brown on his paws. He had great, appealing brown eyes. There was something magnificent and human about this great, intelligent dog. He was ever alert, lean and active.

It was nearly October when they started, with Poncho driving. Quichee, his little fox terrier, riding on the seat beside him. Verna rode Black Beauty. The town was there to see them off. Covarrubias bid them God-speed and warned them to be on the lookout for horse thieves, as Joaquin Murieta, and Three-fingered Jack, had been seen at Foxen Canyon and the Sisquoc. The Cuyama was in the wake of the trail that led from the Sisquoc up through the Tepesquet to Bakersfield.

Through the beautiful Rinconada they went, and camped at night at the top of the Pozo Grade. The moon

came up clear and beautiful. Soon a white, heavy fog came floating up the canyon, which kept getting thicker and denser. The canyons below became a great sea of fog. The tops of the mountains, covered with trees and brush, projected up through the fog like islands rising out of the sea. The sight was magnificent, marvelous beyond compare—a great, white, silent scene. The next morning was one of those glorious autumn mornings that cannot be described but must be seen to be appreciated. They traveled through the Cuyamas range of mountains. Tall pine and sycamores shaded the road. The monarch oak grew on the flats and in the canyon; along the banks of the stream were the tag-alders and willows. Everywhere the leaves of the trees were turning to autumn brown; the hills had a solemn, sombre look.

It was getting late in the afternoon, but Poncho assured them they would reach La Panza before dark. After a long, continuous climb they went up a steep pitch, and all at once were at the top of the Navajo Grade. Stretching below and far to the southeast was the great canyon, huge, strange and silent. Beyond was a corrugated sweep of plateaus.

Pine trees, madrone and oak covered the mountains, manzanita, sagebrush and chapparal grew on the slopes. Far in the distance rose the giant hills, grey and brown; and farther the purple mountains. While in between were peaks and jagged rocks, gold tipped by the setting sun, standing out like church spires, sentinels of the plateaus.

They stopped and looked, awe-stricken at the scene which lay before them, ever-changing, beautiful, bold. The sun going down behind the western hills appeared to recede behind the pearl and silver of the clouds along the horizon. Streaks of red changed to gold—bright, yellow gold, which faded to rose and pink. In the south the blue of the sky was changing to black; you could not tell what was land and what was sky. The canyons

grew darker behind the red ridges; shadows fell. The path of gold was fading; the day was done. White stars appeared; night had come. The great, silent earth seemed to speak to Verna; something seemed to grip her and hold her in its spell—something illimitable. She gazed at the darkening canyon, stretched away into silent space, and went slowly down the grade to La Panza.

Here for years had lived Sills and his family—big, stern and as grim as the sturdy oak of the hills, yet withal a kindly hearted, God-fearing man. His house was built of stone, made up of mud and mortar. Long and low, with wide eaves and a huge fire place; wooden shutters were on the windows of the sleeping rooms above.

A few flowers grew in the yard; vines ran riot over the rocky walls. The arbor trellis along the side of the house was covered with grape vines. What was curious about the place was the entry hall, large as an ordinary room, the walls covered with guns of

every description—muskets, rifles, blunderbusses, pistols, shotguns, revolvers, carbines, bayonets. Here, where right was the only law, and wrong-doers were punished for their crimes without a trial, this man lived and raised his family and flocks of sheep.

Even more curious than Sill's house was the La Panza saloon. Stone-floored and walled with adobe, with roof of sod. In the upper story were little loop holes that were used for musketry, where the inmates guarded themselves against robbers and outlaws in these wild, lawless days. Cowboys and ranchers came for miles around to this saloon to spend their nights in revelry and gambling. Often the winner was held up somewhere on a lonely road and robbed. Many stirring scenes had been enacted within the walls of this old building. Once a man caught cheating at cards had been shot. Right was the only law these pioneers acknowledged, and justice was dealt out in their own simple way.

(To be Continued.)

ON MT. DIABLO'S CREST

We climbed while wonder grew until at last
 We won Diablo's crest: and there a scene
 Of grandeur spread before our eyes between
 Eternal snows that crowned with splendor vast
 Sierras' multitude of peaks that massed
 Against the sunlit skies and God's serene
 Pacific stretching forth its blue and green
 For league on league, until we stood aghast!

The setting sun against the Golden Gate
 Emblazoned all the waters of the bay;
 While curling from the heights of Shasta lay
 The full-grown Sacramento. Lassen's great
 Grey summit loomed in smoke; while half the State
 Out spread its cities miles and miles away.

STANTON ELLIOTT.

Her Baby Boy

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

EVERY officer's wife on the Post had her pet prisoner, on whom she bestowed pie, old shoes and tobacco. A military convict named Thompkins held down a steady job on our front lawn. He was paroled, but of course he never left the vicinity of our grounds from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon, except for the hour at noon, when he went back to the guardhouse for his dinner. Rain or shine, hot or cold, in every brand of weather we had for three months, he was right there, cutting, digging, sprinkling.

What first drew my attention to him was that he looked so pathetically young. Not simply plain young, but baby-calf young! And that baby a military convict! It seemed so incongruous. It was not possible that he had given his right age when he enlisted. Then to add to my interest in him, one morning I found him crying. He was digging away for dear life in the flower bed, and watering it with his tears as he dug.

I leaned out of the window. "Why, Thompkins," I began. He jumped, and turned so wretchedly red and was so fussed, I was sorry I had spoken. "What on earth are you crying about?"

He tried to answer, but only choked.

Just then the ash-cart drawn by the fat, brown mule called "Snitz," with the prisoners, "Sitting-Bull" and "Pickle-Face" (as we had laughingly nick-named them), the sentry and the dog, "Rags," all blew around the corner of my quarters. I knew he would be ashamed for them to see him crying, so I said: "Go into the kitchen, Thompkins, and I'll tell the cook to give you some coffee."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered, with a grateful look, and awkwardly lifting his campaign hat, branded on both sides with the glaring, white P's, he went in the direction of the kitchen.

I started out there to see that he got some breakfast with his coffee, because they have breakfast so early at the guard-house, and in that sharp, biting wind they get so hungry before noon; but I heard a sort of jamboree going on, so not wanting to "butt-in" to ash-cart society, I turned back; as I did so, I overheard "Sitting-Bull" begging in his soft, coaxing voice for a swig of whiskey. "Aw, come on, Lily; you know how we love you, an' ah haven't had a drink in all these months ah've been in the gahd-house, an' ah'm mos' dyin'." But Lily was stony-hearted. She was always very careful of the Captain's whiskey, except when she herself had "de misery in her hade," which was often, and nothing but the Captain's best brand would cure it.

During this sociable gathering, "Rags," the guard house dog, had been smelling around, and as luck would have it, the ice-box door stood open, as it usually did. He discovered our porterhouse roast, and had dragged it out to his native gutter, where he was enjoying it unmolested. I felt badly about it for a minute, but then went and put it down in the household accounts as "Charity,—\$1.64," and let it go at that. Why not? I had always been fond of "Rags," and he never got anything better than a soup-gone, back of the barracks. Perhaps this was his birthday. When our baby prisoner saw him, and came out and turned the hose on him for punishment, I was almost angry. "It can't do any good now, Thompkins!" I said. "Do let him eat it in peace (or pieces!)" This last was utterly lost on Thompkins, of course.

Each day after that we fed him up (I mean Thompkins, not "Rags") until he gradually grew less shy, and one morning I got up my nerve to ask him a few questions.

"Whatever did you do to get a 'bob-

tail, Thompkins?" I ventured.

"I deserted, ma'am."

"Oh, Thompkins! How foolish of you! Why did you do it?"

"I was homesick, ma'am."

"Homesick!" I repeated after him. "How long had you been in?"

"Two months, ma'am."

"And where is your home, boy?"

"In Tennessee."

"Are there many in your family at home?"

"My mother, two sisters, and a brother, ma'am. They live on a farm."

I left the kitchen very thoughtful. It seemed so pitiful that a clean-faced boy like this—a mere boy—should suffer perhaps all his life from the stigma of a dishonorable discharge.

The months flew by. What with our bridge fights and our teas, our dances and our calls, it seemed no time from breakfast until taps, and from week-end to week-end. But often I thought how the days must drag for Thompkins, who always, from sunrise until sunset, was digging, cutting, raking. Ever in that same spot, with always in his heart the picture of the far-away farm-house, with the waiting mother, the apple-cheeked sisters, the petting and the pies—the cows and the peaceful, green meadows—it all came so plainly before me! I just cannot use the word "deserter" in connection with that boy!

It was now February, with cold, cruel winds blowing hard all day, biting to the bone, and the prisoners all thinly clad—no overcoats. I had Thompkins come into the kitchen several times each day to get some hot coffee and to get warmed up by the stove. He had been a prisoner fifteen months now, and his term was nearly over. But it was wearing on him. I could see he had grown thinner, and his face had an eager, wistful look. Like all of the men, he loved dogs, and each morning when "Rags" came along behind the ash-cart, he would whistle to him, pet him, and sometimes give him a bone that he had picked out of the garbage-can for him. Once in a while, on an exceptionally cold day, he would coax

"Rags" into the kitchen, and they would sit together before the fire, both getting warm, the two homeless waifs, a bond of sympathy between them. "Rags" would look up into his eyes with that pathetic, appealing look that a cur dog has, and Thompkins would talk to him just as if he were another man, and then the two would go out together, into the cold and wind, again. My heart would ache, but it wasn't much that I could do. It always seemed to me such a cruel contrast, to see an officer go by, sleek, well-fed and warm, in a thick overcoat, and then to look at Thompkins, shivering, ashamed, his eyes cast down—utterly miserable, a sort of outcast. Most people have little sympathy, and say a man doesn't need to go wrong, and that he wouldn't be in that position if he had behaved, and that an officer earns his warm clothes, his good food, and his position in the world, by proper conduct. That is all true, but somehow I think we should go deeper than that, to the cause of good or bad conduct and early environment.

At last one raw, windy morning in March, Thompkins was a free man. I would have known it, if in no other way, by the glad light in his eyes. He had served sixteen months, as his penalty was for desertion.

He came in to say good-bye to me and to thank me for the miserable little bit I had done for him. He had on a new suit of civilian clothes—the cheap ten dollar suit furnished by the government; new tan government shoes, and Uncle Sam's campaign hat. Over his back was slung a large bundle wrapped neatly in heavy white cloth. It contained a few underclothes, and all his worldly possessions.

The Chaplain had himself given him ten dollars, which, with the five dollars the government gives each discharged prisoner, would be plenty to keep him from starvation, but not enough to buy a ticket home. He said he would hunt for a job and earn the money to go home, as soon as possible, but that it would be slow work, and he did not think he could stand it to

wait, but would try to beat his way home on a freight.

Yes, he had written his mother that he was coming sometime soon, but she had never known that he had deserted because he was apprehended before he reached home, so all these months that he was serving his sentence, she thought he was serving out his enlistment. And he did not want her to ever know the truth. If he could only begin over again, now! The Army life was pretty nice after you got used to it, and weren't strange and homesick any more. If he could only have the chance to show them that he could be honorable. If he had only realized what it meant to desert! He had not realized anything when he did it, being a "rookie," and so homesick! The three years ahead had looked like a life-time, then! If it only wasn't too late. But it was. And then he broke down and sobbed, as he stood there in my pantry door. I managed to say that he was so young, he had time to start all over again. And then I realized that a man can go away, kicked out of the army, and yet loving his country, after all. He had grown up during his sixteen months' imprisonment, and he knew now all it was that he had thrown away. But, as he said, it was too late.

Well, he left, and we got a new paroled prisoner working around outside the house. But nights when the wind howled outside, and it was so bitter cold, as I sat by the warm fire in our cosy quarters, my thoughts would turn to Tompkins, and I would wonder where he was—in some poor, cheap lodging house—or half-frozen, riding on a freight? I thought, too, of the anxious, waiting mother, and hoped she wouldn't know her boy was on the way until he was safely folded in her arms.

A week passed, and of course I thought less and less about poor Tompkins; that is human nature. At the end of about ten days after his departure, it was rumored that the commanding officer of the — Company had received a telegram from a

station agent in Tennessee, saying that a man had been found dead on the tracks—had evidently been killed while riding on a freight—and from the dishonorable discharge from the United States Army, which was found in his pocket, they had been able to identify him as Charles Thompkins, formerly a soldier at Fort —, and that they wanted his home address. A letter from his mother, also in his pocket, was enclosed. It had been useless, as there was no address on it. I knew the company commander very well, and when I told him about knowing something of the man's history, he let me see the mother's letter. It read:

"My darling Boy:

"I am so glad your enlistment is nearly up, and that you will soon be home once more. The girls can hardly wait to see you. Lulu wears long dresses now. With an honorable record and steady advancement like yours, it seems too bad to leave the Army. I always loved soldier boys, and I am so happy to have my boy a soldier. Perhaps when you have been home a while, you will want to re-enlist. Let me know if you need money to get home with, and I can manage to send it. Aunt Kate was over, Sunday, and we had such a nice dinner—fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, beets, tomatoes, corn, onions, and apple pie. I wished my baby boy was here to have some. But I know he will be here soon.

"Your loving mother,
"SARAH B. THOMPCKINS."

Captain —, the Company Commander, wrote the poor, old mother, on the far-away farm, and told her as gently as could be, how her boy had been killed on his way home to her (and I have always loved Captain — for this); he never mentioned in the letter that her boy had been anything but a soldier with the most honorable record. Also he telegraphed the station agent to destroy the yellow paper found in Thompkins' pocket. He seemed to realize that even a military convict is some one's baby boy."

Home on "Permission"

By Henry Bazin

EVERY three months the French soldier is given six days at home. That is, he is supposed to receive this permission, as it is called. Very often he doesn't get it. If his regiment happens to be fighting a critical battle when his leave falls due it is postponed for eight, ten months, sometimes for a year. Yet short and uncertain as this leave is, it keeps the soldier going and makes the war endurable for the soldier's family through the interminable suspense. The permission is the brightest spot in the soldier's life; but it is not all gay.

The permission, much as it is longed for, is often rather a heartbreaking experience. Because, after all, it just means that every time it all has to be gone through with again, the separation that every one knows may be for always. At the beginning of the six days there is the consciousness of the last one, like a sword of Damocles over everything. Six days is just a moment. Before it is begun it is almost over, and people have to try to make believe that it is an eternity.

Sometimes, when you see a poilu and his wife, or his girl, in a tram-car or in a voiture, leaning close together, each conscious of nothing but the other, you can not tell whether the time has just begun or whether he is on his way back. Because with the first meeting the anguish of parting begins again.

Of course they are not altogether tragedies of meeting and parting. Sometimes there is much feasting and feting, and the departure is almost forgotten in the comfort of the reunion. The husband or son or father comes back from the front a tremendously magnified human being, a hero to be adored and worshiped. Ever since she

knew he was coming, the wife has been sweeping and garnishing the house, making her own wardrobe as beautiful as she can, writing out menus for impossibly delicious meals, planning to make every moment of the six days perfect and memorable.

Men say that the wonderful thing about the terrible existence at the front is the sense it gives them of being intensely alive. Power, energy, endurance they have never imagined comes into their experience. They have a sense of vitality, a keenness never felt in ordinary life. When they go back on permission they are still intensely living, intensely feeling creatures. Six days of life, between two deaths—there is nothing stupid or humdrum about that.

Sometimes husbands and wives find each other changed by their experience. I know of one woman who had made her husband a sort of invalid with too much mothering, hovering, managing. When he came back on his first permission she hardly knew him, he was so sturdy and bronzed and muscled and swaggering. He came home and talked the rough language of the trenches, and shouted and sang and swore and misbehaved and carried her up and down stairs; he ate and drank things that weren't good for him, and made her go to the cinema for the first time in her life, and to common cafes, and shocked her dreadfully. All the time she was protesting helplessly, and thought she would die of it. But when he went away she cried more than she ever had cried when he first went off to war.

Men home on permission make up a great part of the present city life of Paris, and if one were to stand on the

boulevards he would see drama after drama, some complete, some fragmentary. The man home from the trenches lets his simple, human side come to the surface, and six days is too short to waste any time in pretense.

At the entrance to the subway at the Madeleine—a permissionnaire from the front, thirty-five, solid, tanned, his faded coat brushed but still full of dust—his wife, smiling, pretty, well-dressed. They were going to leave each other; oh, for only a few minutes. It was perhaps then only about the third day. She was only going to do a few errands, and he had some things to do some other place. They clasped hands, looking steadily into each other's eyes, and then, without false shame, they kissed each other in the open boulevard . . .

An old gentleman and his little wife of sixty passed; they looked at the couple and then at each other. It was as if they regretted that they had lived a long life of too serene affection without having known one moment like this of the other two, the moment that the war had made so full of complete abandon, of unconsciousness.

Only a civilian, very young, very debonaire, and the little painted woman with him, laughed.

"Imbeciles!" said the old gentleman to his wife, scowling at them terribly. . . .

Waiting on the curb to cross the street, I noticed a taxicab coming toward me slowly, because of the traffic. For a second I was astonished because in broad daylight, in an open cab, there was a woman with both arms around the neck of a man, her head on his shoulder. Then I saw that they, too, were not in this world. She was in black, and tears were streaming down her pale face. He was in uniform, with his packs and campaign things on his back. His face was even more terribly rigid and desperate. I knew they were going to the station . . .

Farther on, where the Rue du Bac comes down to the river, there was a blonde, brown boy in horizon blue, with his father and mother.

She was a little thin woman in black, with a long black veil, and there was a black band on the sleeve of the boy and on that of the man. The other boy, probably, had been killed. They stopped and talked a moment; he was going off somewhere, it seemed, but they would all meet at dinner, at Lavenue's, at seven. They both kissed him gravely, on one cheek and then the other under his blue helmet. He had to bend way down to kiss his mother . . .

On the sidewalk, before a fine old house in the Rue de Varenne, there was a closed motor. A good-looking officer and a lady, very cold and still and beautifully dressed, came down to the car. I could see she was quite a great lady. A footman came out of the house with bags, and they stood there on the sidewalk waiting for him to arrange things, not saying anything.

Suddenly a little boy, about four years old, came running down from the house, crying out over and over, "I want you, my papa! I want you, I want you, my papa!" And the cold lady lost all her splendid poise and began to cry, too, in the arms of the man, before everybody. A nurse came down for the little boy, and somehow the officer and the woman got into the motor. The man said to the chauffeur, "A la gare," and they drove away . . .

Crossing the cobbled, noisy square in front of the Gare Montparnasse, a woman, without any hat, a working woman and a poilu in his faded blue, ragged coat and blue helmet, and in his arms a baby. Her face was streaked with dust and tears, and she held on to the edge of his ragged blue coat. He held the baby in both arms, up close to his tanned, thin face. The baby did not seem to notice anything, just rode there happily, held high in the soldier's arms, waving its little hands . . .

After dinner, when it was just beginning to get dark, I was frightened to see, running along close behind a tram-car, almost under the wheels, it seemed to me, a big black dog. It was the tram-car that runs from Montparnasse to the Gare de Lyon. The dog would

get a little behind, then the car would stop and he would catch up with it. He kept jumping up against the steps, making frantic little leaps whenever he came close to it. I thought that he would surely be killed.

Then I saw in the doorway a poilu in his campaign outfit, pack and gun and all. He was talking to the dog, telling him to go home—and so they passed by me going to the station. It was the end of the sixth day, I could see that. He had said good-bye to the family at home, begged them not to come to the station, because it made it so much harder. But there was the dog that had come anyway. As far as I could see it, there was that leaping figure of the black dog.

Of course, many of the soldiers have no relatives, and many more live in parts of France too far away from the battle line to visit. The permission includes the time and the money necessary to go and return from Paris, but that is all. Do these unfortunate souls have to watch their comrades leave in high spirits for six days with their families, without ever a hope of sharing the good time? Not they! There is an organization in Paris by which any one can become sponsor for a poilu on permission, buy him for a "godson" with the same sum necessary to pay for his board and lodging while he is in Paris, a small sum, but often more than the soldier himself can afford.

So it will happen that you may see a little boy, or an old lady, or a man too old to fight walking the streets with a bearded private with the mud of Champagne still damp on his helmet.

There has been established on the left bank of the Seine, at 49 Rue Vaugirard, L'Oeuvre des Soldats de la Guerr. Through it, he or she who wills may become a godfather or godmother in seriously good faith for six days. It costs fifteen francs a godson; to be exact, according to the present rate of exchange, just \$2.64 buys the happy privilege. This tiny sum, marvelous to relate pays for the lodging and food of a soldier during 144 hours of daylight and darkness. All he needs

is the sponsor—the filling of a simple printed form; the money does the rest. It hardly seems possible such a small sum could be sufficient to defray the expense. But "where there is a will there is a way." The use of the building is donated by the owner. Supplies are donated or bought at special prices. The place has been open some time with never an existing deficit.

There are accommodations for 200 men at one time. There are a series of ward-like rooms, with orderly rows of clean, sweet, inviting white-iron beds under a rain-proof roof. Imagine what that roof alone means to a poilu who has slept underground or in the open without removing his clothes for months! There are baths and a night-shirt for every man. There is a big dining-hall where each poilu godson receives his three square meals a day—no, two, for the early breakfast, French fashion, consists of but cafe au lait and bread. But the midday meal is of solid substance, well cooked and served in copious quantity, with the evening meal in repetition, plus a big plate of hot, nourishing soup. Every man has a half-bottle of red wine with each lunch and dinner. And there is a living room with books and newspapers and comfortable lounging-seats.

When I saw all this I quickly bought a godson, and I walked away thinking about it, I retraced my steps, as I said before, and bought another. For an expenditure of \$5.28 two men are my really truly godsons for six days, and, figuratively speaking, I can watch over their destiny. They will presently hear of their new relation, and the permission he brings them. And they will learn at the same time of my name and address. I already have theirs, chosen as the next two in line upon the waiting list.

One is from the country near Limoges in Haute Vienne. I know the district well. He has a little farm, and before the war lived upon it with his mother and a maiden sister. The other was a clerk in a shop in Marseilles. They are now Private —, of the —th Regiment of Infantry, and Pri-

vate —, of the —th Artillery.

In a few days they will come and visit me. When they do, we three—my two godsons and I—will have a little jollification. I'm going to "blow myself;" we'll have lunch together and dinner together, with a walk and a talk in between; perhaps a game of billiards and an hour or so in a cinema, which is French for a movie. At 10 p. m., I'll escort them, like a dutiful godfather, to the door of their six-day

home and leave them with a hearty handshake, a good night, an *au revoir*, *bonne chance*.

We are glad to hear that the Ministry of War announced a short time ago a new sort of "permission," an extra special one of three days which does not affect the normal order of the old permission. It is called among the soldiers "*la permission des papas*," and is granted to soldiers of all grades on the occasion of the birth of a child.

SPANISH SKETCHES

"Camelia."

Moon-white wall of stucco rough,
Thick adobe, sun-hard brick;
Black barred window-grating high
Ribboned oblong—brown sill thick.

Shadow falls upon the wall,
Black *sombrero*, silhouette;
Long *serape*, stringed guitar,
Clearly etched as artist's fret.

Sweet strings thrum to rhythm's beat,
Window frames a piquant face,
Pure as pearly stuccoed wall,
Veiled in dusky hair and lace.

Red camelia in her hair,
Warm and waxy in the light;
Glowing as the heart of life,
In the pale and shadowed night.

Tall black shadow at the base,
Ribbon-grated stucco wall;
Red camelia in a hand,
Hovering there about to fall

As a petal from a flower,
Quivering, hesitant to go
From its warm life-giving home,
To the shadows dark below.

Splash of scarlet downward dropping
Into unknown black abyss;
Caught suspended in descending
To be hallowed by a kiss.

Sweet camelia, lover's token,
Faithful to thy sender's call,
Thou canst melt the heart of shadows,
Pierce the thick adobe wall.

Sidelights on the Russian Revolution

By Sybil Grey

I WAS fortunate enough to be in Russia with the Anglo-Russian Hospital for eighteen months previous to the Revolution, and during that time I had ample opportunity of hearing many expressions of opinion. When the Revolution burst it came as a surprise, as although for the few months preceding the outbreak the people of all classes talked freely of a possible revolution the general opinion was that nothing would take place until after the war. Professor Miliukov, in his famous speech delivered in the Duma on November 14th, said: "You cannot conduct a domestic war when you are fighting an external enemy." Strikes and disturbances were feared at the opening of the Duma in February, but the streets were placarded with appeals to workmen to refrain from making demonstrations which might affect the efficient conduct of the war. It was thought inadvisable to hamper the Duma when it first met by riots which might provide the Emperor with an excuse for closing it altogether—an act which would probably have fanned the smouldering flame of discontent into a blaze of revolution all over the country.

All through the winter, which was of a severity unknown since the year of Napoleon's Russian campaign, the food question grew more and more acute. Owing, apparently, to bad organization and scarcity of transport there was a real shortage of bread. Prices had gone up by leaps and bounds. Some of the necessities of life were very difficult to obtain. It was a common sight to see long lines of women, children and even well-dressed people outside a baker's shop waiting for bread or sugar. Frequently

they waited patiently for hours, notwithstanding a bitter temperature of 30 to 50 degrees of frost, taking up their stand as early as 2 a. m. (the shops opened at 8 a. m.) in order to make certain of getting bread. All day these long queues of patient and shivering people were to be seen outside the bread shops. Small wonder that the people began to be restive with a Government that did nothing to ameliorate this stage of affairs.

For some time past the Government had been greatly discredited, especially since Rasputin's death, by revelations of the sinister and evil influence that he was known to have possessed with many high officials, in particular with Protopopoff, the much-hated and mistrusted Minister of the Interior, who was held responsible for the food shortage.

The immediate incidents that led to the Revolution were comparatively trivial. On Thursday afternoon, March 8th (February 23, Russian date), a poor woman entered a bread shop on the Morskaja, the Bond street of Petrograd, and asked for bread. She was told that there was none. On leaving the shop she saw some in the window; she broke the window and took it. A general, passing in his motor, stopped and remonstrated with her. A crowd at once collected and the incident ended by the general's motor being smashed. The crowd, increasing in size all the time, then paraded the streets, asking for bread. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, where the working men and factories are, a factory hand on his return home beat his wife because she had failed to procure bread for his meal. The neighboring women ran in and

confirmed the woman's story that she had waited several hours outside a bread shop only to be told on gaining admission that there was none. The men joined in the discussion and agreed that it was not the woman's fault, and that it was better to strike and make a demonstration in the streets, demanding bread.

On Friday, March 9th, nothing unusual happened until midday, when crowds began to collect, composed of a large number of well-to-do people as well as workmen. Strong patrols of Cossacks were in the streets quietly riding among the people, who were all in the best of humor. No greater acts of violence took place than the overturning of one or two trams, and the removal of the driving handles of many others, thereby causing the tram service to be very irregular during that day. In the afternoon on the Nevski, opposite the Kasan Cathedral, a big crowd assembled. The Prefect of Police, driving up in his car, ordered the officer commanding a patrol of Cossacks to charge the people with drawn swords. The officer replied: "Sir, I cannot give such an order, for the people are only asking for bread." Whereupon the people cheered loudly, and were cheered in return by the Cossacks.

On Saturday, March 10th, the Duma had a more or less quiet sitting, at which the situation was discussed. The Minister of Agriculture made a speech saying that there was plenty of bread in the town, but that through faulty distribution many of the small bakeries had been overlooked. The organization of the food supply was then handed over by the Government to the municipal authorities.

Toward twelve o'clock great crowds collected again, the factory hands having all come out on strike. The Cossacks treated the people with great gentleness and refused to charge or use their whips. In many places they received an ovation, such sympathetic conduct on their part being almost unknown in Russian history. On one occasion when a Cossack fell off his

horse the crowd gently picked him up and put him on again. Very different was the behavior of the police, who used the backs of their swords in their efforts to prevent crowds assembling. In the afternoon an officer in an *istvostchik*, who had evidently annoyed the people, was suddenly removed from his *istvostchik* and swallowed up by the crowd. We, who witnessed the scene, wondered what had happened to him, when his sword, bent double, was lifted over the heads of the crowd from hand to hand and dropped into the Fontanka Canal, after which he was allowed to go free. In the evening about five o'clock a man was killed on the Anitchkoff Bridge, probably by a shot from a policeman in a window. Half an hour later one of the heads of the police was killed by a bomb on the Nevski. Some shooting took place by the police in various parts of the town, and the Cossacks charged the crowds. Martial law was proclaimed and posters put up in the streets warning people to keep to their houses next day. At night the lights were extinguished on the Nevski, and a searchlight played down the street from the Admiralty.

Sunday was a glorious, sunny, cloudless day, and as on the two previous mornings no crowd collected until midday. Everything seemed quiet, and although we had been told that something would happen at three o'clock, we hoped a peaceful arrangement would be arrived at, as the municipality had been entrusted with the distribution of food. About three o'clock, on looking out of the hospital windows on the Nevski, we saw crowds walking about in the same rather aimless, good-humored way as on Friday and Saturday, and although when lined up across the Nevski about ten deep they could easily have been moved by half a dozen men on horseback riding through them, the police, one hundred yards farther down the road, lay down in the snow and fired a volley into the people, who all fell on to their faces and crawled away on their hands and knees into the side streets, leaving

about a dozen killed and wounded. It was a case of quite unnecessary provocation on the part of the police, as the people had done nothing to merit the attack, and until we saw the killed and wounded we thought the police had fired blank cartridges. At the same hour all the way up the Nevski and also in other parts of Petrograd the soldiers and police took similar action. There was a rumor that the police were dressed up as soldiers in order to make the people believe that it was the troops who fired upon them and not the police. Whether this was true or not I do not know. Ambulances were carrying wounded up and down the Nevski all the afternoon. The bridges over the Neva were guarded with machine-guns and troops, but this did not prevent the workmen coming over from the other side, across the frozen river.

On Monday, at about 10 a. m. two regiments revolted. They killed one or two of their officers and disarmed the rest. The crowds were very great, and one long procession composed of regiments without officers, and hundreds of workmen marched up the Nevski to the Duma. Many were carrying red flags. News had come that the Duma had been closed by the Emperor. The revolutionaries surrounded the building and refused to allow the deputies to leave before a solution had been found for the existing state of affairs. From about mid-day Monday there was heavy fighting all over the town, especially round the Duma, the Nevski, and the streets leading into it. Early in the day, after a short resistance, the revolutionaries seized the Arsenal, and General Matusoff, head of the Arsenal Stores, was killed. They also broke into the prisons, releasing not only all the political prisoners, but the criminal prisoners as well. They burned the Court of Justice with all the records, and destroyed many of the police stations. The fire-engines were turned back and not allowed to extinguish fires.

Since Friday, the Anglo-Russian

Hospital, situated on the Nevski where the Anitchkoff Bridge crosses the Fontanka Canal, had had a guard of about seventy of the Simennovsky Guards. The hospital occupies a part of the palace of the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, who had been banished to Persia by the Emperor owing to his having been implicated in Rasputin's murder. At one o'clock on Monday these men left the palace and joined the revolutionaries, and the following regiments went over to the side of the people: Volynsky, Preobrazhensky, Kekholmsky, Livtosky, and Sappers, making altogether about 25,000 men. During the afternoon there was a stiff fight between two regiments who had remained loyal and the revolutionaries, but it ended in their joining the rebel troops.

All through Monday and the following forty-eight hours there was a great deal of fighting. It was interesting to see big motor-lorries going round the town distributing arms and ammunition to soldiers and civilians alike. Red flags were now to be seen everywhere. The soldiers tied strips of red to their bayonets; the civilians wore red armbands or streamers from their button-holes. The police were armed with machine guns which had been placed several weeks before on roofs and in attics of houses commanding the principal thoroughfares. Machine guns had also been placed on the Duma building, and even on the churches and on St. Isaac's Cathedral. Ample supplies of provisions had been stored so as to enable the police to hold out any length of time. No doubt Protopopoff thought that by these precautions he would be able to control any rising that might occur, whether it was due to the policy of the Government or not. It was very difficult to locate the machine guns, and on Monday night the crowd broke into a part of Dmitri Pavlovitch's palace, thinking that the police were firing a machine gun from the roof. A general belonging to the Grand Duke's suite, after having given them his sword and revolver, assured them that there was

no gun on the roof, but that they were welcome to go and search for themselves. This they were unwilling to do, for it was not very healthy during these days to be seen on the roof of a house, as a fresh crowd coming up the street were apt immediately to open fire. Two or three different crowds came that night, all thinking the same thing, but they were very good, and went peaceably away on hearing that it was the English hospital. Red Cross flags were hung outside the hospital and the doors left open all night so that any one could come in who wished to do so.

We saw two interesting things on Monday across the Anitchkoff Bridge on the Nevski. The first was a company of men coming up the Fontanka Canal with an officer at their head, whilst from the opposite direction came a motor-lorry crowded with revolutionary troops. Before they met it was evident that the revolutionaries did not know on which side the soldiers were. The latter hesitated, and their officer turned round and spoke to them. There was a dramatic pause, and then the officer took off his belt and his sword, cut the belt into little pieces, stamped it in the snow, and walked off at the head of his men, in company with the motor-lorry. The other incident occurred as a regiment of Cossacks rode up the Nevski at a walk. The light was just fading and they looked almost ghost-like, coming out of the gray mist on their gray horses, with their lances at rest. We were admiring the picture they made, when a machine gun very close at hand opened fire. Instantly the men galloped off, lying low on their horse's necks, but not before two saddles were emptied.

On Tuesday morning all the workmen were armed. Practically all the troops in Petrograd had sided with the revolutionaries, but three companies and some light artillery defended the Admiralty, where most of the Cabinet Ministers were in hiding. These troops did not join the Revolution until Wednesday morning. There was

an amusing sight of a motor-lorry careering down the Nevski at 7 a. m. with a machine gun on it, an hour when the street was practically deserted, but this did not prevent the men from firing the machine-gun as hard as they could as they went along. They with their machine-gun were having a "joy ride!"

At eight o'clock on Tuesday the crowd attacked the Astoria Hotel, the biggest hotel in Petrograd, which had been taken over by the Government several months before and turned into a military hotel. At 2 a. m. that morning the revolutionaries had threatened the hotel, but had gone away after having received three guarantees: (1) That nobody would fire from the hotel; (2) that there were only officers on leave, and Allied officers, and women and children in the building; (3) that no anti-revolutionary meetings would be held there. Six hours later, as a big crowd of troops and workmen were passing, the police, or German agents, hidden in the roof of the building, fired on them with machine guns! The revolutionaries, infuriated, stormed the building, and after an hour and a half of hot fighting took the hotel. They rushed in, a howling, raging mob, armed to the teeth, sacked the ground floor, killed some Russian officers, and surged up the staircase, shooting up the lift and in every direction. The Allied officers were standing on the first floor, and naturally thought their last hour had come, for some of the crowd were already drunk, and by this time the criminal prisoners were mixed up with the revolutionaries. To the amazement of the officers the moment the crowd saw the English uniforms they stopped. Some of them even took off their hats and said, "English officers! Forgive us, we do not wish to bother you," and passed on in the most courteous manner possible to do more destruction to the hotel and its inmates. They got into the cellars, where there were thousands of bottles of wine and many barrels of spirit. A few of them were just beginning to drink when some soldiers

coming in said: "No, my friends, do not let us spoil our fight for freedom by drinking and looting," and they straightway broke all the bottles with the butt-end of their rifles. This and similar magnificent examples of self-restraint saved the town, for had all the wine shops been looted, and the people drunk their contents, nothing could have averted a second French Revolution.

All Tuesday the fighting was at its height. The police with their machine guns all over the town had to be located and taken. The whole day a procession of motors and motor-lorries drove up and down the streets, crowded with armed men. Not only were these motors decorated with red flags, but they generally flew the Red Cross as well, and as rifles and bayonets were sticking out of every imaginable corner, and a machine gun frequently fastened on the back, it was rather incongruous. Hospital sisters were also often seen sitting next the driver, and every car had a couple of soldiers lying on the splash-board over the front wheels, holding their rifles and bayonets out in front of them; a curiously picturesque sight. One limousine had no less than two machine guns fixed on behind, and hundreds of soldiers walked about wreathed in machine gun belts. Every man, and every boy from the age of twelve, was armed that day. They were firing off rifles and revolvers quite vaguely, for many of them probably had never had a firearm in their hands before. Others were brandishing most murderous-looking Cossack swords. A certain number of drunken people were noticed, for the first time, in the streets. There were continual rumors of fresh troops coming into the town to put down the rebellion. Two regiments from Finland were supposed to be arriving, but luckily some rails had been removed and a bridge blown up to prevent their coming. Three regiments from the Riga front were sent for, and there was a certain amount of anxiety as to which side their sympathies would be on, but they all joined

the revolutionaries as soon as they entered the town, as did every other regiment. At the beginning of the Revolution there were 30,000 troops in Petrograd, which by the end of the week had reached 100,000.

The Duma was having great difficulty in forming an Executive Committee, as there were three parties: (1) For the Republic; (2) for a compromise with the Emperor; and (3) for the Tsarevitch, with a regency of the Grand Duke Michael, or Rodzianko. Fortunately Rodzianko came to an understanding with the extreme left on Tuesday night, and thereby kept control of the people. Had the Duma been unable to regain control, the fears shared by many, that anarchy must reign on the morrow, might have been realized. Instead of this, a very great improvement in the way of order was discernible on the Wednesday. There was much less shooting. All civilians were disarmed by order of the Duma Committee, and by the end of the day one seldom saw an armed civilian; a marked contrast to the day before when none were to be seen without arms. Drunken people were being arrested, whether soldiers or civilians. The Duma Committee issued the following order to officers:

"The War Committee of the Imperial Duma invites all officers not possessing the definite charge of the Committee to come to the Hall of the Army and Fleet in order to receive an assurance of the universal pass and exact registration, so as to fulfill the charges of the Committee in the organization of the soldiers who have joined the representatives of the people for the safeguarding of the capital. Any delay on the part of officers in showing up will inevitably blemish the prestige of an officer's calling."

Students were also enrolled to act as police and to help to keep order, prevent looting, arrest drunkards, etc. The students wore armlets, carried revolvers, and were generally accompanied by a patrol of three or four soldiers under their command. The

officers who were now registered at the Duma were given back their arms and returned to their regiments to help to restore discipline. On Wednesday there were many more officers marching with the troops, and there was a certain amount of order in the way they marched. All officers wore bits of red, as indeed did everybody one saw in the street.

The revolutionaries had made the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul their headquarters. There were no newspapers, but news-sheets and proclamations were being issued daily from the Duma, and also one from the Petrograd Council of Labor Deputies. These papers were taken round by motors and distributed at various centers of the town. As soon as the motors were seen approaching they were surrounded and besieged by eager and impatient crowds who veritably fought to obtain a copy.

All Thursday there was an uncomfortable, tense feeling about the crowds. The atmosphere was electric. One felt that anything might happen. The German agents who posed as Russian patriots were trying their best to excite the more extreme Socialists to further excesses. They spread every kind of rumor, with the object of making the people restless. Stories went round that Riga and Dvinsk had fallen, that a revolution had been raging for three days in Berlin; and that the Kaiser was a prisoner and the Crown Prince killed! These and many other lies were being freely circulated and believed. This, added to the fact that the Emperor had not answered the telegrams of the Duma, or the following one sent him by twenty-three Members of the Council of the Empire, caused a very bad impression:

"Your Imperial Majesty.—We, the undersigned elected members of the Council of the Empire, in realization of the great danger now threatening the Country, appeal to you to perform a duty of conscience to Yourself and to Russia. Factories and mills have ceased to work as the result of the to-

tal disorganization of transport and lack of necessary materials. Compulsory idleness and the extreme seriousness of the food crisis, resulting from the dislocation of transport, have reduced the masses to desperation. This feeling has been still further aggravated by the hatred of the people for the Government, and the suspicions they entertain of their rulers. All this has found expression in popular rebellion and the troops have joined the movement. The Government, which was never trusted by the people, is now totally discredited and utterly incapable of coping with the situation.

"Emperor,—The continuation in power of the present Government will denote the utter wrecking of all law and will inevitably lead to defeat in the war, the perdition of the dynasty, and immeasurable disasters for Russia. We consider the sole course open to Your Majesty to be a decisive change in internal policies, in accordance with the expressed desires of the representatives of the people and all public organizations; the resignation of the present Cabinet; and the investment of a person trusted by the people with powers to draw up a list of the new Cabinet to be confirmed by Your Majesty. Every hour is precious. Further delay and wavering may be fatal."

On everybody's lips one heard the same remark: "The least the Emperor could do would be to send some answer instead of entirely ignoring the telegrams sent him." It was not until two or three days after his abdication that it was known that his entourage had kept back the telegrams from him. He was only allowed to see them on Thursday, when it was already too late to save his throne.

On Friday the feeling of electricity in the air had to a great extent disappeared, for the abdication of the Emperor and his son had been officially announced. This was followed shortly afterwards by the Grand Duke Michael's proclamation refusing the Crown until elected by the people.

All the crowns and double eagles and Imperial ciphers were hastily torn

down in the streets and thrown into the canals. On the Winter Palace the eagles and crown were not taken down but neatly covered over with scarlet material. Between three and four hundred people were standing in the huge Winter Palace Square silently watching this being done. The Imperial flag was then lowered and the Red flag hoisted in its place, whereupon one member at the back of the crowd gently clapped his hands and said: "Bravo! Bravo!" This was one of many curious and interesting scenes with which Petrograd abounded during the first week of one of the most remarkable revolutions in the world's history.

Considering how near the condition of things was at one moment to absolute anarchy it was marvelous how self-controlled the people remained. With the exception of the provision shops there was little or no looting. The only cases that did occur were the work of released criminals who went about dressed up as soldiers. The Council of Labor Deputies, realizing this, issued a proclamation to the people and the soldiers, part of which was as follows:

"Bands of hooligans are beginning to go about the town who are robbing the shops and property of the inhabitants. The revolutionary people and the army must on no account allow this. Looting by hooligans might cast a shadow on the holy work of freeing the revolted people, and the army should arrest hooligans who are found looting and hand them over to the Governor of Petrograd appointed by the State Duma."

The Imperial Guard left Tsarskoye Selo to join the revolutionaries, and many of the palace servants also deserted the Empress and the Grand Duchesses, who were ill with measles. Although it had been commonly believed that the Empress might be assassinated, the exact opposite happened, for the Duma sent off posthaste a revolutionary regiment to guard her and her family.

Immense stores of flour and grain

were found hidden in Petrograd, large quantities in the churches. After Protopopoff gave himself up, proofs were found in his house of plans to open the wine-shops in order to provide an excuse for firing on the people when they were drunk. To this charge must be added that of keeping the town purposely short of food, and of bribing the police before the Revolution. All these charges he will be called upon to answer at his trial. The police were supposed to be loyal to a man to the old regime. Hated by the people, they well knew that once they had fired on them they were not likely to receive gentle treatment at their hands. This knowledge and the fact that they were hidden away in attics and did not know which way the day was going made them fight to the end.

In other towns like Moscow and Kieff, as soon as the news of the Revolution came through the police gave themselves up in a body, thus avoiding all bloodshed. In Petrograd when their cause became hopeless they tried in all manner of ways to escape. One man was caught dressed as a woman, but he was in such a hurry that he had forgotten to shave off his mustache. The majority of those killed were members of the police force.

Many peasants in the streets were saying that they were going to have a Republic with a Little Father Tsar! Two privates were overheard discussing the future. One of them said that the Emperor should remain Emperor with a Constitutional Government, for God had anointed him, and that once God had anointed him man could not undo His work. "Yes," replied the other, "but since God anointed him, Rasputin has covered him with his dirt, and God would never reanoint a man."

The amazing success of the Revolution in so short a time, with comparatively small loss of life, was due to the fact that there was hardly a dissentient voice. All classes in all parts of Russia were in sympathy with the revolutionaries in the overthrow of an incompetent and hated Government.

The Relations Between the Trenches

By Stephen Stapleton

IN THE TRENCHES one evening a battalion of the Leinster Regiment held a "kailee" (ceilidh), or Irish sing-song, at which there was a spirited rendering of the humorous old ballad, "Bryan O'Lynn," sung to an infectiously rollicking tune. The opening verse runs:

"Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought a sheep-skin to make him a pair,
With the woolly side out, and the skinny side in,
'Faix, 'tis pleasant and cool,' says Bryan O'Lynn."

The swing of the tune took the fancy of the Germans in their trenches, less than fifty yards away.

With a "rumty-tum-tumty-tum-tumty-tum-tum," they loudly hummed the air at the end of each verse, all unknowing that the Leinsters, singing at the top of their voices, gave the words a topical application:

"With the woolly side out and the skinny side in,
'Sure, we'll wallop the Gerrys,' said Bryan O'Lynn."

Hearty bursts of laughter and cheers arose from both trenches at the conclusion of the song. It seemed as if the combatants gladly availed themselves of this chance opportunity of becoming united again in the common brotherhood of man, even for but a fleeting moment, by the spirit of good humor and hilarity.

A young English officer of a different battalion of the same Leinster Regiment tells of a more curious incident still, which likewise led to a brief cessation of hostilities. Two pri-

vates in his company had a quarrel in the trenches, and nothing would do them but to fight it out on No Man's Land. The Germans were most appreciative and accommodating. Not only did they not molest the pugilists, but they cheered them, and actually fired the contents of their rifles in the air by way of a salute. The European war was, in fact, suspended in this particular section of the lines while two Irishmen settled their own little differences by a contest of fists.

"Who will now say that the Germans are not sportsmen?" was the comment of the young English officer. There is, however, another, and perhaps a shrewder view of the episode. It was taken by a sergeant of the company. "Yerra, come down out of that, ye pair of born fools," he called out to the fighters. "If ye had only a glimmer of sense, ye'd see, so ye would, that 'tis playing the Gerrys' game ye are. Sure, there's nothing they'd like better than to see us all knocking blazes out of each other." But as regards the moral pointed by the officer, there must be, of course, many "sportsmen" among the millions of German soldiers; though the opinion widely prevailing in the British army is that they are often treacherous fighters. Indeed, to their practices is mainly to be ascribed the bitter personal animosity that occasionally marks the relations between the combatants, when the fighting becomes most bloody and desperate, and—as happens at times in all wars—no quarter is given to those who allow none.

In the wars of old between England and France, both sides were animated by a very fine sense of chivalry. Bizarre, one of the chief popular orators

during the worst excesses of the French Revolution, induced the Convention to declare that no quarter was to be given to the English. "Soldiers of Liberty," he cried, "when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike!" But the French troops absolutely refused to act upon the savage decree. The principle upon which both French and English acted during the Peninsula war was that of doing as little harm to one another consistently with the winning of victory. Between the rank and file friendly feelings may be said, without any incongruity, to have existed. They were able, of their own accord, to come to certain understandings that tended to mitigate, to some extent, the hardships and even the dangers to which they were both alike exposed. One was that sentries at the outposts must not be fired on or surprised. Often no more space than twenty yards separated them, and when the order to advance was given to either army, the sentries of the other were warned to retire. Once a French sentry helped a British sentry to replace his knapsack, so that he might more quickly fall back before the firing commenced. A remarkable instance of signaling between the opposing forces is mentioned by General Sir Charles Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War." Wellington sent a detachment of riflemen to drive away some French troops occupying the top of a hill near Bayonne, and, as they approached the enemy, he ordered them to fire. "But," says Napier, "with a loud voice one of those soldiers replied 'No firing!' and holding up the butt of his rifle, tapped it in a peculiar way." This was a signal to the French, and was understood by them—probably as a result of a mutual arrangement—to mean "We must have the hill for a short time." "The French, who, though they could not maintain would not relinquish the post without a fight if they had been fired upon, quietly retired," Napier writes; "and this signal would never have been made if the post had been one capable of a per-

manent defense, so well do veterans understand war and its proprieties."

Throughout that long campaign, the British and French recognized each other as worthy foemen, and they were both solicitous to maintain unstained the honor and dignity of arms. As the opposing forces lay resting before Lisbon for months, the advanced posts got so closely into touch that much friendly intercourse took place between them. French officers frequently asked for such little luxuries as cigars, coffee and stationery to be brought to them from Lisbon, which was held by the British, and their requests were readily complied with. At the Battle of Talavera on July 28th, 1809, the possession of a hill was fiercely contested all day. The weather was so intensely hot that the combatants were parched with thirst. At noon there was an almost entire cessation of artillery and rifle fire, as if an informal truce had been suddenly come to by a flash of intuition, and with one accord French and British rushed down to the rivulet at the foot of the hill to moisten their burning throats. "The men crowded on each side of the water's edge," says Napier. "They threw aside their caps and muskets, and chatted to each other in broken French and still more fragmentary English across the stream. Flasks were exchanged; hands shaken. Then the bugle and the rolling drum called the men back to their Colors, and the fight awoke once more."

Such amenities between combatants are very ancient: the Greeks and Trojans used to exchange presents and courtesies in the intervals of fighting, and the early stages of this war seemed to afford a promise that they would be revived. The fraternizing of the British and Germans at their first Christmas under arms, in 1914, will, perhaps, always be accounted as the most curious episode of the war. The influence of the great Christian festival led to a suspension of hostilities along the lines, and the men on each side seized the opportunity to satisfy their natural curiosity to see something more of each other than through

the smoke of battle with deadly weapons in their hands and hatred in their eyes. Each side had taken prisoners; but prisoners are "out of it," and therefore reduced to the level of non-combatants. The foeman in being appears in a very different light. He has the power to strike. You may have to kill him, or you may be killed by him. So the British and the Germans, impelled in the main by a common feeling of inquisitiveness, met together between the lines in "No Man's Land." There was some amicable conversation where they could make themselves understood to each other, which happened when a German was found who could speak a little English. Cigarettes and tunic buttons were freely exchanged. But, for the most part, British and Germans stood with arms folded across their breasts and stared at each other with a kind of dread fascination.

It never happened again. How could it possibly be repeated? The introduction into the conflict by the Germans in high command of the barbaric elements of "frightfulness," hitherto confined to savage tribes at war; their belief only in brute strength; and, as regards the common German soldiers, the native lowness of morality shown by so many of them; their apparent insensitiveness to ordinary humane instincts, inevitably tended to harden and embitter their adversaries against them. Even so, British feeling is extraordinarily devoid of the vindictiveness that springs from a deep sense of personal injury, and evokes in turn, a desire for revenge, which, were it shown, would, however lamentable, be not unnatural in the circumstances. The Germans, in the mass, are regarded as having been dehumanized and transformed into a process of ruthless destruction. In any case, they are the enemy. As such, there is a satisfaction—nay, a positive delight—in sweeping them out of existence. That is war. But against the German soldiers individually it may be said that, on the whole, there is no rancor. In fact, British soldiers have a curiously

detached and generous way of regarding their country's enemies. When the German soldier is taken prisoner, or picked up wounded, the British soldier is disposed, as a hundred thousand instances show, to treat him as a "pal," to divide his food and share his cigarettes with him as he passes to the base.

It was very noticeable how all the war correspondents, in their accounts of the taking of the village of Ginchy on the Somme by the 16th (Irish) Division, dwelt on the chivalrous way in which the Irish treated their vanquished foes. Once the spirit of combativeness is aroused in the Irish soldiers, they hate the enemy like the black death to which they strive to consign them. But when the fury of battle has died down in victory, there are none so soft and kindly to the beaten enemy. Surrender should always of course disarm hostility. No true soldier would decline to lower his bayonet when a foeman acknowledges defeat and places his life in his keeping. That is, after a fair and gallant fight on the part of the foeman. It was because the Germans at Ginchy were vindictive in combat, and despicable when overthrown, that the Irish acted with rare magnanimity in accepting their submission and sparing their lives.

In that engagement the Irish made a characteristically headlong dash for the enemy positions. Rifle and machine gun fire was poured into them by the Germans up to the very last moment, until, in fact, they had reached the trenches; and then, as they were about to jump in and bayonet and club their blood-thirsty foemen, they found them on their knees with hands uplifted. The Irish were enraged at the sight. To think that men who had been so merciless should beg for mercy when their opponents were on top of them! Were their comrades slain only a moment since to go unavenged? These thoughts passed rapidly through the minds of the Irish. As swiftly came the decision, worthy of high-souled men. An enemy on his

knees is to them inviolable, not to be hurt or injured, however mean and low he may have proved himself to be. So the Irish bayonets, at the very breasts of the Germans, were turned aside.

In the gladiatorial fights for the entertainment of the people in ancient Rome, the defeated combatant was expected to expose his throat to the sword of the victor, and any shrinking on his part caused the arena to ring with the angry shouts of the thousands of spectators, "Receive the steel!" By all accounts, the Germans have a dislike of the bayonet. They might well be paralyzed, indeed, at the affrighting spectacle of that thin line of cold steel wielded by a furious Irishman; but if the bayonet were in the hands of a soldier of any of the other British nationalities, his cry to the German that recoiled from its thrust would probably be "Receive the steel!" expressed in the rudest and roughest native axiom. The way of the Irish at Ginchy was different; and perhaps the renunciation of their revenge was not the least magnificent act of a glorious day.

"If we brained them on the spot, who could blame us? 'Tis ourselves that would think it no sin if it was done by any one else," said a private of the Dublin Fusiliers. "Let me tell you," he went on, "what happened to myself. As I raced across the open with my comrades, jumping in and out of shell-holes, and the bullets flying thick around us, laying many a fine boy low, I said to myself, 'This is going to be a fight to the last gasp for those of us that get to the Germans.' As I came near to the trenches, I picked a man out for myself. Straight in front of me, he was, leaning out of the trench, and he with a rifle firing away at us as if we were rabbits. I made for him with my bayonet ready, determined to give him what he deserved, when—what do you think?—didn't he notice me and what I was up to! Dropping his rifle he raised himself up in the trench and stretched out his hands towards me. What could you do in that case, but what I did?

Sure, you wouldn't have the heart to strike him down, even if he were to kill you. I caught sight of his eyes, and there was such a frightened and pleading look in them that I at once lowered my rifle, and took him by the hand, saying, 'You're my prisoner!' I don't suppose he understood a word of what I said; but he clung to me, crying, 'Kamerad, Kamerad!' I was more glad than ever that I hadn't the blood of him on my soul. 'Tis a queer thing to say, maybe, of a man who acted like that; but, all the same, he looked a decent boy, every bit of him. I suppose the truth of it is this: We soldiers on both sides have to go through such terrible experiences that there is no accounting for how we may behave. We might be devils, all out, in the morning, and saints, no less, in the evening."

The relations between the trenches include even attempts at an exchange of repartee. The wit, as may be supposed, in such circumstances, is invariably ironic and sarcastic. My examples are Irish, for the reason that I have had most to do with Irish soldiers, but they may be taken as fairly representative of the taunts and pleasantries which are often bandied across No Man's Land. The Germans, holding part of their line in Belgium, got to know that the British trenches opposite them were being held by an Irish battalion. "Hello, Irish!" they cried. "How is King Carson getting on, and have you got Home Rule yet?" The company sergeant-major, a big Tipperary man, was selected to make the proper reply, and, in order that it might be fully effective, he sent it through a megaphone which the colonel was accustomed to use in addressing the battalion on parade. "Hello, Gerrys!" he called out. "I'm thinking it isn't information ye want, but divarshion; but 'tis information I'll be after giving ye, all the same. Later on we'll be sending ye some fun that'll make ye laugh at the other side of yer mouths. The last we heard of Carson, he was prodding the Government like the very devil to put venom into their

blows at ye, and more power to his elbow while he's at that work, say we. As for Home Rule, we mean to have it, and we'll get it, please God, when ye're licked. Put that in yer pipes, and smoke it!"

The two names for the Germans in use among the Irish troops are "Gerrys" and (a corruption of the French "allemand" for German) "Alleymans." Once, when the Irish Guards were in the firing-line, they could see, by means of a mirror stuck up on the parapets (the earth elevation rearward of the trench), a big, fat, elderly German soldier, with a thick gray mustache frequently pottering about the German trenches. He took the fancy of the Irish, for the reason that he appeared to them to be typically German. They could have shot him, had they chosen; but they preferred to make a pet of him, and every time he appeared they shouted together: "Good man, Alleyman"; so that he soon came to know the greeting and would bow his head with a smile towards the British lines. A day came when there was no "Alleyman," and the Irish Guards began to fear that some harm had befallen him. "Maybe some bla'guard of a sniper in another part of the lines has shot the dacent man," they said. Then it struck them to try whether a loud call for their favorite would bring him again into view. They raised a shout in unison of "We—want—Alleyman," and in about five minutes the rotund figure of the German appeared on the top of the parapet, smilingly bowing his acknowledgment of the great honor done him by his friends, the enemy. Great was the relief of the Irish Guards, and they raised a joyful cry of "Good man, Alleyman."

Of all the horrible features of the war surely the most heartrending is the fate of the wounded lying without succor in the open between the opposing lines, owing to the inability of the higher command on both sides to agree to an arrangement for a short suspension of hostilities after an engagement, so that the stricken might be brought in. Prone in the mud and slush they

lie, during the cruel winter weather, with the rain pouring down upon them, their moans of agony in the darkness of the night mingling with the cold blasts that howl around them. But, thanks to the loving kindness of man for his fellow, even in war, these unfortunate creatures are not deserted. British soldiers without number have voluntarily crept out into No Man's Land to rescue them, often under murderous fire from the enemy. Many of the Victoria Crosses won in this war have been awarded for conspicuous gallantry displayed in these most humane and chivalrous enterprises.

Happily, also, brief informal truces are not infrequently come to between the opposing forces at particular sections of the line, so that one or other, or both, may bring in, after a raid, their wounded and their slain. One of the most uplifting stories I have heard was told me by a captain of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Out there in front of the trench held by his company lay a figure in khaki writhing in pain and wailing for help. "Will no one come to me?" he cried, in a voice broken with anguish. He had been disabled in the course of a raid on the German trenches the night before by a battalion which was relieved in the morning. These appeals of his were like stabs to the compassionate hearts of the Irish Fusiliers. Several of them told the captain they could stand it no longer, and must go out to the wounded man. If they were shot in the attempt, what matter! It happened that a little dog was with them making himself quite at home in both the British and German trenches at this part of the line. He was a neutral; he took no sides; he regularly crossed from one to the other, and found in both friends to give him food and a kind word with a pat on the head. The happy thought came to the captain to make a messenger of the dog. So he wrote: "May we take our wounded man in?" tied the note to the dog's tail, and sent him to the German trenches. The message was in English, for the captain did not know German, and had to trust to the

chance of the enemy being able to read it. In a short time the dog returned with the answer. It was in English, and it ran: "Yes; you can have five minutes." So the captain and a man went out with a stretcher, and brought the poor fellow back to our lines. Then, standing on the top of the parapet, the captain took off his hat and called out: "Give the Germans three hearty cheers, boys." The response was most enthusiastic. With the cheers were mingled such cries as: "Sure, the Gerrys are not all bad chaps, after all." and "May the heavens be the bed of those of them we may kill." More than that, the incident brought tears to many a man's eyes on the Irish side; and, it maybe, on the German side, too. Certainly answering cheers came from their trenches.

Some of these understandings are come to by a sort of telepathic suggestion inspired by the principle of "live and let live," however incongruous that may seem in warfare. As an instance, recuperative work, such as the bringing up of food to the firing lines, is often allowed to go on in comparative quietude. Neither side cares to stand on guard in the trenches on an empty stomach. Often, therefore, firing is almost entirely suspended in the early hours of the night when it is known that rations are being distributed. That is not the way everywhere and always. A private of the Royal Irish Regiment told me that what he found most aggravating in the trenches was the fusillading by the Germans when the men were getting ready a bit to eat. "I suppose," he remarked, "'twas the smell of the frying bacon that put their dandher up." But even defensive work has been allowed to proceed without interference, when carried on simultaneously by both sides. Heavy rain, following a hard frost, turned the trenches in the Ypres district into a chaos of ooze and slime. "How deep is it with you?" a German soldier shouted across to the British. "Up to our knees, bedad." was the reply. "You are lucky fel-

lows. We're up to our belts in it," said the German. Driven to desperation by their hideous discomfort the Germans soon after crawled up on to their parapets and sat there to dry and stretch their legs, calling out: "Kamerads, don't shoot; don't shoot, Kamerads." The reply of the Irish was to get out of their trenches and do likewise. On another occasion, in the broad daylight, unarmed parties of men on both sides, by a tacit agreement, set about repairing their respective barbed-wire entanglements. They were no more than fifteen or twenty yards apart. The wiring party on the British side belonged to the Munster Fusiliers. Being short of mallets, one of the Munsters coolly walked across to the enemy, and said: "Good morrow, Gerrys. Would any of ye be so kind as to lend me the loan of a hammer?" The Germans received him with smiles, but, as they did not know English, they were unable to understand what he wanted, until he made it clear by pantomimic action, when he was given the hammer "with a heart and a half," as he put it himself. Having repaired the defenses of his own trench he brought back the hammer to the Germans, and thought he might give them "a bit of his mind," without offense, as they did not know what he was saying. "Here's your hammer, and thanks," said he. "High hanging to the man that caused this war—ye know who I mean—and may we be all soon busily at work hammering nails into his coffin."

Many touching stories might be told of the sympathy which unites the combatants when they find themselves lying side by side, wounded and helpless, in shell-holes and copses, or on the open plain after an engagement. The ruling spirit which animates the soldier in the fury of the fight is, as it seems to me, that of self-preservation. He kills or disables so that he may not be killed or disabled himself. Each side, in their own opinion, are waging a purely defensive war. So it is that the feeling of hostility subsides, once the sense of danger is removed by the

enemy being put out of action, and each side sees in its captives not devils or barbarians, but fellow-men. Especially among the wounded, British and Germans, do these sentiments prevail, as they lie stricken together on the field of battle. In a dim way they pitifully regard each other as hapless victims caught in the vortex of the greatest of human tragedies, and they sometimes wonder why it was they fought each other at all. They try to help each other, to ease each other's sufferings, to staunch each other's wounds; to give each other comfort in their sore distress.

"Poor devil; unnerved by shell shock," was the comment passed as a wounded German was being carried by on a stretcher sobbing as if his heart would break. It was not the roar of the artillery and the bursting of high explosives that had unnerved him, but the self-sacrifice of a Dublin Fusilier who in succoring him lost his own life. At the hospital the German related that on recovering his senses after being shot he found the Dublin Fusilier trying to staunch the wound in his shattered leg, from which blood was flowing profusely. The Irishman undid the field dressing, consisting of bandage and antiseptic preparations, which he had wrapped round his own wound and applied it to the German as he appeared to be in danger of bleeding to death. Before the two men were discovered by a British stretcher party the Dublin Fusilier had passed away. He developed blood-poisoning through his exposed wound. The German, on hearing the news, broke down and wept bitterly.

Reconciliation between wounded foes is, happily, a common occurrence on the stricken plain. The malignant roar of the guns may still be in their ears, and they may see around them bodies battered and twisted out of all human shape. All the more are they anxious to testify that there is no fury in their hearts with each other, and

that their one wish is to make the supreme parting with prayers and words of loving kindness on their lips. I have had from a French officer, who was wounded in a cavalry charge early in the war, an account of a pathetic incident which took place close to where he lay. Among his companions in affliction were two who were far gone on the way to death. One was a private in the Uhlans and the other a private in the Royal Irish Dragoons. The Irishman got, with a painful effort, from an inside pocket of his tunic a rosary of beads which had a crucifix attached to it. Then he commenced to mutter to himself the invocations to the Blessed Virgin, of which the Rosary is composed. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus." The German, lying huddled close by, stirred with the uneasy movements of a man weak from pain and loss of blood on hearing the murmur of prayer and, looking round in a dazed condition, the sight of the beads in the hands of his fellow in distress seemed to recall to his mind other times and different circumstances—family prayers at home somewhere in Bavaria, and Sunday evening devotions in church—for he made, in his own tongue, the response to the invocation: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now at the hour of our death. Amen." So the voices intermingled in address and prayer—the rapt ejaculations of the Irishman, the deep guttural of the German—getting weaker and weaker, in the process of dissolution, until they were hushed on earth forevermore.

War has, outwardly, lost its romance with its color and pageantry. It is bloody, ugly and horrible. Yet romance is not dead. It still survives, radiant and glowing, in the heroic achievements of our soldiers, and mostly in the tender fancies of their hearts.

Reminiscences of Early Virginia City, Nevada

By A Californian

(Continued From Last Month)

AT THE TIME we have now reached, after the great discovery in Crown Point and Belcher, Virginia City was quite a city in fact and not merely in name. Always of the appearance of a great straggling village with most of the buildings on C street, the main thoroughfare, of wood and one-storey high, it was a city with a well organized municipal government, numerous and well equipped schools, a paid fire department and a well disciplined and efficient police force. Gambling was still a licensed occupation, but it was carried on behind closed doors and was not obtrusively offensive. The number of saloons was out of proportion to the population, an inheritance from earlier days, but drunkenness was no commoner than elsewhere, and no one could complain that the town was not well behaved or that it was disorderly. The many churches of the place were well attended and well supported, and at least in two instances were in charge of men whose merits were known and recognized far beyond the confines of the State of Nevada. St. Paul's Episcopal Church was presided over by Bishop Whitaker, the missionary bishop of Nevada, and of him it may be said without exaggeration and with absolute verity that he was a worthy successor of the Apostles. By his teaching and example he endeared himself to the people of all creeds and of all nationalities throughout the entire State, but more particularly perhaps to those of Virginia City, where he was at home and best known. He was afterwards called to the Diocese of Eastern Pennsylvania, one of the

most important in the country, with the episcopal seat at Philadelphia, where he continued for many years to exert the same elevating and stimulating Christian influences which had so distinguished his beneficent ministry in Nevada. The parish priest of the great Roman Catholic church of Virginia City, St. Mary's in the Mountains, was Father Monogue, afterwards Bishop of Sacramento in California. He had been a miner in California and in Virginia City, and feeling the vocation, had gone abroad and studied for the priesthood at Maynooth and St. Omer. On his return he had been given the important parish of Virginia City, and in that congenial field he devoted his untiring energies to his chosen work. He built the finest church in Virginia City, not like those usually built in mining towns, but like the churches in permanently established places, of durable material and beautiful design and construction, and it stands there to this day a lasting monument to the zeal of its builder and of the fleeting greatness of Virginia City. He had by far the largest congregation in the town, and there was not a miner in Washoe or in the adjoining counties who did not know Father Monogue and who did not recognize in him not only a spiritual leader but a sympathetic friend and adviser. Both Bishop Whitaker and Father Monogue were warm friends of Marye's, and he was a liberal contributor to their churches. He was a member of the vestry of St. Paul's, and when his son, then Major, afterwards General William A. Marye, of the Ordnance Department of the United States

Army, was married in 1879, Bishop Whitaker performed the ceremony.

The population of Virginia City was naturally an uncertain and variable quantity. In 1863 it is believed to have been about 7,000 persons. In 1873, after the discoveries in Crown Point and Belcher, it was estimated at 17,000 or 18,000, and during the period from 1875 to 1879, after the development of the Big Bonanza in Consolidated Virginia and California, it reached the high water mark of perhaps 25,000. The decline began in the latter part of 1879, and continued with accelerated pace until the census of 1900 showed a population of 2,244. In 1910 and '11 there was an increase to 3,000 perhaps, but the population at this time is probably about what it was in 1900.

With such a fluctuating population there could not, of course, be any great stability in real estate values in the town. When, after the fire of 1871, Marye bought from F. J. Hammell the property where his office had been, he bought it quite irrespective of what had been paid for property in the neighborhood before. He paid \$14,000 for the fifty-one feet on C street, running through to B, with an equal frontage on that street. The price was looked upon as extravagant at the time, but as Marye explained to his neighbor, George F. Hill, of the firm of Thomas Taylor & Co., who wanted to buy the lot where his firm had its place of business a hundred and fifty feet south of the piece Marye had bought, the property he had purchased was worth to him what he had paid for it, as he could not afford to move his office and Hammell would not sell for less. Marye was fortunate in getting the lot when he did, for values in the neighborhood soon after advanced, and besides securing a permanent site for his office, he made a profitable real estate investment. He improved the property with a good building called the Marye building, and got high rents for a number of years, and though it was ultimately sold by Marye's heirs for a song, that did not

occur until it had paid for itself more than once with a good rate of interest in the bargain. The rapid changes in real estate values in Virginia City are illustrated in a striking way by the history of a house on Taylor street of some local note of which Marye was at one time the owner. It was built at a cost of \$30,000 by Wm. M. Stewart in the early sixties before he became United States Senator, and while he was engaged in an extensive and profitable law practice in Washoe. While he lived in it with his wife, who was the daughter of Senator Foote of Mississippi, and one of the popular hostesses of Virginia City, it was one of the social centers of the town. When Stewart was elected Senator from Nevada and left for Washington, he turned the house over to his former law partner, Charles De Long, who was afterwards Minister to Japan, and who before leaving for his post in the Orient sold the place to A. J. Ralston, brother of W. C. Ralston, and who had succeeded Wm. Sharon as agent in Virginia City for the Bank of California. What De Long gave for the house is not known, but Ralston when he bought it from De Long paid \$10,000 for it. Ralston lived there for some time until he took a large apartment in Marye's building on B street, and he not long afterwards requested Marye to take the Stewart house at a valuation of \$2,500 in satisfaction of a guaranty which he had assumed on an account in Marye's office. Marye assented and leased the property for sixty-five dollars a month to Judge Kirkpatrick of Salt Lake City, who occupied it for some time. After that it was vacant for a long time, and the owner paid taxes, insurance and repairs and had no return until he finally sold it for one hundred dollars to Piper of Piper's Opera House, who tore it down, and used what he could of the material in re-building his theatre on B street to take the place of the old one on D street, which had been burnt down. This was not an exceptional story later, but probably in this instance the decline in values began ear-

lier and ran its course sooner than with other buildings in the town.

Virginia City was never before so prosperous and populous as in 1873, but there was naturally a great falling off in the ranks of the lawyers who had been attracted there in earlier times by the magnitude and the lucrative character of the litigation between the various mines on the lode to settle their mutual rights and boundaries, and between the different companies claiming in some instances the same mining properties. A. P. Crittenden was one of the early ones to return to San Francisco; there through the good offices and friendship of W. C. Ralston he formed a co-partnership with Samuel Mountford Wilson, attorney for the Bank of California, and the firm of Wilson & Crittenden soon became one of the most widely known on the Coast. Crittenden's stay in Virginia City, though, proved fatal to him, for while his professional practice during that time was not attended with any permanent results, it was there that he formed the relations with Laura D. Fair which ultimately led to his death at her hands. The large fees paid by the mining companies naturally attracted legal talent of the highest order to the Comstock, and the bar of Virginia City continued to be extremely able until the wane in the town's greatness had well set in; but of course many of the early comers gradually dropped out as their great cases were settled or decided. From the time of the organization of the State government the bench, too, was of a high degree of efficiency. Virginia City was in the first judicial district of the State, and the Hon. Richard Rising was the first judge of that district. He was a man endowed by nature with a clear, logical mind, and his legal training, when he was raised to the bench, was sufficient to give him a sound conception of the law in all the phases of its application. In the trial of a case his aim was to lead counsel at the bar to lay before the court the substantial merits involved, rather than to insist on technical points

which might impede that effort or merely cause delay. He had the learning and the necessary strength of character to control his court and to prevent its being dominated by any lawyer practicing before it, however strong and aggressive he might be; and not long after he was raised to the bench, it was generally recognized that the First Judicial District had a fair-minded, clear-headed judge who presided over his court with dignity and ability, and dispatched its business fairly and promptly. The United States Circuit Court at Carson, before which all the lawyers of Virginia City also practiced, was held by Circuit Judge Alonzo Sawyer and Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court. The high legal standing of the former is attested by Sawyer's Circuit Court Reports and the judicial eminence of the other by his many masterful decisions reported in the Supreme Court Reports of the United States. Of the early lawyers the one who possessed in a fuller measure perhaps than any other the qualities which go to make up a great lawyer was Charles H. S. Williams. Judge Rising, in speaking of him in after years, towards the close of his own career in Virginia City, used to say that of all the great lawyers who had practiced before him, and there were not a few, Charles H. S. Williams was the most able. Governor Perley, of Perley & De Long, who possessed an unenviable notoriety in connection with the Terry-Broderick duel, but who was a very good all-around lawyer and who certainly was not wanting in a sufficiently high estimate of his own powers, entertained a profound admiration for Williams, an admiration none the less sincere for being reluctant, and which used to find expression in the somewhat ambiguous remark with which he always accompanied any reference to Williams: "Why, the damned old fool knows everything!" And that estimate, couched in more appropriate, though not more expressive terms, was general among Williams' fellow-members of the bar. Unfortunately his im-

mense talents were not always at his command, and there were times when they were obscured by excessive indulgence in strong drink. He was conscious of his failing, and we may suppose struggled against it, but not always successfully, and on one such occasion in San Francisco, discouraged, doubtless, and despairing of ever being able to overcome his weakness, he put an end to it all by his own hand. In him we are reminded of Dickens' character of Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities," where the author says: "Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears. Sadly, sadly the sun rose, it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away."

Another very able lawyer of the early days was Curtis J. Hillyer. His partner was B. C. Whitman and their partnership continued until Whitman was elected to the Supreme Court of the State, where his colleagues were Judges Graber and Lewis. It may be truly said that during Whitman's incumbency the Supreme Court of Nevada was stronger than ever before or since, for John Garber alone would have raised its standing to a high average, and Whitman was a sound lawyer and made a good judge. His manner as well as his learning lent lustre to the court, for he combined the "suaviter in modo" with the "fortiter in re," a trait not always noticeable among the strong men of the Nevada bench or bar. Hillyer had great powers of concentration, and his abstraction when absorbed in the preparation of a case for trial was the source of a good deal of amusement to his fellow lawyers. It was told that at such times he did not even recognize the client for whom he was at work. He had an eminently logical mind, and it was said of him that like Chief Justice John Marshall

he could reason out from a given state of facts what the law should be, and needed only to refer to authorities to fortify his conclusions. He established an extensive and lucrative practice, and in 1869 was retained by a number of the Comstock mines, acting through Sharon, to go to Washington to protect their interests against the aggressive legislation urged by Adolph Sutro before Congress in favor of his tunnel. Sutro was certainly not modest and probably not even reasonable in his demands, except from his own viewpoint, and proposed to make all the mines of the lode practically tributary to his tunnel. At all events, that was the opinion of the mine owners, and Hillyer, acting in their behalf, succeeded in having the measure proposed by Sutro substantially modified. While engaged in that business in Washington he conceived the idea that the national capital would be a good field for a lawyer who felt equal to handling big cases. On his return to Virginia City, he closed out his business in Nevada and went back to Washington, where he established himself permanently and built up a large law practice. He also operated extensively in real estate in the northwestern part of the city, and there is a street named after him there at this time, Hillyer Place.

Another popular and able lawyer of that time, though not of the judicial authority of those who have just been mentioned, was William S. Wood, or Billy Wood, as he was always called in Virginia City, and indeed throughout his career afterwards in San Francisco. He was educated as a boy in the public schools of Sacramento, where he developed great mechanical skill with the pen and in the high school he took the prize for penmanship. His ability to write easily and rapidly stood him in good stead later, for there were no type-writing machines in those days and he owed his first employment to his ability to write a good rapid hand. Winans & Hyer, who were among the leading lawyers of Sacramento in early times, and who had many clients,

among them D. O. Mills & Co., and a large practice, took Billy Wood when he was still only a boy into their office to do copying work. He used to say he could write all day without fatigue, but he soon showed that he had it in him to do other things besides copy legal papers. He had about him the stuff to make a good working lawyer, and as he was far from being of a bashful or retiring disposition, his loud voice and self-assertion attracted the attention of his employers, who were amused at his boyish assurance and who, themselves Columbia College men, were interested in the young man who had developed in such a different environment, and who, if successful, would have to owe it to his own powers alone. Both Winans and Hyer took a fancy to their young employee, especially Hyer, and he told Wood frequently that he had it in him to make a good lawyer, but that he would have to work hard to train his mind and to accumulate the knowledge necessary to the successful practice of the laborious profession of the law. He did work Woods hard, but there was no shirking on the latter's part, and he drew from his labors equal satisfaction and benefit. It was well known to the lawyers of Sacramento, and to the bench as well, that Hyer, who was an acknowledged master of the law, took much pleasure and devoted much time to the legal training of his young employee and pupil, and often discussed with him, probably to clear his own mind, difficult problems of law which had arisen in his own practice. So when Wood presented himself for examination before the Supreme Court for admission to the bar of California, the judges propounded to the candidate a number of questions as difficult as they could properly be made on such an occasion, and those questions were so well answered by Wood that it was said that he had passed the best examination before the Court of any candidate down to that time. Soon after Wood was admitted to the bar he was told that he was wanted in Virginia City by Thomas Sunderland, a former

lawyer of Sacramento who was then practicing in Washoe, as Virginia City and Gold Hill were always called in California in those early days. Wood, after some correspondence went to Virginia City and entered Sunderland's office just after dissolution of the firm of Sunderland, Johnson and Baldwin, and a short time prior to the establishment of the firm of Crittenden & Sunderland, and he remained with the new firm in the capacity of clerk. In 1864 when Sharon went to Virginia City in the interest of the Bank of California to settle up the affairs of Stateler & Arrington, who had failed, he retained the services of Crittenden & Sunderland to advise him in the business. On one occasion when some question had unexpectedly arisen, and he had gone hurriedly to the office of his lawyers, not finding either of the members of the firm in, and meeting young Wood there, whom he had never before seen, he put the question to him more in a secret spirit of banter than in any expectation of an expression of opinion from him of any value. After he submitted the question, Wood, in his usual loud tone and with his accustomed assurance of manner, answered without hesitation: "You can't do it." The promptness and emphasis of the answer pleased Sharon—particularly as it agreed with his own views—and he found on further discussion that the young clerk's opinion was based on solid legal grounds. Shortly after leaving the office he met Sunderland and said: "I went around to see you a short time ago, but neither you nor Crittenden were in, so I took up the matter I wanted to see you about with the boy in the office, and really I believe he gave me as good advice as you could have done." Sunderland assured Sharon that the youngster he had been talking with was a well equipped though youthful lawyer, and quite competent to discuss intricate questions of law. Sharon conceived a great liking for Wood from that time, and he always continued to like him and to throw business in his way when he could. Some years afterwards when the several mines of the Comstock

lode, at the sensible suggestion of Sharon, determined to combine and retain one firm of attorneys to look after the interests of all on the payment of a monthly sum by each, instead of each one employing a lawyer separately at much greater expense, he secured the business for the legal firm of Hillyer, Wood & Deal, of which Billy Wood was a member.

W. E. F. Deal, who was associated with Hillyer & Wood in the practice of the law some time before Hillyer went to Washington, reached prominence at the Virginia City bar very early in life. He was the son of a Methodist clergyman and had received a good education, and was a natural lawyer. His native ability had been developed by intelligent study, observation and reflection, and he also possessed marked advantages of appearance and address. He would have been a notable figure anywhere, and in Virginia City he was conspicuously socially, professionally and politically. His professional and political activities extended throughout the State, and his reputation as a lawyer reached beyond its limits. He attended to most of Marye's law business in Virginia City, and won for him in the Supreme Court of Nevada the leading case of *Stone vs. Marye*. In that case *Stone*, the owner of certain stocks, had entrusted them to another, and the bailee had taken them to Marye's office and sold them and appropriated the proceeds. *Stone* sued for the stocks; Marye disclaimed all responsibility and sent the case to Deal. At that time Deal had recently formed a partnership with Judge Lewis who had just completed his term as one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the State. During his term on the Supreme Bench he had decided a case against Marye where the owner of stocks which had been stolen from him and sold through Marye's office, brought suit for their recovery, and Lewis said that the issues presented by the *Stone* case were the same as those already decided by him in the earlier one, and that he could not raise anew questions which he had himself al-

ready decided adversely to Marye's views. Marye insisted that the cases were not the same, but widely different in their circumstances. In the case decided by Judge Lewis the owner of the stocks had not wilfully parted with their possession, and he could not be divested of the rights to his property through the criminal act of the wrongdoer who had taken it. In the *Stone* case, on the other hand, the owner had voluntarily parted with the possession and turned it over to another, and if there was any loss through the selection of the person whom he had thus clothed with all the outward "indicia" or signs of ownership the loss was his and could not be shifted to a third person. Marye's son, who was practicing law in San Francisco, and who happened to be in Virginia City at the time supported Marye's contention, and called Deal's attention to two decisions of the Supreme Court of California, *Brewster vs. Sime* and *Thompson v. Toland*, which furnished high authority for Marye's views. Deal took the case, over his partner's objection, carried it through the court and won it, and it is now the leading case on the subject and decisive of all questions coming within its rule.

R. S. Messick, or as he was always called in Virginia City, Judge Messick, having been on the bench in Sacramento, was another lawyer who attended to legal business for Marye. He was a lawyer of commanding ability and of a keen sense of professional honor, and he was eminent in all branches of the profession, though it was perhaps in his practice as a mining lawyer that he achieved his highest reputation. He was a great friend of Justice Stephen J. Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who worked most abundantly in the development of the mining laws of our country, "all of which he saw and much of which he was" as Virgil says of Eneas and the war of troy. And when years afterwards Judge Field wanted a lawyer to defend Nagel, who had killed Judge Terry in protecting Field from assault, he selected Messick.

Messick defended the accused with consummate skill, and assisted perhaps by Field's counsel or suggestion, he was so successful that he obtained a judgment that Nagel, though he had killed Terry, had not committed an act tryable in any court in the land. No court had the power to make judicial inquiry into the killing. It was a great forensic triumph, but not of those triumphs which increase the respect of lawyers or of laymen for the law, or for the administration of the law. It is but just to add that the strange doctrine of Nagel's case was promulgated only by a divided court.

Another of Marye's lawyers, though at an earlier period, and some time before he went to Virginia City, was Edmund Randolph, a descendant of Washington's first attorney-general. In speaking of Randolph as a lawyer it is hard to avoid the use of terms which might seem like exaggeration, for of all the many great lawyers who have adorned and made illustrious the bar of California and Nevada, he was the first, if it be possible to say who was the first amid such a galaxy of pre-eminent merit. He never had a very extensive practice; he never made a great deal of money; there were among his contemporaries not a few perhaps who quite surpassed him in those respects, and life to him was always a somewhat uphill work, but in the complete mastery of intricate questions of law and of complicated conditions of fact, and in their clear and forceful presentation to a court of justice, no one did or could surpass him. He possessed every quality, natural and acquired, to make up a lawyer of commanding superiority, except placidity of temper and vigorous health, for he was somewhat irascible in disposition and he never enjoyed robust health. He had practiced law for some time in New Orleans before he came to San Francisco, and he had acquired there the same profound knowledge of civil law—that is, of the law of Rome as it has come down to us through the modern systems of France and Spain, as he possessed of the common law of Eng-

land as it is administered in most of our States. While practicing in New Orleans he had met and become friendly with Edwin Stanton, attorney-general during President Buchanan's administration and afterwards President Lincoln's great War Secretary. When the Government brought suit to establish its title to the New Almaden Quicksilver mine, Stanton was attorney-general, and he selected Randolph to represent the Government in the litigation. The trial was the most important that had taken place in California down to that time, not only on account of the magnitude of the property interests involved, but of the intricate and novel questions presented in the case arising out of the unsettled condition of the law following upon the substitution in California of the common law of England for the civil law of Spain. The trial of the case, which took place in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco, before Justices McAllister and Hoffman, attracted widespread attention, and was conducted by the most distinguished bar that has ever been brought together in a single case in a California court before or since. Those claiming title against the Government retained all the leading lights of the local bar, beginning with the firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings, composed of H. W. Halleck, who was afterwards Chief of Staff, and as such Commander-in-Chief for a time of all the armies of the United States during the Civil War, and of Frederick K. Billings, who was afterwards one of the leaders in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad; another of the local bar was Hall McAllister, still young at that time, but of recognized ability and distinguished standing. In addition to the members of the local bar the claimants against the Government brought out from the East to assist in the trial Reverdy Johnson, who was accounted at that time the greatest master of the common law in the entire country, and who was afterwards U. S. Senator from Maryland and American Minister to the Court of St. James. They also brought to San Francisco to

take part in the trial Judah P. Benjamin, who was regarded as the most thorough master and exponent of the civil law, of the law of Rome, as it had obtained in the States formerly under Spanish rule, of which California was one. Benjamin, as all the world knows, was afterwards Confederate Secretary of War, and following upon the collapse of the Confederacy, went to England, where he was admitted to the bar, and, after a bitter struggle against poverty, achieved the highest distinction, and was at the time of his death retained on one side or the other of every case then pending in the House of Lords, the court of last resort in the English law. Such was the array of counsel employed by the claimants. On the side of the Government there was but one, Edmund Randolph, but it was the concensus of opinion of all those who witnessed the struggle of Titans, which was that long and arduous trial and which is reported in six great volumes of law books, that he alone was the equal of all the forensic forces pitted against him. The trial took place in the last month of Buchanan's administration. It lasted six weeks and completely exhausted Randolph's feeble physical powers. He died soon afterwards on the eve of achieving a fame that would have filled the land.

For a long time Marye had in his office in San Francisco a portrait by Sully of the earlier Edmund Randolph, Washington's attorney-general, and Randolph of California, who was a tall, slender man with a handsome head and clear, observant eyes, resembled it a good deal. But the picture furnished a most remarkable instance of how family likenesses will sometimes crop out again after one or more generations. If the body in the portrait had been covered over, leaving only the face visible, it might well have been taken without any effort of the imagination for a portrait of Margaret Randolph, the eldest daughter of Edmund Randolph of California.

From very early days, as far back as the early fifties, D. O. Mills was the agent in Sacramento of the New Alma-

den Mine, and he used to say that the profits of his business with the company were sufficient to pay all the office expenses of his bank. He received five per cent commission on all sales, but that was not all. The mine was largely owned by Mexican people, and though Walkinshaw, a Scotchman, was superintendent, the management was not provident and the company often wanted money faster than sales could be made. It would then offer to furnish quicksilver in a certain amount to be paid for at once on arrival at Sacramento, and would agree to accept a reduction of ten per cent on the price in consideration of immediate payment, and would also stipulate that the price would not be made lower until the consignment was fully disposed of. The quicksilver was sent to Sacramento by schooner and from there was distributed to the mines, and as the sales were extensive the commissions were very lucrative.

During the litigation with the Government, and after it, the Company wanted money, and Mills made it a large loan, receiving at the time a contract that he should have all the output of the mine for a term of years at a certain figure. This contract proved immensely profitable, for during its term the mines of the Comstock were opened up, and the demand for quicksilver was enormously increased, with a corresponding advance in prices. Until nearly the close of the contract, New Almaden continued virtually the only source of quicksilver supply on the Coast, and Mills controlled it. A short, but only a short time before the term expired, cinnabar was discovered in a number of places in California, and the price of quicksilver fell rapidly and much below the figure of Mills' contract. If the contract had continued much longer he would have dropped a good part, possibly all, of the profits he had made by it. Mills possessed very clear business vision, much acumen and discernment, but in this instance he was certainly befriended by fortune, and good luck rather than judgment saved him from loss.

Some of the remarkable men who have just been mentioned are spoken of in a strikingly interesting way by Judge C. C. Goodwin in his book, "As I Remember Them," a work which recalls very vivid memories to those who dwelt in Virginia City during its palmy days. Judge Goodwin lived in Virginia City at the same time as Marye, and, with Rollin M. Duggett and Joe Goodman, its proprietor, was the editor of the "Territorial Enterprize," which, under his able management and that of his colleagues, became and remained for a long time one of the two leading and most influential journals of the Coast published away from the "Bay." The "Enterprize," under the impetus thus given it by Goodwin and others, continued to be an important daily long after Virginia City had ceased to be the mining metropolis of the world, but it finally shrank with the dwindling prosperity of the town, and after dragging out for a time a precarious existence, it

breathed its last, or published its last issue, on the first of June, 1916, regretted by all who had known it. A history of the "Territorial Enterprize," by Judge Goodwin, if it is ever written, with his pen and his knowledge, would be of enduring interest and a valuable contribution to the early history of Nevada.

The unprecedented magnitude and richness of the ore-body developed in Crown Point and Belcher naturally gave rise to the feeling that mining on the Comstock would be permanent, and while those mines were still yielding their millions it was not infrequently said by business men of practical mind and conservative temperament that if a discovery of anything like the same importance should be made in the northern part of the Lode, mining on the Comstock would have the same permanent character as the mines of silver and copper have long had around Freiberg in Saxony or the coal mines of Cardiff in South Wales.

DESERTED DOCKS

With broken floors and tide stained piles they stand,
 In mute appeal as Trade ignoring sweeps;
 Erstwhile the spoils of nearly every land
 Piled on their boards in aromatic heaps.

Brigs from the silver bays on Spanish Main;
 Steamers from sunrise ports across the world,
 Warped to their berths while hoisting engine strain
 Blazoned the golden days as Commerce swirled.

None tread their boards save lads who now essay
 Their fishing fortunes from the lonely floors,
 And dream of dear adventures leagues away
 On ocean highways by the dim Azores.



Jack London in His Den, Valley of the Moon

Jack London---The Man

An Intimate View of His Life by a Fellow-Writer Who Visited
London at His Ranch a Few Weeks Before
the Great Novelist's Death

By Louis J. Stellmann.

Photo by the Author

A FEW weeks before Jack London's death, I spent a day at his ranch in Glen Ellen, and, though I had first met him nearly ten years before, it was on this occasion that I got my first real glimpse of Jack London, the Man. Hitherto, he had been the writer, discussing plots, editors, royalties and the like, almost exclusively, or the Socialist with his idealistic—and I cannot help but think impracticable—theories of government. And, later, he became the Rancher—the expert agriculturist if

you will. He was enthusiastic about his ranch, to which he had added from time to time, until, from a comparatively small holding, it had become a virtual barony of nearly fifteen hundred acres.

Jack London did not meet me when the train arrived at Glen Ellen that morning, though his chauffeur and automobile did. I learned afterward that he had made it a rule to keep his mornings inviolate. Even his closest friend—his wife herself—was not permitted to break in upon his work be-

tween nine and twelve. He kept his nose to the grindstone. But at noon he emerged, like a boy from the school-room, eager for out-of-doors, for enjoyment of mind and body. He tossed Responsibility from him like a cast-off garment.

When I first saw him that day it was at luncheon. He came from his study, throwing wide his arms as if his muscles craved a freeing relief from the confinement of the morning's labor. He made a cigarette cowboy fashion—that is, by rolling it with one hand—and began drawing in the smoke with a keen relish. This relish was characteristic of the man. Life did not become stale for him. It was always full of new and interesting problems, possibilities, creative potentialities.

He was stouter than when I saw him previously, and I had heard that his health was broken, but there was no evidence of this, except that he was on a diet, and did not participate in the general menu of our rather hearty luncheon. At the table were seated his wife and several other men, besides myself.

London usually had satellites about him. Sometimes they were the tramp friends of his former days, sometimes long-haired political theorists, artists, impecunious writers or poets. These in addition to the men famous in various walks of life, of which one or two might be found among his visitors almost any day. On the day of my visit, a well known editor sat opposite me—one who spoke familiarly of great names. Another was a friend of his mining days; still another was a socialist poet.

"Not long ago there was a Japanese poet here," Jack told us. "He wanted to be my disciple, and, when I informed him that I had no disciples, nor any use for one, he offered to become my butler. Alas, I had a butler; so, after a time the Japanese poet went away. He was here for several days, though—quite an interesting chap."

The editor had arranged a luncheon in New York some time before to introduce Jack London and David Gra-

ham Phillips, both contributors to his magazine.

"I know he didn't like me," said London, "because I was dressed in my unconventional Western way, and he looked like a fashion plate. I'm sorry, for I never got a chance to give him a better impression of me. He was shot by some lunatic soon afterward."

The editor smiled. "Do you know what Phillips said to me, Jack? He felt that he made a bad impression on you on account of his clothes. 'Jack probably thinks I'm a dude,' Phillips told me."

"And yet——" the editor turned to me. "They were brothers in spirit, those two: both big, plain, simple men, with the good of mankind very much at heart. If they'd met in the dark, they'd have been fine friends."

We discussed a certain poem which, several years ago, attracted the widest popular attention since "The Man With the Hoe."

"Not for me," said the editor—who didn't talk like one—"I don't insist on understanding poetry before considering it good, but unless I can come within a hundred miles of grasping its meaning, I shy at it. This stuff is about 1,250 miles beyond my mental capacity."

"Do you know what it's all about, Jack?" asked the miner.

"No," replied London, "I don't—but I know that there's a certain beauty about it. Beauty is worth money. That's why the magazine bought it. That's why every one was talking about it. Beauty is abstract. These Futurist painters know it. They're trying to express it. But we always ask Beauty: 'What's your name? Where do you live? How old are you? Where did you come from?' Isn't that true?" He looked at the editor.

"You've got beyond me, Jack," said the latter, frankly.

"Beauty should be radical. Beauty should be strong," said the Socialist Poet. But no one paid any attention to him.

We spoke of the city and the need of it in a writer's life. London dis-

claimed any such need. "Here I have a little world of my own," he said. "Valley and hill and wood and plain. I have my horses and the automobile. I see that a college professor has decided that my ranch is wrongly named—or translated. But I have called it Valley of the Moon, from Sonoma, and so have thousands of others. These professors are always trying to up-end our traditions, and they are seldom constructive. I am trying to be constructive. Most of this property passed into my hands because it was worn out. My job was to replenish it. I tried to get help from the agricultural wiseacres, but few of them had anything but unapplied and inapplicable theories to offer."

He smiled a little. "After all, if a fellow wants anything to suit him in this life he's got to learn how to find it and then go and get it."

After luncheon, Jack took us about the ranch in his automobile. He showed us his horses, his prize pigs, his spineless cactus, the blacksmith shop he had moved, bodily, from Glen Ellen and installed in an old winery. He took us to the top of the hill and showed us his artificial lake, and, last of all—pathetic ruin of a plan never to be realized—we viewed the charred walls of the bungalow-mansion that burned, so mysteriously, on the eve of completion, several years ago.

Later we visited the study where Jack did his writings. He wrote with a pen and corrected his "copy" before it was put into typewritten form. We had the pleasure of listening to his

reading of an introduction to a new story, in which he ridiculed literary critics rather sharply. The study is in one of several small buildings acquired with the ranch. It is a large, well ventilated room with many windows, adjoining a sleeping porch where London spent his nights on a narrow cot, winter and summer. Upon arising, he took a cold bath, had a light breakfast and began his writing. For some time he had set himself the daily task of writing a thousand words and correcting them. At 20 cents a word, that meant \$200. Most of us would consider ourselves very lucky to earn \$1,200 a week so easily. It seems like a snap, but it is by no means a sinecure, as any experienced writer knows, to do creative work in this fashion. One thousand words a day is a good average. Few, even among the most prolific of the world's great litterateurs, have kept up a greater pace.

London lived very simply. He dressed in a white linen suit, which consisted of a shirt and trowsers, the latter stuck into high boots. His shirt was always open at the throat, and he often went about his ranch bareheaded. At night he slept on a porch, sheltered on three sides, but open at the fourth. Within easy reach of his right hand was suspended a leather holster, with a colt's forty-five revolver. Jack was an expert shot, and more than once arose from his slumbers to drive off a nocturnal intruder. He did not care for hunting, however. He was too much of a sport to hunt defenseless game with a rifle or shot gun.



Science Makes a New Use For Your Heart

By Marshall Breeden

THE ANCIENTS were correct in fixing the abode of love in the heart, and so was the poet who has always apostrophized it as the dwelling place of the emotions, for, "In many ways doth the full heart reveal the presence of love it would conceal," and again, "Sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart."

And the biblicalist, does he not acknowledge its exalted attributes in, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Let us avail ourselves of a primal law of nature from which there is no appeal, viz., every phenomenon in nature is dependent upon matter in motion or vibration. No instruments of science are as sensitive as the organs of man. The lungs antedated the bellows; the heart, the pump; the hand, the lever; and the eye, the photographic camera. The eye is approximately 3,000 times as sensitive as the most rapid photographic plate. Telephonic and telegraphic apparatus are only crude mechanisms of what has always been done by our delicate nervous systems.

The radiations from the sun, with a short wave length, are perceived by the eye as light; and the long waves, unappreciated by the eye and acting on the skin, are called heat.

When light strikes the eye, the pupil contracts. This phenomenon is known as a reflex, and, like all reflexes, it is involuntary.

I had read the chapter on "Mind" by Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco in the recent book, "The Matchless Altar of the Soul," by Edgar Lucien Larkin, and I was very anxious to learn more of Dr. Abrams' work, so I visited him at his research laboratory.

"It is difficult for me," he said, "to translate my investigations into language understandable to the laity. Here, for instance," he continued, "is a very simple apparatus which I call a Sphygmopathometer. It's a big name, but all that it means is measuring disease by means of the pulse."

The principle of the instrument, like all great discoveries, was simplicity itself. It could be connected to the pulse by any one, and when this was done, you saw the rhythmic movements of a beam of light which corresponded with the beats of the heart."

Each disease has its own peculiar radioactivity; that is to say, it has a rate of vibration which is absolute and invariable. Dr. Abrams has discovered many reflexes and the reflex known as the "heart reflex of Abrams" is mentioned in every modern medical book on diseases of the heart. It occurred to Dr. Abrams to utilize the heart as a detector of different kinds of vibrations.

What is done in wireless telegraphy can be accomplished more delicately by the heart. If you drop a stone in a quiet pond, you see waves radiating across the water, and if you observe a cork floating on the surface you will notice it bob up and down, even if you could not see the waves, the cork would reveal them. It is practically a wave detector. If one could make ripples in the water of different lengths, the bobbings of the cork would spell out the words.

Now this is precisely what the heart can do.

Radioactivity is a comparatively recent development of science. It means that matter throws off rays. The relatively crude instruments of science

suggest that radioactivity is limited to about 36 bodies, but by utilizing the heart as a detector, Dr. Abrams has shown that everything in nature is radioactive. When the radiations of disease are transmitted to the heart, the beam of light of the sphygmographometer invariably rises beyond its ordinary rise. If the radiations are allowed to first pass through an instrument which measures the wave lengths the beam of light rises at definite points on the scale. After this manner one may detect incipient cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis and a large number of other diseases. Thus diagnosis can be established at the very earliest movement, and, at a time, when the ordinary methods of diagnosis would show nothing.

From the degree of rise of the beam of light, the severity of the disease can be gauged.

The latter fact is bound to be of the greatest possible service to the physician. It will inform him with mathematic certainty whether the disease is progressing or retrogressing. It tells him when his drugs are efficient or inefficient, and it is going to inform him how to evaluate his remedial measures.

If you strike the A string of a violin, the A string of a piano standing near sounds in harmony with it.

Now, the heart can similarly be made to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of disease, and if these vibrations are photographed, one obtains pictures corresponding to the vibratory rates of different diseases.

The instrument which Dr. Abrams has constructed for this purpose is called the Photopathosphygmograph, which means photographing the pulse when the radiations of disease are act-

ings of the disease (dotted lines) are superimposed on the normal tracings (continuous lines.)

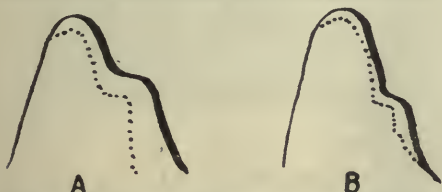
A shows the tracing in cancer, and B the tracing in tuberculosis. The departure from the normal curves as shown by the dotted lines is constant in both diseases, and is of great significance to the physician skilled in the interpretation of pulse tracings.

A curious outcome of Dr. Abrams' investigations relates to the treatment of disease. He has found that the few specific drugs used in the treatment of disease, like mercury in syphilis and quinine in malaria, have the same rate of vibration as the diseases for which they are given, and he is actively occupied in the study of new drugs with this object in view in the treatment of other diseases for which no specifics are known.

The manner in which a disease can be destroyed by a substance having the same vibratory rate as the disease itself can best be understood from the physical analogy of resonance.

Every object has a certain natural period of vibration. If we approach an object with a source of vibration of the same vibratory rate as itself, the object will be set in vibration. This forced vibration of the object may attain such magnitude as to fracture and utterly destroy it. It is a trick of Caruso to take a wineglass, and by tapping it, determine its tone (vibratory rate), and then by singing that tone into the glass, to shatter it. This is exactly what happens when you impose on disease its own vibratory rate.

Another instance of destructive resonance occurred in the early years of the 19th century. A troop of cavalry was marching over a new suspension bridge at Manchester. The cadence time of the marching step happened to be the same as the natural vibratory rate of the bridge, the latter was set in vibration, the vibration getting larger and larger, the whole structure finally collapsed with great loss of life. Ever since then, it has been the rule in crossing a bridge to break the marching step.



ing on the heart. Here are the pictures in cancer and tuberculosis. The trac-

Homeward Bound

By Newell Batman

I'm crackin' a farewell bottle
In a Chinese joint on the bay;
For I'm goin' back on the steamer
That sails for the States to-day.

I've served my time as a soldier,
Here in the Philippines;
And you bet the life in the army
Wasn't no lotus dream.

I'm sick of these beastly islands
And their lonely, torrid nights;
I'm glad to be leavin' the jungles
And the endless rebel fights.

And that's why I'm here in Manila
Spendin' my hard-earned dough,
Drinkin' it up in the "Shanghai" bar
Along with a pal I know.

Gee, we was rookies together
And fought in the big campaign;
We came on the same old transport
But he ain't goin' back again.

We went through it all together,
And it's hell to drift on alone
But he likes this life of adventure,
And he says that he won't go home.

But I'll never forget what I owe him,
For he saved my life one night,
In the wilds of Mindanao
In an insurrecto fight.

We was out with a scoutin' party,
And miles from our picket line;
We thought we was safe from the gu-gu's,
But they rushed us from behind.

We held them at bay in the open
Till the cartridges were gone;
Then we met their charge with the bay'net,
But we couldn't last for long.

The troopers broke for the jungle,
I fell with a wound in my side;
But *he* cut his way through the heathens
And carried me back alive.

He got me into the cover,
We thought we were safe in the maze;
But the niggers came with their torches
And they set the grass ablaze.

He dragged me along through the bushes
And into a hidden stream,
Where I lay for an hour unconscious;
The rest was a fevered dream.

Then I sailed the seas in many ships,
And roamed the world around;
And I saw adventures in every port
Wherever the ships were bound.

And this is lore of the seven seas;
A sailor's log, my man,
So learn from me, about the sea,
But live your life on land.



The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Bible as a Divine Revelation---Continued from Last Month

The Same Plan, Spirit and Purpose Prevade the Entire Book

Part VI

IN THE ARTICLES foregoing, we have been deeply impressed with what we have found regarding the sterling and noble qualities of the writers of the Bible. We have found no reason whatever to attribute to them any selfish or impure motives, and have seen how shallow and weak is the argument usually brought forth by infidels which credits priests and knaves with having written the Sacred Book. Likewise the claim is without foundation that any of the denominations of Christendom have had to do with making the Bible. This is manifested from the fact that the Bible throughout contradicts in large measure the creeds of Christendom. If, for instance, Catholics had made the Bible, they would naturally have put into it many things which are not there; they would have told about the Mass, about Purgatory, Hell-fire and eternal torment, of which there is nothing said; they would have intimated that we should use beads and images in worship; they would have said something about the immaculate conception of the Virgin and about St. Peter's being the first Pope.

If, on the other hand, the Presbyterians had written the Bible, they would have put in a great deal about Hell, about elect and non-elect infants, etc. Methodists would have left out all about Election—making one's calling and election sure, the Very Elect, etc.; for they do not know what to do with these texts. Our Calvinist friends would have left out the texts about Free Grace; for these do not fit in with their ideas of Election. All these

denominations would have inserted something in regard to "the Trinity;" for they all hold that this doctrine is the very essence of faith, although it is not mentioned even once in the Bible! Our conclusion, therefore, is that none of these denominations had anything to do with the making of the Bible.

Having seen that the writers of the Bible were of unimpeachable character, let us note, as additional evidence of Divine inspiration, that there is a grand and noble Theme common to them all—a Theme interwoven through the Law and the Prophets and throughout the New Testament, traversing a period of fifteen hundred years. In fact, we find one plan, spirit, aim and purpose pervades the entire Book. Its opening pages record the creation and the fall of man; its closing pages tell of man's recovery from that fall; and its intervening pages show the successive steps of the Plan of God for the accomplishment of this purpose.

The harmony, yet contrast, of the first three and the last three chapters of the Bible is striking. The one describes the first creation; the other, the renewed or restored creation with sin and its penal-curse removed. The one shows Satan and evil entering the world to deceive and destroy; the other shows his work undone, the destroyed ones restored, evil extinguished and Satan destroyed. The one shows the dominion lost by Adam; the other shows it restored and forever established by Christ, and God's will done in earth as in Heaven. The one shows sin to be the producing cause of degra-

dation, shame and death; the other shows the reward of righteousness to be glory, honor and life.

The Bible is marvelous alone as a collection of moral precepts, wise maxims and words of comfort. But it is far more than this! Though written by many pens, at various times, under different circumstances, the Bible is a reasonable, philosophical and harmonious statement of the causes of present evil in the world, its only remedy and the final results as anticipated by Divine Wisdom, which saw the end of the Plan from before its beginning, marking as well the pathway of God's people, and upholding and strengthening them with exceeding great and precious promises to be realized in due time.

*A Ransom-Price An Absolute
Necessity.*

The teaching of Genesis that man was tried in a state of original perfection in one representative, that he failed and that the present imperfection, sickness and death are the results, but that God has not forsaken him, and will ultimately recover him through a Redeemer, born of a woman (Genesis 3:15), is elaborated through the Bible. The necessity of the death of a Redeemer as a sacrifice for sins, and of His Righteousness as a covering for sin, is clearly pointed out in the clothing of skins for Adam and Eve, in the acceptance of Abel's offerings, in Isaac on the altar, in the death of the various sacrifices by which the patriarchs had access to God, and of those instituted under the Law and perpetuated throughout the Jewish Age.

The New Testament writers clearly and forcibly, yet simply, record the fulfillment of the Old Testament predictions regarding this Redeemer (Isaiah 53; Daniel 9:26; Zechariah 11:12) in Jesus of Nazareth; and by logical reasonings they show that such a Ransom-price as He gave was needful, as already predicted in the Law and the Prophets, before the sin of the world could be blotted out. (Isaiah

1:18.) They trace the entire Plan in a most logical and forcible manner, appealing to neither the prejudice nor the passions of their hearers, but to enlightened reason alone, furnishing some of the most remarkably close and cogent reasoning to be found anywhere on any subject. See Romans 5:17-12:1, 2.

Moses, in the Law, pointed not alone to a sacrifice, but also to a blotting out of sins and a blessing of the people under this great Deliverer, whose power and authority he declared shall vastly exceed his own, though it should be "like unto" his. The promised Deliverer is to bless not only Israel, but through Israel "all the families of the earth." (Genesis 12:3; 18:18; 22:18; 26:4.) Notwithstanding the prejudices of the Jewish people to the contrary, the Prophets continue the same strain, declaring that Messiah shall be also "for a light to lighten the Gentiles," that the Gentiles shall come to Him "from the ends of the earth," etc.—Isaiah 44:5; 42:1-7; 49:6; Jeremiah 16:19; Malachi 1:11; Luke 2:32.

The New Testament writers claim a Divine anointing which enabled them to realize the fulfillment of the prophecies concerning the sacrifice of Christ. Though prejudiced, as Jews, to think of every blessing as limited to their own people (Acts 11:1-8), they were enabled to see that while their nation would be blessed, all the families of the earth would be blessed also, with and through them. They also saw that, before the blessing of either Israel or the world, a selection would be made of a "little flock" from both Jews and Gentiles who, being tried, would be found worthy to be made joint-heirs of the glory and honor of the great Deliverer, and sharers with Him in the honor of blessing Israel and all the nations.—Romans 8:17.

Grandeur and Breadth of God's Plan.

These writers point out the harmony of this view with the Law and the Prophets; and the grandeur and breadth of the Plan they present more

than meets the most exalted conception of what it purports to be—"Good Tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people." The thought of Messiah as ruler not only of Israel, but also of the world, as suggested in the Books of Moses, is the theme of all the Prophets. The thought of the Kingdom was uppermost also in the teachings of the Apostles; and Jesus taught that we should pray, "Thy Kingdom come," and promised those a share in it who would first suffer for the Truth and thus prove themselves worthy.

And let not the reader overlook, in this connection, that as a further strong proof of the Divine inspiration of the Prophets and Apostles, they have accurately foretold present day conditions throughout the earth—conditions which they describe as just preceding the final overthrow of Satan's empire, and the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth. The awakening of humanity during the past fifty years by the marvelous increase of knowledge on all subjects, the spread of unrest and discontent among the nations, and, above all, the engagement of the nations in the most dreadful conflict of history—all this the Prophets foresaw as long as twenty-five hundred years ago. Additionally, they have vividly portrayed the culmination of this awful conflict in the utter wreck of present institutions, that on the ruins thereof there will arise a new and eternal institution—Messiah's Kingdom for man's blessing.—Daniel 12:1, 4; Zephaniah 3:8, 9.

The hope of sharing in this coming Kingdom gave all the faithful ones of the past the courage to endure persecution and to suffer reproach, deprivation and loss, even unto death. In the grand allegorical prophecy which closes the New Testament, the "Lamb that was slain" (Revelation 5:12), the "overcomers," whom He will make Kings and Priests in His Kingdom, and the trials and obstacles which they must overcome to be worthy to share that Kingdom are all faithfully portrayed. Then are introduced symbolic representations of the blessings to accrue to

the world under that Millennial Reign, When Satan shall be bound, Adamic death and sorrow wiped out, and all the nations of earth walk in the light of the Heavenly Kingdom—the new Jerusalem.

The Resurrection of the Dead.

From first to last the Bible holds out a doctrine found nowhere else, and in opposition to the theories of all the heathen religions—that a future life for the dead will come through A RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. All the inspired writers expressed their confidence in a Redeemer; and one declared that "in the Morning," when God shall call all mankind from the tomb, the wicked shall no longer hold the rulership of the earth; for "The upright shall have dominion over them in the Morning."—Psalm 49:14.

The resurrection of the dead is taught by the Prophets of Israel; and the writers of the New Testament base all their hopes of future life and blessing upon it. St. Paul expresses it thus: "If there be no resurrection of the dead then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith also vain; . . . then they which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. But now is Christ arisen from the dead, and becomes the First-fruits of them that slept; . . . for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Corinthians 15:13-22.

To Throw Out the Miracles Would Discredit the Whole.

Among the so-called "advanced thinkers" and "great theologians" of the present day, it is becoming popular to treat lightly, or to ignore, if they do not deny, many of the Old Testament miracles, calling them "old wives' fables." Of these are the accounts of Jonah and the great fish, Noak and the ark, Eve and the serpent, the standing still of the sun at Joshua's command, and Balaam's ass. Seemingly these wise men overlook the fact that the Bible is so interwoven and united in its various parts that to tear from it these miracles, or even to dis-

credit them, is to destroy or discredit the whole. For if the original accounts were false, those who repeated them were either falsifiers or dupes; and in either case it would be impossible for us to accept their testimony as Divinely inspired. To eliminate from the Bible the miracles mentioned would invalidate the testimony of its principal writers, besides that of our Lord Jesus.

The story of the fall is attested by St. Paul (Romans 5:17); also Eve's beguilement by the Serpent. (2 Corinthians 11:3; 1 Timothy 2:14. See also our Lord's reference to the latter in Revelation 12:9; 20:2.) The standing of the sun at the overthrow of the Amorites was evidently typical of the Lord's power to be displayed in the future, in the "Day of the Lord," at the hand of Him whom Joshua typified. This is attested by three Prophets. (Isaiah 28:21; Habakkuk 2:1-3, 13, 13; 3:2-11; Zechariah 14:1, 6, 7.) The account of the speaking ass is confirmed by St. Jude (Verse 11) and by St. Peter. (2 Peter 2:16.) The Great Teacher, Jesus, confirms the narratives of Jonah and the great fish and of Noah and the Flood.—Matthew 12:40; 24:38, 39; Luke 17:26. See also 1 Peter 3:20.

The Most Wonderful of All Miracles.

Really, the miracles above referred to are no greater than those performed by our Lord and His Apostles, such as the turning of water into wine, the healing of diseases, etc.; and as a miracle, the awakening of the dead is the most wonderful of all.

These miracles, not common to our experience, find parallels about us every day, which are passed by unnoticed. The reproduction of living organisms is beyond our comprehension, as well as beyond our power—hence miraculous. We can see the exercise of life principle, but can neither understand nor produce it. We plant two seeds side by side; the conditions—air, water and soil—are alike. They grow; we cannot tell how; nor can the wisest philosopher explain the mira-

cle. These seeds develop organisms of opposite tendencies. One creeps, the other stands erect. Form, flower, color, everything differs, though the conditions were the same.

Such miracles grow common to us; and we cease to remember them as such, as we leave the wonderment of childhood. Yet they manifest a power as much beyond our own and beyond our limited intelligence, as the few miracles recorded in the Bible for special purposes, and as illustrations of omnipotence and of the ability of our great Creator to overcome every obstacle and to accomplish all His will, even to the promised resurrection of the dead, the extermination of evil, and the ultimate Reign of Everlasting Righteousness.

Divine Attributes in Perfect Harmony.

Here we rest the case. Every step has been attested by reason. We have found that there is a God, a supreme, intelligent Creator, in whom Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power exist in perfect harmony. We have found it reasonable to expect a revelation of His Plans to His creatures capable of appreciating them. We have found the Bible, claiming to be that Revelation, worthy of consideration. We have examined its writers, and their possible objects, in the light of what they taught. We have been astonished at the results; and reason has told us that such Wisdom, combined with such purity of motive, was not the cunning device of crafty men for selfish ends.

Reason has urged that it is far more probable that such righteous, benevolent sentiments and laws must be of God and not of men, and has insisted that they could not be the work of knavish priests, especially as we have seen how the Old Testament prophecies and the teachings of our Lord and His Apostles so interlock and depend upon one another that no human being could possibly have thought out the great Plan therein found. All the way from Genesis to Revelation the parts so coordinate that one great, harmonious Plan of the Ages is the result. We

have seen the consistency of the testimony concerning Jesus, His Ransom-sacrifice, and the resurrection and blessing of all as the outcome, in His glorious Kingdom to come; and reason has told us that a scheme so grand and comprehensive—beyond all that we could otherwise expect, yet built upon such reasonable deductions—must be the Plan of God for which we seek. It cannot be the mere device of men; for even when revealed, it is almost too grand to be believed by men.

We have taken but a hasty glance at

the surface claims of the Scriptures to be of Divine origin, and have found them reasonable. Succeeding articles will unfold the various parts of the Plan of God, and will, we trust, give ample evidence to every candid mind that the Bible is a Divinely inspired Revelation; and that the length, breadth, height and depth of the Plan which it unfolds reflect gloriously the Divine character, hitherto but dimly comprehended, but now more clearly seen in the light of the dawning Millennial Day.

THE CLIMBER

Do you know where the Rocky Mountains
 Surge upward, dazzling high,
 And the glint of snow and star-foam
 Commingle in the sky?
 A few of us fools, we love it,
 Not for the yield of the land—
 For its steeps are grim and rugged
 And seared by the lava's brand.
 Volcanic fires have burned it,
 Glaciers have chiseled its peaks
 And God has hid in its bosom
 The gold that the pilgrim seeks.
 We love it not for its metals
 And not for its fruit nor grain,
 But for the Vision that crowns it,
 The Treasure greater than gain;
 For the pangs of hunger that gnawed us,
 Dangers that threatened the trail,
 The lure that tempted us onward,
 The courage that nerved us to fail.
 The way of the world is a myst'ry
 And each must follow his bent,
 The clarion call of the mountains
 Or the sloth of a smug content.
 Some must grub blind in the Darkness—
 Muck in the sump of a mine—
 Others must gather the shekels:
 A few demand the divine.
 Pine breath that sweetens the nostrils,
 Signal of stars in the night,
 And the sunset clouds, rose-breasted,
 Like flamingoes in full flight;
 The toil of arduous striving,
 The goal of a Peak that's won—
 These are the wealth of the Climber—
 And Dreams when the Day is done!

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS.

The War and Wealth

By Hosmer Redpath

THERE are two ways in which we can regard the accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom; we can regard it either as a sum-total of things possessed, or as a sum-total of their values. We can, that is, make either an inventory or a valuation. It is important to notice that these are not the same thing, and do not give the same results in the same problem. Not only may the former remain unchanged while the latter, through price fluctuations, is subject to variation; but also the latter may remain stable while the former vitally changes its character. To take a vivid example, suppose a man to have \$5,000 which he wants to invest. He may buy either War Loan, or—surreptitiously—South American Railway stock. Either way, his scrip is to be reckoned in the sum-total of our accumulated wealth. But after the war, in the latter case the national inventory will include his joint ownership of certain rails and rolling stock across the Atlantic; while in the former some part of the scrip cannot be materially represented, for it can only be expressed in terms of glory, victory, vindication and the like.

The scrip remains as capital wealth, and the interest remains as income (though its source may change) whatever the man does with his savings, whether there be wood and steel or duties and satisfactions impalpable as air behind them. How important is this difference may further be seen if we remember that the shipping element in our accumulated wealth has from the one standpoint considerably decreased, while from the other it has very materially increased. Hence a possible result of the valuation stand-

point might prove us capitally wealthier than we were in 1914, though we have fewer material goods to show on the inventory.

From the inventory standpoint, the accumulated wealth of our economically advanced island country, protected by an efficient navy, cannot suffer much. For the greater part of it is situated within our own territories and ex hypothesi escapes the destruction visited upon Belgium, for it consists in land, houses, railways, canals, buildings, plant, amenities and so forth. Apart from the loss of shipping, and occasional damage brought about by naval or aerial raids, it remains what it was. What is lost chiefly is part of the normal annual addition to that inventory; it is lost through a slackening or cessation in the renewal of production goods and in the increase of production goods, whether situated at home or abroad. Some part, that is, of the funds which patriotic good-will or tax produced poverty, or legislative restrictions withheld from uses unconnected with the War, is permanently lost—not the whole of that part, for much of it is merely redistributed in the shape, for instance, of war profits and war bonuses. One interesting element in the loss, from this standpoint, appears in the exchange of scrip for things. When the citizen sells to the government scrip for resale in America our inventory reads differently, though the valuation is unchanged; our realizable assets are exactly what they were—say a capitalized 6 per cent, but there is less behind them. In this connection, the only way in which a real loss could be both sustained and represented may be illustrated by the confiscation of all property in land,

such land being sold "in desirable lots" to Americans who prefer the aristocratic flavor of rent to the commercial flavor of profit. In this case the "goods" are gone, and there is no scrip to add to our accumulated wealth.

The facts and conceptions involved in a comparison of the cost of the war with our accumulated wealth make it an unsatisfactory, if not an impossible, comparison, though it has been both suggested and used. Clearly the inventory basis affords no guidance, even is we could disentangle the indescribable complications of such an inventory. On the other hand, the market valuation of the goods may be anything between \$40,000,000 and \$120,000,000, according to recent estimates; and even were it fixed at a point, instead of between such wide limits, it is only a valid valuation on the assumption that the goods are not sold. Further, far the gravest losses of war consist in lives and capacities spent, and pace Sir Robert Giffen these are inestimable things (they are not included in any estimate of our accumulated wealth known to the writer.) Again, that accumulated wealth is so widely heterogeneous that no comparison could ever satisfy the requirements of sanity, even if it were mentally capable of realization. We may in fact state bluntly that such a comparison would make even this war appear an expense insignificant—a millionaire's donation to a home for imbeciles.

It is not by viewing the costs of war as the destruction of a Broadwood in a rich man's palace, or of a typewriter in his office, that we can see its economic significance. While its economic importance is, we venture to say, the least of its importances, it is necessary that we *should* realize it, and such realization is better achieved in terms of income. There are very considerable difficulties even in taking income as a standard of comparison, if only because innumerable goods and services are not represented in it. But at least it is a more workable criterion. What is our national income? None can say. Immediately before the war it could

reasonably be put somewhat above \$10,000,000,000 per annum. During the war the rise in prices has increased it far more than the additions, if any, to the flow of goods and services which it represents. At the moment it may be in the neighborhood of \$14,000,000,000. Price fluctuations make it very difficult to determine its annual rate of increase, but with that very useful conception we may dispense. To realize the cost of the war by a comparison we must either express that cost in terms of the prices of 1914, if we use the pre-war income as a basis of comparison, or risk the estimate of its present figure, about which there is room for more doubt. The war began at a cost of a little over one million pounds per day; it has nearly reached six millions; for a long period it stood in the neighborhood of five. Deducing loans presumably recoverable, we may reasonably take its standing cost at 25 million per day, or about \$9,000,000,000 per annum, which whatever may be our present income exactly, is at any rate some two-thirds thereof, and is more likely to increase than to decrease for as long as the war lasts. Put in that way, we can more easily see what the war means of mere monetary expense. Were it all to be met by strictly proportional taxation, the recipients of the biggest incomes would certainly be reduced more nearly to what their capacity "earns," the \$1,500 secretary would be living on less than \$10 per week, and the munition worker receiving the remuneration of a dust-man. Nor would there be any slack times for William Davis's melancholy undertaker!

One may examine the question in other lights. Apart from the hundreds of millions that have been raised by taxation to meet the cost of the war, the National Debt, when unified, will certainly exceed \$15,000,000,000, and probably exceed \$20,000,000,000. At 5 per cent these figures mean respectively the addition to taxation of \$750,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000 per annum. Pensions and allowances are not here included, so that the revenue raised

for all national purposes before the war must at least be doubled before any increase in the old services, or any additional new service, can be undertaken, and that with a large percentage of the most vigorous producers, and therefore tax-producers, killed or maimed. Or suppose our annual pre-war savings reached the figure of \$2,000,000,000, now worth, say, \$2,650,000,000, this sum mostly going to renewals and creations of income producing stock. Not only are those savings as they arise wiped out, but in addition from two to three times their amount is lost from our expenditure on necessities and comforts. It is as if a man earning thirty shillings per week, of which he used to save six, should be driven to live on ten. And many other crude uses of these crude figures might be made—valid enough so long as one remembers that the money has somehow, somewhere, got to be raised, and that here and now.

Such uses would, however, still remain viciously crude, for several important and many minor reasons. In the first place we are shifting part of the burden on to the shoulders of posterity, and only bearing part ourselves. During the year 1916-17, for instance, about one-sixth of the cost of the war for that year will probably be met by taxation (pre-war services \$1,000,000,000; revenue, \$2,500,000,000.) The rest has to be found, but those who find it, their heirs and assigns, and so forth, will get it back from us and our children. In the next place, to the extent to which there is real net economy, we are not only setting free goods and services for national use, as it were, but also increasing the fund from which war costs may be met. Even if I merely put money, that I would normally have spent, in a stocking or a tea-pot, I perform the services of demanding less productive and transport labor, and of (infinitesimally) reducing prices. If the Post Office Bank is my stocking, obviously I do more than this. In the third place—and this consideration is an important and in some respects a comforting one—though the

costs must somehow and in some sense be met here and now, with or without later returns to individuals and corporations, only a portion of them is literally thrown or blown away. Of the pounds-x increase in my income tax a goodly percentage represents mere redistribution. The sum of all its components that can be pictured as pounds-a to Jones & Co of Huddersfield, pounds-b to Motoralitis of Coventry, pounds-c to Caterers & Co. of London, pounds-d to lathe-minder Smith of Birmingham, and so on, is not less than half, and may be considerably more than half, of my pounds-x contribution.

In the fourth place, some of the civil requirements of the men in khaki have either not to be met at all or not to be met in the same way. The mere saving, for instance, in what the old standing army technically termed "civvies" must be quite considerable, and it is but one of many items. In other words the war-cost of a soldier is an excess cost, not an absolute cost reckoned from zero.

Such qualifications of the earlier statement represent very different things. That none stands wholly and exclusively for advantage gained is clearly seen. To the extent to which redistribution endows an extravagant class there is an obvious discount to be made from its equally obvious gain. To the extent to which economy, force or voluntary, impairs the efficiency of human capital, a similar discount appears. Even so, the total net effect of these and similar qualifications is to lessen the gravity inherent in the cost-account of war as baldly stated.

The general result appears to be that while the gross sum representing the cost of the goods and services used in war has to be found here and now, whether by loans or by taxation, or, to dig deeper, by working harder and eating less, the net total is considerably less than that amount. That the country has so well stood the strain of producing it is legitimately matter for wonder. That it can stand it for some time to come if—which Heaven for-

fiend!—the war so demands, is probably true, given speedy and intelligent adaptation to the changing requirements of circumstance. That confidence after the war, the confidence which restrains itself lest depression follow boom, can help us much to minimize the evil long-period effects of war is practically certain. At the same time, in the sphere of economic considerations alone, the burden is a grievous burden alike in its amount and in its significance. To suggest that it may reasonably be conceived, for certain purposes, as a burden of about \$17,500,000 rather than of \$25,000,000 per day, of one-half rather than of two-thirds of our national income, ought not to be interpreted as an effort to "neglect the weight of the elephant." Whether a better use of the national income could have shortened the war is a question too difficult to determine, since more money in itself could not have produced the re-organization of national resources and aims which the war made necessary. That reorganization was not a financial but a human problem. Whether better use of the national income could have avoided

the war altogether is a far bigger and not less indeterminate problem, partly because one can only answer for one's own fellow nationals, if even for them, partly because every thinkable solution (such, for instance, as the facile suggestion of a greater outlay on armaments) is open to the most serious dispute.

Apart, however, from war and war's uses, that our national income could have stood far bigger communal strains in the past, if it had been better used, goes without saying, and the important question is whether or no those other uses are such in their nature as to make war less attractive, alike to ourselves and to other nations, as a solution of the differences that human intercourse is everlastingly fated to produce. No difference is ever so important a matter as the mode of its solution, and if wealth can find uses, individual and corporate, that will undermine men's faith in the most dreadful solution of all, the burden of this war—the price of justice as consummated by war—will become the easier to bear. But these problems belong to another inquiry.

W O R D S

Oh, let me choose some jewel-studded words
 To set your message, (never sent) my love,
 All sweetly timbred, like the song of birds
 Just wakening in the fragrant boughs above!

Soft, quivering ones that breathe the warm caress
 I fain would give you—though we walk apart—
 And mirror for your eyes the tenderness
 That, dumbly silent, lies within my heart!

JO. HARTMAN.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Bishop Spaulding's Life," by John Howard Mellish.

A biography told mainly in letters of a son to his mother is "Franklin Spencer Spaulding," by John Howard Mellish. The subject was the Episcopal bishop of Utah, a lovable, manly character, a champion of the poor and weak, and a great preacher of righteousness. Mr. Mellish lets him tell his story and the result is an inspiring account of an unselfish and serviceable life. Bishop Spaulding was a compelling and, in many ways, unique figure in the American Episcopal church through his ardent championship of social righteousness, and his work in Utah among the Mormons.

Born in Erie, Pa., in 1865, he was the son of Bishop John Franklin Spaulding of Colorado, an early pioneer in Episcopal Missions in the West. Franklin Spaulding was carefully reared in an ideal Christian home. From the very first his mother was his dearest companion and friend, and continued to be so until his death. No one ever came quite so near his heart and mind as she did.

\$2.25 net. Macmillan & Company, New York.

"The Phoenix," by Constance M. Warren.

"The Phoenix," by Constance M. Warren, moves in the best circles and finds in them the average passions and petty jealousies of the rest of the race. The story can be briefly outlined. Janet Bulyon, the daughter of a Boston millionaire, is slated by her set to become the wife of Donald Craig, who has more "family" than means. But at the dance where she expects him to propose, Donald announces that he is obliged to go to Alaska on business. He is to be gone away some years. Assuming this to be Donald's method of

withdrawing from his "understanding" with her, Janet marries Osborne Slade, a fashionable scion with political aspirations. Her life with Osborne, although somewhat relieved by the baby Augustus, is a bore; and Janet finds charity a source of diversion. Vagaries about the distribution of wealth set her thinking, but these are soon dispelled by Osborne's interest in Miriam Lansing, a pulchritudinous widow. Janet is tempted to use an affair with Herman Duer as a reprisal, but she resists the temptation. She and Osborne come to an understanding—he to mind his own business and she to do likewise, and furnish the money.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"At the Sign of the Muse," by Pearl L. Norton.

This collection of short poems in varied forms might be characterized as a smiling book. Not because it essays humor—it does not; but because of its buoyant light-heartedness and healthy, youthful optimism. It is not heartless, nor are life's burdens denied, but so much that is lovely and pleasing is found in nature, men and God that there is little room left for gloom and despair.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, French & Co., New York.

"Lake Breezes," by Arthur William Fisher.

Lake Ontario as a source of inspiration needs neither explanation nor apology. The author of these poems has felt the influence of the beauty of the lake and its surroundings from childhood. His work would crystallize some few of its innumerable shifting scenes, and condense to definite form the half-articulate messages that wind and wave have sung him. Such poems as "Sunset on the Lake," "Breakers

on Lake Ontario" and "A Calm on Lake Ontario" are descriptive; not heavily filled with adjectives, exhausting words and audience; a deftly sketched outline suggests to the sympathetic imagination a colorful whole, its green trees and brown water peopled with wood and water folk.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, French & Co., New York.

"Mrs. Hope's Husband," by Gelett Burgess.

After all, how would you like to be known as your wife's husband? Lester Hope discovered one evening that he had become a nonentity, a mere business man. He was no longer loved by his wife; he seemed prosaic. Her fancy ran out seeking interesting men; and there were plenty of them who were attractive to her, and to whom she was attractive—painters, authors, sculptors, celebrities like herself. But Lester Hope was a lawyer, a keen student of human psychology, and his lawyer brain devised a scheme whereby he regained her love and his own self-respect. There is a most satisfactory ending to this delightfully told story.

Before "Mrs. Hope's Husband" goes to press, one of the best known dramatists in America will have begun making a play from the manuscript, for it is the liveliest comedy story an American author has produced in a long time.

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh. \$1.00 net. The Century Company, New York.

"Introduction to Sociology," by Emory S. Bogardus, Ph. D., Professor of Sociology, University of Southern California.

According to the author, this syllabus is published as it is being worked out in practice at the University of Southern California. While not in its finished form, it represents a beginning in what may be an important direction. The work of teaching in the field of the social sciences is handicapped through lack of adequate course of study that will introduce the student to the gen-

eral field, and at the same time give him a comprehensive outlook. While this outline does not represent such an adequate course, it is printed in its present shape in order that it may be improved as a result of criticism.

It is here attempted to present, for example, the political or economic factors in social progress not only from a sociological point of view, but in such a way that the student will want to continue along political science or economic lines as the case may be. The student is not urged to follow up this course with purely sociological studies, but the attempt is made to direct his social interest so that it will find wholesome expression through law, politics, business and so forth. In this outline, history may not appear to have received full consideration as an important member of the group of social sciences, but the course is based on historical data. The historical method is used more or less continuously, and such constant emphasis is laid on historical explanations and backgrounds that by the time the course is completed, history is likely to have received more than its proportionate attention.

\$1.50 net. University of Southern California Press, Los Angeles.

"Heroes and Heroines," by Mary R. Parkman.

Mary R. Parkman, whose "Heroes of Today" and "Heroines of Service" is appearing in book form, tells how she came to write these biographies. "During all the years of my teaching," she writes, "my special interest has been children's literature, and the selection and adaptation of the great world stories for the use of the storyteller. I was dissatisfied with most of the versions that have been prepared for children. They seemed to me trivial and childish rather than simple and childlike, and hopelessly lacking in true literary feeling. I took particular delight in making my own versions of the stories that I told. When I began to work up biographical stories of the great men of our own time for children

of the intermediate and grammar grades, I discovered that it was practically an untouched field. The stories of the Heroines and Heroines of Today, which I have been contributing to St. Nicholas, are the direct outgrowth of that discovery. They have appealed to children, and to the children of larger growth that we call 'grown-ups.' It is the hope of the writer that they may meet a need and find a welcome with the larger public whom the books may reach."

The Century Company, New York.

"Studies in Democracy," by Julia A. Gulliver.

Three somewhat obvious addresses comprise Julia A. Gulliver's "Studies in Democracy." The fact that two of them are baccalaureate sermons may explain their limitations, for nothing seems to stultify original thought like the necessity of imparting it to June graduates.

In the first essay, "The essence of democracy," we learn that Lincoln was more anxious to "preserve the Union" than to free the slaves; and that the end of the present war is constructive, not destructive. . . . The divine purpose ever expressing itself in perpetual renewals. In "The search for the holy grail" Dr. Gulliver enumerates the capacities of and opportunities for women. Scientific discoveries and sociological achievements are cited to show what a remarkable sex woman really is. Look at Jane Addams and Mme. Curie! And in the last address upon "The efficiency of democracy" we are shown the proper combination of so-called German economic freedom with Anglo-Saxon political independence—how to unite Frederic C. Howe and George Havens Putnam.

\$1.00 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Twenty Years at Court," by Mrs. Steuart Erskine.

Eleanor Stanley, whose private letters are collected by Mrs. Steuart Erskine in "Twenty Years at Court," became maid of honor to Queen Victoria

in 1842. For twenty years she filled this position, resigning it in 1862, but subsequently returning to the Queen's household for a brief period. The letters have a sufficiently personal character to convey an idea of the young woman's mind and tastes, and they are full of information that is not in itself important except in so far as it fits into the larger scheme of political or social history, but is sprightly, revealing and readable.

Miss Stanley writes with an amiably ironical note that is characteristic of bright young women in various ranks of life. Women are sometimes said to have no sense of humor. It is a very doubtful generalization at best, but as regards young women it is entirely false.

Published by Scribner's, New York.

"In These Latter Days."

Two years ago, while the cry in this country was for peace at any price, Hubert Howe Bancroft, the well known historian of the Pacific Coast, wrote: "Better the United States should join the Allies than that Germany should win." He said also, then as now: "Beware of Nippon, beware of breeding Japanese in America for American citizenship; safeguard China; hold the Pacific; elevate public morality; purify government—in a word, Americanize America, and this ever with renewed hope, thanking God for the wisdom and power to fight for the honor and integrity of our nation."

"In These Latter Days" was published prior to the declaration of war with Germany. Like all the books written by Mr. Bancroft, the pages are packed with hard facts that pyramid themselves almost automatically into vital conclusions. He points out the weak and the strong points of the country wisely, forcibly and persistently, and the reader cannot escape his conclusions. He scores this country roundly for permitting the Japanese to grab "our most priceless asset, the economic supremacy of the Pacific, the greatest and most opulent of oceans, in whose development is, in values, not

only our destiny, but the destiny of nations. The writer's views are big and comprehensive, and his conclusions are well worth considering in these days when our old world and old ideas are being turned topsy-turvey." The book furnishes a handy perspective of what may come from this drastic war.

\$2.00 net. Blakely-Oswald Company, Chicago.

"The United States Post Office," by Daniel C. Roper, Vice-Chairman U. S. Tariff Commission, First Assistant Postmaster General, 1913, 1916.

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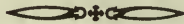
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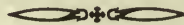
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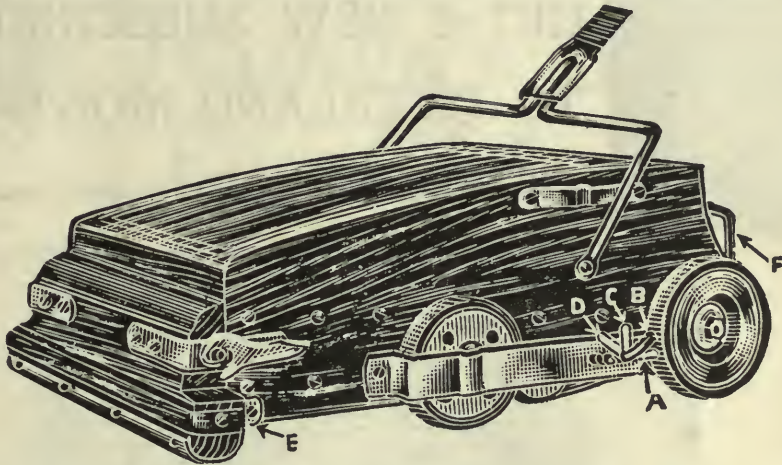
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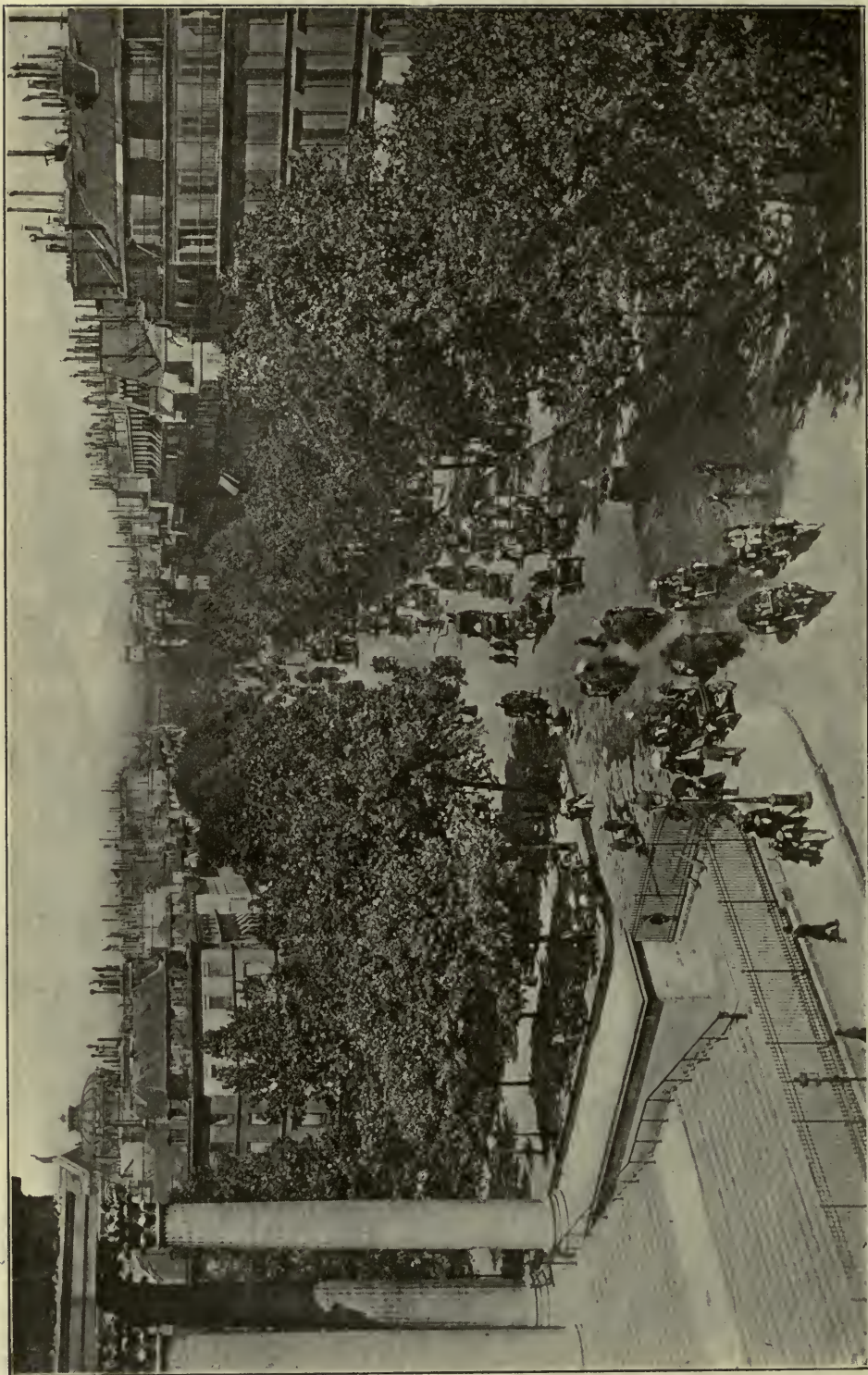
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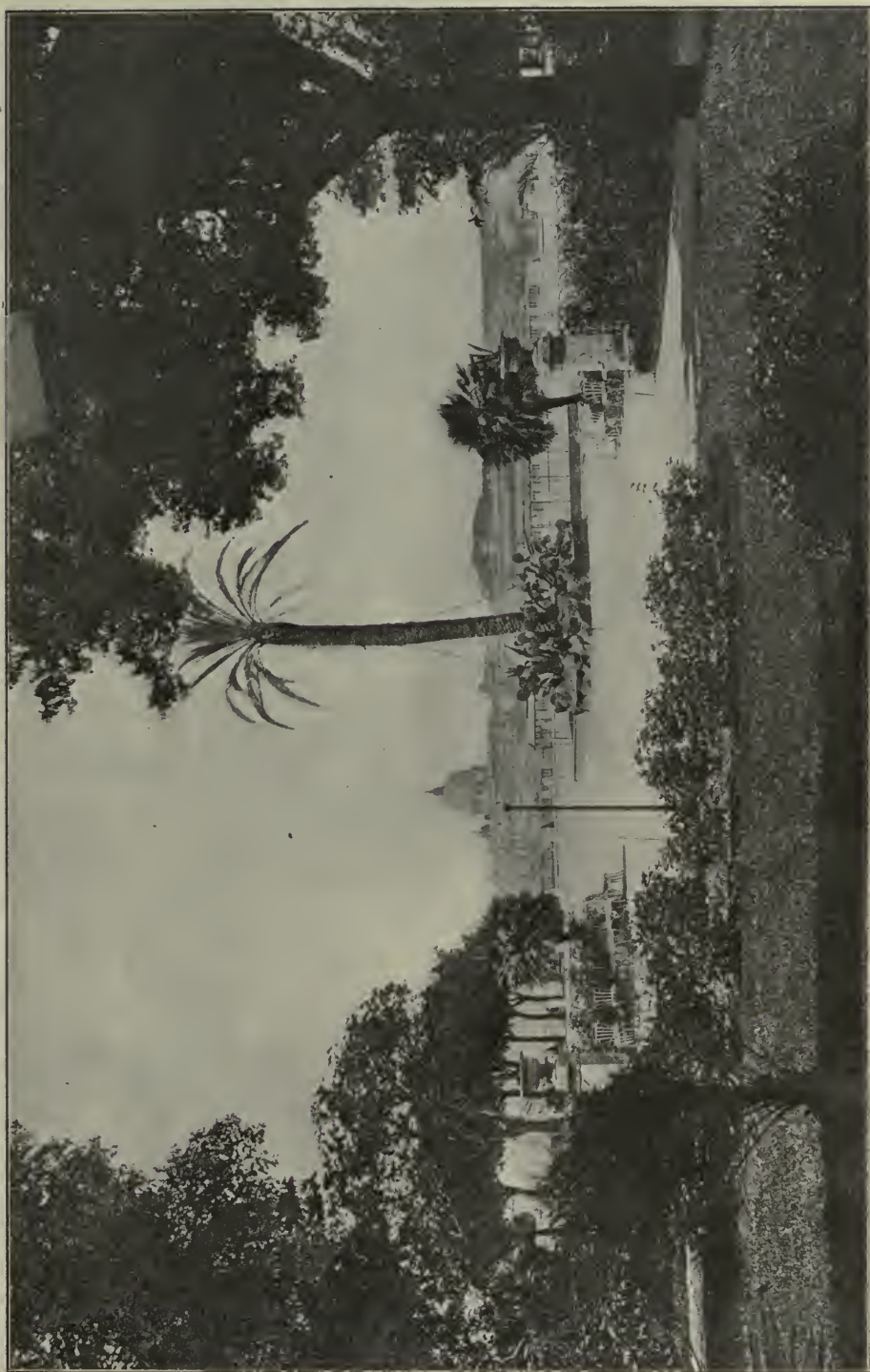
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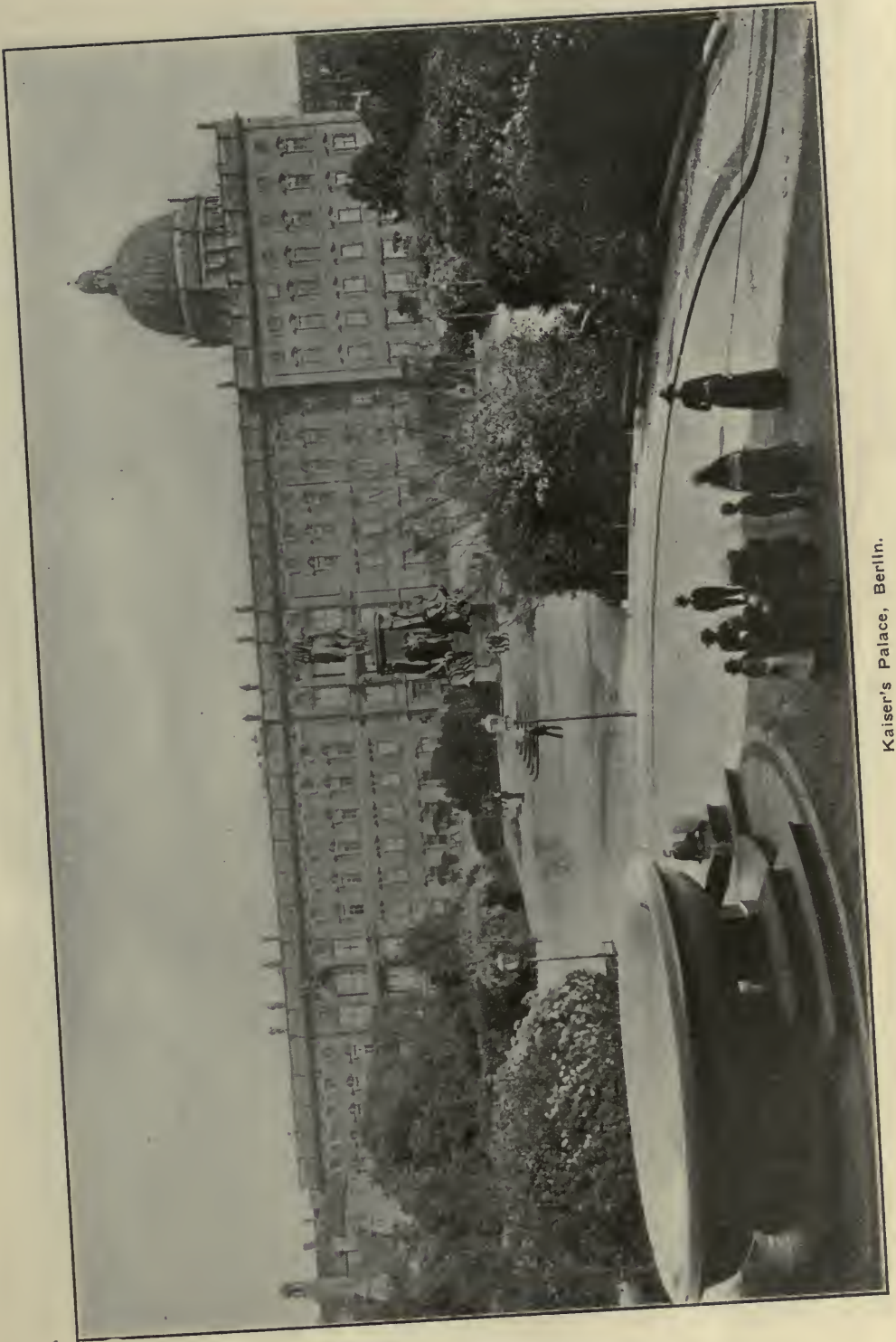
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Papeete from the mountains, Island of Tahiti, South Pacific Ocean.



Gay Papeete on a festal day, July 14th.

A Festal Day in Tahiti

By Ross Wilton Edminson

(With Photographs by the Author, and Others)

A DAY, clear and hot, like one unknown to our climate, bathed Papeete, Tahiti, in the warm rays of a bright and tropical sun. A day that was hot enough to compel all visitors to don their white and lightest clothing, for it was a heat that drove one and all into the coolest places. The green mountains from the

foothills up to the steel-blue colored misty peaks were sending forth that rich fragrance which comes only from tropical vegetation, and the quaint village, no less rich in its wondrous verdure, added to the clear atmosphere its quota of the sweet-smelling Tiare flower. Out at sea as far as the eye could reach, the ocean was a velvet



Unloading a native vessel off shore, the usual method

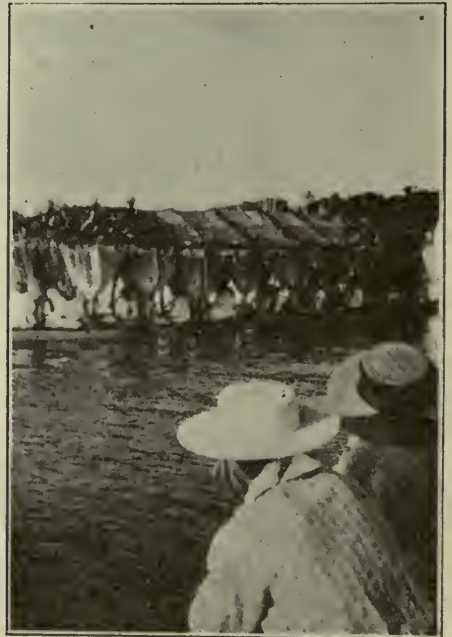
carpet of indigo so deeply colored was it from the azure blue of the heavens above. And over the coral reef which protects the crescent-shaped bay one could see the snow-white spray of the salted sea as it dashed high over it.

Here and there on the rippled waters, native outriggers were seen darting now in one direction, now in another, with their white leg-o'-mutton sails caught at times by the downy spray. The bay itself was crowded with island vessels, and with each passing hour more of them were seen as they came through the narrow and dangerous gap; their decks crowded with natives. Over the water came the sounds of their strange and bizarre music, but strange as it sounds, it is the most fascinating music that ever came from the minds of a race. It is so soft and melodious. Once, only once it is heard, is enough to long for it again, and if, by chance, you are again brought within its sphere, a thrill goes through you inexpressible of words.

Not only was the bay crowded with ships, but also with catamarans loaded to the gunnel with fruits from other parts of the island, for, was this not

the eve of the "Fall of the Bastille?" Papeete was making ready to celebrate the great victory of the French people against the cruel deeds of that dreaded prison. The sandy beach was covered with bunches of oranges and bananas, with papeias, cocoanuts and alligator pears. Think of it! Alligator pears were there for the picking of them, and they grew wild in the mountains of Tahiti. Large waxy leaves of the coconut tree were spread out on the hot sands ready to be nailed up for decorative purposes. From all parts of Tahiti came natives in catamarans and ships to enjoy a week of fun. They also came from Moorea, as it is now known, Riatia, Boro Boro, Makatea, and from the far-off New Hebrides—yes, even from New Caledonia.

For one entire year the natives of Tahiti and the other islands save their little earnings, even begrudging themselves of daily comforts, in order that they might come to Papeete in the month of July. While there, in one solitary week they would know nothing more than one round of pleasure and gaiety. If they sailed away from



A decorated catamaran, filled with natives enjoying a gala day



The first sight of land, the Paumotu Islands, the Island of Rangaroa.

Papeete a week later they were joyous and contented if they had nothing left but the white clothes on their backs. They live for that one week of the year and know naught of other pleasures.

Along the "Broom Road," as it is known, which skirts the bay, are many small pavilions decorated with palm leaves and Tiare flowers, the latter being the Tahitian national emblem. At equal distances along this road and the water front are lamp posts painted green, and surrounded by a sheath of palm leaves. There are also small posts smartly decorated, and thereon are many colored glass cups filled with oil, which contains a wick for nightly display. Not only were these cups arranged on posts, but they were also to be found on many a tree trunk.

On both sides of the narrow avenue leading from the Broom Road, up to the imposing residence of former Queen

Pomare, are the main attractions of the celebration. Here are places of amusements, booths of all sorts and descriptions, and stores where one may purchase Tahitian curios. From one side of this street to the other were stretched wires to hang Japanese and Chinese lanterns. Each booth did not fail to have on hand large bunches of fruit, young cocoanuts of three on a string, and countless numbers of hard, white berries used to make necklaces. Ice-cooled lemonade stood in large glass bowls for any one whose thirst demanded it, and if one cared to go so far, he might without much trouble find a glass of native ava. Poie in long bamboo poles is seen at every stand, and one has to be very careful how he eat it, because it will be outside as well as in.

The festivities in Papeete include various native dances given by the Tahitians and others who go from one



An island vessel approaching shore with mail and visitors



The public market, Papeete.

yard to another, performing their bits of entertainments. Being highly complimented, they never fail to leave behind them as a token of respect a bamboo pole strung with fowl, bananas, oranges, and even live hogs. When the dance is over, two burly natives would gather up the remaining articles, sling them over a spare pole, at the same time never ceasing their songs, and march out in single file to the next honored place. Thus from yard to yard they would go, a-singing, always contented, never an angry word would they utter, and at no time is there a crowd wanting to follow them in their merry foot-steps.

These dances and songs, which also occur in the streets and parks, continue throughout the whole day, but they, in reality, are no more than preliminaries and rehearsals for the eve of the "Fall of the Bastille," when each tribe competes for prizes in the Public Square.

It is the evening entertainments, however, that one looks forward to with the greatest of pleasure, and the natives are as eager to show their talent as the foreigners are to see them. From early dawn until late at night, for several days before the eve of the "Fall of the Bastille," Papeete was one continual round of dances and songs, for each tribe was preparing to excel his competitor in song or dance, and all were making ready for the final judgment in the Square. Every minute of the long day one could hear their beautiful songs and chants in various parts of the village, and as their soft voices came through the trees, it made life worth the while. At every gate they would turn in to do honor to the owner, likewise the large crowds which followed, because they are welcomed, too. Every house, every home is opened, and therein one could find refreshing drinks for the asking. It is a time when every one is happy—Papeete is the host.

With the setting of the sun the camp fires of the visiting natives began to glow in the parks, for here it is they would pitch their tents with permission from the French governor-general. Around these glowing fires, made inviting by the presence of the natives, they chanted their idylls and legends, and danced their weird dances. Here, too, they prepared their evening meal, and never did they eat alone, because company is always welcomed. Perhaps it is these roaring camp-fires of good fellowship that lingers the longest with those who visit Tahiti, and bring home memories of a song which holds the island so dear, that even stirred up a romance never to be forgotten.

At last came the evening of July the thirteenth. The streets of Papeete were wonderfully lighted by quaint Japanese lanterns, and street lamps decorated for the occasion. The tropical sky was brilliantly bedecked with countless stars sending forth their tiny colored lights, and a breeze sprang up just enough to give the lanterns a gentle motion. The air turned from the heat of the long day to that of a chilly



The beautiful Lake Valhiria, Tahiti's only sheet of inland water.

night, and like all nights in the tropics they are cool, so much so that winter blankets are barely enough for comfort. Indeed, it is now the dead of winter.

The square to where we were going is about the size of one of our city blocks, and it is planted to many shade trees, save in the center, where

there is a cleared space for the dancers. Numerous Japanese lanterns were strung from tree to tree, cup lights were placed at convenient places and flaming torches could be seen carried by nearly every native. Off the center of the Square, surrounded by Flamboyant trees, is the Band Stand, and on its broad steps the speakers

of the evening are to sit. In front of these steps is the arena, where the dances of the natives take place, and this is enclosed by park benches.

All the native men in Papeete are dressed in white trousers and white shoes, perhaps the only time of the year they wear them, and likewise we see them in soft, white shirts, unheard of at other times. For head gear they wear a wreath of ferns braided with the Tiare which they cannot well do without, and which gives to his splendid personage the true spirit of the South Sea Islander. The women, like the men, dress in white for this occasion, and have flowing gowns from shoulders down to their ankles. The head is protected from the bright rays of the sun by a wreath of ferns and flowers, and their long, black and straight hair hangs down over their graceful shoulders.

By the time we reached the park it was fairly well crowded, and after several attempts at breaking through the lines we managed to squeeze through and seat ourselves on the ground in front of the benches. Around us every one was dressed in white, many carried the French and American flags, and all were eagerly watching for the performers to make their appearance. Now and then there would be a dead silence, followed by loud clapping of hands, and waving the tri-colored bars and stars and stripes. On the broad steps of the band stand sat the officials ready to greet the natives, and behind them were the musicians.

Soon the first tribe made its appearance, marching in single file to the beat of shark skin drums, as they came forth from out the dark green trees. First came the color bearers carrying the French flag, and waving it to and fro. Following them came the torch bearers and also native girls attired in white, flowing gowns; some were dressed in grass skirts, the latter acting as file closers. On the way these file closers put themselves through all sorts of bodily movements, much to the astonishment of the visitors.

At first sight of the French flag as it unfolded itself to view the immense crowd stood up, heads uncovered, and giving cheer after cheer. The worthy judges, in cool white clothes, stood up to salute the flag, and again seated themselves on the steps of the grand stand. This is the way the island entertainers were welcomed, the first competitors of the evening to break in to the arena.

The chief of the tribe, on entering, his followers for the time being remained on the outskirts, marched alone into the center of the ring, and facing the judges, made a long, low bow to them. All was silent. Suddenly he raised himself erect, turned quickly on his heels, faced the spectators, and said in a loud, clear voice mistaken by no one:

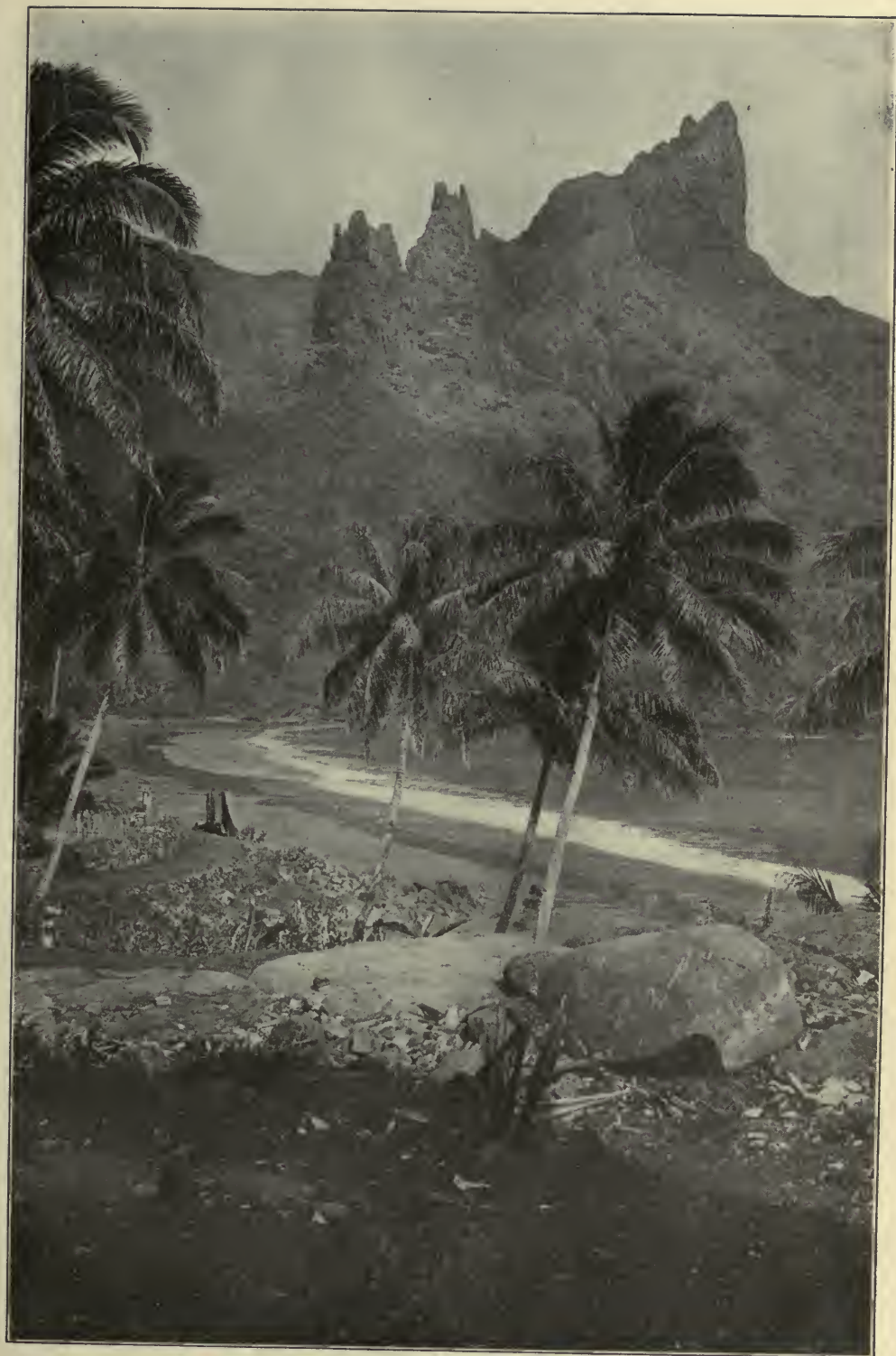
"Vive la France."

Look at him, for he is a wise native, and only knows too well what goes deep into the hearts of the French judges. See how he stands. Straight as an arrow is he, his head erect, and his feet planted firmly on the ground. He knows eloquence, and to win is his ambition. Truly, he is master of the game. For one entire year he has acted his part, and to make a mistake would be ruinous to himself as well as to the tribe he represents.

This spectacular introduction was followed by a long speech in the English language, and to bring out a special point of interest to the French people the chief used his French phrases to an advantage, thus winning every one to his side. The visitors were so overtaken by his speech that they stood up to give him three rousing cheers, and at the conclusion the band struck up the French National air, "Marseillaise."

The chief then beckoned to his tribe—who now made their entrance into the circle, the native band playing in the lead.

Now commenced the singular dancing, the same as was seen during the preceding days and nights, although it was conducted with greater rapidity and preciseness. About twenty na-



Along a crescent beach rimmed by the foamy surf.



Moonlight scene off an island.

tive men stood in single file, dressed in white, and faced the band stand, while on both sides of them were native girls. A signal from their chief, who stood proudly by gazing at his kinsmen, started the dance in quick time, and the natives were beating their tambourines high above their heads. Then ensued a rapid movement of the feet, each one doing exactly as the other, and not once did they lose step. They would at various times swing around quickly on their toes, uttering loud cries, and in doing this the native band would go rapidly over the scales in trying to keep up with them. At other times the natives would halt suddenly in their tracks, and stand stark still and erect. The dance is quick, it is active—never once is its interest lost, nor is there a dull moment, and each part is so well undertaken that at a given signal all is as still as a ship in a calm.

At last the dance is finished. The tambourines are silenced, and all seems dead to the world. Not a soul in all the park breathes a word, and

so suddenly is the music and dance stopped that the echo goes ringing through the dark trees. Where the dancers marched in single file now comes their sacred whale of legendary days. He comes in very slowly, and the twinkle in his sharp eyes can be seen by the light of the lanterns as he wobbles from side to side. This big, fat and clumsy fellow of ancient days stopped in front of the now squatting natives, his heavy head resting on the ground, and his eyes closed as if in deep sleep. Every now and then this cunning leviathan moves his big tail, the children who are watching his movements with opened mouths and big eyes laugh with glee, and clap their tiny hands. They even go so far as to cautiously creep up to him to see if he is "really a whale." Then to please the little ones he blinks his eyes and wags his fins, and in return the wee tots laugh all the louder.

But he is not always slumbering and sleeping as they think he is, for he is as wide awake as they are. At times



Hut in a native village.

he raises himself on his fins; he moves at first slowly, and then without notice he makes a sudden break, dashing wildly around the arena. The children frightened into untold of fears go scrambling and crying into their mother's arms as fast as their little feet can carry them. Back to the spot where he slumbers in front of his tribe he returns only again to go on one of his wild rampages.

At the same time that the whale is making his rapid and astonishing raids the tribe begins to relate, still remaining seated on the ground, their sacred legend, at first by low and soft mummings. The drummer beats his drum slowly and quietly, so quietly that it sounds more like the hum of bees than anything else. Then as the wonderful story progresses, and the action becomes more animated the drum beats are louder and faster to keep up with

the increasing pitch of the native voices. As quick as the snap of one's fingers this highly pitched and glorious legend stops. It is the story of the days when they were forced to evacuate the Malay Peninsula to find new homes in the cocoanut islands scattered over the Pacific Ocean.

An instant passes. Again the low mumbling is heard, and again the whale starts on his warpath. This time he does not tear around as he did before, but goes very slowly, and his eyes ever ready to catch any movement of the children. They are friends again, they laugh as before, and follow him in his path. Nevertheless, they must be very careful lest he makes another dash to reap the trophies of war. Look out, my little ones! There he goes, and they scatter to the four winds. Their act done, their legend told, they in single file march out amid

many cheers and waving of flags. The whale last to go lags on behind, and receives as many cheers as the dancers. In their place another tribe is heard marching into the arena, and in the lead are the musicians and flag bearers. The competition is kept alive, and each tribe does its part to the best advantage; each trying to out-do the other in preciseness, or gaiety, or dance.

Finally, as the long hours of the night wore out, and the last tribe had displayed its talent, the Japanese lanterns, one by one, began to flicker, burn up and fall to the dewy ground in ashes. The oil in the colored glass cups is burnt out, and the wicks smolder away in smoke. The dark green trees are now lighted by the cold rays of the moon, and everywhere Papeete is hidden in the cover of night. The waters of the bay are motionless, and the wind has completely died down; yes, the village for the time being seems to be asleep.

Not so. Papeete is awakened by the thought that this is the eve of a great celebration, and no one has any intention of turning in. When the dances are finished the crowds join hands, natives and visitors alike, and go dancing through the darkened streets in columns of fours and sixes. The only

lights to lead them in their merry line are those of the moon and torches, and here and there one could see the light of the former as it broke through the trees which gave to the whole scene a most fascinating picture. One could see natives running back and forth, trying to find a place in line, or looking for a lost friend. Every one was singing and talking as though it were broad daylight, and not only were we trying the new songs, but all. We did not know where we were going; we did not even care, but we followed our native leaders because we knew we were safe. We serpentine through narrow streets, passed high brick walls unknown to us, and far off in the distance we could faintly hear the band playing.

The gaiety of the evening had at last come to a close, and as we walked to our tropical bungalow amid the coconut palms we still heard the natives singing afar off. July the thirteenth was gone; it is the fourteenth, and the celebration was mustered out with confetti a foot deep in the streets. It was a celebration so many miles away from the seat of its origin that one might have taken it for the anniversary of a great Tahitian victory of a former Pomare or a King Otto of Captain James Cook's day.



The Demon of the Black Pools

(A Tragedy of the Pleistocene Age, Located at La Brea, Los Angeles, Cal.)

By W. D. Mathew

HE stood looking out from the rocky crest of mountain over the broad, open valley that stretched for miles before him. It all belonged to him by weapon right—to him and his race by their strength and activity and the terrible curving sabres that were their favorite weapons. Individually or jointly none of the inhabitants of the plain dared dispute their sovereignty. Bloody and merciless tyrants though they were, none could successfully resist them. Well might he stand, fearless and majestic, viewing the scattered groups of great pachyderms from whom he intended to select his next victim.

Before him lay the Los Angeles valley, wide, grass covered, with clumps of trees and bushes dotting its surface. Near by were a few springs and water holes in a dry torrent bed that led down into Ballona Creek. To the eastward, in the hazy distance, he could trace the course of the river, and beyond it the dim outline of the forest-clad mountains, all shimmering in the heat of a tropic summer day.

Through a notch in the mountain spur to the southwest came trotting in single file a bunch of wild horses, bound from the uplands to the water holes in the valley. Swift, handsome animals they were, dun-colored and obscurely striped, with heavy black manes and zebra-like heads. They came down the trail in an irregular—broken line, two or three intimate companions trotting or running close together, the whole headed by a great piebald stallion of unusual size and

strength. The saber-tooth watched these for a few minutes as they approached. Should he select one of them for his prey? No, it would mean careful stalking and ambushing them at the water hole, and they were too swift and wary for him to have more than an off-chance of securing one. It was too warm a day, and he was not desperately hungry. He would levy his tributes on them some other time.

* * *

To the left, among the brush-covered sandy slopes that stretched along the foot of the mountain chain, a number of camels were browsing upon the bushes and small trees, stripping the leaves from the young shoots as far up as they could reach. These were big animals, taller than a modern camel, long-legged and clumsy in gait, with a heavy coat of shaggy hair of desert brown color, the body short and with no hump. They, too, despite their apparent clumsiness and stupid appearance, were swift and wary creatures, little disposed to come within reach of the danger of an ambush and far too speedy to be captured in an open chase.

He turned his gaze upon the low bottom flats in the valley before him where the grass grew rank and lush in places and small groups of bison and other smaller animals were feeding. The bison, big and black and shaggy-maned, with gleaming sharp horns and fierce little eyes peeping out from their woolly heads, their slim legs and lithe hind-quarters in odd contrast to the bulky head and barrel, were no

contemptible antagonists. They were comparative new comers in this country, immigrants from some distant region who had crossed the mountain passes to the north, and were becoming more and more numerous in the valley, ousting many of its former inhabitants. They had brought with them some curious ideas about fighting, bunching together when attacked, in a ring, with the young and females in the center, instead of scattering in flight and leaving the weaklings to their fate. The saber-tooth found such methods of defense annoying and quite incomprehensible. A surprise attack, of course, while they were still scattered out on the meadow, before they could bunch together, would be less dangerous. But these rascals had pretty sharp eyes and ears, and if one of them saw or heard anything suspicious, the whole herd would usually thunder off, and not stop until a good distance away.

In the thickets and copses along the course of the river he could see the stirring of various kinds of smaller game. Peccaries, deer, raccoons and rabbits, he knew lived in those glades and copses, and occasionally he would catch a glimpse of one. But these were all beneath his notice. Nor did he consider more seriously the fleet and graceful antelopes, pronghorns and one or two smaller kinds, that he could see far out in the open. They were too shy and too swift to be worth while.

Far off in the distance, showing up as mere dots on the slopes of the opposite hills, his keen eye discerned a prey that, once within reach, was well worth while, and, while somewhat dangerous, had never failed to succumb to the dangerous wounds that his great dagger teeth and huge claws could inflict. He did not fear them, these elephants and mastodons, but they were too far away, and they were preternaturally shrewd in getting wind of him unless he took a long circuit and got to leeward.

Finally, as he watched the valley below him, his eye caught a glimpse of one—no, two—big, shaggy, golden-

brown animals, moving through the brush near the dry creek bed. His eye flashed, his pose changed to that of a tense vigil, with some uncertainty. It might be a couple of those big brown bears, redoubtable antagonists, whom he would hardly care to tackle without necessity. Of course he could fight and overcome a brown bear if he had to, but he still carried the scars of a former encounter with one of them and was not eager to renew the fray. But these couldn't be brown bears. Surely he had not mistaken that peculiar greenish gleam in the golden-brown backs. No—there it was again, for certain. This was his favorite prey—the big, clumsy, slow-moving ground sloth that waddled around in such stupid confidence that its heavy hair and thick bone-studded skin made it invulnerable. So it was to ordinary animals, but not to him. You sprang on the beast's back, and struck deep and hard before it could gather its wits together, and then dodged the great claws as they reached up first on one side, then on the other, to drag you off. It didn't last long, if you gashed the neck at the right point.

* * * *

He crouched down and began his stealthy approach. The ground-sloths, unsuspecting, continued to strip the leaves off the trees about them, standing on their hind legs and reaching up to drag the branches down, then digging around a tall sappling to loosen its roots and pull it over. They were working their way, feeding as they went, toward a series of small pools which lay not in the creek bottom but about half a mile over, and on the crest of a low rise. They were curious-looking pools, each surrounded by a bare black patch on which nothing grew. In dry weather they could be seen to be semi-liquid asphalt, covered by a scum of dust, through which broke from time to time bubbles of oil and evil-smelling gas. After a rain the asphalt surface was covered by a few inches of water, iridescent with a skin of oil and somewhat malodorous, but drinkable.

Had the ground-sloths but known it,

the place had an ugly reputation among the more intelligent animals of the neighborhood. It was reported to be haunted by mysterious earth demons, maybe the same as the subterranean monsters who haunted the quicksands in the river, and who would reach up from below and, seizing the feet of the unfortunate animals who ventured into their lair, would drag it down slowly, but irresistibly, struggling and screaming, into the depths below. Not all the animals had heard of this rumor, and still fewer believed it. But many of them avoided the spot merely because of its weird, uncanny surroundings, and only under stress of thirst in a dry season would they venture to drink here.

But the ground-sloths knew nothing of the sinister reputation of the Black Pools. They continued their leisurely progress through the brush, crossed the bare black ground around the pools, and splashed into the largest one to drink.

* * * *

For a moment nothing happened. They seemed to be standing on fairly firm, although soft bottom. Then slowly the bottom began to yield, and their feet to sink in, and in terror they hastily turned to find firmer footing. But their feet, once through the crust, could not be withdrawn. They were held with incredible tenacity. If by desperate effort they dragged out one foot all covered by the sticky asphalt, it served only to sink the other limbs deeper and hold them more firmly. Little by little, in bawling terror, they were dragged relentlessly down.

Meanwhile the great saber-tooth tiger had been making his way silently but rapidly, taking advantage of every rock or bit of brush that might conceal his approach. He had come up near behind them when they reached the asphalt pool and now stood lurking in the edge of the brush, ready to rush out and spring upon them as they drank. His eyes blazed in triumph as he noted that first one, then both, were in some kind of difficulty, and their movements hampered. With a fierce roar he leaped

out from the thicket, flashed across the bare ground between, and sprang upon the back of the nearest ground sloth, and, digging his great claws into its hide, struck his fangs deep into its neck.

Perhaps his aim was bad, his hold a little disturbed by the now rapid sinking of his victim into the oozy black depths of the pool. The sloth, with a desperate wrench of its body, shook him off to one side and he rolled over upon the surface of the asphalt. In a moment he regained his feet, and turned to strike again at the neck of the animal at his side, already sunk more than half below the surface. But in that moment the Demon of the Black Pools seized him and held him in its dreadful clutch, first by the fore feet, then the hind feet as well. Strive as he might, he could not release more than one foot at a time, and that but for the moment. He forgot all thoughts of prey and turned with a choking snarl to drag himself out.

But it was too late. The fierce saber-tooth, the tyrant of hill and valley, the dreaded scourge of the prehistoric world, was hopelessly doomed to follow his intended victim to an awful and lingering death in the black and sticky depths of the asphalt pool, from which rose now, faster and faster, bubbles of oil and malodorous gas as the struggling animals sank lower and lower beneath the surface.

The screams of the terrified animals had been heard far and wide over the valley, and the sight of their struggles had attracted the great birds that were soaring high above in the air. One by one they came dropping down—vultures, condors, eagles and smaller birds of prey, and formed a hopping, flapping ring, pressing forward to share in the expected feast. A pack of wolves, the great extinct wolves of California, was following up a near trail, but, attracted by the disturbance, came trotting over to the scene. The leader recognized with savage joy the predicament of the saber-tooth, his dreaded rival, before whose fierce snarl and menacing claw he had more

than once been reluctantly driven from an expected banquet. The hour of his revenge was now at hand. He came forward, followed by his mates, to the edge of the pool, yelping in wild excitement, before taking advantage of his adversary's helplessness to spring in upon him and devour him.

The harassed saber-tooth, sinking slowly down, responded by a succession of snarls as he tried vainly to disengage his terrible claws.

The Demon of the Black Pools was relentless. The struggles grew less and less. Soon the wolves rushed to their feast, and the Demon gripped them also in his fatal grasp. The birds of prey followed the same fate. Pursued and pursuers were all dragged down into the sticky depths, until all cries were hushed and all movement ceased.

After that, Silence—the silence of many centuries.

The Mexican Revolution

(Excerpts from a letter written Mrs. Geo. D. Shadburne, Jr., by Mrs. Wm. Mcquadt Wallace
of the City of Mexico)

I AM gradually cooling down over Rev. Mr. Morrill's article (which attacked Mexico in a series of superficial articles), though I all but exploded with righteous indignation when I first read it. Upon second thought, I decided that few, if any, sane people could swallow such a dose of falsehood in regard to Mexico and survive. I am an American through and through, but I have lived for twenty years among the kindly, hospitable and generous Mexican people. I love them, and I flatter myself that they love me, and my fighting blood arises when they are insulted by one who does not know what he is talking about. My father-in-law, Mr. Wallace, worked among the Mexican people for thirty-five years before his death in 1910; he knew three generations of Mexicans, so if anybody knows Mexican traits and characteristics, it ought to be the Wallace clan. I have found them far too generous to my way of thinking, and they have shared their last crumb with us. I remember one family at whose table I always had a guilty feeling, and am quite sure that they went hungry in order to entertain

us. The Mexicans are loyal to their friends, too.

When the U. S. Marines landed at Vera Cruz, we had home after home offered us if we felt afraid to stay in our own, as so many foreigners did. We never received a single unkind word or look or deed, from any Mexican from the highest to the lowest. We made a trip through Yucatan when the Revolution became pretty bad, and were beautifully treated wherever we went. Last year we wished to move some of our furniture from Saltillo to Mexico City. Mr. Wallace had a personal interview with General Carranza, who ordered a special freight car put at Mr. Wallace's disposal. Many prophesied that the furniture would never arrive at its destination. But it did, every stick of it, just as we knew it would, in spite of the howling of false prophets. We find the Mexican people exceptionally intelligent.

If the United States Government would inaugurate an educational campaign into Mexico, rather than waste time and money hunting bandits, it would be less expensive and more

pleasant for the United States, and decidedly more pleasant and profitable for Mexico. Mexico was, I believe, always suspicious of the United States and, according to history, I hardly see how she could feel otherwise and be human. I believe we now have a President who is on the right track in regard to his Mexican policy and who is really trying to do what he believes to be best for Mexico and her people, regardless of foreign capitalists. Anyway, Mexico is on the up-grade, and if a few unscrupulous Americans and mischief makers can be properly squelched, peace will surely come soon. There are really only a few sore spots left, and any country need not wander very far from home to find blots and sores, as bad as can be found anywhere in Mexico. I only wish I could go home to Mexico tomorrow, but I must stay here until my children are a little further along in their education. Meantime, let us show the good points of our own dear Mexico, and help people to understand that dear country in her true light.

Justification of the Mexican Revolution.

If the Mexican revolution were not justified by the lofty and noble task of vindicating the cause of the people, and if their conflict was not precipitated by the resistance resorted to by the usurpers in order to retain their power—and now that disruption seems rampant everywhere, that the European war, the Russian Revolution, and the Socialistic agitation, are leaving a trail of horrors—these exempt the Liberal movement in Mexico from all the embarrassed charges that have been hurled against it by those who refuse to conform to the loss of special privileges they enjoyed, or who are inspired by covetousness.

What the Revolution did in Mexico, and moreover what made the Revolution, encouraged the struggling masses to continue the mighty effort, notwithstanding the effects of press notices which were, and are, so full of contemptuous comments.

Only very recently within the borders of the United States have been enacted very grave events, the massacre of the negroes in St. Louis, the lynching of an alleged innocent Socialist leader in Butte, in various parts of the country rebellion against the draft law and other similar outbreaks, which demonstrate that humanity is the same everywhere, and that to accomplish its object it crushes, destroys and annihilates all obstacles encountered in its path.

That the Revolution in Mexico (seeking to destroy an insufferable bondage) was an imperative necessity cannot be denied, even by those most devoted to the former reign of Don Porfirio Diaz. The nation was controlled by a selfish and avaricious clique, who acquired everything for themselves from the most extensive business, counted in millions, to the lowliest pursuit for gain and from the highest office in the cabinet to the most insignificant position. Each State had a feud, the Governor dispensing, ad libitum, everything that was within his reach. The "push" grabbed all the plums. This political machine, despotically controlled all the important progressive movements in all the States. Eternal coteries governed the nation, and all federal departments were perpetuated in the families of the chosen favorites and their sycophants. The people, the real people, suffered untold tyranny at the hands of the grandees and magnates in power. And this in a Republic, in a land distinctively Democratic!

The wool was pulled over the eyes of the Mexican people by an artfully planned seeming improvement that enriched only those within the sacred circle. Their suspicions lulled and dazzled by the magnificent opulence displayed everywhere, they did not seem to feel the hand of iron which was slowly but surely strangling them. Then came the sudden awakening! The nation felt that it was stifling, smothering in an atmosphere of dictatorial tyranny. The country shook from border to border in its righteous

indignation and arose in its might to overthrow the hateful yoke.

Somewhat alarmed at the defiant and determined attitude of the people, the usurpers slackened their grip and even promised a broader and more liberal plan of casting the ballot. The hour of election arrived, and instead of receiving the promises made them, supreme deception reigned, mistress of the day. All the old impositions were thrust upon the astonished populace, who momentarily seemed stunned. And then, like a hurricane, the revolution belched forth, implacable, till victory crowned their superhuman efforts. Madero, chief of the Rebellion, was elected President of the Republic at a genuine election. He faithfully intended to vitalize his dreams, plans and promises of a real liberty, a true democracy.

In the meantime, the dictatorial party was in ambush, and very busy. Madero committed an enormous error. He sought to pacify the enemy by retaining elements of the old regime, and who were hopelessly corrupted. He placed in them unlimited confidence, and even entrusted them with his personal safety. The officers who rebelled against him were pardoned, and all who were disloyal were forgiven. His generosity was rewarded by the most iniquitous, treacherous crime ever committed.

The apostate of Democracy, the Supreme Chief of the Nation was sacrificed, and in order to forestall any intention he might have of invoking legal aid, the vice-president of the oppressed country suffered the same fate as his leader.

A military mutiny! A monstrous plot to crush Justice, man's natural inheritance! Thus fell the hope of the people, and the legitimate government of the Republic!

The usurper, protected by the army, again became a power. The people, having experienced a demonstration of

the institutions of Democracy, and having had an opportunity to inhale the Breath of Liberty, with renewed courage refused to be ruled by those who were stained with the blood of their beloved Madero. It was then that Mr. Carranza assumed the responsibility of the herculean task of punishing their heinous crime, and of restoring to the nation her rightful liberties.

When War hoists her crimson insignia, havoc, waste, fearful desolation follow!

Let those who express so much pity for "poor Mexico," and who are so horrified at passing events, cast their sympathetic and compassionate glances toward the lands of Europe. Observe the destruction of magnificent monumental edifices, the shooting of helpless women accused of being spies, the destruction by machine guns of the soldiers who deserted the Russian firing line. Observe the hideous devastation of the conquered towns and villages. Observe the heart-rending misery, the ruin, the depravity, the awesome desolation, that is daily reported to the world of a humanity that is struggling in a seemingly never-ending conflict. And now, we earnestly request the writers who are most aggressive to Mexico, solemnly to pledge themselves to tell us, truthfully, that the Mexican Revolution (even though it be largely exaggerated) does not compare to the cruel, tragical deeds that are happening daily in the desolated lands of the Old World. It is only personal animosity, greedy ambition, selfishness or bad faith that prompts censure of the Mexican people. They are striving for that which has been undertaken and accomplished on a much larger scale by countries who have struggled for the same ideals and principles.

That war is fearful cannot be denied, but when it is made to overthrow tyrannies and to conquer liberties, then war is sacred.

Ghosts ?

By Michael MacLaughlin

I WAS always scared of ghosts, especially at night time; not, indeed, that I ever saw anything unearthly or that I am a greater coward than most people, but the thought of living continually at anybody's mercy, above all, at the mercy of beings who are wholly independent of the restraints and barriers whereby man protects himself from the evil of his fellowmen, made me feel very uncomfortable. Indeed, sometimes this thought was positively sickening. What chance had I with an assailant who could imperceptibly pass through a bolted door or a stoutly-built wall? Where could I run, or how could I defend myself in the darkness of midnight? The overwhelming odds against me, and the dreadful uncertainty as to when or where one of these horrid creatures might unexpectedly appear—these were the things that always made me afraid.

I tried to persuade myself that there were no ghosts, but against me was tradition as old and as wide as the world itself, and, worse still, the actual experiences of people whose testimony I would never think of doubting in regard to anything else. I never took much stock in their tales, to be sure, yet there they were. Then again I asked myself why should I bother about ghosts: these creatures had never interfered with me, and in all probability never would: and anyhow, what was the sense of borrowing trouble from the future. But banish the subject as I may, I could not rid myself of a desire for information that would give me some settled conviction.

I had almost relegated the matter to the pile of the world's insolubles when

its solution accidentally turned up. Glancing through a magazine a short time ago my eye was suddenly taken with the caption of one of its articles: "Ghost a Mere Emanation of a Physical Thing." To my intense delight the writer gave me the very information I wanted. He proved ghosts to be purely natural phenomena—the products of over-imagination, mental telepathy, or of peculiar qualities inherent but hitherto unnoticed in the commonest objects.

"Well," thought I, "how slow this old world moves after all, how long it has taken it to do away with this bugbear of ghosts." And I considered myself downright stupid for needing anybody's help to discover such a simple and natural explanation. Ghosts caused by over-imagination? Sure. How often in boyhood days did I see a distant shrub in the evening twilight assume a distinctively human form, sometimes most grotesque, while every hair on my head, no matter how heavy or close-fitting my hat, became perfectly perpendicular? Ghosts due to mental telepathy? Undoubtedly. How invariably have I been rebuked in theatres and other gatherings by backward glances from the man in front of me for giving too much attention to his bald pate, or from the woman many tiers ahead for inwardly chuckling at her monstrous lid? If I could thus influence people by mere curiosity, why could not the mind of another in powerful circumstances, say like those surrounding death when mental activity is most intense, work upon the imaginations of distant friends and cause those of them that are susceptible to project his image, thereby making them believe that he is actually

before them! Perfectly natural and often very true.

The third cause of ghosts, though new to me and scarcely verifiable, seemed nevertheless eminently satisfactory. It was that material objects are able to receive, retain and give out again in peculiar circumstances, definite impressions which they have received from a mental and intelligent source. According to this, then, the ghostly noises that are sometimes heard in haunted houses are nothing but natural sounds emanating from the walls and furniture where they have been unconsciously stored by people under extraordinary mental strain. Just as, for example, a man's voice can be imprinted on a gramophone record, and afterwards be reproduced by the movement of a needle; just as amazing information will come out of a glove or ring under the inquiring touch of a clairvoyant who had previously known nothing of the wearer, so, too, the walls and furniture of a room that has been the scene of a violent murder struggle will be impregnated with its peculiar emotion. This emotion is dormant until the room is occupied by a person with a disposition in sympathy or tune with it.

The presence of such person throws it into a state of vibration, thereby causing weird noises which in turn act upon the highly susceptible imagination of their innocent disturber, projecting from it apparitions, and thus making him believe that he is face to face with somebody from the unseen world.

The foregoing explanation, worked out in careful detail, and supported by unassailable facts, seemed, as I have said, thoroughly conclusive. Henceforth I would not believe in any ghost, no matter when or where he would appear, or how he would act. He was simply a harmless hallucination, and nothing more. However, before ridding himself of the matter for all time I decided to try my new theory on an old countryman, a neighbor of mine, who was regarded as an authority on ghosts. He had seen the fairies in

Ireland, and what he did not know about Leprachauns and Banshees and the other divisions of the ghost-tribe was not worth knowing. I did not give it this test because I feared it might possibly fail. No, I had no doubt about that. But I wanted to have the pleasure—the delightful pleasure of proving to the dogmatic Pat what a donkey he was. Little did I dream whose ears would be the longest at the close of the argument. However, I must not anticipate.

"Well, Pat," said I, as, strolling by his house one evening lately, I saw him enjoying a quiet smoke on the verandah, "I am happy to tell you that the coming of Home Rule will see the disappearance from Ireland of more than landlords, peelers and poor-houses." (He was always anxious for news of the Old Country.)

"Perhaps the Orangemen are going, too?" he eagerly inquired.

"Oh, no," I answered, "they could not be spared. What would the people of the North do for an occasional fight? But a more powerful element of the community—the ghosts and fairies."

He broke into a hearty laugh. "They'll go," he grinned, "when everything goes—at the crack of doom—and not till then."

"Now, Pat," said I, "it is no josh. When I say the ghosts and fairies are going, or, rather, have already gone, I am telling you the literal truth."

He looked at me with startled expectation and beckoned me to a seat. I sat down and confidently proceeded: "This old world of ours moved wretchedly slow in the past, with the result that she gathered a great deal of moss, but she has increased her speed lately, and shaken off much of her old withered fur, some of which was already falling from its own weight. To put it plainly, it has recently been shown that there are no such things as real ghosts, that what were hitherto regarded as such were perfectly natural phenomena, as lifeless and harmless as the shadows of the summer clouds, or the famous echoes of Dunloe.

Now," I urged, "if our great-grandfathers were to return to life, and suddenly see the airships and the submarines, the wireless and the automobiles, and a number of other things that we regard as commonplace, they would be scared out of their wits. The history of all these inventions," I continued, "is but half the story of man's struggle to remove the obstacles that stand between him and the full enjoyment of the good things of life, the other half is concerned with his efforts to get clear of the still more powerful shackles that bind his soul, to rid himself of ignorance and the things that keep him in ignorance. His progress in the latter respect, though steady and great, has not received the recognition it deserves, the reason being that people are more interested in the telephone and the automobile than they are in the exposure of fakery or the removal of blind and deep-rooted prejudice. But, nevertheless, his intellectual advance continues, and one of the latest of his achievements is the explosion of the ghost myth." Here I endeavored to show him how science had at last undermined the hoary old superstition, explaining and illustrating as well as I could the theory I have already given, and finally contending that there was now no room for further doubt, and that we ought to be glad for having lived to see the disappearance of such a huge source of fraud and fear during six thousand years.

To my astonishment he showed no surprise whatsoever; in fact he listened to me with very little interest.

"Well," was his cool remark, after careless reflection, "your arguments so far as they go are clever, but after all there is nothing in them. They might be wholly admitted and still the real question of ghosts would be untouched."

I was fairly nettled. I had almost asked him if he gave me credit for the brains of a bat, but I restrained myself.

"Do you imagine," he continued, "that the theory you have described

will take the place of a belief that is universal, or that it will discredit the accumulated testimony of ages?"

I reminded him that I did not dispute the evidence, but only the validity of the conclusions based upon it, that what he and others judged to be preternatural beings were to my mind but echoes and shadows.

"Well, I suppose," said he, "we might as well do in the beginning what we shall have to do in the end: we must find out how far we agree, and where we differ; otherwise we shall get nowhere; we must understand each other about the real meaning of ghosts, about the existence of other intelligent beings besides the people of this world and, if such there be, their power to communicate with us."

Now, I did not quite like the idea of being carried back to the first chapters of the penny catechism, for there is where this proposal was calculated to land me. My purpose in drawing out the old man was to have the pleasure of demolishing his ghost stories with the theory of which I was so full and so well satisfied. Whether or no he suspected my design, he was eluding me, and while pretending to clear the matter of confusion by going back to definitions, he was in reality preparing for himself all the freedom that science, religion or superstition had to offer. I saw this immediately, and so I determined to head him off. I therefore replied that while I certainly believed in the existence of intelligent beings other than the human species—God in the first place, and the angels and departed mortals, both good and bad—and while I fully admitted the possibility of any or all of God's creatures anywhere visiting this earth, I denied that they do so, for the simple reason that it is not His will, as otherwise how explain the silence of those who die leaving their affairs in the most tangled condition and from whom one word would save their nearest and dearest endless hardship and loss, and consequently that the dictionary definition of a ghost as the spirit of a departed person expressed something

that was only possible, but never actual or real.

Thinking to flank me he took a firm stand upon the Bible, bringing forward the story of the Fall, the visits of the angels to the patriarchs, the witch of Endor, the power of Pharaoh's magicians, and a number of like incidents, to all of which I replied by asking him what these had to do with ghosts and haunted houses nowadays.

"Not directly," he answered, "but they clearly prove that actual intercourse did take place between the spirit realm and our world. What happened before could happen again. Furthermore, we know from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians that the demons have terrific power over this world, many of whom exist here. If some of these, then, are allowed to undergo their punishment on earth, how much more likely and natural that the same privilege would be accorded to departed mortals."

"Now, Pat," I interjected, "the Bible of course is all right. I have as much respect for it as you have, but in the hands of people with no special training like yourself and myself, the Bible may be made to prove anything, and what proves everything proves nothing. I want facts—established facts."

Seeing my determination he gave up the Bible and betook himself to his last resort—a ghost story—a real ghost story.

"Very well then," he said peevishly, "you'll get facts, and up-to-date ones, too, but first let me remind you that having admitted the possibility of ghosts you cannot deny their reality when supported by evidence that you would accept without question in behalf of anything else."

To this I demurred. Ghosts were so different from everything with which I was acquainted, and belief in them was so distasteful to me that I refused to be converted except upon evidence absolutely convincing. What exactly such might be I was not prepared to say. After much dispute upon this point, for he thought it a very important one, involving in its consequences

nothing less than entire belief in the supernatural, he finally began:

"You heard of Kirby, the Outlaw. By the way," he said, "he was a relative of yours, was he not?" I nodded a most decided nod. My kinship with this famous individual was one of my proudest possessions.

Kirby, I may explain, was a well-known Tipperary outlaw of ninety or one hundred years ago. Single-handed he held for years, against the Government forces, the mountain fastnesses that stretch from near Limerick towards Nenagh and Thurles. He was one of a few extraordinary men that appeared from time to time in Ireland, who rather than submit to unspeakable tyranny flung their lives to the winds and defied it. By deeds the most daring in defense of right and in punishment of wrong, they inspired the poor downtrodden people with hope, and thus kept alive the flickering spark of patriotism. The memory of Kirby is still dearly treasured by the hardy mountaineers of Keeper Hill, Moherslieve and Knockteige, and the stories of his exploits are amongst the first things their children are taught to learn and to love. Yes, indeed, I knew a good deal about Kirby, but I never, until this discussion, discovered the secret of his marvelous escapes, or of his practically charmed life.

"Well," he continued, "Kirby called to our house one evening, tired and footsore, after a hard day's chase, and decided to remain for the night, as he needed a good rest. My father, fearful for the life of his friend, wanted to stay up during the night and keep watch, but Kirby didn't think it was necessary. They slept together. About midnight my father, who was uneasy and awake, heard a low whistle, evidently from some source near by. He immediately got up, but there was nothing to be seen or heard anywhere that would indicate danger. Puzzling over the cause of this unusual sound he went to bed, but he was scarcely lying down when he was again aroused by three or four smart raps on the bedroom door. Jumping to his feet, and

grasping Kirby's loaded blunderbuss, which stood close by, he rushed to the door, but to his bewilderment there was nobody outside. An immediate and careful scrutiny revealed nothing, the house was still strongly barred, and all was perfectly quiet save for the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Afraid to take chances, he woke his friend and told him of the strange and inexplicable noises, but Kirby rejected the idea of any serious danger. He had eluded his pursuers too well, and furthermore the place where we lived was too difficult and dangerous for a midnight raid; so, putting the cause of the trouble down to my father's imagination and fear, he fell asleep again. Scarcely had he done so when he was lifted violently from my father's side and placed upon the floor. Quick as a flash his gun was in his hand. A swift glance through the window showed him there was barely time for escape. Ten minutes later the house was thoroughly searched by a detachment of Limerick soldiers. The only explanation offered to the family who were almost paralyzed with bewilderment and fear, came from the commanding officer—'a curse on spies and two curses on his luck.'

"It was some time before my father learned from Kirby the secret of that mysterious night. 'You may have often wondered, John,' said he, 'how I have held so long against the scarlet cut-throats, and the still more despicable spies of our own people. But why should I speak ill of the latter? It would be a miracle if seven hundred years of worse than we are suffering now, if that be possible, did not produce some queer specimens of humanity. It isn't fair to blame them. The five hundred pounds that are offered for me alive or dead are a powerful temptation to any man in any cir-

cumstances, but in these days of hardship and hunger they are simply terrific. Well, John, one thing you may be certain of is that that money will never be earned while I live. It isn't that my friends are faithful, or that my gun is sure, but John,' and here he spoke in a whisper, 'I am not without powerful aid. A year ago Pat Mac-Cormack and I traversed these hills and valleys, the terror of landlords and bailiffs, peelers and spies. Mac, as you know, was betrayed, and hanged in Nenagh Jail, and I am since to all appearances alone. The truth is, Mac is with me still.' 'Surely,' queried my astonished father, 'he was really hanged, or was it somebody else in his place?' 'Yes, indeed,' said Kirby with a sigh, 'he was really hanged, but three years ago when we were branded as outlaws, and sentenced to be shot at sight, we agreed, alive or dead, to stand by each other. If I died before him I was to be his constant attendant ever after; I was to warn him of danger and shield him in every way I could; if he died first he was to perform a like duty for me. He has kept his promise faithfully. Since his death he has often saved me where human aid could avail me nothing. There is the secret of my life and liberty, and the explanation of the eventful night I stayed with you.'"

"And Kirby, as you know," added Pat, by way of comment, "was never captured. He accidentally shot himself in the woods of Kishiquirk, near Limerick. Shadows and echoes don't pull a man out of the bed, do they?"

I was badly stuck for something to say when, fortunately, Nancy, Pat's better half, came to the rescue. The light had gone out inside, so she despatched my friend to the corner grocery store. I took advantage of his absence to continue my stroll.



Long Odds

By Boyd Cable

THIS story belongs to an officer of the Canadians who at the time of its happening was playing a part in the opening months of the war as a private in the French Foreign Legion. In that capacity he saw a good deal of the men of our first Expeditionary Force, and although he is full of good stories of their amazing doings, he tells this particular one as perhaps the best and most typical example he met of the cold-blooded contempt of certain death, the calm indifference to consequences, the matter-of-fact tackling of the impossible which were such commonplaces with the old Regular Army in the first days, and which perhaps were the main factors in the performance of so many historic feats of arms.

It was during the Retreat, in the middle of that constant series of forced marches and hard fighting, when the remnants of retiring regiments were inextricably mixed, when the wounded were left behind, and the unwounded who were unable to keep up with their column or who strayed from it in the darkness, found themselves blundering about the countryside dodging groups of enemy cavalry and columns of enemy infantry, being fed and guided by the French villagers, working always toward the sound of the guns and struggling to rejoin their own army, that three just such stragglers after a careful reconnoissance ventured into the outskirts of a tiny French hamlet. One, the Canadian (who had been in Paris on the outbreak of the war, and, fearing that it would be months before a British force could take the field, had signed on in the French Foreign Legion and so made sure of an early and ample dose of the fighting, wore the pic-

turesque dress of a private of the Legion; another was a French infantry of the Linesman, and the third a private of a British infantry regiment. The "Khaki," for no particular reason, except that he apparently took it for granted that it should be so, more or less took command of the party, while the Canadian, who spoke fluent French, acted as interpreter both between the party and the French "civvies," as the local inhabitants were indiscriminately described by the Englishman, and in conveying the orders of the self-appointed C. O. to the non-English-speaking "piou-piou."

Inquiry of the villagers brought the information that there were no Germans in the hamlet, that a party of Uhlans had ridden through towards the south an hour before, and that nothing had been seen of any Germans since.

"Good enough," said the khaki man on hearing this. "I'm just about ready for a shut-eye myself after trekkin' all last night. We'd better lie up till it's gettin' dark again, and then shove on an' see if we can get the touch with our own push. You might ask 'em if this dorp has anythin' goin' in the way o' rations—rooty an' cheese an' a pot o' beer would just suit my present complaint.

But the village did better than bread and cheese. The village—women, old men and children—escorted the three warriors to the estaminet in the main street, and with voluble explanations handed them over to the estaminet keeper.

"Food? But assuredly yes—soup, good strong soup, and all ready and hot; an omelette, a very large omelette for three, to be ready the moment the soup was finished with; and then a veal

stew, and cream cheese, and wine—wine white or red, which ever mes-sieurs preferred.”

“Fust class. Canada, tell ‘er fust bloomin’ class. I’ll give up dinin’ at the Carlton an’ Savoy an’ come ‘ere reg’lar in future, tell ‘er. An’ how long before the bugle sounds for dinner?”

At once, they were told. If they would enter, the soup would be served as soon as they were seated. But the khaki demurred at that. “I must ‘ave a wash first,” he declared. “I ‘aven’t ‘ad a decent wash for days. Just ask ‘er if she’ll show me where the pump is.” He extracted soap and a very dirty towel from his haversack and followed his conductress out to the back, whence presently came the sound of pumping water, a vigorous splashing and mighty blowing.

“Come on, Tommy,” said the Canadian when the other appeared again clean, save for the stubble on his chin, glowing and rosy. “We’ve started the soup. Good goods, too. Pitch in.”

“That looks good,” said Tommy, sniffing hungrily. He pulled down his shirt-sleeves and carefully deposited in the corner near his chair the rifle, haversack and ammunition-pouches he had carried with him out to the pump and in again. “But we don’t want them Oo-lans ‘oppin’ in an’ spoilin’ the dessert. There ain’t enough o’ us to post proper pickets an’ outposts, but wot’s the matter wi’ enlistin’ some o’ them kids for temporary duty? I’ll bet they’d spot a Oo-lan a mile off an’ tip us the wink if they was comin’ this way.”

There were plenty of volunteers for the duty, and half a dozen of the old men of the village hobbled off to post themselves at various points, each with several enthusiastic small boy gallopers in attendance to carry urgent dispatches as required.

Then Tommy sat down, and the three ate and drank ravenously. They devoured the soup, the omelette, and the stew, and were proceeding with the cheese when they heard the patter and rush of flying feet outside. Next in-

stant one boy burst into the room, another followed in a whirlwind rush, and the two broke into breathless and excited speech.

The first dozen words were enough for the Canadians. “They’re coming,” he said abruptly to the others and jumped from his seat. “Very many Germans, the kid says. Come on, we must hustle out of this quick.”

He ran to the door and looked out, the small boys following, still talking rapidly and gesticulating violently. The Canadian took one look and stepped back instantly under cover, the French piou-piou, who had followed close on his heels, doing the same. “They’re not in sight yet, but from what the kids say they should be round the corner and in sight in minutes. They’re coming from the north, so we’d better slide out south—or hike out into the fields and find a hole to hide up in.”

“Comin’ from the north, eh?” said the Englishman. He was quickly but methodically stowing the remains of the long loaf in his haversack, and that done slipped quickly into his accoutrements. “That means they’re goin’ on the way we was tryin’ to stop ‘em goin’ and pushin’ up into the firin’ line.”

The Canadian and the piou-piou were engaged in rapid talk with the landlady and a few other women, and a couple of old men who had hurried in. Tommy walked over to the door, stepped outside, and had a careful look round. “Look ‘ere,” he said calmly, stepping back into the room. “There’s a good ditch on both sides o’ the road. You an’ Froggy ‘ad better take a side each. I’ll take the middle o’ the road, an’ there’s a barrel outside I can roll out there for cover.”

The Canadian stared at him blankly. “What d’ you mean?” he said. “What are you going to do?”

“Why, we’re goin’ to stop them, of course,” said Tommy, looking at him with an air of slight surprise. “You said they was Germans an’ goin’ south. That means they’re goin’ to reinforce their firin’ line, so we’ll ‘ave to stop their reinforcin’ game. Come on, you

two 'ad better take cover, an' we'll give 'em socks as they come round the corner."

He walked outside and proceeded to roll the empty barrel into the middle of the road a little way down from the estaminet, which was the last house of the village. He left an utterly dumb-founded Canadian and an impatient and non-comprehending Frenchman who was rapidly reduced to a state of incredulous amazement by the information which the Canadian, after a long breath and a longer pause, proceeded to impart to him.

Now the Canadian, who is responsible for this story, openly confesses that the last thing on earth he should have thought of attempting was any resistance of the German advance, and more than that, that it was with the greatest possible reluctance he did finally join the imperturbable Tommy in the impossible task. He tried first to point out the folly of it.

"See here, Tommy," he called from the inn door. "You don't rightly understand. There's hundreds of these chaps coming, thousands of 'em for all I know, but at least a regiment from what the old man says who saw them. We can't do anything to a lot like that. We'd far better get off the grass while we've a chance."

But Tommy had planted his empty barrel fairly in the middle of the road and was settling himself snugly at full length behind it, his legs spread wide and left shoulder well advanced after the approved fashion of his musketry instructor. "They're goin' south," he called back. "An' we come over 'ere to stop 'em going south. So we'll just 'ave to stop 'em." And he commenced to lay cartridges in a convenient little pile at his elbow and push a clip into his rifle magazine.

Even then the Canadian hesitated. The whole thing was so utterly mad, such a senseless throwing away of their three lives that he was still inclined to clear out and away. But that prone figure in the road held him. He felt, as he puts it himself, that he couldn't decently leave the beggar

there and run away. And a call from outside settled the matter by the calm assurance it held that the two of them were going to stand by and see the game through. "You two 'ad better be quick. I can see the dust risin' just round the corner."

The Canadian flung a last hurried sentence to the piou-piou, ran out and across the road and dropped into the ditch in line with the barrel. The Frenchman looked round at the women and old men, shrugged his shoulders and laughed shortly. "These mad English," he said hopelessly, "but, name of a name, what can a Frenchman do but die along with them?" and he, too, ran out and took his place in the nearer ditch in line with the others.

Tommy looked over his shoulder at him and nodded encouragingly. "Good man, Froggy," he said loudly, and then turning to the Canadian and lowering his voice to a confidential undertone, "I'm glad to see Froggy roll up, for the credit of 'is reg'ment's sake—whatever 'is reg'ment may be. 'E was so long, I was beginnin' to think 'e was funk'in' it." The Canadian admits himself to a queer relief that he himself had not "funked it," but he had little time to think about it.

A thin dust rose slowly from the road at the distant bend, and "'Ere they come," said Tommy. "Don't begin shootin' till I do. We want to get into the brown of 'em before we start, an' we haven't cartridges enough to keep goin' long. I think about four 'undred should be near enough the range, but I'll try a sightin' shot first at that an' you'll see where it lands."

For long interminably dragging minutes the three lay there, and then suddenly, in a bang that made them jump, the Canadian heard the soldier's first shot. "Just short," said Tommy, coolly. "Better put your sights four-fifty and take a fine sight. Come on, let 'em 'ave it."

The three rifles opened in a crackle of rapid fire, and far down the road a swirl of dust and a stampede of gray-coated figures to the sides of the road showed the alarm that the sudden on-

slaughter had raised. It took several minutes for the crowd to get to any sort of cover, and before they did so they evidently began to understand how weak was the force opposed to them. The gray mass dropped to the road and next minute a steady drum of rifle fire and a storm of bullets came beating down on the three. The road was paved, floored with the flat cobblestones common on first-class French roads, and on these the bullets cracked and smacked with vicious emphasis, ricocheted and rose with ugly screams and whirrs and singings. A dozen times in that first minute the hollow barrel banged to the blow of a bullet, but the figure behind it kept on firing steadily and without a pause. And presently the Germans, impatient of the delay, perhaps, or angered by the impudence of the attack of such a handful as they were now sure blocked the way, began to climb over the fence alongside the roadside and move along the fields firing as they came, while another group commenced to trot steadily straight down the road. "Now then, Canada," called Tommy, "pick your target an' tell Froggy we'll fire in turns. We can't afford to waste shots."

So the three commenced to fire steadily and in turn, each waiting after the other's shot to see if a man fell, each calling to the others in triumph if a man went down after their shot, growling angrily if the shot missed. They made good shooting amongst them, the man in the middle of the road an unmistakable best and the Canadian second. Their shooting, in fact, was so good that it broke the attack down the road, and presently the remainder of this force ran crouching to the ditches, jumped into them, and stayed there.

But because the ammunition of the three was almost gone the affair was almost over, and now there appeared a new factor that looked like ending it even before their cartridges gave out. Back in the ranks of the main body three or four men grouped about a machine-gun opened a rapid fire,

and the hailing bullets clashed on the walls of the estaminet, swept down on to the stones of the pavement, found their range and began drumming and banging on the barrel. The soldier beside it quietly laid down his empty rifle and looked towards the Canadian. "I'm done in," he called. "Punctured 'arf a dozen places . . . You two better keep down . . . let 'em come close, then finish it . . . wi' the bayonet."

That struck the Canadian as the last word in lunacy; but before he could speak, he saw the barrel dissolved in splintered wreckage about the figure lying on the road. Tommy raised his head a little and called once more, but faintly. "Good fight. We did all we could . . . to stop 'em. We did stop 'em all a good time . . . an' we stopped a lot for good." A gust of bullets swept lower, clattered on the stones, set the broken barrel staves dancing, hailed drumming and thudding on the prone figure in the road.

Both the Canadian and the Frenchman were wounded severely, but they still had strength to crawl back along the ditch, and the luck to emerge from it amongst the houses in time to be hidden away by the villagers before the Germans arrived. And that night after they had passed through and gone, the Canadian went back and found the body of the soldier where it had been flung in the ditch—a body riddled and rent to pieces with innumerable bullet wounds.

The Canadian had the villagers bury the body there close outside the village and wrote on a smooth board the number and name he took from the identity disc about the dead man's neck. And underneath it he wrote in indelible pencil, "A good fighting man," and the last words he had heard the fighter gasp—"We did all we could to stop them; stopped them all a good time, and stopped a lot for good."

And as the Canadian said afterwards: "That same, if you remember their record and their fate, being a fairly close fitting epitaph for the old Contemptible Little Army."

The Trail to Nowhere

By Melford Doane

(Continued From Last Month)

THREE horsemen were seen coming from the road that leads to the Carisa plains. They had been riding hard and the horses were covered with sweat. They rode up in front of the saloon and dismounted. The leader gave instructions about the horses, and pressed a coin in the stable boy's hand. He was a handsome, swarthy Mexican, who walked with a free and easy swagger. His black eyes flashed, yet when he smiled, his great dark eyes softened. The long black mustaches curled up at the end, and the lips that were firm set revealed a fine set of white teeth when he smiled. He wore leather chaps with trimmings, and a broad silver buckle on his belt, an embroidered buckskin vest. His wristbands were of bright black leather. A broad sombrero hat and a bright red scarf around his neck. As he passed the camp he paused, doffed his sombrero and greeted them in his native tongue. "Buenos Noches." As Verna came nearer he smiled a greeting; then he spoke in soft broken English: "Senorita, I am from the south; never before have I looked upon a maid so beautiful as you. I would like to give to you this little token as a remembrance of a very pleasant meeting," and with that he placed a golden chain and locket in her hand, and strode away to the saloon.

Soon they heard the tinkling of a Spanish guitar and a rich musical voice singing a Spanish love song. The coarse laughter and shouts of Western revelry, which mingled discordantly with the music, struck harshly upon her ear. After a time the revelry sub-

sided, and Verna felt a strange, sweet peace as she gazed out at the broad space of the vast waste, stretching away under an infinitude of night sky. The night wind moaned through the trees; somewhere in the lonely distance a coyote howled. Then out of the gloom two figures appeared and stood near the horses. They talked earnestly in low voices. One of them came closer and untied one of the mustangs.

Verna for the moment seemed rooted to the spot. Her father had evidently gone to sleep, as had Poncho, Quichee uttered a low growl and started. This seemed to bring her back to her senses. She rushed over to the thieves, and quivering and blazing with wrath, grabbed the halter and struggled desperately to obtain the horse. She fought, and athletic though she was, he forced her back with a hand of iron. A moment of silence ensued, when out of the darkness came a rider, riding swiftly on a little sorrel horse. "Here, what's this?" The cowboy spoke low, and leaped from the saddle. "Caramba," the Mexicans muttered as they rushed to their mustangs and went clattering down the gravel mountain trail. The cowboy waited silently, looming splendidly in the darkness.

The sound of the iron hoofs on the rocks died away. Then he came to where Verna was still standing. "I reckon you won't be bothered with those bad hombres again to-night." He came nearer, and Nedjar followed, champing his bit. A strange feeling came over her as she thanked the tall rider of the range. He caught a

glimpse of her face, beautiful beneath masses of wavy brown hair. Soft brown eyes that looked dark at times; soft, expressive, yet shone like light from the stars. Hamlin fancied her beauty would haunt him always. "I'm glad I came along just as I did; they are a bunch of rustlers who have been stealing mavericks—the unbranded calves. I guess something happened to one of their horses, and they were going to take one of yours."

Verna felt a feeling of loneliness steal over her as he walked away. It seemed as if he was to be depended upon so much. Here in the West, where a man is judged by his squareness, his strength, his ability to ride, shoot or fight, this lanky ranger of the Texas plain was superior.

The next morning Verna was awakened by the crackling of the huge fire Poncho had built. She hurriedly dressed. The air of the mountains was bracing, crisp and clear. Far away on the distant hillside she could see the herd of sheep grazing, and the faithful shepherd dogs watching.

Sills explained to them that these dogs were taken out to the flock of sheep when puppies a day old, and suckled by a mother sheep. They never see nor know anything else, which accounts for their faithfulness. Presently, they saw the stalwart Mexican riding away on his powerful black horse, Diablo. They could see the silver on his bridle and saddle and the silver mounted spurs. He waved a good-bye with his sombrero and bid them "Adios."

Beyond the San Juan river, the Carisa plains stretched away to the southeast. The air was balmy, invigorating; the mustangs trotted along at a brisk rate of speed. Cattle were grazing on all sides. Black Beauty seemed in a playful mood, as she tossed her head and galloped over the little cradle knolls of the Carisa. Poncho pointed out to them the great salt lake, and later they passed near the edge of this vast dry lake of magnesia, glistening white beneath the sun.

Out on the eastern edge of the

plains, near the Cuyama, and at the edge of the Elkhorn, are the giant Painted Rocks. Here the Indians of yesteryear lived and hunted the plains, hills and valleys. In their idle hours they painted on the rocks and in the caves—great monstrous rocks, in which are caves that are broad and deep and high, large enough to drive in a herd of sheep. On the walls and roofs of the caves, and on the rocks, are the paintings of horses, warriors with bow and arrow, wigwams, tepees, chiefs, Indian girls, and animals of the hills. Painted in gaudy colors, with a permanent paint that has stood for years, except a few where some one with a destructive mind, and nature, have tried to destroy this work of art of a prehistoric race. Nowhere has the departing Indian left relics such as these paintings of wonderful coloring—artistic masterpieces.

Verna Garden spent hours gazing at and studying these paintings. She wondered how many years ago this tribe lived here. These were the only traces that were left to prove that the Indians had once been the inhabitants of the Carisa and the Cuyama. How had they left, and when? White men and Mexicans had been in this country for years, yet none had ever seen an Indian. But they had lived here and left their painted monuments that would stand for ages.

To the southwest lay the Spanish ranch, and directly south the Agua Caliente.

East of the Caliente rancho was the Cuyama Hacienda, the adobe ranch-house among the cottonwoods. It was here Poncho camped for the night. Vicente Castro, foreman of the rancho, asked them to stay and have supper with them. Verna and her father sat on the wide veranda talking to the foreman. They could see the little cabins of the settlers who had taken up government claims on the upper Cuyama, and were living there, proving up on their homesteads. At the corals the cowboys were doing the chores; a few hung around the house like a lot of school boys, trying to get

a look at Verna. When she looked up and smiled, they began hurried, useless tasks, with a look of embarrassment, acting as if they had done something they had been forbidden. As they appeared at supper, they were all "slicked up," with their hair plastered down. Big Jess Scofield stared hard and dropped his knife in his embarrassment. He hurriedly picked it up and began shoveling with it again. "Must have got scared or shied at something, didn't you, Jess?" asked Gene. "I ain't scared," he snorted indignantly. "Hold on, hold on! One o' you fellers 'll be sent to the horspittle for repairs," said Happy Fogg. "That kind of talk allers leads to a tangle."

"Hey, Quong, bring us in another cup o' sheep-dip, pretty pronto," said Slivers, passing over his coffee cup. "That almond-eyed rice thrower 'll get you if you don't quit making fun o' his coffee," said Gene, with his slow drawl. "No better cook ever threwed a dishrag over a barb-wire fence than Quong, and he's stayed by this bunch down to the last white chip. Pass the frijoles, Dick."

Shorty, with his old, whimsical smile, sat gazing at the bunch with his knife poised in the air. "This damn java is hotter'n blazes," said Slivers, as he blew noisily into his saucer to cool it off.

Verna looked on with an amused look on her face. "They are just a lot of boys grown up, aren't they father!" When they finished the meal, Castro and his two daughters, Ysobel and Dolores, entertained them on the veranda. Dolores played her guitar and Castro sang fragments of Spanish songs.

Verna gazed out at the great, barren waste that stretched away to the south, where the cattle grazed. Her father had gone into the house with the Castros, while Verna strolled through the garden. She wondered at the awful stillness, the solitude. The ever-changing shadows of the gathering dusk seemed to whisper to her as she looked on this vast, grim, darkening earth. Again she felt the gripping

sensation, the phantom spirit of the West that seemed to hold her in its spell. Stars came out, great white, blinking stars. The mournful laugh of the coyotes broke the stillness, and was answered by Propone and Quichee. The mountains loomed in the distance, dark and bold. Her thoughts went back to La Panza and the tall, lean rider of the range. She wondered when she would see him again. She was awakened from this pleasant reverie by Gene's voice: "Say, Shorty, if you don't quit playing that spavined, wind-broken old accordion, you're going to be surrounded by flowers; an' you won't smell 'em either." The music still kept up. "Shorty, there's goin' to be a long procession, and you're going to be riding at the head. Why don't you quit and go home?" said Jess. "Ain't got no home." "Well, we'll dig you one if you don't quit jamming wind into that thing."

Verna smiled at their good natured repartee, and went back into the house. When she awoke the next morning she wondered where she was. The thick adobe walls of the bedroom reminded her of a feudal castle she had read of in her father's books. The sun was shining bright as she walked out into the patio that opened into the court yard. A little fountain played in the pool of water, around which grew water lilies. In the yard the dogs lounged around, the thin, lean hounds that were used for hunting. Propone and Quichee were playing with a big black greyhound. Gene Johnson, a cowboy, rode out to look over the fences, with a bunch of hounds following; the two shepherd dogs remained behind with Propone; chained to an oak tree in the yard were the massive stag-hounds.

Vernon Garden had found a fast friend in the sorrowful Dolores, while Verna had struck up an admiring acquaintance with Ysobel.

The girls of the rancho had just returned from the convent at Santa Barbara. Dolores missed her music and her books, while Ysobel, with her nature wild and carefree, delighted in her

rides across the valley with Verna. Castro had told Vernon Garden he would secure for him the adobe house in the Salisbury canyon, from the forest ranger, Charlie James. It would be an ideal abode for them, near the Hacienda and under the direct protection of the forest ranger. About noon they started for the canyon. Plover and ravens stalked about on the level floor of the valley; little Pohoos scampered to their holes; doves sat on the cottonwoods, at the edge of the canyon. Roy Peck and Jess Scofield, riding along the southern edge of the ranch, had been looking after the water holes at the Elder, and Chimney springs. They joined the party, and all went merrily up the canyon to James's adobe.

All courtesy was shown Vernon Garden and his daughter when they reached the place. James met them in the hospitable manner of the West, and invited them to stay as long as they liked. He took his gun and soon returned with enough quail for supper.

The benignant face of the forest ranger broke into a smile as he prepared supper for his guests. "Well, if this meal don't suit you, I guess maybe the dogs will eat it," he said, as he winked at Castro. Roy Peck kept the crowd laughing all through the meal by his funny remarks.

The next day the rain began to fall, the early winter rain. All day it poured down, steady, constant, incessant. Castro and James were in a jovial mood. It had been a hot, dry summer, and the water holes were getting low. When crossing the valley the day before they had noticed a long string of cattle wending their way along the trail that led to the river. At night Hamlin, the range rider, appeared, wet, soaked to the skin, but good natured. "He's always on duty," said James. "He rides through the storms with dogged persistence; in the hot days of the summer he's the same way. He seems to be what I call a man's man; he used to be a trooper down on the border of Texas, and has been in service in Africa. He's the best rider out here and

the strongest man I ever saw for his size. He can shoot straighter than any man I ever saw. He's a queer fellow, though. I never heard him mention the name of any woman except his mother and sister."

James continued: "He was with me at Pine Mountain last year when the forest fire broke out; he fought like a demon; for thirty-six hours we had nothing to eat or drink, and when we got the fire under control I was glad enough to lay down and sleep, but Hamlin wanted to come on back. He's made of iron, that fellow." Here James grew reminiscent: "Yet, I remember when his little dog got his leg broke fighting a wild cat, he took that little fellow home and cared for him like a woman would. I seen him pull a little calf out of the mud down in the tules by the Elder Spring, and pack him on his back half a mile to its mother. And Nedjar, he thinks more of that horse than he does of his own life."

In the days that followed, Verna's liking for Hamlin increased; together they rode the vast stretches, infinitesimal dots under the high arch of the blue sky. One day they were riding far up the Cuyama near the Blue Mountains; the tops of the mountain peaks were covered with snow from the early snow fall. Deer and other animals had come down into the low foothills. As Hamlin and Verna neared a grove of poplar trees, Propone stopped still and growled. They looked and saw a herd of elk standing under the poplars. Evidently the elk had not seen them yet; perhaps they scented them, as a great antlered monarch walked out from under the trees to the top of a little knoll, threw back his head and issued the challenge, a sound half-whistle, half moan. This whistle can be heard for miles; it is the challenge to any other buck. When the elk hear the challenge they will go any distance or swim a river to get to the challenger. The elk live a polygamous life; whichever elk is the most powerful is the monarch of the herd. This challenger was a mon-

strous buck, wide spreading horns, head thrown back, with his large nostrils dilated and his big eyes protruding, he looked fit for battle. On came the buck who had heard the challenge; he came within a few rods, stuck his great antlers into the ground, caught up a bunch of sod and threw it in the air fifty feet. Then came the snorting and pawing of ground, the fierce charge, the broadside plunges. These fellows were fighting for blood, for supremacy.

They fought terrifically. After the battle the vanquished elk stalked away into the the forest, alone, to stay for months, while the victor returned to the does. It was purely a case of the survival of the fittest, physically. They saw the vanquished elk, days afterward, lying by a log, his front feet stretched out forward, his head resting on his legs. He did not move when they came up. He was surely an object of humiliation.

They rode to the forks of the river, where the Cuyama joins the Santa Maria, and becomes a tossing, turbulent, mad, rushing river, a wild thing of the West. Roaring, as it hurried across the valley, down through the Narrows, through the mountains to the sea.

Hamlin had grown to love this beautiful girl, loved her with every look of his eye, every tone of his voice. The days spent in the following months were pleasant, indeed. Sometimes, when they were riding they would stop and pick wild flowers; sometimes they would visit the Hacienda. Hamlin told her how he loved the free, open life of the plains. "But it will never be the same again, when you go away," he said. "I would like to have you here always, you are the bright sunshine to the growing grass and flowers; the breezes seem softer and milder since you came." He gazed away consciously. "I seem to see your face in every flower, to hear your laughter in every stream; your voice sounds as soft as the summer breeze at midnight, and somehow the birds seem to sing more when you are around, and I—I love you, Verna."

Just then a little, sweet wind came up from the south, played with the sun-burned curls underneath her sombrero, wavy brown curls that shone like gold in the sun. She smiled a sweet, serious smile of unusual quality, and her beautiful brown eyes twinkled. "Do you really care?" she asked naively. "Oh, look!" she cried, just as a gust of wind caught the brilliant colored autumn leaves of the sycamore tree, hurled them high into the air and scattered them far across the canyon.

Together they rode the plains from the Cuyama to the Agua Caliente. Everywhere the hills were covered with California poppies, a bright golden yellow. Green grass had sprung up all over the valley. A breeze was blowing off the Pacific. Through the rocky gullies, through the sage brush, and waste and sand along the river they went. When they came upon the level stretch again, the horses struck into a lively gallop, shaking their heads and manes, and began a race.

Neck and neck they ran, Black Beauty and Nedjar. The wind of the sea was in their face. With her hair blown back, to Hamlin Verna was a picture of loveliness. On and on, faster and faster, raced the horses. They could feel the muscles gather under them and buoyantly spring forward. There was no strain, no necessity to hold on to their level running gait. She loosened the bridle rein, and cried: "Go on, Beauty." The green plains swept past them, the wind stung their faces, howled in their ears, tore at her hair. When they reached the Elder Spring the horses slowed down. "Wasn't it glorious?" she exclaimed. "It sure was some race," said Hamlin. "Beauty is the first horse that ever kept up with Nedjar in a race." And laughing the happy, care-free laugh of youth, they dismounted at the ranch house with the two tall chimneys, one at either end, the chimneys that give the name to the springs below, Chimney Springs.

That day James came over to the house and told them that some one was

rustling cattle from the Huasna, the Wasioja, and the Spanish ranch. Blanco had seen no evidence at the Caliente, but he expected trouble at any minute; his men were armed and a fight was anticipated. "What would they do?" asked Verna, "if they caught these cattle thieves?" "Well," said James, as he lit his cigarette, "you have seen that big cottonwood tree between here and the Caliente, the one that has the dead limb reaching out over the road." "Yes," said Verna. "Well, they say a limb always dies after they hang a man on it. His grave is that little pile of rocks just off to the left of the road." Verna was silent. James continued: "These thieves are like pirates, they rob and steal, yet they would give you anything they had, except their horses."

"They are trying to beat luck," said Vernon Garden, "while life itself is urging them on. Their crimes are more of boldness and strong impulses than badness. They are adventurous, and love excitement; they want their horses to be the best, to flaunt their superiority in the face of others; their crimes are wicked, of course, but not the mean, despicable, rat-like wickedness of the city criminals. They are born of an idle, indolent race of Mexicans, and their very beings are permeated with the consummate effrontery and vain glory of a scornful, defiant race." "I've noticed," said James, "their greatest failing is laziness; they spend their days in idleness, and steal to obtain ease and luxury. One thing, they never prey upon women or people in dire circumstances. There's more kindness in their hearts than you would think, and they value a good horse more than a human life."

Gene Johnson rode up to ask for Hamlin. "I wanted to know," said Johnson, in his low, quiet voice, "if you had seen anything of Jess Scofield; he went to Moron for the mail and ought to be back before now. If it had been Peck or Slivers I wouldn't think anything about it. I'd say they were having a time, but Jess ain't that kind." "Gosh all hemlock," said Shorty, "but

Jess is gone a dickens of a long time; he shore ought to be here by now. Dick and Miss Verna rode down that way a couple of hours ago; guess mebbey they'll see him. Mebbey we had better ride down that way—the river has started to go down, and the quicksand is gettin' treacherous. It ain't deep enough for him to swim now, and he might get in trouble. There comes a horse now—guess it must be him." So putting their mustangs on the run they soon came up to Jess's big grey horse, riderless, gaunt, the reins hanging over his head, mud from head to heels. "My God," cried Shorty, "the quicksand; Jess is caught in the quicksand." Hurredly they rushed to the crossing; before they reached there they saw Hamlin's little sorrel, and Verna's Black Beauty standing on the bank. Propone was rushing up and down, barking and yelping. In the stream a few yards from the bank was Scofield, caught in the quicksand, sinking slowly but surely; the water had reached his arm pits. Hamlin uncoiled his rope and threw it far out over the river, but it fell a few feet short. He tried again and again, but could not throw it far enough. Hamlin wanted to tie the rope around himself and try to wade out. Johnson knew this would be useless.

Propone stood on the bank whining and barking. "Wait, Dick, Propone," shouted Verna, grabbing the great dog, "hurry—the rope." Hamlin instantly grasping her meaning, rushed over, tied the rope around the dog's neck. "Go, Propone," her voice rang with the command. Into the water the big fellow plunged, swam the treacherous stream to the sinking cowboy, just as the water reached his neck. Hamlin had mounted Nedjar, and taken a turn of the rope around the horn of the saddle. Scofield hung on with all his might, as Hamlin started Nedjar to pull. It was a hard pull, as the cowboy had sunk to his knees in the quicksand, but the game little sorrel pulled strong and steady, and landed the cowboy safe on the bank. Propone ran up and down the bank, shaking the

water from his shaggy coat; he seemed to rejoice in what he had done. "Oh, you noble fellow," cried Verna, as she grabbed the great, dripping fellow around the neck.

The summer months came and went. Verna was realizing she had begun to love the place, she loved the plains, stretching into the blue haze of the distant mountains, mountains that seemed to beckon her. Even in their utter desolation there was something that seemed to hold her, some unseen force, something she could not shake off.

The hot, dry days of the summer passed, the long drought of the fall had set in. Blanco and his cowboys had saddled their horses, and started for the lower Caliente, to bring up the herd of yearlings, to the upper fields where there was water. They stopped to water their horses, in the cool little creek that runs down from the Agua Caliente spring. The Agua Caliente (hot water) spring comes out of the ground hot, but by the time it runs down the canyon to the ranch house it is clear and cool. As they pass the laguna and rounded the point at the bend of the river, they came upon a bunch of Mexicans and slouchily-dressed half-breeds, rushing away the herd of red yearlings.

A running battle followed; pistol shots rank out. The rustlers ran their horses across the river, headed for the Painted Rocks. Blanco and his men were after them, shooting at every jump. A Mexican reeled and fell from the saddle. As the bandits fled, the cowboys returned to get the wounded Mexican and go back to the ranch to get reinforcements, and begin their battle anew on the morrow, as it was getting dusk.

It was far into the night when the arrangements were completed. Hamlin had returned from a hard day's ride from the Maricopa hills and Devil's Gulch. Long before dawn the next morning, with Blanco and James riding ahead, they crossed the Santa Maria river and headed for the plains. Hamlin was riding Beauty, as Nedjar was

leg weary from the hard ride from the hills the day previous.

A daylight surprise was sprung on the unsuspecting bandits in a deep ravine near the Elkhorn. Murietta, the Mexican chief, and Three-Fingered Jack were saddling their horses; they sprang into their saddles. Three-Fingered Jack headed for the Lost Hills, while Murietta took to the mountains along the river. Blanco and James, with the cowboys, were busily rounding up the rustlers, and Hamlin started after Murietta, up the steep trail that led to the ridge of the mountain. Verna and Ysobel could see them from the other side of the river. She recognized the rustler as the handsome Mexican she had seen at La Panza, riding his wonderful black horse, Diablo. Down the steep declivity of the Haystack Mountains rode this fearless bandit, and the lanky ranger of the Texas plains followed. None but Hamlin would dare risk his life in such a wild, dare-devil ride. Across the hills, Murietta rode, across the river bed, and still Hamlin kept after him. The afternoon came and went, and still the chase continued. It was a case of man to man, and two strong men were fighting it out, mounted on the two best horses on the Cuyama, each as black as night. Murietta rode in almost a straight line south, headed for the Santa Barbara potreroes, and the plainsman followed. It was hard going, a herculean task, and the hot sun bore down on them; dust was in their faces, the hot, dry alkali dust of the upper Cuyama. The wind was blowing from off the desert, hot, dry, arid.

From time to time Hamlin tried to moisten his lips with his tongue, but he could not. He wondered if the horseman ahead had a canteen; could he stand it much longer, and how long could these tired horses last without water?

Hamlin stopped to tighten his saddle girth, and noticed Murietta stop also. "Want to rest, Beauty?" he said; but she shook her head. The man talked on; all day he had ridden without water. He wondered if there was

water in the spring, under the willows; he knew it was too late in the fall, but still he would look. Like a man in a daze he stumbled over the sage brush, but when he reached the water hole it was dry. He looked across to where he had left his horse and saw the outlaw riding back. He pulled out his revolver and fired; though out of range Murietta's horse whirled and started on the run. Beauty became frightened and started on the back trail. The ranger's features became drawn with anguish; he shook his head and stood there, and saw Murietta ride away evidently in triumph, while the dust rose and settled. As the grim-visaged chief turned in his saddle he waved adios to Hamlin, and a sinister smile spread over his countenance. He rode due east; beyond lay Tehachapi and the Mojave desert. Little puffs of alkali dust rose as big black Diablo hit the trail. Hamlin watched him, high among the rocks, riding his wonderful horse like a god of the sea, riding the crest of the waves.

He saw him again as he was crossing the ridge. Horse and rider stood for a moment silhouetted against the darkening sky like a statue in bronze, then turned and started down the mountain, where beyond lay the vast waste of the desert. Down the trail to nowhere, into the land God forgot.

Far on the western rim of the earth the sun, a golden ball of fire, was setting, and black shadows were looming under the hills. To Hamlin the shadows were tragic, and with panting

breath he tried to call Beauty's name, but his parched throat would not answer. His thin lips tightened, as he saw the horse go out of sight around Deceptive Point.

When morning came the tall, lean ranger was wandering aimlessly about, muttering incoherently; a band of riders, riding furiously, found him, covered with alkali dust, his light flannel shirt torn, his face and hands covered with scratches and blotches of blood, but still going on under his iron will. His lips were parched and cracked, his tongue swollen in his mouth. He was given a little water from a canteen. They helped him into the saddle and Shorty rode behind. Johnson and Peck came riding up, leading Beauty. As Hamlin got off Shorty's horse to mount Beauty, he began muttering about the water hole, two damn good horses and sun-burned curls.

Verna came to meet them, riding Nedjar; as she drew up beside them, Nedjar rubbed his black muzzle against Hamlin's hand. "Oh, Dick, you're splendid," she cried; "we watched you ride after him till the two wonderful black horses became mere specks." The far-away look in his eyes changed to one of joyful recognition. He smiled and took her hand; the cowboys rode on, leaving them to themselves. Beauty and Nedjar followed, the reins loose on their necks. Silently, hand in hand, they rode where love was leading them, down the long trail, across the Cuyama, to the Hacienda.

ADVENTURE

Let time take what he will, nor fret to see
 The early sunset nearing from the West;
 Keep for the great roads of eternity
 The heart of youth that waits an eager quest!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT



(SYNOPSIS.—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later, Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnought, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength falls her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile,

Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound. The next day in the shipyard Pasek tries to arrest Jan with his wound as evidence, but Jan destroys his hand in molten metal, makes his escape and is later captured by Pasek and returned to Galt for trial. He is found guilty and sentenced to ten years at Floryanska. Meanwhile, almost ten years later, Jagiello, in the south, is selected because of her beauty for a desperate mission for the Empire. After six months at the Court, she is sent to Warsaw to enamor Prince Rupprecht and steal the Russian war plans. She succeeds after a clever intrigue, precipitated the War of the Nations. During the Battle of Warsaw she comes upon Felix Skarga, who has sacrificed his life for Carlmania. Skarga tells her that Jan lives, and she turns her face toward Galt. Meanwhile in Galt, the mighty Huascar has been launched, and Stefan has been given a commission in the Imperial Flying Corps by the Emperor. During the Battle of the Baltic he distinguishes himself for valor. But in the great naval battle the miracle happens—the Huascar, built in seven years, is demolished in seven minutes.)

CHAPTER LVI.

FINISHED in seven minutes!"

The Old Admiral's voice was lost in the tumult of human cries about him. He stood at his observation post on the bridge, unmindful of the red stains upon his body, his fingers clawing the rail, stiffening and tightening, while his mind strove to grasp the tragedy that had befallen his beloved flagship. All he could mutter, in gibbering, almost inarticulate accents was: "Finished . . . in seven minutes!"

Even as he stared through the blinding chaos, the great battleship listed,

lurched over on her port side, black and red against the sunrise. The Old Admiral heard the water below surging through the bulkheads, crushing them like egg-shells. The crew, fighting to the last, scrambled like rats for the open hatches. Those that were left on the ship after the death toll of the first great shock, threw themselves, naked and choking, down the mammoth, slimy side into the sea.

The Old Admiral saw them hurtling down—the magnificent men whose heroism was seared upon his heart and brain—the men who had manned the Huascar's guns and sent the enemy to the sea's lowest pits. Now in turn

they were going to their graves—and they went down fighting! That was the way they had lived.

Seven minutes!

A great hush came suddenly over the sea; the echoes of the sea-fight dimmed and died away. Then a wonderful sound smote upon the stillness: the thrilling diapason of the Huascar's Imperial band, crashing out the national hymn. The men were going to their deaths, their faces set and unafraid. Those that were disabled sank upon the splintered decks; their voices rose full and splendid, roaring out the words of the stirring "*God and Our Empire.*"

Seven minutes!

The Huascar plunged and dipped like a wild horse, shivered from stem to stern in her death agony, and, toppling, slid into the Baltic, churning the waters into writhing foam. And with her went hope of victory for the Carlmanian fleet.

Seven minutes!

In seven minutes the blind, feverish, pitiless toil of seven thousand men for seven years was reduced to twisted steel and flaming bulwarks! Seven years of life-crushing labor; seven years of life-sucking taxes; seven years of killing the souls of men—that the plaything of an Emperor might be swept to the bottom of the sea in seven minutes!

CHAPTER LVII.

In the quietude of that evening after the Battle of the Baltic, the Carlmanian hospital ship Bletz found much to do. The sea for miles was strewn with wreckage and bodies. The first news reached the world by way of Bohnholm. The British Ajax had sent this wireless: "Huascar destroyed. Victory is ours." The operator at Helligdomsklipper had relayed the message to Rugen, whence it had been telegraphed to London, Paris and Petrograd. The Captain of the Ajax had not wasted words. With the announcement of the Huascar's destruction, the War Offices could construct the battle picture with unerring science.

So the sturdy little Bletz picked its way through the wreckage of war, and rescued the dead and the dying. The Red Cross officers found Stefan among the floating tangle of the little Wasp. They lifted him, unconscious, to the deck of the Bletz, and placed him among the long row of bodies under the awnings.

The wounded Captain of the Danzig recognized Stefan.

"That lad is the aviator who gave us the range of the Peter," said he. "It was a feat of rare coolness and daring. I shall recommend him for the Imperial Cross of Gold."

The Bletz ran back toward the Carlmanian coast under full steam. The twilight was coming on; the sea trembled in jets of old rose and gold.

Far ahead the blue Lora Mountains lifted like pale traceries as the Bletz crept into the harbor at Galt. The great Truskas in the fort above the shipyard thundered an awed salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the valiant heroes.

So at last the gunner who had dragged Stefan from the bore of the cannon many years before had kept his word and fired a salute for him—the royal salute for the dead.

CHAPTER LVIII.

This was on the day that Jan was released from prison.

He emerged from the massive stone gates of Floryanska a free man. His step was slow and heavy. His eyes blinked in the flaming sunset. He stared about him at the cliffs—at the mountains—at the sea—with a strange and bewildered look. He did not seem to understand that he was free at last and might go where he pleased. The world seemed strange and alien after the long, inexorable years that the Emperor had exacted from his life. The decade in the cold, solitary stone cell at Floryanska had aged him beyond the reckoning of years. He was bent and cowed—and his spirit was gone. His eyes were watery and dim, wistfully tender with thoughts of his wife and his boy. His hair had grown

long and grey; his face was pale and furrowed. He had become an old, old man.

He came out into the road on the heights. As he passed the portal a look of expectancy came into his eyes, as though he awaited a presence. He stood still and stared ahead, and called tremblingly:

"Stefan! . . . Stefan!"

He extended his arms as in a dream. He was the Father awaiting the Prodigal whom he saw in a vision a long way off.

But though he waited, no one came.

His boy was not there to meet him.

His arms dropped; his head fell forward; tears dimmed his eyes. There was only solitude about him: twilight coming down upon the hills, sea-winds whispering softly upon the heights.

The road led away into a green meadow and wound among the hills down into the town. Jan slowly made his way along this road. Galt with all its little white houses lay below. A stillness had settled over the shipyard. He was soon tired and sat down upon a stone to rest. The Truska guns were roaring their salute. Jan heard them as a great, far-off throbbing, for his mind was obsessed with one hope. It was the single consolation left to him through those years in his lonely cell. He wanted to hold his boy in his arms again.

"Stefan," he called in a voice that was a choking whisper. "My boy! My boy!"

No voice answered him.

Here in these quiet hills he had once romped with his lad.

After a while he rose and went slowly down into the village. His eyes burned with a strange fire. Shipbuilders and peasants stared at him curiously, but no one remembered him—no one spoke to him. He entered the Street of the Larches. There was the white house that had once been his—and Jagiello's. Another was living in it now. He had no place he could call home. He was an outcast.

He noticed that all the villagers were hurrying toward the docks.

Where were they going? Why were they hurrying so fast? . . . He spoke to a woman—Madame Tenta whom he had once known—but she brushed on, not answering. He called to a toiler—the man named Nicholas who had once worked by his side in the shipyard—but the man turned away abruptly. A group of young girls ran through the street. There were three, and they were crying. Jan heard them talking of a battle . . . And then he saw, coming slowly along the street under the trees, a woman, bronzed and barefooted. Her yellow-brown dress was worn and frayed; its hem trailed in the dust. She had journeyed a long way.

As Jan looked, the woman went quickly to the young girls and called them by name. "Elsa! Lela! Ula!" They stared at her, not knowing who she was. "O my children, I have come a long way—to bring you kisses from your father."

"From our father?" exclaimed Lela. "You knew our father?"

"He has gone to war," said Ula.

"We are waiting for him to come home," explained Elsa.

"Your father is dead," said the woman.

"Dead!" exclaimed Lela, unbelieving.

"He died with the army at Warsaw," returned the woman. "I was with him at the last. He died a hero, dear children. And he sent you kisses; your names were last on his lips . . ." The woman's arms encircled the girls. She kissed them, reverently. Jan could not see her face, but her voice was tremulous as she spoke. Presently she passed on through the street, and disappeared among the trees.

After a while the street became deserted. Jan walked slowly through the gates. He knew not where to go. As his mind went back through the years, his footsteps turned across the court near Ujedski's hovel, and he came to the garden and the little house where he and Jagiello and Stefan had lived near the river.

The house was deserted and in ruins.

The garden was densely grown with a profusion of honey-suckle and acacias. A flock of wood-pigeons flew up in alarm from the lindens and disappeared through the dusk.

Weakness came over Jan. He sat down on the stones of the fountain he had once made for Stefan. Presently he was aware of some one entering the garden. He looked up and saw that it was the woman of the yellow-brown dress. She came slowly over and sat down near Jan. It was almost dark, and she seemed a mystic figure. He noticed that her feet had been bleeding from her journey, that her garments were old and threadbare, that her hair was tangled threads of gold. Her face was buried in her hands. She sobbed silently. After a while she said:

"Once I lived in Galt—many years ago. I have returned to find my boy."

Jan started.

"You, too, had a boy?" asked Jan, unsteadily, a strange questioning light in his eyes as he gazed at the woman.

"My son was appointed to the Flying Corps by the Emperor, and I fear he was in the battle. I must find him—my boy—my love!"

She rose to go, but tottered on her feet, and swayed weakly forward. Jan staggered to his feet and steadied her with his arm. "I must go," she repeated; "I must find Stefan . . ."

"Stefan? . . . Stefan?"

Tremblingly, Jan turned her face toward him. She was very beautiful. He reached out his great arms and crushed her to him, gazing into her tear-splashed eyes—deep, brave, agonized.

"Don't you know me, Jagiello? Don't you know Jan?"

The woman saw as one in a dream. "Jan! Jan!" she cried, rapturously. His tears rained upon her hair that he so loved—her wondrous yellow hair.

After a long while they heard the measure of muffled drums. They looked up and saw, between the trees, a gray cortege entering the court.

CHAPTER LIX.

The cortege moved slowly through the gathering night. A long string of

creaking arabas, driven slowly by peasants with bowed heads and white faces, followed the band. The music was soft—music for the dead. Throngs of men, women and children moved beside the carts. When Jan and Jagiello entered the street they saw that the faces of the Toilers were stained and haggard.

Jan touched the arm of a passing stranger.

"Who are the dead?" he asked.

"From the Huascar and the other ships."

"The Huascar!" echoed Jan.

"The battle! It's gone hard with us today."

"The battle?"

"All our sons upon the ships—all dead! Step aside! Here they come!"

The cortege passed.

Jan hurried after the builder.

"The Huascar, did you say? Gone down? Do you know, my friend, if there was a boy—?"

"They were all boys."

"But my boy—Stefan Rantzau—did you hear of him?"

"Go down to the gun factory. They're all in a row. Some's only wounded; maybe your boy's among them . . . I saw one fellow—that aviator—the hero of the battle. They are going to decorate him with a Cross of Gold. He flew over the Peter the Great, they say, and they shot his plane into bits. But he beat them—he signaled to our fleet first!"

"Was his name Stefan—Stefan Rantzau?"

"I don't know his name. Whatever it is, it is written in glory."

Jan returned to Jagiello. They went in silence through the street toward the gun factory. They were weary, and they rested upon a bench near the Jena Bridge. It was a bridge she had often crossed in her youth. She was crying softly.

"Jagiello . . . beloved!"

She lifted a sad face.

"Beloved, I cannot believe it is you—my Jagiello—come back to me!"

He kissed her with infinite tenderness.

"I would have forgiven," he said, simply.

There was a long silence, broken only by a far-off throb of drums . . . and presently the rattle of sabres . . . and the tramp of regiments.

"Come, we must find our son," said Jan.

CHAPTER LX.

The black iron gates of the gun factory were open; the passage was thronged with toilers and their wives.

Jan and Jagiello slowly wended their way through the sorrowful crowd. Suddenly a soldier seized Jan roughly by the shoulder.

"Back there! Don't crush! Here, you, what do *you* want?"

"I want my boy," said Jan.

"What name?" said the soldier.

"Stefan—Stefan Rantzau."

The soldier bawled out the name, whereupon a fusilier at a table opened a book and turned the white pages. "Rantzau—Rantzau," he repeated mechanically.

"He was appointed to the Flying Corps by the Emperor!" urged Jagiello.

Jan and Jagiello were forced ahead through the impatient throng. They went into the long gray room adjoining, where lay the dead. One by one they surveyed the youthful faces, lads from the farms and vineyards of the countryside. There was no sign of Stefan.

A great joy bounded into Jan's heart. "Perhaps he lives!" he exclaimed.

At that moment there was a stir in the crowd. A Captain entered the room, followed by an eager mob. Jan and Jagiello were caught in the onrush and carried along. Jan heard excited voices around him.

"The hero of the battle is in that room," said a man.

"They are going to decorate him with the golden Cross," said a woman.

The Captain passed into the next room, a long, low-ceiled shop. At the farther end a score of wounded gunners lay upon pallets, attended by Red Cross nurses. The Captain stopped

at a bedside. The throng closed in quickly.

A youth lay on the pallet.

The Captain placed the Imperial Cross upon the youth's breast.

"For valor under the illustrious scepter of Rudolph III, Emperor of Carlsmania," he said.

Suddenly Jan strode forward, struck dumb. A tremor ran through his great body. His eyes glinted with an awful light. It was as if the man-hate of him was fighting with his God. His hands opened and closed convulsively; his jaws locked; his face was of dull granite, in which his deep-sunken eyes burned like fire.

"Do you know the lad?" asked the Captain.

"He is my boy—Stefan—my son!" said Jan with a horrible, choking sob. He bent low and touched the white cheek. It was cold as marble.

Jagiello threw herself beside the still figure, choking, her heart bleeding.

Tenderly Jan reached down and took up the core of his heart, and laid him gently over his shoulder.

"Where are you going?" asked the Captain.

"He is my boy," answered Jan.

"But you cannot remove him this way," protested a nurse.

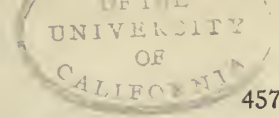
"He is my boy," repeated Jan.

He brushed past the Captain and the nurse. Through the twilight aisle of hungry-eyed Toilers he went out with his son.

CHAPTER LXI.

As Jan passed through the gates of the gun factory into the street a tumultuous shouting of the populace smote upon his ears. Above the din he heard the heavy tramp of marching men, and the music of a band. Then suddenly the long echoing thunder of mighty guns roared through the peaceful evening. It was the voice of the guns of Galt.

From far down the street a soldier came running, breathless, mouth agape. The astonished populace stared in amazement.



"The enemy!" he cried; "the enemy—has landed—in Galt!"

Men and women paled. The enemy in Galt? Unbelievable! . . . Hark! what battle hymn was that?

*"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unser guten Kaiser Franz!
Lange lebe Franz den Kaiser
In des Gluckes hellstem Glanz!"*

It was the roaring anthem of Austria!

Thousands upon thousands of the enemy had been convoyed in small boats to a safe landing several miles up the coast, under the friendly wing of dusk. Listen! Was that the "Marseillaise" bursting full-throated, in savage exultation?

*"Allons, enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrive!"*

As Jan looked, he saw the blue and red uniforms of France breaking through the gloom. On and on they swept, across the Jena Bridge, upward toward the fort upon the heights.

Miles out in the Baltic the remnant of the Allies' ships had crept close enough to hurl their shells against the fort. The duel of the big guns was terrific.

In Jan's ears the terror of the night was as the distant murmur of the sea.

At the gates leading to the heights a sentry stopped him.

"It means death to go that way!" he warned.

"He is my boy, and I am taking him home," Jan answered the sentry, his eyes gazing straight ahead.

The sentry passed the man and the woman, and they walked slowly to the foot of the hill path.

"Home . . . home."

Jagiello's voice was wistful, weary.

As they go, the regiments of Europe, rocking upwards on the roads, shout with tumultuous joy.

"The Emperor wins! The Emperor wins!" cry the long blue Austrian columns climbing in the night; and Jan mounts to the heights with his lad across his shoulder.

"The King wins! Long live the King!" bellows the British host, fixing bayonets for the charge upon the fort; and Jagiello falls into a silent heap.

"La patrie wins! Vive, la France!" shout the red, red lines, the battle-lust in their eyes; and Jan stands still under the stars and lifts his eyes, sightless with tears, to God.

"The Czar wins! Long live our noble Czar!" roar a thousand savage throats; while Jan tenderly lifts the woman to her feet and helps her onward through the red night.

And so together they go up with their son through the green November fields, the eternal triangle—man, woman, child—hanging in the maw of uncertain civilization; the woman bent with grief and sobbing; the shard that once was man, gnarled and silent, bulking a giant blotch against the night sky, striding upward with the tribute of war upon his shoulders, much as he had carried the woman eons before on their night of passion.

And the regiments swing on in a wave of conquering thunder.

(The End.)

AMBITION

Kind Heaven, to be a wonder,
Find Fame the far to seek,
To shake the earth like thunder—
For two days and a week!

HARRY COWELL.

Dewey to the Rescue

By M. V. Gardner

SILVER reached out to take the print from the slippery developer and her hand touched Tim's. The next instant he held her wet fingers tightly.

"Oh, Silver, dear," he whispered, and in the red glow of the dark-room she could see his gray eyes shining upon her. "I must tell you—Silver—you must listen." The faint Irish burr softened his voice as he pleaded huskily, but the girl jerked away her hand.

"No, Tim," she said, brusquely, "you mustn't."

The door opened and shut with finality. Outside she shrugged her shoulders impatiently. Silver had a slim, finely-formed figure, and when she put her hands in the wide-beaded pockets of her blue gabardine and raised her slender shoulders, the gesture was as expressive as if she had been a daughter of sunny Italy, rather than of Sandy McPhee from the north highlands. She had entered a sort of passage between the dark room and the studio. By the small window a brass-wired cage stood on a table, and beside it sat a white rat and cocked a pert pink eye at her. Bending over, the girl cuddled him, and her face lost some of its impatience. But as she started to rub her smooth cheek on his soft fur her eyes fell on Tim's yellow sailor, hanging on a nail in the wall opposite, and her level black eyebrows met in a troubled frown.

"Oh, dear, why does he?"

She spoke half-aloud, suddenly dropped the rat back into his cage, slammed the little door, and went on into the studio. It was a long, narrow room that opened on the street. In the center Tim's hooded kodak focused on a heterogeneous pile of scenery, and

at one side a huge mechanical piano projected half way across the floor. The corner beside the entrance was partly separated from the rest of the room by a sooty green curtain, behind which, surrounded by her small square bottles of blue, red and purple, Silver practiced the art which her father had taught her. Sandy McPhee had sailed the seas for thirty years, and his daughter had his word for the fly-specked placard in the window announcing her as "The Only Lady Tattooist in the Western Hemisphere."

As Silver took her seat at the small pine table which nearly filled her booth, she determinedly banished Tim from her mind, the frown from her forehead, and began to make ready for the evening. Pulling a lock of golden brown hair lower over each temple, she carefully began to pat the end of her nose with a pink-streaked chamois. The gallery was but a few blocks from the water-front, and between them Tim and Silver managed to draw a steady stream of trade. A fortnight ago big Dave Fass, basement foreman of the Western Biscuit Company, had strolled in with a dipper's department girl clinging to each arm. Sitting in an amorous group on a rustic bench they were snapped by Tim. As they left, the man curiously thrust his head behind the gray-green curtain. Silver poised her bunch of needles above a bared brown arm on the table and glanced up at him inquiringly. Dave withdrew his head slowly and went on, the girls laughing, but that glance brought him back the next evening and the next, and he was now wearing an Oriental dancer on one of his thick wrists, while on the other cavorted a vermilion dragon.

So it was that when Silver heard a certain heavy step in the doorway she thrust the chamois into the open neck of her waist, with unnecessary haste, and bent over her instruments busily. A tall dark young fellow who would have been strikingly handsome had his features been molded more finely, pushed aside the curtain and leisurely seated himself in the chair opposite. When he had settled himself, Silver raised her head as if surprised.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Fass!"

Dave made no answer. He put an elbow on the table and began running his fingers through his thick black hair. His other hand he held out to the girl.

"Freshie!" Silver laughed nervously and slapped at the broad palm. But there was so little spring in her gesture that as her hand fell on the table he imprisoned it.

"Say, little one, I'm going to wait for you to-night." His voice, rough from calling orders above the whirr of machinery, was determined. "Over a week, an' you ain't——"

"Well, m'lord," Silver interrupted, pulling her hand away, "you may be boss in your little cellar, but you ain't here!" Her tone was mockingly defiant, but her eyes dropped before his look. "You don't realize how careful a lady in my place has got to be." She paused and added primly: "Anyhow, my father's very particular about my friends."

"Well, he better look me up in the Blue Book, then, for I'm going to be on deck!" The man's voice was carelessly assured.

Skilled in down-town repartee, Silver was used to parrying with wits much quicker than Dave's. But before his black eyes she found herself struggling with a diffidence that caused her to hold him off a little fearfully.

"Not much doing to-night." She tried to guide the conversation into safer channels.

"Good thing. Come around to O'Brien's and we'll have a dance an'——"

"Can't!"

"Why not?" demanded Dave, peremptorily, frowning.

"Because, Mr. Policeman, these are office hours in this little operating-room. How long is it going to take you to get on to that?"

A man and girl, foreigners, passed by them out of the gallery. They held white cards, and their voices rose excitedly as they bent over the slips. Dave glanced up absently, and then leaned forward, pleased by a sudden idea.

"Say, Silver, come on in and let the little man snap us together!"

She drew back. "Nothing doing! I ain't contributing to no family album of your harem!"

He grinned. "Humph! So you saw me that night?"

She stared at him coldly, without replying, and he added: "Don't let that worry you, girlie. Just my twin sisters in from the farm. I had to show them the city, didn't I?"

Two sailors had come in and were hesitating before the curtain. Silver glanced at them and spoke brusquely to Dave. "Gangway! You're blocking traffic!"

He did not move. His eyes fixed on her meaningly; he sat as if waiting till she clasped her hands behind her head and laughed. "By-bye—I mean it." She paused and added irreverently: "I'll be leaving here about eleven."

Rising, the man bent over and patted her shoulder. "That's the girl!" He struck a match on the under side of the table, deliberately lighted a cigarette, and went on out by the impatient sailors.

Next morning Silver was late. She called a hasty greeting to Tim and the old man who assisted him in the studio, and hurried through. In the back room she took off her black sailor and hung it beside Tim's.

As had often happened, Dewey's cage was already cleaned, and he gnawed the end of a carrot contentedly. The girl knew who had done it, and a tardy conscience sent the color into her cheeks. Dewey was the darling of her heart. Born and bred in the

city, she had never before had a pet. When the bird-store moved next door she fell in love with the glossy white rat the first morning she saw him scampering about his bright cage.

"How was Silver's boy to-day?"

She pulled open his door and he ran up her sleeve swiftly and tickled her bare neck with his cold little nose. As she opened her purse to take out a lump of sugar, the door from the studio opened. Tim stepped in hesitatingly and pulled it shut after him. Silver bent over the rat and became absorbed in feeding him the sweet in small fragments from the pink tip of her finger. The little photographer stood and watched; the face beneath his rumpled auburn hair very serious, his wistful gray eyes troubled and the wide, humorous mouth closed tightly. Finally he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and with difficulty spoke:

"Silver, girl, could I be saying something to you?"

"Say what?" Her tone was not encouraging.

"I'm not strong on buttin' in, Silver." Tim's tone was almost pleading. "You know—'tisin't easy for me to be saying this, but—that fellow that's been hanging round here lately—that—" He paused, for the girl had lifted her head and her eyes flashed straight at him.

"Go on, Mr. Garrity—that took me home last night!"

Tim put an involuntary hand out toward her. "Don't, Silver!" He spoke with sudden impetuosity. "Ah, you can't have noticed the mouth or the eyes of him. . . It's no man he is. . . He's not worth your—"

Her cheeks flaming, Silver had clasped her hands before her. "Tim, I'll thank you to keep anything else you are thinking of telling me until I ask you!" Before he could speak she had pushed by him out of the room.

Inside her booth she went to work nervously, cleaning and arranging her instruments, and by the time she had finished the high color had faded from her cheeks. She leaned her head on her hands and stared before her, unseeing, at the purple, green and red

sketches of dragons, scantily-clad dancers and Japanese contortionists tacked to the walls about her. Lost in reverie, she was re-living the past night. . .

She had slipped away very hurriedly. She could still feel Dave's hand as he stepped out at the corner and pulled her arm close to him. While they were walking they had talked little; presently, his arm still pressing her, his hand had slipped down and closed over her own. The flat where she and her father had housekeeping rooms was only a few block away. When they reached it she had unlocked the door and stood looking up at the man, dimly outlined against the yellow blur of the street light. As she raised her head he bent over her, but she put out a guarding hand. "I'll see you to-morrow night, Dave." She had spoken a little breathlessly.

"You sure will, girlie." He leaned nearer . . .

Obedying some inexplicable impulse, Silver had stepped back from him swiftly and shut the door. In her room she sat down panting on the bed, and put her hands to her hot cheeks.

At this point in her reminiscence she suddenly laughed, puzzled. "Silly!" she murmured half-audibly.

The day dragged slowly. Usually, in the few minutes after dinner before the evening's trade began, Silver would help Tim in the dark-room. But to-night she took a short walk, gossiped with the cashier in the Greek restaurant down the block, and at Beppo's flower-stand bought two red jacquemints, which she pinned on her waist. When she returned, Tim had started the piano, and groups were loitering at the door, listening. Seated at her table she could feel it vibrate under her arms as the music resounded in the room. The noise made her head throb, and after a time she left her booth and wandered uneasily through the gallery. Dewey saw her coming, and ran up and down the bars of his cage joyfully. She took him out, and he scrambled to her shoulder, where he sat blinking.

Silver let him keep his perch, and

strolled back to the entrance. A stiff breeze blew in from the bay and hustled the fog before it. Enjoying the salty freshness of the air, she stood cooling her flushed cheeks until the fat little barber smiled from his doorway opposite, with the evident intention of joining her. Hastily giving a covert glance down the street, she stepped inside.

Trade was brisk that evening; it was nearly eleven before the girl was left alone. She took up her pet, who had been asleep, and held him before her. "Oh, you needn't wink at me!" She shook him gently. "He's coming, all right—I ain't worrying about that."

Suddenly she dropped the rat into her lap. A wide shadow had darkened the wall. Dave Fass came in and sat down.

"Good-evening." The girl spoke without raising her eyes.

There was no response, and she looked up. The man had put his hands into his pockets, and was staring at her curiously.

"Well," said Silver, sharply, "where are your manners, little boy!"

Dave bent forward suddenly, and put his arms on the table. "Don't you talk manners to me!" His black eyes glowered upon her, half-puzzled. "What d'you mean, smarty, actin' the way you did last night?"

Silver tossed her head, but her eyes were dancing. "I don't get you," she said.

"You little——" Dave made a dive for her hands, which she hastily put behind her. He leaned across the small table, very near. "Say, Silver, you've got me going and you know it. And," as her eyes wavered before him, "I think I've got you going, too. Little queen"—his voice was a whisper—"look at me!"

Silver could hear her heart pounding so that it drowned the clang and grind of the street cars. She tried to speak, but her voice seemed to have suddenly left her.

"Ah, Silver!"

The girl's head dropped till the heavy odor of the roses at her waist

was perceptible. Dave put a hand under her chin to raise her face. At his touch she moved back a little. He laid his hands on her shoulders and slowly drew her nearer.

"Not last night, but now!" His voice was triumphant.

"Don't. Some one might look in—" Silver struggled with her words.

Dewey had climbed through the white ruffles above him and clung to the long green stems while he daintily nibbled a scarlet rose petal. Suddenly a large hand appeared beside him. He sniffed at it—critically—and then with intense dislike. The hand moved a little and one of the fingers pressed down on his pink webbed foot. He turned his little head swiftly and his sharp teeth sank into the flesh.

Silver had again begun falteringly: "Don't, Dave——" when suddenly the man drew back roughly, lifted a hand on which showed a small drop of red, and struck heavily. Dewey lay on the floor beside them, a limp bundle of fur.

"Dirty little varmint!"

Dave nursed his hand and looked angrily across at Silver, who sat staring, her color gone. "What the devil do you want with a filthy little beast like that about you for, anyhow?" he growled. His lips were drawn back so that a small scar showed white on one of them.

Suddenly the girl's color came back. She clenched her small fists before her and her eyes blazed almost black. "You big coward—you big bully, you!" She caught her breath as if unable to go on. "Oh, go away, go away!"

The man's face changed as he looked at her. "Aw, now, girlie," he began.

But Silver drew back. "Don't you speak to me, you—you brute!"

Dave flushed and his eyes narrowed as he stared at her. "What?" he said slowly, and laughed. "You little fool; don't worry. I won't."

Without another glance he got up, and stepped out, shoving the rat from his way with the toe of his boot. Silver dropped her head into her arms on the table.

A few minutes later Tim came into the studio carrying some dripping prints. He stopped as he heard a queer sound behind the curtain, put down the pictures and went softly to the booth. The Only Lady Tattooist in the Western Hemisphere was bent over her table, her shoulders shaking with stifled sobs. He stared at her until the small white bundle on the floor caught his eye. He picked it up, hesitated a moment, looking at Silver with some perplexity, and carried it away.

When her sobbing had turned to long, tremulous breaths, the girl raised her head and turned to look for her little pet.

"Poor little——" she began unsteadily, and stopped in surprise. "Why——" She looked about the floor, got up and stared out into the room. Tim's assistant sat dozing in one corner. Dabbing at her eyes, she walked slowly through the studio to the rear door, which was ajar, and looked in without speaking.

Tim stood staring down at the rat, which lay on the table before him. "Poor old fellow," he said, and with one finger ruffled the hair on his little head. Dewey pushed himself up on his forepaws, looked around at his mistress, and blinked. At this, Silver sprang forward.

"Oh, Tim! He's alive!" she cried.

"Sure," Tim answered. "Just a bit dazed, he was."

The girl looked at Tim's narrow shoulders as he bent over her pet, and shut her teeth to hold in a sudden, sobbing breath.

Tim heard it and turned quickly. "Ah, Silver, darlin', don't—I can't stand it!" He held out his hands.

The next moment Silver had flung herself upon him, and her arms were tight about his neck. After a time, her face close to his, she whispered: "There was something you started to say when I left you in the dark-room the other night." A sob made the end of the sentence uncertain, but he heard. "What was it Tim, dear?"

TO A SEA-GULL

A Sonnet

Thou rover of the deep and briny sea,
 The rule and triumph of the air is thine;
 Where frothy snow-capped billows roll and shine,
 Now sweeping low, now soaring far on high,
 Thy flapping wing above the foam doth fly
 In rounds of aerial freedom all divine:
 O light and lofty skimmer of the brine,
 All unafraid of storms that follow thee!

The boat of Helios with its wings of gold,
 In taking flight across the heaven's expanse,
 Traversing realms no mortals might behold,
 Had not thy gift of winging grace to climb;
 Or charm the senses to a tranquil trance—
 O gull; thy freedom is a thing sublime.

On Night Duty

By Gene Harton

IT WAS a large base hospital in a large and dirty town. South Country men grew frank with disgust when they saw the pall of fog that hung for a fortnight outside the windows, yet things were little better when the fog cleared and the great buildings stood stark in their black ugliness.

Yet the night nurses would linger at the corridor windows on their way down to the dining room. There was the glamour of night on the big city, mighty buildings silhouetted against a sky of dark luminous blue, towers that divided the stars, and far below in the street the ruby and topaz lights of the road-menders, with the glowing brazier of the night watchman. And then dawn came with its chilling wind and its gray cheerless light that discovered, without love or pity, the sordid things of town—the dirty canal, the barges, the heaps of timber, the ugly money-making warehouses and factories. All this we saw—a world pallid and cold, with none of the genial glow of noontide.

The hospital never failed to charm me at night. Its interior aspect had a beauty of dim wards and red, subdued lights over the “dug-outs,” where a sister or nurse sat in charge. The long rows of white beds disappeared into the darkness, and the men in them had that pathos—unreal in some cases—of the sleeping and helpless. At night they were all children—children who talked pitifully in their sleep of Germans and trenches and ghastly things beyond our ken. They called sometimes a woman’s name and professed next morning a guileless ignorance of her existence.

It was a hushed and mysterious

world, where one whispered and walked stealthily, and yet where much was told and where life seemed simpler and more genuine than by day, when the little tin gods were all awake. At that time I saw most of the mental ward, the most pathetic place in any hospital. Sleep was an unwilling visitor there, except to the orderlies, who, in the intervals of card-playing and button-cleaning relapsed in the attitudes of the seven sleepers.

Night after night, old Dad Hobson would stay awake till two or three o’clock, without complaint or murmur. Any man a little past his prime was called “dad” or described as “old” in this land of youth. And in sober fact Dad Hobson had seven children. He had been a miner before he made the great sacrifice that had left him maimed and insane. He was always courteous, always considerate. Even on those days when he refused to eat it was with a polite “I’m sorry not to oblige you, nurse.” He believed himself guilty of some crime—he had murdered Sir Ian Hamilton—and in trivial ways too he held himself responsible for any disturbance in that much-disturbed ward. At times he was so much better that we hoped he was regaining his wits, but always there would come a relapse, and his face would be downcast, and “I’m puzzled somehow, something’s wrong. I can’t get things clear in my mind,” would be the explanation. He had odd delusions, too, for a doctor clad in a dressing-gown provoked his question to an orderly: “Is that Lord Nelson?”

It was a strange little party altogether in that ward. Hobson would lie there by the hour, dimly annoyed by Jimmy in the bed opposite. Jimmy

had nearly died of wounds and later of pneumonia, but he had rallied, only to reach a state of discomfort and nervous temper that was liable to fiendish explosions. For the most part he was a lovable boy, with a curious charm of his own. Sleepless, like Hobson, till the small hours, he played cards with the orderlies. When things pleased him Jimmy was an angel, but at other times he was a fiend. A certain soldier, a clarionet player once in the Queen's Hall orchestra, came to the ward. He was suffering from insomnia and melancholia. Jimmy's drawling voice and his card-playing, and, perhaps, his popularity annoyed the clarionet player, and they quarreled. Jimmy merely remarked:

"I'll do for him—see if I don't."

The clarionet player was removed to the next ward, separated from the other only by a glass and wood partition.

"He shan't sleep tonight if I don't," said Jimmy, and he took careful aim at the glass partition with his tin mug. He hit the woodwork and missed his enemy's head in the next ward, so he fell into heavy-browed sulking, with the threat "I'll do for myself." This is often a mere threat, but he did make an endeavor by biting up a blue-lead pencil—a tedious and uncertain form of suicide. The pencil was taken away, and, blue-lipped and weary, like a naughty child he fell asleep. Poor Jimmy! He went to a Scottish asylum where many of our patients were sent for further treatment. I heard lately that he was really better and likely to be discharged.

One of the beds was occupied by Andy—Andy of the picturesque speech and uncertain behavior. He came in raging under the effects of alcoholic poisoning. Such cases always spent a night or so in the X-ray room with a special orderly. I saw him that night, a flushed unhappy-looking boy, who was sane enough to speak politely and to say "Nurrse," with the delightful roll that our Jocks put into it. Later Andy came down to the ward, and was duly established in a corner bed. Here

we got to know him for the loquacious rattle-pate he was. By day he was sane enough, but at night he was subject to awful dreams and fits of horror, which caused him to roll out of bed with an alarming bump. One night he thought the German prisoners were coming to murder him—two inoffensive boys with very little strength between them; another time I found him a hump at the foot of his bed.

"Come out, Andy," I said.

"I'll kill you if I do, Nurrse; I've killed all my chums."

But he crawled out flushed and weary. His face was coarsened and weakened by too much drinking, but it was a pleasant boyish face. He had, too, that quick imagination which gives vivid charm even to stories which tax belief. Andy told us wonderful stories of his doings at Loos and elsewhere. He had been a bomb-thrower, one of three survivors from a party of one hundred and sixty. The story was declared to be untrue by some one who knew him, but Andy could spin a yarn to keep Sister B., the orderlies and myself in amazement round his bed. His own history, too, was a checkered, strange record. He had run away from home at ten years old, and had joined a circus. He had been with Barnum, Wombwell, "Lord" George Sanger, and traveled the kingdom from town to town. At fifteen he had enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders, deserted after a time, changed his name and joined the Gordons. He had been a champion boxer for—I forget the place. He had been everywhere and done most things, and was—poor Andy!—a nervous, dyspeptic wreck at twenty-four. Yet he had "a way with him"—a way that made us fond and disapproving at the same time.

The night before I started for a holiday, the Sister in charge had given orders that Andy was to wear pajamas. He preferred a night-shirt. The point made a dispute. To humor him I said:

"Andy, you'll spoil my holiday if you don't put on those trousers. I

couldn't be happy if I thought you hadn't got them on."

Andy was on the far side of a screen. There was silence, then a rustling, then Andy's voice: "Nurrse . . . I've got on they trrousers. I wouldn't spoil your holiday, you ken."

The next morning I saw the last of him. He was asleep. I put my hand on his head and said: "Tell him I left him my blessing." It was carelessly said; I thought I should find him when I came back, but I have never seen him since.

They sent an armed escort from Aberdeen to bring Andy to a court-martial. Rumor went round the hospital that he had deserted in France, and would be sent back to France to be shot. How often in his sleep Andy had muttered: "I won't go back; I won't—I won't—I'll do for myself first. They shan't courtmartial me—they shan't." Now it was explained.

When Andy heard that the escort had come for him he was quiet enough. He promised to pack his kit-bag and go quietly. However, he went off to the bathroom and was found trying to hang himself. They brought him back to the ward. He snatched a razor from his locker and tried to cut his throat. I don't think he tried very hard—Andy was more dramatic than thorough. The escort went back to Aberdeen, for Andy was now in one of his raving, struggling attacks, and obviously unfit for the journey. When he was better he was handcuffed, his hands behind him, and so left for more hours than one likes to think of. I heard the story when I came back, and there was a chorus of pity on his behalf.

"I could have cried when I saw him handcuffed, marching down the corridor," said a nurse. And the orderlies, even one whom he had kicked in the stomach, were pitiful for him—orderlies are a compassionate race.

The escort returned, and Andy, strapped to a stretcher, was taken away to Aberdeen. We discussed his fate for many days, always with the decision, "They *couldn't* shoot him." Then rumor said he would get five

years in a military prison, but meanwhile Andy sent us letters, written in lurid-looking red ink. He wrote from a Scottish hospital, and wrote gaily, jauntily, with no mention of prisons, desertion or court-martial. His pride must have suffered horribly, for he had made of himself so gallant a figure, poor, boastful Andy. He loved to write in the dialect that he talked, though he could, if he chose, send a fine English letter. Speaking of his very delicate digestion he says, "I had a wee bit jelly for dinner; it slipped itself doon and just slipped back again. It doesna matter what they gie me, it comes back. I try hard to keep it, but I canna." A few letters came from the large Scotch asylum where many of our mental cases were sent. They were always written in red ink, and concluded with a liberal supply of kisses (a matter of politeness this with many soldiers.) Then the letters stopped, and none of us has heard anything more of poor Andy. He belonged, I fear, to the flotsam of life, and the waves washed him here and there.

A sad case was poor old Snakes. He was called Snakes because when he recovered enough to speak, he told us that he had swallowed a lot of snakes—no wonder that he never smiled. One morning I put the conventional question: "Are you better today?" and received the sad answer: "How can I be better; I'm full of buttons." Another time he was full of watches that ticked in his ears, and again he had swallowed a tramcar—poor, melancholy old Snakes!

But the dearest of all our sad little family was certainly Alfred; Alfred Morgan of a Welch regiment, never mind which. He was brought in from a military prison—sentenced for desertion, a case for a certain paper that champions the injured Tommy. Poor Alfred, with his wits all gone to pieces, his head and limbs shaking, his face working, seemed to us a living protest against any judgment but a doctor's. I could hardly bare to see him, so hopelessly insane did he look. Death

would have been far better than this doddering idiocy. The other men, sanest of the sane compared with him, tried to pet him and to coax answers out of him, but his mind, as Sister B. remarked, was a jig-saw puzzle gone to pieces. The pieces seemed to have no cohesion. He talked ramblingly of Bob, his horse, of a dog, a canal, some medals, a picture, of Ada and the pigeons. He fancied the floor was the canal, and fished there with groping hands. Sometimes a word or a place-name would seem to rouse him, and he'd tell us the names of streets or of people: at other times he would shake his head and gaze vacantly round him, or look with that worried, bewildered look that made one's heart ache.

It was Sister B. who did the most to fit the puzzle together. Every night she would sit by his bed and question him, bringing him back to the point time after time. We were filling in more of the puzzle every night. Alfred had lived in Birmingham, had been on a canal barge, had taken coal to some place; he had won medals, had a mother, and there was a picture that he remembered. Policemen excited him to frenzy, and when he saw one of the Force he would fling apples or slippers, or any handy missile, through the window. He could play cards, too. There was a gradual mental development—the most fascinating thing one can watch. But it was slow, and Alfred seemed like a rudderless boat at sea till he met Jock.

Jock is a story all to himself. Suffice is to say of him his vocation was to be a guardian angel. Every Scottish soldier is Jock in hospital, and perhaps other hospitals have found Jocks like ours—always unselfish, cheery, uncomplaining, infinitely pitiful to every trouble but their own; still I believe our Jock would outshine theirs.

Sister B. decided to bring Alfred on a visit to Jock's ward. I must say that the experiment was painful. A surgical ward is a very cheerful place, and poor Alfred, shaky, bewildered, pitiful, was a figure to darken the sun at that

time. But Sister B. was a nurse of brave experiments. She dared and succeeded; she was resourceful and passionately interested in her patients. So she brought Alfred to this sane and happy ward, and sat him down by Jock's bed. Jock had been wounded at Loos in September, 1915, and had remained in bed for eight months with the occasional variation of an operation and brief respites when he was up and in a wheeled chair.

Among many pathetic things I had seen, none seemed to me more pathetic than the sight of those two war-shattered boys together. Alfred, nearly speechless, his poor wits all astray, tried to make himself lucid, while Jock, with infinite pity on his face, tried to understand and to help. The one looked like an angel of mercy, the other like some poor soul in search of peace. I don't know how they talked, but somehow they made friends. Alfred was utterly unwilling to go back to his own ward, though he returned laden with cigarettes and apples. From that day the friendship grew. Every day Alfred visited Jock, and Jock, when he could get into a chair, returned the call. Somehow they talked. Jock has infinite patience and tact; he has graduated in the college of suffering and has learned the whole art of compassion. He found out that Alfred knew most things knowable about football, that he was, in fact, a "real little sport."

The ward adopted Alfred as a sort of mascot. He might do and have what he liked. He was just an unhappy child, humored at all points.

Then arrived some one who solved the riddle of the medals and the picture of which Alfred talked so much. This man had seen a picture of Alfred boxing another celebrated pugilist. Alfred was a well known character in the Ring—he had won his nine medals in various contests. To name a boxer was to set Alfred blazing with excitement and fearful efforts to stammer out some story of an encounter in which he had taken part.

We learned more of Ada at last.

Ada was "his girl," and he had left the pigeons in her keeping.

"Poor Ada," I said one day to Jock, "what would she say if she saw Alfred?"

"Alfred writes to her," Jock replied solemnly. "At least I write for him."

"But," I objected, "Ada may fall in love with your letters—it's not fair to her."

"Oh, I put 'Jock helped to write this' at the top," he explained earnestly.

What Ada thought of these dual letters I cannot say. I suppose she minds Alfred's pigeons and hopes on. As for Alfred, I think his real love was for Jock. When he was restive and talked of going away we could soothe him by saying that he surely would not leave Jock alone. Everything he had he brought to his idol to share it with him. He made himself bath-chairman, and the two would go off to the one window that commanded an amusing street view. Together they hung out in perfect amity and understood each other in silence, for Alfred could barely get the words for even a short sentence. Alfred was the sheep-dog, Jock the shepherd.

It was understood that if one was asked to tea anywhere the other must go too. With Jock, Alfred was known to be "all right." So things went happily until the inevitable parting. Jock was sent to a Red Cross hospital almost at a moment's notice. Alfred was inconsolable; he wandered, red-eyed, forlorn, piteously incoherent, from ward to ward, searching vaguely and vainly for his chum. He shed bitter childlike tears, while Jock, for his part, suffered for Alfred's trouble and his own. Such is the pathos of hospital. Later, Alfred was sent to the Scottish hospital of which mention has been made. He and Jock write to each other—perhaps some day they will meet.

As for Jock, I think a star laughed when he was born—though he can suffer to the full capacity of a Celtic nature. Good angels have him in their keeping and save him—only Heaven

knows how—from being spoiled.

I was present when the sergeant of the guard met Jock, being wheeled down the corridor. He interrupted the triumphal progress with six foot of stalwart manhood.

"That," said he, "is by his looks the happiest boy in this hospital. I've never seen him sad, I've never heard him grumble. He's the boy for my money—he's a good boy, a great boy! We need more like him, we do!"

This was embarrassing, but Jock took it quietly and politely. More touching was the devotion of the corporal of the guard. "I had a son just like him, killed at Suvla Bay," he explained.

But Jock was of those who have fairy godmothers. If you imagine Bonnie Prince Charlie before his heroism was tarnished, you have Jock; or if you imagine Malcolm, Marquis of Lossie, in a lighter vein, you have him; and if you picture young Lochinvar, or Jock of Hazeldean, or some other hero of Scottish ballad, you see our Jock.

When first we saw him—it was an October day soon after the battle of Loos—he looked quite haggard, unshaven and quite unlike the boy of a later date. He had a shockingly wounded knee, and was running a temperature. His dressing was a daily torture. We knew it was agony, because he whistled and sang the whole time and talked the most fascinating nonsense in beautiful Doric—only he gripped the head rail of his bed with an iron "grup," as he would have called it, and looked within measurable distance of fainting.

Movement was dreadful to him, but he had journeys to the X-ray room and to the operating theatre. Even in semi-consciousness he was true to himself—true to the self which was always pushed out of sight. I remember his sitting up just after an operation, and casting a distracted look round the ward.

"Are the troops safe and in their places?" he asked wildly. Reassured, he asked again, "Is Paddy all right?"

Paddy was an orderly and a devoted

friend of Jock's. Then with a sigh of relief he lay down.

The following day he had an extension put on the injured leg. If you can imagine what it is to have a terribly injured knee, then to have it cut about, and finally to have it held up for half an hour or more while the extension is put on, you have just a faint idea of what Jock suffered in grim silence. He was in the torture chamber but he never winced—only the youth went out of his face and a sort of gray old age seemed to come upon him.

I said to him later: "You've had an awful time of it today, Jock."

He was still faint with pain, but he murmured: "No so bad. Oh! it was no so bad at all, Nurse."

To these bad times belonged his polite requests, "Will you pull my leg a wee?" and "Will you sort my leg?"—a phrase which always delighted me; but, as a Scottish captain asked seriously when I had quoted this latter request: "What else *could* he have said?"

Often in those bad winter days when Jock's temperature rose with such alarming bounds, I used to wonder if he would ever see Scotland again. There was the dreadful bugbear septicaemia, and there was always the likelihood that he would have to lose his leg. But he had a good angel in Sister B. No one could "sort his leg" as she could, no one could hurt him so little or so quickly as she, and no one could put in what he called "they tubes" as she could—those deadly tubes that seemed to go by winding alleys and narrow desperate ways under his patella and right through the back of his knee. I think she staked her soul (and no one gave more life and soul to her patients than she did) that Jock should keep his leg. She was the first who dared to get him into a wheel chair; she taught him to walk again; she comforted him and helped him to face the long months, for even Jock had his dark days—more of them than he let us know. He used at these times to read Burns with devotion, and he

told me that "Desolation" and "Man is Made to Mourn" were his favorite poems, and exactly expressive of his feelings.

"One gets a wee bit fed up at times," he confessed, "thinking one'll never play football again."

Football had been his joy, and somehow I think he went out to the war as to football on a larger scale. Quite casually he described the Highlanders' charge at Loos. He was out of it very soon himself, but even at that moment his thoughts had all been outside himself.

"I prayed then as I never prayed before," he remarked.

"For the stretcher-bearers to come to you," suggested a listener.

"No, of course not"—this with surprise—"I prayed for the boys. Man! it was grand to see the kilts go by."

Casually he told of his effort to save one of his officers who was severely wounded. But both of them were unable to move, and they lay on the field for twenty-four hours.

Patrick MacGill in his terrible description of Loos tells how the Jocks were scattered, dead and wounded, on the battlefield, their bare knees gleaming in the pale morning light. But for many there was no return.

However, this is a happy story. I firmly believe that Jock is the true fairy-tale hero who marries the princess and lives happily ever afterwards, even as he deserves. But he will always suffer for the suffering of others. He confided to me with shame that certain books brought him inexplicable sensations rather like wanting to cry. "It's a sort of soft spot in my wooden heart," he explained. All alone in the ward he would solace himself by singing Burns's songs—with tears in his eyes. He accounted for them by saying the light had dazzled him.

To the sorrows of the ward he gave all his heart. One of the inefaceable memories of hospital is the morning when Patterson died. Patterson, a man of very different temperament, had loved Jock too, and had, during his long-drawn weeks of dying, found

comfort, I believe, in the atmosphere of cheeriness that emanated from Jock's bed, when he could not move. They were two of the worst cases, and they could only exchange greetings by shouting across the ward.

On this morning there was a terrible silence. No one had the heart for song or gramophone. Patterson's pain was too apparent; the coming end of it held the men in a hushed suspense. Then suddenly Patterson made an effort and called to Jock: "How are you, Jock?" And Jock, white with sympathy, called back: "Champion! What way are you, Patterson?" The pity of it . . .

But Jock's story is only a quarter written. Its chapters have been fine reading for those who have had the luck to read them so far, but I believe there will be finer chapters yet.

Often I said to myself in fear for him: "Whom the orderlies love die young"—for the orderlies adored Jock, but the adapted proverb did not come true, for he is walking about now and "enjoying life fine to make up for all the months in bed—not that I suffered so much at all, Nurse."

This is a happy story, but we saw sad ones.

Death is just an incident in hospital life. Alas! one sometimes forgets that it is all-important to the dying. A household seems to hold its breath when somebody dies; a ward continues its automatic routine. There is pity—much of it—but it is a common-sense pity that accepts death as just an inevitable happening to be finished and then forgotten.

I remember so well the night when old Sergeant Meadows died. He had only been in the ward for three days, so that his personality had had no chance to impress us. All the men settled down to sleep except Harman, who had suddenly gone mad. He shrieked if any one went near him, tried to push us away, then to blow us away. A hypodermic of morphia seemed to produce little effect on him except that he was a shade quieter; he did not sleep, but remained sitting up in bed, watchful and terribly alert.

Meanwhile the poor old sargeant was dying. Nothing could be done for him. Morton, the orderly, always pitiful, came and looked at him.

"Well," he said philosophically, "this is a queer night we're having. A man in the other ward tells me 'e's been seein' rabbits. It's too much! I just says, 'This must stop. There is too many seein' rabbits tonight.' I knew a man what saw red, white and blue rats—had 'em proper, 'e did."

Morton sighed. He was a gentle soul, capable of infinite tenderness and patience, as many orderlies are. They are, one sometimes thinks, gentler than women, less conventional, and stereotyped in their kindness.

"Poor man!" Morton murmured. "A good old soul. It's queer how little one thinks of it. When the young ones die it comes worse on one."

A few minutes afterwards the sergeant was dead. Unused to death, I hardly realized it. At once preparations were made for his laying-out and subsequent removal. There is a routine about death as about birth. The immensity of the spiritual change is obscured by the methodical functions of material life. Yet death is the supreme adventure.

It seemed sad for the old man to have met this great adventure among strangers, to go forth silently, without tears or prayers, or love, from us who watched. Yet I think this quiet, unemotional passing is dignified. Very soon afterwards the orderlies came with a stretcher and the Union Jack for pall, and so the old man left us. His body went to the mortuary, and his soul—surely, "his soul goes marching on." And all the time the other men slept like weary childfren. Only Harman sat up, still awake and watchful in his terrible nervous tension.

Hospital is a world to itself, and those outside know little of it; so one often thought, when visitors expressed surprise that we all seemed cheerful. Of course we were not all cheerful or always cheerful. The cheerfulness of the Tommy is a composite thing. In part it is due to his youth and his

character, and is in that sense natural; but it is in part his religion—in some cases his only real religion. To be cheerful is “to play the game”—that wonderful, indefinite, sacred “Game” of the English, which demands the utmost of body and soul. Just sometimes a man who had become one’s friend would admit the bitterness of his heart, would say that he was “fed-up,” only to laugh it off and ask the eternal riddle, “Where’s the good of grumbling?” So we were really cheerful at most times, but I always thought the most cheerful time the hours between five o’clock and eight in the morning.

In a surgical ward dressings are begun between four and five o’clock, but the general stir is not till five. It was customary in many wards for Sisters and nurses to provide an early cup of tea for the patients, and the Jocks and a few others had porridge. This was the time of sing-songs. Torrey-Alexander hymns were sandwiched between such cheerful ditties as “What’s the Matter with Father?” and “Hulloa! Hulloa! Who’s Your Lady Friend?” Then of course we had the inevitable “Little Gray Home,” and as surely “Michigan” and “When Irish Eyes are Smiling.” Meantime the bed patients were washing and beds were being made. The men who could get up were the last to move. If the delay became insupportable, their more active companions would tip them onto the floor—I have seen the whole bedstead turned upside down. The men themselves were great bed-makers, and one could nearly always find someone to give a hand in quite professional style.

Yes, things were cheerful in the mornings, and informal, too. If work

was done early the Sisters and nurses had time for a private and hasty cup of coffee in one of the dug-outs, and there was time, too, for talk with the men, and always we had a cheery visit from the “night super,” Sister L. As for the war—the very reason of our present estate—it was the subject least discussed. Sometimes one almost forgot that there was a war. Every private house worries and thinks more of war than any hospital ward does—or it *seems* so. There might be dark thoughts under all the trivial discussions, the little jokes, the conventional badinage that we carried on, but they did not appear.

At eight o’clock the day staff arrived and our night was over—always, I was a little sorry. There is a vague but eternal feud between “the day people and the night people.” The night staff is “the cat” for the day staff. Whatever is missing—spoons, mugs, dressings, instruments—the solution of the mystery is clear—it’s those night people.” The day orderlies lay on the souls of the night nurses dozens of spoons, forks and knives. The day Sister thinks the night Sister either too easy or too harsh with her patients. It is just one of the inevitables of this life.

I shall think often now of those whose watch is by night—not with any pity, for it is a strange, quiet life, but a happy one. I only knew it in a rather dead season, not in the busy time when trains were coming in and patients arriving nightly. There the night staff has small time for reflection. The hours pass in a whirl of bed-baths, dressings, and settlement. But it was not my good fortune to know such nights.



Back to the Broncho

By Ernest H. Quayle

FROM the time he first hugged the horn of his father's saddle, and first tucked his chubby feet under the stirrup straps, Jim "took" with everybody he met. Even the citizens of Drybone had a good word for the beardless kid who, in a moment of youthful romanticism, had shot up that town for the amusement of the schoolma'ams. Old Russel M., whose dishonest efforts the sly lad had often thwarted, openly praised and inwardly admired, such nerve and sagacity. On the Camas Prairie we fellows considered him to be the best of riders. Wherever he went, people put themselves out to make him welcome, and always begged him to pay them another visit; while the rest of us were received indifferently, and were allowed to depart uninvited to return.

Despite the cheerfulness of his disposition, Jim could not stand the cold winter riding. He succeeded in enjoying the hospitality of big hearts and warm firesides for a few seasons, but, not being by nature a hobo, finally decided to work in town as a clerk during the snowy months. There the praise of the business men incited him to high ambitions. The following season when the steers were shipped to Omaha, Jim accompanied them. For ten months he attended the Gem City Business College and then returned to become the assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Drybone.

Now thumbing microbe-infested greenbacks and calling all the depositors by their full name is all well and good for the cashier of a bank, but it does not keep a "broncho-twister" in very good condition. That was the reason Jim failed to ride his recently purchased cayuse when, one morning

along the road to the Natural Bridge Caves, she "turned-to" with a vengeance. We were escorting the schoolma'ams out to have a glimpse of our local scenic wonders. Of course they wanted an exhibition of the "wild and woolly West," about which they had read in novels until they believed it actually existed. My pony had refused to buck despite many vigorous scratches that my sharp Spanish spurs had made on his shoulders; but that wall-eyed pinto of Jim's, after having given three excellent center-ring performances, finally decided to unseat the assistant cashier of Drybone's first and only bank or else break her own worthless, motley-colored neck in the attempt.

Jim, to my knowledge, had never been thrown, nor had he, since his feet first reached the stirrups, hung on to the saddle-horn. It was his standing boast that he could ride anything with four legs. Therefore, we little thought that he needed any assistance, until, suddenly, I noticed that he lost spirit in "fanning" the pitching, rolling, bawling broncho. Then his sombrero and bridle reins fell from his hands, and he grasped the horn of the saddle to which he clung tenaciously. Jim, the pride of Camas Prairie, was "pulling leather."

All too late I realized his danger—for it was a rough, rocky place there—and saw that he was being jolted to unconsciousness. His head flopped loosely; his body relaxed and became as limp as a dish-rag; then he pitched forward from the saddle. One foot still held the stirrup, and as it came over the horse's back the large-roweled spur hooked against the cantle of the saddle, hanging him by the one

leg while his head and arms were dangling about the kicking heels of the mad broncho. In that dangerous position he was dragged over some rough rocks, leaving a trail of blood. The matches he carried in his shirt pocket, when they were rubbed against the rocks, ignited and set the cotton cloth to burning. Then, fortunately, the spur strap broke, and he rolled out from beneath those flying, steel-shod hoofs. We speedily smothered the fire and discovered that his heart was still beating. No bones were broken, but there was a deep, ugly wound on his forehead.

For more than an hour, with water and whisky, we tried to bring him to his senses—even the schoolma'ams ceased their wild hysterics and helped administer to the afflicted "wild and woolly" cowboy-banker. As for me, I feared that my old pal had cashed his last checks. In those few moments all the long years of our life together flitted through my worried mind. I remembered his unselfish devotion to his friends, his loyalty to his comrades, his good natured practical jokes, his lovable disposition, and ever present good humor and wit. Few people have ever known such a friend and was I to lose him now? Aroused by the thought, I poured more whisky down him.

"He's opening his eyes," said the brown-eyed schoolma'am, who held his head in her lap. The party crowded around closely in their eagerness to see if he really were recovering. I watched carefully and could detect a slight quivering of his eyelids; but what struck me was the deathly pallor of his face. Jim, who had always been sun-

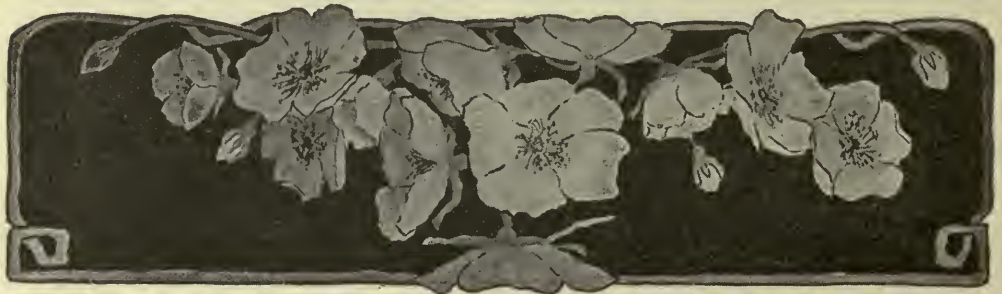
tanned to a Kanaka brown, who had always been strong and healthy, was now lying there as pallid and colorless as any schoolboy or bank clerk. My hardy pal of the range was being nursed by a dark-haired lady who claimed that she had more right than I to hold his head. Well, she couldn't stop me from pouring whisky down his throat, and that was what brought him to.

He opened his eyes, and, with a wild glare, gazed beyond us for quite a spell. A brown-eyed, brown-haired feminine face which had the expression of a mushy, brindle jersey heifer interrupted his gaze. She asked in a cooing voice which reminded me of the bleat of a nanny-goat, if he did not know her. To my great delight he simply glared through her until she drew back her head far enough to let him look at the rest of us. When his eyes turned to me they lost their hazy, know-nothing expression and he recognized me and spoke in characteristic words:

"Pat, you pie-bald maverick, is anybody hurt?"

"No, Jim," I replied, "nobody's hurt, but you've had a good warning that banking and dancing ain't good exercise for a full-grown cowboy."

He looked at the girl again, but did not speak. Turning once more to me, he said: "You're right, old pal, and I'm going to the camp with you to-morrow. Bank be busted! Do you think I'm going to let that chalk-eyed, patch-quilt, sheep-hearted, Comanche pingo buck me off again? No siree! Not for all the money that the First National Bank of Drybone ever will handle, and a whole herd of schoolma'ams!"



Zarathustra's Blasphemous Challenge

By Charles Hancock Forster

PART THREE

A MAN told me I was a liar the other day. At least he gave me to understand, in a few sharp, short sentences, that that was his opinion of me. I didn't become at all angry, because I knew that in these exciting days it is very difficult to keep to the strict truth, especially when talking about the Germans or the Turkish atrocities. I even take my own thoughts with a grain of salt, and the more enthusiastically a man talks about war topics the more critically should one listen to him. Even the arch-angel couldn't speak or think in a strictly truthful way about his enemy. The fact is, that the turmoil of these days muddles the mind and makes true perspective impossible. We are in the grip of passionate, raging currents of prejudice, that control our wills and emotions.

For this very reason I am glad that I am writing this third article in the High Sierras, far removed from the awful, unbridled chaos of things, surrounded by a vast and silent wilderness. As I sit and look around I feel strangely near to the reality of things. Down from where I came the news of battles flash from sea to sea. The flags fly on the high buildings and men in khaki walk the streets below. The best of our youth are leaving office, store and factory for the training camps. The people are trying to think, but they cannot. At one moment they justify things and in the next they feel that the whole of the human race is in the grip of a big brain-storm, a good clinic for the student of morbid, morbidity. The fact is, a morbid mentality is running loose and trying to

knock two-thirds of the world down, and two-thirds of the world is making a very desperate and expensive effort to keep on its feet. The nearest parallel to the world war, that I know, on a small scale, was when a keeper of a mad-house, in a Tennessee town where I happened to be visiting, became careless and left the door open. The otherwise peaceful and harmless citizens had a time on their hands, and a few of them were hurt, until they got the inmates back to where they belonged. The best way to bring about the millennium, after the war, would be for the united forces of civilization to establish and support a mad-house, an international insane asylum for a certain type of diplomats, warriors, professional soldiers and would-be patriots who insist on prating about their fatherland in the presence of foreigners. But all this is a digression. These majestic peaks seem to give poise to one's soul. They remain so unmoved in the chaos of human society. They reign in the midst of a stillness that gives out a peace that passeth all understanding. These solitudes speak forth, like the rebuke of a great soul, against the passion, the selfishness and the insanity of these days. I feel that I want these mountains to be my tutors, and the silence of this wilderness to give to me a portion of its spirit. They suggest to me the deeper spiritual foundations upon which the future civilization will forever remain secure.

To men of all ages scenes like these have suggested the presence behind them of unseen powers, which the religions of the world have attempted to interpret. Jesus Christ, the founder

of Christianity, claimed to be the direct representative of the God who created the universe, and in his teachings he explained God's attitude toward the human race. He proclaimed the laws and principles upon which an ideal human society was to be founded and he sacrificed his life to realize it. It is right here where we stumble. Christ claimed to be God's representative. He came into the world to carry out God's purpose. If the great creator of these peaks and granite cliffs, the painter of these lights and shades, the spirit that broods over these silences and breathes in the sighing of these pines—if this great spirit willed to reveal itself and carry out its purposes in Jesus Christ, then why this failure? Why is the Sermon on the Mount trampled beneath the feet of marching legions?

I am asking these questions in order to get directly into my subject, which is to give some idea of the attitude of German militarism toward the Christian religion. This attitude, which is one of direct antagonism, claims that the Christian ideal of civilized society is the outgrowth of a diseased state of mind, and that there is not a vestige of parallel between the God revealed in nature and the God of Christ. An educated Prussian believes that Mars fits better into the scheme of nature than the God of Jesus Christ. Is this true, and have we Christians been mistaken? Is nature merely an unconscious force, where to be weak is a sin, and to possess great, brute force is a virtue? Is Christianity a mistake? Are these terrible days merely a return to reality after a lone illusion, an awakening after a night of soothing dreams?

The philosophical religion of German militarism would answer: "Yes!" Germany makes the strange claim of having philanthropically awakened the human race to reality. We have been living in the humid, garden paradise of a Christian civilization, worshipping a morbid weakling who allowed himself to be crucified, and sprouting runts instead of developing supermen. We

have been awakened out of our dream by our Prussian saviors, and from henceforth we will be supermen, displaying our muscles and whooping our war songs, carrying off the prettiest and killing the weaklings. The classic era has returned at last, and the race has been saved from ruin and decay!

But let us listen seriously to what Prussian philosophy has to say about the Christian's God. Here it is: "Your conception of God is the thinnest and the emptiest in existence! Your Christianity is the delirium of a set of sick, cobweb spinners! The danger lies in the fact that Europe has forsaken reality for the vagaries of your religion! The idol that has ruined Europe is the Christian conception of God! God who is a god of the sick! One of the most corrupt conceptions of God that ever arrived on earth! It represents the low water mark of the declining developments of the god-type! In this god we find hostility to life, to nature, and to the will to power! That the strong nations of Europe have not thrust from themselves this Christian god is verily no honor to their religious talent, not to speak of their taste. They ought to have got the better of this sickly, decrepit product of decadence! A curse lies upon them because they have not got the better of it! It has incorporated sickness, old-age and contradiction into all their instincts! Two thousand years and not a single new god! But still continuing, as if persisting by right, this pitiable god of Christian monotheism; this hybrid image of ruin derived from nullity and contradiction, in which all decadence instincts and lassitudes of soul have their sanction!"

Here is a scathing and blasphemous challenge! What are we going to do about it? How are we going to answer it? Back of the challenge is the tramp, tramp, tramp of the marching legions! They are going to prove their creed if they can, and show that the Christian ideal of human society is a sick and degenerate one. But let us think. Is there not an essence of truth in this piece of blasphemy? Have

not the scholastics and the cloistered theologians of the church woven around the wonderful Man of Nazareth a bewildering array of metaphysical and theoretical cobwebs, and is it not true that we hold to and worship these vagaries rather than the real Christ! Glory in deed and not theory in creed marked the life of Jesus. We have made the acts, and the words and the personality of the Son of God, the playthings of the intellect rather than the instruments by which to build up a Kingdom of God in human society. We have handled these divine gifts as we would a few precious relics of antiquity. We have held to a form of godliness, but we have denied the power thereof. We have built up ecclesiastical systems with their monuments of masonry and meaningless liturgies, but we have failed to translate our religion into flesh and blood. Because of it, all the men of Mars have won in the race, and around our temple domes the shells of paganism laugh, and hiss, and destroy, in hideous, devil-like scorn! The fighting sects and prating theologians have crucified Christ afresh and thrown his

body to the Huns! But he will arise on the third day. Upon the death, the ruin, and the muddle of the last two thousand years, he will start to build again his church, but it will not be a church of ritual and masonry, but a temple of living stones built up into a spiritual house, where each smile shall be a hymn and each kindly deed a prayer.

Now let the Christian look into the face of The Christ of the year nineteen hundred and seventeen! He looks down upon the blasphemers of his name! He looks down upon the widows and the orphans, the blood and the agony! He left his great cause in human hands, but how miserably they have failed! He thought they understood his Gospel, but they did not. They have made a failure, but He has not. As He looks along the trail of the Huns, his eyes are not those of the meek and lowly Jesus, but of The Lion of the Tribe of Judah. His anger is righteous and terrible. He is coming in His glory, and with His hosts He will cut His way through the chaos and the darkness to the light of the new day of God.

THE ILLUSION OF LOVE

Beloved, you may be as all men say
 Only a transient spark
 Of flickering flame set in a lamp of clay . . .
 I care not, since you kindle all my dark
 With the immortal lustres of the day.
 And tho', as men deem, Dearest, you may be
 Only a common shell
 Chance-winnowed by the sea-winds from the sea . . .
 I care not, since you make so audible
 The subtle murmurs of Eternity.
 And tho' you be, like men of mortal race,
 Only a hapless thing
 Which Death might mar or Destiny efface . . .
 I care not, since unto my heart you bring
 The very Vision of God's dwelling-place.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hidden Treasure

By Alice I. Whitson

UNCLE JOHN picked up Carl's new copy of "Treasure Island" one evening, and we noticed a queer little smile as he turned the pages.

Uncle John had been with us nearly a month, but his stories of pioneer life in Arizona seemed as inexhaustible as they were fascinating.

"Did you ever find any treasure, Uncle John?" asked Carl, quickly.

"Well," he answered, "I hunted some once, and I've never forgotten it. It was way back when I was a boy, too. Our family had been the first to locate in Sulphur Springs Valley, but in a short time most of the land was taken up, and towns and villages appeared in the mushroom-like fashion of the West. By the time I was eighteen, there was little of the surrounding country that my brother Will and I had not explored. When any stranger wished to know of some rumored curiosity along the hundred and fifty miles of the valley and its enclosing mountains, he was sure to be referred to the 'Deaver boys.'

"Returning from a hunting trip one spring evening, we came upon an old Mexican lying under a yucca plant in the mesquite flat north of the ranch. He seemed to be almost lifeless, but with a few gulps of water revived enough to tell us that his partner had deserted him and his horse had run away. Our ponies were too small to carry a dead weight of two men, so we got the man on one horse and took turns in walking beside him. We had almost reached the State Highway, when the Mexican suddenly groaned, and in spite of my efforts slipped and rolled from the saddle. Will came back to help, but the man seemed to think

us enemies, and fought so desperately that we gave up the attempt, and laid him down to await developments. Suddenly he sat up, and his words became coherent, while his eyes looked intelligent.

"'Cochise,' he said, 'keep much gold jewels up there,' pointing.

"Our curiosity aroused, we questioned him. He pointed often to a high mountain we called Square-top, and said that Cochise, the old Indian chief who had ruled the plains a few years before, had hidden all his treasure there. He gave us rather minute directions, all in Spanish, for finding the spot. He had helped to hide it there himself, he said, but after Cochise's death had fled to Mexico, intending to come back for the treasure. His strength seemed to leave him as suddenly as it had come, and he again fell unconscious. We got him to the house, but he could not be revived, and after he had been buried, Will and I discussed the probability of his story. We knew that there had been several renegade Mexicans with Cochise's band, and this mountain happened to be the only one in many miles which we had not explored. It seemed possible that there might be something in what the old Mexican said. At any rate, it was a good excuse for a trip.

"Accordingly we set out for Square-top early the next morning. It was only a few miles from the ranch. The climb was steep where we had started up, but was shorter, so we kept on in spite of the loose rocks which constantly threatened to take us with them to the bottom. We soon found ourselves at the foot of a small canyon, where the rocks were bigger and solid, so we kept it as a trail. When

we reached the head of the canyon and clambered out of its bed, we discovered to our surprise that we were within two hundred feet of the top of the mountain, but separated from it by an almost perpendicular cliff. One scraggly oak was growing near the foot of the cliff, and as we came near, a series of terraces or steps could be seen.

"We had to climb the tree to reach the ledge above it, where we discovered a sort of ravine leading still higher. The ravine seemed to be the remains of a dike of soft rock, and extended to the top of the mountain. By the time we had wormed our way up through this crack, we were too breathless to look about us. When we did, instead of the square, table-like top we expected, we found ourselves on a narrow, uneven ridge, about two hundred yards long. A number of small monuments of rock, evidently artificial, were scattered near the edge. We tore down several of them, as they were simply built of piled up stones. The only things we found, however, were a few wood mice and a jack-rabbit. We found no trace of their having been used for hiding places, and growing tired of tearing them down, I wandered toward the center of the ridge, while Will started off to explore the other side of the mountain.

"Two or three yucca plants stood near the center of the ridge, and on going around them, I was surprised to find a big open sort of cave. Like the monuments, it was built of loose rocks piled up amphitheatre fashion, and about fifteen feet high at the back. Almost in the center of the semi-circle was a broad, flat rock about six feet in diameter, and placed on smaller rocks which raised it several feet from the ground. All this was evidence of human habitation, but there was still no sign of any treasure, and I began poking around among the loose stones to see if I could find anything. I picked up two or three stones and threw them at the wall, more to test its strength than for any definite purpose. Suddenly I heard, close at my feet, an ominous hiss. I whirled just in time

to see the venomous fangs of a rattler dart toward the place where my foot had been. The reptile was small, and a blow from the heavy stick I carried settled him. Rattlers were too common then to be worth a second thought and I stooped for more stones to throw, when I caught sight of another head protruding from the rocks in front of me. I threw at it, and as the stone fell to the ground, the whole of that little amphitheatre of rock suddenly became a mass of wriggling life. Every crevice in the rock seemed to harbor a snake. With one yell I gave a leap backward and felt something soft under my foot. The snake had reared upward and was striking at my leather leggins with all its strength, while there were dozens behind me. The big flat rock was close to me, and with some wild idea of kicking them off as they came, I jumped for it. Even now I shudder to think of falling in that sea of darting fangs. From the top of that rock I looked upon a spectacle which possibly no other man has ever seen. To estimate the number of snakes would be impossible, but they were nearer thousands than hundreds. All around me were squirming bodies and glittering eyes, each one apparently fixed on me.

"If Will had not come just when he did, I believe I should have fallen among them. His voice brought me to my senses, and I warned him not to come too close. In the meantime, I had kicked several snakes back from my rock, but it was plain that it would not long be safe. The only plan I could see was to dash across the snakes in front of me, and risk the chance of their bites reaching above my leggins. Many of the snakes could have struck above my waist, however, and the plan seemed a desperate one.

"Suddenly Will exclaimed, 'Keep 'em off a minute longer, Ray,' and began to take off his own leggins and leather coat. I had all I could do just then keeping the snakes off my rock, and didn't even try to think what his idea was until he said:

"Now, Ray, I'll throw these for

stepping stones for you, and you can jump on them if you do it before the snakes can get out from under them. If you fall it's all over.'

"He didn't need to tell me that, but I couldn't stay there any longer, for they were coming too fast for me, and I yelled, 'Throw it.' Never have I been on stepping stones more slippery and treacherous, and surely never was a stream more deadly, crossed in any fashion. The snakes did not try to

follow us from the den, however, when we were once clear of them. We did not try to rescue the coat and leggins, but made the best of our way down the mountain, for we had enough of treasure hunting. I have heard since that a collector visited this same den of snakes, but failed because of their fierceness and number to get any specimens. For myself, it was such an awful experience I did not care to repeat it."

SOMEWHERE

Laddie o' mine, whaur did ye gae?
 Nae letter hae I and my heart's fu' o' wae.
 Laddie o' mine, o'er the whispering spray
 O' the sea that sobs a' the dreary day,
 My heart is a-hungering to find ye, my ain.
 Fu' lanely thy house and fu' cauld thy hearthstane;
 An' "Somewhere in France" is a fearfu' refrain;
 But the sea seems to sing it again and again.

Laddie o' mine, I've a secret to tell,
 Dinna ye ken, when the moon was auld,
 Ye held me sae close and ye lo'ed me sae well;
 An' we kissed wi' a love that couldna grow cauld;
 An' a' night the stars seemed spinning a spell?
 Hark, Laddie, thy wifie—The secret is tauld.

* * * * *

"Somewhere in France," hush-a-bye, my ain,
 "Somewhere in France" thy father was slain;
 O Laddie, pitiless pierces the pain,
 An' thy bairn lies ill on thy ain hearthstane.
 Nae wheat bread, nae milk, nae potatoes, nae meat,
 Nae fuel for the fire—cauld hisses the sleet.
 "Somewhere in France" they have sent a fine fleet;
 In a' merry England there's plenty to eat.

But here whaur the Pilgrims prayed on the shore,
 Suffering and hunger slip in at the door.
 My ain Laddie's killed; my heart is a' cauld;
 My wee bairn lies dead, only ane month auld.
 "Somewhere in France," whaur our wounded lie,
 Laddie o' mine, I'll gae nurse—and die.

Sisters

By Clara Glover Case

ARLINE Ridgeworthy, instructor in mathematics at a select school in Berkeley, California, came down a pretty little wooded path of the Claremont Hills, one morning in January of the year nineteen-seventeen, and approached the waiting Key Route train at the station.

She stepped lightly and daintily, with due regard for her white shoes, and realized, with a little feminine thrill of satisfaction that her blue-gray tailored suit was all that could be desired when, upon entering the car, she subconsciously noted the appraising glance of its sole passenger. The man's impression was that of somebody very prim indeed, who yet somehow made him think of an apple orchard in May. Miss Ridgeworthy felt the apple-tint grow deeper as she read the awful headlines in his San Francisco paper: "Two Hundred Women of the Underworld Visit the Rev. Paul Smith."

To make the matter worse, the man seemed to know her. She wondered if she had met him at the University affair she had attended the other day. For once she blessed her habit of frigidly acknowledging introductions and then forgetting them. She need not be embarrassed by speaking to him. But men, as Miss Ridgeworthy had perhaps forgotten, are sometimes neither timid nor frigid. That man moved from his little end seat to one across the aisle from her, lifting his hat unobtrusively as he did so. He gave her a few minutes to recover from the flutter caused by this overt act, before he remarked: "Pleasant affair the other evening at Professor—er—what's his name?"

"Smith," suggested Miss Ridgeworthy, but the sarcasm evidently eluded him.

"Er—say, my memory is not so bad as that," he said, "but names always did get me."

She simply couldn't resist it. "Do you mean get the better of you?"

"Eh?" carelessly. "I wasn't thinking English was your line."

Again she fell into the trap. "I teach mathematics," curtly.

He returned to his paper, while her busy mind continued to search its inner recesses. Who was he? Did he really know her?

As they left the train to take the ferry across the bay, he seemed to settle the question by calling her by name. "If you'll come this way, Miss Ridgeworthy, you'll get around the other side of the train much quicker."

Her mind registered its protest more quickly, but she did not speak aloud, merely smiled assent. Arline Ridgeworthy, instructor of mathematics, and model of behavior for the young, as such, regretted the smile. Arline Ridgeworthy, holiday-making, with the soft spring air blowing delicate little curls around her face, and the delicious salt air bringing laughter into her eyes, entered a little into the spirit of the adventure. She glanced shyly around. No other woman on that early morning boat was walking beside a finer looking man than she.

"Shall we sit outside?" he asked, casually.

"I always do," she answered, lulling her protesting conscience by keeping a reservation in the corner of her mind to the effect that if she did not know him it were easy to pass him by if she ever saw him again. But just before

they reached the ferry building she lost her position irretrievably. She saw the minister of the "First" church approaching. With one gasp of horror her mathematical consciousness dived into deep water and left her to flounder on the surface alone.

"Do you know Mr. Blank?" she asked her companion.

"Er—I forget," he answered vaguely.

"Then what is your awful name?" she whispered hurriedly.

His eyes twinkled, she was sure, but whether he did not answer because he enjoyed her discomfiture, or whether he really hadn't time, she never knew. She admitted that he retrieved himself gracefully, for he greeted the reverend gentleman like a long-lost friend, and murmured his own name by way of helping matters out, but so indistinctly that Miss Ridgeworthy quite lost it. Mr. Blank gave all the tokens of cordially remembering That Man. But then she reflected that ministers are diplomatic, and she longed for the crowded ferry building, where she could divest herself of her companions and their duplicity as well as her own. She was the more disturbed when she heard the words "Paul Smith" as they stood a little apart from her. She resented that mention as she resented the deck-hand's mop brought too close to her spotless garments. She indignantly took her altogether worthy presence around to the other side of the boat, and left by the upstairs exit.

As she came out into the open she felt her thoughts lighten and her fancy spread clean wings once more. She leisurely made her choice of carlines, then, on point of entering a Sutter street car, changed her mind, disturbed by the contact of certain "coarse creatures" who preceded her on the car-steps. She did not doubt that they were some of "those wretched women" in whom That Man and the minister of the "First," and Rev. Paul Smith, and heaven knows how many other men, were interested. Could it be that the sallow girl with untidy hair had ever possessed a personality, even

as she herself? They evidently were going toward those so-called "respectable" blocks of which the paper had spoken. She moved to the edge of the walk, but did not take the car then passing. Her mathematical consciousness was at work, but it had not led her to a conclusion. But when the third Sutter car passed she climbed upon the platform and she too passed along the way of those more dingy creations of the Lord.

That Man had also taken a Sutter street car. He was on the one which passed Arline, lost in her reverie. He seemed to have half a mind to dismount, but changed his intention at the last second and swung himself back upon the platform as Arline stepped upon the third car, closely following the second. From which it might have seemed, if he had been in appearance a more idle fellow, as if he had been somewhat influenced by Miss Ridgeworthy's movements. It might even have been thought that he had followed Arline. This supposition, however, would hardly account for his smile of pleased surprise when he saw her standing upon the corner. Perhaps his temporary impulse to leave the car was one of those springtime fancies which lead one to retract one's steps to a hurriedly-passed florist's window. Certainly Arline's face was as lovely as any flower of the spring-time, though in its temporary hardening it reminded him now of an exquisitely tinted cameo.

Arline caught a glimpse of two overdressed female figures standing upon a street corner waiting for the car to pass. They reminded her of the girls whom she was sub-consciously following, and she left the car at the next block, waiting at the corner for it to pass. She blushed a little when she realized how literally she was following the paths of the unrighteous. In some confusion she started to dart across the street, but a heavy team was passing. Next she returned to the walk to avoid a passing motor, and then, horrible moment, she saw That Man approaching with his hand reach-

ing toward his hat. A fear of being pursued came over her. She started blindly across again, without looking in the direction of the man. From that direction destruction came.

* * * *

When she recovered consciousness he was bending over her in a dimly lighted parlor in an old house, a sort of back parlor, evidently, but set with tables. She looked around wildly.

"Acquaintance of mine," he was explaining to the man with the little satchel, who seemed to be upon the point of leaving. "I just happened along. Know lots of her friends. So glad she wasn't hurt. When she recovers from the shock, I'll take her home. We'll have some coffee or something now we're here. Good-bye, doctor."

Arline was alone in the sombre parlor with That Man.

A faint tinge of pink came into her cheeks. "I'm all right now," she faltered. "I'll just go along."

She started to arise. Horrors! She was in her stocking feet and her petticoat. She straightened her stately head and looked at him in hot anger. An answering red stole up behind the brown in his cheeks. "They've gone to be cleaned," he explained stiffly. "Perhaps it would be just as well if you waited for their return."

"Then why," she questioned bitterly, "do you inflict your horrible presence upon me here?"

"I'll leave you if you wish," he said, "but I feel responsible for you. I brought you in here and I should like to see you safely outside again."

"Where am I, then?" she cried, wildly.

He spoke soothingly: "In a perfectly respectable house, for respectable people. Nevertheless, I choose to see you safely outside again."

She looked at him in open horror, and obviously she placed no faith in him. Her eyes, hideously opened by the papers of the week, and the "infamous creatures" whom she had half-followed that morning, saw in his manner only a mocking deference. She was terribly abashed, but not as yet afraid.

She intensely disliked the situation, but she yet hoped that with the return of her cleansed garments she could recover her lightness of spirit. Perhaps she should conciliate the creature. It might be wiser. He had such an air of authority about him. She fell to shivering a little.

The waiter brought in the coffee, a sullen-looking creature who answered only in German when That Man spoke to him. No chance for an appeal there. But he remained to serve them while they drank their hot coffee and ate their little cakes in silence. His presence comforted her a little, and the warm coffee brought back the color to her cheeks and infused a little warmth in her manner.

"Tell me," she asked, "what really happened?"

"I saved your life," he said; "a matter of no moment. Forget it."

She essayed a little smile. "Perhaps I find it of some moment. Accept my grateful thanks."

"I have been repaid," he answered savagely; "remember I carried you in here."

"Was I heavy?" An unfortunate note! She bit her lips at the error.

"Not for me. I'm a big fellow, you know." Her confusion restored his kindness.

"You will want to bring back your looks and feeling to normal." He spoke hurriedly to the waiter. The latter grinned foolishly and pulled open the heavy curtains, disclosing a dressing table to her astonished eyes, and other furnishings of a sleeping apartment. Then he took the tray and went out, closing the heavy door behind him.

"I will wait for you here," said That Man. "Do you mind if I smoke?" She was gazing at him, horror-stricken. He spoke soothingly, as to a child: "Go and get yourself ready for your street garments. There is a little mud upon your hair. Not but what, as far as I am concerned, I like you just as well that way. You're only human, after all; you can't altogether escape the mud of the passers-by." She did not seem to hear him. She gazed ahead in

wild afright. Her form stiffened and she fell from the chair. Arline had undignifiedly fainted.

* * * *

The Man took a step in the direction of the bell, with, it may be, a little relief in the thought that he could turn her over to the doctor; later to the taxi-driver, and then to her landlady or hostess. But something primitive halted him with his hand on the bell. Let his excuse be that such adventures do not befall a man every day, and that Arline, as seen now, without her severely expressed instructorship, was more than passing fair. Those delicate tendrils of exactly the right shade of brown hair were never meant to lie unnoticed, and he touched them caressingly.

His temporary indecision passed; he suddenly showed himself adept at first aid, shook her, brought cold water and laid a wet handkerchief on her forehead. Then as a tinge of color crept back into her face, he held her closely in his arms and kissed her back to consciousness.

Her startled eyes opened and met his, while a flaming red drove away the pallor. She pushed him from her. "How I hate you!" she gasped.

He laid her gently back upon the sofa.

"It isn't nice to hate," he said; "I don't hate you at all."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"What do you think?"

"God knows. After I saw those wretched creatures on the car, nothing could amaze me."

"Friends of mine, I suppose, and for all we know, former schoolmates of yours,

"For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under the skin,'"

he quoted.

"Never."

"I'd like to talk to you a little bit, and then if you will brush your hair and rearrange your features, I'd be

willing to escort you to the ferry."

"Go ahead." She spoke bravely, though her lips were trembling.

"I want to talk to you, not about those wretched creatures who are the objects of a good woman's scorn, but about you, who scorn them—and I do truly believe that your sin is the greater of the two."

"A man's point of view."

"Not so," he protested, "but the view of one who has worked patiently in this field and that, in all branches of social service, and found the fault not so much of those who have slipped down as of those who fail to help them climb anew."

She raised herself and unconsciously straightened her hair.

"Oh, then, you are really a good man."

He bowed ironically. "I am flattered; at least I can now be classified by you."

A knock discreetly announced arrival of Arline's cleansed garments from the tailor's. She snatched them from the messenger and retreated into the inner room. When she timidly peeped through the curtains, she found the man sitting as she had left him, with his hand supporting his chin, apparently in a mood of sad and pained sternness, which Arline approved, as she had approved nothing about him thus far.

She stood before him meekly. "I wonder if you'll forgive me," she said. "And I wish you wouldn't consider me too unworthy, for I do a little settlement work myself."

But when he aroused himself and looked around, she was gone.

* * * *

Any one chancing upon Arline in the afternoon of this day upon which she walked aside from safely beaten paths, would have perhaps noted that she was even more glowingly clean than usual. If so, it would have been only a just tribute to her painstaking effort to efface the last trace of the morning's unfortunate occurrence from her dainty exterior. But from the pathetic droop of her mouth, and the slightly furtive



The Sailor's Story

By Newell Batman

So you envy the lot of a sailor,
And you long to follow the sea.
Well, wait while I tell my tale, sir,
And you see what it did for me.

I'll have to be fair and admit, though
It wasn't the sea was to blame,
'Twas only the life aboard the ships,
And myself, that deserves the shame.

Now, it all began in London
When I was down on my luck one night,
And wandered off to the waterfront
And there, like a fool, got tight.

For I awoke from my spree next morning,
Miles from the fog-veiled shore,
In the hold of a foreign trader
Sailing for Singapore.

This bark was an old three-master,
With a crew of foreign swine;
The blackest, foulest hell-ship
That ever dipped to the brine.

So fancy a shanghaied lubber,
Not knowing a sail or rope,
Shipped on a filthy tub, like that,
To the far-off Malay coast.

Oh! I had a lot of trouble,
And a bloody fight one night,
And broke the skull of a brawling bloke,
When he lunged with an ugly knife.

And I stood the blows and floggings
That the brutal mate gave me,
And along o' the work that voyage
They made me a real A. B.

But I didn't go back to England
With that evil, cut-throat crew;
For I up and deserted in Aden
Like they warned me I shouldn't do.

And then I signed on a steamer,
A dinky tramp from the States,
An old tin tub, slow as a sub.,
All putty and rusting plates.

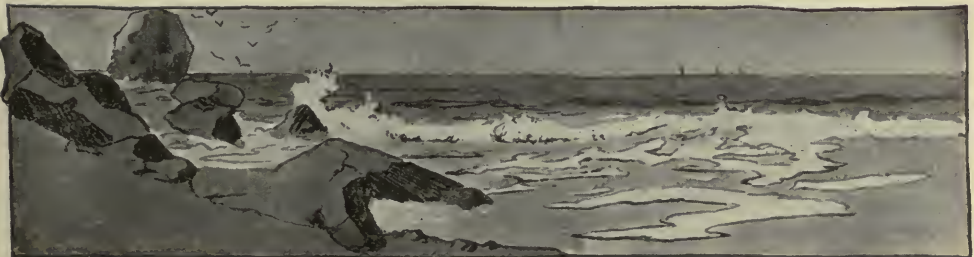
She served as a blockade runner,
And mocked at the warships' guns;
A rover bold that sailed the seas
Where never a liner runs.

But a storm blew up one midnight,
That took her boats at a gulp,
Snapped the masts and smashed the rail,
And pounded her bows to pulp.

I swam ashore at an island
And was almost drowned in the tide,
But I knew it was surely death to stay,
So I chanced it over the side.

Oh! I sought adventure in many ports,
But I squandered all my gold,
And now I'm stranded without a ship,
Drunken and growing old.

But here's good luck in a glass of grog,
And this you'll learn from me,
Where the wisest man may win on land,
He'll only lose at sea.



The Raid

By Everad Haley

YOU are to have a rest this time up," said O. C. Company. "You are for a sort of course; attached to the artillery for information, the order says. Anyway, you're not for the front line. You've eight clear days, and a bed at the end of every one of them. You lucky blighter!"

"Sounds all right," said Second-Lieutenant Penne. "Wonder what 'attached to the artillery' means!"

"When I was attached to the artillery," said O. C. Company, "it chiefly meant that I turned up at the battery about eleven o'clock and went down to the O. P. with the observing officer; at twelve o'clock I came back with the officer he'd relieved, and stayed to lunch. In the afternoons I used to contrive to be invited to tea at C Battery; they have an excellent gramophone."

"What made them choose me for this great honor?"

"Well, you've been doing your share lately, you know. We're all to have a turn-out some day."

Penne wandered away to his own billet. He had few illusions about the favor he was receiving.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*" is an excellent rule of conduct, and applies equally well to orderly rooms which grant unasked for periods of rest. Really, he did not want the rest. Every one would be in the front line, save one or two others who had also received the unexpected favor. Altogether he found there would be six of them, two from each of A, B, and C Companies.

"Shall I put your equipment together, sir?"

"No; we're not going up this time." Harris, Penne's batman, stared.

"Not goin' up, sir? Ain't the battalion goin'?"

"Yes. They're going all right; but you and I and five other officers and their batman are staying behind—for a rest."

Harris had no answer to this save a soft whistle. Then, after a while, he said: "It's a stunt, isn't it, sir?"

"I hope so," said Penne.

"You'll take me; sir?"

"We'll see, Harris. Time enough for that when it comes off."

For six days the six subalterns had a delightful time. After breakfast at the comfortable hour of nine, they sallied forth to shop in the village. They bought plums, salad, fresh vegetables, and French bread, which they later took up to the officers in the line. After that, they split up among the various batteries in the neighborhood, and from various O. P.'s studied No Man's Land diligently through a telescope. At night they gathered in their temporary mess and swopped lies which they had collected from the artillery during the day.

On the night of the sixth day they were sitting down to dinner when an orderly arrived. "Second-Lieutenants Hudson and Williams will report to Major Wilson by 9 a. m. tomorrow the 6th inst."

"Six little subalterns

Far from battle's roar;

Down came an orderly,

And then there were four."

said Penne. "Wonder what's up!"

Before dinner was over the two B Company subalterns had also received a similar notice, and by the time coffee arrived a runner from A Company

presented Penne with a chit requesting the pleasure of his company *chez* Major Wilson on the morrow.

"Second Lieutenant P. Fletcher Carr," said Penne, "you are hereby requested to accompany me to the abode of one hight Major Wilson on the morrow to receive instructions."

"Oh, am I!" said that worthy. "And I was going to lunch with D. Battery to-morrow."

"I think some one ought to make a speech on this auspicious occasion," said Hudson. "Something is going to happen. I think we ought to celebrate."

"By going to bed early," put in Carr. —"Prior?"

Prior, his batman, appeared from the kitchen.

"Call me early——"

"Mother, dear, for I'm to be queen of the May," suggested Hudson.

—"About seven, I think. Breakfast at half-past, and have everything ready to move off by a quarter-past eight."

"And before you go, gentlemen," said Penne, "I'll trouble you for a little item of thirty francs apiece for messing expenses."

"If that's your sole contribution to the evening's gaiety," said Williams, "it's about time this little haven of rest was broken up."

* * *

Major Wilson's headquarters were in a large, airy cellar in the reserve billets.

The six subalterns sat round on boxes and chairs, while the three company sergeant-majors stood near the door.

"Briefly," said the major, "there is to be a raid tomorrow night. Penne and Carr are to take one party, and Hudson and Williams another. Carson and Holmes are to have a reserve party to cover the others, and lend a hand in case of accidents. The spots you are to raid are marked on that map over there, and here are aeroplane photographs of the section of trench, so that you'll know what to expect. Your parties will be thirty strong, and each of

you will have two runners. The idea is to do as much damage as possible, and, if possible, bring back prisoners.

"What about the wire?" said Hudson.

"Each of the two parties will be preceded by a party of six men and two R. E.'s, who will place a Bangalore torpedo under the German wire. Penne, you will see to your torpedo, and Hudson will look after his own. You'll get them from the R. E. dump tomorrow, not later than 5 p. m. You will superintend the fixing of them in the wire also."

"Tomorrow night is going to be a pleasant little outing, I can see," whispered Penne to Carr. "Ever see a Bangalore?"

"No."

"Charming things, I assure you. Buy them by the yard from the R. E. We'll want about thirty feet of it."

"As regards the disposition of your parties, I leave you to make your own subject, of course, to criticism from me. You can also decide what equipment you will carry. There is one thing more. Each party will carry a mobile charge, also supplied by the R. E., with which to blow up emplacements or dug-outs."

"What time does the balloon—I mean the Bangalore—go up, sir?" asked Carr.

"Eleven o'clock. You must be in position and ready to rush the gap by ten minutes to eleven at the latest. Any questions?"

"Where are reports to be sent?"

"Where will you be, sir?"

"How long is it to last?"

"Who's going to fire the torpedo?"

"Suppose there's nobody there when we get there?"

"Are we to have a password?"

"Is there to be any artillery preparation?"

They fired questions one after the other for the best part of an hour. Sketches were made from the maps, and positions noted. The C. S. M.'s noted details in their pocket books for the edification of their men. Finally, everybody was satisfied.

"To-night, of course, you six will spend up here. There'll be all kinds of details to settle, and you'd better be on the spot. We might all have dinner together here. I think the larder will about run to it."

"Sergeant-major," said Penne, "we will fix up which men we're having now. Come on to the other room."

Penne, Carr and the A Company sergeant-major went into the adjoining cellar, and squatted on the remains of a bed.

"Best fix up the orderlies first. I want Scott and Harris for mine."

"And I want Prior and Ward."

"Warn those four to meet us here at eight o'clock sharp, to-morrow morning."

Then they went through their platoons, discussing the merits of '82 Smith and '74 Jones, and their suitability for the work in hand.

"What about equipment, sir?" said the C. S. M. when the lists were completed.

"Rifle and bayonet, skeleton order, and bombs, eh?"

"How many bombs each, sir?"

"Every man to carry six, and one man in six to have a bomb-bucket with twenty-four bombs. That ought to be enough."

The thirty men were divided into three groups of six and an N. C. O., and one group of eight and an N. C. O., and the exact work of each was carefully detailed. The C. S. M. departed, and Carr and Penne discussed their own part in the operations. Carr was to enter the trench, while Penne looked after matters on top, disposed of prisoners, and, in case of accidents, took command.

In the other cellar, Hudson and Williams were likewise busy arranging matters. Carson and Holmes were cursing their uninteresting reserve position, and deciding on the best tactical position. Major Wilson was writing out a report in triplicate for the orderly room, the three C. S. M.'s were making arrangements for the supply of bombs, and away at the back three sappers of the R. E. were working

overtime on long lengths of Bangalore torpedo.

* * * *

"Well, Scott," said Penne the following day, "there's going to be a stunt. We're going to wake Fritz up a little—a raid tonight. I want you to be my orderly along with Harris. All right?"

"Yessir," said Scott.

"Your job is to look after me; see that I don't get get into trouble. You may have to take messages, but in the main you will be with me. Job suit you?"

"Yessir," said Scott.

Harris was delighted. Prior and Ward said very much the same as Scott. In fact, they didn't understand why they were asked about it at all. Ward asked anxiously if he would see any of the fun.

"Fun!" said Carr. "You'll be right in the middle of it. There'll be enough to satisfy anybody."

The other men were also warned, and for the rest of the day they sang loudly in their billets or cheered derisively when an occasional shell plumped down among the houses.

"Goin' to be a proper rough 'ouse this evenin'," said one.

"Yes, we'll give 'em a little 'amlet. I'm goin' to nab a 'elmet, I am."

"What cher want a 'elmet for?"

"Old girl in the billet in the village asked me for one, an' I promised 'er she should 'ave it."

Others took the unnecessary precaution of sharpening their bayonets on the window-sills. One and all were highly excited, and delighted at the idea of getting to close quarters. The Bangalore torpedoes arrived, and were stored in the company office. The mobile charge also came up, and Harris was deputed to carry it. As it weighed some seven pounds, he was not pleased.

Penne moved off at 9:15 with the six men and the two sappers. The torpedo was carried in three sections, each ten feet long. Penne carried the detonator, and the two sappers had the coil of wire and the firing-lever. Every-

thing was quiet in No Man's Land as they crept over the parapet. Odd shots from fixed rifles plumped into the ground here and there, but no one was hit on the way across. The three sections were fitted together, and the pointed end inserted under the wire. This was one of the most dangerous parts of the raid, for the torpedo nosing through the wire made a considerable noise, and took some twenty minutes to fix. An unlucky Verey light might betray the whole party, and the raid have to be abandoned. At last it was fixed, and Penne carefully put in the detonator; the electric wires were attached, and the party then made for home.

A haphazard bullet from one of the rifles broke one of the fingers of Scott's left hand as they returned, but he continued with the raid as though nothing had happened. Hudson had fixed his torpedo farther down on the right; it was twenty minutes to eleven when they met the raiding-parties coming to join them.

Penne led the way, crawling on his belly, and by ten minutes to the hour every one was in position some thirty yards from the torpedoes to allow for the effect of the explosion. Thirty yards is about the minimum of safety to allow. If you are any nearer, there is danger of shell-shock as well as from flying bits of wire. It is essential to get as close as possible in order to take full advantage of the surprise effect. The judging of that minimum safety distance gave Penne more trouble than anything else. It had to be done in an instant, practically in the dark, and without any means of verification. This was "judging distance," and no mistake!

Every one lay flat, awaiting the firing of the torpedo. There was a long silence, the nightwind creeping coldly through the grasses. Nothing happened. Carr, in rear, began to grow uneasy at the long wait, and crept back to find out the cause of the delay. Penne lay flat, clutching his revolver, wondering vaguely what he was doing out there at all. Before the war he

had been an assistant-manager in a suburban bank, knowing nothing of explosives. Now he was lying out there, in that perilous strip of country, waiting for that long tube of ammonal to explode; he had with him some thirty men carrying bombs; and Harris, at his side, carried the mobile charge which was to blow something or other sky-high. He remembered an officer he had once known who had told him that explosives sometimes go off by a sort of sympathetic action. Suppose his mobile charge went off in sympathy with the torpedo? He wondered why it was so long. The sound of a dog barking a great distance away came down the wind. Some of the men fidgeted behind him. One of them spat. Then Carr came running back to his place, casting caution to the winds. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Look out, Penne. It's going up!"

With a terrifying roar the Boche wire leaped into the air. Penne rose to his feet and ran swiftly forward into a moving cloud of smoke, through which fragments of wire, wood and iron flew. The men raced behind him. Down on the right another explosion shook the ground, while from all sides Verey lights swished and curved. But Penne was already in the trench, and two of his parties of six with him.

When Hudson's torpedo burst, Hudson and his men also ran forward; but something had gone wrong, for Hudson stumbled and fell. There was trip-wire here, all unsuspected and uncut. The first seven went down in the gap like nine-pins, while bombs rained over on to them from the trench. One dropped full on Hudson's orderly, killing him almost instantly; pieces of it also tore strips from Hudson's leg, and one pierced his knee, so that he could not walk.

"Find Mr. Williams quickly," he said to his remaining orderly. "Tell him I'm wounded, and he is to take over."

But Williams, knowing something had gone amiss, had worked up towards the front, and found out for himself the trouble. It was almost as light

as day, with Verey lights, and bombs were still raining over.

"Give 'em hell, boys, and don't show yourselves," he shouted, and the men, hearing his voice, lay close in to the edge of the wire and pitched bombs into the trench in front of them. Williams crawled up into the gap to look for Hudson. There was no sign of him. Bombs were still dropping there. There were several wounded men crawling painfully back home. One of them stopped crawling and did not move. He went across, and found a dead body. The bombs were lessening now, but as he looked along there was a line of fire splashing through the wire. The Boches were abandoning their front line, and firing on them from the support line. On his left there was a continual bursting of bombs. The other party had evidently succeeded.

He investigated the gap again, only to find that the front section of the torpedo had worked loose and failed to explode, so that some seven feet of wire remained to be cut. He cursed his luck, and set about the difficult task of getting his men home, taking with them the bodies of the two men who had been killed. Hudson had managed to crawl in unaided.

In the meantime, Penne, on leaping into the trench, found himself opposite the entrance to a dug-out. He heard footsteps on the stairs, and fired a Verey pistol down the entrance. He followed this up with two shots with his revolver. His men had followed him by this time. One party immediately worked to the left, and the second party to the right, bombing round the traverses as they went. Scott and Harris heaved three or four bombs down the dug-out stairs, until the arrival of the third party, who were instructed to hold the top of the dug-out and prevent any one from coming out. Penne then followed swiftly on the heels of the first party. He passed the bodies of three Germans, and finding them dead, swiftly detached their numerals and identification discs. Then he came upon his own party halting at

the junction of a communication-trench with the front line. Here they had raised a temporary barricade. As Penne reached the spot a German officer appeared, running up the communication trench toward them.

"Surrender!" shouted Penne.

The only answer was a revolver shot which clipped a piece from the side of the trench. The two German orderlies bolted.

"Surrender!" shouted Penne once more.

The German officer attempted to fire again, but his pistol jammed. He made a swift movement as though to pick up a bomb; but Penne's revolver spat twice, and he fell dead.

"Get him and bring him along," he said, and pushed back rapidly to the other party. Outside the dug-out he found four men left.

"Three prisoners, sir," they told him. "We've sent them off!"

He pushed on, recalled the right-hand party, and, returning, heard Carr's party on the top firing furiously over them at a party of Germans who were trying to cross the ground between the support-trench and front line to bomb the raiders from above.

"Hold up. We're coming out."

Carr's men continued firing on either side, leaving a space through which the men clambered out, two of them carrying the dead officer, others with caps and souvenirs of various kinds. The last man out, Penne took the mobile charge from Harris, and pulling out the pin that ignited the fuse, thrust the charge down the dug-out steps.

"Now get out quickly."

They were through the wire, when another violent explosion told them that the dug-out was no more.

On the way back they passed the reserve party, who were only too glad to see them come in, for any minute No Man's Land might be covered by shrapnel. As it was, there was quite a lot of machine-gun fire.

"Is the right-hand party in?" asked Penne of Carson.

"Yes. They reported about five minutes ago."

"All right. Follow us in. We're the last."

The souvenirs and the prisoners were sent down to headquarters, and the wounded (there were four, all slight, in Penne's party) to the aid post; the roll was called, and the men dismissed.

"A reg'lar little outin' we've had, an' no mistake," said one.

"Yes; an' I only wrote 'ome this mornin', and told my missus that we was 'avin' a very quiet time. If she only knew the larks we was gettin' up to, eh?"

Three hours later Penne and Carr lay sound asleep on the sand-bags in

the company office cellar. Major Wilson was writing a report. "One officer (dead), three unwounded prisoners, and a number of identifications were obtained. Many casualties were inflicted on the enemy."

Carr stirred uneasily in his sleep. Suddenly he stiffened. "Look out, Penne. It's going up," he shouted. He half awoke, then muttering, fell asleep again. Major Wilson looked at him for a minute, and then wrote on: "I beg to bring to your notice the determination and coolness which marked the conduct of Second-Lieutenant Penne and of Second-Lieutenant P. Fletcher Carr."

A SOLDIER'S LITANY

When the foemen's hosts draw nigh,
 When the standards wave on high,
 When the brazen trumpets call,
 Some to triumph, some to fall,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

When the opposing squadrons meet,
 When the bullets fall like sleet,
 When the vanguards forward dash,
 When the flames of cannon flash,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

When mingled in the awful rout,
 Vanquished's cries and Victor shout,
 Horses' screams and wounded's groan
 Dying, comfortless, alone,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

And when night's shadows round us close,
 God of Battle, succor those,
 Those, whose hearts shall ever burn
 For loved ones, never to return,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

(Save us, Lord).

RICHARD RALEIGH.

2d Lieut., O. and B. L. I., France.

Picturesque Road-Agents of Early Days

By John Lord

IN THE SUMMER of 1876 I had come up the trail from Southwest Texas with a herd of five thousand six hundred long horn Texas cattle in one herd. When I struck the Arkansas River twenty miles above Rocky Ford, I found the river on the rampage out of its banks, grass fine, water plenty and weather beautiful. It was late in June, and no other place on earth can furnish as perfect weather as the arid country just east of the Rocky Mountains, from early spring to late fall. We decided that a few day's rest would not do the cattle or horses any harm, and we would wait for the river to go down. We might have swam the river without serious difficulty, but we might have struck bad quicksand. It often happened that just as the lead cattle would get out of swimming water into water shallow enough for them to wade, they would strike a bar of quicksand. If they did, it frightened them, and they would turn back those following behind them, resulting in the herd or a portion of it getting to what we called a mill and going in a circle following each other until they become so exhausted they would drown.

There was a herd of trail cattle up the river from us. It had reached there several days ahead of us, but was not waiting to cross. The herd, which belonged to a well known Texas cattle man, John Chisholm, was for sale. After we had been in camp three or four days, Mr. Chisholm sent his foreman down to ask me to let him have some men to help deliver 3,600 heads of young cows and heifers to their purchasers. I took three of the boys and went to help.

It took nearly five days to select the

cattle according to contract and brand them. During the time I was there, Thompson Brothers, the buyers, and myself, became great friends. They were undoubtedly the finest shots, both with the six-shooter and Winchester rifle, I had ever met, and I had met some good ones among the Texas Rangers. They were both agreeable men. One tall, square-shouldered, straight and athletic; the other shorter and rather heavily built, strong and as quick as a squirrel. He sat on his horse easily and gracefully. Indeed, they were both fine horsemen, winning many commendatory remarks from the cowboys.

They moved their cattle over into the southwestern part of New Mexico near the line of old Mexico. I crossed the Arkansas as soon as the stage of the water would admit, and drove to Wyoming, where the cattle were turned on the range to fatten.

I often thought of the Thompson Brothers, and what delightful men they were. However, I heard nothing more of them for about two years, when there was an account published in a New Mexico paper of a band of Mexican cattle thieves raiding over into New Mexico, and driving off a lot of cattle belonging to Thompson Brothers. The brothers and their cowboys had followed the thieves, overtaking them fifty or sixty miles from the border. Of course, there was a fight, the whole bunch of Mexicans being nearly wiped off the face of the earth, without one of the Americans being hurt. The Thompsons then started back to the United States with their cattle. While on their way to the line, they camped for the night near where some Mexicans were having a big dance. Some

of the Mexicans invited them to attend the dance, during which one of the Americans did something one of the Mexicans did not like—probably paid too much attention to his *senorita*.

Mr. Mexican, to get even, started in to do a little shooting. Of course, that involved all the Americans, and many of the Mexicans, with the result that when the shooting was over and the smoke cleared up, there were several dead Mexicans, and one American slightly hurt.

This happened not far from the line between the two countries. The Americans got into the United States with all the cattle they had taken from the Mexicans; and some of the cattle proved to belong on the Mexican side of the line. The cattle thieves had picked them up. After getting back into Mexico, and making for the interior with the whole outfit, the Mexican ranchmen soon discovered that some of their cattle had been driven into the United States, but they were afraid to go after them. The marksmanship of the Thompson Brothers and their men had caused a chilly feeling up and down the Mexican spine. The Mexican cattle owners took the matter to their government, and their representatives took the matter up with the proper authorities at Washington, who sent men to investigate and gather the facts in the case. One of the men sent out happened to know the Thompson brothers, and they were not Thompsons at all, but the James brothers—Frank and Jesse. They knew their time in the cattle business was at an end, so they left the cattle with their men, putting one in charge, while they vamoosed between sunset and sunrise on their two best horses, back toward Missouri and back into their old business, holding up and robbing banks, trains and stage coaches.

In the fall of 1878 excitement was getting to fever heat at Leadville on account of the discoveries of rich silver and lead ores. Early in the spring of 1879 I went to Leadville as early as the snow would let me (about the 1st of May.) There were 6,000 men in the

camp when I got there, and not one dozen women, and the first of July there were about 45,000 men and about fifty women. There was no railroad, but some rush of travel by stage coach, wagons, horseback and a-foot. There were from twenty-five to forty stages and other public conveyances daily over one road. I had a number of teams working on timber contracts supplying timber to the mines, and several six mule teams hauling supplies from the end of the railroad and hauling bullion out to the railroad, one hundred and twenty miles.

In the latter part of July, the mule teams had gone out loaded with bullion to bring back hay and grain. Do not get the idea that this was a reckless and risky business, hauling bullion to the railroad in six mule freight wagons. It was perfectly safe. Mr. Highwayman, or as he was better known in the West the road agent, could not utilize the bullion, owing to the fact that there were several pounds of lead for every ounce of silver, which necessitated its being put through a refining treatment before the silver would be available; therefore, it was not practical or profitable for the road agent. My teams were overdue in Leadville, and I was needing hay and grain, so I decided to go out toward South Park and see what the trouble was with the freight teams. After dinner I got on my saddle horse and rode toward Malta, a stage stand four miles south of Leadville on the Arkansas river. There the road turns directly east down the river for a few miles, then away from the river north of East over the Weston Pass down into South Park. I had ridden leisurely probably two miles, meeting people traveling in every imaginable way, some walking, the travel seeming to go in squads or bunches, when presently I noticed there was no one in sight on the road, which was comparatively level and straight for a road in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The first persons to come in sight were two men like myself, riding leisurely. I paid no particular attention to them until we were about one hundred yards

from each other. It struck me that there was something familiar looking about those fellows; something in the way they rode, and especially in the easy way the shortest one sat his horse.

Suddenly it dawned on me who the gentlemen were. I recognized them—my two friends, the Thompson brothers, who bought the cattle in 1876 from John Chisholm on the Arkansas river, and whom the Mexican raid had revealed as the James boys. I did some fast thinking, as to what was best to do, wondering if they would recognize me as readily as I had them, and what they were up to, and what they might demand of me if they did recognize me, especially if they were looking after some big job of hold-up and robbery. I did not believe that they wished to hurt me, but thought they might want to hold me under guard until they got through with whatever they were going to do, as I felt sure they had men not far away.

I had no desire for a scrap with the James boys, or time to be detained by them or any one else, for I was in a hurry to get horse feed into the camp for my teams that were working on timber contracts. I decided to put on a bold front and try to fool them into thinking I did not know them. We rode to within a few feet of each other, when I began to think they were going to pass on just as they might pass anyone on the public road. But no, sir, they stopped and looked straight at me and said: "How do you do, sir?" looking as innocent as two sheep. I said the same back at them, looking as innocent as two lambs, at least I was doing my best to look as if I had never seen them before.

They asked me a lot of questions about the camp, saying it was their first visit, and said they wanted to go into some kind of business, and asked

me as to what business I thought might pay best. They explained that they knew nothing about mining, but thought almost any business might pay—as they had understood the camp was having a great boom and money was plentiful. The place to make money was where there was money in circulation. The chat lasted probably fifteen minutes, and while we were talking eight six-horse Concord coaches passed going to Leadville, all loaded with every passenger that could possibly get a place to ride.

One of the gentlemen remarked, that certainly looked like business. They asked me where I was going, and when I expected to get back. I told them. They said they would be glad to see me when I returned, and bade me a very polite good-bye, when we each went our way. I found my teams about eleven o'clock that night camped at the east foot of Weston range. The next morning before sunrise, twenty-four six-horse stages passed on their way into Leadville. Late that evening the stages going to the railroad told us that the twenty-four stages going in that day had all been held-up and robbed between Leadville and Malta by the James boys.

Right there is where that expression originated:

"Keep your purse, lady; we are the James boys: we don't rob ladies."

It was Jesse said that while Frank was looking after the drivers and teams, to see they did not move until ordered. They got away with all the money they could carry on their horses in sacks. Of course there was a great rush, and parade of sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, police and deputized citizens to capture the James boys. They never caught them, and the twenty-four stages were held up and robbed within 200 yards of where we met the day before.



The Divine Plan of the Ages

Epochs and Dispensations Marked in the Development of the Divine Plan

Part VII

FROM Time immemorial, the world's great masters—philosophers and teachers—have endeavored to push aside the veil that hides from us the Great Beyond, there to see what is the destiny of man. Many and varied are the theories and schemes which purport to represent the Plan of Almighty God, with regard to the future estate of humanity. Human philosophies not being based upon divine revelation or upon any positive knowledge received directly from the Creator, we are not surprised to find that, since they vary and contradict one the other, they are not taken seriously by many intelligent people in our day, but are regarded merely as so much speculation and as so many guesses of men. Nor is it surprising to find that under the increasing weight of the oppression of sin, sorrow, trouble and death, the tendency amongst a large number of well-meaning, thinking people is toward disbelief in any definite purpose of our Creator; or they conclude that if there is such a thing as a Divine purpose for the human family the persistency of the reign of evil is proof positive of the utter failure of that plan.

Thus, as some ignorantly misjudge the skill and wisdom of a great architect by his unfinished work, so also many in their ignorance now misjudge God by his unfinished work. But by and by, when the rough scaffolding of evil, which has been permitted for man's discipline and which shall finally be over ruled for his good, has been removed, and the rubbish cleared away, God's finished work will universally declare His infinite Wisdom and

Power; and His plans will then be seen to be in harmony with His glorious character.

Therefore, however haphazard or mysterious God's dealings with men may appear, those who believe the testimony of His Word that all His purposes shall be accomplished must acknowledge that His original and unalterable Plan has been, and still is, progressing systematically to completion. While the mass of mankind, groping in the darkness of ignorance, must await the actual developments of God's Plan before they can realize His glorious character, it is the privilege of His child to see by faith and by the light of His lamp (psalm 119:105) the long-foretold glories of the future, and thereby to appreciate the otherwise mysterious dealings of the past and the present.

The Great Worlds.

Therefore, as interested sons of God and heirs of a promised inheritance, we apply to our Father's Word, that we may understand His purposes from the plans and specifications therein given. There we learn that the Plan of God with reference to man spans three great periods of time, beginning with man's creation and reaching into the illimitable future. In these periods St. Peter and St. Paul designate three worlds.

These three great epochs represent three distinct manifestations of Divine Providence. The first, from the creation of man to the Flood, was under the ministration of angels, and is called by St. Peter "The World That Was."—2 Peter 3:6.

The second great epoch, from the Flood to the establishment of the Kingdom of God, is under the limited control of Satan, "the prince of this world"—and is therefore called "THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD."—Galatians 1:4; 2 Peter 3-7.

The third is to be a "world without end" (Isaiah 45:17), under the ministration of the Kingdom of God, and is called "THE WORLD TO COME, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—Hebrews 2:5; 2 Peter 3:13.

The first of these periods, or worlds, under the supervision of the angels, was a failure; but this does not mean a failure of the Divine Plan—merely a failure on the part of the angels to save the world at that time. The second, under the rule of Satan the Usurper, has been indeed an "evil world," but the third will be an era of righteousness and of blessing to all the families of the earth.

The last two of these "worlds" are most particularly mentioned, and the statements relative to them are in strong contrast. The present, or second period, is called "the present evil world," not because there is nothing good in it, but because in it evil is permitted to predominate. (Malachi 3:15.) The third world, or epoch, is mentioned as "THE WORLD TO COME, wherein dwelleth righteousness"—not because there will be no evil in it, but because evil will not predominate. The blotting out of evil will be gradual, requiring all of the first thousand years. Evil will not rule then; it will not prosper.—Psalm 17:9; 72:7; Isaiah 1:19; etc.

Kingdom to Be Set Up in Next World.

Thus seen, the next dispensation is to be so dissimilar as to be the very reverse of the present one in almost every respect. Our Lord's words show why there is to be this difference. It is because He will be the Prince of the world to come that in it righteousness and truth will prosper; while, because Satan is the prince of the present evil world, evil prospers and the wicked flourish.—John 14:30; 2 Corinthians

12:17; 2 Timothy 3:12; Psalm 37:35.

Jesus said, "My Kingdom is not of this world"; and until the era or "world to come" does come, Christ's Kingdom will not control the earth. For this we are taught to pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth." Satan is "the ruler of the darkness of this world"; and therefore "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." He now rules and works in the hearts of the children of disobedience.—Ephesians 2:2; 6:12.

There must be some very important part of the great Architect's Plan for men's salvation not yet fully developed; else the New Prince and the New Dispensation would have been long ago introduced. Why it was postponed for an appointed time, and also the manner of change from the present dominion of evil under Satan to that of righteousness under Christ, are points of interest which will be taken up later. Suffice it now to say that the kingdoms of this world, now subject to Satan, are at the proper time to become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ.—Revelation 11:15.

Many Scriptures show that the transfer will be accomplished by a general Time of Trouble. In reference to it Jesus said, "No man can enter a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house." (Mark 3:22-27.) Thus we are taught that Satan must be bound, restrained and deposed before Christ's Reign of Righteousness can be established. This binding of Satan is accordingly shown to be the first work of the New Dispensation.—Revelation 20:2.

"The Earth Abideth Forever."

It should be remembered that this earth is the basis of all the "worlds" and dispensations; and that though ages and dispensations change, still the earth continues. "The earth abideth forever." (Ecclesiastes 1:4.) Our forefathers read the Bible without realizing that it contains figures of speech such as we use in ordinary conversation. Hence the mistake in supposing

the Bible to teach that our earth is to be literally destroyed with literal fire. Not merely have Adventists so believed and taught, but the creeds of all the denominations teach that at Christ's Second Coming the world is to be burned up. This has helped to blind God's people to the general Bible teaching that at Christ's Second Coming the world will enter upon the grandest epoch ever known, styled by St. Peter "Times of Restitution"—literally Years of Restitution.—Acts 3:19-21.

It will be observed by the careful reader that St. Peter calls each of these periods a separate heavens and earth. (2 Peter 3:10, 12, 13.) Here the word *heavens* symbolizes the higher or spiritual controlling powers, and *earth* symbolizes human government and social arrangements. Thus the first heavens and earth, or the order and arrangement of things then existing, having served their purpose, ended at the Flood. But the physical heavens (sky and atmosphere) and the physical earth did not pass away. They remained.

So likewise the present world (heavens and earth) will pass away with a great noise, fire and melting—confusion, trouble and dissolution. The present order, or arrangement of government and society—not the physical sky and earth—will pass away. The present heavens (powers of spiritual control), must give place to the "New Heavens"—Christ's spiritual control, soon to be established.

Prophecy Now Being Fulfilled.

The present earth (human society as now organized under Satan's control) must (symbolically) melt and be dissolved, in the beginning of "the Day of the Lord," which "shall burn like an oven." (Malachi 4:1.) It will be succeeded by "a New Earth"; i. e., society reorganized in harmony with earth's new Prince—Christ. Righteousness, peace and love will rule among men when present arrangements have given place to the new and better Kingdom, the basis of which will be the strictest justice.

Bible students today are having no difficulty in recognizing the fulfillment of St. Peter's prophecy in our own time. Not only so, but our leading statesmen and editors are referring to the great world conflict now raging, into which all nations are being drawn, and are telling us that "the world is on fire"; and they speak of it as the "Great Conflagration." What do they mean by the use of these terms? The answer is: They are not referring to the literal earth, but to the organized arrangement of things. Similarly the Prophet (Zephaniah 3:8, 9), speaking of this very time, says, "The whole earth shall be devoured with the fire of God's jealousy." This fire of divine jealousy or anger is not literal fire. Rather, it represents the destructive influences and forces of war and of anarchy by which God will permit humanity to destroy its grandest achievements of civilization.

That the fire of God's jealousy is not literal fire is demonstrated by the next verse, which declares that after this fire shall have done its work, then the Lord will "turn to the people a pure Message, that they may all call upon His name, to serve Him with one consent." If the whole earth were devoured with literal fire, there would be no people left to receive God's Message and to return to Him. But after the fire of anarchy and trouble shall have spent itself, and the New Dispensation shall have been inaugurated, the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the whole earth." Eventually, "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, to the glory of God."

Ages or Dispensations.

We now notice the Ages into which these great epochs are subdivided:

The first of these three great epochs (worlds) was not thus subdivided. During all that time—from Adam's fall to the Flood—God's method of dealing with men did not vary. God had given man His Law, written in man's very nature. But after Adam had sinned, God left him measurably to his own course, which was downward—"evil,

and that continually"—that thus man might realize his folly, and that thus Divine Wisdom in commanding obedience might be made manifest. That Dispensation ended with a flood which took all but faithful Noah and his family. Thus the first Dispensation not only manifested the disastrous effects of sin, but showed that the tendency of sin is downward to greater deprecation and misery, and proves the necessity of Jehovah's interposition if recovery of "that which was lost"—man's first estate—is ever to be accomplished.

The Second Epoch, or "world that now is," includes three Ages, each a step in God's Plan for the overthrow of evil. Each step is higher than that preceding it, and carries the Plan forward and nearer to completion.

The Third Epoch—"the world to come"—future from Christ's Second Advent, comprises the Millennial Age, or "Times of Restitution." Following it are other "Ages to come," the particulars of which are not revealed. Present revelations treat of man's recovery from sin, and not of the eternity of glory to follow.

The first Age in "the world that now is," we call the Patriarchal Age, or Dispensation, because during that period God's dealings were with a few individuals only, the remainder of mankind being almost ignored. Such favored ones were the patriarchs Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Each of these in turn seems to have been God's favored one. At Jacob's death that Age, or order of dealing, ended. Thereafter his descendants were called "the twelve tribes of Israel," and recognized of God as His "peculiar people"; and through typical sacrifices they were typically "an holy nation," separated from other nations for a particular purpose, and therefore to enjoy certain special favors.

The time allotted to this feature of the Divine Plan, beginning at Jacob's death and ending with the death of Christ, we designate the Jewish Age, or Law Dispensation. During that Age, God especially blessed that na-

tion. He gave them His Law; He made a special covenant with them; He gave them the Tabernacle, whose Shekinah glory in the Most Holy represented Jehovah's presence with them as their Leader and King. To them He sent the Prophets, and finally His Son. Jesus performed His miracles and taught in their midst, and would neither go to others Himself nor permit His disciples to go to the surrounding nations, but sent them to "the lost sheep of the House of Israel."—Matthew 10:5, 6; 15:24.

The Christian Dispensation.

That this national favor ended with their rejection and crucifixion of Jesus is shown by Jesus' words when, four days before His crucifixion, He said: "Your House is left unto you desolate."—Matthew 23:38.

There, at Jesus' death, a New Age began—the Christian or Gospel Dispensation, wherein should be heralded Good Tidings of justification, not only to the Jew, but also to the Gentile nations; for "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man." During this Gospel Age also there is a class called to special favor, to whom special promises are made; namely, those who by faith accept Jesus Christ as their Redeemer and Lord, following in His footsteps. For nearly nineteen hundred years the Gospel has gone hither and thither through the earth, so that it has been preached more or less in every nation. It has not converted nations—it was not designed to do so in this Age; but it has selected here and there some, in all a "little flock," as Jesus had foretold (Luke 12:32), to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the Kingdom in an Age to follow this.

Restoration for All in Age to Follow This.

With this Age the present evil world ends. Mark well that while God has been thus permitting the predominance of evil to the seeming detriment of His cause, nevertheless His deep designs have been steadily progressing accord-

ing to a fixed and definite Plan, and in the exact order which He has appointed. In the end of this Age and the dawn of its successor, the Millennial Age, Satan is to be bound and his power overthrown, preparatory to the establishment of Christ's Kingdom and the beginning of "the world to come, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Millennium, signifying a thousand years, is by common consent used as the name for the period mentioned in Revelation 20:4—the thousand years of Christ's Reign, the first Age in "the world to come." Beyond its boundary, in the Age of blessedness to follow, "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things shall have passed away." (Re-

velation 21:4.) God's Word particularizes no further; and there we stop.

We have only glanced here at the mere outline of this Plan of the Ages. The more we examine it, the more we shall find in it perfect harmony, beauty and order. Each Age has its part to accomplish, necessary to the complete development of God's Plan as a whole. As we pursue our study of the Divine Plan, it is essential that we keep in memory these Ages and their respective peculiarities and objects; for in no one of them can the Plan be seen, but in all of them—even as a link is not a chain, but several links united form a chain. We obtain correct ideas of the whole Plan by noting the distinctive features of each part; and we are able to divide rightly the Word of Truth.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Vagrant Visions," by Edith Fargo Andrews.

Motion and harmony of sound are poignant characteristics of the book, yet the poem, "The Sea of Silence," in complete antithesis to the latter, stands out as a wonderfully sympathetic interpretation of what it means not to hear at all. "The Blind Poet" is another instance of sensitive imagination. Many pictures and quaint conceits, too, are used in developing the larger themes of the poet. The diction is careful and finished; the verse forms are widely varied. Not only are many of the old classic measures used, but some examples of the finer use of free verse are found in several instances.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Great Pike's Peak Rush," by Edwin Sabin.

In a former series of boy's stories, this well known writer has depicted

different phases of Western life of former days, such as ranching and herding. The present story is the second of a new series which promises to be no less exciting and picturesque. Terry Richards leaves his father's ranch in Kansas Territory, and, with Harry Revere, a young school-teacher, treks six hundred miles across the plains to the new Colorado gold fields. The year is 1859, and thousands of settlers are streaming across in the same direction. The two boys improvise an outfit mounted on two wheels and drawn by a mule and a "half buffalo." The only other member of the party is their faithful dog Shep. From the first day out there are adventures a-plenty, most of which reflect the actual conditions of the time. Many parties are encountered with still odder outfits than their own. One old fellow is pushing a wheel-barrow. All are animated by the one eager desire to reach Pike's Peak, symbol of the Land of Gold. How the boys worked their own way, how they escaped the buf-

falo stampede and other perils of the Plains, how they at last reached the gold country and located their claims, how they struck pay dirt and were all but euchred out of their rights by other prospectors—all this and much more awaits the reader.

\$1.25 net. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

“The Soldier’s Service Dictionary of English and French Terms.”

This work, edited by Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, is offered as a practical help for men in the United States Service, and for any one who wishes to quickly acquire a knowledge of French that they can put to immediate use.

An examination of the book will show it is of convenient pocket size, bound in weather-proof khaki, and contains 10,000 military, naval, aeronautical, aviation and general conversational terms used on the Western front by the British, French and Belgian armies. Particular attention has been given to pronunciation, which is indicated by the Continental system of vowel-values used in the Standard Dictionary—one symbol, one sound throughout the alphabet.

\$1.00 net; indexed \$1.25; by mail, \$1.35. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

“In the Footsteps of St. Paul,” by Francis E. Clark, D. D., LL. D., Author of “Old Homes of New Americans,” “The Holy Land of Asia Minor,” etc.

“In the Footsteps of St. Paul,” by Francis E. Clark, D. D., LL. D., is an account of the life and labors of St. Paul in the light of a personal journey to the cities visited by the Apostle. Bible students, preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and humble Christians who study the Bible, not only for public use but for private refreshment, will find in this volume something that will make the life of the greatest of the apostles seem more real and less remote, something that will reveal him to them a little more vividly as a tremendous personality,

one who, in his varied and dramatic life, in his preaching and his letters, in his many hairbreadth escapes, in his friendships, and in the enmities he made, was very human. Above all, it will reveal to the reader more clearly the chief characteristics of the man who, in his successes and his failures, could always say, “One thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

“Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,” by Amy Lowell.

In “Six French Poets,” which appeared a year or so ago, Amy Lowell analyzes the work of certain French writers of the Symboliste School. In the present work she deals with the “New Movement” in American poetry. Taking six leading poets, each a type of one of the trends of contemporary verse, she has written a biographical account of the man and a critical summary of his work; relating him to the past and showing the steps by which he left it to create the present. Each poet is considered separately, and as a part of the whole movement. Those dealt with are Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandberg, “H. D.,” and John Gould Fletcher.

“Life and Letters of Maggie Benson,” by her brother, Arthur Christopher Benson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; author of “Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother,” etc.

Margaret Benson, the daughter of a gifted house, had for her special gift the power of philosophic thought, and an inward flow of religion. Without caring to assume a prominent position in the active world, she was an inspirer of others; and this sketch by her brother aims at being not the history of a career, but the revelation of a character which even in the closing days of physical break-down, so grie-

vous to the onlookers, proves that the inner fire still has power to sustain and uplift.

\$2.50 net. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"King Coal," by Upton Sinclair.

Just as Mr. Sinclair gives a vivid picture of the stock yards, of labor conditions and of the ache of poverty in "The Jungle," so in "King Coal" he writes with equal power of the coal mining camps and of the conditions of slavery and misery that exist there.

The novel has an introduction by Dr. Georg Brandes. Dr. Brandes sums up the story in these words:

"A young American of the upper class, with great sympathy for the downtrodden and an honest desire to get a first-hand knowledge of their conditions in order to help them, decides to take employment in a mine under a fictitious name and dressed like a working-man. His unusual way of trying to obtain work arouses suspicion. He is believed to be a professional strike-leader sent out to organize the miners against their exploiters, and he is not only refused work, but thrashed mercilessly. When finally he succeeds in getting inside, he discovers with growing indignation the shameless and inhuman way in which those who unearth the black coal are being exploited.

"These are the fundamental ideas of the book, but they give but a faint notion of the author's poetic attitude. Most beautifully is this shown in Hal's relation to a young Irish girl, Red Mary. She is poor, and her daily life harsh and joyless, but nevertheless her wonderful grace is one of the outstanding features of the book.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Under Boy Scout Colors."

Joseph Ames's new book, "Under Boy Scout Colors," has been approved by the American Boy Scout Organization of America. Mr. Ames has been scout master and scout commissioner

in Morristown, N. J. A good many of the characters in his book were taken practically from life; several were in his own troop. "Elkhorn Cabin," which plays so large a part in "Under Boy Scout Colors," is a reality, having been built upon his own place. This year, Mr. Ames states, there has been little time for their customary tennis, swimming and fishing, the boys' activities having been devoted to farming and gardening.

The Macmillan Co., New York.

"Plays by Ostrovsky." Translated from the Russian under the editorial supervision of George R. Noyes, Professor of Slavic Languages in the University of California.

Ostrovsky is one of the most significant figures in Russian literature. He was a genuine originator, for he brought upon a stage that had previously dealt only with the nobility and the officials that great middle class of the merchant and the small landowner which is so much more characteristically Russian, and so dealt with the realities of Russian life. The four plays in this volume are representative. They combine to impress a curiously vivid sense of the Russian character. "It's a Family Affair" turns upon the bankruptcy of a provincial merchant; its central character is singularly effective, a sort of Uriah Heep. "Sin and Sorrow are Common to All" is a drama of jealousy; it presents a middle-class Othello. "A Protegee of the Mistress" is a tragedy of a peasant girl betrayed by her young master.

\$1.50 net. Scribner's, New York.

"In These Latter Days," by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Two years ago, while the cry in this country was for peace at any price, Hubert Howe Bancroft, the well-known historian of the Pacific Coast, wrote: "Better the United States should join the Allies than that Germany should win." He said also, then as now: "Beware of Nippon, beware

of breeding Japanese in America for American citizenship; safeguard China; hold the Pacific; elevate public morality; purify government—in a word, Americanize America, and this, ever with renewed hope, thanking God for the wisdom and power to fight for the honor and integrity of our nation." "In these Latter Days" was published prior to the declaration of war with Germany. Like all the books written by Mr. Bancroft, the pages are packed with hard facts that pyramid themselves almost automatically into vital conclusions. He points out the weak and the strong points of this country wisely, forcibly and persistently, and the reader cannot escape his conclusions. He scores this country roundly for permitting the Japanese to grab "our most priceless asset, the economic supremacy of the Pacific, the greatest and most opulent of oceans, in whose development is involved not only our destiny but the destiny of nations." The writer's views are big and comprehensive, and his conclusions are well worth considering in these days when our old world and old ideas are being turned topsy-turvey. The book furnishes a handy perspective of what may come from this drastic war.

\$2.00 net. Blakely-Oswald Company, Chicago.

"Great Companions," by Edith Wyatt, author of "Making Both Ends Meet," etc.

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of his thrilling experiences with a desire to know the author of the tale, but few may read Miss Wyatt's interesting sketch of the life of DeFoe and still resist the temptation to examine some of his other works. Stephen Crane, Henry James, Walt Whitman, James Whitcomb Riley, Charlotte Bronte and her sisters, Shelley, Henri Fabre, and many others become for us more delightful friends and companions than ever. Through these interesting personalities many contemporary writers are introduced, and we are treated to intimate personal glimpses of the leaders of the world's best thought.

\$1.50 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"A Book of New York Verse," edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

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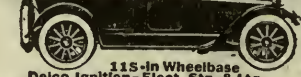
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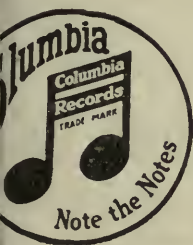


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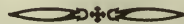
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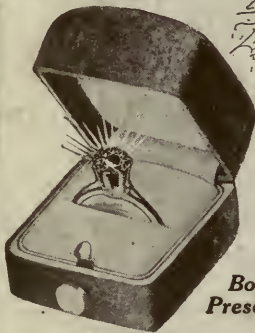


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Overland Monthly



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



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Spearhead—Government Hill, Roosevelt Lake. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

Over the Apache Trail

By George Wharton James

Author of "Arizona, the Wonderland," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "California, Romantic and Beautiful," "Reclaiming the Arid West," Etc., Etc.

FOR CENTURIES the Apaches were the terror of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora. When they were on the war-path they were the active devils who converted these portions of the United States and Mexico into a veritable hell: a hell of horrors more awful and frightful for their victims than that pictured by the most stupendous imagination of all European poetry—that which conceived the "Inferno"—Dante.

It was in the "seventies," "eighties," and "nineties" of the last century that things began to change. The coming

in of the United States troops, followed by the Southern Pacific Railway, and the greater influx of miners, prospectors and cattlemen, all had their influence in bringing about the change. Battles were fought, raids were made upon the Apaches in their most secret haunts, and by a stroke of military genius, those Indians who were friendly to the United States were induced to lead the government's troops against the renegades. They were engaged as scouts, and led the soldiers to the secret and almost inaccessible haunts of the irreconcilables. Thus a war of attrition



In the Apache village, Roosevelt Lake. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

began, which soon had wonderful effect upon even these fierce, dauntless and determined warriors. Crook was as skilful and relentless in his constant and harassing attacks upon the Apaches as was Kit Carson in his dealings with the Navahos. Yet both were more truthful and just with them than any others who undertook their task. The final results of the government's warfare was that the unreliable portion of the Apaches were "rounded up," and expatriated to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, their spirit tamed and the young men shown that wisdom demanded their acceptance of the government of the United States upon its own terms.

During the time of hostility, however, a large part of central Arizona was practically a terra incognita to the most daring and reckless of the white dwellers of the territory. The few who ventured into the Verde Valley, the Tonto Basin, and the White Mountains, claimed by the Apaches, seldom were seen again; hence while now and then an adventurer returned

with wonderful tales of thrilling experiences and hair-breadth escapes, these tales were mostly received with incredulity, as he who ventured into these regions was assumed already to be dead,—to have committed suicide. Still a few made their stories stick; and in addition they described a land of unusual wildness and a fierce ruggedness that seemed to correspond in a remarkable way with the character of the Indians. Few whites there were, however, who wanted to investigate the truth or falsity of these reports, but after the pacification of the Apaches by the removal of the disturbing elements, more began to go on trips of exploration, prospecting and the like, into these hitherto shunned regions, and then the cattle men roamed over the rugged hills, and down the canyon slopes, hunting out valleys, mesas or hillsides, where their stock might feed upon the rich and luscious grama grasses which the country liberally affords. For Arizona is a land of contrasts. Side by side with the ut-



The City of Globe, Arizona. At the beginning of the Apache Trail,

most barrenness of rocky mountains and boulder-strewn canyons are places where cattle grow fat upon the wide-spread bounty of Nature.

Hence it was not long before it became known for a certainty that these hitherto inaccessible and unknown haunts of the Indian were picturesque, sublime and alluring scenically, far beyond the ordinary, and rivaling much of the noted scenery of the world.

At the same time there had slowly been dawning upon the people of the Salt River Valley that their land would become a paradise of fertility and growth provided a sure, certain and constant supply of water were provided for irrigation. Each year saw attempts at securing this, but the freshets and floods of the snow-melting times, and the cloud bursts of summer, washed away the poorly-constructed dams at critical times when the crops were thirsting for water, and they must die if it were not supplied.

Then it was that the U. S. Reclamation Act was passed. In Arizona, this

meant the conservation of water somewhere on a large scale, in order that the 250,000 to 300,000 acres of the Salt River Valley might be assured of a constant supply of irrigation water. Careful search revealed to the engineers that the most feasible spot for this purpose was at the inlet to a deep gorge, just below where the Tonto Creek flows into the Salt River. Here, accordingly, the great dam was built, named after the strenuous and progressive president who signed the Reclamation Act, and gave all the weight of his official authority and great personal influence to make it a pronounced success. To reach this spot a 60 mile stretch of road had to be built to permit the hauling of supplies from Mesa, the nearest point on a railway, and by and by the road was constructed from Globe on the east. This road went through the heart of this hitherto unknown land, with romantic associations of Apaches on every hand, and scenery of incomparable sublimity, ruggedness and peculiar charm. For



Ocotillo, Giant Sahuaros and Superstition Mountains. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

Arizona is a land of minerals, and wherever mineralized mountains and canyons are found there as surely a land of gorgeous and glorious coloring is found.

At last Wesley A. Hill, a pioneer of Phoenix, by now the capital city of Arizona, and located in the heart of the great Salt River Valley, determined that an automobile stage line from Phoenix to Globe, passing through this country of romance and scenic allurements would be well patronized.

This was the beginning of the tourist travel over the now world-famous Apache Trail. Then, in time, the Southern Pacific Company became interested in it, advertised it largely, arranged their train and ticket service to give travelers east or west bound the opportunity of leaving the main line, in the former case at Phoenix, in the latter at Globe, and riding over the 120 miles of the "Trail," then continuing their journey by rail to their chosen destination. While the road is not as smooth as the

well paved boulevards of our great cities, it has become increasingly popular. The major part of even the most exacting of travelers are less disturbed by the minor discomforts than they are charmed and satisfied with the scenery.

On leaving Phoenix, one soon begins to realize the marvels caused by irrigation of a naturally fertile land. A new empire of untold richness has sprung into being. Here is room for a population of a million people and productiveness to make them all prosperous. After crossing the fine, concrete bridge over the Gila River, and passing through the thriving towns of Tempe and Mesa, the road reaches the wild and as yet unredeemed portion of the desert. A long stretch of fully ten or more miles leads directly to the Superstition Mountains. These are wild and chaotically upheaved masses of rock, towering in fantastic fashion above the level of the plain, covered with strangely carved pinnacles and columns. The Pima Indians—always



Sunrise, Roosevelt Lake. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

the hereditary foes of the Apaches—regard these pinnacles and columns as the petrified remains of their ancestors who used to occupy the Salt River Valley. They were drowned by a flood which slowly but surely engulfed the whole country, and its unfortunate inhabitants, except a chosen few who became the progenitors of their race. As we climb the rise to the crest that rounds the head of the Superstition Range we learn something of the wealth of Arizona's flora—cactuses of more varieties than are found in any other American State; grasses in equal profusion; chollas with their ivory-like spines or thorns which thus give a halo-like aureola to the most devilish of all plant growths; ocatillas with their waving banners of geranium-flamed flowers; great sahuaros, standing like rigid and watchful sentinels of desert and mountain, covered with thorns, and fantastic among tree growths in shapes of organ pipes, candelabra, semaphores and the like, of gigantic and uncouth proportions; to-

gether with the phloxes, portulacas, primroses and a score or more of others of the commoner varieties.

From this crest a wonderful view is had in both directions. To the west the great Salt River Valley is spread out like a variegated green carpet of richest growth; to the east it is the "land that God forgot," of blazing color, of fantastic, rocky piles, of gorgeous architectural forms, of towers, domes, pinnacles, walls, barricades, tossed and tumbled by giants in some playful mood into the wildest confusion. Here are Whirlpool Rocks, the Painted Cliffs, Canyon Diablo, Apache Gap and a host of other wonders, with, towering over all, the Four Peaks of the Mazatzal Range and the Sierra Anchas. Doré might have sketched it, Turner put in the coloring, Dante described it, or Poe sung of its witchery and weird enchantment, but no lesser powers can achieve it.

When we reach the second ridge, to which we have been rapidly climbing on a well engineered road, we



A side gorge in Fish Creek Canyon. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

look down into the strange contrasts of Fish Creek Canyon. Directly at our feet, seemingly reached only by a sheer and miraculous drop of a thousand or two thousand feet, is the creek, flowing through its tree-lined pathway to the accompaniment of the singing of hundreds of rare birds. Above, on either side, are mountains, carved, seamed, cut and gashed into every conceivable and inconceivable shape. The road is—where? There it is, to the right, a line of white, suspended in the air, cut in a rap-

idly descending grade on the very face of the cliff. We start down with some trepidation, but with absolute confidence, for our chauffeur has shown his power, proven his metal, demonstrated his ability in the skilful manner he has manipulated the curves and twists, twinings and loopings of the road behind. So confidently leaving our safety to his care, we gaze about us as we descend. Lower we go. Up the rocks seem to rise. A veritable box canyon. How shall we escape from it? The same blind trust that as-



Granite Gate above Roosevelt Lake. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

sures us that our chauffeur will take us down safely convinces us that we shall get out of this apparently boxed-in trap. Down, down, we go. Suddenly, just as we reach the bottom, a sharp turn in the road crosses a bridge over the creek, and we are dashing in the other direction, speeding to Fish Creek Hotel. Here, after a hearty meal, we resume our ride. A few miles bring us into the heart of the Salt River Canyon. This is wild, weird, rocky, precipitous and fantastic. But the great surprise is the river.

We are in arid Arizona, yet here flows a mighty torrent, roaring over the rapids with thundering power, and shouting in a thousand strong voices the delight of its unrestrained freedom.

Soon we gain our first glimpse of the Roosevelt Dam, that stupendous piece of engineering that means so much to Phoenix and its surrounding country. Here hundreds of thousands of tons, possibly millions, of masonry were placed, with scientific precision, to say Halt! to the flowing and hitherto uncontrolled waters of this mighty



Roosevelt Lake, from summit Four Peaks of Mazatzal Range. On the Apache Trail, Arizona.

river. "Thus far shalt thou go and no further," it says, "until man is ready to use you." And here, where Apaches used to roam untroubled with thought of white intruder, where only his rude songs used to echo from rock to rock, are now heard the honk of the automobile horn, the clang of civilized hammer and anvil, and the melodious voices of refined and cultured women of all tongues and peoples. What a change a few years have wrought! How wonderfully civilization advances when men's warlike passions are sub-

dued and they are at peace one with another.

Our road here, as we near the dam, climbs from the lower level to the higher, for we must pass through the rocks far above the dam. A gateway has been cut through the solid rock, and as we glance out into the depths below, we see the bridge over which we shall soon cross to the top of the dam, far, far below us. Our road winds and curves, twists and then doubles upon itself, and we come back to this bridge, looking up to the rude gate-



Natural Bridge, near Roosevelt Lake. On the Apache Trail, Arizona 11

way through which we passed a short time ago; then, suddenly, we are brought to a full stop, with roaring waterfalls on one side of us and the placid-faced lake on the other. The falls are the "spillways" of the dam; the outlets where the water is measured and allowed to flow to meet the exact needs of the irrigators in the far-away valley beyond. Only that amount is allowed to escape from the reservoir that the farmers can use. Hence the vast lake to the right—the largest artificial lake, it is said to be,

in the world—some twenty-six miles long and varying in breadth from one to four miles.

To stand here at sunrise or sunset is a never to be forgotten privilege. Looking west, down the canyon, over the road up which we have climbed, and over the river, the eyes are dazzled by the myriad diamond points that glisten as a vast sheet of diamonds on the dancing face of the river, and looking east, across the lake, the morning sun or the clouded moon give us pictures that would have driven a Turner wild



An Apache warrior recounting stories of his days of warfare. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

with ecstatic admiration.

We rest overnight, if we choose, at the Hotel, owned by the Southern Pacific Company—and where a new, magnificent and commodious hotel is soon to be built, commensurate with the dignity of the journey and the extent of the travel—and from this point we get a fine view of the Indian "Spear Point." This is the name given to the point upon which the present town of Roosevelt is built. It has the appearance, when its reflection is seen in the lake, of a perfectly formed obsidian spear, hence the name.

One may well spend a long vacation here at the hotel. Not far away are the kongwas, or homes, of the Apaches where all their modern manifestations of life may be observed. Men, women and children are all found, occupied with their own primitive affairs, and if one has an interpreter, he may now and again find one of the older

warriors of the tribe who will tell, for a small consideration, of the struggles of the past, where a little handful of Apaches desperately fought for supremacy in this land that they had for so long claimed as their own. The old warrior represented in the engraving has thrilled me many a time with recitals, given with quiet tone and restrained demeanor, but with the keen and vivid flashing of the eyes that showed how memory's power burned within him, of the raids of his people when they, a mere handful, kept the whole vast country roundabout in a state of hysterical terror.

Not far away, too, is a wonderful natural bridge, under which is a cave where giant stalactites and stalagmites remind one of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Here are beautiful infiltrations hanging upon the roof in the shape of novel leaves and flowers, but so delicate as to crumble at the touch.

Near Roosevelt Dam, too, less than a mile from the modern road, over which dash the daily traveling automobiles, are to be found several ancient cliff-dwellings, two and three stories high, where resided those prehistoric people of which so little is known and yet so much has been written. These cliff-dwellings are but a few of the vast number this whole region possesses. Across Roosevelt Lake, in the Sierra Anchas, are scores of them, many that were only discovered within the past two or three years, and most of which have never been touched by the white man's desecrating hand. They will, some day, form a great object of study for the archaeologist and antiquarian, and when scientifically explored, may help elucidate some of the many questions that have arisen as to their origin, occupation and abandonment.

Did I have the time, I could here lead my reader, as any guide could, from the hotel, to a score, aye many scores, of places made memorable in our annals of frontier fighting, where brushes with the Apaches occurred. Some were mere incidents, others were full of portent and sad results. Over in the Mazatzal range, near the Four

Peaks, just beyond "Hell's Hip Pocket"—so called upon the United States maps—is a cave where 200 Tonto Apaches, men, women and children, were wiped out of existence, after a most thrilling fight between themselves and a band of our soldiers, and a few hundred Pima and Apache scouts. When I first visited it, some twenty-five years ago, there were over a hundred skulls and skeletons of Apaches lying around, who had been made "good" by the bullets of American soldiers. In my forthcoming book on the Apache Trail I have given the full story of this bloody conflict as recited by one of the eye-witnesses, who, fortunately, had great literary gifts, and it is one of the most thrilling stories of American annals of the West.

From the summit of the Four Peaks one may gain marvelous views of the Tonto Basin and adjacent country. Here great areas of virgin forest are seen, where giant trees tower to the sky, bidding the lumberman of the future come for his toll. There is more standing timber in Arizona to-day than in any State in the Union, and little by little its wealth will be made use of.

Looking towards the east, one gains a striking view of the Roosevelt Lake glistening like a pearly-faced giant sleeping in the sun. To the right are the Sierra Anchas, where canyons, ravines, chasms, plateaus and mesas covered with timber abound. In the canyons are waterfalls, cascades, rippling brooks and creeks that remind one of the glories of the Yosemite and High Sierras.

Roosevelt Lake affords opportunities galore for boating, fishing, rowing and swimming. One may ride horseback or go out camping for weeks at a time, and in a country that, to the white man at least, is almost as virgin and untouched as is the area around the South Pole.

Then, when time calls, not when he



An Apache water carrier. On the Apache Trail, Arizona

is tired, for one can scarce weary of the glories of this wonderful region, he renews his journey, rides over the ridge into the Pinal region, where towering peaks speak of more hiding places used by the fighting Apaches of the past, and where hillsides are now bored and seamed, scarred and piled with the operations of miners delving for the precious metals Arizona so abounds in. Then, in time, Miami, with its vast copper mines and reduction works, is passed and Globe reached, the home of the Old Dominion Copper mine, one of the most noted and profitable of Arizona's copper mines, and there, before the new dining room of the Arizona and Eastern Railway, our automobile halts, and one of the wonder trips of the world comes to an end.





Ellen Beach-Yaw, the phenomenal high-voiced soprano, in Swiss costume, singing in the pines, at Foresta Assembly, Yosemite National Park.

Foresta and Its Assembly

By Henry Meade Bland

Professor of English Literature, State Normal School, San Jose, California

Photos by Bushnell.

THERE have been Chautauqua and other intellectually-inclined Assemblies all over the United States, but there is only one Foresta Assembly, just as there is but one Yosemite. Foresta, as its name implies, is a beautifully wooded piece of land situated in the Yosemite National Park, about ten miles from the heart of the Yosemite Valley, and an ideal spot for the gathering together of the "like-minded" for a period of rest, recreation and intellectual enjoyment. Giant firs, pines, cedars, live oaks and alders afforded a magnificent setting for the open-air lectures and concerts and the singing of thrushes, mocking-birds, linnets, twohees, larks, robins and threshers in no way interfered with the warblings of Ellen Beach Yaw, whose soprano notes—reaching an octave higher than C. in

alt. and higher yet—vied with the wildest pipings that the feathered songsters could produce. Crane Creek, one of the dashing, leaping, foaming, and then again quiet, placidly-flowing tributaries of the Merced River, gives another picture of joyous life to Foresta, for it flows directly through its wooded shades. It also provides Foresta Falls, which have delighted the thousands who have enjoyed the Triangle Trip to the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees from the Yosemite.

Here, several years ago, Dr. Harley R. Wiley, of the University of California, planned an Assembly that should be unique in the history of such gatherings. A touch of Plato, Socrates and other philosophers of the woods; of the wild Indians to whom shady recesses in the trees are alike retreats, homes, places for the study of wild



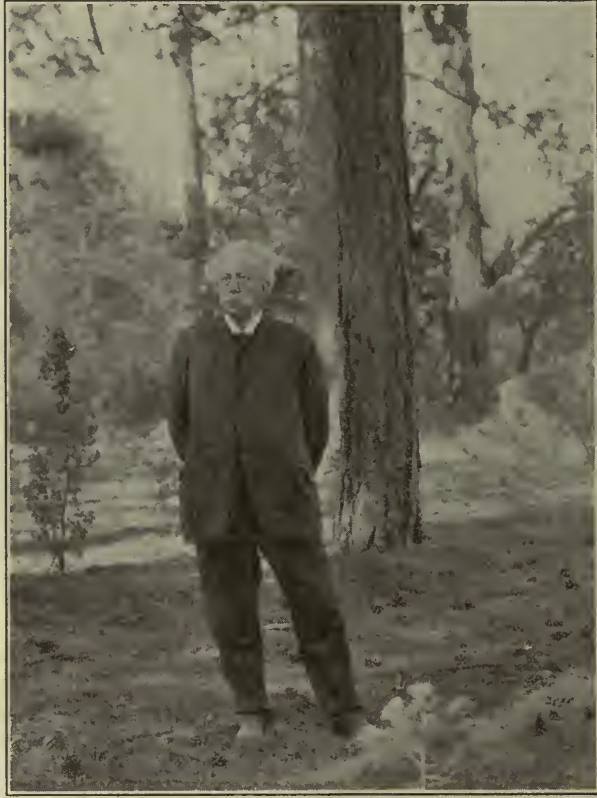
David Starr Jordan telling the Foresta Assembly of his experiences with Robert Louis Stevenson

animals and their ways, and of the chase; of such recluses and nature-lovers as Thoreau and Muir, together with the reversion to the woods, mountains and other scenes of Nature that modern unrest is driving men and wo-

men to—all these were in the mind of the conceiver of this mountain and forest Assembly. A number of the professors of the University of California and Stanford were interested, together with men and women of culture, refine-



Fred Emerson Brooks in a happy mood, preparing to write a new poem on the Yosemite and the delights of Foresta



Dr. David Starr Jordan, at Foresta, Yosemite National Park

ment and achievement throughout the State, and they bought lots upon which they intend to build shacks, bungalows, "bungle-shacks," houses or summer cottages. Some have already done this, and many more have contracted for actual building next year. These people are professors, editors, poets, naturalists, artists, musicians, actors, authors, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, doctors, lawyers and others, who, out in this great western State of California, are doing important and interesting things. With a settlement during the early summer months of refined, real, active-minded people of these many and varying, but all congenial and harmonious, types, it was planned to hold an informal Assembly, at which prominent and informed men and women would present a subject of

common or special interest, in an easy and informal manner, out under the trees, or, if in the evening, at the campfire, the special presentation to be followed by a general symposium.

No dress-suit lecturers, or French-gowned singers; no plush-covered seats or obsequious ushers; no ill-ventilated halls, or poor-acousticed listening places, were here to be found, but out in the open, under the inspiration of Yosemite's trees, floating clouds, flowers, birds, mural majesties, Sierra's snow-clad summits, and Heaven's own pure blue above, fanned by the ozone-laden breezes that had become purified on the summits and charged with health-giving and nerve-soothing balsams from the innumerable forest trees—these were the conditions under which these "good fellows" were to



Among the trees at Foresta, Yosemite National Park, where an unusual annual assemblage is now being held



One of the Assembly, at Foresta, Yosemite National Park

“get together,” and enjoy sweet singing, the feast of reason and flow of soul and the excitation of wit and humor, of intellectual sword-play, that come with congenial and pleasant companionship.

Owing to financial complications the plan as outlined by Mr. Wiley was deferred for several years, but this year the new owners of Foresta secured the hearty cooperation of George Wharton James, the well-known author, and under his direction the first Foresta Assembly actually took shape and came into existence.

It was my pleasure to be on the program and to take part in this unique and altogether delightfully informal gatherings. Among others who bore a prominent part were the following. Look over the list carefully, and see if you have ever found an Assembly

anywhere, except in the parent Chautauqua in New York, where such a galaxy of stars was gathered together. There were Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous prima donna, whose range of voice exceeds that of any other vocalist in the world; Clarence Eddy, America's foremost organist; Mrs. Clarence Eddy, whose pure and rich contralto voice places her in the front rank of American singers; Fred Emerson Brooks, poet and entertainer, who plays upon the emotions of his audience as a skillful violinist upon his strings; Mrs. Ellen M. Weatherbee, called by Joaquin Miller the “Princess of the Pines,” whose personal reminiscences of the poet are interesting and sparkling; Professor W. A. Setchell, whose chats on the flora and arboreal growth of the Yosemite region are illu-



One of the tree groups at Foresta, in the Yosemite National Park



Dr. Henry Meade Bland studying the pine cones at Foresta, Yosemite National Park

minating, instructive and engrossingly interesting; Ida Mansfield Wilson, exponent of New Thought principles and the fullest expression of life; David Starr Jordan, Chancellor-Emeritus Stanford University, philanthropist, scholar and humanitarian; Cary W. Hartman, exponent of Indian Thought, Life and Legends, with interesting lectures thereon; George Wharton James, author, explorer and lecturer on travel, Indians, in some of his illustrated lectures and talks on California authors; Mrs. Selah W. Merrill, who lived with her husband for many years in Jerusalem, where he was U. S. Consul, and myself, holder of the Chair of English Literature at the State Normal School in San Jose.

The charm and allurements of the place is still upon me, as I am sure it

is upon all those who were present. It was rich, delightful, entertaining, restful, instructive, but withal *different*. But how can words really picture to those who were not there the marvelous differences that are of the atmosphere, the innerness of things, and most of all the spirit. George Wharton James is slowly but surely coming into his own. He is *sui generis*, a born leader of the simple, strong, natural and unique because simple type. He has a directness that is like that of the Indian. In him there are no frills, no conventionalities, no fiddling verbal frivolities, but a keen directness and *bonhomie* that instantly put every one at ease. Who else but he could have gathered together such an intellectual and musical feast as he here provided for us, and who could have



Mrs. Ada Mansfield-Wilson addressing a morning audience at Foresta Assembly, Yosemite National Park



Mrs. Ida Mansfield-Wilson, after an enjoyable tramp at Foresta, Yosemite National Park

so brought out to the full the very best that all were capable of? From the very start every one felt that he, she, was down to the realities. It was themselves—not their clothes, their appearances, their reputations, but themselves and their work that counted. The result was that women wore their peggy-jeans, overalls, khaki riding-suits, and men their oldest and most comfortable clothes and shoes, appeared in their shirt-sleeves, and for once in their public lives acted as rational, sensible, intelligent human beings rather than fashion-driven, convention-bound puppets. What a pleasure it was—said all the hatless women—to see men collarless, hatless, vestless, during the heat of the day, looking and acting as if they were really comfortable. And the men fully appreciated the happy spirit

that animated all the women and filled all those present with a spirit of genuine camaraderie and good-fellowship that only congenial souls can reach and enjoy.

While there were men and women of so-called "artistic temperament," of strong diversity of opinion, of almost opposing methods of thought, there was not a single jarring note, nothing that marred in the slightest the fine harmony and sympathy that nature herself fully enjoyed in this sublime region.

A leader who can produce, procure, bring out and maintain such a spirit is rare. Seldom can such an one be found, but every one felt that in George Wharton James were all the qualities that made such results flow forth as naturally as a love-stricken



George Wharton James, with his sister, Miss Ellen James.

linnet sings. So much, then, for the spirit of Foresta.

Now think of the setting! A place had been chosen for the tents and dining room, etcetera, in the heart of the pines and firs, cedars and live-oaks. The spot was a natural dimple in the mountains, admirably adapted for the purpose, an exquisite site, with far-reaching outlooks upon some of Sierra's stupendous granite masses, and over the waving sea of Sierra's richest forests. One slept at the foot of giant pines that sang sweet melodies of joy at the mere richness of living, or thrilled the listening ears with the delicate aeolian music that the wind produced as it whispered over the

pine-needles above. The cooling breezes from snow-clad heights soothed us to sleep, and we awoke "as giants refreshed with new wine," each day an intoxication of rich delights because we were out in the woods, up on the mountains high, and free from the limitations of cities, schools, drawing-rooms, society and rigorous convention. The birds came and awakened us at or before sunrise, and after a stimulating shower bath and brief walk, the bell called us to breakfasts, and later on to lunches and dinners, cooked by a chef, borrowed for the week from a prominent hotel, and served by a steward and corps of waiters from one of the leading family



George Wharton James and Fred Emerson Brooks discussing a manuscript.

clubs of San Francisco. We were kings and queens in the rich treatment we received in the dining-room.

For our Assemblies—which were so delightful that those present demanded them three times a day—we gathered as the will or whim of the majority suggested. There were three places where we met, all of which were desirable and charming, all under the trees and provided with pine-needles, pine logs, to sit, lie or lounge upon. The choicest of these, perhaps, was the one on top of the hill above the camp. Here, in a circle of majestic pines, we sat, while Ellen Beach Yaw, as naturally as if she were an Indian maiden singing to her lover, wandered through

the pines beyond, and trilled and soared, and piped and fluted until the birds responded in an ecstasy, and we were thrilled through and through. A magnificent piano had been sent up by a large music company of San Francisco, and upon it Clarence Eddy, in that masterly way that has made him world-famous as an organist, played the accompaniments. His queenly and gracious wife, whose rich, deep, contralto voice, with notes as full and pure as if they were those of the French horn, cello and saxophone combined, all refined, purified, mellowed, “feminine-ized” by passing through the alembic of her wonderful womanhood, also sang until the trees seemed



The tents at Foresta Assembly, Yosemite National Park

to respond and bow to her in their acknowledgment of delight; while we, mere mortals below, encored and encored until, for the time being, we were satisfied. And Miss Yaw and Mrs. Eddy always responded in the most spontaneous and natural fashion. Who will ever forget Mrs. Eddy's rendition, repeated several times, of that glorious "Into the Woods My Master Came," or of her "Lullaby," or the soul-stirring "Invictus" to the music of Bruno Huhn?

And so long as life shall last, we shall each of us who was privileged to enjoy it, recall the thrills and delights as under the pines, lighted up with three great bonfires, most cunningly and artistically placed, Ellen Beach Yaw, appropriately attired, represented Ophelia, and gave us the mad scene from "Hamlet." It was an experience of a life time.

Then to listen to that master of clear thought, of wisdom and humanitarianism, whose memory surpasses that of any man in the world to-day, David Star Jordan, as he told of his dreams of universal peace and world-federation, of his relationship with Robert Louis Stevenson, of what should be

done with Alsace and Lorraine; to hear Professor Setchell discourse on the trees, the flowers and ferns, etc., of the Yosemite; to hear Fred Emerson Brooks recite his poems, amongst which will ever be remembered his "California," "Yosemite," and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"; to listen to Mrs. Merrill tell of her experiences and give us descriptions of Jerusalem, of the Jews and Turks, the Arabs and tourists; then to hear Mrs. Wetherbee recount her joyous, laughter provoking tilts with Joaquin Miller; and George Wharton James give his illustrated travel talks, and chat about the masters of California literature that he has known—these, with Mrs. Ida Mansfield Wilson's inspiring and soul-stirring talks on Character Building, Reaching One's Ideals, and Living the Joyous Life, filled our days with richest occupation for mind and soul.

But we also found time for mountain-climbing and walking through the forest glades, for fishing, botanizing, swimming, horseback-riding, and the like. Each one followed his own sweet will and did as he chose.

Every one was taken on rides to the Big Trees, to Yosemite and its won-



Ellen Beach Yaw joining in the choir of the birds. Accompanied by Mrs. Dowdy.

ders, and to El Portal, and when, finally, the last day of the Assembly arrived, and all were gathered together at a banquet tendered by the management, it was no formal response that led each one to declare with an emphasis that denoted its sincerity: "We have had the time of our lives." Next year, if we live, we shall surely return, build our cottages, bungalows, or shacks, and enjoy another such feast as this year has given us.

The management is so well-pleased with the result that already it is a foregone conclusion that there will be an Assembly next year, which will last for fully two months, so that one can come here for his whole vacation,

bring wife and family, and spend the summer.

Ellen Beach Yaw is planning a full series of one-act scenes from the grand operas; Mr. and Mrs. Eddy are pledged to return, together with all who made the great success of this Assembly, and most of them have announced their determination to have their own houses ready for occupancy before the next season opens.

To own one's lot and cottage in the Yosemite National Park, and to have the privilege of being a part of such an Assembly as is here provided is a joy that one cannot over-estimate, and that we are assured our readers will be glad to avail themselves of.

WHAT THEN?

When your brutish legions crumble, as crumble now they do,
And brave hearts of France and freedom the final line cut through,
When famine breaks your borders and the Yankees clear the sea,
And slaving kin throw off their chains and join democracy,
When proud defiance falters at the flaming wrath of men,
With your last, red lie dissembled, black Emperor, what then?

RENE R. RIVIERRE.



Aquatic Acrobatic

Watching the Grunyon Spawn on the Southern Coast of California

By M. A. Jumper

OF ALL the peculiar fish of which the southern coast of California boasts, the Grunyon is the most peculiar, on account of its phenomenal manner of spawning. These fish are about the size of an ordinary smelt, and not unlike the latter in appearance. In March, April and May, and again in August and September, three days after the full of the moon, and one hour after flood tide, these fish come in large schools and deposit their eggs upon the beach above the water line. They always appear at the time named at the entrance of Newport Bay, at Capistrano, and at other places on the southern coast.

When I first heard about these fish I was skeptical, as it sounded not unlike stories I had heard of bagging snipe. Nevertheless, I determined to be a "sport," and with a large party went "grunyon hunting." I found that my informant had spoken the truth. Since then I have seen these fish run several times, so will say that, as fantastic as the following sounds, it is true as gospel.

As flood tide was about midnight, our party reached the end of the sand-spit called Newport Beach at about 10 o'clock in the evening. It is at the end of this sand-spit that the ocean pours its waters into Newport Bay. At this point on both bay and ocean shores the grunyon come out to spawn.

As the time drew near for the appearance of the fish we wandered along the shore, patiently waiting. One of our party, closer to the water's edge than the rest, made the first discovery of a grunyon. It had arrived a little ahead of schedule, but that was a good

sign, our guide informed us. Just then a flapping and flopping came to our ears. They were coming! It might be well to state here that it was bright moonlight.

As the next wave broke upon the shore, it was a wriggling, flapping mass of silvery fish, thousands upon thousands of them. As the water receded, it left this great mass of fish high and dry. But they were not satisfied, for the whole mass wiggled forward to the looser sand beyond the water's edge. Like a delegation they came, twisting and turning their little bodies until they reached a place of safety, where the next wave would not spoil their plans. Then the real phenomenon occurred, that of depositing their eggs. Each and every one of those thousands of fish stood on their tails in the sand, and quicker than it takes to tell it, wiggled down into its depths until only a shiny little head remained in view. There they rested a few seconds, panting from their exertion. In this small nest the mother fish deposited her eggs, starting a new generation. While we stood awestruck, wondering what would take place next, out they jumped with a flying leap to the beach and away they squirmed.

Most of us had taken along small flour sacks for the purpose of carrying home a few to eat, as they are as good as smelt. One of the party carried a basket on his arm, thinking it was easier to deposit them in it than in a sack, but as fast as he gathered a handful and laid them in the basket they jumped out, much to the amusement of the onlookers.

I have seen the acrobatic grunyon

many times, and always have they spawned in the same spectacular manner. After this first trip I fell to studying them. I noted that sometimes a dozen or more seemed to have the same location in mind in which to spawn; then began quite a bit of rivalry for the coveted place. It proved a case of "survival of the fittest," for the largest one jostled and flapped the others aside, as she made her nest. The others found places as near the victor as possible. After the eggs were deposited, the fish popped out of their nests and twisted their bodies across the sand in astonishing short time, making for the water, swimming away quite like ordinary fish. For over an hour they continued this performance of spawning, then gradually left, going out again with the tide.

It has only been in the last two years that knowledge of the grunyon has become general. People in Southern California near the coast keep track on the calendar just when the grunyon are expected to run. When the high arrives, the shores of Newport Beach, and the places where grunyon are known to

spawn are literally black with people awaiting the coming of the fish. The sand all along the beach is dotted with camp fires, around which merry parties gather to toast wienies and make coffee as they await the coveted hour after flood tide.

Grunyon are difficult to hold. One old gentleman, after gathering a capful, came running to me, exclaiming: "Oh, I am so excited! Just look at all I have gathered." He opened his cap, which, instead of being full of fish, was full of "emptiness."

There is a supposition that the Santa Ana River, pouring into Newport Bay, and making a fresh water stream running through it, has something to do with the fish spawning at that particular place. At Capistrano, the fish spawn at a place where the San Juan Creek empties into the ocean. Whether that has anything to do with their choice of locality, I cannot say.

Some people gather them up by the sackful and salt them down. When you go grunyon hunting you are indeed a poor "hunter" if you cannot get all you intend to carry home.

THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL

Up a shadowy winding path I climb at twilight hour of day,
Far below me, 'gainst the cliffs I see the river, cloudy gray;
Quiet wood and lapping stream are dozing, half asleep, adream
In the memory of a people and a passion passed away.

Once, where now the evening's hush hears never any stir or sigh
Save the flapping rook or screech-owl, rang the savage warrior's cry;
What a fragrant leafy bed the pitying trees spread for the dead,
Here the same great watchful Spirit looks down nightly from the sky.

Hark! the snapping of a bramble makes me half expect to see
Dusky form of lurking foe behind some rock or ghostly tree;
There, beyond a pine's tall spire I catch the warm glow of a fire,
Indians' blaze? Ah, no! 'tis but my love awaiting me.

Down the trail now, hand in hand, 'neath flying cloud and friendly star;
There's a sweetness in the Present that a dead Past cannot mar;
Hint of snow is in the air, the darkness deepens everywhere,
Now the lights of town shine out and our own window gleams afar.

MABEL HATTON COYLE.

The Foreign Legion

By the Late Captain Vere Shortt

MOST people in this country know that France, in addition to her conscript army, maintains a force of foreign troops or mercenaries—if, indeed, men can be called mercenaries who give their military services for the sum of rather less than one penny per diem. "La Legion Etrangere, or, as it is called in Britain, the Foreign Legion of the French army, a permanent part of the 19th French Army Corps, is a lineal descendant of the famous Irish brigade of Louis the Fourteenth.

First of all I wish to disabuse my readers' minds of the idea that there is anything romantic or, to coin a word, "Ouidaesque" about the Foreign Legion, because nothing could be farther from the truth. The Foreign Legion is much like any other body of professional soldiers, with the difference that the men are drawn from all nations. Roughly speaking, the composition of the Legion is as follows: About 25 per cent were Germans—mostly deserters from the frontier garrisons; about 25 per cent are Frenchmen, some of whom have entered the corps from pure love of adventure and soldiering, some because they were out of work and starving, and some because they were in trouble of some sort; and about 50 per cent of other nations—Spaniards, Italians, Turks, Belgians and a few English. Of course, many of these men were of good social position, but certainly not the great majority. The Legion asks no questions, and a man can call himself what he likes. I have known men forget to answer to their names, so new were they; but if it has done nothing else, it has given an opportunity to thousands of men who were "down and out" in their own

country to recover at least their self-respect, and in hundreds of cases has opened a new and honorable career for them.

The Foreign Legion consists of two regiments of about four thousand men each. Each regiment is divided into four battalions of about one thousand men each, which are again divided into four companies. The system is the "double company" one, as in most Continental armies. The officers consist of the colonel commanding a regiment, with a lieutenant-colonel under him, commandant (chef de bataillon), captain, lieutenant and sous-lieutenant. Then there is another rank which is quite unknown in the British army—that of adjutant or company sergeant-major. The adjutant wears exactly the same uniform as a sous-lieutenant, with the exception of a thin red silk cord braided into the gold lace on his cap. Each company is divided into four sections or pelotons, and is commanded by a captain (always a mounted officer), three subalterns and an adjutant. The non-commissioned officers are sergeant-major, sergeant-fourrier or quarter-master-sergeant, sergeant and corporal, all of whom have much the same position and duties as in the British army, with the exception that they have the right to punish. For instance, a sergeant can, and very often does, give a man three days' consigne, or confinement to precincts of barracks, without giving any reason, but simply stating in his report: "Gave the legionary A. B. three days' consigne. If the sergeant states the motif, or reason, for the punishment the case goes on to the captain of the company who will probably increase the punishment to fourteen days' salle de police or guard-

room, and send the case on to the commandant, who will alter it to twenty-eight days' prison, and send it on to the general commanding the division, who will refer the case to a court-martial, which may sentence the man to years of imprisonment or to service in a penal battalion. Thus it will be seen that the right to punish is a very real and terrible power to give to a man in a subordinate position. Personally speaking, I think this system is wrong; but on this question I am quite aware that I have the majority of French officers against me.

A word as to these same punishments—I mean the ordinary regimental ones—may not be out of place. People in Britain and elsewhere have been shocked and horrified by lurid stories of punishments inflicted on soldiers in the Foreign Legion. Now, whether there is or is not a substratum of truth in these stories as applied to men in the disciplinary battalions, I should not like to say. I have heard stories of men in these regiments who have put *en crapaudine*—that is to say, tied wrist to ankle backwards, which is a form of torture, and very severe torture; or being immured in "silos" or grain-pits; but I have never heard of these punishments being inflicted on men of the Foreign Legion except in one case. That was an Italian legionary who struck a non-commissioned officer while on active service. By all the laws of the French army there is only one punishment for an offense of this kind—death; but by some extraordinary chance—I think it was owing to the extreme provocation received—the man got off with six hours' *crapaudine*, of which he did three, and those three hours were sufficient to lay him up for six weeks.

All stories of men being kept *en crapaudine* for days may be dismissed as inventions. No man could live through the punishment. The ordinary punishments inflicted are *consigne*, or confinement to barracks, with extra fatigue duty, *salle de police*, or guard-room, and prison. In extreme cases incorrigibles are sent to the disciplinary bat-

talions, or *viribi*, as they are called in the French army. The discipline in the Foreign Legion is strict, as it must be in such a force, but neither brutal nor unjust.

A man can join the Foreign Legion anywhere in France, and at almost any age, provided that he is physically sound. On joining he is given a ticket for Marseilles, where he proceeds without any supervision whatever. If possible, men are sent in parties; but if there are not enough recruits to form one, they are often sent singly or in pairs. Arrived at Marseilles, the men are usually kept at Fort St. Jean until there are enough to form a small party, when they are forwarded by steamer to Oran under the charge of a non-commissioned officer. From Oran, if drafted to the first regiment, they are sent to Sidi-bel-Abbes; and if to the second, to Saida. It is rather funny to see a batch of recruits arrive. Most of them have sold their civilian clothes at Marseilles, and consequently turn up in a most extraordinary mixture of garments. I have seen a man arrive in a dress-coat, or, rather, half a dress-coat (he had had an argument with a friend about the ownership of a packet of cigarettes), a pair of blue dungaree trousers, no boots (he had lost them at cards in the train), and an overcoat! Poor fellow! he was an excellent soldier, and got quick promotion; he was a sergeant in two years, and got brained by an Arab mace in the fight at Ain Sefra.

On joining the Legion a man gives in his civil clothes, which are destroyed, and receives his kit, which consists of a *capote*, or long blue-gray collarless overcoat, one blue double-breasted tunic, two pairs of red trousers, three shirts, three pairs of white trousers for fatigue and summer wear, and a *kepi*; also belts, rifle, bayonet, etc., and two pairs of boots. These are probably the best, as they are certainly the most expensive, boots used by any army in the world. The contract price is about twenty-three francs (19s. 2d.) a pair. This is absolutely necessary, as for the marching the Legion has to do cheap

boots would be useless. No socks are worn; in place of these the men use chaussettes Russes, or Russian socks—so-called, I believe, because they are neither Russian nor socks, but squares of greased linen folded over the feet. I have used them myself many times, and can testify that they are excellent things to march in. The uniform is precisely the same as that of the French line, with the exception that on the collar and tunic, instead of the usual regimental number the Legion carry a grenade; that the epaulets are green with a red fringe, instead of all red; and that every soldier in the Foreign Legion wears a blue woolen sash folded many times round his waist over his tunic, to act as a cholera-belt. According to regulations, this sash is worn on all occasions, even on fatigue duty. With the officers it is replaced by a sort of waistcoat of the same cloth as the tunic. The officers' trousers are worn very full over the hips and tight round the ankles, as is the invariable rule in the army of Africa. In fact, some of the younger officers look extremely grotesque, as they go to inordinate lengths in fullness of trousers and size of kepi. The latter, for some obscure reason, is supposed to increase in smartness in direct proportion to its size.

The Legion exists primarily for two purposes: to fight and to march. When neither of these is to be done the men are put to road-making. Quite 80 per cent of the roads in Algeria and almost all the barracks have been built by the Legion; but the ability to march is the Legion's great pride. The ordinary day's march is forty kilometers, or nearly thirty miles. This is done in all sorts of temperatures, from normal to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, each man carrying a pack of over sixty pounds weight. There is none of the smartness of a British regiment's march about the Legion. The men keep their section, and that is about all that can be said. Sometimes one sees a strong man at the end of a day's march carrying two or even three rifles. The men are marching anyhow,

and would, I fancy, to a British officer, seem to be utterly out of hand. This would be a mistake. The officers do not care how the men march, but march they must, and be fighting fit at the end of that march. There is no such thing as falling out. To do so (on the Sahara stations at least) is to invite a cruel death at the hands of the Arabs. The system of march, as laid down in the regulations, is one hour's march, five minutes' rest, and this is strictly adhered to.

Some years ago there was a case of a major who took his battalion for one of these marches. For some reason or other the men's marching was not up to his standard; so when they returned to quarters he ordered the officers to fall out, and then kept the men doubling round the parade-ground until about twenty dropped from sheer exhaustion, the others being almost in like case. I am glad to be able to state that as the upshot of this affair he was put on half-pay.

There is a sort of unwritten law in the Legion that a retreat—if such a regrettable necessity should occur—shall be carried out at the slowest walk possible. I once asked the reason of this, and was told that three-quarters of the men had run once, either from their creditors, or their wives, and that once was quite enough for any man to run! Certainly the legionary is not an adept at retreat. Eleven times in eleven great battles have whole companies of the Legion refused to obey the order to retreat, and died to the last man where they stood. How many other troops, conscript or professional, can point to the same record?

The great difference between the Foreign Legion and the rest of the French army is the strength of the esprit de corps in the former. In the national army of France esprit de corps is repressed as much as possible, and esprit d'armee is sedulously fostered. When an officer in the French army is promoted, he is always transferred to another regiment, generally as far away as possible from his old one. A man cannot get up much enthusiasm

for a regiment in which he knows that at most he will pass only a few years, and which he looks forward to leaving, as it means superior rank and increased pay. In the Legion an officer knows that, almost always, once a legionnaire, always a legionnaire, and so he develops a very strong esprit de corps; and the same holds good of the rank and file. This shows itself in the superior chic, or smartness, of the legionary to the linesman. The French piou-piou, or infantry soldier, is one of the most slovenly looking soldiers in the world, while the legionary is just the reverse. A man of the Legion will spend a couple of hours ironing a crease in his white trousers with the edge of a tin cup before going into town!

The life in the Foreign Legion, when not varied by spells of hard work, marching or fighting, is apt to be monotonous to a terrible degree; therefore, it is not surprising that many of the men drink, and drink hard. This may seem surprising when one considers their pay—a little less than one penny per day; but it must be remembered that many of the men are in receipt of money from home, and that in any case liquor in Algeria is ridiculously cheap. For a penny nearly a quart of fiery Algerian wine can be got, for sevenpence a pint of absinthe, and for fivepence a pint of bapedi, or fig spirit. Cigarettes can be procured at about a penny for twenty. Also, there is a very old custom in the Legion which forbids a man to "faire Suisse" ("do a Swiss"), which means to drink alone, under any circumstances. If a man has only a penny, and thinks he would like some wine, he has to look for some one else to share it with him; and, human nature being what it is, he generally picks on some one who has another penny to buy more wine when the first supply is finished. In this way a man will often drink more than he had any intention of doing.

One idea which people in Britain seem to have is that the cantiniere, or lady canteen keeper, is a trim damsel in a neat uniform, who exercises a re-

fining and elevating influence on the brutal and licentious soldiery by whom she is surrounded. I regret to say that this idea is a delusion. All the canteen keepers with whom I have been brought in contact have been ample ladies of mature years and forbidding presence. Some of them had mustaches, and without exception they all possessed a vocabulary calculated to paralyze an ordinary man, and even to cause the boldest legionary to turn pale, or rather blush. This is not an easy feat.

Now, this cheapness of drink, and especially of absinthe, leads to a disease which I believe is peculiar to the French army in Africa. This disease is known as le cafard. The cafard is a small beetle which spends its time pushing balls of dirt about, and men who suffer from cafard say they feel as if they had one in their head. I think myself it may be described as an aggravated case of "blue hump" bred of dullness and disgust of life. In any case, it is fearfully common in the Legion.

It may lead to anything from a mad freak without any seeming motive to an equally motiveless homicide. If a man sits on his cot, looking straight in front of him and speaking to no one, that man requires watching. He may come out of his cafard, or quite possibly he may seize his bayonet and stab the nearest man, run amuck, and eventually have to be shot down like a mad dog.

Another result of the hard work and monotony is desertion, or, as it is called in the Legion, going en pompe. Men very seldom get away. In the settled parts of Algeria there is a standing reward of twenty-five francs for each deserting legionary brought in, and on the Saharan stations capture by Arabs means torture and death. On these stations photos of the bodies of legionaries who have been captured by the Arabs are hung in the barrack-rooms to discourage intending deserters. This does not render the Arabs popular with the Legion, and accounts for the merciless nature of the small

fight which constantly take place in the south of Algeria.

The Foreign Legion, as at present constituted, was raised in 1831, and since that date has taken an honorable part in every war which France has fought. It has been commanded in turn by some of the most celebrated soldiers of France, among others Marshal M'Mahon and Generals Canrobert, Bazaine and De Negrier. Its losses have been enormous. Two thousand men of the Legion were lent to Spain in the Carlist war for a consideration of eight hundred thousand francs (which was never paid), and of these five hundred returned to Algeria starving and in rags. It will never be known how many of the Legion have left their bones in the swamps of Indo-China and Madagascar, but they must number many thousands.

Probably every known profession and trade is represented in the Foreign Legion. The officers' mess and other buildings at Sidi-bel-Abbes were designed, built and decorated by legionaries. At that time one company alone yielded seven men who were qualified architects. There is a legend in the Legion to the effect that in the Mexican war the authorities wished to hold a High Mass in the Cathedral in Mexico City. The local clergy refused to have anything to do with this scheme, and the French authorities were in despair. At last a man was found in the Legion, who announced that he had been an Archbishop, and was one still unless he had been unfrocked! Inquiries were made, the man's story was proved to be true, and he conducted Mass, going back to his duties afterwards.

This term of enlistment for the Legion is five years, and at the end of his service the legionary receives a suit of plain clothes, a ticket for any town in France he wishes, and a franc a day for subsistence. On arrival at his destination he usually finds himself penniless in an already overstocked labor market, and as often as not goes straight to the nearest recruiting office and re-enlists in the Legion.

The Foreign Legion, contrary to general belief, is not a regiment of criminals, but a body of men in the main good, honest soldiers, who are worked very hard for miserable pay. The shooting of the Legion is the best in the French army, and it does not stand to reason that desperate criminals would be trusted with ball cartridge for musketry or any other purpose. The motto on the Legion's colors is, "Honneur, Valeur, Discipline" ("Honor, Bravery, Discipline"), and it may be confidently stated, without fear of contradiction, that in its eighty-five years of existence the Legion has lived up to its motto.

In connection with the recent expansion of the Foreign Legion, the Paris newspapers stated that in the early days of the war eight thousand Italians, inspired by the example of Ricciotti Garibaldi, joined this force. The Swiss, like the Americans, numbered four thousand five hundred, and the Russians nearly four thousand, besides Poles, Alsace-Lorrainers, Czechs, Armenians and Syrians.

Much interest was aroused by the announcement made at the beginning of last September that the King had approved of the reinstatement of John Ford Elkington in the rank of lieutenant-colonel, with his previous seniority, in consequence of his gallant conduct while serving in the ranks of the Foreign Legion of the French army. Colonel Elkington, on the 14th of September, 1914, had been cashiered by sentence of a court-martial after thirty years' service in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He at once joined the Foreign Legion under his own name. "It was hard work," he said to a correspondent, "and we were nearly always in the thick of it. I had to take things as they came, and three weeks after I had enlisted I was at the front. It was not new to me, and I did not need training. Many of the men of the Legion wore medals—medals of all the wars for the last twenty years. I could not wear mine even if I wanted to; I was cashiered, and had no right to them any longer." A friend sent

him a copy of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "If," which he carried in his pack on many a long march through France. He read it in bivouac and in the trenches, and he said: "It pulled me through the bad times." A clever American surgeon named Wheeler also became a helpful friend, and

when they went into action both fell together. Colonel Elkington spent ten months in hospital at Grenoble, where a damaged leg was operated on eight times, and eventually saved. The Croix de Guerre was afterwards conferred upon him for bravery at the front.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer—
That's where the west begins.

Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the seas of snow are a trifle whiter,
Where the ties of home are a wee bit tighter—
That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Where friendships of men are a little truer,
Where the petty things of the day are fewer—
That's where the west begins.

Out where a cheerier breeze is blowing,
Where the bread of the nation is in the growing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
Where there's more of giving and less of taking—
That's where the west begins.

Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
Where a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the west begins.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.



Spiting Mrs. Denny

By Helen M. Perkins

I TOLD them you had gone."
"You told them—we had—gone!
Then you told them a lie?"

There was a sharp intake of breath from the darkness of the stairs above the speaker. Mrs. Denny, from the landing below, looked dazedly at the regal young figure. It was not the first time by a good deal that Mrs. Denny had told a lie, but it was certainly the first time any girl in training under her had dared to tell her so. As hospital matron she exercised almost unlimited authority over the young nurses, who dreaded her "basilisk glance," as one of the girls called it, more even than a reproof from the physician in charge. Just now the basilisk glance seemed to fail of its usual effect, and she was conscious of a distinct effort necessary to keep her eyes fixed on the anger blazing in the white face above her. But her voice was cold and steady as she replied:

"You know it is against the rules for young men to call at the hospital, Miss Bradley. I supposed, of course, you had gone. I did not dream you would meet them here."

"Where would you prefer to have us meet them—on the street corners?" retorted the girl. "Alice," she called back into the darkness, "go and get some car-fare. Mrs. Denny has sent the boys off. I suppose you think it is more proper for two girls to cross the city unattended, dressed like this," she added to the matron, indicating her evening gown.

"You are impertinent, Miss Bradley," replied that lady, and, turning, she rustled down the stairs in her immaculate white uniform.

As the office door closed behind her, Alice appeared with the requisite car-

fare, and the two girls left the building. When they were fairly outside, Alice caught her companion's arm and half-sobbed:

"Oh, Barb! You'll never get your diploma if you act like that. Think of telling Mrs. Denny"—her voice fell to an awestruck whisper—"she lied!"

"Well, she did," responded Barbara, briefly, "and as for my diploma, if I don't get it, I don't—that's all. Now, don't cry, Alice, or you'll make your nose red. Besides, here comes the car," and she stepped forward into the approaching light, followed by Alice, tremulous but admiring.

From the moment when Barbara Bradley first entered the hospital it had been war between her and the matron. Whether the honest blue eyes under their level brows had made the older woman more than vaguely uncomfortable, or whether her jealousy had been aroused because of the loyal love with which the girls in training regarded the tall young nurse, it would be hard to say. That she could lead them where she chose, Mrs. Denny knew very well. That she had never chosen to lead them to anything more subversive of discipline than an occasional midnight spread when off duty, she knew also, but gave the credit of it to her own vigilance. Her jealous dislike had deepened as the months went by, and she had made the girl feel it in all the varied ways possible to a matron in a small hospital. The longest hours, the hardest work, the most unmanageable patients, always fell to Barbara's share. But in every case the girl had come out victorious. If her lips paled sometimes, or the beautiful head drooped, Mrs. Denny never saw it.

The other nurses held frequent indignation meetings and vowed they would go in a body and complain. But Barbara only laughed, until one day when Emmy Park, the coward of the hospital, her plain, sallow face working and her hands nervously clenched, announced somewhat unsteadily that she was going to complain of Mrs. Denny to the board of Directors. Then Barbara sobered suddenly, and drawing the shrinking little figure to her, she said: "No, you don't, Emmy. That would put me in a nice position, wouldn't it? Nobody shall say I funk'd a thing. I'm going through the course, and I'm going to make good in spite of Mrs. Denny—to spite her, I guess," she finished in a lighter tone, and ran off to report for duty on the second floor. She had never failed in a proud obedience and respect to Mrs. Denny—a respect that was far more respect of herself than of the matron—until tonight.

Dances were forbidden to the girls in training, as were also the calls of young men at the hospital, a rule that often resulted, as Barbara had suggested, in clandestine meetings at street corners or in shops. But when Mrs. Avery, wife of an influential member of the Board of Directors, had requested that Barbara and Alice Haven, who had once been her nurses through a siege of typhoid, might be allowed to get off for a little informal dance, Mrs. Denny had assented with the alacrity due to Mrs. Avery's social position and her connection with the hospital.

All through the eventful day, Mrs. Denny had been conscious of a subdued excitement among the nurses, and she kept an eagle watch if perchance she might catch Barbara in some neglect of duty. But Barbara, starry-eyed and smiling, went through every task unflinchingly, and when her time was over, slipped upstairs to dress. On the way a wailing voice reached her ears: "Oh, Miss Brad! Miss Brad!" Stopping, she ran in to the room where, in his narrow, white bed, lay a little lad who would never leave the hospital un-

til he should go hand-in-hand with Death.

"Yes, Tony?" she said inquiringly. But the child seemed to have forgotten his need, and lay watching her, fascinated.

"Why are your eyes so happy, Miss Brad?" he queried. The nurse laughed.

"Because I am happy, dear. I'm going to a party," she answered. Then she bent to kiss him, and he wound his thin arms around her neck. The look on Barbara's face as she finally unclasped his hands and raised her head was one which not even her friends had ever seen.

"What did you call me for, dear?" she asked gently.

"I dunno," whispered the boy, his eyes on her face, "but I got it."

She laughed again, a laugh with a choke in it, and went to her own room. It was full of merry girls. Alice, standing by the mirror, was deftly placing the last hair-pins in her fair hair.

"For goodness' sake, hurry, Barb!" she exclaimed. "The boys may be here any moment now."

"I'll be ready," answered Barbara, half out of her uniform.

"What's happened, Barb?" asked Emmy, with a timid touch on Barbara's bare white shoulder. Emmy's adoring love often supplied the place of a keen perception in reading the younger girl's moods.

"Nothing, Em. But keep watch of Tony tonight. If he should get much worse and want me, telephone for me to Mrs. Avery's."

"Call you back from a dance for that little dago!" cried a gay voice, whose owner had overheard Barbara's low-toned answer. "I hope Em knows better than that. Dances don't grow on every tree, young lady, even for some of us who are in more favor than you."

Barbara's eyes grew hard, and her mouth set, as she answered coldly:

"Em will do as I ask her."

"Well, don't get mad about it," laughed the girl good-naturedly. "Here—sit down and I'll put on your shoes and stockings while you do your hair. Mrs. Denny was an old cat to keep you

working so long. We'd any of us have taken your place if she'd have let us."

Twenty minutes later, in spite of the fact that her five eager helpers hindered more than they helped, Barbara was ready, beautiful, tall and straight, her shapely, dark head outlined against the white curtains, as she peered from against her face to shut out the light of the room. Alice, who had been ready for some time, was tapping her foot nervously on the floor.

"It takes forever to get to Mrs. Avery's. We'll miss the first dance if they don't hurry," she said presently.

"I'm going to see if by any possibility they are waiting outside, afraid to ring the door bell. Wouldn't blame them if they were," said Barbara, drawing down the window shade and leaving the room, followed by Alice, and, at a safe distance, by the other girls. On the stairs they met the matron.

"Oh, Mrs. Denny!" said Barbara, friendly in her excitement, "you have not seen anything of the boys, have you?"

"Your question is a trifle indefinite, Miss Bradley," replied the matron, with a stiff smile. "There were two young men who came to the door a few moments ago. I don't know whether they are the ones you refer to, or not."

"They're the ones, all right, I'm sure," cried the girl, joyously. "Where are they, Mrs. Denny? In the reception room?"

The smile on the matron's face grew a shade stiffer, as she answered precisely:

"They did not remain, Miss Bradley."

"Didn't remain! Why?"

"I told them you had gone," said the matron, briefly.

Then at last the splendid self-control of three years had broken down, and Barbara's angry, defiant question had fallen on the startled ears of the waiting girls.

Late that night, after Mrs. Denny had made her rounds of the hospital and left final directions with the night

nurse, a little figure slipped noiselessly down the stairs from the nurses' dormitory on the top floor. It was the time for the usual raids on the pantry, but as those generally took place under Barbara's supervision, Miss Hastings looked up rather curiously.

"I thought you were on a case to-night, Miss Park?" she said, inquiringly.

"How's Tony?" whispered Emmy in counter-question.

"Asleep," replied Miss Hastings. Emmy shivered.

"He's been asleep a long time," she said. "I'm going in to see if he's all right."

"You'd better not," admonished the night nurse. "If he wakes up, he'll cry for Barbara, and then you'll have to send for her."

"Barbara'd rather," said Emmy, and went in.

A moment later the bell from Tony's room buzzed furiously over Miss Hastings' head, and she dropped her book and ran to the door. The night light fell on Emmy, leaning over the bed, where Tony still slept, her trembling fingers grasping the tiny, claw-like hand and feeling vainly for pulse-beats in the little wrist.

"Call the doctor—quick!" she said, hoarsely.

The night-nurse sped away with a half-contemptuous smile. She had only been a year in the hospital, and was already over her fear of death. A moment later the young interne entered the room and bent over the child; then said in a business-like tone:

"He's dead!"

"Did he—did he—call for Barbara?" stammered Emmy of the night-nurse.

"I don't know. He was asleep when I came on duty. Ask Miss Graham," said Miss Hastings, already beginning to make the last preparations for the little body.

Emmy turned to go and ran against Mrs. Denny.

"What are you doing here, Miss Park?" the matron asked in surprise, for Emmy had never had the courage

to break a rule. "You are on duty in Number 30."

"Yes'm," gasped Emmy, and without attempting any explanation she slipped past the matron and went to Number 30, at the further end of the long upper hall. With her hand on the door-knob, she stopped, and retracing her steps a short distance, put her head into the nurses' dormitory and called softly:

"Miss Graham!"

"Yes," came the quick reply as the nurse, half-asleep, but true to her training, sat up in bed and strained her eyes in the darkness. "Oh, is it you, Miss Park? What's the trouble? Want any help in lifting your 200-pounder?"

"No, thanks," said Emmy; "but Tony—he is dead. Did he call for Barbara—Miss Bradley—before you left him?"

"No, he was very quiet," said the nurse, gravely. "He took his nourishment and his medicine without a word and just lay crooning to himself. I couldn't understand at first, but I made out he was saying 'Happy eyes—happy eyes,' over and over. So he's dead? Well, poor little fellow, it's the best thing that could happen to him. Good-night, Miss Park. Let me know if you need any help." And Miss Graham slid down into bed again.

* * * *

About an hour later a gay little company of young people tumbled somewhat breathlessly on to the last car passing Mrs. Avery's comfortable home.

"Lucky we caught it!" panted one of the girls, dropping into a seat by Alice. "It wouldn't have been so bad for the rest of us, but you girls and Bert and Tom would have had a tidy walk out to the hospital."

"Walk ten miles? Don't you think it!" called Barbara from across the aisle. "We should have stayed at my aunt's first."

"The idea!" taunted Bert; "you know you wouldn't dare to do that!"

"Oh, don't get her started again!" implored Alice, before Barbara had time for any other answer than a de-

fiant tilt of an obstinate chin. "We did make the car, all right, so there's no use discussing what we'd have done if we hadn't."

The boys reading the danger signals, good-naturedly changed the subject, and soon the car rang with infectious laughter. Every now and then they stopped to set down some of the company. Finally Barbara and Alice, with their escorts, were left alone. Tom, looking out as they shot by a black object at the side of the street, said:

"There's your friend, the undertaker's wagon. Do you suppose that's bound for the hospital, too?"

"You idiot!" snapped Bert, quick to notice a shadow on the brightness of Barbara's face. "They wouldn't send this far for an undertaker. Do you know we are six or seven miles from the hospital even now?"

"But we do, though," put in Barbara. "That undertaking establishment on Howard street has gone out of business, and we have to send in to town. Often they won't come out after midnight, either, so we've had to improvise a sort of mortuary chapel—minus the chapel—of the old tower-room, away from the rest of the house." "Speaks well for the hospital," laughed Tom, "if it couldn't support one undertaker. Guess I'll go out there when I have appendicitis."

"You'd better," retorted Alice. "It's our best hospital, if it is an old fire-trap."

"Well, it's that, all right—a fire-trap, I mean. Why in the world don't the directors put up a decent building?" demanded Tom.

That moment, above the chatter of voices and the warning clang of the car-bell as they whirled past cross-streets, boomed the deep notes of the fire-whistle.

"One, two, three," counted Barbara, holding up a silencing hand. "One, two, three, four, five! Thirty-five! That's the hospital number, Bert!"

"It is also the number of all the buildings within a radius of several blocks around the hospital, Barbara; don't forget that," he replied, consol-

ingly. "It is much more likely to be that old shack on Elm street. The best thing that could happen to the neighborhood would be for that to burn down."

"It would have time to—or any other building—either—before the engines could get out there," said Barbara, uneasily.

A moment later a glow appeared low in the sky ahead of them. The girls sat forward excitedly on their seats as if they could hasten the speeding car. It grew more and more evident, the nearer they approached, that no mere shack was responsible for the flames and smoke now clearly visible. After what seemed an interminable time the car grated protestingly around the corner, and doubt became certainty.

The back and roof of the old frame building was bursting with flames. Through the front and side doors, as yet unblocked, nurses and doctors, forgetful of self, ran back and forth, working heroically to save the patients in their charge. A ring around the hospital grounds, gaping, curious and curious, and helpless, stood the usual crowd of onlookers, variously attired as they had sprung to answer the eternal challenge of a fire. Barbara was off the car and pushing her way through the fast-growing crowd, before the others had finished the gasp of horror with which they had first taken in the scene. Bert plunged after her, but was hindered by some of the curious gazers, and when he finally forced his way to the open space, which the heat maintained before the building, Barbara was just disappearing through the front door, and he could only turn and help Tom to prevent Alice from following her. For it was increasingly clear that the engines would be too late to save anything but the neighboring buildings. The hospital was doomed, and that speedily. The youngest interne, helping Emmy to get her heavy patient to a place of safety, attempted to apprise Barbara of the fact.

"No use, Miss Bradley!" he called. "The stairway will be in flames any second now. Besides, I think we have

them all out—all the living ones—little Tony——" But Barbara was out of hearing. "Tony?" she had gasped as she ran.

At the foot of the last flight of stairs she met Mrs. Denny, whose faults did not include cowardice.

"There is no use, Miss Bradley." She echoed the interne's words more coolly as the girl darted past her. "The patients are out and it would be folly to risk your life for anything else."

"Tony?" questioned Barbara again, stopping an instant.

"He died shortly after midnight, and the body is in the tower room." Then, as the girl still hesitated: "Don't be a fool, Miss Bradley. Come down."

The cold voice roused its usual opposition in Barbara's impulsive nature. With a quick glance she measured the winding stairs, still untouched by the flames, leading to the floor above. It would be but the work of a few moments to climb them, dash down the narrow passage, really only an enclosed bridge, leading from the main building to the tower, and be back. Again she felt the clasp of Tony's little thin arms around her neck and saw the dog-like devotion in the big Italian eyes. From below Emmy's voice called "Barbara! Barbara!"

"I'll be right back, Em. Go down!" Barbara called in answer, and sped up the stairs.

"You will lose your life!" cried the matron sharply.

"I'll find it again!" lightly retorted the girl in unconscious half-quotation, from the floor above.

Flames from the further end of the wide corridor at her right lighted her way. Along the cracks in the floor of the passage ahead of her white puffs of smoke were rising, curling, vanishing into the heavy air. Alive to her danger, Barbara darted down to the tower room, flung open the door, caught up the little body and turned to retrace her steps. Even as she turned, the crash of glass broken by the heat met her ear, and the air, rushing in through the opening, kindled into flame the smouldering fire in the narrow hall-

way between her and safety. One look convinced her of the utter hopelessness of escape in that direction. In despair she turned to the windows and flung them open. A hush had fallen on the crowd below, and all eyes, following Emmy's shaking finger, were turned to the turret. Holding the dead child pressed to her bosom, wide-eyed and white, she stood framed in the open window, while the smoke eddied and wreathed about her. On the outskirts of the crowd a woman crossed herself, whispering, "Mother Mary, have mercy!" and the youngest of the internes, being of a poetical turn of mind, murmured, "The Madonna of the Flames!"

Then suddenly the meaning of a sound which had for sometime been coming nearer and nearer broke upon the crowd, and shouting a wild huzza, they parted, as with a last, final crash and clatter, the belated engines and their straining horses rounded the corner and dashed up to the curbing. The men were quick to see and prompt to act. But the ladder they raised to Barbara's rescue was too short, and its top was wrapped by the leaping fire from the story below. The fire chief's voice rang out sharp and clear:

"The net!"

It was brought and stretched by strong hands. In the utter silence of the awe-struck, huddled group, the roar of the flames sounded increasingly louder. Once more came the cool command—this time to the girl above: "Jump!"

Barbara hesitated, gazing down on the distant, upturned faces and her far-distant safety—then she sprang.

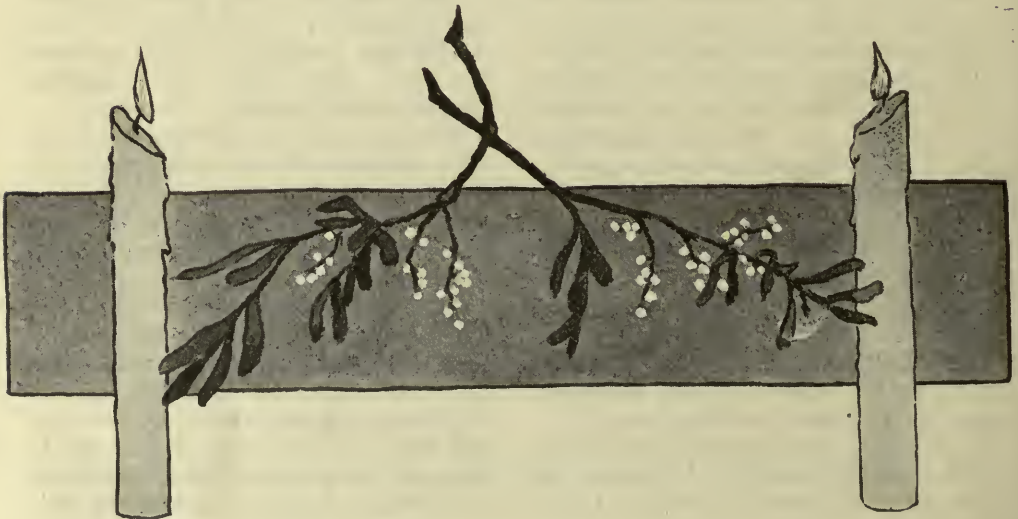
* * * *

Some hours later, in the house around the corner, Emmy, watching by Barbara's bedside, became suddenly aware that daylight had surprised them, and rose to extinguish the useless substitute. As she turned back to the bed, Barbara's eyes, full of an insistent questioning, met hers.

"He didn't ask for you, dear," said Emmy, interpreting. "He went to sleep very quietly talking about 'happy eyes'—yours, I guess—and he died in his sleep. Oh, don't cry, dear; please don't! Thank God, you are safe!"

"I'm not crying," lied Barbara unsteadily. "Don't cry yourself!"

Then a glint of the old mischief shone through tears in the eyes Tony had loved, as she laughed weakly. "As for being safe, I had to be, to spite Mrs. Denny."



The Day

By E. L. White

AS THE cathedral chimes struck eleven, Hubert Quality raised the corner of the blind and looked into the street.

A deep peace reigned; the cobbles of the road glistened from recent rain; wet wads of yellowed leaves padded the pavements. Very far away on the horizon, a fitful red quiver told of heathen fires lighted to the dark god Thor.

No human form was visible in the street. Yet Quality shrank from the uneasy sensation that some one was spying upon him.

Bracing himself with an effort, he looked up furtively into the indigo vault of the heavens—knowing the while that he was about to be subjected to some fresh demonstration of trickery on the part of his nerves.

Instantly, he started back with a stifled cry.

A face was watching him from the moon.

For several full seconds it bleached him, the unhuman stare of century-old eyes, before it blended again into the blank silver disc.

With shaking fingers, Quality dropped the curtain—the pallor of his face and the twitching of his features testifying to the cumulative effect of oft-repeated shocks.

For the past two weeks his terror-maddened nerves had rent him with the strength of lunatic devils—making every heart-beat leap like a bead of quicksilver, and chopping up each breath into demi-semiquavers of panting panic. Only the consciousness of one supreme fact held them back from their objective—the wreck of Quality's sanity.

On the morrow, their victim was going home.

It was his day.

The most cursory glance at his face proclaimed him the predestined prey of his imagination. His dreamy eyes, sensitive mouth and delicate physique denoted him student—or visionary—rather than man of action, and, as such, averse from any act or form of violence.

During the siege and occupation of the town by the enemy, in his role of spectator, he had been plunged into a super-hell, in which he groped in a red delirium—fire-flecked and blood-smudged. His razor-keen sympathies supplying the lack of experience, he had died, by proxy, many deaths a day. He had seen human faces blasted by the red-hot touch of the Martian hand, and the sight had not been good to see. Above all, his ears were deafened by the constant terrific speech of great guns that spoke.

Peace—passionately he prayed for it. And tomorrow that peace would be his.

Soothed by the mere thought of his imminent release, he turned back again towards the room which he had grown to hate. It was a prim, mid-Victorian-looking apartment, stuffy from a porcelain stove and crowded with horse-hair furniture. At the round table of highly-polished walnut wood, his landlady sat at her knitting.

Apparently about forty years of age, madame was of ponderous build, clumsy as a Flemish horse, with massive heaving shoulders, and broad hips. Abundant black hair was brushed back from her face and gathered in a knot on the top of her head. Her sallow skin was partially redeemed by the beauty of her eyes—velvet-brown and fringed with thick lashes. Her full

lips were penciled with a fine line of black down. It was a typical enough face of a daughter of the people, sprung from peasant stock and now the wife of a small tradesman.

This was the woman whom Quality feared with his very soul.

When he had first rented her apartment she had reminded him of a woman in a fairy tale, who, while apparently honest and homely, concealed under her ordinary exterior that element of the sinister supernatural that often accompanies such histories. Thus looked the pleasant-faced female, who afterwards figured as the ogress; thus appeared the harmless peasant, who changed nightly into a were-wolf.

It was not his fanciful idea of a composite personality, however, which inspired Quality's dislike of his landlady. That had come with the knowledge that she was utterly lacking in the usual sentiments of humanity. Undisturbed by any horrors of the siege, and showing neither pity nor fear, she continued her daily routine with the mechanical precision of a machine. The sole interest that she ever showed in her boarder was connected with the weekly *note*.

It was since the War that his distaste had magnified into fear. And his fear was the craven terror of one who, amidst hostile surroundings, carries his very life on a tongue-string. For Fate, choosing her instrument with callous cruelty, had ordained that he should serve his country by means of those subterranean methods, for which the punishment is summary death.

Quality now eyed the woman with the oblique glance of suspicion.

How much did madame know? Did she merely suspect? Was her inaction a sign of ignorance? Or was she on crouch, bidding her time to pounce?

Yet through the shifting mists of those dream-days of doubt and fear—when rustling leaves tracked him homewards, and his own shadow slipped away to denounce him—one fact remained real and potent. He knew that all appeal to madame's feminine compassion would be vain. If

she possessed his secret, she would certainly betray him.

Again he looked at her, marking, with strong dislike, the rust-red grain of her skin over her cheek-bones, the tight tartan-silk blouse, the stiff linen collar that made her neck appear so dirty by contrast. The room, with its hideous-patterned paper seemed to wall him in alive; the charcoal fumes from the stove to suffocate him.

Then suddenly he smiled. All this, too, would pass away. Next week, he would rub his eyes and wonder if—somewhere—on some alien planet, there really existed a strange, hostile room, tenanted by an unhuman, sawdust-stuffed woman. Both would dwindle down to a name on an envelope—merely an address.

In the reaction of spirits, he stopped to pick up madame's ball of worsted.

"The last time I shall do this for you, madame!"

Even as he spoke, his morbid mind quarreled with his sentence; it seemed as though its finality left a loophole for sinister interpretation.

"*Bien!*"

"Shall you miss me, madame?"

"Yes." Her "*s*" was emphatic. "As one misses all men. Less work, but, unfortunately, less money."

The speech, typical of the frugal housekeeper of grasping spirit, was reassuring. He smiled once more as he looked at the clock.

"You're late tonight, madame! You should save your eyesight—or, better still, your oil and fuel. Aren't you going to bed at all?"

She shook her head vehemently.

"For me, I have no stomach for bed, at all, at all. To sleep would be but to see again, that which I have, this day, seen. What? Have you not heard?"

He shook his head.

"Ah! What misfortune! Today, at noon, they shot M. Lemoine!"

M. Lemoine—the prominent citizen and advocate." Quality could not credit the news. His mind conjured up a vivid picture of that portly form and plum-colored face, as madame proceeded.

"Yes, m'sieur, I saw it. It was horrible. Two soldiers ran him down the steps of the hotel—quick, quick! yet, at every step, one saw him shrink. It was as though a hole had been pierced in him, so that the *man* came leaking through. At the top, there was the fine figure—so brave, so big; at the bottom, only a shrunken stranger, with eyes that ran, ran, and fingers that picked, and little bubbles around his lips, rising, rising. He—*himself*—was gone. There was no longer any M. Lemoine!"

Told in her native tongue, with pantomimic gesture to point her words, the recital was ghastly.

Breathing heavily, Quality cleared his throat to ask a question.

"What was the charge?"

Surely the woman must notice the treacherous quiver of his voice! Her answer seemed to be delayed for an eternity.

"The charge, m'sieur?—He was a spy!"

"Ah!"

Quality sank down upon a bristly horsehair chair the crocheted antimacassar slipping down behind his back. He looked around him with eyes of sick loathing. The clicking sound of madame's needles maddened him; he had watched the incessant flash of steel for so many long-drawn-out evenings of strain.

The flawed mirror, set above the marble console table, reflected the room, duplicating the gilt clock on the mantelshelf and the pallid waxen fruit, cherished under crystal shades. Presently, however, the hateful vision blurred and faded away, and the homesick man saw, in its stead, the picture that was engraved upon his mind.

Somewhere, far away from this place of thunder, bloodshed and cold fears—geographical facts non-existent was an isle that rocked gently like an ark of safety, on the gray-green seas. And tucked away, within its very heart, approached only by grass-grown ruts, was a long, gray house. Sentinelled by age-old oaks, there brooded over it the very spirit of security and peace.

Again he sat in his own familiar study, surrounded by the good company of his books, while the fire burned red in the grate and his old hound dozed upon the rug at his feet. This was his proper place—his own *milieu*—of which he thought by day and dreamed by night.

His longings to escape magnified these nightly dreams into passions. He was always trying to get home. He took abortive railway journeys, when the train broke down and changed into inadequate rubbish, leaving him stranded in unfriendly country. Sometimes he boarded a steamer, which ploughed its way through fields and streets, ever seeking a far-receded sea. These nightmares were varied by the nerve-racking experience of ceaseless preparations for a journey, which ended in the poignant pang of reaching the station only to see the express dash through, its lighted windows merging into one golden streak.

Often, too, he tried to fly home—even as a bird—swooping from his bedroom window in vain essay at flight, and sinking lower into the darkness at each impotent stroke.

His distraught mind, flashing its S. O. S. signals across the sea, must have stirred the rest of those who slumbered safely in that lamppost-lit, policeman-guarded isle. For influence began its wire-pulling work, its efforts resulting in the promise of the special train that was to convey certain refugees homewards by way of neutral territory.

Tomorrow would be the day.

"I am going home—tomorrow!"

He silently repeated the words with a thrill of joyful anticipation, fingering his papers and passport the while, to assure himself of their truth. Thus fortified, he nerved himself for another question:

"By the way, madame, speaking of poor M. Lemoine. Who—who gave information?"

"A woman betrayed him."

Involuntarily, Quality started. He had not before noticed the grating rasp of madame's voice. It irritated him to unreasonable resentment and disgust.

"A woman? Damnable!"

"*Plait-il?*" Madame raised her brows in interrogation. "But why? M. Lemoine sold his secrets for gold. The woman sold her secret for gold. *C'est egal!*"

How furiously her needles flew! In just such manner must her forbears have sat, knitting and counting in the blood-sodden days of the Revolution.

"But, madame"—Quality's voice was vibrant with horror—"how can you call it *equal*? It is inconceivable that a woman, with a woman's heart beating within her breast, should sell a life merely for money!"

"Ah, m'sieur!"—Madame laughed mirthlessly—"it is easy to see that all your life you have had more than enough. For the others, though—what will they not do for gold?"

She proceeded to answer her own question by illustration.

"My young brother killed the farmer that he worked for, the farmer's wife, four children, and a farm-hand—all for the sake of the gold that was in the house. Alone he did it, with a hatchet—and he was but a child of fifteen! Such a good lad, and regular with his Mass. It was merely the gold that maddened him, and yet they imprisoned him—*le pauvre!*"

At last Quality had heard the thrill of emotion in her voice. Looking up, he detected a bead of moisture in her eyes. The sight of her sorrow only added to the horror. On top of her calm recital of the crime, such sympathy for the juvenile monster was nauseating.

"Your young brother must be a unique specimen," he said stiffly, speaking with an effort.

"Not at all. Like all the rest of us. Like you, perhaps. Certainly, like me!"

A pleasant family history. To steady his nerves. Quality fingered his papers feverishly, repeating the while his magic formula: "Tomorrow, I go home."

Even as his lips silently framed the words, he started back, blinking his eyes, and momentarily stunned and deafened. For it seemed to him that a lighted express had shot, shrieking,

through the room, like a rocket—thundering past him in a long golden streak.

It was only a fresh manifestation of infamous buffoonery on the part of his nerves, yet it left Quality utterly shaken. He felt suddenly stranded and abandoned. All his vague fears and doubts of the past days sharpened into a definite pang of fear.

Was he, in actual fact, going home tomorrow? Or was he called upon to undergo the supreme anguish of cheated hope? To see his prison-bars opening—only to be slammed again in his face?

As, still unstrung from shock, he looked round the room, he was a prey of minor optical delusions. Madame seemed to have swollen in bulk—the apartment to have grown distinctly smaller. He hated it with the savage hatred of a convict for his concrete cell.

Inaction became unendurable, and he pushed back his chair.

"I'm going out, madame."

"No, m'sieur. No, *no!*"

"Why not?"

Suspicion stabbed him anew at madame's vehement outcry. Yet her next words were reassuring by reason of their sound common sense.

"Because, m'sieur, it is too late. See, it wants but a little to midnight. It might arouse suspicion in this place, where every brick had an eye. Tomorrow, you return to your own country. How imprudent to risk your liberty thus, at the eleventh hour!"

His head approved the wisdom of the woman's words. Once again he saw her as she was—callous, mercenary, possibly—but, for the rest, an ordinary hard-working housewife of her class.

Again he sat down, watching the flashing points of her needles, until his mind gave a sudden slip—and he found himself thinking with drowsy amusement of the Sheep in "Alice through the Looking-glass."

He roused with a violent start to find that madame had laid down her wool and was watching him intently. The reflection from the lamp fell on

her eyes, lighting therein twin balls of orange flame.

"What is it, madame?"

"Nothing! I thought I heard a knocking at the street door, that is all."

"I heard nothing. But, then, I was nearly asleep."

"Best so." Her voice thickened.

"Get all the sleep you can—in preparation for the morrow!"

As she snatched up her knitting, he stared at her, all his drowsiness dissipated by her words. He watched her furious energy, trying the while to conceive some adequate motive for her unusual vigil and her evident wish for his own company.

Of a sudden, instinct supplied the knowledge.

Madame was waiting for something to happen.

Like vultures scenting their prey, his nerves instantly swooped down on their victim, agonizing him with the refined torture of mirage. As the parched traveler feasts hollow eyes on waving date-palm and bubbling well, so Quality, with aching intensity of longing, saw a clear picture of his own familiar room. He smelled the faint odor of worn leather; heard the crackling whisper of the wood fire; felt the muzzle of his hound moist against his hand.

Would the day never come? He looked at the clock, crookedly upheld by misshapen gilded cupids.

Only a quarter to twelve.

Slowly, slowly, the minutes ticked away. The night was dying hard.

Presently, Quality noticed that madame had laid down her needles and was again listening. Her tense attitude, flattened ears and craning neck told of an intensity of purpose that would strain her aural organs beyond the limits of their power.

He saw her sudden start—the involuntary wince.

"Footsteps, m'sieur! Do you not hear them? Footsteps without in the street!"

"I can hear nothing!"

"But they are passing this way. Open the window, and see if there is any one in the street!"

What was she? Quality could not decide. Merely the shrewd, suspicious housewife, with natural fears—or the composite fearsome creation of his diseased imagination?

With the reluctant step of one who fears a snare, he walked to the window, and, opening it, looked out into the street.

A deep tranquility reigned without. The old houses, steeped in the milky bath of moonshine, seemed to sway gently, as though in sleep; the sable shadow of the drinking fountain seemed to rock, as though the ancient town slumbered to the croon of some unheard lullaby.

"Ah, how peaceful!" Madame had risen and was now standing by his side. Her breath, onion-flavored from her last meal, fell on his cheek in hot puffs.

"What a picture! And see the leaves, how they fly!"

At a sudden gust of wind, the withered foliage arose from the bare boughs like a flock of birds, and soared into the air in a mad ecstasy of flight—rising, wheeling, swooping—only to sink, feebly fluttering, to the pavement.

With a cold chill of premonition, Quality recalled his own dream of impotent flight.

"See, the floating leaves are like *revenants*! Or perhaps the souls—ever rising in their thousands—swarming from field and trench. Whither? Whither?—Ah!"

She recoiled with a cry as a leaf, fluttering in through the window, brushed against her face, and then fell, brown and shriveled, at her feet.

She stooped and picked it up.

"*Blasted!*"

The sound of her whisper was terrible. In the moonlight her face appeared to be blanched to a greenish-white hue. Involuntarily, Quality saw, in a lightning flash of clairvoyance, the white, dripping face of a peasant boy, with wolfish eyes glowing yellow, as he felt the edge of his axe with tremulous finger.

"Ah, m'sieur, our last night together!" Inspired by an unusual affection, madame pressed his arm. "To-

morrow, you will be gone. But what of me? *Helas!* what of me?"

"You?" Quality strove to speak naturally. "Oh, very soon I hope the Allies will make good, and your town be again cleared of the enemy."

"The enemy? Ah!"

Madame broke off abruptly. Following the direction of her gaze, Quality also looked at the fountain darkly carved against the luminous sky.

Obedient to the dictate of his mountebank nerves, it slightly altered its position. Or was it a shape that slipped farther into the depths of its shadow?

"The enemy!" Madame raised her voice shrilly, with startling lack of caution. "Who is the enemy? Have you ever given thought to the lot of us who live in a province that today is French and tomorrow German? Can one say with certainty: 'This one is French; that one German?' No, no, m'sieur! My name may be French as the wife of a French spouse, but I have German blood in my veins—German sympathies—love of the Fatherland—deep hatred for all his foes!"

Again the fountain moved, to give sign that it had heard.

In a last desperate effort to preserve his sanity, Quality slammed down the window, forcing a laugh the while.

"Come, madame! That's not a very friendly sentiment. You cannot mean what you say. You are overstrung—got nerves."

"Nerves? *Bien!* Tonight, I see always M. Lemoine."

She sank down heavily, her fingers groping for her knitting. The steel needles began to click with mechanical precision.

Quality looked at the clock. It wanted but three minutes to twelve.

The day was near its birth.

At the same moment, madame broke the silence.

"Courage, m'sieur!" Her teeth flashed into a smile. "We were both wrong. There were no footsteps after all!"

Her words, vibrant with cheerful sympathy, awoke in Quality a response

that was almost electric. Suspicion and fear melted at the warm touch of humanity. The devils that had possessed and tormented him went out of him, leaving him wrapped in a foretaste of that peace that passeth understanding.

He saw the room dimly, as though through a veil of blue transparency, in a new guise. It was the abode of warmth and comfort—a domestic interior. Madame, smiling over her work was a type of tranquil femininity.

Suddenly, without warning, the all-pervading calm was shattered.

There was the sound of loud knocking on the street door. The violent double-beat of Quality's heart seemed almost its echo. He started upright, every frayed nerve at utmost stretch; his eyes searching madame's face, as though he would read therein the Riddle of the Sphinx.

There was a rapid, breathless exchange of question and answer.

"There is some one at the door, madame."

"I hear."

"Who can it be?"

"Who knows? Visitors, perhaps."

"At this hour! Why do you not open to them?"

"Why? Marie will doubtless hear."

In the pause that followed, the knocking again sounded, louder and more peremptory, as though the door were battered by the impact of a mailed fist.

Still mute to its summons, madame sat motionless, her needles flying with incredible rapidity.

Then, higher up in the building, a door opened. Hurried shuffling footsteps descended the stairs and pattered along the passage.

"*C'est Marie.*"

As she spoke, Madame raised her face, and, for the first time, Quality saw her eyes.

Swiftly he averted his own, shrinking back before that stare of unholy guilt.

She had betrayed him.

For a fractional measure of time, he was rent by the throes of an elemental

passion to grip the woman's throat and wring out her life in bubbling breaths. But the wholly foreign impulse came and passed almost simultaneously at the grating scream of a bolt being withdrawn.

The sound of a man's voice, sharp and peremptory, drowned the woman's quavering tones in a rapid colloquy.

Then there was silence, followed by the slam of a door.

Quality's whole frame shook in a tempestuous ague of suspense.

Had they gone again? Was the blow to be averted at the eleventh hour? Were his hopes yet to find consummation?

Even as he asked the question the answer came.

There was the sound of heavy footsteps along the passage.

Once more, Quality's hunted glance flickered around the room, with the sharpened sense of the trapped quarry, seeking desperately for some channel of escape.

His eyes fell upon the papers lying on the table before him. He began to read them with dull interest. *Who* was this Hubert Quality whose harmlessness and integrity were vouched for in black and white? What of him?

Bereft of all sense of identity—calmly expectant—he watched the door burst open.

It seemed the final performance of an oft-rehearsed drama. Inside—they were actually inside at last; these oft-dreamed of figures of his fears—stern-faced men, wearing the gray Prussian uniform.

Before him was the officer seemingly magnified to unhuman stature, in long, belted coat and spiked helmet. His eyes, blue and polar raked the room. His voice, sharp and metallic, gave the word of command. He was no man, but merely a vehicle of inexorable justice—a machine that has found its range.

Slowly, slowly, Quality arose to his feet. He stretched out his hands.

Arose—only to sink back in his seat. For, at the sound of a woman's laugh, he realized that he was but the spectator in another's drama.

With a soldier on either side of her, madame stood rigid and frozen. No need for plea or denial; in her lying outburst of apostasy to the fountain she had made her ultimate appeal.

As the spy passed through the doorway, Quality saw her face. And it was even as the face of M. Lemoine.

* * * *

The clock struck twelve.

Through the shriveled sheath of the dead night broke the glorious promise of the new day.

THE SEA

Through the night, through the night,
 In the saddest unrest,
 Wrapped in white, all in white,
 With her babe on her breast,
 Walks the mother so pale,
 Staring out on the gale,
 Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
 Where the sea lifts the wreck,
 Land in sight, close in sight,
 On the surf-flooded deck,
 Stands the father so brave,
 Driving on to his grave
 Through the night!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The Prize

By Burton H. Hamlin

DOROTHY struck the veranda with the side of her racquet as if to emphasize her remarks.

Her healthy, tanned cheeks were flushed with disgust and annoyance.

"After all the trouble Helen and I have been to in getting a court made, then to find that he hardly knows a baseball bat from a tennis racquet."

Colonel Simmons lit a cigar, nor did he say anything. When a commander holds the responsibility for fifteen hundred fighting men and half as many refugees, he is hardly likely to view his surroundings with feminine perspective. So he only winked at his young niece, Helen Courtney, and smiled indulgently.

The girl looked at her cousin with a deprecating little frown. "It is not as bad as all that, Dorothy," she protested. "I really thought Captain Dunham made one or two good strokes at least, yesterday." Dorothy shook her head defiantly.

"He missed two out of every three," she declared. "You can't deny it. And to think that I have worn myself to get this detestable ground leveled," she continued disconsolately, staring at the ground before her. Colonel Simmons laughed aloud. The wearing process had consisted of sitting in a cane chair on the veranda, giving directions to a half-dozen half-breeds who had been detailed to assist her. The Colonel's other aide, Major Lawson, had usually found time during the intervals of official duty, to afford the sufferer the benefit of his presence and advice.

But Dorothy intimated rather haughtily that she saw nothing to laugh at. "Since you have brought us down here to these extreme limits of civili-

zation," she admonished her parent, "you might at least encourage our efforts to get *some* little amusement and exercise. And it would be no better, with even croquet," she added pessimistically; "he told me himself that he never had a mallet in his hand. Just think of what a four we might have made if he had only displayed, just respectability. I can't understand why you took him on your staff, papa."

The Colonel blew a cloud of smoke.

"As he happens to know the Mexican border as well or better than any other officer in the army, and has so far proved an excellent aide-de-camp," he said, dryly, "he may have his uses yet."

Dorothy sniffed, and so contemptuously that a little flush rose on Helen Courtney's brow.

"He played back on his regimental polo team," she said, "and at the academy was known to have made the All-American Eleven."

Her cousin's voice was shrill with scorn.

"Polo! Football!" she exclaimed, waving her hand toward the broad expanse of rough mountains in the distance. "Such a lot of good up here, isn't it, where it has taken a week for a dozen men to level one tennis court. Don't be ridiculous, Helen. I tell you that as far as you and I are concerned he is absolutely no good at all. He can't even give a civil answer when one tries to be amusing, least of all to be amusing himself. Oh! He's just a plain mut."

She settled back in her chair with the air of one who has finally clinched an argument in the face of absurd opposition. Finding the unswerving devotion of her official admirer, Major

Lawson, a trifle monotonous, she had turned with some anticipation to educate Captain Dunham's affections. But the experiment had been a total failure. Dunham had made no use of the opportunity considerably left open to him, and in Miss Courtney's presence, indeed, had flushed and stammered like a school boy. As a flirt, it was apparent he had not learned the rudiments.

Her denunciation had carried the girl's voice high above its ordinary levels—so high that it had reached quite distinctly to the man who was climbing the steps of the side entrance to the headquarters building. He halted and his hand went to his face with a quick, nervous gesture. He knew only too well who was the subject of conversation. The blood rose and flushed his tan cheeks.

He sighed, smiled a bit wearily, then resumed his way, and was careful not to let the sound of his footsteps carry to the group on the other side of the veranda. Then returning through the main entrance, he took off his cap with an awkward bow. The Colonel gave him a knowing little nod; Dorothy a rather uncomfortable smile, while Miss Courtney looked at him with very pleasant and kindly eyes, which, unfortunately for himself, he failed to fathom with interest.

"Getting on with that report?" asked Simmons, motioning him to a chair. The young man straightened himself. "It is finished, sir," he said briefly. The Colonel made an exclamation.

"Finished!" he cried. "My goodness! You certainly are a beggar for work. What are you going to do next?"

"Tennis is what he is going to do next," interrupted Miss Courtney. "When Major Lawson comes we are going to take our revenge for the beating of last night."

Dunham glanced at her. "It's awfully good of you," he began, "but the fact is——"

"Oh, we'll give you fifteen," sneered Dorothy, and then being at heart a good-natured girl, she regretted it, as she saw the pain in the soldier's eyes.

"What I meant to say," he began unsteadily, facing his commander, "was that I would appreciate a forty-eight hour's leave of absence. Until the new detachment reports I don't believe there will be much doing."

Amazement was in the Colonel's voice. "Leave! Why, surely, but what on earth do you want to do in only forty-eight hours, around here?"

"Pedro has just brought me word of deer a few miles over," he explained.

"Deer, of course," chuckled Simmons. "I might have known it. Yes—with pleasure, but be careful. Remember greasers are being found everywhere, and it's hell the other side of the line. They are not exactly heroes, you know—that is, some of them—but they might take it into their heads to attack you if they saw the odds were fifty to one. Are you leaving tonight?"

"Not till dawn, sir, and if I have luck I may be back late tomorrow evening."

"Which way?" asked the Colonel.

Dunham pointed southwest, where a mighty peak shone in the afternoon light above the lower ranges.

"I am told they will be found over on the cliffs beyond the Arguello Mission," he answered.

The Colonel nodded—then his daughter broke suddenly into the conversation.

"Arguello Mission," she repeated, and looked round at the man who had strolled quietly up to her side. "Isn't that the ride you promised to take us on tomorrow, Major Lawson?"

The newcomer lifted his cap in a greeting which took in the entire little party.

"Yes," he agreed. "That's it—the Arguello Mission."

"Perhaps, then, we shall meet you coming back, Captain Dunham," said Miss Courtney. "I hope you will have some spoils worth seeing."

He looked at her nervously. Dorothy and her cavalier had begun a conversation which apparently needed no help from the other members of the

party. Dunham leaned forward and spoke eagerly:

"By Pedro's account, they are three-foot horns, Miss Courtney—a head that is not often found. If I should have the luck to secure one, would you accept it?"

For a moment she hesitated. Her father in his time had been a keen hunter, and she fully realized the magnificence of the offer, and so realizing, almost framed her lips for a refusal. But she lifted her eyes and the look on Dunham's face made her catch her breath. He wanted her to accept, she saw—he wanted it badly.

"It's awfully good of you," she said. "I really hate to think of robbing you—but I should love to have it." She rose to her feet a little hastily. "Aren't we going to have that game?" she asked the others. "We don't want your offer of fifteen."

During the next twenty minutes something seemed to have inspired Dunham, for he certainly played as he had never before. He reduced his average of two misses in three to about one in four, with the result that the set actually reached the exciting point of five all, deuce, and then vantage to himself and partner. Lawson returned the last stroke badly—a high lob, just falling over the net.

Dunham swung his racquet for a smash that should have settled matters definitely—smote hard, and—missed!

In spite of herself, a tiny exclamation escaped Helen Courtney. "Oh, dear!" she cried, and Dunham in his mortification read in her voice the anxiety she really felt. The next two strokes were triumphantly won by their adversaries, and he went off to his quarters a miserable man. Several hours later, it is only the bare truth to admit that much of this sense of defeat had been taken from his mind. For with Pedro, his Mexican guide, he was climbing the cliffs of Bonita Mountain, all the ecstasy of the hunter aflame in his heart. The herd, a native had informed him, was within two miles of them, and no warm-blooded human animal finds a place for deeper

emotions when the Nimrod spirit is upon him. The sun rose over the eastern ranges as they approached the summit of the ridge, sucking up the mists that still hung in the coulees. A yard or two below the crown, Pedro paused, looked around and made a gesture that commanded caution. Inch by inch he raised his head above the ledge that hid them from the farther side of the hill. He knelt motionless, staring, not so much as a tremor of his face telling what he saw. At last he drew back and faced his master triumphantly.

"The herd—within a quarter of a mile!" he announced. "The big buck, too—with horns so!" He opened his arms and extended them with an expressive gesticulation. Turning, he began to creep along the shelter of the rock, while with beating heart Dunham followed.

Three hundred yards farther on the guide stopped and unslung the rifle he carried and placed it in his master's hands. "He is at your mercy, Senor," he whispered, confidently.

With all the caution that he had previously learned, Dunham raised his head and his rifle muzzle to clear the screen of rock. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction. Scarcely a hundred and fifty yards away the unsuspecting herd lay in the open. Dams chewed contentedly at their cud; kids frolicked here and there. But Dunham had no eyes for these. His glance was concentrated on the great buck that stood alone, alert in his sentryship over his charges.

Such a head and such splendid horns he had never seen before, only in the most optimistic of dreams. Slowly the sights came home upon a spot three inches behind that mighty shoulder. His finger began to press the trigger. And then with a crash the boulder upon which his left arm rested fell from its place, to roll noisily down the slope. His finger, tense with the strain, closed with a jerk, and the misdirected bullet sped into the herd to find its way into the side of an innocent kid. With a rush the animals were instantly upon

their feet racing for the shelter of the ravine.

As Dunham jerked the empty shell, Pedro, with a yell of despair, urged him to fire again. Sick at heart with a forlorn sense that nothing but a miracle could bring that chance within his reach again, Dunham, aiming far ahead, poised all his hopes on one last snap shot. And then—to his dying day the thrill of it would remain!—the miracle was done. As the echoes of the report sounded from wall to wall of the gorge, the mighty head dipped, the shaggy body lurched forward an uncertain step, and with a thud that sent a hundred pebbles rolling, the great buck was down. Within thirty seconds Pedro was ecstatically measuring the horns from tip to brow, while Dunham examined with increasing joy the wound that had pierced the very center of the heart.

For the next hour his sensations were purely beatific. He sunned himself luxuriously against a boulder, his pipe between his teeth, while Pedro stripped the smoking pelt. That head! It was indeed a gift worth having. And Miss Courtney would appreciate it, too. She would know without being told, just how many inches above record those stupendous horns would reach.

When at last they arose to commence their return journey, Dunham looked at his watch. They were eight miles from headquarters, five from the mission. If he was to meet his friends on their return from the day's ride, there was need to hurry. He decided to make a slight detour by way of the ravine down which the herd had vanished. Chance had been so benignant to him that day that she might possibly throw him across the path of the herd again.

Descending gradually, they gained at last the side of a gorge which ran parallel to that in which the old mission lay. Pedro was leading. Suddenly he halted, slid his burden to the ground and placed his fingers to his lips. Dunham crept up noiselessly to his side. With a hand upon his shoul-

ders the guide gently urged him forward until the two could peer over the ledge which hid the bottom of the ravine. As he looked, the officer's heart gave a great jump, for here again was one of the prizes of a sportsman's desire. A long, lithe body, yellow-striped from crest to tip, was couched lazily upon a sunny terrace, watching a couple of cubs that frolicked at a cave mouth in the shadow of a mighty boulder. He recognized this inhabitant of the Bonita Range, a mammoth leopard with its young.

Instinctively his rifle came to his shoulder, and then to Pedro's amazement came slowly down. Dunham looked around with doubtful eyes.

"They are only a few days old," he remarked softly. "Without her they would die."

The Mexican's eyes grew round.

"But a leopard, Senor, a leopard!" he expostulated.

Dunham looked down a second time. The beautiful beast thrust out a graceful paw and rolled one of the little fellows over gently. The cub bit playfully at the mother's sheathed claws. The picture of happy innocence was too much for Dunham. He shook his head decidedly.

"No," he said quietly; "no—in a couple of months, perhaps, when they can forage for themselves." He finished by making a decisive gesture along the path before them. The guide with a grunt that expressed protest, and not a little of contempt, took up the skin and head and went silently on. Truly, Dunham's ways were beyond a plain man's understanding.

They reached at last a point where the entire Moraga Canyon stretched before them as on a map. The river ran through it, sparkling in the sun, while at the upper edge the jagged cliffs shown gloomily in contrast. Dunham halted and began to fill his pipe, scanning the lower slopes for some glimpse of his friends. Pedro, after carefully depositing his load in the shade, lifted his eyes toward the north, meditating probably on the miles that lay between him and the end of his

toil. A buck's skin and head were no light burdens upon such uneven travel.

He made a sudden exclamation, Dunham turning quickly around. The Mexican seized his arm and pointed to the mass of boulders that filled the gorge at its deepest point. Well aware that his naked sight would miss many things plain to a guide's trained vision, Dunham uncased his glasses. A moment later he, too, made an exclamation. His field glasses revealed the rocks to be swarming with armed men kneeling and squatting. He stared at them a long instant. Greasers! And bent on devilry of some sort. Was he the object of their ambush—or whom?

Dunham believed them a detachment from the ranks of the rebel Martinez, though what they could be doing in this forsaken locality was beyond understanding. He waited a second only for an answer to his previous question. Pedro's hand was upon his sleeve, fingers pointing in an opposite direction. There was no need for his glasses now. Three riders, distinct against the gray crags, were slowly picking their way along the Mission road. Apparently they had been watched on their journey up, and were now going to be trapped on their journey down.

Dunham did not hesitate. He turned quickly to Pedro.

"We must hurry and intercept them!" he cried. "Leave your things here. We must join them and make for the Mission as fast as we can."

The Mexican laughed disdainfully.

"*A Gue Cabron!*" he cried. "Do you avoid the tiger by taking refuge in his lair? There is no safety for us there, Senor!" He made a quick gesture, and followed by Dunham began racing down the slope, flinging words over his shoulder as he ran. "The way lies in the other coulee below us," he cried. "We turn there, go up, and gain the pass at the head. Then, also, there is another way; by the far slope—to the border—to headquarters. But haste is the necessity—haste!" He increased his speed, while Dunham toiling with rifle, brought up the rear.

Ten minutes later there was a crash of falling rubble, and as the two blundered into the center of the gorge, the riders came to a surprised halt. Breathlessly the tale of their lurking peril was unwrapped. The smile with which Lawson had greeted their appearance died from his lips. Immediately he was the cool, alert soldier, alive to their danger and ready to meet it. Dunham noted with somewhat jealous admiration the confidence that shone in Dorothy's face as she observed her lover. Would he ever win a look like that from Helen Courtney, he wondered, little knowing that he had but to raise his glance to receive that, and more. Miss Courtney smiled a somewhat provoked smile. Why was he so diffident?

They listened to what Pedro was saying. He was pointing backward toward the Mission, where a red banner had begun to stream from one of the upper terraces.

"See, Senor, see!" he cried. "A signal! They have seen us and are telling those bandits in the gorge, who will now be hot on our trail." He caught at Dorothy's bridle, and led her horse rapidly forward, running at her side. He gesticulated toward the crown of a little ridge that cut through the valley from ridge to ridge. "Over and beyond them, the way is plain," he told them. "I can point out to the Major Senor a path that will take you over the slopes and across the table-land to the border. They have no horses," indicating the marauders in the gorge. "You will distance them easily."

Helen Courtney gave a little gasp and looked down at Dunham as he trotted doggedly at her side.

"But you," she demanded vehemently, "how will you escape?"

He looked up at her with a grateful little smile.

"Oh, that will be all right," he said gently. "I have my rifle and a revolver for Pedro. We can hold the top of the ridge until you send assistance." He caught Lawson's eye. The other replied with a meaning nod. But Dorothy was not to be deceived.

"No!" she cried. "You won't throw

away your lives to guard our escape. How can two fight against forty or fifty?" she asked, as they reached the smooth rock summit and saw the broad valley before them. Dunham hesitated for a reply, and then glanced up as Pedro snarled a sharp oath in his own tongue. The guide was staring helplessly at the broad expanse of mesa which filled the end of the gorge, and mounted brokenly to the rocks above. An avalanche had covered every inch of the path in acres of earth and gravel.

For a moment, despair held the three men tongue-tied. Then with a curt gesture the Mexican motioned the three riders to dismount. Turning to Dunham he pointed to the ledge above them.

"There is only one hope, *Senor*," he said. "The leopard's cave. You can hold that against hundreds until I get help."

Dunham started, and then made a swift motion of assent. Pedro went on:

"See, *Senor*, we should strike the horses. They will gallop forward and their tracks will deceive those murderers who follow. Until they reach the end of the gorge they will not know how they have been tricked. By then, you and the Major *Senor*, having shot the leopard, will be in the den. I will stay in the rocks until they have gone by, work my way back, and bring aid."

Dunham nodded again—hesitatingly.

"But the leopard, Pedro; she will not be driven from her young, and the shots will be heard."

A frown, very grim and peculiar, grew upon Pedro's face.

"Then we must kill her silently," he answered quietly. He drew forth a long straight-handled Spanish bowie and thrust it into his master's hands. "There is the only way, *Senor*; and there is need to hurry."

Dunham looked from the knife to the guide's steady eyes. He gave a little laugh, then leaned forward and smote the horses on their flanks. With a few quick words he led the others up the ledges to the right. Pedro with a

wave of his hand passed into the wilderness and maze of boulders and was lost to all within an instant. Three minutes later, Dunham's head appeared over the smooth surface which he had stared down from two hours previously.

There was a snarl, a whimper of frightened cubs, and a yellow streak seemed to flash against the dark background of rock, as the huge beast landed in the entrance of her lair. She stood there, fangs bared, stomach pressed low until her offsprings had whisked by into the entrance. Then, with another snarl, she turned and followed them. Dunham, on hands and knees, crept into the black side of the cliff. At the threshold he paused. Two green, phosphoric spots of light flashed at him at the cave's end some twenty paces away. Lawson's voice came from behind him loud in expostulation, telling him to wait until they could attack side by side.

Dunham did not move or look around, but over his shoulder he fiercely ordered his companion to stay away.

"This is one man's work!" he cried grimly. "Where would the women be if we are both mauled? Get back—get back!"

He heard a click of pebbles as Lawson hesitated, and at the sound sternly gripped his knife and started forward. The animal gave a wrathful scream and leaped up to meet his attack. The same instant almost he felt a smashing blow upon his shoulder. Sprawled between the great paws, his face was swept by the now heaving chest, and he felt the hot breath upon his cheek. With all the power of his well trained muscles he brought the knife home, straight to the heart. Then came another snarl, this time as if a heavy weight was straining his lungs, almost beyond endurance. The great body contracted, stilled itself through one brief instant, and then broke into all activity with the dying struggle. Pebbles flew from wall to wall; spasms of the unconscious body brought the brute's claws upon Dunham's body again and again. Finally, with a last

quivering heave, the panting chest was stilled and the grinning head fell back. Lawson, crawling into the cave, found the body of Dunham as motionless as the striped carcass beside him, in which the long knife was still sheathed.

Some time later a shot awoke Dunham from his hour of unconsciousness. He blinked in the dim light, and it seemed to him that a vision of Helen Courtney's face, the eyes strangely bright, slid back into the rim of shadow around him. And his own cheeks were wet, as if water had been dropping on them—perhaps from the roof.

He began to distinguish things more clearly. Kneeling on each side of him were the two girls, while against the light across the opening Lawson lay prone, the rifle at his shoulder, his glance straight in front of him. Dunham, struggling a little, sat up, wincing at the throbbing pains that came to his arms and chest.

A cool, soft hand grasped his wrist. Helen's voice broke the silence. "You must lie down—you have been badly hurt. Lie down at once!" she insisted. He looked at her somewhat bewilderingly.

"Have they found us—are they attacking?" he cried.

She nodded.

"Yes. Major Lawson shot two of them. They are sheltered below and fighting from cover. Pedro should bring help soon——"

She stopped, faltering. He gazed at her anxiously.

"Soon!" he repeated. "Soon! Lawson can hold an opening like that for hours!"

She shook her head doubtfully.

"They are making a shield of driftwood, the Major says, from the river," she answered. "When they get it done they will probably rush—and there must be a hundred of them," she added with a little sob.

For a few moments Dunham lay still meditating, and frowns wrinkling his forehead. Then he put the girl's hand firmly aside, and in spite of her remonstrances, tottered to his knees. He

crept slowly to the mouth of the cave and lay down at his companion's shoulder. To Lawson's questions he made no answer. He peered keenly to each side at the ledge above. Then he gave a sigh of relief and pointed upwards with his unwounded arm.

"I thought I remembered it," he exclaimed, and Lawson, following the direction of his hand, saw the boulder on the slope above them, shadowing the mouth of the cave.

"There is our door," whispered Dunham. "Pull away that rubble," he went on, pointing to the rocks at the boulder's base, "and we are going to close it. A thousand men would not dare to reopen it while a rifle is pointed from behind.

Lawson saw and understood, swearing softly below his breath.

"All very well," he agreed. "Stir it from its place and it will close the cave mouth; but the man who does it will be under fire from fifty rifles or more, and probably leave his remains outside."

He glanced around as he finished speaking, and his eyes were grimly significant. The sight of Dunham's face made him gasp. His friend was smiling contentedly to himself. He was no longer scanning the boulder in front, but had turned and his gaze was seeking Helen Courtney through the gloom. The next moment, after squeezing Lawson's hand, he was outside the cave, stumbling weakly up the slope and plucking desperately at the pebbles that kept the hanging fragment in place. The bullets were raining around him before Lawson had recovered from his surprise. For an instant indecision held him motionless. Was his duty out there, or must he lie helpless for the women's sake and see his comrade sacrifice himself? No; the last thought was more than prudence could ask of any man. He leaped to his feet, and in a moment was at Dunham's side.

At the same instant the great stone started. Glancing up, Lawson saw its crown bend against the sky. With a warning, he touched Dunham's sleeve. But a greater messenger and more im-

petuous, was before him. A bullet thudded into Dunham's side and he fell like a smitten tree before the storm—inert and lifeless upon his comrade—smiting both of them into the cave mouth as the boulder sank with a sickening crash across the daylight, wrapping all in impenetrable gloom.

* * * *

The man who tottered down the veranda steps, leaning upon Colonel Simmons' arm, was far from the appearance of a soldier who had climbed the cliffs of Bonita Mountain some six weeks prior. Dunham's face was haggard and white, his clothing hung loose upon a wasted body. The Colonel helped him carefully to a chair.

"Pedro is crazy to see you," he said. "I don't believe he has left headquarters once since they brought you back from that cave on a stretcher."

Dunham glanced up as the Mexican came forward round the corner of the building, carrying in his arms the great buck head, the skin set up by the hands of a trained taxidermist, its yellow eyes shining from the shaggy head. Dunham gave a cry of pleasure.

"I had quite forgotten it," he exclaimed, while Pedro stood apart from them, grinning in anxious delight.

"Some one else hasn't, then," answered Simmons, with a smile. "Helen claims it—says you promised it to her. From what you said, too, while delirious, I rather believe you did."

Dunham flushed.

"She—she helped nurse me, did she?" he stammered.

"Certainly. Until a trained nurse arrived both the girls did, for there was no one else. It did them good, too; kept them out of mischief."

Dunham looked peculiarly uncomfortable.

"I dare say I raved somewhat," he faltered. "Did—did I talk a lot of nonsense?"

Colonel Simmons picked up a cigar and glanced meditatively at his aide.

"I don't believe you said anything we didn't know before," he said judiciously. "But if you like, ask Helen. Here she comes now." He rose as he spoke, saying to the Mexican, "Pedro, let's see that leopard's skin in the smoking room." They both vanished.

Miss Courtney did not notice at first who was sitting on the veranda. Unconsciously, she strolled on, her eyes downcast. As they lifted, and lit on him, the color flooded to her face. She came forward and greeted him eagerly.

"It's good to see you out at last," she cried, then smiled happily as she noticed the great head upon the table.

"There is your prize which I tried to claim while you have been helpless these long weeks."

Stumbling to his feet, he stood looking at her, his hand upon his chair. A passion uncontrollable flamed in his heart—a reckless impulse to test his fate then and there.

"It is yours—it has been from the moment I got it," he said unsteadily. "But I want a gift in return."

She gave a little start, glanced at him and then was silent.

"A gift?" she asked gently.

"Yes—your heart," he murmured.

Her eyes raised slowly to his. His arm was about her, and for a long instant their lips were pressed together. She clung to him with a contented little sigh.

"Foolish!" she whispered. "Can I give what was given so long ago?"



Left Overs

By Linda Stevens Almond

THEODORA BURNHAM was slipping past the first flush of youth. Her earnest, dark eyes, set in a rather serious, delicately moulded face, held a wistful shade of expectancy, as though she were vaguely stirred by the loneliness of her life, and yet ever hopeful that something would happen to change her colorless existence. She was a stenographer in the office of Kipp & Leeds, Contractors and Builders, and those two gentlemen regarding Theodora as the most capable and conscientious person ever to come under their employ, accorded her more privileges than was their custom to give their office folk. The extra privileges consisted of more time for lunch and permitting her to leave earlier in the afternoons.

At the lunch hour one particular day Theodora decided to forego her rusk and hot chocolate lunch and indulge in belated Christmas shopping. Her shopping, however, turned out to be a rather incongruous pursuit. She moved hither and thither, stopped at a counter, gazed at cases gayly decked to attract the passerby, and mingled listlessly among the chattering crowds. Finally, she halted at the handkerchief counter, and after much looking-over purchased two linen handkerchiefs. Then she went to the picture postcards, and edged in between a woman burdened with bundles of various shapes and sizes, and a fat man who was vainly endeavoring to attract the attention of a blonde salesgirl who was telling another black-earringed salesgirl that she, for one, would thank the Lord when the Christmas rush was over.

After carefully examining a vast variety of cards, Theodora selected six. Her shopping was then completed, and it had consisted of two handkerchiefs and a half dozen cards, but they had been chosen with as much care as though they had been rare water colors or delicate bits of ivory. As she turned away she saw that the black-earringed salesgirl while languidly polishing her nails across her palm, was at last bending a semblance of attention upon the fat gentleman.

Suddenly, and without the slightest intention, she found herself among the toys. Toys were as foreign to Theodora Burnham as *pate de fois gras*. But with a whimsical sort of a smile growing about her eyes and lips, she stopped at a counter to watch a pleasant-faced youth demonstrate a dancing doll, and she became wholly absorbed in the interesting spectacle.

She was unconscious of the length of time she stood there, but when she did rouse herself to move away, she met the eyes of a tall, slim, sagged-shouldered man on the opposite of the counter. He raised his hat and nodded and Theodora nodded back. He was a fellow-boarder at Mrs. Merkle's boarding house. He was still young, but he looked old, and there was a hint of defeat and cynicism in the haggard lines of his face and in the depths of his keen, kindly eyes.

To Theodora's intense surprise, she saw that he was coming around to her side.

"It's funny," he said, "how at this season we unwittingly get back to the beginning."

Theodora smiled. "I got here un-awares."

"So did I," he rejoined.

"There is a curious fascination," she murmured.

"And it's Christmas Eve," said he.

"Are you going home?" she queried, totally oblivious to the fact that she had asked an intimate sort of a question.

"No," he answered. "Are you?"

"No," she replied.

For a moment they were reflectively silent.

"We are the left-overs at Mrs. Merkle's," Theodora suddenly observed, and she emitted a mirthless sort of a laugh.

"Left overs?" he mused. Then, quite abruptly he squared his sagged shoulders. "Say, Miss Burnham, let's make the best of it."

A smile flitted across her face. It was a mixture of gratitude and irony.

"I have always been doing that, making the best of it," and he caught a tinge of bitterness in her tone.

"So have I," said he.

Suddenly they measured each other with newly awakened interest.

"Want one?" broke in the voice of the smiling youth, jerking his head towards the mechanical doll.

Theodora and the man, and two round-eyed children, were remaining spectators.

Theodora nodded negatively.

"Don't you?" the doll was held up before the man.

He shook his head, but there was visible hesitancy in the movement. Theodora wondered if he was wishing he had some one to buy the doll for.

"Unique thing, isn't it?" he commented.

"What will they get up next?" from Theodora. "I had a bisque doll when I was a little girl, and it reposed from Christmas to Christmas on the piano in a cold parlor, and for an enthralling short while on Christmas day I was permitted to hold the wonder in my arms. Now——"

"This is a different age. My little girl——" he stopped abruptly, and a shade of sudden, sensitive pain crossed his countenance.

"You are married?" she said in a low voice, intended rather to communicate the fact to herself than to ask the question.

"I——"

A brisk young woman, conveying a swarm of children through Toyland, swooped upon them, and drowned his words.

"You know then the pleasure of buying these things for some one." Her gaze swept the gala surroundings with the unconcealed wistfulness of a denied joy.

"I knew," he harshly replied, "but I have tried to forget. It was——"

"Don't!" She almost reached to touch his arm, and instantly conscious of her near-act, a faint pink flooded her face. "I did not intend to be personal. I don't want you to tell me what has brought such a change in your life, for I know instinctively there has been a change from better to worse and it has left you bitter. But don't try to forget the things that were sweet and human. I never even had the chance to buy a doll."

"You have had trouble, too?" It was not Theodora's words, but the low, wistful tone that prompted the query.

"Yes," she replied, with a perceptible effort to quiet the tremor in her voice. "But it's over, and I am not the least bit bitter any longer. I am only always dreadfully disturbed and sorry for those who are forced to suffer."

"Why, I never suspected——" he broke in, regarding her with sudden kindred interest.

"But I knew you had had trouble," Theodora pursued. "I have watched you ever since you came in September. I knew the days when you were saddest. I was glad when you laughed at old Mrs. Pfeiffer's stale jokes."

"Really?" A glimmer grew in his eyes.

A new crowd had gathered. The dolls were again being demonstrated. Side by side they moved on, looking at things, scarcely seeing, conscious of a new, pleasant warmth within their beings. They had been so alone, so willfully willing themselves alone,

thrusting aside every well intentioned intimacy on the part of Mrs. Merkle's genial boarders, that the unexpected yielding to a breath of friendliness held them sort of spellbound.

Suddenly, with a little startled exclamation, Theodora touched the man's arm—a very slight, fleeting touch it was, and looking down into her perturbed face, he broke into a short, amused laugh.

"What on earth?" he demanded.

"Why, I had forgotten all about getting back to the office!" she exclaimed.

And before he could reply, she had darted through the crowd completely out of his sight.

But late that afternoon, when she stepped from the big office building on to the sidewalk thronged with Christmas pedestrians, the man unexpectedly joined her and took up the thread of conversation of the early afternoon as though they had not separated. So they became a part of the cheery crowd. Festive windows caught their attention, and they stopped frequently to view the dazzling displays. Street vendors thrust holly wreaths, boughs of green, bits of mistletoe, toys, towards them. Sometimes they laughed—not knowing precisely why—and a sweet sense of pleasure possessed both of them. A light snow had begun to fall, and the street lights shone like great, glittering jewels through the soft blur. Suddenly before their eyes loomed a "movie" theatre.

"Let's go in," he suggested. "It's not so late, and what if it is? It's Christmas Eve."

"Oh, I'm sure I'd love to go in." She uttered a little laugh of pleasure. "I am really having a beautiful time, and I feel like the old woman in Mother Goose who said: 'Lak a-mercy, can this be I!' Besides, I shouldn't care at all if I missed Mrs. Merkle's dinner. It's roast lamb night, and I detest it."

"Same here," he said, in a strangely elated voice as they moved towards the window to purchase tickets.

A festive sort of an air seemed to permeate the dim interior of the theatre. People laughed if you bumped

against them, and a jolly faced man holding a holly branch was kept busy begging pardons for the sudden pricks his Christmas greens inflicted. So amidst good natured jostling they finally found two seats together and prepared to pick up the thread of the picture. It was a simple story, but sufficiently entertaining for the occasion. Theodora, thoroughly enjoying it, found herself making comments, telling of various things in connection with moving pictures, before she discovered that her companion was not entering the conversation. And after a bit, she too became silent, and it seemed that the festive air and the good feeling that had so strangely and suddenly descended upon them as suddenly and strangely departed, leaving a curious chill.

"I am ready to go if you are," she suggested when a new picture flashed upon the screen.

"All right," he said, and they rose and wedged their way as quickly as possible through the throng pouring in.

Outside she sent him a furtive glance. She saw that his face was pale and his eyes held an expression of dull pain. What had happened? What had changed him? she wondered. Had she, inadvertently, made a remark to wound him? Had he seen some one in the Arcade—the person, perhaps, who had brought the shadow in his life? But no, it was impossible to distinguish faces in that dimly lighted place. Then what had thrown the sudden chill of reserve over his buoyant spirits? Should she ask? Would she be presuming on their brief intimacy? And all at once she felt bitter against the strange fate which had brought a breath of sunshine to her dull life, and so suddenly snatched it away. She had actually been foolish enough to vision Christmas day with his companionship. She had pictured a walk in the late afternoon, out to the square, where they could listen to the chimes of the old church nearby, and forget for awhile that a shadow had darkened their lives. But of course, she had been perfectly absurd to in-

dulge in such fine fancies—such was not intended for her, and she tilted her shoulders and pressed her lips in a resolute line.

"I have spoiled our lark," he suddenly observed. "I am sorry."

She looked up at him, frankly, startled to hear his voice, so deep was she in her reflection.

"I suppose it is only fair that I should explain to you why I have acted so peculiarly," he went on, leaning slightly towards her in the darkness.

"You needn't," she replied, quite conscious of the quality of coldness in her tone.

"But I want to," he quickly rejoined. "And the strange part, my sudden depression wasn't because I cared at all. I simply had a shock, but the shock served a splendid purpose. My senses are restored, and I am perfectly convinced that I do not care a particle. All the while I have been laboring under the dread that I could not bear to see her, afraid to see her, and yet I have gone, gone incessantly, hoping that I would, hoping that I wouldn't, and never until today——"

"What—just what are you talking about?" She gave him her direct gaze, and in spite of the gravity of his tone and manner, her eyes held the faintest tinge of amusement.

Suddenly it occurred to him how incoherent his explanation must have been.

"I mean," he resumed, "I saw on the screen the woman who was my wife. Sounds melodramatic, doesn't it? Well, we are divorced. She ran off to do this thing, and I am quite convinced if she hadn't left me for that, it would have been for something else. So it's just as well," and the short laugh he emitted held no bitterness. "There is one more thing. We had a little girl, but she died soon after her mother went away. She was never very strong," he softly added, "so perhaps it was just as well that she did not live."

They walked along, unhurrying, in the hurrying crowd, quite silent until they reached Mrs. Merkle's unostenta-

tious boarding house.

"Sounds stagey to you," he abruptly commented as he fitted the key in the lock.

"No, it doesn't," she assured him, and she swiftly reflected that her trouble seemed almost trivial before the vastness of the man's ordeal.

Suddenly she said: "I think I told you this afternoon that we were left overs."

"So you did," he replied, turning to scan her countenance. He saw that her lips were slightly twitching, that the color had left her cheeks.

"A long while ago," came her low, tremulous voice, "almost on the eve of my marriage, I was jilted. It nearly broke my heart and I wanted to die."

The key for the fraction of a second remained in the lock. Then he turned, caught both her trembling hands in his, and a sudden thrill leaped simultaneously through their bodies.

"There's a homely old adage about misery loving company," he said. "Anyway, I'm deucedly glad we bumped into each other in that toy department."

Theodora could think of no reply. An agitation of sudden shyness had seized her.

The colored servant was lighting the gas in the hall.

"Christmasin', I s'pose," she remarked, taking advantage of the privileges of the season.

The man nodded. Theodora smiled abstractedly into the girl's genial face. A moment later she darted up the staircase. When she came down to dinner he was in the dining room, and to her intense astonishment he was demonstrating a dancing doll to the wide-eyed and hugely entertained servant girl.

"I went back and bought one afterwards," he explained, and there was something irresistibly boyish in his voice and manner. "Couldn't resist it to save my life. Funny how such truck fascinates one."

"Cunning," Theodora said. Then: "Carrie, where are the Merkles?"

"Oh, I clean forgot; Mis' Merkle she

tole me to say Nancy, her and Mr. Merkle was invited out, an' fer you all to make yourselves at home, though she didn't prepare much dinner tonight as long as you was the only ones, and tomorrow was Christmas, an' she knew me an' cook'd 'preciate gettin' off early. I'se cold roast," Carrie ended with a gasp.

"Left overs," Theodora could not refrain from saying, and she met his twinkling eyes over the dancing doll, which he was winding up again.

"I think," he observed, "I'll hang this terpsichorean lady on Nancy Merkle's Christmas tree."

"Her tree's goin' to be plum full," Carrie declared. "Better give it to me, Mr. Rogers, for my lil' sister."

"Take it, you beggar," laughed the man, thrusting the doll towards Carrie. "And as far as Miss Burnham and I are concerned, you and cook can take a speedy departure. Cold roast does not appeal to us tonight."

Across the table Theodora stood, studying the delighted Carrie with the dancing doll in her brown hands. It was several seconds before she met his kindly, keen eyes.

"Will you go out for a Christmas eve dinner, Miss Burnham?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," demurely answered Theodora.

"Then do hurry and get ready, for I am literally starved," said he.

"It won't take me a minute to get on my things," trilled Theodora.

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE

Where stark and shattered walls
Mourn desolate to the sky,
He buildeth me a home,
And well doth fortify.

The sweeping scythes play near
And shrill about my head:
I look into His eyes
That smile away my dread.

And when with faltering feet
I thread the perilous trench,
His print the clay before
And shame me if I blench.

If nerve and spirit yield
Before the grim demands,
New power is in the touch
Of His transfigured hands.

The thousand barbarous tongues
Of war may round me brawl;
His love within my heart
Sings louder than them all.

O edgeless armament!
O empty jeopardy!
While He, my Comrade, walks
The stricken fields with me.



A typical southwestern mining camp.

By Motor From Los Angeles to Kansas City

By Georgie Noble Brunaugh

INVITED by friends to join them on a transcontinental trip, my thoughts flew across country to the "old home." I visioned going from one familiar town to another in 30 minutes, recalling weary hours spent as a child driving behind the old family horse "Jerry," taking three to five hours making eighteen miles owing to bad roads for which the Middle West at that time was noted. Hence the joy I anticipated viewing old well-known places like "Salt Fork," the "Halfway House" and "Walnut Hill" from a motor car.

I accepted the invitation with eagerness, although not unmindful that we would have many difficulties on a trip covering over 2,000 miles.

At 9:30 a. m. on Wednesday, September 13, 1916, undaunted by the date, we, a party of seven in two mo-

tors, started off amid goodbyes and hand-wavings. Our course took us eastward over perfect boulevards for which California is noted, through orange and lemon groves which cannot be equaled anywhere else in the world. At noon we had reached San Bernardino, a distance of 75 miles, where we were presented with boxes of choice fruits, which we particularly enjoyed later on in the desert. More goodbyes, and again we started, this time realizing we were leaving boulevards and tropical California behind us.

Night brought us to Barstow, our first desert town, with nothing of special interest excepting Fred Harvey's beautiful hotel. At five o'clock next morning we started on our long journey through the Mohave Desert to Needles, 165 miles. For hours we



Cyanide gold tanks of a mine on the edge of the desert.

drove without a sign of human habitation; not a bird or living thing could be seen. It was a positive relief at times to see a section house and occasionally a Santa Fe train in the distance. It was necessary to keep in the beaten track. Mr. W—, who drove his own car, gave undivided attention to the steering, but notwithstanding our front wheels decided without any warning to take a little detour of their own. We were stuck fast in this deep sand! We signaled wildly to our friends in the other car, who were ahead, to come to our assistance. By this time the heat was intense, but we had the satisfaction of knowing sunstrokes do not occur in the desert. We knew also that one cannot live two hours without water, but we were plentifully supplied with canteens and desert water bags.

After examining our car, we found we had broken front bearing of sub-shaft in transmission, which put first speed and reverse gears out of service. With the aid of ropes, with which we had supplied ourselves for emergencies, our car was tied to the other one. In the effort to tow us out they sheared key of driving pinion. At that time

I could not speak the auto language as fluently as I can now, so did not realize the enormity of the accident. Then here we were—two disabled cars “somewhere” in the Mojave Desert! The men of both cars “got out and got under” while they worked and sweated and swore. We women stood in the hot, burning sand with umbrellas over us, trying to find a bunch of sage brush big enough to keep the sun off our feet. After several weary hours help came—two cars from opposite directions. The men were cheerfully willing, and finally our car got out by using second speed gear. Then the entire party was stored in with us, as the disabled car had to be left in the desert while we went on 14 miles for assistance.

The damaged car was left in charge of the young chauffeur, a lad of seventeen, who drove the entire distance. The fact that he was to be left in the midst of this great desert for several hours did not daunt him in the least. He regarded the episode as one of the features of the trip. With a gun, although there was absolutely nothing to shoot (not even a lizard could be seen), plenty to eat, drink and read,



Ferry landing, opposite the Needles, Colorado River, Arizona.

he put in the time comfortably despite the heat. As our car was somewhat crippled, too, we made poor progress to the little town of Ludlow.

The men secured mechanics and went back to make repairs, but found they were not properly equipped, so had to tow the car down in the dry bed of a lake, out of sight of the main road, for fear it might be stripped of its possessions. In the meantime we had settled ourselves in two cottages, where we were surprised to find a bath and comforts scarcely expected in this little railroad town of 200 people. Little did we care that we were in the rear of the barber shop, for the barber proved interesting and reminiscent of life in the desert.

Next morning the men again left for the disabled car, and after working for two days in excessive heat, came in ready for the trip. We were now four days on our way, and not yet out of California—a bit discouraging. Finally, on Saturday morning, we started, traveling again through the slippery, shifting sands and the intense heat. We hailed with delight, about noon, a small clump of trees

surrounding a Santa Fe section house. They were a few miles out of our way, but the cool, refreshing shade appealed to us just then as nothing else could do. A short rest for lunch, which we always carried with us, and on we went over that unbroken stretch of sand, on and on and on for 90 miles. It is impossible to picture the fearful beauty of this desert. You can but ask what has this land lived through, stupendous in its desolation, sublime in its awfulness. It mystifies and dumfounds as you gaze across the miles and miles of sand and sagebrush, the mountains always in the distance.

Night brought us to Needles, which we had heard was the hottest place in California. We had been told that people slept in wet sheets in their effort to keep cool. Fortunately, the weather had changed, and we spent a comfortable night in Fred Harvey's wonderful hotel, "El Garces." (These hotels along the Santa Fe are indeed oases in the desert.)

As we walked through the streets that evening, watching the people who were listening to the Hawaiian band in the Plaza, we could almost fancy



Grand viewpoint, overlooking the Grand Canyon.

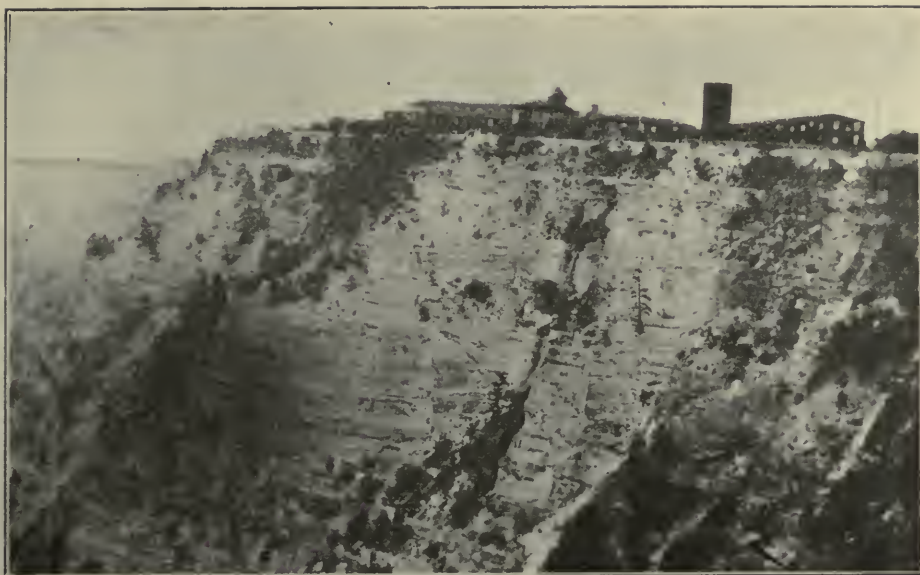
we were in an alien land, as there was a motley gathering of Indians, Mexicans, Filipinos, with Americans mixed in. These were the first Indians we had seen. Their embroidered head-dress, their short skirts and long aprons and brilliant colored shawls hanging gracefully over their shoulders, their leggins (made of the fibre of the famous Yucca plant) made a vivid bit of color.

We had been advised that it was the better way to cross the Colorado river on a barge at this point rather than use the bridge 12 miles below, then detour about 50 miles, owing to very bad roads. When we drove down to the bank early next morning and saw the size of the aforesaid barge which was to carry two heavily loaded seven-passenger cars across, I must admit we had some qualms as to our safety, but we were assured there was no danger. The river is very beautiful just here, and as we went slowly across, the view on the Arizona side was indeed refreshing to us after our monotonous ride through the desert. After landing safely and securing some splendid pictures, we drove for

several hours through picturesquely wooded lanes.

About noon we arrived at the famous mining camp of Oatman. After a visit to a nearby garage (we rarely slighted garages, so necessary were they to our welfare), we gave only a hurried glance to this wonderful camp that has sprung up like a mushroom, and where fortunes are made and lost in a day. We drove on with some hesitancy, warned of a precipitous grade that we had to make on our way to Gold Roads.

When we were only about half-way up this frightful climb, endeavoring to calm our fears (this speech applies only to the women, for men who are driving over such dizzy heights have no time to view the scenery) the car ahead of us came to a dead stop! It was so ominous at such a critical part of the road, we knew that something of import had happened. Again that pesky little key had been sheared! The women in each car climbed out, preferring to walk down the grade than to be backed down in the cars, as there was no turning around on these mountainous roads. We knew that



El Tovar Hotel, on a magnificent site overlooking the Grand Canyon, Arizona.

car had to be taken back to Oatman, a distance of five miles.

We disliked going back to towns passed through, for the loafers and loungers always laughed sardonically, as much as to say "I expected it," "I told you so." Now it was our opportunity to return the favor extended to us in the desert. I could spend hours telling of that experience. Ludicrous now as I recall it, it was nothing short of a tragedy at the time. While our car had no key to shear, we had an engine that had served us faithfully all these miles, and we did hate to think of the additional weight we were going to put on her. (I do not know why "she" was applied to the engines—the expression "she's boiling" was heard so many times on the high grades when "she" was given all the water necessary.) We were tied together, and the awful pull began. When about half-way up the first elevation the rope broke—the disabled car went backwards down the hill! But the young man at the wheel had use of brakes and landed safely where we had started. Our rope broken, we were certainly in a dilemma. At this moment a fellow autoist came up and

offered to secure heavier rope for us, and to help us pull the car up the steep hill. With all three tied together (I was one of three put in the empty car for "ballast") we at last reached Oatman. We were compelled to remain until the next day for needed repairs. (I will add here that any motorist is in the hands of unskilled and unscrupulous mechanics. The subsequent accident we attributed to imperfect adjustments of the car at this place.) We again made the best of our delay, and found an unusually good hotel filled with wealthy mine owners and their families, all of whom proved interesting.

After a comfortable night we had courage once more to attempt that steep grade, this time getting over it without incident. A wonderful drive that day brought us to Flagstaff, rich in interest. From this point one finds access to remarkable ancient ruins. This little town lies at the base of the San Francisco Mountains, on which the snow is seen nearly all the year. The wonderfully pure atmosphere of this region and the continuous clear weather gave Flagstaff the Lowell Observatory.



In the Glorietta Mountains, between Santa Fe and Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The next morning we started for the Grand Canyon about 100 miles from the Santa Fe trail, taking us through beautiful forests of pine trees that would rival in height, if not in diameter, the big trees of California. When one passes through Arizona on the Santa Fe railroad he little realizes the wonders of these forests. The air is sweet and delicious with the pungent odor of the pines. If the roads had not been rocky and a steady up-grade, one could have imagined he was riding through portions of northern Michigan. I marveled in going over these roads how the cars held together, why every bolt was not shaken loose. If some philanthropist would but build a real highway across the continent, leaving it as a memorial for the benefit of future motorists! This trip could be taken with all comfort with certain equipments, were it not for the miserable roads encountered at many places. We reached the Canyon about 4:30 p. m., giving us ample time to view the sunset and the marvelous after-glow. The beauty and sublimity of this wondrous place have often been described. This chaotic gorge is 217

miles long, 9 to 13 miles wide, and midway more than 6,000 feet below the level of the plateau. It is one of the few advertised places where descriptions are inadequate. It has been wonderfully painted by landscape artists. Some one has said, "An inferno swathed in soft, celestial fires." At first one is not impressed with detail; he is overpowered by the ensemble of a stupendous picture, a thousand square miles in extent. The ride on horseback down the trail to the Colorado river is a bit strenuous, but rich in experience.

Our stay was all too short, but we made many resolutions to go again and stay indefinitely. The beauty and comfort of El Tovar Hotel is well known to the tourist. We made 138 miles that day, and found many good stretches of road, regretting that our time was too limited to take a side trip to the "Painted Desert," which we could see in the distance. During the afternoon we drove through a portion of the Petrified Forests. We picked up many fine specimens, not only petrified, but crystalized as well. These trees are supposed to be Sequoias of



One of the famous gold mines in San Bernardino, California.

the same ancient family as the California groves. It takes one of these trees from six to ten thousand years to come to its full growth; then fancy the time consumed to produce petrification!

We spent the night at Winslow, and, as we were leaving next morning a young man, about eighteen, dressed in khaki, blanket rolled scout fashion over his shoulder, his canteen swung at his side, asked me for a ride.

We cheerfully took him in, as we had plenty of room. He was a well educated, refined young fellow, evidently unaccustomed to tramping over the country, but hiking from Los Angeles to New York "for fun," although he was well supplied with travelers' checks.

We found him an acquisition to our party, proving a help to Mr. W. about the car, as he was a good mechanic. Mr. W. invited him to drive with us all the way to Kansas City. We were surprised one night to learn that he was a finished musician, playing classical selections with perfect style and technique. A few days later he left us, as we were detained, and he was eager to push on, hoping to

reach New York before cold weather began.

Our next stop brought us to Albuquerque, a prosperous, thriving city of 15,000, half Americans and half Mexicans. Here is another fine Harvey hotel, the Alvarado, striking in architecture and luxuriously furnished. A special feature here is the fine collection of Indian relics in Hopi-Navajo, Zuni, Apache, Pima and Mexican treasures, well worthy the study of ethnologists. We left the next morning, knowing we must go over the famous and dreaded La Bajada Hill, in which we were to go up 900 feet in one mile. We had been warned of sharp and precipitous turns, but our good chauffeurs made it without accident.

We stopped on the summit for luncheon—we could scarcely call it a picnic ground, as there was not a tree in sight, but we had an admirable view of the valley through which we had just passed. We reached Santa Fe about 2 o'clock, and as Las Vegas was to be our stopping place that night, we had only time for hurried trips to special points of interest. The San Miguel Church, over 300 years old, is always open to the tourist, and the old



Mojave Desert. Resting in the shade of the motor cars, "128 degrees in the shade."

padre who opens the door and is slipped a piece of silver becomes communicative at once. The Old State House is where Lew Wallace wrote much of "Ben Hur."

In driving around the Plaza I noticed two Mexicans in high-crowned, wide-brimmed sombreros leaning against a doorway, smoking cigarettes, cowboys in flannel shirts with vivid bandanas around their throats, an Indian wrapped in his blanket, and Indian women in gorgeous colors, making a picture one cannot forget—color, color everywhere.

The Ancient Cliff Dwellings can be seen a few miles from Santa Fe. From this old historic town we hastened away with regrets. We passed through so many interesting villages, of the Pueblo tribes, that can only be seen by driving, as they are many miles from the railroads. Strings of red Chili peppers, like garlands of huge red corals, hung around the cornices and window ledges, adding a brilliant touch of color to the sun-baked adobe walls. The round ovens out of doors illustrated their method of cooking.

About sundown an accident happened to our car, which delayed us an hour, compelling us to make 25 miles

over mountain roads after night-fall, while we kept the gong going continuously. It was a hard, treacherous drive for Mr. W., and we welcomed the lights of Las Vegas when they came into view. It was our first and only drive after night-fall. Las Vegas, like all these New Mexico towns, teems with interest. We could see but little of old Las Vegas as we passed hurriedly through to the more modern east portion of the town, where we found a quaint little hotel, kept by a pretty, dark-eyed Spanish woman whose voice was sweet and musical, and whose manner indicated she belonged to things past. We had an early start the next morning, and expected to make Raton that night, but alas! the plans of men and motor cars frequently go awry. When we were about seven miles from a little town called Wagon Mound (which we had not deigned to notice as we passed through), one of our cars had another serious accident, breaking the rear axle housing. We managed to get the car back to this little town, where we were told that it could be welded together.

We unpacked and went to a nearby hotel, knowing this meant another long delay. The only mechanic in



Kingman, Arizona, lying in the hollow of a valley.

the town who could do the work began, and labored continuously until midnight, promising he would have the car ready the next day. In the morning we learned he was seriously ill, the doctor advising us he could not leave his bed. So we possessed our souls with patience and waited his recovery. The next day he worked faithfully, and the following morning we started once more, not with regrets, but realizing we had met many interesting "types" during our stay in this little, out-of-the-way place. We reached Raton about ten o'clock, only to find the housing again broken in two, so all this time and money were wasted, for we had to wire East and secure a new housing. Another wait of ten days, but we were thoroughly schooled in patience by this time. We found the Seaberg Hotel modern and comfortable, but grew very tired of the meals at nearby cafes, as there was no Harvey eating place at Raton. We used our car each day, and had many beautiful drives, picnicking one day on a mountain-top, cooking chickens, baking potatoes and relishing them as only tourists can who are pining for home-cooked food. The scenery was truly wonderful, the foliage

so gorgeous, the mountain-sides looked like huge impressionist pictures. The county fair was in progress, where we saw many novel sights and realized a county fair in New Mexico is quite different from one in the Middle West.

The Carnegie Library furnished us with reading matter. We were told by the gracious librarian that Raton, while a railroad town, possessed much culture. I believed this when I noticed in their little evening paper that one of the women's clubs was reading and discussing the poetry and plays of Rabindranath Tagore. We were much impressed all the way by the number of women motorists. We met two women, mother and daughter, driving a Buick Six, who had gone over the Lincoln Highway from Chicago to San Francisco, down the coast to Los Angeles, and had reached Raton on the way back to Chicago via the Santa Fe Trail. They had met with many adventures, but nothing daunted them. They, too, had been the victims of exorbitant prices at different garages for unsatisfactory work. The daughter, who was driving, told us they had the temerity to go over La Bajada Hill with a broken spring. When asked why they did not get it repaired be-

fore they started on such a perilous climb, she answered: "Oh, mother wouldn't wait." We could not but admire their daring and optimistic spirit.

Finally we bade good-bye to Raton and started over the famous Raton Pass, going up 9,000 feet, the highest altitude reached on the entire trip. The first few miles were continuous, thrilling hair-pin curves, but at this stage of the game we were no longer nervous, and allowed ourselves to drink in the wonderful beauty around us. After reaching the summit with Pike's Peak in the distance, we seemed to go on the rim of the mountain all the way to Trinidad, a distance of 25 miles. We agreed it was the most beautiful drive on the entire trip, a wonderful road wide enough to pass another car at any point with perfect safety, and built by the convicts of the State.

Trinidad is a clean, pretty city of 10,000 inhabitants. After a stop for oil and water, we hurried on, eager to make up for so much lost time. Then, too, we were anxious to get out of the mountains before we encountered rain, which we had escaped through the entire trip. Mountain driving in the rain should be avoided by motorists, as it is most dangerous. The day's ride through the corner of Colorado was as uninteresting and arid as the desert. We had our first tire trouble that day, spending the night at Los Animas, famous for having been the home of Kit Carson, "The Rocky Ford," and "The Honey Dew" melons.

The following night we were at Dodge City, only a step to Kansas City, 500 miles. The next day we enjoyed seeing farms, trees and rivers, all pleasing to us after many miles of prairie.

It seemed to us so "homey" to have something fenced in. The slick, well-fed horses and cows were good to look at. The cattle out West seemed so starved and sad-eyed when I saw

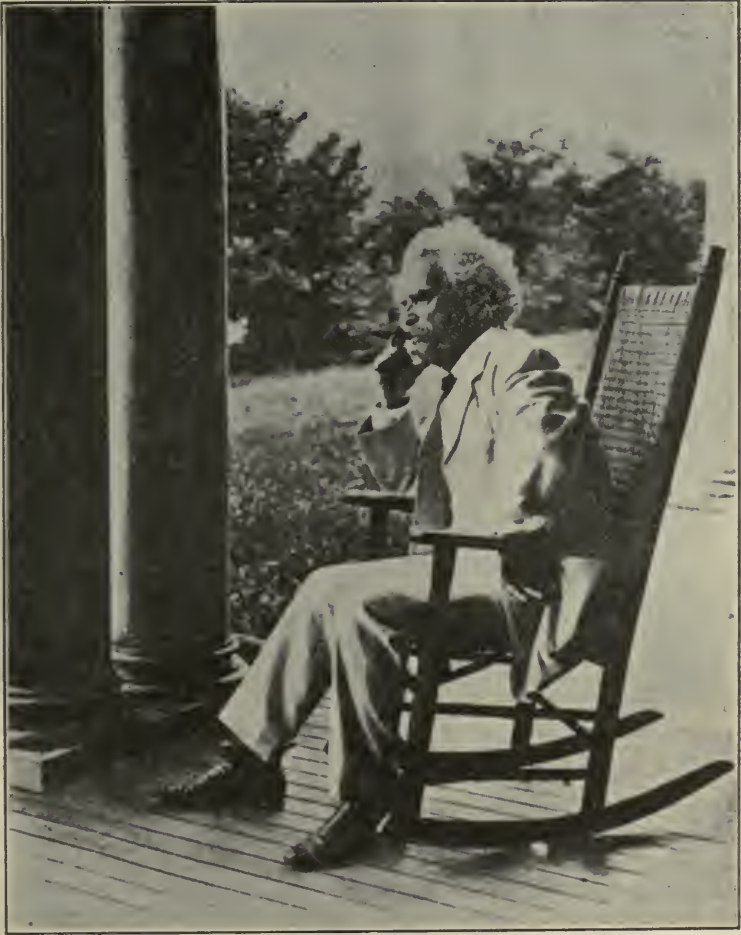
them grazing on those dry, sun-baked ranges, and with no water (so far as I could see.) We all agreed the apple orchards of Kansas were just as beautiful as the orange groves of California.

Our last night was spent in a little town called Edgerton, where we had the most primitive accommodations on the entire trip. But we were so weary, having traveled over 200 miles that day—beds of down were not necessary: anything was acceptable. A pretty ride next morning brought us into Kansas City. We found it raining, the first we had encountered. While we rejoiced that we had safely reached the end of our journey we could not but contrast the dirt, grime and smoke with our beautiful and beloved Los Angeles.

The time consumed for the trip covered a period of 30 days, owing to numerous accidents. It could easily be made in fifteen. While we drove many days from 6:30 a. m. to 7 p. m., we were in no sense exhausted. The clear skies and the life-giving atmosphere through Arizona and New Mexico prevented any feeling of lassitude or weariness, which a motorist usually feels after a twelve hours' drive. While accommodations at many of our stopping places were crude, we suffered no real inconveniences or discomforts. I would cheerfully take the return trip by motor, but would select the Lincoln Highway for a change.

For the benefit of those who are planning such a trip I give the following from the diary of one of the men in the party, which conveys an idea of the expense of running a car each day: The amount of gasoline consumed was 130 gallons. We paid from 19 cents to 40 cents per gallon, which made an average of 33 cents per gallon for the trip. We got 15 7-17 miles to the gallon, traveling a total of 2,132 miles from Los Angeles to Kansas City.





Mark Twain on the veranda of his home.

Mark Twain's Printer Days

By Edgar White

ONE of the old writers cited some of the most famous funny men of his time, who he said were all graduates of the type-case. Among them were "Mrs. Partington" (B. P. Shillaber), Mortimer H. Thompson ("Doesticks"), Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward"), "Nasby,"

"M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press, and "Mark Twain" (Samuel L. Clemens.)

To the present generation "Mark Twain" is the best known. The men who worked with him in "The Union" office at Hannibal a short while before he went on the river as a pilot never



The old frame building, center, is the shell of Squire John M. Clemens' Justice's Court.

had the remotest idea that Sam would ever set the world on fire as a printer or anything else. Jimmie Tisdale, one of the chums, when asked his opinion of young Sam, blurted out: "I thought he was a darn fool."

But you can never tell. In later years Jimmie amended his opinion and was proud to greet the "darn fool" when he came to Hannibal.

Most of the old white-haired "hand-set" men of Missouri claimed to have "set type with Mark Twain at Hannibal." The late Major Frank M. Daulton of Rector, Arkansas, and Alex Lacey, of Colorado, claimed that distinction of right. Major Daulton's association with Sam was so close that when the humorist left Hannibal and trod into the Hall of Fame he sent a complimentary copy of every new book he wrote to his old comrade of the case. But Major Daulton wasn't an admirer of Clemens' style of writing. He said he read his books, but somehow they

didn't appeal to him. It may be that we are inclined to judge more critically the work of those well known to us, if other parties have first approved it. Certain it is that Hannibal was slower than almost any other place in awarding to its former townsman a niche in the H. of F. "A man is not without honor save in his own country," must be true. But things have changed in recent years. Some "live wires" at Hannibal have been boosting the town as the home of Mark Twain in his printer days, and they have started a nation-wide pilgrimage that never stops.

The old printing office building on Main street has changed in no respect, save a coat or two of paint may have been added. Orion, Sam's brother, ran his little weekly paper on the second floor. The shop was reached by a narrow flight of stairs, on one side. Here Alex Lacey worked for Orion Clemens a while before he went to Macon and



Publication office of the Hannibal Union. In the second story Mark Twain worked as a printer.
—From a recent photo of the building.

started a paper there. Lacey said what he remembered most about Sam was that he could get more ink on his face and arms for the amount of work he did than any other man in the shop.

"Sam worked in all departments, just like all country printers of that day," said Lacey, "but he took most interest, it seemed to me, in setting little pieces 'out of his head,' compose his items at the case without copy. These were generally of a humorous nature concerning people about town. They would cause some little talk, but it was before the era of humor in journalism, and it mostly went over the people's heads. Some thought it an evidence of an unsound or erratic mind. Nobody called it genius. Hannibal then never dreamed it had within its hum-drum limits a printer boy destined to walk arm-in-arm with kings and potentates."

Watermelons, pumpkins, potatoes and cordwood were legal tender at the

Union office on subscriptions or for anything else. One day a big watermelon came in, which Orion, knowing his brother's fondness for such products, gave to him. Sam hid it away in a closet until along in the afternoon, when he took it over to the front window, got out his knife and prepared to enjoy the fruits of a six-months' subscription. Jimmie Tisdale told me the story this way:

"I was walking down Main street, and happening to look up I saw Sam sitting in an upstairs window with his watermelon. Presently John Meredith came along, walking leisurely. When he was directly under Sam's window I heard a squash. Gee! A bomb couldn't have scared John worse. He looked like he had been doused in a tub of blood. What he said for the next several minutes nobody could understand. I looked at the window again, but there was nobody there. Sam had spoiled a perfectly good melon, but he got more

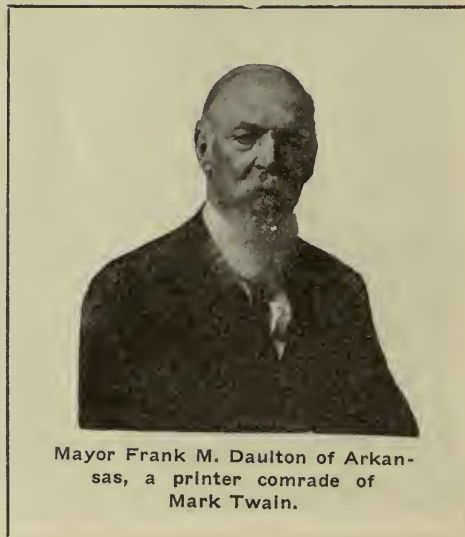


The Mark Twain statue overlooking the Mississippi River at Hannibal, Missouri.

fun out of it than by eating it."

"There was a journeyman printer worked with us a while," related Mr. Lacey. "'The Skipper,' they called him. He was quite a booze fighter, and always hard up for a dime. In a

doctor's office not far from the print-shop was a skeleton. One night Sam 'borrowed' the skeleton, and, sneaking up to 'The Skipper's' room, tucked it in bed with him. Then he told us about it, and about dawn we went around to a window where we could peep in at a window and see how 'The



Mayor Frank M. Daulton of Arkansas, a printer comrade of Mark Twain.

Skipper' liked his bedfellow. We supposed he would yell and come charging out of the room, and then sign the pledge. But he didn't do anything like that. He yawned, threw his arms about and landed on the skeleton's skull. That did startle him a bit, but when he pulled the cover off the thing he smiled with delight. He wasn't a bit scared. About 10 o'clock word came to the printing office for some one to come over and go on 'The Skipper's' bond if we wanted him out of jail. They said he had been arrested for stealing Dr. Jones' skeleton and pawning it for booze."

THE UNFADING

Life writes a thousand tales in every heart,
 But one by one they dim as fade the years;
 Alone remains when writ with faithful art,
 Love's story, bright though time brings joy or tears!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Thus Spake Zarathustra---About Conscience---IV

By Charles Hancock Forster

I TALKED to a man, to-day, whose two sons left professorships in the University of California to enter the training camp for officers at the Presidio. They are now serving their country as first lieutenants at American Lake. The father had been an ardent pacifist, but seemed to be experiencing a change of heart. He had been reading two of my articles that appeared in the August and September issues of the *Overland Monthly*, and in the course of the conversation he said that while the average intelligent American was aware, in a general way, that a certain philosophy of life had molded the conscience and character of German militarism, yet very few had acquainted themselves with the actual teachings of this philosophy. We both agreed that every effort should be made, in a popular way, to bring the mind of America directly into touch with the sinister and blasphemous paganism that lurks in the background of the German conscience. There ought to be a cross on the flags of the Allies. We are fighting to show that the Sermon on the Mount is the best code to go by. If we lose, a new paganism will commence to have its way in the world.

The happenings which have, of late, shocked the world, and upset our notions concerning the security of modern civilization, are the outcome of notions that entered into the world half a century ago. Any one, who cares to read German literature, as far back as the seventies, will find many books that are a splendid intellectual accompaniment to the barbarities of nineteen

hundred and fourteen. It is high time for the average American reader to make it his serious business to know something of this dangerous philosophy that is influencing modern life at every turn of the road. There is too great a spirit of hesitating scepticism regarding the righteousness of our cause, and we are prone to indulge in meditation while we are sharpening our scabbard, wondering whether the enemy is as bad as some have painted him. The trouble is that so many of us have to be hit before we realize. A superabundance of physical pleasures and comforts have softened us and made us selfish, and it has become difficult for us to feel pain unless it is our pain. The more terrible the reports of the barbarities and the suffering, the more are we inclined to regard them as just newspaper talk based upon biased reports. We do not think that we have any business meddling in European affairs, because we see no imminent danger of having our beef-steaks and our appetites taken away from us by force. If the people see fit to annihilate themselves in the old world it is not the business of the peace-loving, well-fed citizens of the new world to mix in the insane melee and get hurt. We would be more than willing to fight the Prussian if he attempted to burn the barn and throw a bomb down the chimney, because then, of course, we couldn't help ourselves, but seeing it is our innocent neighbor's barn and chimney it is wise to mind our own business. When our neighbor comes to us with his broken-hearted wife, and the shattered, lifeless forms

of his babies, and tells us of his brave sons who lost their lives in fighting for their home and loved ones, we show a little sympathy, but we coolly inform him that we cannot help until we know just what the fight is about.

There are those who repudiate and ridicule the claim that the writing of Friedrich Nietzsche made possible the ruthless conduct of the German military machine. We are told that the writings of this philosopher were never popular, and received very little notice in Germany. Such talk is the result either of pro-German prejudice or ignorance of facts. Here is the truth of the matter. In Germany the works of the philosopher have passed through more than forty editions. This does not take into consideration the works of his followers and the many thousands of articles and reviews that have appeared. His teachings have had a very strong and very evident influence upon German literature and life. Many dramas have been written under the spell of his philosophy. The phrases, such as "The Will to Power," that have become common property since the war began, were coined by Nietzsche. The influence of this man upon German life and character is one of the plainest facts in the history of modern times.

So when we desire to discover the source from which Germany derived its idea of conscience, a conscience that can regard a sacred treaty as a scrap of paper, and that can overthrow the moral law for its own convenience, all we need to do is to get Nietzsche's book on Conscience, published, I think, in the seventies, and we will discover where the Prussian found his religion and his working creed.

Nietzsche claimed that, in the beginning, the State manufactured a conception of conscience suited to its own self-preservation, and if ever the existing standard of conscience proves itself to be subversive to the higher interests of The State, then The State can make a new conscience better suited to its purposes. No theory of conscience can adapt itself so well to

modern militarism as this one, and we can see how useful it has been to Germany in carrying out this war. It has been her greatest weapon, and it will be used with greater latitude when she becomes desperate. If her scientists can discover some new and terrible instrument of destruction she will use it to the limit of awfulness.

I will trace, as briefly and simply as possible, Nietzsche's theory of how there came to be such a thing as conscience, and the reader will see at once how this ingenious idea has been adopted, and acted upon, by the Prussian militarists. Conscience first came into existence, we are told, when the free, roving savages, who lived entirely to themselves, bound themselves together into a rude form of society. They ceased to be a law unto themselves as soon as they realized their obligation to this clan or tribe. Thus there was developed within them the thing we call conscience, which is merely a strong sense of regard, often born of fear, for the laws and customs of organized society. As the forms of human society developed and became more highly organized, their laws and customs became more complex, and conscience came to mean more than it did in the simpler forms of society. Following this line of reasoning, Nietzsche taught that there are no standards of conscience to govern the relationships between separate and hostile tribes, for conscience is a thing within a given tribe, made by the tribe for its own self-preservation.

Thus the constant effort of organized forms of society, of States, has been to mold man into a creature of conscience by bringing him to recognize his obligation to the body politic. The history of this effort, as cited by the philosopher, is a long and cruel road. In primitive days, when men were just entering the new and restricted life under organizations of their own making, they found it necessary to use cruelty and torture; and terrible ritualistic practices to make men recognize their obligation to The State.

This seemingly harmless piece of

theorizing led a certain class of German intellectuals to a very ingenious concusion. It was just what the Pan-Germanist needed. They looked at their fighting equipment and the warrior forces at their command. They had been biting at stones to keep their teeth sharp long enough. They had been shaking the imaginary life out of an old boot until they were sick of it. A theory of conscience, manufactured out of convention morality, and Christian ethics, did much to restrict them to this harmless exercise. But at last came a new philosophy of life, a new theory about conscience. It taught that The State is supreme—the maker and the master of conscience—the originator of moral standards. If ever

an existing standard of conscience should become a menace to The State, if it should get in the way of expansion and supremacy, it must be relegated to the rubbish heap.

Thus we can plainly see how a philosophy of life, regarded for a time as a harmless theory, has subverted all moral values and undermined our long established standards of conscience. If a nation has the power to overcome it has the right to be a law unto itself. Between States there is no moral law. This doctrine, which considers it the right of might to defy all existing laws and opinions, is the true religion of German militarism, and it first found its voice in the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche.

THE GREAT GUNS OF ENGLAND

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
 To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their throats and smile;
 But the old woods are fallen
 For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
 They will come back some springtime with the warm winds and the rain,
 For Nature guardeth her children
 Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;
 It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
 She shall bring back her children
 And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never cease to flow,
 He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-winds blow,
 He shall always weep for his widows,
 And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,
 Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
 When he slaughtered a little people
 To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on
 With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,
 For ages and ages of years
 Till the last star is gone.

DUNSANY.

Her Secret Shrine

By Belle Willey Gue

CLEMENTINE entered a part of the old adobe building which is not often closely inspected because its interior is dark and forbidding, having no light except that admitted by the small, deep doorway at one end of its narrow length. To her the way was plain, for she had spent twenty years of her life among the ruins of San Diego de Alcala, the first of the twenty-one missions that marked the beginning of civilization in California. Her young, light-hearted mother, of whose fair face she had no memory, had brought her there in her caressing arms, and her first knowledge of the world had been of the overwhelming sorrow and loneliness which had shadowed the life of her father until its close.

On this sunny Sunday morning she had stood beside the simple marble slab that bore the names of both her parents, at the edge of the old burial ground consecrated in 1769. But, first, she had knelt, just at dawn, before the sacred image which had been revered by devout Spaniards more than 200 years before, at the altar in the old chapel, and prayed for the repose of their souls.

Now, having been left in charge of the mission, she felt free to visit her secret shrine. Climbing over the rude fireplace, she put her strong, slim arms around one of the stout beams of the ceiling and drew herself up to the little seat she had constructed out of rough boards. Here she settled down with her small hands clasped about her knees and gave herself up to radiant as well as anxious memories.

How straight and tall and handsome He had looked, on that other morning when, for the first time, he

had appeared to her, his military figure outlined against the light-colored wall that he was facing. She had been sitting in this same place, just as now, only unawakened. On that morning, for the first time in years, she had clambered up to the niche containing the sacred relics, the various parts of the silver incense service, heavy and ornate with splendid hand-made floral and filigree work, the existence of which was known only to herself. She had found them on one of her childish exploring expeditions, and had guarded them with care ever since. Peeping through the cracks between the boards that had covered for many years the front upper window of the old mission, she had seen him turn and found that his becoming cap had shaded a refined and, it seemed to her, a noble countenance. The blush that had suffused her face was but the signal of the mysterious and awe-inspiring fluttering of her virgin heart.

Then, remembering her duty, she had hastily descended, passed through the back-door of the more modern building and appeared upon the upper porch just as the automobile, containing the rest of his party had made the steep grade leading from the main road to the top of the hill crowned by the old mission.

She did not know what a dainty and demure picture she had made in her neat, white dress and with her abundant dark hair gathered into one big braid reaching far below her slender waist. Her only thought had been of Him as he removed his cap, displaying the soft and clinging golden curls that covered his well-shaped head.

How handsome he had looked as



The entrance to the old mission vaults.

he stood there holding the rope of the old mission bell at the gate in his hand, and tugging away at it with boyish glee, while the other young man and the two stylishly dressed women were smilingly watching him. Her voice had shook a wee bit as she had called stiffly down to him:

"You may enter."

She had heard him speak for the first time as she opened the door to admit the party.

"I am so glad," he had said, "that some one is here, for I do want to get hold of the rope of the wishing bell. There are several things that I long to have, and as you doubtless know," his direct gaze had met hers. "that is the sure way to get what you want."

"We can't all have our wishes fulfilled, Dick," demurred one of his companions. "If I wished one thing and you wished exactly the opposite one would balance the other, don't you think?"

"No, Adah, not at all," he had answered; "you and I wouldn't make such wishes; anyway, I hope not."

Then Clementine had softly intoned the history which she had been reciting to chance comers for years, only the old keepsakes and images and

pictures had all seemed to be so different that morning. He had taken such an interest in each item, and had asked her several questions, which she had replied to, timidly. When they had all gone into the old chapel he had knelt for a minute or so before the altar and Clementine had marked the spot and never failed thereafter to kneel in exactly the same place. Then she had directed them to go down the stairs and into the yard filled with broken walls and ruined rooms, never doubting that the darkness would protect the one secret that she possessed. He had lingered behind the others to pay her the small fee required for admission, and as he placed the money in her hands his fingers had clung for an instant to hers as he told her that he wanted to thank her for being there and to ask her to help all she could to make his wish come true.

Then he ran ahead of the rest, calling out: "I want to make the first wish so as not to get it mixed with the others."

She had heard the girl called "Adah" chiding him gently:

"The idea, Dick," she had scolded, "of you asking that little mouse to help your wish along! As if she would



A solemn niche in the old adobe structure.

be buried here if she could make wishes materialize!"

"She looks so sweet and good," she had heard him answer, "that she might influence the fates, it seems to me."

Each word that she had heard him say had been engraved indelibly on her mind, and, as she recalled them, she had a mental picture of the speaker and of the changing expressions, and happy smiles that accompanied them. At about the same time on each Sunday morning after that she had seen him. What a delight it had been to her to listen for the steady trotting of His horse upon El Camino Real! Sometimes she would muse and reflect that never had a more knightly presence than his passed along the King's Highway. Sometimes he would dismount and slip the bridle-rein over his arm, and they would walk among the giant cacti and gallant old palms. Once they stopped beside a well used by the holy fathers, but long covered from sight. He raised the boards and peered into the dark, dank depths, but she held back, trembling, and begged him not to risk his life by leaning over the crumbling edge. Sometimes he would tie his horse beneath one of the old pepper trees and come inside the

gate with her. Then they would wander about among the ruins, and many were the wishes that they two had made by aid of the far-famed bell.

It was after their friendship had ripened into love that she entrusted to him her one great secret. It happened upon a rare and rainy day. His horse had come splashing along, and he had worn an army riding slicker which flapped and whipped about him as he came striding up to the gate. They stood within the deep doorway for shelter, and she, with her new-born love and trust, coaxed him to climb up with her to where the sacred relics rested.

"I wonder what these are worth," he had said as he lifted them. "A lot of money, I believe, being so old and so beautiful, and so heavy."

She had trembled a little because of his lack of reverence, but she reflected that his first youth had been spent amid different surroundings than these, and anything that he chose to do seemed nearly right to her. And on this day of days, with the gentle California rain falling like a benediction on the trees and flowers outside their quiet retreat, they built plans for their future together.

"When I am out of the army,

Honey," he told her, "I will make a nest for you outside in the great world, and we will be happy."

It had seemed to her that all her life before had but prepared her for this great joy—to love and be beloved. Then, two weeks before, he came to her—disheveled and weary, with a desperate and hunted look in his wide, hazel eyes. He told her he was in danger—that he must not be found.

"You must not think that I am wicked, little girl," he admonished her; "it will all be cleared up, sometime, and I will be exonerated from the charge against me, but it is best for me to lie low for a while, and I can't think of any better place than here, near you."

With what joy she had ministered to his wants! How thrilling had been the hours she had spent with him! Slipping out of the house after the family were all asleep, sometimes, she had taken to him what would make him comfortable. She had helped him to fashion a hiding place within the mouth of the tunnel kept by the monks as a protection against Indians, but long covered over with rubbish. Fervent were the prayers she offered up for his safety. Her heart was fearful for him, and yet throbbingly happy because he had put his whole trust in her.

And now she could not find him, and her soul was torn with anxiety. Yesterday he had been waiting in the dark for her, and today he was gone. As soon as she had been at liberty, that morning, she searched for him. She even called his name, softly and endearingly, but had received no answer. She listened, now, with keen solicitude to each new sound outside.

Then she heard the beat of horses' hoofs on the road at the foot of the hill. Her pulses raced madly, hoping that he had reinstated himself and was now coming back free and unafraid. One horse and rider mounted the hill, and she recognized the man as the intimate friend of her lover. And with him? How anxiously she watched and waited until the second

horse came into view! The rider was a stranger to Clementine.

"Yes," declared Dick's whilom chum, "this will be a good place to post one. I came here with him once, and he has been here since then. He might even be in hiding right here among these ruins. It would be like him to be making love to the girl who lives here."

"All right," assented his companion; "let's put up a notice. Lots of people come to see the old mission. Some of them might recognize him."

"It's a pity that Dick is in so bad. I myself believe that he stole the ring."

"Well," explained the other, "if he did it was all on account of Adah. He sure was altogether gone on her, and would have done almost anything to please her."

"One thing is certain," commented the first speaker, "Dick's eternally disgraced now, unless he comes back and gives himself up and takes his punishment like a man. I wonder how the woman in the case takes it."

"Oh," replied his companion, "she doesn't care. She told me that Dick is a crook and ought to be serving time right now."

"Rather heartless, but that is what a man gets for mixing up with that kind of women."

"Well, anyway, we wouldn't report him. The \$300 would be blood money to us. Dick was a good loser. I hope he'll pull through, somehow."

Clementine blessed him for the words and trembled as she wondered what the paper they had left on the old wall could be.

In her own heart she would not admit that the man referred to by the soldiers could be the one she loved until after they had gone and she had rushed out and looked upon the pictured face the paper bore. Then with quick-drawn breath and staring eyes she saw that it was he. There was a front and a side view of the face that she adored, and his name and the charge. "Desertion and larceny," and the reward offered for his return by



Where the old padres took their daily walks.

the United States government.

A terrible calamity had come upon her. She tore the poster down, not knowing that she had no right to do so. Like a wounded creature she crept away, clasping the resemblance to his face close to her breast.

There was but one place for her to

go. Her secret shrine would keep her sorrow for her as it had kept her joy. She swiftly found the well known way, and, shaken by wild weeping, was soon kneeling before the rude bench where his arms had once enfolded her, her long, wind-blown hair about her like a cloud.

Then starting up, she hastily scrambled to the hidden niche, for she felt that she must actually touch the holy relics, believing that thus strength might be given to her, for she was in sore need of help.

But she had not yet reached the depths, for as her supplicating hands sought to touch the incense service, she found that the niche was empty! The holy relics had been taken from the place in which they had rested for so many years! Who had dared to remove them? Who? Then the full import of the horrible truth came down upon her. She had entrusted her secret to one who had been unworthy, and now she must bear her just punishment. She remembered his question as to the probable value of what was beyond all price to her. She remembered the charge upon this dreadful paper that she was still clutching in her hand. She remembered the words of his former companion: "I believe that he stole the ring," and he had done this for the other woman. She had been his innocent tool. But no, she was not innocent. She had confided to one who had no right to know a secret she should have guarded with her life. She could not find it in her heart to censure him. She took the sin upon herself and contritely she crouched before the empty shrine and prayed for him.

In the solitude and semi-darkness surrounding her, and overcome with deep emotion she had cried aloud and fallen in a little heap of agony and dread. She had not known before that sorrow walks hand in hand with

love. Then, as if from another world, she heard a voice above her saying:

"Little girl, I know I am not fit to touch the hem of your garment, but it breaks my heart to see you suffer so. I am going to tell you the whole truth and let you decide what our future is to be. What you read on the paper you tore down is all true. What you heard the boys say of me is also true; the crime of which you now suspect me, I am guilty of. I took the service and crept out through the old tunnel to the end of it in the side of the abandoned well. You did not see what I saw the day we looked inside it—that the tunnel ended a little below the top of the well. I meant to go away and sell the service. I did not realize what all this would mean to you. I see it now.

"I found that I could not leave without a good-bye from you, and I thought you would not know about the service because you so seldom looked at it. I meant to make a place for you in the world and come back for you. Believe me, I do love you and I do respect your faith in God, although I know very little of any religion. I want you to say what I am to do. Will you believe in me and help me by your love and faith if I turn in and take what is waiting for me at the Fort?"

Wonderingly, as if returning from the place of death, she pushed back her heavy hair and watched him put the incense service in its place.

As he stopped beside her she clasped his knees and leaned her head against him while she whispered:

"I love you. I believe in you."



The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Mystery Hid from Ages and Generations Now Made Manifest
to His Saints

Part VIII

THE Bible throughout declares that God's Purpose with reference to humanity has been a mystery to all except His people. To these the assurance is, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His Covenant (Plan.)" (Psalm 25:14.) At His First Advent, Jesus said to His immediate followers: "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matthew 13:11.) However, the Bible further affirms that the time is approaching when the mystery will be finished—when there will be a grand unveiling of the Plan of God before the eyes of all creation; that when the appropriate time comes, the knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the whole earth, etc. (Isaiah 40:5; 11:9.) But for that time the world still waits and continues to grope on in darkness.

While mankind have been under the discipline of evil and unable to understand its necessity, God has repeatedly expressed His purpose to restore and bless them through a coming Deliverer. But who that Deliverer should be was a mystery to all for four thousand years; and it began to be revealed clearly only after the resurrection of Christ, in the beginning of the Gospel Age.

Looking back to the time when life and Edenic happiness were forfeited by our first parents, we see them under the just penalty of sin—filled with sorrow and without a ray of hope, except that drawn from the obscure

statement that the Seed of the woman should bruise the Serpent's head. (Genesis 3:15.) Though in the light of subsequent developments this is full of significance to us, to them it was but a glimmering light. Nearly two thousand years rolled by with no evidence of its fulfillment.

Abraham's Seed to Bless all Nations.

About two thousand years after man's fall, God called Abraham and promised him that his offspring should be the means of blessing all the families of the earth. (Genesis 12:3.) This looked as if God was about to fulfill His previously expressed purpose. Time sped on. Abraham and Sarah had no offspring, and they were growing old. He reasoned that he must help God to fulfill the promise; so Ishmael was born. But Abraham's assistance was not needed; for in DUE TIME Isaac was born, the child of promise. Then it seemed that the promised ruler and blessing of nations had come. But no! Years rolled by, and seemingly God's promise had failed; for Isaac died, and also his heir, Jacob. But the faith of a few still held firmly to the promise, and was sustained by God; for "the Covenant which He made with Abraham" was assured by God's "oath unto Isaac, and confirmed to Jacob . . . and to Israel for an everlasting Covenant."—1 Chronicles 16:16, 17.

When at Jacob's death his descendants were first called THE TWELVE

TRIBES OF ISRAEL, and recognized of God as a chosen nation (Gen. 49:28, Deut. 26:5), the expectation that this nation, as the promised seed of Abraham, should possess Canaan, and rule and bless the world, seemed to be on the eve of realization; for already under the favor of Egypt they were becoming a strong nation. But hope was almost blasted, and the promise almost forgotten when the Egyptians, having gained control of them, held them as slaves for a long period.

Truly, God's promises were shrouded in mystery, and His ways seemed past finding out. However, in due time came Moses, a great deliverer, by whose hand God led them out of bondage, working mighty miracles on their behalf. Before entering Canaan, this great deliverer died; but as the Lord's mouthpiece he declared, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me." (Acts 3:22; Deut. 18-15.) This gave a further insight into God's Plan, showing not only that their nation as a whole would be in some way associated with the future work of ruling and blessing, but that one selected from among them would lead to victory and to the fulfillment of the promise.

The Mystery Begins to Unfold.

Then Joshua, whose name signifies deliverer, saviour, became their leader, and under him they won great victories, and actually entered the land promised in the Covenant. Surely then it seemed that the true leader had come, and that the promise was about to have fulfillment. But Joshua died; and as a nation they made no headway until David and Solomon were given them as kings. There they reached the zenith of their glory. But soon, instead of seeing the Abrahamic promise accomplished, they became tributary to other nations. Some held fast to the promise, however, and still looked for the great deliverer, of whom Moses, Joshua, David and Solomon were only types.

About the time when Jesus was born, all men were in expectation of Messiah, the coming King of Israel and of the world. But Israel's hope of the glory and honor of their coming King, inspired as it was by the types and the prophecies of His greatness and power, caused them to overlook another set of types and prophecies, which pointed to a work of suffering and death, as a Ransom for sinners, necessary before the blessing could come. This was prefigured in the Passover before they were delivered from Egypt, and in the slaying of the animals at the giving of the Law Covenant, and in the Atonement sacrifices performed annually by the priesthood. (Heb. 9:11-20; 10:8-18.) They overlooked, too, the statement of the Prophets, "who testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." (1 Peter 1:11; Luke 24:25-27.) Hence when Jesus came as a Sacrifice, they did not recognize Him. They "knew not the time of their visitation." Even His immediate followers were sorely perplexed when He died. (Luke 24:21.) They failed to see that the death of their Leader was a surety for the New Covenant under which the blessings were to come, a partial fulfillment of the Covenant of Promise.

However, when they found that He had risen from the tomb, their withered hopes began to revive; and when He was about to leave them they asked concerning their long-cherished and oft-deferred hope, saying, "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the Kingdom to Israel?" That their hopes were in the main correct, though they might not know the time of fulfillment, is evident from our Lord's reply: "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put into His own power."—Acts 1:6, 7.

"What turn has God's Plan now taken?" must have been their query when Jesus had ascended; for we remember that our Lord's teachings concerning the Kingdom were principally in parables and dark sayings. (Matt.

13:9-17; John 16:12, 13; 14:26.) So they could not understand until the Pentecostal blessing came. Even then it was some time before they got a clear understanding of the work being done and of its relation to the original Covenant. (Acts 11:9; Gal. 2:2, 12, 14.) However, it would seem that even before they fully understood they were used as the mouthpieces of God; and their inspired words were probably clearer and deeper expressions of Truth than they themselves fully comprehended. For instance, note the statement of St. James before the conference of the Church gathered at Jerusalem. He began to read in God's providences—in the sending of the Gospel through St. Peter to the first Gentile convert, and through St. Paul to the Gentiles in general, that during this Age believing Jews and Gentiles were to be alike favored. Then he looked up the prophecies, and found it so written—that after the work of this Gospel Age is completed, then the promises to Fleshly Israel will be fulfilled. (Acts 15:13-17.) Thus gradually the great Mystery, so long hidden, began to be understood by a few—the saints, the special friends of God. St. Paul declares (Col. 1:27) that this "Mystery which hath been hid from ages and generations, but now made manifest to His saints," is

"Christ in You, the Hope of Glory."

This great Mystery, hidden from all previous ages, is still hidden from all except a special class—the saints, or consecrated believers. But what is meant by "Christ in you"?—We have learned that Jesus was anointed with a Divine power, or influence, termed the Holy Spirit (Acts 10:38); and thus we recognize Him to be the Christ—the Anointed—for the word CHRIST signifies ANOINTED. The Apostle John says that the anointing which we, the Church, have received abides in us. (1 John 2:27.) The one true Church mentioned by our Lord and the Apostles is made up of con-

secrated believers in Christ, of every and any nationality, regardless of whether or not they have had membership in human church systems. As St. Paul declares, they are those whose names are written in Heaven. (Heb. 12:22.) Such saintly ones have been scattered here and there in all of the great systems of Christendom. Let it therefore be seen that the saints of this Gospel Age are an anointed company—anointed to be kings and priests unto God; and together with Jesus their Lord they constitute Jehovah's Anointed—The Christ.—2 Cor. 1:21; 1 Peter 2:9; Rev. 1:6.

In harmony with St. John's teaching that we also are anointed, St. Paul assures us that this Mystery, which has been kept secret in ages past, but which is now made known to the Saints, is that THE CHRIST (The Anointed) is "not one member, but many," just as the human body is one and has many members; but as all the members of the body, being many, are one body, so also The Anointed—The Christ. (1 Cor. 12:12-28.) Jesus is anointed to be the Head or Lord over the Church, which is His Body (or His Bride, as expressed in another figure—Eph. 5:25-30); and unitedly they constitute the promised SEED, the great Deliverer—"If ye be Christ's then are ye Abraham's SEED, and heirs according to the promise."—Galatians 3:8, 16, 29.

The Church are All One in Christ.

Our oneness with the Lord Jesus as members of The Christ, the Anointed Company, is well illustrated by the figure of the pyramid. The topstone is a perfect pyramid of itself. Other stones may be built up under it; and, if these are in harmony with all the characteristic lines of the topstone, the whole mass will be a perfect pyramid. How beautifully this represents our position as members of "The Seed," "The Christ"! Joined to our Head and perfectly in harmony with Him, we as living stones are perfect; separated from Him we are nothing.

Jesus the Perfect One has been highly exalted; and now we present ourselves to Him that we may be formed and shaped according to His example, and that we may be built up as a building of God. In an ordinary building there is no CHIEF cornerstone; but in our building there is One Chief Corner-stone, the Topstone, as it is written. (1 Peter 2:4-6.) And very soon, we trust, the union between Jesus the Head and the Church which is His Body will be complete.

And, dearly beloved, many blows and much polishing must we endure—much transforming must we undergo and much conforming to His example, under the direction of the great Master Builder; and in order to have the ability and the ideality of the Builder displayed in us, we shall need to see that we have no cross-grained will of our own to oppose and thwart the accomplishment of His will in us. We must be very childlike and humble—"clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." Let us humble ourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt us in due time as He has exalted our Head and Fore-runner.—1 Peter 5:5, 6; Phil. 2:8, 9.

Necessity for Keeping the Mystery Hidden.

There has existed a necessity for keeping the Mystery hidden; else it would not have been so kept. It was necessary, because to have revealed the Plan in full to mankind would have been to frustrate it. Had men known, they would not have crucified either the Lord or Glory or the Church which is His Body. (1 Cor. 2:8.) Not only the death of Christ as the Price of man's redemption would have been interfered with, had not the Plan been kept a mystery from the world, but the trial of the faith of the Church as sharers in the sufferings of Christ would have been thereby prevented also; for "The world knoweth us not (as His joint-heirs), because (for the same reason that) it knew Him not."—1 John 3:1.

Not only is the Plan of God, and The Christ which is the very embodiment of that Plan, a great mystery to the world, but the peculiar course in which this "little flock" is called to walk marks its members as "peculiar people." It was a mystery to the world that a person of so much ability as Jesus of Nazareth should spend His time and talent as He did; whereas if He had turned His attention to politics, law, merchandise or popular religion, He might have become great and respected. In the opinion of men He foolishly wasted His life. (John 10:20.) His life and teachings were mysteries to them. They could not understand Him.

The Apostles and their companions were likewise mysteries to the world, in leaving their business prospects, etc., to preach forgiveness of sins through the death of the despised and crucified Jesus. St. Paul forsook a high station and social influence to labor with his hands and to preach Christ and the invisible crown for all who should walk in His footsteps. This was so mysterious that some said: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." (Acts 26:24.) And all who so follow in the Master's footsteps are, like St. Paul, counted fools for Christ's sake.

Hence to all except those begotten to a new mind by receiving the mind of Christ (1 Cor. 2:16), the promises which we believe and the hopes which we cherish seem visionary, and too improbable to be received or acted upon. In the Age to come, when He shall "pour out His spirit upon all flesh," as during the present Age He pours it "upon His servants and handmaidens," then indeed all will understand and appreciate the promises now being grasped by the "little flock"; and they will rejoice in the obedience and exaltation of the Church.—Joel 2:28, 29; Rev. 19:7.

Not Always to Be Shrouded in Mystery.

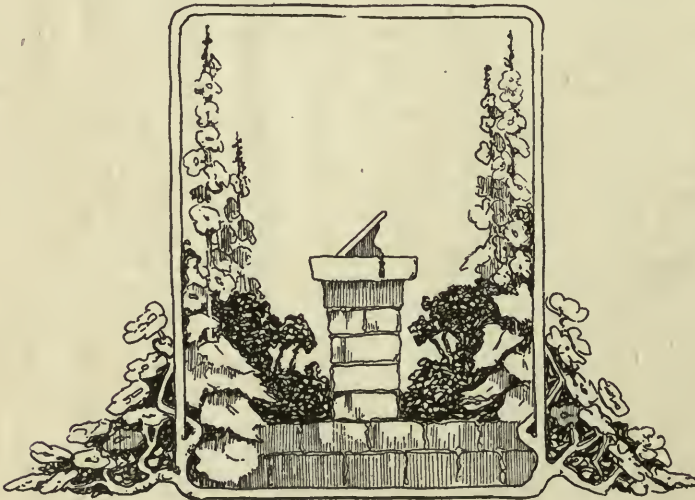
Thus God's Plan will not always be a mystery. The dawn of the Millen-

nial Day will bring the full light to men. The Sun of Righteousness which shall arise with healing in His wings, dispelling the darkness of ignorance, is The Christ in Millennial glory—not the Head alone, but also the members of His Body; for it is written, "If we suffer (with Him), we shall also be glorified together." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory"; and "then shall the righteous shine forth as THE SUN in the Kingdom of their Father."—Malachi 4:2; 2 Tim. 2:11, 12; Col. 3:4; Matt. 13:43.

In point of time, the Mystery of God will be finished during the period of the sounding of the seventh (symbolic) trumpet. (Rev. 10:7.) This applies to the Mystery in both the senses in which it is used. The Mystery, or secret features of God's Plan, will then be made known and will be clearly seen; and also "the Mystery of God," the Church, the embodiment of that Plan. Both will then be finished. The secret, hidden Plan will have

have sought out the full, complete number of the Body of Christ; and hence the Body of Christ will be finished.

The Plan will then cease to be a mystery; for there will be no further object in perpetuating its secrecy. The greatness of the Mystery so long kept secret, and hidden in promises, types and figures, and the wonderful grace bestowed on those called to fellowship in this Mystery (Eph. 3:9), suggest to us that the work to follow its completion, for which Jehovah has kept mankind in expectation and hope for six thousand years, must be an immense work, a grand work, worthy of such great preparations. What may we not expect in blessings upon the world when the veil of Mystery is withdrawn and the showers of blessing descend! It is this for which the whole creation groans and travails in pain together until now, waiting for the completion of this Mystery—for the manifestation of the Sons of God, the promised "Seed," in whom they shall all be blessed.—Romans 8:19, 21, 22.



CAREER OF HARMON BELL

HARMON BELL, senior member of the Oakland law firm of Bell, Bell & Smith, is an American of the best New England stock. His father, Dr. Samuel Bell, was a Presbyterian minister who traced his ancestry in this country far back to the Revolutionary period, and who erected the first church of his denomination in Oakland. Incidentally, Dr. Bell founded the old California College from which grew the present University of California, and he was the father of the bill which transformed the original institution into the State University. Dr. Bell's wife, Sophie Wadsworth Bell, was also a descendant of old pioneer stock, and like many of these pioneer wives accompanied her husband on his travels and aided him in his work.

Young Bell was born in Oakland several years after his family had located there in 1852, and there he received his first schooling, finally graduating from Washington College, Alameda. Accompanying his parents on their itinerary, he commenced the study of law at Mansfield, O., being admitted to practice at Kansas City in 1878. Three years later he became a

member of the Missouri Legislature, where he acquired a knowledge of law in its making and the ways of law-makers.

In 1898 he returned to Oakland, the city of his birth and early aspirations. Observing the vast importance of real estate interests to a growing community, he specialized in this highly abstruse branch of the law, and was soon recognized as an expert. Subsequently he took a leading part in developing the Greater Oakland.

In 1880 Harmon Bell married Katherine Wilson, a member of a prominent pioneer family, and the two children, Trayler W. and Joseph S., are following closely in the footsteps of their father in "doing things that count." Trayler is already in the law and is rapidly acquiring a solid reputation and a permanent clientele. The family resides in Oakland, where Bell, Senior, is an active and interested member of the Athenian and Claremont Clubs, as well as a number of the leading San Francisco social organizations. He is a prominent Mason, a Shriner, Knight Templar, Elk, and naturally a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

BRADLEY V. SARGENT'S RAPID RISE

THE parents of Bradley V. Sargent were prominent pioneers in Monterey County, and Bradley worked later on his father's ranch. He was born July 5, 1863, and eighteen years later he was making excellent progress in Santa Clara College, where he took his degree in 1884, and his master's degree in 1885. He crowned his studies with the '87 class of the Yale law school.

On his return to California, Judge Sargent spent six months in District Attorney Stonehill's office in San Francisco. Later he was called to Monterey County and appointed Assistant District Attorney. Two years afterward

he was elected District Attorney. He served two years and refused re-election in order to form a law partnership with W. M. R. Parker of the firm of Dorn & Parker, after N. A. Dorn had been elected Judge of Monterey County.

He continued in the practice of law in Salinas until 1901, when he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, and, after serving six years, was re-elected. Last year he ran in the primaries for the District Court of Appeals, and, although he carried San Francisco by a substantial plurality, failed of the nomination. Since the first of the year he has had offices with

Frank H. Gould in the Mills Building in San Francisco, where he is building up a first class practice.

During the extra session period, when outside Judges were called into San Francisco to preside in those sessions, Judge Sargent spent the greater part of four years on the bench in San Francisco, trying a great many important cases, one of them being the constitutionality of the new bank note law, which finally went to the Supreme Court of the United States, which court affirmed his decision. He was selected to try the condemnation suits incident to the formation of the Civic Center, involving property amounting

to many millions. He decided the important ordinance of the French laundry case.

Among the prominent cases tried by Judge Sargent was also that of the People against Conboy. After Judge Dunne's decision had been reversed, Judge Sargent retried the case and the defendant was finally convicted. During his time here on the bench his decisions were seldom reversed by any of the courts to which appeal was had. Judge Sargent is an Elk and a Native Son, a member of the Press Club, Olympic Club, Indoor Yacht Club and The Pals, and of a number of fraternal societies.

In the Realm of Bookland

"American Presidents," by Thomas Francis Moran, Ph. D., Professor of History and Economics, Purdue University.

The subtitle to this book, "Their individualities and their contributions to American Progress gives a key to its purpose. It furnishes a bird's-eye view of the Presidents in the essentials of their character, personality, political sense and sensibility, and the things they wrought for the weal of the country during their incumbency.

The personality of each President from Washington to Wilson is discussed, showing that herein lay the clue to a great deal of statecraft. It is impossible, indeed, to dissociate the man from his administration. Recognizing this fact frankly, the author seeks to give us an outline portrait of each President, showing his salient characteristics more clearly by comparing him with his contemporaries. With a few skilful touches the figure is brought clearly into view, and very often a good deal of historical background is included. It is really a rapid survey of the leading facts of American history, as viewed from the White House.

There is an avoidance of hero worship on the one hand, and of biased censure on the other. The author wonders at the outset if there has been a "typical President," but believes that such an one can only be found in a composite portrait, because of their "great variety of the personalities and abilities." He adds truly that "there is no monotony in the panorama."

75 cents net. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

"Mademoiselle Fifii," by Guy de Maupassant.

In this volume of stories by Maupassant the greatest care has been exercised to make the selection thoroughly representative. Maupassant, who still stands unchallenged in the world's literature as the supreme master of the short story, was a versatile writer. He not only reproduced life with rare fidelity and in a pure artistic form, but his range of observation was wide and covered many phases of life. In assembling these stories the aim has been to present the best specimens from every genre, to give the art of Maupassant complete in the brief compass of a single book.

This little volume contains thirteen gems of his short story masterpieces, including *Boule De Suif*, his initial success as a writer, *M'slle. Fifi*, *The Piece of String*, *Useless Beauty*, *The False Gems*, *The Horla*, *Two Little Soldiers* and six others of like interest and literary value.

60 cts. net. Limp croftleather. Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Best Russian Short Stories," compiled and edited by Thomas Seltzer.

The title above expresses exactly the contents of this bound pocket book. The list leads with Tushkin's and Gogol's two short stories, "*The Queen of Spades*" and "*The Cloak*," written about 1834, the former being the last effort of the lingering romanticism and the latter the promising beginning of the new and characteristically Russian style, the beginning of modern literature in Russia. Dastoyevsky, the psychologist, followed and ranged through the course of human woes. Like the stars in the sky, the other tales are the orbits of other famous Russian writers who followed: Turgenev with "*The District Doctor*," "*God Sees the Truth*," by Tolstoy and the other famous Russian authors who contribute their best short stories, nineteen in all, to this vastly entertaining little limp leather book. It is easily the best pocket review of the gem short stories in modern Russian literature.

65 cents net. Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Granny Maumee: The Rider of Dreams: Simon the Cyrenian," by Ridgely Torrence.

Mr. Torrence has caught the real spirit of negro life and imprisoned it in these plays. Presented successfully in New York City in the spring of this year by a company of negro players, they were seen to be dramatic in structure, true in character and appealing as to theme. The success which they enjoyed in production is sure to be duplicated in their printed form; in fact, it may be that their certain literary value

and their interpretation of the philosophy of a remarkable people, are even more clearly revealed than they were behind the footlights.

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

"Married," by August Strindberg.

Strindberg's art in "*Married*" is of the propagandist, of the fighter for a cause. He has a lesson to convey, and he makes frankly for his goal without attempting to conceal his purpose under the gloss of "pure" art. He chooses the story form in preference to the treatise as a more powerful medium to drive home his ideas. That the result has proved successful is due to the happy admixture in Strindberg of thinker and artist. His artist's sense never permitted him to distort or misrepresent the truth for the sake of proving his theories. In fact, he arrived at his theories not as a scholar through the study of books, but as an artist through the experience of life.

That is why Strindberg has attained his wide popularity. In Sweden he is a popular idol.

In limp croft leather covers, 60 cts. "*The Modern Library*," Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Broken Gate," by Emerson Hough, author of "*The Man Next Door*," etc.

This is an unusually strong story of broken social conventions, of a woman's determination to put the past behind her and to live above the criticism she meets everywhere, for the son she adores. The novel opens with the meeting of Aurora Lane and her son, Don, who has been away to college and has, until only a few days before, believed himself an orphan. A climax arises when the boy, on the way home from the station, knocks down a villager who insulted his mother and is arrested. The attitude of the narrow community toward those who have "sinned," according to its standards, comes like a shock to this boy, who has always lived among men

and women of broad sympathies and keen understanding of life. His acceptance of the trying situation is splendid, and the dramatic story of his devotion to his mother and the ultimate result are told in a novel of great vigor and power.

Illustrated. \$1.50 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"My War Diary." By Madame Waddington. With preface by Helen Choate Prince.

"This simple, everyday record of the experiences through which one French family has lived since August, 1914," will make the war more actual than dozens of war correspondents' books and histories.

"The curé at Mareuil, the little grandsons finding a German skull, the lawn sacrificed to potatoes, the roses rising triumphant over utilitarianism, the good-byes at the railroad stations, the Christmas tree, the friendly talks . . . all these may be trifles in one way; but they are making history. After all, we know more about the Lilliputians than about the Brobdingnagians, and they are more illustrative of Swift."

In these prefatory words the editor suggests the most distinctive quality of the book; but it is to be remembered, too, that Madame Waddington, who has written so brilliantly of her life in the capitals of Europe as the wife of a French diplomat, is in a position to be extraordinarily well informed.

\$1.50 net. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Confessions of a Young Man," by George Moore.

This book is a young man's attempt to be sincere. It is the story of the soul to be free from British morality. The whole story is given a special and for its time a rather rare interest by its utter lack of conventional reticence. George Moore never spares himself. He has undertaken quite honestly to tell the truth. His "Confessions" are

a passionate protest of English literature against the Victorian tradition. It represents one of the great discoveries of English literature; a discovery that has been made from time to time before, and that is now being made anew in our own generation—the discovery of human nature. The reason why this discovery has had to be made so often is that it shocks people. They are shocked because human nature is not at all like their pretty pictures we like to draw of ourselves. "The Confessions of a Young Man" is one of a number of unusually entertaining and captivating books in literature which the publishers are issuing under the title of the "Modern Library," books that have already won for themselves a position as classics. Many new titles will be included that are issued exclusively in this library. But all classics, still of universal interest, will find a place in the series as new titles are added at frequent intervals.

Price, 60 cents net. In limp croft-leather. Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Fighting Men," by Alden Brooks.

These stories are pure fiction, but they carry the stamp of veracity. The author, who was first war correspondent, then American ambulance driver, and now a student in France for a commission in our artillery, knows war well. The first story, "The Parisian," recalls Crane's famous battle story, "The Red Badge of Courage." "The Odyssey of the Three Slavs" from their country village into Galicia, through Germany as prisoners, and to the French lines by escape, is a marvelously human narrative of adventure. The young Yankee who fights that America may be represented in the war by one more man, is a story to move Americans.

These and the pathetic narrative, "An Englishman," the grim career of the Prussian who dies ingloriously but shouting "Deutschland uber Alles," the romantic Belgian, are all there.

\$1.35 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Soul of a Bishop," by H. G. Wells, author of "God the Invisible King," etc.

As in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" Mr. Wells shows the astounding effect of the Great War on the normal civilian life of England, so in this new novel he shows its effect on that bulwark of society, the church. The Bishop, brought up in reverence for the forms of religion, is overwhelmed by the terrific questions that the war hurls upon him, questions which these forms cannot help him answer. Mr. Wells' solution is revolutionary, yet his book is deeply religious. And he puts his thesis to the reader, as in "Mr. Britling," through a moving story of real human beings. The publication of "The Soul of a Bishop" comes at an apt moment—the moment when America is beginning to realize her own part in the world crisis and envisage some of the material and spiritual transformations it may bring.

Cloth, \$1.50. Macmillan Company, New York.

"Great Love Stories of the Bible and Their Lessons for To-day," by Rev. "Billy" Sunday.

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Although there have been several books written about Mr. Sunday, it is to be specially noted that this is the first and only book written by him. It will therefore have a peculiar interest to the millions of people throughout the country who have been thrilled by

his wonderful and appealing utterances.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Mankind: A Study in Race Values."
By Seth K. Humphrey.

This untechnical study, based upon the accepted principles of the action of heredity and environment, bears directly upon many of the pressing questions of the day and of the moment—such, for instance, as that of immigration, and even by strong implication upon that of conscription. But only incidentally; it is, in fact, a broad study of racial values as they have affected and as they will affect civilization and human progress according to their relation and combination—an attempt to arouse the public to the enormous importance of a recognition of the action, as revealed in the past and the present, of certain biological laws without which, in the author's views, civilization will follow its natural course toward self-destruction.

\$1.50 net. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

"A Miracle of St. Anthony," by Maurice Maeterlinck.

Some years ago Octave Mirbeau wrote an article in the Paris Figaro entitled "A Belgian Shakespeare." He meant Maeterlinck and the epithet was not appropriate, but it made people read Maeterlinck's dramas. Since then Maeterlinck has held a foremost position on the modern stage. He is one of the few mystics whom the general public enjoys. It finds no difficulty in understanding what he is driving at. His characters are indistinct beings, shadowy figures moving on a stage that is not of this world; and the action is that of insubstantial spirits, souls rather than men and women of flesh and blood. But he succeeds always, by means of simple unpretentious language, in making his meaning clear, in revealing the spiritual beauty of common human existence and the mystery underlying the plain facts of biology. "A Miracle of St. Anthony"

has never before been published in English. The first is a fine satire in truly Maeterlinckian style. They are all curious, powerful specimens of Maeterlinck's art, which have met with great success on the European stage.

60 cents net. In limp croftleather. "Modern Library" series. Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Extricating Obadiah," by Joseph C. Lincoln, author of "Mary Gusta," "Thankful Inheritances," etc.

Cap'n Noah Newcomb, who has roamed more seas than some folks ever dreamed of, has retired from active service and is touring Cape Cod in an automobile when he meets with an accident. The accident results in the Cap'n meeting his former cabin boy, Obadiah Burgess, who has just fallen heir to a fortune. The Cap'n knows that money in large lumps is a great temptation. He also knows his former cabin boy, and before he leaves he tells Obadiah that he will always be ready to help him out of a difficulty if possible. Trouble and Obadiah meet very soon, and the Cap'n goes back to extricate Obadiah from his difficulties. The job of extricating him requires an endless amount of tact and much wisdom, but Cap'n Newcomb has lots of both, and he uses his talents lavishly with good results. The whole situation is full of Lincoln humor. A smile or a laugh from beginning to end, as well as a very charming love story of two young people.

Illustrated by Walt Louderback. \$1.50 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"How to Get What You Want," by Orison Swett Marden, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Peace, Powder and Plenty," etc.

Efficiency is one of the keynotes of modern affairs; but by efficiency different people mean different things. It reduces itself to a question of terms. Dr. Marden has well defined it for us in the homely phrase, "How to get what you want," and like many an-

other of this writer's phrases, it has a direct quality that sticks. "How to get what you want"—that is what mankind has been trying to learn ever since the creation. The Serpent proved to be the first great salesman along this line, in his historic interview with Eve.

Viewed seriously, Dr. Marden's new book will provoke new thought along the parallel lines of efficiency and success. There is always a *best* way to get what one wants, as he shows by apt story and illustration; for this well known writer on success topics does not theorize. He shows the means that the other fellow has used—whether for failure or success. His writing always contains the vital, personal touch. Other chapter heads than the titular one will indicate the directness of the appeal: "Playing the Glad Game," "Discouragement—How to Cure It," "The Force that Moves Mountains," "How to Find Oneself," and "How to Attract Prosperity." In some of the chapters, Mental Control is touched upon, as in "Faith and Drugs," and "Our Partnership with God." The book is distinctly a message of the times, and fairly bristles with things worth quoting. But these the reader should get for himself.

\$1.25 net. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

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Of OVERLAND MONTHLY, published monthly, at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1917.

State of California, County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. Marriott, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Owner of the Overland Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, F. Marriott, San Francisco, Cal.; Editor, O. Black, San Francisco, Cal.; Managing Editor, O. Black, San Francisco, Cal.; Business Managers, F. Marriott, San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owners are—F. Marriott.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are—None.

F. MARRIOTT, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) MARTIN ARONSOHN,

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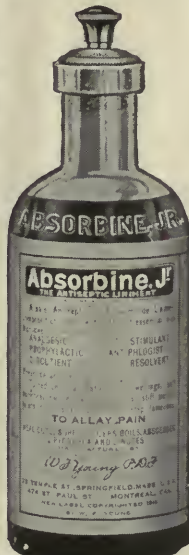
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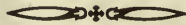
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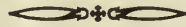
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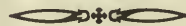
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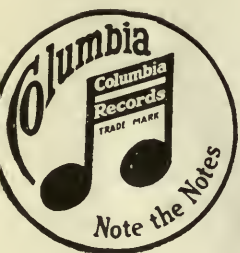


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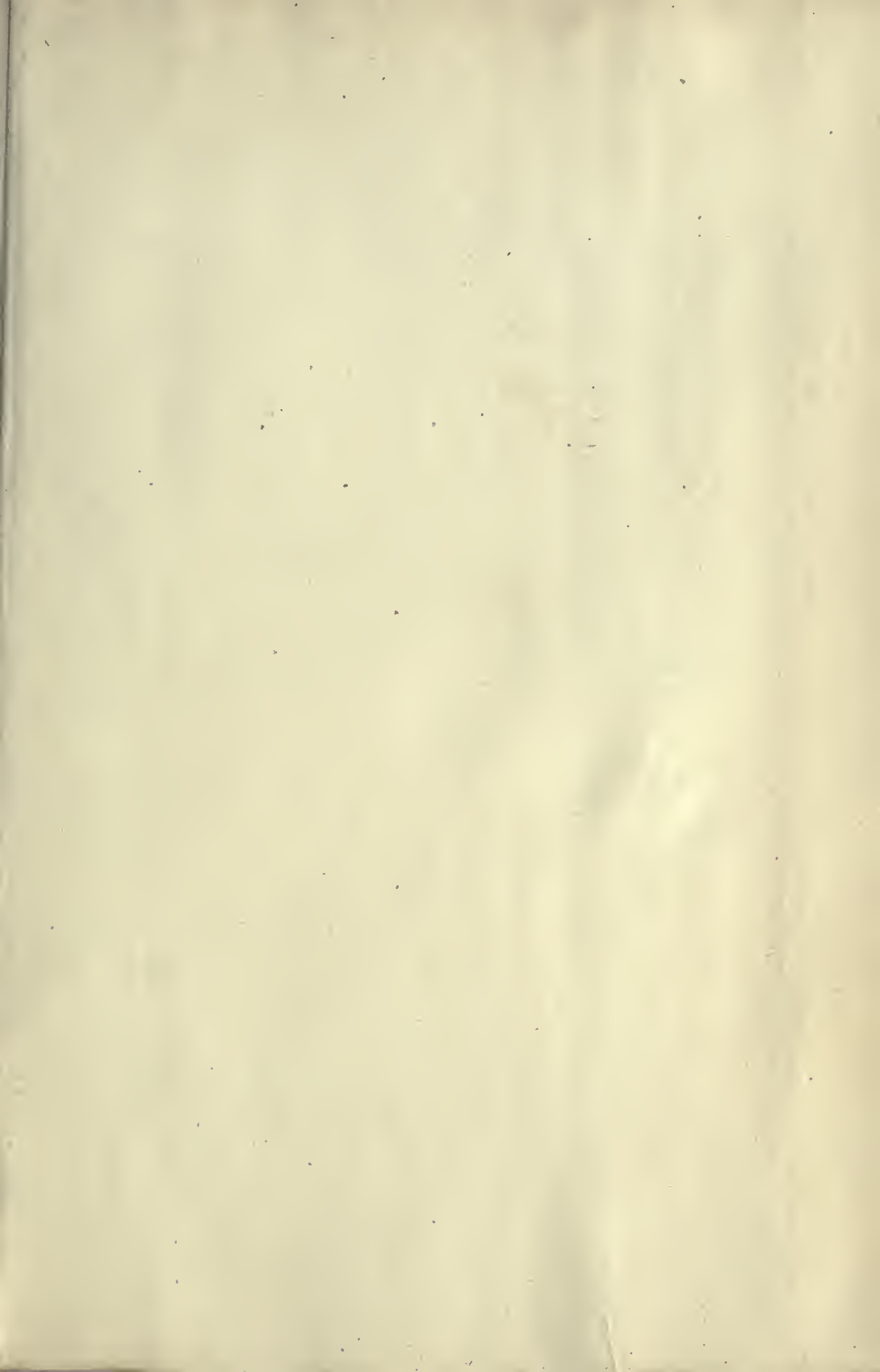


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