

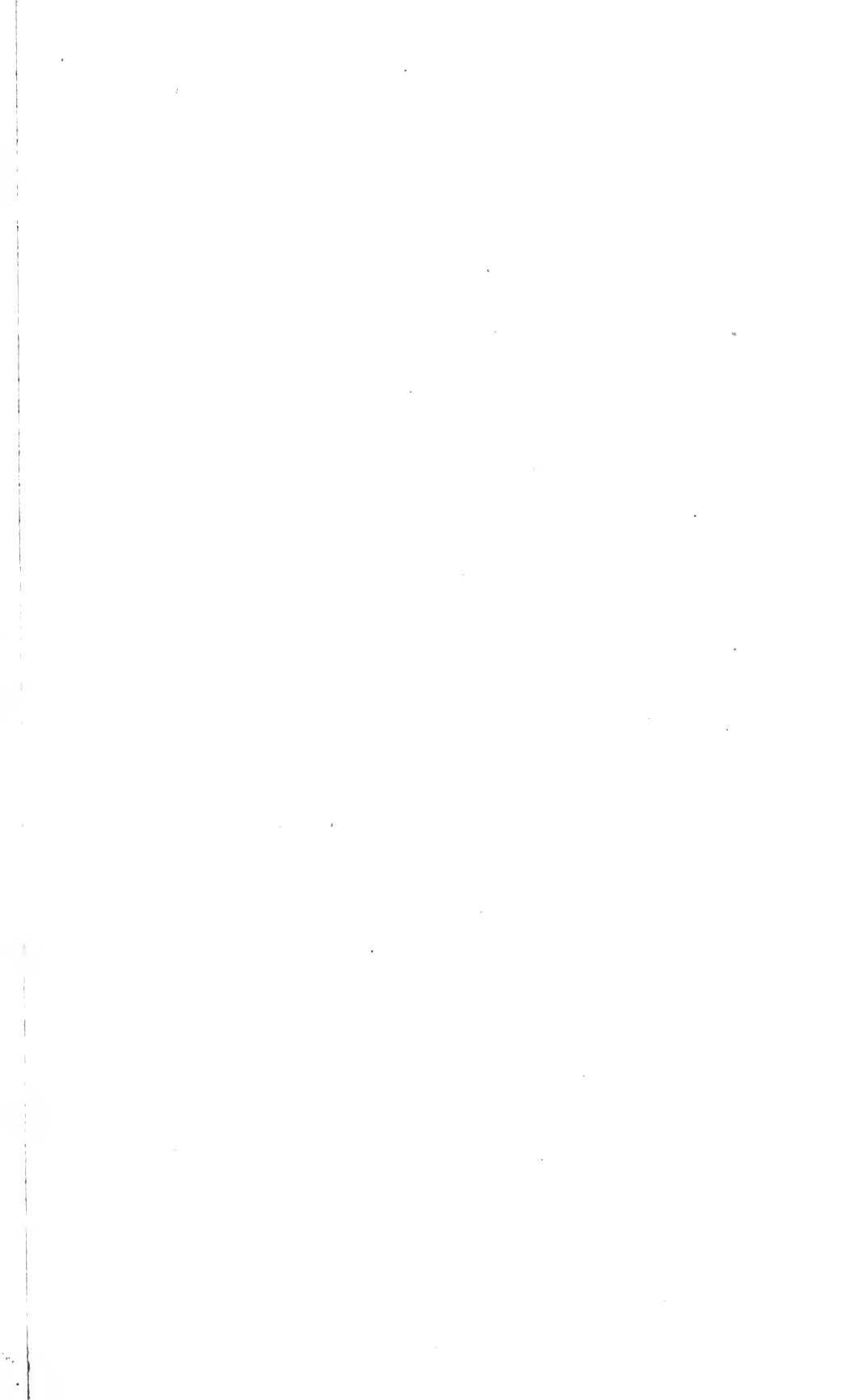
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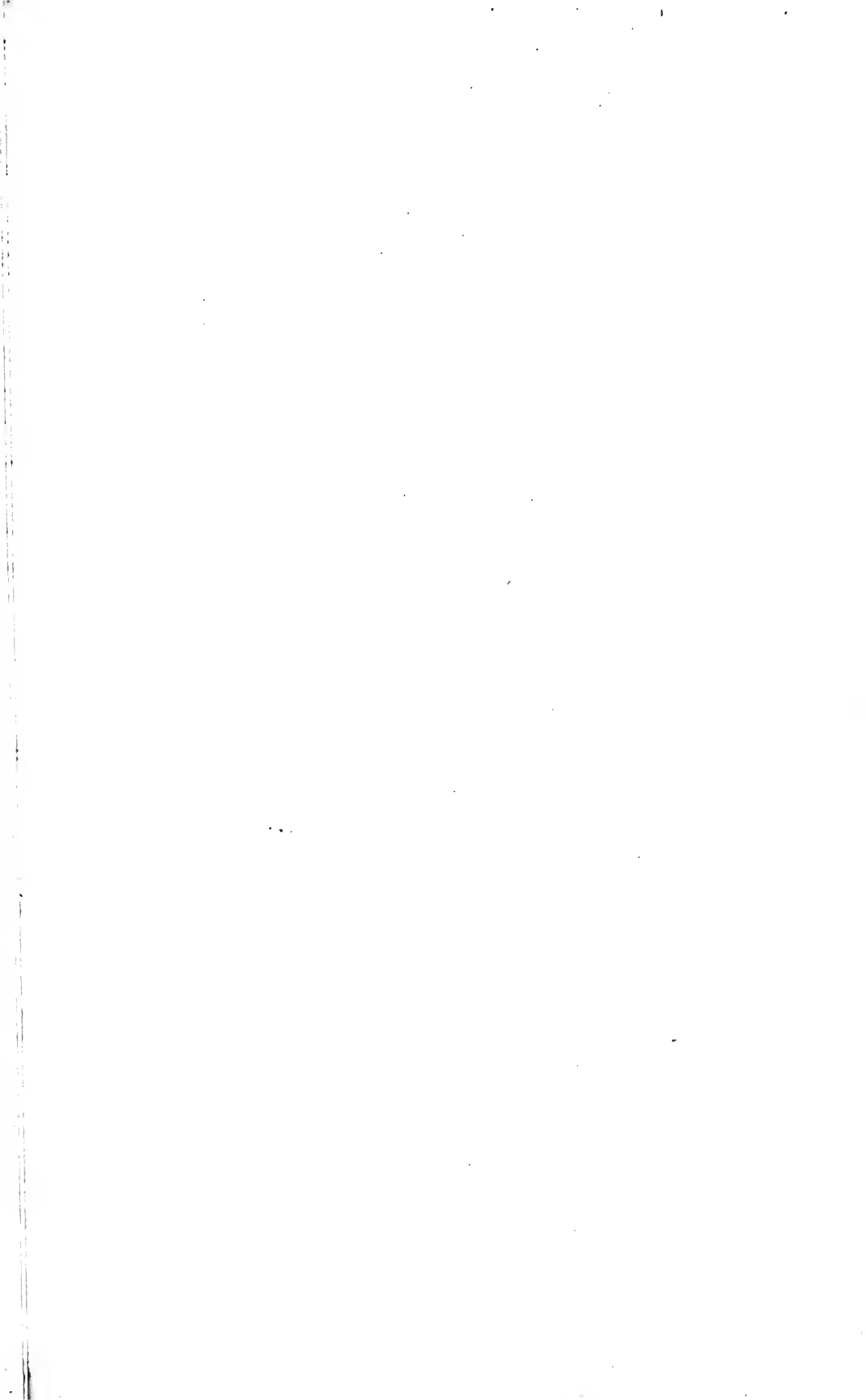
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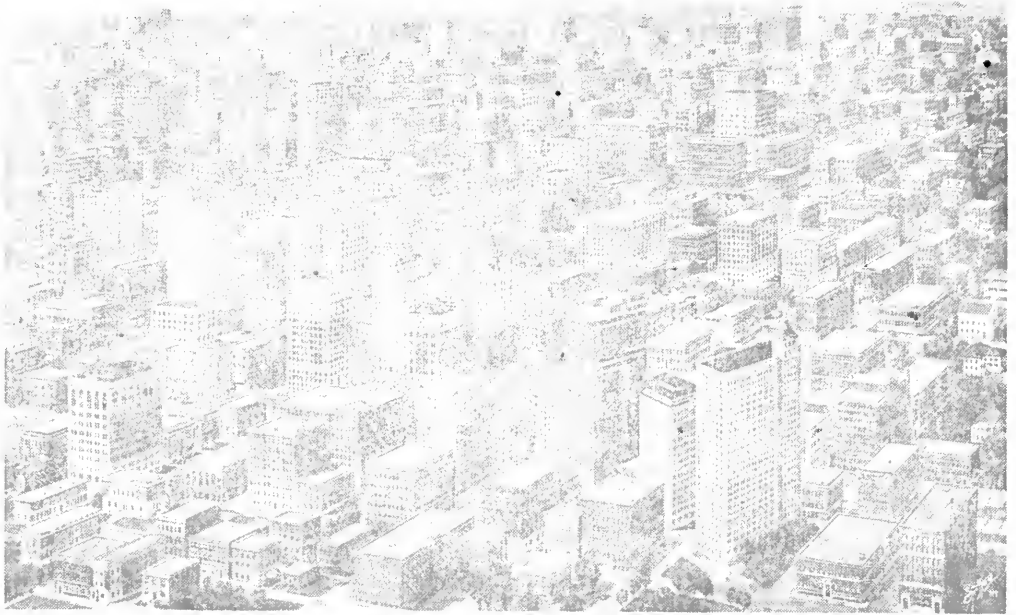


# Overland Monthly



*for* JULY · 1922

TO THE  
FUTURE



Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

## A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together *one-fifth* of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city *five times* as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

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# Overland Monthly



*The Illustrated Magazine of the West*

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

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LIBERTY BELL

Hung from the State House, Philadelphia, Pa., 1776

*"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof"*

THE SHIP  
BY CHRIS JORGENSEN



*THE SHIP*  
*Painting by Chris Jorgensen*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

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*San Francisco*

Vol. LXXX

JULY, 1922

No. 1

## Discovering Antiquity in the Swiss Alps

By MARIE WIDMER

**I** MADE their acquaintance on my way from the Bernese Oberland to the Valais, in a train of the Lotschberg railroad which, since 1913, has become the connecting link between the two great cantons of Berne and Valais. They were an elderly couple, in the quaintest garb I had yet beheld, but their ruddy complexioned, wrinkled faces radiated such happiness, such exaltation as one only finds on the countenance of a youngster who has been presented with some marvelous, unexpected gift.—“Wonderful, wonderful” the old old lady would rapturously repeat from time to time. “I never thought that I would live to experience this,” the old man would respond. “To think that we ever could have been afraid,” they would then both whisper with a smile, and, gradually, I learned that they were homeward bound from the very first excursion they had ever made in their lives by train—and both were over sixty years old!

“But how can this be possible?” I queried in honest amazement, “when almost every famous mountain peak in Switzerland can be reached by train?” And then they began to tell me of their home, situated in the Lotschen Valley, a diminutive Alpine vale traversed by the tempestuous Lonza, which, although populated, did not even possess a carriage road up to the summer of 1921. “A true specimen of a ‘sequestered paradise’” I mused, and as I had just reached that point when I was beginning to long for explorations off the beaten path, I decided

upon a change in my itinerary and left the train after it pulled out of the great tunnel at Goppenstein in company of my newly-made acquaintances who, as I presently perceived through their explanations, were unusually well versed in the history of this district.

While this valley rises in a length of 26 Km. from Gampel, in the Rhone Valley, to the Lang Glacier, the cradle of the Lonza, the inhabited middle-portion only, between Ferden and Gletscheralp, is known as the Lotschen Valley. Excavations have shown, however, that this part of the country was already frequented in pre-Roman times and historical records indicate that the Middle Ages saw many a bitter struggle fought in this Alpine vale.

Owing to their natural seclusion the Lotschen people were always dependent upon their own resources, upon the harvests from their fields and meadows which, on account of the dry climate of this region, they have to cultivate by means of artificial irrigation. Some of these canals were pointed out to me by my companions. Huge, crudely hollowed-out tree trunks are used for bringing the fertile glacier streams from perilous mountain heights down on the farmland. Sometimes the distance is so great that a single water conduit numbers as many as 400 channels and it can readily be imagined that the construction and maintenance of these irrigation canals is a most dangerous task.

Farming in the Lotschen Valley is consequently by no means a lucrative occupation;

the very nature of the fields imposes an incessant struggle upon the natives, but one can see them toil on their diminutive pieces of land, which do not adjoin their homes, but which are scattered here and there, with implements so antiquated as to frighten away a farm laborer of modern tendencies.

Ploughs and carts cannot be used in this mountainous valley; the fields have to be hoed over by hand, and everything has to be carried to and fro. Quantly shaped wooden racks are used for this purpose and the children even have to do their share in this tedious work of transportation.

Potatoes and rye are planted extensively and the better situated families are accustomed to kill a few sheep and pigs when putting up their stores for winter. This meat is preserved by a process of exposure in the open air. The general cattle are kept on the pastures in summer and whatever surplus of this live stock can be spared is disposed of by sale. These deals represent practically the only source of income.

Being familiar with every inch of the rather stony bridle path, which lies a little below the newly built carriage road, my friends naturally preferred to follow the former, and, as I was fortunately equipped with sensible shoes for such an expedition, I was glad to be able to accompany them.

Ferden, the first community of the Lotschen Valley, is a mere cluster of nut-brown peasant homes, stables and barns, all huddled closely together, so as to be out of the path of destructive avalanches which are a common occurrence in various sections of the valley in early spring. Below thunders the Lonza, above are carefully tended fields and pastures, and in the distance beckon glistening mountains and glaciers, eternally silent and white. A picturesque little shrine holds out an invitation at the roadside, and my companions kneel down reverently for a prayer. Timidly, no doubt, they left this spot when they started out on the first memorable trip to the Swiss capital (the railroad portion of which requires barely two hours by express); gratefully they behold it now upon their return.

Kippel, their native village, and at the same time the principal locality of the valley, is in sight, and friendly voices here and there call a greeting to the seemingly enterprising home-comers. I now discovered that certain rules of fashion are observed by the fair sex even in this region, but the styles in vogue here have, as I was later on told, been the same for the last two centuries. The little girls and boys are dressed exactly like their elders, and when five-

year-old tots wear long black skirts with checked aprons over them and a sombre, severely plain waist over the latter—or in the case of the boys, heavy coats and trousers reaching to the feet—they look like quaint baby-faced dwarfs. The headgear, too, is the same for young and old and practically all the garments worn by the people of Lotschen are home products in the truest sense of the word. The women weave and spin, they do their own dye work and sew their own garments. They also create their own headgear from home grown straw, and, besides all this, they attend to their simple households and help their husbands on the fields and pastures! In addition one must not forget that the families in these districts are usually very large.

The men's duties are chiefly confined to farm work; a few also act as guides to tourists, and as such they are said to be of wonderful calibre. I also learned that during the winter, when the members of the strong sex are working in their stables or around their homes, they generally wear a woman's hat! This as an indication that they are performing a woman's task! Although echoes of the gospel of emancipated womanhood must have reached the ears of the daughters of Lotschen, so far they seem to be perfectly satisfied with their lot.

After commending me to the friendly proprietor of the tourist hotel at Kippel, my two friends left me with an urgent request to be sure to come and see them as often as I pleased. Not feeling fatigued at all after my seemingly strenuous walk, I decided to start without delay on a little tour of investigation. Nearby was what seemed to me a little dry goods store, but upon entering it I discovered that it was at the same time an unpretentious, but well frequented inn, which connoisseurs never miss for a glass of wine—and in the days before the new carriage road this wine had to be carried up from the Rhone Valley on the back of a mule. Dark, but very tasty, and, incidentally, most wholesome bread, as well as cheese, can be ordered by the guests, many of whom conclude their stay at the inn with a very excellent cup of coffee to which beverage they add wine instead of milk. All pronounce this seemingly strange combination an unusually delectable beverage!

The proprietors of this much frequented place of business are a family by the name of Rieder and while the head of the house looks after his farm land, his wife and daughters attend to the inn and store. After conversing with me for a while, Maria, one of the girls,

apparently a drawing card for the inn, a rosy cheeked, fair skinned lass in the typical Lotschen Valley garb, volunteered to take me to the village church and to the Murmann house, the two show places of Kippel.

The church, as the principal place of worship in the valley, is an unusually large and handsome edifice with a gorgeously decorated interior and a most tuneful chime of bells. As religion forms the chief factor in the otherwise uneventful life of these people, there are in this secluded valley no fewer than two churches, one at Kippel and one at Blatten, a village higher up, as well as nine different chapels and eighteen wayside shrines, and all the festive days on the Roman Catholic calendar are duly celebrated with impressive processions.

A twist and a turn of the narrow little village street and we found ourselves in front of the Murmann house, a remarkable dwelling dating back to 1776, with its entire facade artistically adorned with carvings and inscriptions. Even the ceiling of the living room, which the kind owner showed me with justifiable pride, is beautifully decorated; a feature which is all the more noticeable since the furnishings are extremely simple. A very high bed, composed of an old wooden bedstead which would delight a collector's eye, and a liberally filled straw mattress, stands in one corner of the room; plain wooden benches are permanent fixtures along the walls and a table, two or three chairs and a spinning wheel—the latter in close vicinity to a huge tile stove—complete the outfit. There is nothing further to suggest the living room, but everything is spotlessly clean and cheerful of aspect.

During my unexpected sojourn in that unspoiled part of Switzerland, I discovered that there is a great community spirit among its inhabitants. Each village has, for instance, its own mill; one of the citizens undertakes to operate it and receives as compensation one-twentieth of the grain, of which he has to turn over half to the municipality. Each village moreover maintains a saw mill and a baking oven. The housewives of the Lotschen Valley bake about once a month! The dough is shaped

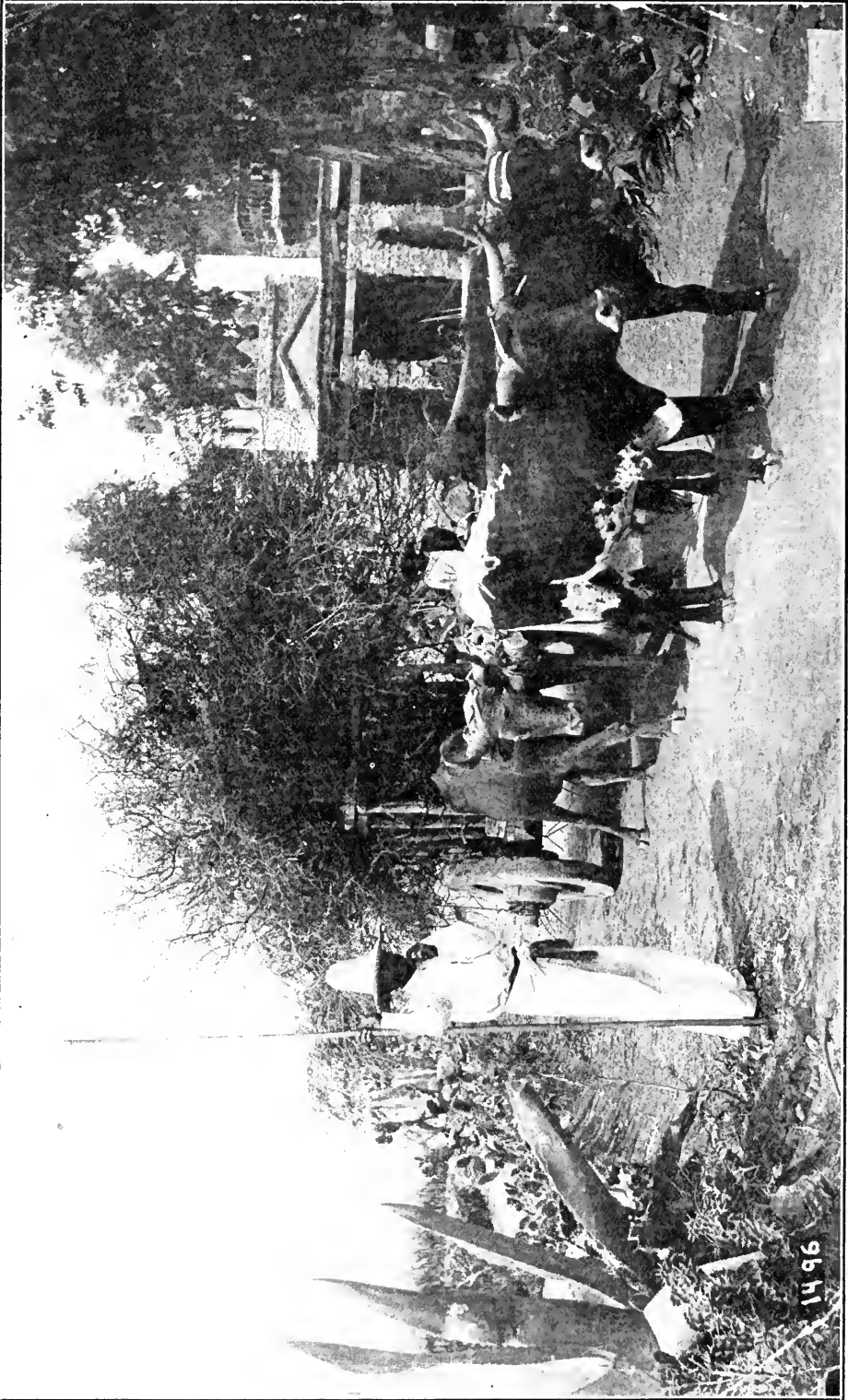
in wooden forms and carried to the public oven on wooden boards.

Prospective godfathers and godmothers, too, are sometimes seen in consultation with the master of the bakery, for an old custom prescribes that they must present the parents of their future godchild with a huge bread cake, weighing from seven to eight pounds, ornamented with curious designs. Inasmuch as bread is the chief sustenance of those mountain folk, the custom is probably meant to signify that the god-parents, assuming joint responsibilities with the parents for looking after the welfare of the child, are willing to provide the necessary when needed. In addition to cake, the god-parents' gift must, furthermore, include three diapers and one dress as a contribution to the baby's wardrobe. However, the parents generally reciprocate for these offerings by providing an ample after-christening dinner.

Observing a strictly simple mode of life the population of this mountain vale is unusually strong and healthy. No physician has yet attempted to establish himself in this vicinity, for the natives are well acquainted with the manifold curative qualities of the mountain herbs, and when in any serious trouble, they know that the village priest, who keeps a regular little pharmacy on hand, will gladly give them advice. Broken limbs even are set and healed again without outside assistance, for up in the village of Wiler there is a farmer who attends to all such cases with unusual skill.

Aside from these many curious features of native customs and costumes I found the Lotschen Valley a perfect Alpine paradise, unmarred, undeveloped, just as nature had created it. Above Kippel towers the Bietschhorn, the monarch of the Lotschen peaks (12,965 feet a/s) in regal splendor of verdant slopes and wooded heights, which finally culminate in lofty snow-capped peaks; these are the faithful guardians of the Lonza, whose cradle beckons in the far-off distance, in that realm of blue-green glaciers which, as the domain of departed souls not yet at rest, forms such a vital part in Valaisan legends.





1496

*Seeking mid-day rest from the torrid sun*

# “Custumbre de Pais”

By COLONEL JOHN J. BONIFACE

**T**HE horse's hoofs slid down the muddy bank into the narrow stream, the splashing of the water echoed through the jungle and sounded strangely loud in the stillness of the tropical, starlit night, though no sound travels far through the jungle glades of Moroland, where scarcely a trail fit for man and horse existed.

As the horse splashed across the little stream, the moonlight glinted here and there through the tall trees, striking silvery tips along the ford. It tipped the butt of the heavy army revolver hanging low on the rider's hip, it touched his white skin exposed where his shirt collar fell away from his strong throat, and it slipped along the horse's nickel bit, making it seem brighter than usual.

Back among the jungle growth, on the far side of the stream, hidden, silent, alert, lay the cruellest savage of modern times, a Moro—black of skin, strong and lithe of figure, hideous of feature, his “barong” with its heavy, keen blade clutched in a hand that knew no pity,—less than that of the other beasts of the jungle. The moon found its way to his ambush, making his white teeth gleam as his mouth drew back its corners; the open mouth revealed the sharpened and blackened central tooth, characteristic of the Moro tribe. Cautiously the savage's left hand slipped forward, parting the growth in front of his body; his limbs pressed silently against the moist soil and snake-like, the powerful naked body glided forward another few feet, tense and waiting for the moment to spring.

Far up among the dense tree tops, black in the shadow of night, the mournful hooting of the night owls came to the ears of both rider and watching savage; through the rancid water of the jungle glided an eel-like body of great length, as a boa-constrictor slipped into its bed beneath the slime. Watchful monkey eyes, among the dark branches overhead, kept guard over tiny, human-like forms asleep in the forks of the trees.

The rider, jaded from his long trip through the jungle and under the scorching heat, pushed back his campaign hat and with his bare arm wiped away the hot sweat. The horse, stumbling across the ford, seemed about to sink into the muddy ooze, and the lieutenant

slipped his spurred foot from his stirrups, ready for anything ahead. His hand dropped down and rested on his revolver butt from habit; he allowed the reins to slip through his fingers, that the horse might have free rein in picking his way across into the blackness beyond. With a tired gesture the young officer pulled open, still farther, his shirt front, that the evening breeze, slight though it was, might touch his skin and bring some little relief from the awful jungle heat. As he did so, the moon, travelling its way, struck an opening among the tall tree-tops and flashed down on the white skin of his breast, and this breast the savage Moro's eyes beyond caught with the rapidity of the jungle creatures and watched.

The horse's front feet touched the slimy bank on the far side of the stream and with a jerk he attempted to clamber to solid footing; the rider's body, strong, lithe, muscular, swayed easily with every movement of the horse, unconsciously, and as the result of countless miles in the saddle from Montana to the Mexican border, from the Rio Grande to the land of the Moro north of Borneo, where he was then finding his way back to his post from his night's inspection of his outposts. The creeping Moro slipped closer to the side of the trail over which the horse and rider must pass; so narrow a trail, bordered closely with a mass of jungle growth and both sides of it black with the heavy darkness that only jungle eyes can pierce. The “barong” slipped a bit farther forward in the black, gritty, waiting hand; the teeth bared more; the eyes gleamed; the body grew more alert, without sound, though ever creeping nearer to its vantage point. Within the mind of that waiting, murderous Moro hissed a hatred of the coming white man which no civilized race will ever quite comprehend.

Again the white jungle owls screeched overhead; the horse's hind feet at last found safe footing on the slippery bank and with a final effort, the animal reached the soggy trail ahead and sought to place his front feet in the narrow, almost invisible line of the trail through the trees. Mud, always is there mud in the Jolo jungle, and across every trail the great roots of trees are found, with mud in between, causing horses to step over each root, first with front feet, then with hind, and riders must use

loose reins and tight seats and trust largely to the God of Luck, especially when ordinary eyes cannot see ten feet ahead in the gloom. At last the savage's silent creeping had won him advantage of position; closely he crouched against the edge of the dim trail, "barong," sharp as a razor edge, uplifted and ready, arms knotted with the long-used muscles of the primeval warrior of the land, blood lust within his heart, every nerve braced for the sudden spring, the quick, mighty clash, and the final hideous decapitation of his victim. The horse struggled ahead, lifting his feet gingerly, soberly, wearily yet surely, and placing each foot with almost amusing deliberation in the muddy trail. The horse had learned the jungle way by long marches. Overhead one of the low-hanging boughs slashed across the lieutenant's face, unseen in the dense night; the lithe body swung backward to escape it, swinging up into its habitual erect and loose position a moment later.

Far ahead along the dim trail came floating through the night for an instant the soft, mellow tones of a cavalry bugle; a couple of miles more and the night's ride would be over; the horse would be rubbed down, bedded and fed his oats and hay by the lieutenant's faithful Irish striker; and the lieutenant himself would have a cold bite to eat in his "shack" and tumble into his army cot. The young officer listened; the call being wafted to his ears was "Taps," proclaiming the hour of eleven.

The horse's ears suddenly sprang forward, he swerved a bit in the wet trail, but too dark for even animal eyes to pierce such gloom, he could only sense a something among the deeper shadow on his left and seeking to avoid it, he stepped slightly to the right, at the risk of slipping in the mud and roots. With unconscious quickness, the officer's hand flashed out his gun, feeling some danger but unable yet to see anything. Again the horse stepped forward, timidly. Lightly the lieutenant's spurs touched his horse's flanks and the animal slowly responded, but sniffed audibly, and hesitated. The young officer instantly became a tense, active fighting man, muscles ready, past training steadying his every nerve. His flashing mind realized that he was alone, confronted by some hidden danger perceived as yet only by his horse. The lieutenant raised his right arm, holding his revolver ready for instant use; he gathered his reins and again pressed his spurred heels into his horse's sides; man and horse moved slowly forward in the dark and wet.

Except for the plunging of the horse's hoofs among the roots, deadly silence reigned about them.

The savage moved, this time with lightning speed; accustomed to the jungle shadows, himself still, he had easily located horse and rider; the moment had come; one leap, one slash, and he would return to his tribe with one more white man's head for his woman. The white officer's breast, bare against the dark, could be dimly seen; the slash would be easy to the trained eye of the savage; the "barong" was lifted—

Like the blast of dynamite came a sudden deafening explosion; the night shadows, for a flash of time, were ripped into shreds; with a wild shriek, the white owls flew blindly away into the night; the lieutenant's eyes were blinded by the unexpected flash and for an instant his senses were numbed by the roar of the explosion; in the instant of time however he visioned the great black body so close to him; he saw the upraised "barong" and he swept his revolver hand downward to fire; the naked savage form crumpled without sound and sank into the mud beside the horse's feet before the officer's finger could press the trigger. An instant passed; silence returned to the jungle; night claimed its right to darkness, and from its gloom close by a drawling voice with a real Irish brogue spoke—

"Sor, is that the Liftinint?"

And from the darkness a soldier form gradually produced itself; the glint of the moon touched the rifle, held at the "Ready."

"Johnson, by all the gods—how in Luck's name did you get here, drunk or sober?"

The soldier shadow man stepped close; the rough Irish face smiled up at the lieutenant, the rifle sprang to the shoulder salute, the Irish drawl flowed softly through the night—

"Sor, I was jist out fer me little avenin's walk befor turning in, Sor, an I thut maybe as how the Liftinint would be about comin along home."

The young officer, sitting silently on his now still horse, peered down at that upturned Irish face.

"Johnson, you've been drunk a million times since you've been my 'striker', do you know that?"

"Sor, I take me little bit av a nip, Liftinint, sor, but if the Liftinint remimbers, sor, I've bin on me pledge to the Liftinint fer a week now."

Deep within that Irish heart and deep within

*(Continued on page 44)*

# *“Welcome to the Shriners”*

By EVA BESS SUGARMAN

Welcome ye, to San Francisco,  
Friends and families of the Shrine,  
Come where flowers bloom forever,  
Where the grape clings to the vine,  
Where the climate is delightful,  
And the days from dawn till night  
Fill the soul with gladsome wonder,  
That the world was made so bright.

Come into the land of sunshine,  
Where the fields of glowing grain  
Nod their golden heads in welcome  
And the queens of wild flowers reign.  
Herein sits the God of Plenty,  
Fruits of every kind and hue  
Are grown within this Eden garden  
To have, and be enjoyed by you.

San Francisco holds fiesta,  
In her garden by the sea,  
Where you'll find there's nothing lacking.  
'Tis the land of Arcady,  
So enjoy its every pleasure,  
As the worshipful master's hand  
Opens wide the Golden Gate,  
To welcome all the Shriner band.





# *Some Night Ordained*

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Some night ordained to waken violets  
Will find us roaming out to feel the Spring  
Through us as earth, that in this time forgets  
No mood of passion and remembering.  
Earth writes of love an endless chronicle  
In fragrant rains and bloom and skies turned  
blue  
And has its wonder and reward to tell  
In one word, Spring—as I have one word, You!

We shall go out to forces and desires  
Of sod eternal, matching with our own  
Brief being all the magic and the fires  
And thrilled roots and wild things earth-love has  
known.  
Soon violets will break some night from mold—  
So may my love at last for you be told.



*"—and wild things earth-love has known"*



# The Call

By MAUDE BARNES

**S**NUGLY nestled in the low foothills at the base of the San Bernardino range of mountains in Southern California lies the little village of Highland.

To the east, Mount San Bernardino towers silent and grand, clothed in garments of white even throughout the long summer time. At the other end of the valley Mount Baldy is King.

Into this valley came Curtis Senderson and his wife, pausing to rest amid the orange groves.

Mrs. Senderson was looking for a child of mixed blood to rear and educate as her own child that she might prove that environment and training were stronger than heredity.

A short distance from the village Mrs. Senderson discovered an Indian reservation. By inquiring she found out about a small child on the rancheria who interested her greatly.

"Curtis, dear, I think this child is just the one I have been looking for. Her mother was part Indian and part Spanish and her father was a white man. She is too young to remember but little of her past life. The grandfather, who is chief has cared for her since her parents' death. He wishes her to be educated. Let us go and see her."

Curtis Senderson smiled at his wife's enthusiasm and promised to visit the Indian's home.

The next day found them on the San Manuel reservation. Mrs. Senderson was delighted with the little girl, Aliveta. Her olive skin was as dainty as a flower petal.

"She certainly is the sweetest, shyest creature one could imagine. She makes me think of some wild thing of the hills. Chief, may I have her?" begged Mrs. Senderson.

"I do not want," said the chief, "my daughter's girl to long for her father's people and learning. My daughter went to live with her husband; but she grieved and longed for the camp, I know, for I found a Longing Basket woven by her. On it are two outstretched arms and an Indian teepee. This basket is for Aliveta. Will you give it to her when she is grown? This is all I ask."

"Yes, I will do as you wish. I promise," said Mrs. Senderson.

"Listen," said the chief, "Aliveta's father was not one of our people. He was of the

white race, but my daughter loved and wedded him. Yonder you can see her grave on the hillside, and here is all that remains of her—her child. You may take her and give to her the knowledge of your race. We are poor and cannot."

Then, rising to his feet and lifting both hands high about his head, he again spoke:

"You may teach her wisdom and bring her up as your own child, but some time in the years to come she will hear the call of the mountains. The voice of streams will be in her ears, the smoke from the camp fires will cloud her vision and the longing for the home of her mother's people will be so great that all else will be forgotten and she will return. Now take her, if you wish, but remember she will answer the call."

His hands dropped to his sides, and turning without another word, he entered his house.

Holding tightly the basket in one hand and the small hand of Aliveta in the other, Mrs. Senderson bewildered and frightened hastened to her husband.

"Drive home, Curtis, I am all unstrung."

As the rig containing the Sendersons and Aliveta started down the road, the Indian women in camp began to moan and cry.

"Oh, hurry, or I never can take this child away," Mrs. Senderson exclaimed hysterically.

But the horse unaccustomed to such noises decided of his own accord to carry out Mrs. Senderson's wishes.

Mrs. Senderson could not rest in Highland after her experience at the Indian reservation, so their homeward trip was begun at once.

Into an eastern home, where money was spent lavishly, went the tiny Indian girl, granddaughter of a chieftain. Here love and every advantage were given her, and she was reared as the Senderson's adopted daughter.

"Aliveta has a trace of Spanish blood in her veins," Mrs. Senderson would explain when friends would comment on Aliveta's olive skin and black hair. Without question this explanation was accepted by all and Aliveta herself so believed.

Grown to womanhood Aliveta fulfilled all of Mrs. Senderson's hopes, but the chief's prophecy and the basket hidden away were ever in the mind of the foster-mother.

Suddenly Mrs. Senderson was face to face with the fact that she had only a short time to live. It was then she appealed to Aliveta to marry Dick Morgan. There was no love in Aliveta's heart for Dick but to please her foster-mother she submitted. At her dying mother's bedside she was married.

"Leave Aliveta and me alone now." Clasp- ing Mrs. Senderson's hand Aliveta knelt by the bedside.

"My time is short. I have something I must give you," began Mrs. Senderson. "Have I been a good mother to you?"

"The best in the world," sobbed Aliveta.

"Then give me your promise that what I tell you, you will keep secret."

"I promise," said Aliveta.

"You are not only part Spanish, as you have always supposed, but you had Indian ancestors as well." Reaching under her pillow Mrs. Senderson drew out a basket and handed it to Aliveta. "This was made by your mother and I promised to give it to you."

"Mother, tell me where I can find my people. Is my own mother living?"

"As your foster-father is dead I will tell you no more about your past. I'll carry the secret to my grave." Utterly exhausted Mrs. Senderson sank back never to rise again.

After Mrs. Senderson was laid to rest, Aliveta and her husband left for extended travel in the West. The quiet passive Aliveta whom Dick Morgan knew seemed to have vanished. Now she was restless.

"Dick, I would like to make a collection of Indian baskets. Let us visit some of the camps and reservations here in California."

Glad to humor her Dick said they would first stop at Banning and visit the reservation there. Aliveta, secretly carrying the Longing Basket with her, compared the weave with that of the Banning baskets.

"It certainly is the same weave but this is not my home. My heart tells me it is not. I dimly remember mountains and orange groves, but here I see no orange trees.

"Not far away is a reservation, Dick, near Highland. I want a basket from there to add to my number."

So on they journeyed to Highland. Procur- ing an automobile they started for the reserva- tion. East of the camp on a hillside was the Indian's burial ground. Here pepper trees gently waved their feathery branches when old Father Pacific sent his cooling breeze across the valleys. Mocking birds came and sang in the branches, flinging out their sweet notes into the

cañons where echo lifted them and carried them far away.

Higher up were homes built against the hill- sides. On the top of one hill stood the chief's house. Here Aliveta and Dick began their search for baskets. Dick entered the chief's home but Aliveta, strangely effected, paused and looked over the peaceful valley. Coming toward her was the chief.

"We are looking for baskets," said Aliveta.

"There is no basket weaver in my home but high up on that hill to the west lives one."

"I'll come again and go there," answered Aliveta.

Just then Dick came out of the house and greeted the chief. Aliveta said she was tired and wished to return.

On the morrow Dick was unexpectedly called to Riverside. Aliveta persuaded him to let her remain behind.

As soon as he had gone she started for the Indian camp. Soon she reached the chief's house. The shade of the cottonwood trees across the hard earth in front of the dwelling was a welcome sight. Here the chief was seated.

"I heard you had a daughter, chief, will you tell me of her while I sit here and rest? The day is warm and your hillsides are steep."

Dropping into an easy attitude at Manuel's feet Aliveta's gaze wondered over the valley below. A far-away, dreamy look settled over her face as she quietly waited for the chief to begin.

"The Senora has heard of my daughter? No? Then I will speak of her.

"When I was young I often traveled far from home. On one trip I visited the village of Los Angeles. There I saw a woman whom I could not leave. A Spanish mother and a white father she had, and I knew that I was forfeit- ing my home and my right to be chief when I married Monena Charles. I determined to keep my marriage a secret so, in order to deceive my kinsmen, I returned to the rancharia leaving my wife behind. I was able to make many trips and no suspicion was aroused. When I returned to my wife from one of my visits, I found her with a baby girl in her arms. In this child was all of Monena's strength and before many moons my child was motherless.

"I was afraid to take her to the rancharia, so I found her a home with a white family just below here where you see the tall eucalyptus trees. At last the tribe found out about my baby and I was an outcast. My people would not own me, for I had disobeyed the unwritten

law of the Serranos in not selecting a wife from our tribe.

"The years went by yet I dared not go near my old home. My daughter, then a woman grown, was my pride. When a white man asked to marry her I saw no reason why it should not be. She was very beautiful, Senora."

Here the chieftain turned his gaze from the valley and let his eyes rest on the graveyard.

Aliveta's hand was tensely grasping her dress at her bosom. In a voice scarcely audible she spoke as she leaned toward Manuel.

"Tell me, chief, did your child ever have a daughter?"

The stillness of the hills wrapped the listener and speaker in a noiseless mantle. The head of the chief was bowed.

"Senora, my daughter sleeps yonder on the hillside. Yes, a daughter was born, but the little one was soon fatherless. Not far from his home the father was found dead. My daughter never knew the cause but I did. The tribe had aimed an indirect blow at me.

"My daughter was a splendid basket maker. There came a very heavy storm. In the house was no material for the basket weaving. Against my wishes, for I knew there was danger, my daughter decided to go above the camp where she knew the best gietta grass grew. Leaving her little girl asleep she started. Keeping away from the angry streams, she picked her way as best she could until she was above the Indian homes.

"The earth was loosened by the rains. Below she could see several Indian men repairing a bridge. Then a sound she recognized caused her to turn her head. It was a landslide. The men below were directly in its path. Uttering a piercing Indian call, that I had taught her, she rushed toward them waving her arms.

"They heard and heeded her warning but she could not save herself. She did get out of the main track of the slide, but the men saw a white stone strike her to earth. They found her where they saw her fall and tenderly bore her to the camp.

"Then some one brought me to the rancheria. When I remembered my little granddaughter she had been alone a long time and I found her crying. In gathering up her clothing I found the Longing Basket, so I knew my daughter had secretly longed for her people and I was grieved.

"I returned with the child to my old home. My daughter was buried in the tribe's burial ground and the men whose lives she saved

brought the stone that caused her death to mark her grave. Then I was made chief."

Aliveta's face was white as marble, but the deepening shadows of evening hid her from the old chieftain, and his eyes were blurred as he lived once more in the past.

Again Aliveta bent toward the old man.

"Manuel, what is the rest of your story? What became of the child?"

On the quiet air was borne to Aliveta and the chief the honk of a horn and the purr of an engine as a great black machine came swiftly toward the camp.

"Chief, finish your story!"

"Senora, there is little more to tell. She left me for the knowledge of the world but she will return. She will hear a call, a call too strong to resist, and she will answer."

The chief rose and stood awaiting the approach of a man who jumped out of the automobile.

"What does this mean, dear? I have been nearly frantic since I returned from Riverside. No one knew where you had gone. Then I remembered there was a basket here that you wanted so I came at once. To think of you here alone at nightfall!"

"I did not know it was growing so dark. I was too tired to go to the basket weaver's, so I sat here and rested."

She turned from Manuel without a glance and walking quickly reached the machine.

All night Aliveta tossed upon her bed. Not even the mocking bird's song could lull her to sleep.

"Aliveta, we are going away today. You are not well. No more basket collecting for you."

"All right, Dick, I have all the baskets now that I want. Let us go down to the ocean."

So, to a sleepy little beach town they went. There was an unnatural light in Aliveta's eyes and Dick grew alarmed. Down on the sands by the water's edge she would sit and listen to the sound of the waves. Day by day found her listening, quiet and unlike herself. A fear that he dared not name entered Dick's mind and he became her constant companion.

"Aliveta, let us return home. Surely you are ready and business calls me."

She shook her head saying, "Let us stay a little while longer. I am sure I will understand the ocean's message soon. Listen, doesn't it sound like a human voice?"

Urgent business kept Dick at his desk one morning. Going hurriedly to Aliveta's room he found her gone. A note said:

"Gone to bath-house for a plunge."

Hurrying to the bath-house Dick knocked at Aliveta's door but received no answer. Calling an attendant they together forced the door open. There, before them, was Aliveta's clothing and pinned to her hat was a letter. Frantically Dick reached for it and read:

"Dear Dick: I have listened to the ocean's voice. At last I know where to find peace and contentment such as I have never known.

"Return to your people and be happy as you never could have been with restless

Aliveta."

"Search for her. Send out the guards!

"Oh, Aliveta, I should not have left you an instant," moaned the grief-stricken husband.

The few trains leaving the town were closely watched and the ocean seined but it kept its secret and Dick waited.

"Wait nine days to see if it will give up my dead! My God! how can I wait?"

Day after day passed without news. The time always comes when the ocean grows tired and casts up its prey. The shore was searched for miles. On the ocean small boats were out, but no body was found.

Again and again Dick read Aliveta's note. "At last I know where to find peace. Return to your people." Why not? What would longer awaiting accomplish? With the sad moan of the breakers, mingled with the sea



"Nearing the Indian camp"

But no trace of a bather out beyond her depth could be found, and nowhere on the beach could a trace of Aliveta be discovered.

At the station a train was about to depart.

"Looking for some one?" asked the brakeman as Dick hurriedly entered. "There's no one aboard but an old gent in the smoker and this squaw here in the vestibule. I don't see why they always persist in riding outside."

As the men passed on into the coach the squaw gave a quick startled look after them, then over her face came a look of stolid indifference, as she wrapped her shawl more closely about her head, and took a firmer hold on the bundle in her lap.

gulls' cry in his ears Dick Morgan boarded a train and started on his journey homeward.

The incoming train from the coast slowly drew into Highland. A squaw, clad in the usual style with a shawl over her head, picked up a bundle and descending from one of the coaches started toward the foothills.

A rain had washed the orange groves. From over the mountains, and the vast stretch of desert beyond, came the rough north wind driving the storm away. But now, at sunset, the wind had ceased and there was the strange

(Continued on page 44)

# *The Way of the Wind*

By NINA MAY

From the southwest o'er the fields,  
The Wind comes blithely blowing,  
Early bloom its fragrance yields,  
Through meadow-lands a-growing.  
Here he sings a jocund song—  
Wakes cowslips from their sleeping—  
Rippling as he sweeps along,  
To falls where sprays are leaping.

“Back he flings a parting shout—  
The young greens turn their faces”—  
Where first buttercups are out,  
Then seaward, off, he races!  
Over moor and sandy beach,  
The harsh cries of the plover,  
Challenge, where the breakers reach,  
The West Wind, boisterous rover!

Buoyant, thin, so charged with life,  
From leagues and leagues of blowing!  
Raking hills and fruitlands rife,  
Where petals white are showing:  
To the land farewell he said,  
As sunset glows were failing,  
And quickly o'er the billows sped,  
“I'm off, Ho! Ho! a-sailing!”





A bit of the picturesque side of "The City by the Sea"

# *The City by the Sea*

By EDITH FULLERTON SCOTT

There's a magic spell upon me,  
For I feel, and hear, and see,  
All that's golden and enchanting,  
In a City by the Sea.

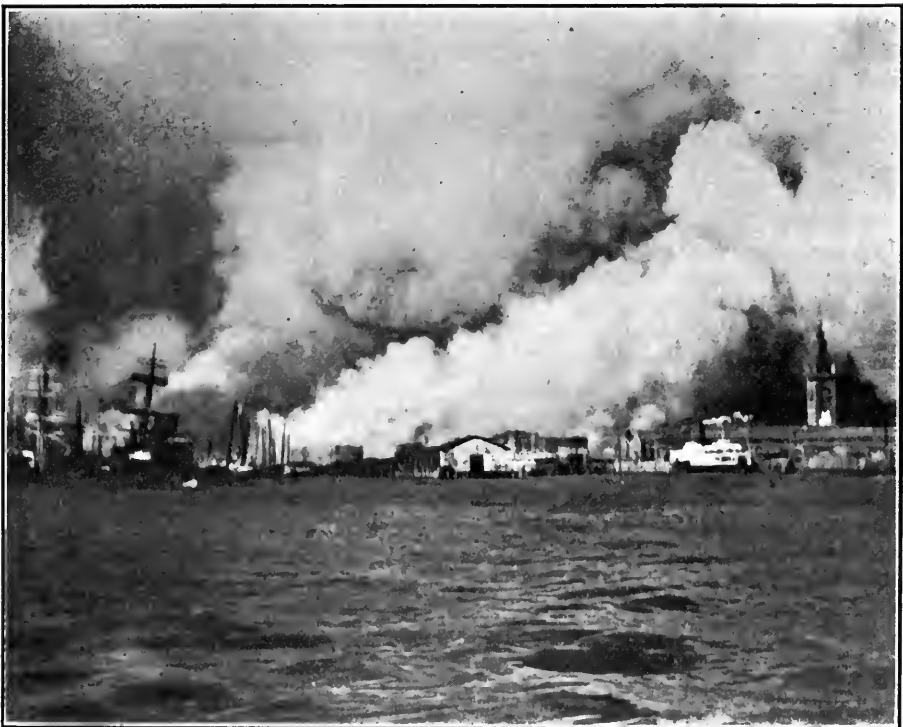
Oh! I love its winter rainbows,  
Hail the wind a-blowing free,  
And I love the gleam and sparkle  
Of the City by the Sea.

E'en its sometime fog is mystic,  
Added touch of dignity;  
'Tis the oriental veiling  
For the City by the Sea.

There is grandeur in the mountains,  
Verdant beauty on the lea,  
And there's poetry and romance  
In this City by the Sea.

There are those who search for climate,  
But it's atmosphere for me,  
And it's here at last I've found it,  
In your City by the Sea.

Then a toast to San Francisco!  
And I quaff it cheerily;  
For, long wand'ring, now I'm home-fast,  
In my City by the Sea.





# A Cup of Coffee

By IVAN CANKAR

Translated from the Slovenian (Yugo-Slav.)

LOUIS ADAMIE, Translator.

NOTE.—*The original of A CUP OF COFFEE appeared in a collection of Ivan Cankar's stories and sketches entitled MY LIFE (Moje Zivljenje.) Cankar is the foremost literary light of Yugo-Slavia, a novelist and poet, noted especially for his spiritual depth and love of truth. He was born of extremely poor peasant parents in Slovenia, prior to, and during the World War a part of Austria, and died in 1917.*

**I** HAVE often been unjust, unfair to people whom I loved. Such injustice is an unpardonable sin, permanent, enduring, unforgettable in one's conscience. Sometimes the sin is forgotten, eroded from your life, drowned in the eventfulness of the days; but suddenly, perhaps in the middle of a beautiful enjoyable day, perhaps at night, it comes back upon you, to weigh down your soul, to pain and burn your conscience as though you have just committed it. Almost every other sin or bitter memory may be washed away with atonement and good thought, except this sin of injustice against someone whom you love. It becomes a black spot in your heart and there it remains.

A man may perhaps try to lie to his soul.—“It wasn't so bad as that. Your restlessness has created a black night out of mere shadows. It was but a trifle, an every-day occurrence.”—Such words are lies, and the man knows it. The heart is not a penal code in which crimes and offenses are defined. Nor is it a catechism in which sins are classified. The human heart is a judge, just and exact.

Pardonable is a sin which can be described by word of mouth and atoned for. But heavy, tremendously heavy, is a sin which remains with you—in your heart—indescribable, formless. You confess it to yourself when you tremble in fear before death, or at night when the covers of your bed seem like mountains piled upon you.

\* \* \*

Fifteen years ago I came home and remained three weeks. Throughout that time I was gloomy, tired and discontented. My mother's dwelling seemed empty, blank, and I thought that on all of us lingered repulsive shadows, dampness.

The first few night I slept in the large room, and as I awoke in the middle of the night, I saw my mother sitting by the table. She ap-

peared motionless, her head resting on her knuckles, her face illumined in the darkness. As I listened, I did not hear the breathing of a sleeping person, but subdued sobbing. I pulled the covers over my head, but even then I heard her sobbing.

I moved to the attic, where in that dismal humor of mine, I began writing my first love stories. I had been forcibly directing my thoughts to beautiful scenes—parks, woods, creeks, pastures.

One day I craved black coffee. I don't know how it came to my mind; I simply wanted some black coffee. Perhaps because I knew that there was not even a slice of bread in the house and that much less coffee. Sometimes a person is merciless, cruel.

Mother looked at me with her meek, surprised eyes but would not speak. After I informed her that I wanted some black coffee, I returned to the attic to continue my love story, to write how Milan and Breda loved each other, how noble, divine, happy and joyful they were.—“Hand in hand, both young and fully alive, bathed in morning dew-drops, swaying—”

Then I heard light steps on the stairs. It was mother, ascending carefully, carrying a cup of steaming coffee. Now I recall how beautiful she was at that moment. A single ray of sun shone directly into her eyes through a crack in the wall. A divine light of heaven, love and goodness were there in her face. Her lips held a smile as those of a child bringing one a gift. But —

“Leave me alone!” I said harshly. “Don't bother me now! I don't want any coffee!”

She had not yet reached the top of the stairs. I saw her only from her waist up. As she heard my words, she stopped and stood there motionless, only the hand holding the cup shook. She stared at me in terror and the light in her face died.



Blood rushed to my head, from shame, and I stepped toward her as quickly as I could.

"Give it to me, mother."

But it was too late. The light in her face had died. The smile on her lips had vanished.

As I drank the coffee, I said to myself:

"Tonight I shall speak tenderly to her and make up for what I have done."

In the evening I could not speak to her kindly, nor the next day.

\* \* \*

Three or four months later a strange woman brought a cup of coffee to my room. Suddenly I felt a sting in my heart. I wanted to cry out from pain. I shivered, my whole being trembling in stark agony.—For a man's heart is a just judge; a man's heart does not concern itself with paragraphs in statute books or trifles.

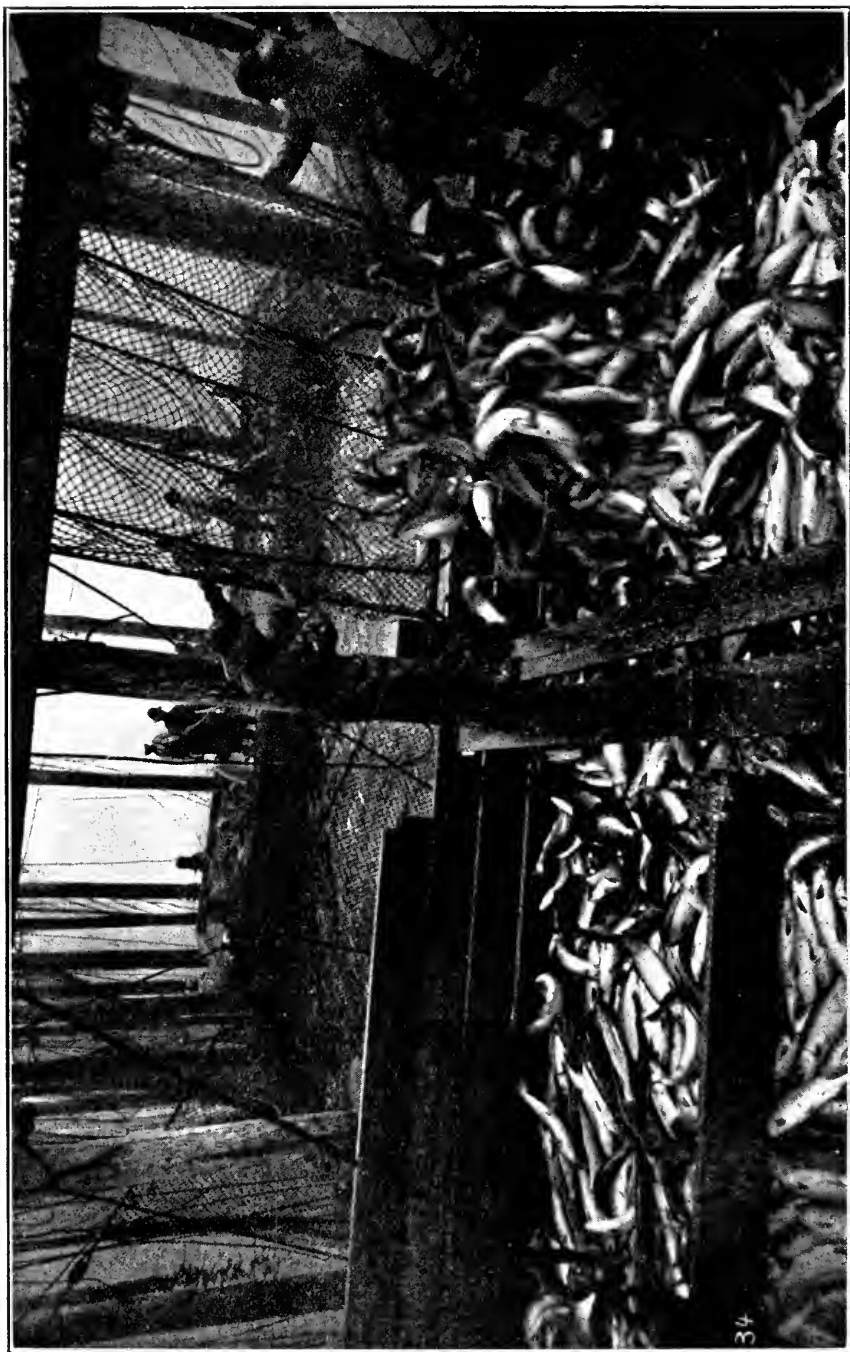


## *Bubbles*

By HENRY BROADUS JONES

Deep in the Hills of Life there is a fount  
 Whence living water flow, with bubbles bright  
 That rise up from the stream and slowly mount,  
 Drifting zigzag and passing out of sight.  
 Pilgrims oft come, thirsting, to this fair stream;  
 But ere they drink, the bubbles meet their view,  
 Rising, floating, with dancing, magic gleam,  
 Until each pilgrim, glad, starts to pursue.  
 Thro' brambles, thickets, woodland, far-off  
 plain,  
 To precipice, pit-fall, or slimy bog  
 Each chases his own bubble, spite of pain,  
 To see it burst at last, or pass in fog.  
 Meanwhile the waters flow, sparkling and cool,  
 Life to contented fish in yonder pool.





*A "small-fish" catch along the Northern Coast*

# *Before Land and Sea Changed Places*

(A legend of the Oregon Coast)

By THOMAS H. ROGERS

I am the deep sea wolf off the halibut banks  
Which never a man has seen;  
My home is a lair beneath a crumbling stair  
In the depths of the pea green sea.

This lair of the underworld  
Most wonderful to behold  
Is in a field of kelp where never a yelp  
Disturbs much sunken gold;  
Gold yet in ships which the grim sea grips  
As if loath to let it go—  
Ships sunk from sight in the dead of night  
In the centuries long ago.

An ancient city marks the spot,  
Dead and foul and grim—  
A ghost of the past, the aftermath,  
Of what once had been.

Sea lions go slithering through  
Echoless alleys, into the valleys,  
Into walls of blue;  
Sea weeds grow in the market place  
Deeply rooted in the flags;  
Rich and poor alas! have gone,  
Minus their money bags.

No pompous broker treads the streets,  
No beggar begs within,  
Crumbling stones and dead men's bones—  
Death has entered in!

In this field of kelp I mother my whelp  
Hard by these dismal places  
Of a race of men, beyond my ken,  
Before land and sea changed places.



*Painting—Chinese Boy*

# Swinbourne's Personal Swindle

By DOROTHY GREEN SHIRLEY

**S**WINBOURNE was going back. For seven long lonely years he had tried to forget. At first there was always the fear they would find him. He never opened a door without expecting to meet an inevitable officer of the law. Then, time bringing nothing, he had dared to settle in a city, a swarming seething mass of men who ate and drank and worked and played together, all the while flaunting the loneliness of his life at him.

What joy was there in buying and banking himself up in the livestock commission? Who met him when he opened the door into his cheerless hotel bedroom? Who cared that he made good in a financial way?

The days were bearable enough with their endless stream of gaunt desert cattle always pouring in, trainload after trainload of bawling miserable crowded creatures that had been born and bred in the vast open stretches of the West. Poor things, he knew just how they felt, but at least they did not have to die alone. It was the nights that were his undoing; the long dark hours between midnight and dawn when there was nothing to do but roll and toss and think. He had hoped time would let him forget, but when after all the years each night grew worse, he knew there was no use in keeping up the fight. He must go back!

After the manner of those who live much alone, Jack Swinbourne talked to himself. As soon as the various conductors on the west-bound Sunset Limited seemed satisfied with his tickets, he closed his stateroom door and removed a broad-brimmed felt hat which was intended to conceal most of a thatch of iron-grey hair and all of two cold grey eyes from a public that might prove inquisitive. He elevated his long legs to the seat opposite, flicked a raveling off his grey tweed business suit and looked himself over.

"Didn't look much like this when I left, did I?" He looked down at his white hands. "These are sure enough lily-whites. Wouldn't mind bein' togged out in my old high-topped boots and buckskin chaps with a red bandannar draped around my neck instead of this boiled shirt with fixin's." Now that he was on his way, there seemed to be a mild sort of comfort in dropping back to the vernacular of the cowboy.

For two days he gazed out on the kaleidoscopic world and pondered. Everywhere was human companionship. "Look at that man with his little family; he doesn't know how happy he is. And to think I might have had that, too—that is, if I—oh, hang it all, I've made a mess of my life for sure!" But the only reply that came to him was the maddening click of the rails beneath him, "You're go-ing back—you're go-ing back—you're go-ing back."

Then came the desert. Frantically he lifted the car window to better breathe the clear light air, and look upon the long open stretches of sand sparsely covered with glistening greasewood and pungent sage. What matter that the alkali dust stung his nostrils and burned his eyes? "Am I not going home?" he whispered with quickening pulse. "Home!" The word fairly mocked him. Was there any consolation in what fitted his hands so smooth and hard and cool in the well-tailored pocket of his coat?

The train drew into Mecca in a swirl of hot dust. Swinbourne pulled his hat well over his eyes and dropped off a rear Pullman. Evidently no one was expected. The only sign of life about the yellow painted station were two lolling Mexicans, smoking in the shade of its overhanging roof. Across from the station he read the dismal signs proclaiming Chinese Tom's restaurant, Brown's general store and the barber-shop and postoffice combined. Except that they looked more soiled and dilapidated he might have just left them yesterday.

A cloud of dust came fogging up the deserted street. Out of it emerged a boy of about fourteen riding a pinto pony. Swinbourne looked him over as he dismounted and clanked his spurs on the old boardwalk. "You're just what I'm looking for," he thought half aloud. "Too young to remember me."

"Say, Bub," he accosted, "Could you tell me where I could get a horse? A good one, I mean—to ride."

The boy took him in with a comprehensive glance. "You want a Lizzie, don't you, Mister? Going' cut to the mines, I reckon.—Well, old Jake Simpson's got a tin wagon he takes folks like you out in. Taxes 'em up with four bucks, though.—Don't guess he makes a killin' at that, with the roads so rough and it bein' so hot an' all."

"But I want a horse, a real piece of horse flesh!" The man took two bills from his wallet. "Here, take these, and bring me a horse that knows this country,—while I go in to the Chink's here for a bite to eat." He hesitated a little, "Say, Bub, you don't happen to know any one about here by the name of Dalton, do you? An old man and his daughter?"

"Dalton? Yes, I've heard tell of 'em. Used to live out on Sandy flats. The old man passed on, some time back. I guess the daughter went over to Blythe to live,—half of Mecca went over there when they struck it rich at the mines out from Blythe."

In the restaurant a sleepy-looking Chinaman skidded across the greasy floor, took the newcomer's order, and disappeared. Swinbourne unconsciously wiped his knife and fork with a paper napkin and conversed softly with himself.

"So she's gone away,—might have known she would—but I did hope to see her just once more, if only from a distance. She's likely married now and even—children. I didn't dare to ask that. Anyway, I'd rather not know—Oh, Lord, what a fool I was!" He put his head in his hands and gazed unseeing at the grimy oilcloth. It was hot. The air was heavy with the odor of strong food—and when the Chinaman clanked a few steaming dishes before him, Swinbourne knew he could not eat.

"Bring me a couple of lemons," he ordered, taking off his coat. "I'll take them with me."

The Chinaman brought them done up in a piece of newspaper. "Me no got sack," he apologized. By the time Swinbourne had stuffed the package into the side pocket of his coat, the boy was waiting outside.

"Reckon you've seen a nag before, from the way you crawl on. There's a canteen of water there; you can tie on your coat with the same rawhides but you'll be no hotter with it on, I guess. You'll find water at Shaffer's well, twelve miles out on the Blythe road—better have a care about it though,—sometimes goes brackish after the rains. Maybe you're not goin' that far?"

"Maybe not." The stranger was not inclined to be communicative. "You're sure this horse knows the country—could even—come back alone after dark?"

"Say, man, I thought you knew horse flesh. That there roan pony don't know nothin' but this desert. If you'll give her the ribbons she'll bring you back all right."

"She will? Thanks." Swinbourne gave the horse an affectionate slap on the neck. "Come on, Roany," he said, "We'll be traveling now."

Horse and rider headed down the street, crossed the railroad, passed a few vacant wooden shacks, then meandered through an adobe town to the crossroads, where after a moment's hesitation they took the road marked "Ninety Miles to Blythe."

The air grew drier, clearer, hotter. Pale lines of orange-colored light dazzled ahead of them in the sandy roadway. The sun never relaxed its fierce heat, nor the wind its scorching breath. Away in the distance was the cobalt blue of the Salton sea. Once the very road had been a grotto for fishes, now only dwarfed greasewood and grey salt bush relieved the eye from the monotony of sand and rocks.

"Take it slow, Roany,—it's hot as hell today—just like—that other day." And then because the long desert miles stretched ahead of him, and there was nothing to do but ride and think, Swinbourne drew from his memory those events too indelibly stamped to ever be forgotten.

He had gone to the date farm barbecue on that moonlit night, against his better judgment. "What can a stiff-legged cowboy like me do at a dance when I have chills and fever every time I shy up to anything that wears skirts?" he had asked the boys. And he hadn't been there ten minutes till he drew one of the same boys out on the porch.

"Who's that Spanish-lookin' girl in there, the one with diamonds in her eyes?" he had asked.

"You mean that girl there with the black beads and hair? She's not hard on the eyes, is she? Guess her mother was Spanish, but you never get nothin' out of her old dad.—Pachita Dalton—that's her name. Lives with her dad out on Sandy Flats. Their mark is double bar O."

Then when the party was over they all gathered around the smoking embers of the barbecue pit. As Pachita, offering him a cup of coffee, let her eyes linger for a breathless moment on his, he knew he would never be the same again.

"When we goin' to get an invite to a weddin' dance, Swinbourne?" the boys asked two months later when he was hitching Pachita's black pony beside his tall grey at the rack in front of the schoolhouse. As the strident notes of the fiddle and the rhythmic shuffle of feet floated out to him in the hot night air Swinbourne felt heaven was almost within his grasp. "I only hope that dude of an Easterner isn't in there," he thought to himself as he stalked up to where Pachita was waiting for him. "He's pressin' his company on her a bit too much to

suit me.—An' the worst of it all, she doesn't seem to mind it. Wouldn't mind a fellow I could fight, but that pale-faced manicured health seeker—"

McCurtie was there all right! Before Swinbourne could say "Hello" to the boys, Pachita was dancing off with the well-dressed stranger.

"Seem to like his company better than mine," was the grumpy greeting he gave to his sparkling partner when she had finished the dance.

"Oh, he's a wonderful dancer," Pachito burst out with enthusiasm. "Aren't you going to ask me for this one?"

"Don't think I feel like dancin' tonight," Swinbourne looked at her with a new expression through his half-closed eyelids. "Better hunt up your won-der-ful dancer!"

And the worst of it was, Pachita did that very thing, and even smiled into McCurtie's eyes whenever they passed the old yellow schoolhouse bench where Swinbourne sat in his misery.

"She doesn't have to have me," thought Swinbourne in desperation, "But she's not a-goin' to have him! I'm a-goin' to see to that! I'll get rid of him! Shoot? No—shootin's too good for a pussy-foot like that.—I'll do worse than that; I'll take him.—" A sickly smile broke over his flushed face.—"But I mustn't let on," he muttered, shaking himself.—"From now on I must be the gayest bo at this dance." It was all as clear as thought it had happened yesterday, instead of seven years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a rude sign announcing Schaffer's well the rider on the roan mare drew from a board-covered hole in the ground a rusty bucket full of yellowish alkali water for his horse. He took off his coat but soon found the penetrating heat from the fiery sun burned his unaccustomed skin till he was forced to put it on again.

"We'll leave the road here, Roany," Swinbourne said to his horse. "I took McCurtie up this very wash,—asked him if he didn't want to ride along with me to see if I found any cattle away from water." The roan flicked her ears around, a sure sign she was listening. Unconsciously Swinbourne rubbed his hand over his burning face, then took up his monologue to his horse.

"'Twas just this time of year, Roany. Hot?—Worse than this. Not a bad sort either—McCurtie—might have liked him if he had stayed away from Pachita.

"What are you shying at, Roany? You've seen an old canteen before.—I took care that

we only had a small one—that day. Oh, I was a beast all right!—Just naturally wound him in and out these old washes till he had no idea where he was. Tired?—He was ready to drop and begging me to take him to water every minute.

"Managed to keep him in the saddle till I got down there where it was so low not a breath stirred and the hot rocks reflected the heat like an oven. Then when he was all in, too much to even talk I lifted him off his horse and laid him in the shade there—of that rock. 'I'll bring you some water from the well over yonder,' I lied, and just naturally took both horses and left the poor devil there to die.—Should you think you would stumble, Roany!—Always had prided myself on being half-way decent too—queer what a man will do when he's crazy jealous."

Both man and horse bent their heads as they trudged down the burning wash. "I watered the horses all right," here the man's voice weakened till it was almost inaudible, "But I forgot to reckon on Pachita. Knew I could never look down into her eyes again with that smirch on my soul. Was just like they all are,—crazy to get away! Why Roany, those seven miles over Miner's Gulch and the ridge to the railroad were behind me before I knew it!" Swinbourne heaved a long sigh as if telling his story had relieved him, then patted the pony on the neck. "Don't ask me if I've paid—I've been through a thousand hells since then,—but it'll soon be over—now. I'm going to pay the price—I'm going to pay—before this burning sun is set."

They were now in a weird lifeless river of sand that might have just been belched from the bowels of the earth. Only the swish of the pony's feet and the leathery squeak of the saddle relieved the deafening silence.

"This ought to be getting near,—yes, I remember that jagged pink rock. Seven years don't change a rock like they do a man's heart, do they, Old Mustang?"

"Well, I guess I don't need you any more," he said, dismounting. He took an envelope from his inside pocket, scrawled an address on it and tied it securely on the saddle with the buckskins. "Hope some one finds it and mails it to her. If she's still in Blythe, she'll get it. Might as well have what's left." He tied the reins to the horn and gave the roan a slap on the flanks. "I hope they didn't lie to me about your knowing this desert. One thing, you'll have the cool of the evening to go back in. Good bye, Roany," he called after her, but she only an-

swered with the echo of her feet hitting the sand.

A pink afterglow from the sun slipping below the rugged horizon, enkindled the burning sand and rocks. Swinbourne shook and was cold, in spite of the heat. He commenced to look. Soon he would find some trace—a shoe perhaps, or a shred of hat. He walked round and round a limited area, now pushing the sand aside with his foot, then digging frantically with his hands. "Surely this is the place—McCourtie was too weak to move far," he whispered. He found nothing, no plant, no insect, no sign that life had ever been there! Was he to come all this distance for nothing? He sank exhausted on a rock with his head in his hands.

"Why, oh why didn't I find you, McCourtie? Did someone find your body and lay you away like a man? But why should that matter to me now? I—have come to pay. God knows how I've paid, McCourtie.—Pachita!—Pachita!—how I have loved you!"

He reached in his coat pocket for his gun. What was in there? What did he feel? It was not the gun. Oh, it was the lemons he got from the Chinaman. Just lemons, that's all,—done up in a piece of old newspaper. They slipped to the sand unnoticed, but his shaking hands gripped the old paper, the one thing which seemed to connect him with the world he was leaving.

Swinbourne unconsciously read the large type before his eyes. He read it again—and again, then put his hand before the paper to determine if he were really seeing. He looked again. There it was, plain as day. "JASPER McCOURTIE MERCANTILE CO., BLYTHE, CAL."—Surely there must be some mistake—no, it couldn't be, it must be,—such an unusual name! He looked at the heading of the paper. It was the Blythe Weekly Gazette and the advertisement below went on to give the price of pink beans and bacon.

"I must get to Blythe right away," Swinbourne cried out frantically as he strode down the sandy wash already purple with the shadows of evening. At Schaffer's well he drew himself a drink. "I could walk a thousand miles," he muttered, "If in the end I could find McCourtie!"

But he didn't have to walk, for the Meccato-Blythe auto stage which was making the trip at night during the summer, was glad to take on another passenger.

At nine o'clock the next morning Jack Swinbourne picked his way over boxes of oranges and piles of gay saddle blankets into the

country store labeled "JASPER McCOURTIE MERCANTILE CO." But he was not prepared to find Pachita Dalton there. He caught his breath as thoughts rampaged through his dazed brain. "Might have known she'd be here. What a fool I was not to think of that before!" There she stood not ten feet from him, so busily engaged in chattering Spanish to a Mexican woman about some red ribbon she held in her hand that she did not notice him.

"This will never do," thought Swinbourne, coming to his senses. "She'll see me if I stand here gazing at her." He straightened his drooping shoulders with decision. "If there's a shred of manhood left in me, I'll find McCourtie, do what I can for him, and slip away."

The desert merchant sat seated at his desk in the back of the store. There had been no mistake.

"Well McCourtie, I've come back," said Swinbourne as briefly as possible.

The man at the desk looked up astounded. "Come back?" he gasped for breath. "You?—Swinbourne come back? Can I believe my eyes?" He offered him his hand. "Why, we scoured the desert for you for days.—Some said nasty things, but I said 'No, he's lost.'"

"So I was, McCourtie, I was lost,—'lost' is a good word! How are things progressing with you?" Swinbourne asked nervously, taking a quick inventory of the store.

"Progressing?—You ought to know nothing progresses much in this country in the summer time. We just sort of bear it till fall. Wish I could sell out and go to the coast with my wife and family. My health's pretty much the same and the heat gets me more and more every year."

"So you've a family too?" Swinbourne drummed thoughtfully with his fingers on the old battered desk. "Tell you what I'll do, McCourtie—I'll buy you out.—Just name your price."

"Name my price! My price for this stock? Why man, you're crazy! I've heard of men selling out here in December, but never in August." The merchant sank to his chair breathing rapidly. "Pachita! Oh, Pachita," he called to the front of the store. "Do you remember Jack Swinbourne? He's here now—and he wants to buy me out. Will you call Gertie? I want him to meet my wife."

Swinbourne looked at him dazed and confused. "You mean to say Pachita is not your—wife?" he asked.

But Pachita did not obey her employer, in-



stead she dropped the red ribbon and ran to Swinbourne with outstretched hands.

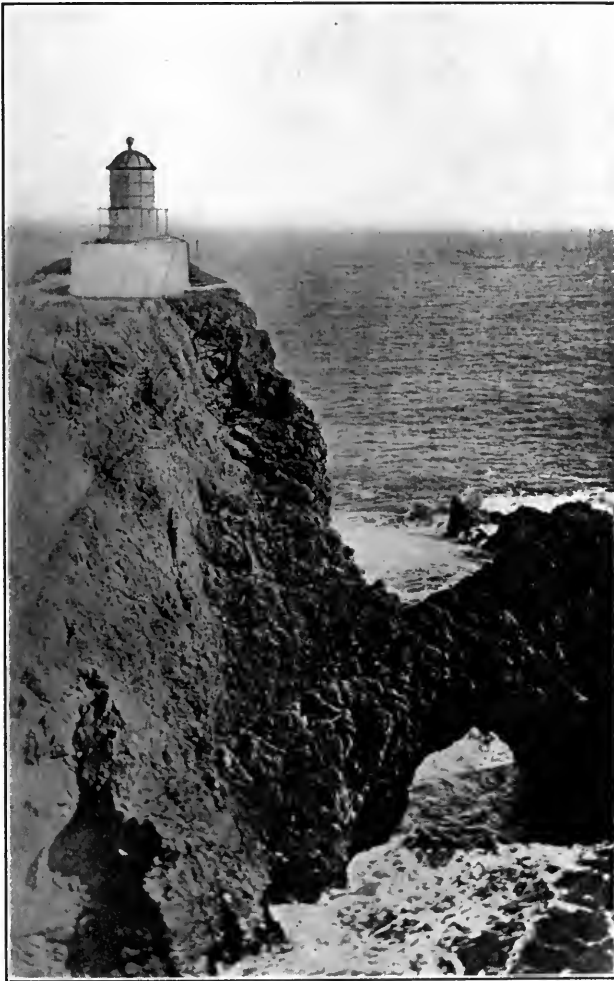
McCourtie felt it necessary to call his wife himself.

Swinbourne looked into the glistening eyes that looked up at him with a greater longing than ever.

"Tell me, Pachita," he lingered caressingly on

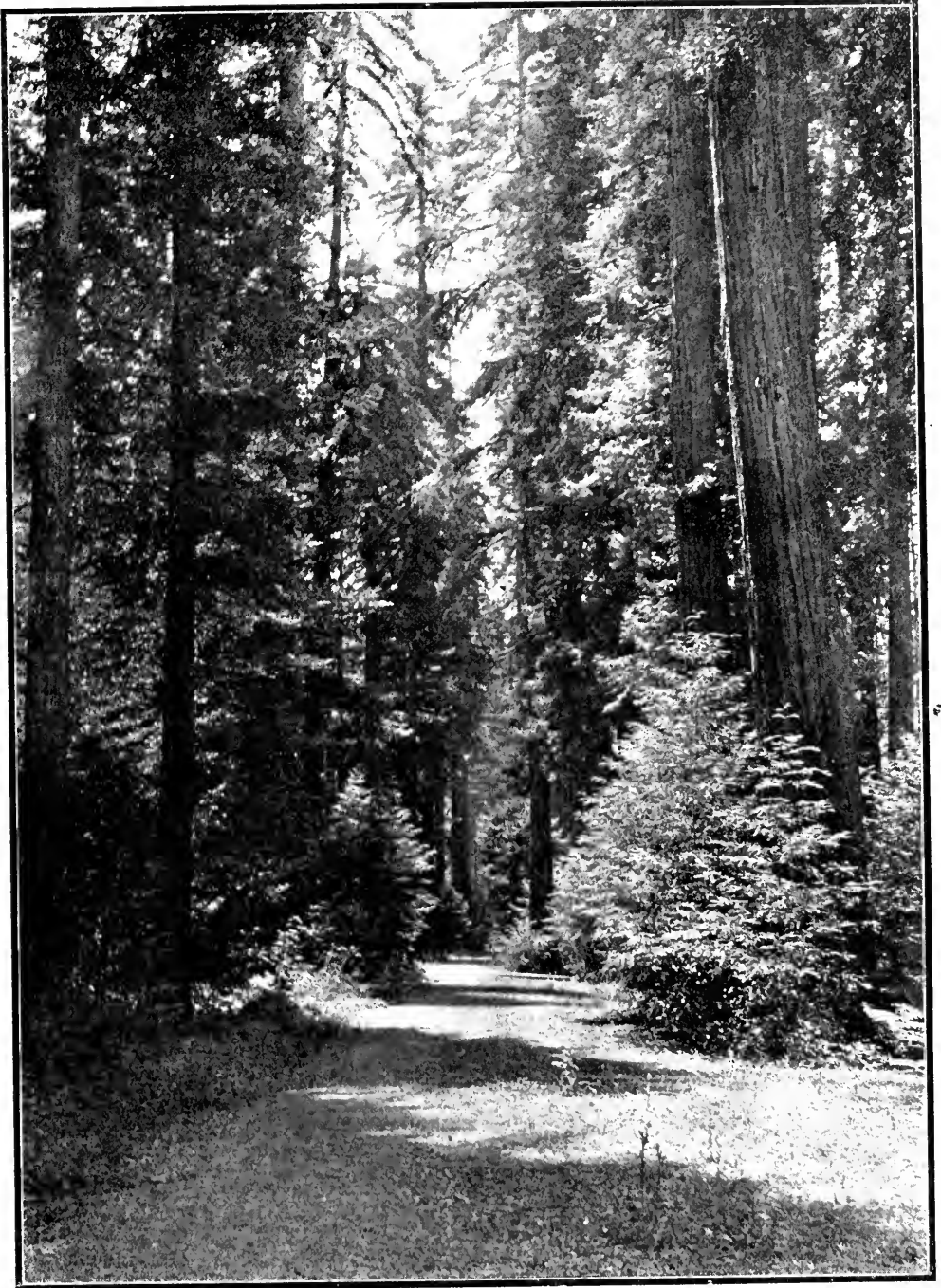
her name, "I must ask it—are you really free? All these lonely years I've wanted you so, but I thought—"

"Si, Señor," the woman interrupted in her beloved tongue, as she put her hand firmly over his mouth. His arms drew her nearer. "Sh!" she warned, "I always knew that you would come back. Is it not enough that you are here?"





*Logging in Redwood Forests*



*Early shadows among the Redwoods*

# *Midsummer Night Song*

By R. R. GREENWOOD

The moon is a golden flower  
And the sea is silvery light,  
And the stars are the petals scattered afar  
Over the face of the night.

Here while the dim world sleeps,  
In the fragrant silence alone  
You and I will quaff the dew  
And I'll pledge to you, my own.

We'll follow the moon-washed trail  
Down to the pearly strand,  
And there in the white sea's misty light  
We'll frolic hand in hand.

We'll dance till the rosy dawn  
Trips over the whispering sea,  
And I will lead you far away  
To fairyland with me.



# Searchlight

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

**D**AN DAVIS paused on the long wharf fringing the inner channel of San Pedro Bay to survey, reminiscently, the once familiar scene. Ten years had fashioned changes; the channel was longer, broader. Dead Man's Island but a clay crown, and a great government breakwater protected the placid bay from the turbulent white-crested waves. The harbor had developed into a great Pacific port. Vessels from the seven seas docked at the quays to discharge their cargoes, and to take on commerce for foreign lands.

Yet, in spite of the space of time, the coasting ships seemed like intimate friends reaching out of the past to greet him. Once he had known these vessels by title; their captains by name. But alas, ten dreary, dragging years separated him from the memory of those sailing days and this pleasant June night.

He sauntered on, recalling the events of that never-to-be-forgotten day when he had last entered this port on a lumber schooner down from the Oregon coast. Harbor lights flung jeweled reflections on the greenish waters, and the rigging lanterns dipped fiery streamers into the purple depths. It was good to taste the tang of the salt, and to breathe the invigorating tonic of the ocean breezes after the pressing suffocation of prison walls. Ten painful years. And he a sailor born and bred. How suddenly life had changed for him with a woman's smile.

A boat's whistle startled his reverie. An ocean liner was coming into the channel, piloted by a fussy little tug boat. "In from the Orient, if I mistake not," said Dan Davis to himself. "I'll speak to her captain tomorrow and ask for a berth. But first I must seek some friends of my coast-ship days to give me passable credentials."

He watched the great ship—port holes a-light; eager passengers on her decks—swing to anchor at the landing pier. He was free. The longing that had eaten at the core of his heart for ten years of durance vile, could now be gratified. The sea called him as a mother speaks to her child. He could get away from the crowded shore to great open billowy spaces, pungent with the breath of salt blown breezes.

Dan sauntered on, recalling the men he had known when he was mate of the "Doris May" and made this port. He remembered that his friends of the old days had a rendezvous at

"Pete's Chowder House," on the water end of the lumber dock. He wondered if Peg-Leg Pete still dispensed hearty cheer in bowls of chowder soup and mugs of port. Or had the old crippled sailor passed on, his work unfinished?

He rounded a towering stack of pine boards pungent with the scent of turpentine, and there before him stood the little cafe glowing with hospitality. He staggered back against the lumber suddenly faint with the recollections of that memorable night when he had crossed the threshold of that chowder house. His memory was somewhat vague as to what happened on that adventurous shore cruise before he stepped into the little cafe and received a tantalizing smile from the red lips of a bright-eyed senorita. But out of all that murk and dark uncertainty the girl's piquant face stood clear like a clean-cut cameo. Photographed everlastingly on his memory—his heart. Would he ever forget her?

Dan forced control over his trembling limbs and moved forward to look into the lighted room. The assembly of sea-faring men collected at the bar and small tables represented various nations speaking a dozen tongues, yet, with all, men of one family, articulating the common language of seas and ports. Mostly these patrons were mariners from the ships in dock.

Old Pete was there, presiding over the great copper kettle, a cheery smile on his jovial features. He did not look a day older. Dan Davis wondered if ten years was really such a long space of time. To him the last decade had been like an infinite duration. It had aged and broken him; robbed him of youth. He felt cheated, and bitter was his resentment.

He drew back into the shadows as his mind dwelt upon that memorable night. He had gone ashore to participate in the harbor town amusements, and was somewhat the worse for liquor when he reached Pete's place. But what happened in the chowder house was focused on his memory like a camera print. He had lived it over and over again during the years of his confinement. As he entered the cafe he saw the Spanish girl sitting at a table facing him. Her beauty attracted him like a moth to the flame, and he advanced to speak to her. It was then she smiled at him, that never-to-be-forgotten smile. Drunk with wine and passion he caught her into his arms and kissed her

coquettish mouth ardently, without so much as "By your leave, *senorita*." The memory of that kiss still clung to his lips.

But the girl's escort angrily resented the galantry of the strange sailor. There was a short, sharp struggle of blinded rage, a warning cry; lamp-light flashing across steel; a resounding crash of broken glass; a woman's scream. And there at his feet sprawled an inert form. He had killed a man in self-defense. Across that dead body he looked deeply into the girl's flaming eyes as she vowed revenge for the death of her lover.

And she took it with a vengeance. She swore him into prison with the same soft, alluring lips which he had so passionately kissed. But in her dark eyes there was a strange look which he was unable to fathom, as if her heart did not approve of what her tongue repeated. When he met her direct gaze across the court room she quickly drew a veil over her flashing eyes that he might not read clearly. She puzzled him.

The jury pronounced him guilty of manslaughter. But a fair minded judge took into consideration the sworn statements of his intoxication, the knife wound in his chest, the lure of the girl's Latin beauty, and gave him ten years' penal service.

Dan Davis sighed regretfully as his thoughts came back to the present. He wondered how the years had treated the woman. No doubt some other lover had wooed and won her. Strange that he visioned her so constantly. That he could not erase her pictured face from his mind—his heart.

From the cluttered deck of a nearby lumber schooner some one started a flow of rhythmical chords on a banjo, and a throaty voice broke into a sailor's love song.

Dan Davis roused from his reverie. In Pete's place he would be apt to find some mariner who would be willing to speak a fair word for him. He hesitated on the threshold, shrinking from that thing which his memory kept alive and haunting. Then, with an effort, he got control of his fear and entered the room, determined to face the specter, to conquer his dread.

Several men exclaimed in surprise and spoke his name. Pete recognized them and called a greeting. "Dan Davis, upon my word. Back to the sea like a good sailor."

Dan sat down at one of the tables and ordered a bowl of soup. "Nothing stronger than ginger ale and soda pop," cried a red-faced boatman. "They've declared for prohibition since you—since you left the port, Davis." "So

I've heard," returned Dan. "But I lost my taste for strong drink durin' my confinement."

"Goin' to ship on a coastin' schooner?" asked another sailor.

"Yes, if I can get a berth. Who'll speak a recommendin' word f'r me?"

"Plenty o' men will say a good word for you, Dan Davis," said Pete, as he set the bowl of savory soup before his guest, and pushed forward the cracker jar. "You're a first class sailor. Plenty o' coastin' captains will be glad to take ye on, an' ask no questions."

"Where's that—woman?" Dan asked in a low voice.

"You mean Dolores?"

"Is that her name?"

"She's driftin' round. Gone to the bad, in a way. Worried 'bout something. I can't make her out. Like as if she was eatin' her heart out with a sorrow."

"I—killed—her lover."

"Juan Cordiz was a bad hombre. His takin' off was good riddance."

"Seen her lately?"

"She hangs 'round the docks. Comes in here sometimes with a sailor escort. She's sort o' reckless. A homeless creature, needin' a husband and children to anchor to."

"Then—she hasn't married?"

"No—had plenty o' chances—but she said them nay. She's been going' the pace these ten years, since they shut you up in a punishment house."

Pete stumped back to his place behind the bar. Two or three old friends assured Dan that he would have no trouble getting a berth. They would speak to their captains. He had better come around in the morning.

"You struck in self-defense," said one, who had witnessed the fight. "She swore you into prison with a false tongue."

The fetid air sickened Dan. He had been too long in cramped quarters. The swish of the waters against the piling supports told him that the sea was there and he wanted to get out to the sight and the sound of it.

In parting from his old friends he promised to look them up on the morrow. He was anxious to get back to deck and riggings, as member of some sailing crew and to put to sea again on a lumber schooner bound for a northern port.

Dan sauntered along the pier walk, drinking in the beauty of the star-lighted night canopied the Pacific, which reflected a million diamonds on its mirror-like surface. He halted now and then to survey some vessel snuggled in

its berth, seeking to renew an acquaintanceship with its title and build. A group of long-nosed, gray-hulled destroyers—a portion of the Pacific fleet anchored off Terminal Island, heightened his interest. When he had sailed in and out of San Pedro harbor a government cruiser was an object of much speculation. But a world had gone to war during his incarceration.

Suddenly a shaft of silvery light licked out of the darkness like a lightning tongue, and a searchlight from one of the destroyers began to play over the harbor and docks. As the whitish gleam swept across the pier Dan caught a swift glimpse of a woman standing on the foot-log poised as if for a leap into the channel. Apparently the unexpected flare had halted the intended plunge.

Impulsively Dan sprang forward to draw her back from her perilous position. His strong arm circled her body just as she prepared to jump. But the woman resented his interference and struggled desperately to free herself from his firm hold as she pleaded tearfully to be allowed to end her miserable existence.

The bright light came back to the dock and rested a passing instant on their faces. But in that flash they recognized each other and cried out.

"Dan Davis!"

"Dolores."

"I knew you would come back," screamed the terrified woman. "What are you going to do with me?" In a panic of fear she beat at his breast with clenched fists. "Let me go—let me go—"

Dan took hold of her arm and forced her to move into a patch of lamp glow flung from a deck cabin window. As she faced him defiantly he saw that she was still an attractive woman, though more matured of body and hardened of features. The fire of her blood flashed from her dark eyes; but her olive skin was sickly pale, and her roughed lips did not smile.

He laughed mirthlessly. "Fate played us a trick," he said. "Think of me reachin' out to save you from a watery grave! Lord, what a joke."

"I've been through the flames of the inferno," said Dolores bitterly.

"I passed through that same fiery furnace," he mocked.

"But you are a man. You can fight on—win out."

"Suppose I do find my place. Shall I ever forget that mad night? The dreary years—that prison cell? And me a man of the sea."

The woman covered her face with her hands and began to sob convulsively.

And the man who could not forget her girlish face, and who still tasted the nectar of that stolen kiss, let sympathy sway him.

"Don't cry, Dolores. I—I was thinkin' o' you when that light began to play. Wonderin' if we two should meet again. If life had been kind to you."

She checked her sobs and looked at him steadily. His strong features wore a prison pallor; but his sea-blue eyes—reflecting the tried soul of the man—were clear and sober, fixed with a determination to fight for his right to come back.

He read the heart hunger in her dark eyes. Seemingly she had thrown herself into the maw of a turbulent life and let it toss her where it willed. A human derelict, drifting aimlessly.

"You have suffered, Dolores."

"No more than you," her voice dragged wearily.

"It was torture to be shut up in a cage away from the tang of the sea, and me a sailor lovin' the deep."

"I'm sorry, Dan. It was cruel of me to swear falsely."

"How long have you been sorry?"

"Ten years."

"Will you forgive me, Dolores? I was not myself that night. I was drunk and your smile tempted me."

The woman made no reply, but a sigh escaped her. She turned her eyes toward the sea, and a silence separated them.

Singing voices winged gaily to them from a passing launch as shore-leave marines raced back to their ship.

"I've been thinkin' o' you all these years." Dan said after a space, "I couldn't forget you."

"And you've haunted me night and day," Dolores confessed. "I couldn't forget your accusing eyes. I'm sorry, Dan. If you can—forgive me."

"If only I dared to steal another kiss."

"Maybe I am not so alluring tonight," she challenged.

A wave of exultation swept over him. He drew her trembling body into his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"There," he exclaimed triumphantly.

"You would dare me, would you?"

"Dan! Dan—" she cried, and hid her flushed face on his breast.

"Dolores, I've been lovin' you ever since I took that other kiss, which came near wreckin' our lives. And I've been wishin' that you would be waitin' for me to claim you—as my wife."

(Continued on page 48)





## The Editor's Note Book

### "The Urge"

Every year the necessary task of short-story criticism is to choose the best and gather these few into more permanent volumes for our libraries. Thus we obtain all, or nearly all, that is worth while, and have such anthologies as William Dean Howells' "Great Modern American Stories," or Edward O'Brien's "Great Modern English Stories," or "Dorothy Scarborough's "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," or Alexander Jessup's five volumes of "Famous French Masterpieces."

Not for a moment, however, do we question the value of the collections of short stories by one author. Some of these are already classics. Readers of the best periodicals expect these volumes, which usually represent an author's best short stories for five or six years—and leave out the mere "pot-boilers."



Much has been written on our California Indians—legendary, historical, romantic—yet there is always another story to tell. And when the author assures us that the material submitted was gleaned first hand from an old chieftain, our interest is apt to be aroused beyond the usual pale of fiction.

Thus Maud Barnes, who has spent much time among the Indians of the San Manuel Reservation, San Bernardino County, tells in her story—"The Call" in this issue of the Overland, the rather tragic tale of the basket weaver.



The revised McClure's Magazine has as its fiction editor Miss Viola Roseboro, who has "discovered" scores of young writers. It is said that she accepted the first O. Henry short story.

### Our Native Flora

Here is a book by a Californian on an outdoor California topic, and published in San Francisco, by the Harr Wagner Co. It is dedicated to the author's mother, the late Mrs. W. S. Chandler, whose studies of wild flowers, both in the bay region and around Lake Tahoe made her widely known. The golden poppy chapter of the book is the work of Mrs. Bryner of San Francisco. Many of the photographs were taken by Mr. Soares of Hayward, and some of the data was furnished by Miss Alice Eastwood, the botanist.

Miss Katherine Chandler, the author, in her first chapter, describes some simple flowers, such as the *Escholtzia* (our state flower). In the second chapter she describes the tubular flowers, such as *Silene*. In subsequent chapters are studies of "fantastic flowers, such as the *Castilleja*," some "grouped flowers" such as the —*anemones*, *gentians*, *primroses*, etc.

When we reach the sixth chapter, on the plants whose flowers, such as those of the dioecious *Garrya eliptica* (the silk tassel tree) our author takes up the relations of the forests of California to the streams, the soil and the valleys. This she does in a way which shows that she is a hearty supporter of forest conservation; and she closes with the famous Joyce Kilmer poem, whose last words are that "only God can make a tree."

The last chapter of this little book is devoted to California's medicinal plants, such as *Yerba santa* and *Grindelia*. This chapter, like the others, is full of historical and botanical information, told in so pleasant a manner that teachers, students, and all the outdoor lovers will enjoy the result. There are thirty-three illustrations besides the frontispiece.



### Lord Bryce's Lectures on "International Relations"

Lord Bryce's last book, his American lectures of August last year, cannot be neglected by any student or intelligent reader upon great subjects. It is dedicated to Charles Evans Hughes, as "one of those who are today working most earnestly and effectively for the promotion of . . . good feeling between States" and the Preface is dated at London, December 22.

Macmillan, who publishes the book, issues most of the other books by James Bryce. The ones which we treasure most are "The American Commonwealth," "Modern Democracies," "South America Observations," and the present volume on "International Relations."

The subjects of his eight lectures are as follows: "The Earlier Relations of Tribes and States to One Another;" "The Great War and Its Effects in the Old World;" "Non-Political Influences Affecting International Relations;" "The Causes of War;" "Diplomacy and International Law;" "Popular Control of Foreign Policy and the Morality of States;" "Methods Proposed for Settling International Controversies;" "Other Possible Methods for Averting War."

Of course this author of a book on "The Holy Roman Empire" knows all about the attempts of Christianity to restrain violence and as he tells us, "at the end of the tenth century, when private war was so general over the whole European Continent that practically every layman had to put himself in a state of defense against everybody else, French Synods began to proclaim what was called the 'Pax Ecclesiae'—church peace—which forbade private war at certain periods; and some years later there was created a Truce of God, which all men were required to swear to observe during certain holy seasons and for certain days in each week. Those regulations, which were meant to apply to private warfare rather than to regular wars between potentates, were enforced by ecclesiastical penalties. They were constantly broken, so that someone remarked that as much sin was being committed by perjury as was committed by the fighting which the oaths were meant to check. Nevertheless, these attempts constituted a sort of standing testimony by the Church to the duty that was laid upon it to promote peace."

Our author is far from an alarmist, because he was one of the greatest of modern statesmen and never failed to see both sides of a problem. He did not think that another Euro-

pean war was imminent but, as he added, "history has taught us that fires allowed to smolder long are likely ultimately to break out, and it will be the part of wisdom to rake out the embers and quench them with all the water that can be found."

The lecture in "Influence of Commerce" is full of amazing facts and in closing refers to that famous old Puritan book of three centuries ago—"Satan's Invisible World Revealed." His comment is: "Satan is always busy where there is money to be made, but the political secrets of his 'Invisible World' rarely see the light. The harm the Tempter does is done not merely in beguiling individuals, but in perverting the lines of policy which national honor and interest prescribe. Every Government must defend the legal rights of its citizens in commercial as well as in other matters, and secure for them a fair field in the competition that has now become so keen. But the general conclusion which anyone who balances the benefits attained against the evils engendered by the methods that have been generally followed is this, that striking a balance between loss and gain, the less an executive government has to do with business and with international finance, the better for the people."

Then we face the perplexing question of migration. He asks: "Has a State any right to forbid entrance to harmless foreigners of any particular race or to make the color of their skin a ground for exclusion? Upon this subject two doctrines have been advanced. One, which found favor two generations ago, held that 'prima facie' every human being has a natural right to migrate from any one part of the world to any other, the world being the common inheritance of mankind, and that only very special conditions can justify the exclusion of any particular race or class of men. The other doctrine is that each State is at all times free to exclude any foreigners from entering any part of its territory, and that no ground for complaint on the part of any other States arises from such exclusion, unless where a foreign State claims that its own citizens are being discriminated against either in breach of treaty rights or in a way calculated to wound its national susceptibilities. Now which of these doctrines is right? The white races have used both as each suited their convenience."

It is in the last two lectures that the author fully develops his idea about Arbitration, Conciliation, and the difficulties in the way of a working "Combination" of nations (States). Herein comes the culminating sentence in the

whole book. "If the people do not try to destroy war, war will destroy them." He tells us to begin with, that "the causes which produced the Great War are deep seated. They are a part of human nature, arising from faults in political human nature as it exists in all countries." Next, as he points out, "the world is now one, one in a sense in which it was never one before. Five-sixths of the human race were involved in the Great War, which brought men to fight one another in regions where civilized armies had never contended before, in West Africa, in East Africa, in Siberia and Turkestan, on the shores of the Baikal and the Caspian, in the isles of the Western Pacific, while ships of war were fighting on all the oceans from the White Sea to the Falkland Isles. As this unity was apparent in war so it is apparent now the war has ended." This shows clearly that "all States are now members of one economic body, and if one member suffers the other members suffer with it. . . . Security is the pre-condition to the reestablishment of sound business conditions anywhere and everywhere."

Rising from this point our author has faith in the right sort of idealism, and he adds: "Nowhere is there a stronger sense, if anywhere there be so strong a sense, of national duty, and nowhere a warmer devotion to high ideals than there is here in America."

By "Idealism" he does not mean "that blind faith in the certainty of human progress which was engendered fifty years ago by the triumphs of applied science and the prosperity they brought, but rather that aspiration for a world more enlightened and more happy than that which we see today, a world in which the co-operation of men and nations rather than their rivalry and the aggrandizement of one at the expense of the other, shall be the guiding aims. Good-will sweetens life; nobody is so happy as he who rejoices in the happiness of others. Hatred has never brought anything but evil."

But we must lay down this memorable volume, the last gift of James Bryce to the world of toiling men and women.

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### Explaining the Britishers

Mr. Frederick William Wile, who went to Europe a few years ago, as correspondent of the Chicago "News," and who was in Germany for thirteen years before the war, as correspondent of the London "Mail," has written one of the most practical and interesting of interpretations of the British character. Admiral Sims'

foreword to the book was written before the close of the war, but is just as well worth reading now. He tells us that the book "was written by an American who lived in England before and throughout the war. His purpose is to explain exactly what sort of a chap the Britisher is and what the army, navy and people of Great Britain and her colonies have done in freedom's cause. Mr. Wile shows how the Britishers bore the brunt of the onslaught of an enemy which had been preparing for this war for nearly half a century."

In nine brief, plain, well-written chapters, Mr. Wile sums up his close-range experiences and observations. Our author goes straight to his mark, as when he tells us that "we Yanks have for the most part formed our ideas of the Britisher from the American stage Englishman. I used to think that all Britishers were sissy-like Lords with monocles, checked trousers, chesty manners, and a haw-haw attitude toward their humbler fellow-creatures, such as mere Americans. I imagine that a good many of you may have been under the impression that nobody counts in the British army unless he is of blue blood, with Dukes and Duchesses for his relations, and a wad of money in the bank. Also, I suppose, you have pictured to yourself a British army bossed and run by high and mighty Englishmen lording it over their menial subordinates. Well, I can clear your minds up about that. I have been at the British front twice during the war. My lasting impression on both occasions was of the good fellowship existing between officers and men."

That chapter, "The Bulldog Breed" is one of the best in any of the war-period books. But the heart of the volume is really shown most perfectly in the last ten pages upon "the real Britisher," who is a "regular fellow, a white man, and one of our kind."

The George H. Doran Co. are the publishers of this thoughtful and well written study of English character.

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"Folks and Facts" is a new magazine just started, and Kathryn W. Hamill, the novelist, is one of the editors.

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Bibliographics of modern authors are often very interesting, and a new series of these has been started in England. Each volume will have illustrations and critical notes. One, as announced, deals with Arthur Symons, another with Arthur Machen.

### Marguerite Wilkinson's "Dingbat of Arcady"

Only five years ago Mrs. Marguerite Ogden Bigelow Wilkinson, then living on the San Diego coast, published her "Golden Songs of the Golden State," and those who are good judges of literary talent, said at once: "Here it is!" She has written poems, plays, prose, magazine articles, and all sorts of things. In "New Voices" she produced an "Introduction to Contemporary Poetry," which is in constant demand. There is no better anthology of present day verse anywhere.

But now, in the 188 pages of vivid and beautiful out-door sketches, first appearing in such periodicals as Scribners, now brought together in a book quaintly termed "The Dingbat of Arcady," we have the most lovable sort of essays. They might have been written by George William Curtis, or H. W. Mabie, or Kinglake of "Eothen" fame. No one who camps by river, ocean-side, or mountain torrent can afford to start without this book which infinitely surpasses five dozen of the latest mystery or adventure "thrillers."

The heart of the whole book is just this: Mrs. Wilkinson and her husband love the wild places as well as people, and being poor in purse (like most of the rest of us), went floating, drifting, sweeping down on lovely rivers of the West. They built their own little flat-bottomed boat—"The Dingbat," and things like this happened (on the Willamette, in Oregon): They sometimes slept on the floor of the little "Dingbat," which was fourteen feet long and two and a half feet wide. "When evening came," Mrs. Wilkinson writes, "we would tie her securely by her long rope to some sapling on shore and then let her float in a cove or shallow, or on the port side of a log-boom. When we first thought of sleeping in this way, we covered the floor with branches from firs, laying our blankets on top of them. They made a fairly good bed, though less comfortable than the ground in the forests. Then, one day, we met a farmer who told us that there might be woodticks in the fir branches and offered us hay for the bed instead. Woodticks are not desirable companions, so we threw the fir branches overboard and accepted the hay. We got large bundles of it from his little red barn. We offered to pay for it, but he would not take a cent. It was only hay, he said. We spread it out gratefully where the fir branches had been. We rested on it fragrantly while we watched the moon rise in an unveiled sky and light the water with a silver pathway for a spirit like Christ. . . ."

Their California boat was somewhat larger than the first; hence, it is called The Royal Dingbat. "In her we spent long peaceful hours on the sun-dazzled waters of San Diego Harbor, traveling from the Silver Strand and Glorietta Bay out to the entrance where the Pacific pours in between Point Loma and North Island." This bit leads to a fishy adventure that is one of the best episodes in the whole book, too long to quote here, but leading up to this glimpse of our seagulls: "They are so common that it is easy to forget the thrilling passion of their flight, the rapturous poise, the circling power, the whirl and sudden dip, beak first into blue water. It is easy to forget the wild and watchful eyes they have, the sleekness of their pointed heads, the strange pathos of their call."

The last sixty-eight pages of the book tell us about adventures on American and English roads in those remarkable conveyances, "Frankie Ford," and "Rover Chug Chug." What times they had! How much they love plain everyday folk—and are loved in return! Mrs. Wilkinson tells us: "My opinion is that if we sought camping sites in the blue fields of heaven, the farmers there would welcome us as they have everywhere on earth. Perhaps they would offer us ethereal butter and honey from 'the angels' pale tables' of which Vachel Lindsay tells. However that may be, I can vouch for the fact that the English farmer is as friendly as his kinsman in our own country, and that is saying a good deal."

Among all of the out-door books we have read this year, "The Dingbat of Arcady" suits us the best. Its thrice-fortunate publishers are The Macmillan Company. Mrs. Wilkinson, the bright and friendly author, goes on lecture tours at times, and it is plain that Californians ought to have her out here. She is sure to come back to us for our forests, mountains, skies, rivers, mesas, and especially our eucalypti are very dear to her. She says somewhere: "If I were a eucalyptus tree, I should ask for no companions; I should ask Fate to let me stand alone and lift my hands toward Heaven with untrammelled gestures. Let me have much space to move in when I am near enough to know the many thoughts of the sky!"

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From its well chosen cover, through its 80 pages of illustrated articles and stories the first numbers of the Elks Magazine makes an appeal to the reading public.

In the first few lines of the Salutatory—or

introduction to the magazine—we find the purpose of this publication: “The establishment and maintenance of a more intimate relationship and a more definite contact between the Order as a whole and its individual members.”

But it is essentially a magazine for every one's reading. The spirit of real Brotherhood is felt in the opening letters of President Harding and of William Wallace Mountain, Grand Exalted Ruler.

In the articles of finance and general business, and in the stories by gifted fiction writers the general reader has before him a magazine of the highest literary achievement. The cover design is by Frank X. Leyendecker Co.

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“Pirates,” written by Colin Campbell Clements and published in the June issue of the Overland Monthly, has been dramatized and will shortly be published as a play by Samuel French.

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Elmo W. Brim of Galax, Virginia, whose serial—“The Way of the West,” was concluded in the July Overland Monthly has recently returned from a most hazardous trip through the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina.

Mr. Brim, widely known as a skilled detective, was called upon to go through this and the Blue Ridge country in search of Blaize L. Harsell of Bedford, New York, famous as a big-game hunter, explorer and short-story writer. In the search thousands of miles were covered over almost impassable mountains, and through localities where no man dare go unless he can prove that he is not a federal officer.

His interviews with these most reticent but interesting mountain people afforded Mr. Brim a unusual opportunity to glean material for future stories. Though with such dangerous duties on hand, as in this search for Mr. Harsell, or finding clues to his possible murderers, one can well imagine that the thought of fiction writing is far removed in the grim reality of his work.

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### MARK TWAIN'S CABIN DEDICATED

Mark Twain's cabin at Jackass Hill, Tuolumne County, California, which has been re-

produced as a permanent landmark, has recently been dedicated.

A feature of the ceremony was an old-fashioned western barbecue.

It was in this cabin that Mark Twain wrote many of his stories that won for him international fame.

Southern Pacific Bureau of News

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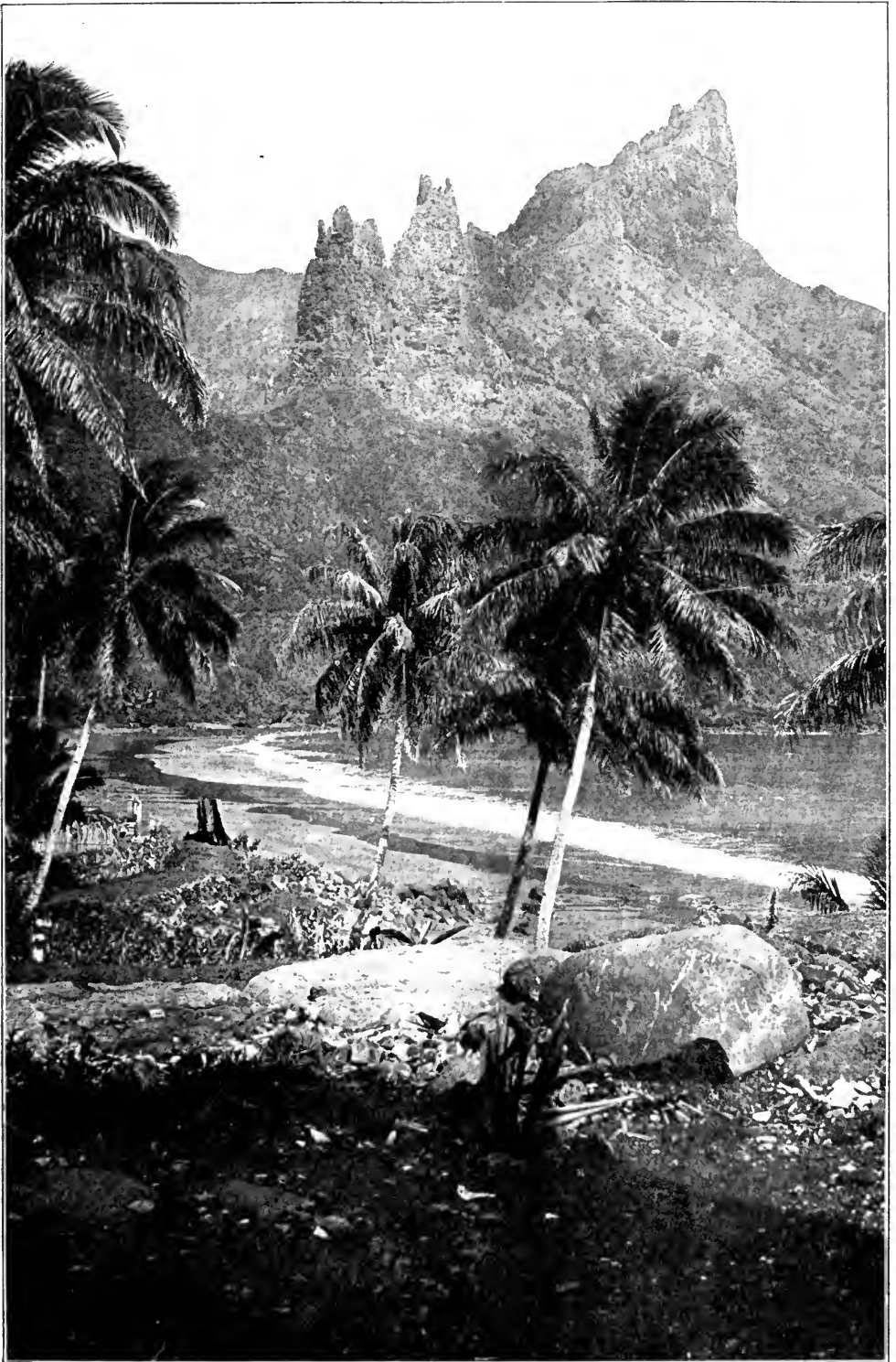
### The Prairie Child

Arthur Stringer once wrote a book—a novel—called “The Prairie Wife.” Then he wrote “The Prairie Mother”—with the same characters in it. Now comes “The Prairie Child,” in which the woman, who is the heroine of all three, tells with pain, sorrow and a profound earnestness, the story of her life. She is a wonderfully real woman with a money-loving sort of philandering husband, who could never have managed to be loyal to any one woman on earth, and he drives her nearly to distraction. Her children, one a boy, who runs away and is lost for weeks—keep her going, until the way out begins to be shown to this honest, deep-hearted, much-suffering pioneer woman, Mrs. Duncan McKail of the Banff and Calgary region. Blame her for the way in which her dreadful husband made her life perdition? Not in the least. He was the kind of man who should never have had a wife.

This author has the knack of making his conversational situations unusually definite. They tell the whole story with a sort of breathless realism which now and then concentrates into unforgettable words, such as these: “I married a man and lived with him in a prairie shack, and served and baked for him and built a new home and lost it, and began over again. I had children, and saw one of them die, and felt my girlhood slip away, . . . and loved the man of my choice . . . and planned for my children until I saw the man of my choice love another woman . . . and that was all. That was everything.”

The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, who have published a number of Arthur Stringer's books, are the publishers of “The Prairie Child.”





**"CUSTUMBRE DE PAIS"**

*(Continued from page 12)*

the heart of the officer there lay that something which men call "Understanding." The lieutenant reached down from his horse; the Irish hand reached up; it was good the night was so dark, for the eyes of the officer were very moist; for a moment the forest silence held sway, while two brave men, in the uniform of their country, gave their embrace of the ages—the clasp of hands.

"Johnson, God bless you; right here is where we strike for the post, and if ever you got drunk in your life, you may get drunk this night again. I release you from any pledge this side of Heaven."

**THE CALL**

*(Continued from page 18)*

quietness which can be felt when an electrical windstorm suddenly dies.

Nearing the Indian camp the squaw drew forth a basket from her bundle and gazed at it. Then, lifting her arms, she stretched them toward the rancheria. Into her eyes came a look of peace and hope.

From the Indian homes the smoke of the evening fires arose. From the nearby cañon the mocking bird began his serenade. The bark of the dogs and the sound of children's voices were faintly carried to the ears of the squaw. She had become part of the wonderful picture Nature spread upon her canvas, at this hour of twilight when heaven seemed to meet the earth ere darkness covered all.

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Tight Shoes**  
all feel the same  
if you shake into  
them some

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ens the feet and gives  
new vigor. At night  
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tired, sore and swollen  
from walking or danc-  
ing, sprinkle ALLEN'S  
FOOT-EASE in the  
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SEARCHLIGHT

(Continued from page 37)

"I'm not a good woman, Dan Davis," she said, regretfully.

"I'll take all the blame for your mistakes. It was my fault. And no sailor is a saint. We've had a hard lesson. But we've learned it pretty well, I'm thinkin'. I'm strong o' body and stout of heart. I'll lift you out of the current and place you in a home. I'll give you a husband's devotion and protection. Will you trust me, Dolores?"

"I've been a'longing for you Dan, and your image is on my heart to stay."

"And me Dolores, what think ye of me? Could I let you go?"

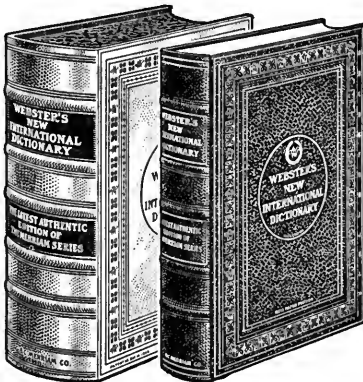
Only a silent gull looked down on the quiet figures as they swung, hand in hand, down the pier, a rhythm in their step, a song on their lips.

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 All Sizes

# Overland Monthly



*The Illustrated Magazine of the West*

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

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B 1221 BEGGAR (GOZENOBOTO)

*Japanese Street Singer*



*Marin Hills—Painting by Thad Welch*

—Courtesy of S. & G. Gump Company

OVERLAND  MONTHLY  
*Founded 1868* Bret Harte  
*San Francisco*

Vol. LXXX

AUGUST, 1922

No. 2

*The Painter of Marin*

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

Below, the long, low slope of hill;  
Above, the rounded ridges fill  
In swelling slope to summer sky—  
Beyond, the sun-warmed hillsides lie.

Here on their time-smoothed, tender breast,  
Here in the vale that he loved best,  
He built his home of sea-tossed wood,  
Storm-worn and rough—his home—'twas  
good!

The wind-bent trees gave summer shade;  
The sun-browned grasses soft were laid  
For him to tread. Soft breezes blew  
A-down the hills the long day through.

And here sped swift his magic brush—  
Eve's purple shade, the morning's flush,  
The golden slant of summer sun  
Across the hill where white clouds run.

The green of tree, the boulder's gray,  
The gleam of water on the bay;  
The cattle feeding—all were his  
To trace in wondrous harmonies.

His palette gathers dust, and dry  
His brushes by the easel lie.  
The master's work is done—complete—  
Rest ye, Thad Welch—Sleep sweet! Sleep  
sweet!

## *The Gypsy Flute*

By RICHARD PERRY

Today I am a vagabond  
And I seek the road that leads beyond;  
I hear the gypsy flute ahead  
And all my cares have swiftly fled.  
O whither bound, I cannot say,  
I idle all the hours away;  
To city, mountain or the sea  
The gypsy flute is leading me.



## *The Hill Road*

From: "In Colours of the West,"

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

"Ah, Señorita, tell me where you go  
With orchid and hibiscus in your hand,  
And all the morning in your face aglow."

"Señor, I go  
Along this path to that hushed bit of land  
Where is my first love's grave, and flowers grow  
By trees that stir with winds strayed in from  
sea  
And in the winds the sweet lush grasses blow  
Their whispers gracefully."

"But why your smiles and flowers in your hair?"  
"But, ah, Señor, another lover there  
Waits now to weep with me!"

# The Rejuvenation of Safune

By JAMES HANSON

**N**O tale of the present day is this, but of a time, decades ago, when in Samoa life was lived spacioously, in an iniquitous and voluptuous atmosphere, without fear of God or the devil.

It was then that a titanic jolt, as powerful as the trembling of an earth-cataclysm, shook tranquil Safune to the very roots of its foundation.

It was the jar of reform. And Heath Van Buskirk, but a recent resident of the hamlet, decreed it.

The drinking halls must go. Riff-raff and other renegades of their social level must forever depart. Squareface—gin, kava, swipes, and the hula-houses wherein it was sold, must cease to be a part of Safune—aye, Safune must become as pristine as the day-lilies on the sward of Heaven.

Old timers protested; but the evangelical fires flamed so devoutly in the mono-minded brains of Van Buskirk and his coterie of converts, that their will prevailed as law.

"But we are born of Samoa!" lamented one—"as were our ancestors before us, and our children after us. Here are the mausoleums where rest the dusty bones of our kings and chiefs. Why must we forsake the place of our birth and our fishing-reefs and our taro patches? We seek no trouble; we harm no one—"

To this Van Buskirk answered:

"Neither do you toil. My eyes see naught but the work of the devil: aualuma (unmarried women) who keep company with married men, and drunken papalagitafeas (beach-combers), and siva-siva dancers who are as scarlet as the feathers of a saragas bird."

Johnny Po-po, a grey, wrinkled octogenarian, whose pure-veined arm once advertised him a champion at squid catching, rose from his tappa mat, and tottered on his rheumatic legs before the purity speaker. His voice was hoarse from the spirits drunk the night before at a wassail.

"Rum gave new life to me," he croaked, "when I was hauled half-drowned from the sea, when my canoe capsized in a kona gale. It was on Palolo Day—"

"And you sought ever afterward to drown yourself in rum," retorted the teacher. A babel of encouragement came from his retinue.

A lissome maiden, the tears seeping copiously

between the lashes of her sloe eyes, thrust out her arms in protest and appeal.

"But where must we go?" she cried—"to the sea? Are we bonita fish, that can swim among the polyp beds? Are we fuia birds, that can fly elsewhere through the sky? Yet must we flee!"

"You have canoes," said Van Buskirk. "Yonder lie atolls."

A heart-rending murmur rose in a hundred throats.

Van Buskirk's eyes focused contemptuously on a half-clad, whiskery and unkempt white man who stood in the midst of the assemblage.

"And you," he scoffed—"Bruce Brockman—once a great and noble barrister, whose name was known on two continents—'gone native'—fallen so low as to have your arm tattooed by a native woman. Shame!"

"It was a declaration of our love," confessed the beach-tramp. "It was a true love, the only real affection I have ever known."

The one without sin drew himself up dramatically.

"The shores of Safune shall be taboo to you, also," he avowed. "But take my advice and arouse yourself. Be a man—not the shell of one."

Accordingly the Fita-fitas (police) were summoned; and the populace of the waterfront received official orders to be off—the Caroline Islanders, half-blooded Paumotuans, kava-chewing girls, attired in lava-lavas of calico, Fijian, and Melanesian "Blackbirds" whose sires ate "long-pig," and shiftless whites—runaways from tramp steamers.

Before a week had passed Safune was clean. Nary a damsel's voice was heard in crystalline laughter or song at the deserted drinking Inns. No longer were heard the chanty and clamor of sailing men from the lolling places beneath the fetan trees. Their cries were plaintive and their demeanor pathetic, as they breathed a last farewell to the sun-kissed palms and silver beach, to seek location and surcease elsewhere.

"Talofa!" they sighed, their eyes moist with lament, and flung their leis and ulas of blood-red seu-seu berries behind and pushed off into the ocean rollers.

\* \* \* \*

Once had the avocados ripened, and once had the jaos brought forth their brood of honey-

sippers from among the blooms of the mummy apple, since Safune was rejuvenated. The calaboose had been devoid of occupants, and the Fita-fitas had been discharged and found labor in the vanilla plantations. The tiny, decadent hallelujah-house, which stood in the midst of a prolific growth of underbrush, its broken windows in the whitewashed walls standing out like gaping eye orifices in a skull, had been torn down and a pretentious substitute erected in its place.

The "money collectors" became the aristocracy of Safune. An election was called, and Heath Van Buskirk, the foremost patron of tea parties, the subtle, the unctuous, soft-toned of speech with women and wise with men was duly boosted to the elevated office held by the first man of the village.

Under his guidance a series of blue-laws were instituted. A tax was levied on everything taxable, till the worthy coffers became filled to an ampleness. They had long since ceased to save souls; for there were now no sinners to save. An odor of sanctity pervaded the whole place, except perhaps, in one district, which yet remained a saturnine totem to its departed citizens.

Ah! but therein was the rift in the ethereal trump. And in that district was concealed the real truth for the compulsory exodus of its folk. Ostensibly it had been because they were drones; privately it was because that area was fertile and rich in volunteer upgrowths of coconut trees. This last was what had fallen under the covetous eyes of some whose names need no repeating.

More than one had made the solemn declaration to possess a section of it. It was like a fat, juicy bone between a dozen snarling dogs. No one of them had dared make the first snatch at the delicious morsel for fear of the others.

For there had been a gradually rising undercurrent of jealousy rife among the exclusive set. Later the feeling became more manifest, until finally it developed into an open race as to who should become the wealthiest in Safune.

The situation became more strained when the women began to vie for the position of First Lady, and they goaded their husbands on without stint.

Van Buskirk, assuming a squatter's rights, culminated the affair by grabbing and settling down upon the choicest portion of the tract.

What a furore it caused! Immediately a score of others sprang into the fray, clutching and grasping every bit of ground upon which nut-bearing trees grew, till no land was left.

But there was not enough for all. Con-

sequently the tribe became split into two hostile factions. In the battle for dollars and cents the House of Glory was forgotten; the spiders had spun webs across its entrance and its sides were afoul with smothering vines.

But the departed ones! Were they not considered? Indeed, no. None had given them a thought. Nor did any one care for their welfare as long as they stayed away from Safune.

One day, when the monetary enmity was at its height, an individual landed in Safune—a personage of striking appearance, having the pompous carriage of one of importance, penetrating eyes and a well-trimmed, pointed beard which was streaked generously with grey. James Cushman was his name, he said—although names did not mean much in those days.

This mysterious one had lived a spacious life and was a man of vast experience and ability. So ere the lapse of a week he had propelled himself upon a venture that was as dark as the river Styx. His face gleamed with satisfaction as his restless eyes appraised the fertile fields and abundant groves, but he played his game carefully.

First, he became a devoted attendant upon the elite. Second, he was a brilliant conversationalist, especially when among the *feme covertes*, which by no other reason made him a most necessary part of their ultra-exclusiveness. His position would have made a Rasputin envious. The femininity sought his opinion upon every subject. As time went on his word was considered the last and most binding.

This seemed to cause Cushman endless amusement. He surely knew human nature. He always had a brand to add to the fires of bitter turmoil—always sympathizing with the woman who brought him her tale of woe and to whom he would suggest a method of securing a fitting revenge; or secretly informing some Reynard how another could be bested in the game of sly business.

Most naturally he was considered an interloper. When he was absent from the afternoon teas, things were whispered over the cups about him; yet when present he was lionized to satiety. Rumors of his escapades, real or fancied, reached the menfolk of Safune, who unanimously agreed to rid the community of the beast at the first opportunity offered, then went on about their business of grabbing.

\* \* \* \*

Days melted into weeks, and weeks into months, and Safune became a hornet's nest of industry. Noble groves, literally drooping



with great clusters of tawny coconuts, were everywhere. Many had cleared patches of ground of brush in readiness to accommodate the white meat of the coconut harvest and already it smacked of ill-smelling copra-packets, sun-browned Kanaka porters, sun-drawn coconut oil, and dollars—mostly dollars.

Through the medium of James Cushman an American syndicate agreed to accept the entire output of copra, cash down, upon filling the ship's bunkers. As yet Cushman resided in Safune; his help and knowledge of business made him indispensable, though he was both

"Gentlemen," he said leisurely, "I shall leave you this very afternoon. I am pleased to have been in your company during my sojourn in your little village and it will be a greater pleasure for me when we meet again—which will be soon. Very soon! Talofa!" He turned away.

The members of the committee exchanged glances. What did he mean? What undercurrent was in his tone? But they smiled as they watched him stride away.

At dawn, two days later, on the sleepily rolling bosom of the Pacific rode motley craft that



*"No longer the chanty and clamor of sailing men from beneath the fetan trees"*

feared and hated. But after the season was over and he had received his commission he would be told to take his departure—so he had been openly informed by more than one irate citizen. This had brought only an enigmatic smile from him.

But the day when Cushman was told to bid Safune adieu came suddenly. It happened coincidentally with the coming of the first copra boat.

Heath Van Buskirk, as the spokesman of a committee of five, approached him and without formalities of any kind bluntly told him to decamp. They had expected opposition, hence they were considerably surprised at the attitude taken by Cushman.

numbered two hundred—old whaling cutters, leg o'mutton-rigged punts, bancas, ancient sampans, battered outrigger canoes—in which rode merry humans bedecked with garlands of flowers and crowned with ulas of scarlet hibiscus. Straight into the harbor of Safune the heterogeneous fleet went pell-mell under the guiding hands of grey steersmen. Meles and chanties were voiced with the hum of halyards, and the clatter of rusty chains that plunged into five fathoms of anchorage. And led by James Cushman, they trooped clamorously up the street.

Safune, mother of the care-free children, did not bare her bosom to take them to her breast; instead, the elders of her family hastened to

summon the Fita-fitas from their toils, reorganized the outfit and armed them with short-barreled Mausers in readiness to do battle. And once more a delegation, headed by Heath Van Buskirk, hotly met the crusaders and demanded the reason for this intrusion.

"So this is your revenge!" sneered Van Buskirk to Cushman.

"Correct," retorted Cushman.

"We give you just one hour—" began Van Buskirk.

Cushman silenced him with an upraised hand.

"Not so fast," he said dryly. "Hadn't we better have a little talk first? Just you and I?"

Something in his tone, Van Buskirk knew not just what caused him to grunt an acceptance to the suggestion. He motioned Cushman to follow. When they were alone he suddenly demanded:

"What right have you—?"

The other smiled, quizzically.

"I'm Bruce Brockman, if that means anything to you." Again he smiled, at Van Buskirk's involuntary start. He resumed: "I've taken your advice; I've made a man of myself. Just now, I'm working in the interests of my friends"—he waved a hand toward the babble of voices outside—"and I'm going to see justice done them."

Van Buskirk, resolving to bluff, drew himself up with a colossal effort. His voice came tremulously in his intended defiance:

"You can't intimidate me, Brockman."

Brockman's jaw set.

"You're a thief!" he said emphatically.

"That land and its entire crop belongs to these

people by hereditary right. And I'll see that they get it. They've got a clear case against you. They are willing to be generous with you; you can have one-half of the proceeds. I advise you to take their offer."

For the last time Van Buskirk ventured a protest.

"My friends will stand by me," he blustered.

"We've got money behind us—you haven't."

"Do you think they would stand by you, if they knew your record in Ponape?" Brockman exploded his bomb shell.

Van Buskirk collapsed. He wiped his damp forehead with the back of a trembling hand. If his record became known, he was utterly ruined. He steadied himself, his voice coming huskily:

"Perhaps we were a little hasty. I think it's advisable to act upon your—er—suggestion." He cursed himself inwardly and wondered that he had not recognized Brockman before. Yet, he groaned, who could associate the beach-comber with the well-groomed figure standing before him? He rose to his feet, and sighed: "If the rest will only agree—"

"They had better," was Brockman's final thrust.

Ten minutes later Van Buskirk was earnestly and persuasively addressing his companions in crime.

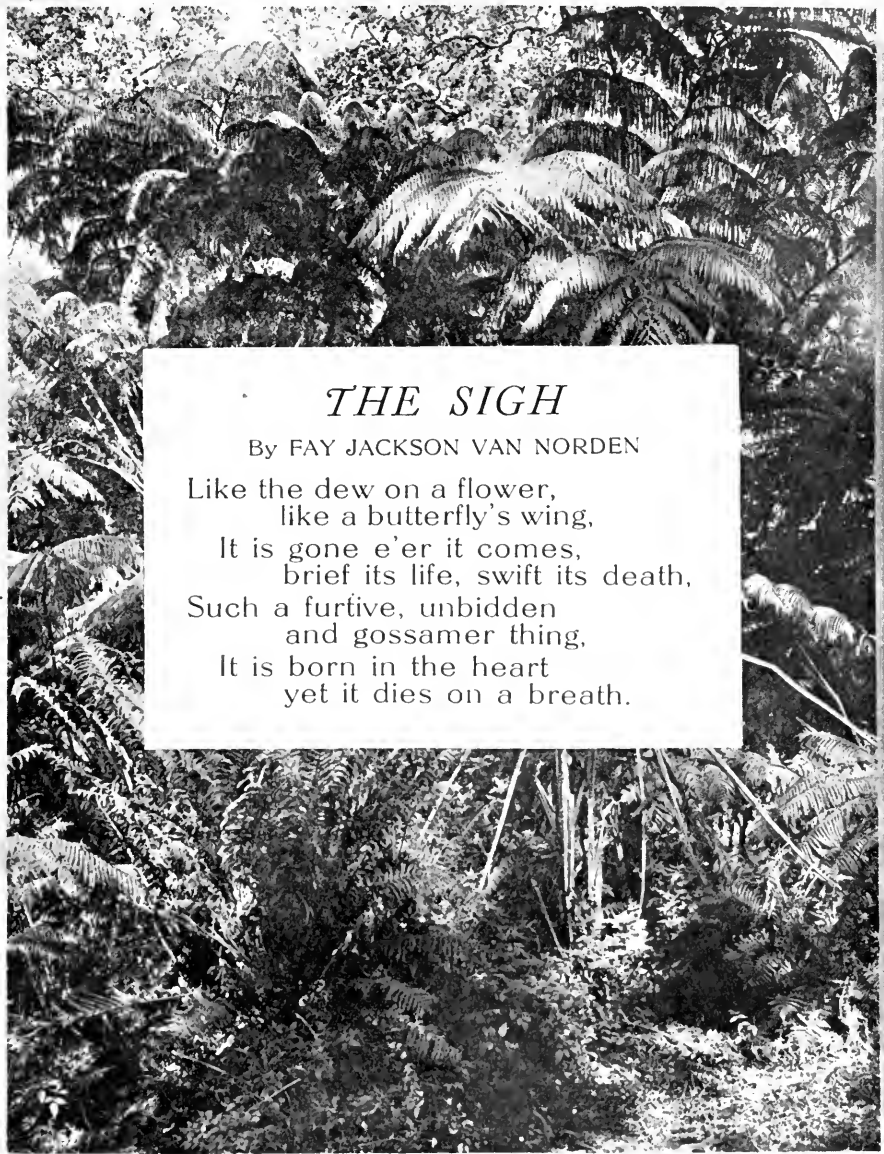
"—and besides," he finished, "we should never have sent them away from Safune. It was our righteous duty to convert them. Therefore let us make of them good citizens."

And Bruce Brockman coolly lit a cigar, and smiled.

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"The world is a comedy to those that think."

—Horace Walpole.



## *THE SIGH*

By FAY JACKSON VAN NORDEN

Like the dew on a flower,  
like a butterfly's wing,  
It is gone e'er it comes,  
brief its life, swift its death,  
Such a furtive, unbidden  
and gossamer thing,  
It is born in the heart  
yet it dies on a breath.



*Duxbury Reef from Mt. Tamalpais*

# Just One of Them

By SUZANNE McKELVY

**H**E WAS an old man whose face showed the lines of toil and harsh living. His thin hair was white, and his hands rough and gnarled. His face, in a crowd, would attract no one, until you came to the eyes, which sparkled from beneath the bushy brows like—I was about to say glints of steel, but no—rather like sunbeams shining through a dense growth of leaves.

They were remarkable eyes when you looked at them again. They were so bright and so deep for this plain type of man. They seemed to hold such hidden things, such longings for something better than had come to the lot of their possessor.

The monotony of dull routine was going on and on, slowly in the dimly lighted courtroom where we make American citizens of the flotsam and jetsam which comes to our shores, asking us to adopt them and give them the proud name of American. One after another went up before the kindly judge, who put the required questions to them, and now and then gave them a little help over the hard places. And sometimes the inexorable law compelled him to deny some trembling applicant the papers which would make him one of us. He was just and kind, and there was always a note of genuine sympathy in his voice when he said, "I am sorry, but I will have to deny the papers. The law gives me no other course."

As the morning wore on, among a number of other almost unpronounceable names, our friend of the shining eyes responded, and took the seat near the judge to be questioned as to whether or not he would make a desirable citizen.

To the members of the court he was just one of a hundred other applicants to be questioned and get through if he could, or be sent back for another long wait if he failed. The judge was growing a little weary now with the tedious strain of the long hours he had sat in his chair and with little variation conducted the usual proceedings.

His first look was hardly a glance at the trembling old man who faced him there, and then he looked more closely as he caught the longing in those eyes, and the courage, and almost youthful sparkle. Then he studied the seamed old face, the sparse white hair and the hardened hands, before he put his first question.

"How long have you been in this country?"

The answer startled the entire court room. "Forty years, your Honor."

The judge sat upright and showed an unusual interest at once.

"Forty years, and you have never asked, in all that time, to be made a citizen? Why have you not taken out papers before?"

And then—had ever so strange a scene taken place in any naturalization court in all of this great country?

The old man straightened up and leaned forward. Those glowing eyes held the judge and made him listen to the tense voice which went on and on with his life story. He told how, as a young man, he had come to America and then straight to San Francisco, sailing in through the Golden Gate on a vessel on which he had worked his way from New York. A long and arduous trip in those days. He told how he had loved San Francisco and her glorious bay and hills, and resolved that when the time came that he could have a home, it should be here.

He told how he had gone away to the mines and toiled year after year, but each time just as he thought he had reached success, and could reap some reward for his hard labor, something had happened to snatch that reward from his outstretched hands. Once it was a serious accident which kept him on a bunk in his cabin for many months; once it was a swindler, who, taking advantage of his ignorance of our laws, cheated him out of his claim and left him penniless while he reaped the golden harvest which should have been his. And then, when almost discouraged, the Klondike fever came to California, and he was one of the first to go.

On and on he talked, while the judge, attachés, and even the entire courtroom sat enthralled. The soul of a poet shone out of those brilliant old eyes, and unexpected sentences came from the ready tongue, as he told of his wanderings in Alaska—told of long, lonely winters in those icy mountains, of the great silences that could be felt; of hunger, and freezing hands and feet; of the rough companionship; and of the gnawing at one's heart for a fireside and a woman's love.

"And then, Judge, I struck a little vein, not a million," and the eyes twinkled now, "but I got enough together to make good my old promise to myself that I should sometime have a

home here beside the Golden Gate, and here I am. I am lonely. I have no country. My native land would never do for me now, and I am an American. I have earned the right to be called one, and I want my papers, Judge. I want to vote, I want to pay taxes on the home I am going to own, and help keep up the schools and playgrounds for the children. In all of those long, cold winters, and those years of grinding search for gold, I always thought of San Francisco for my home. I am going to live where I can see the blue waters of the ocean, and the green hills with the little yellow poppies showing on their slopes, like the gold I hunted. I want to see the Golden Gate and remember how thrilled I was when I sailed through it as a boy, forty years ago. And maybe, Judge, I have not been able to do much for America, but if ever there is a chance to help her I will do it if you will tell me how."

He stopped talking, and the tired judge changed his steady gaze from the old face, out through the open window, looked long at the

hills glowing in the April sunshine. The soft west wind came in and gently touched his face. And he knew that the longing of this hungry old heart must be gratified, and the materialization of the dream should be given to this old man to have a home here where Nature has scattered gems of beauty with so lavish a hand. He pictured the little home somewhere on a hillside, where the roses would blossom first in the springtime, where the blue waters could be seen from the window, and where, perhaps, the sound of the waves might come at times. Where the flaming poppies would peep forth, and jot the little garden like bits of sunshine, where the gentle Spirit of Peace would hover over this worn soul after its many wanderings and bring that serenity which belongs to age.

Then his gaze came back to the waiting man before him, and he said, "The applicant is admitted."

The old face shone with the joy of the realized dream of a lifetime. He was no longer a man without a country.



## *A Library Meditation*

By KATHERINE MILNER PEIRCE

(Author of "A Song of Faith" and other books of verse.)

A golden chalice rippling to the brim  
 With sparkling nectar from the streams of Thought,  
 Within its depths no shadow gray and grim,  
 But myriad tints of rain-bow beauty fraught  
 With living truth. The crystal waters caught  
 From springs celestial on the verge of Time,  
 Through countless scenes a subtle charm hath brought  
 From every tongue and every age and clime.

Amid these days of busy toil and strife,  
 When pleasure lures with all its transient glow,  
 From this fair chalice with its wine of life,  
 I gladly drink of Thought's eternal flow,  
 And listen for the Voice the sages heard,  
 When from Jehovah came the Living Word.

# "Spyglass" Jim

By PAUL C. TEWKESBURY

**H**IS name was James Graham, but to us of the sleepy little village of Shropshire, Vermont, he was known simply, universally, and affectionately as "Spyglass" Jim. He was past fifty years of age, a bachelor, and lived by himself in a cozy little shack perched high on a bluff at the edge of town. From the age of nineteen to forty-eight, he had been employed in various capacities by the H. & D. S., the railroad of which Shropshire constituted one of the chief division points. At forty-eight, an engineer on the system's crack Montreal-Boston express, he had suffered injuries in a boiler-explosion, which resulted, ultimately, in the complete paralysis of his left arm and hand. The road retired him on a substantial pension, he bought a small patch of land in Shropshire, built a diminutive house, and settled down to a kind of hermit-like existence—rumor had it, that being somewhat of a literary turn of mind, he had set himself at work to compose a history of his long career with the old "D. S."

His cottage, I say, topped a bluff—a quite considerable bluff—overlooking the village from the west. From its tiny front porch, he could obtain a magnificent panoramic view of the rugged, hill-broken country for miles around. But it was not the view itself which had proffered the supreme inducement toward his locating in that particular spot. Out of the southeast, from behind the distant, slate-blue bulk of Monument Mountain, wound and twisted the gleaming irons of the railroad, crossing Lost Cabin Gulch atop an immense, almost mile-long fill, plunging into Galway Tunnel, emerging to swing in an abrupt, sharp curve into the valley, thence, up a stiff grade, entering the village to wind and twist away into the north. From the point of its first appearance, south-eastward, to where it entered Shropshire yard, something like a dozen miles of rail were visible to Graham, seated upon his piazza, and it was on account of this that he had chosen the edge of the bluff as the ideal spot for his home. But the greater share of his waking hours were passed in an old cushioned chair upon the porch, from whence he could send his keen gaze wide and deep into the haze-whitened vista, and mark each train's coming and going. The fascination of the rails for the born railroader held him fast; and he would thrill and exult like a child to see the great

trains shoot down the valley grade, swing around the bend, disappear into the tunnel, flash into view again at the opposite mouth, soar across the long fill, and vanish behind the mountain, twelve miles off.

But his vision, heretofore almost preternaturally acute, began suddenly to fail him. It was in the third year of his residence upon the bluff, when one day he made a trip to Burlington, returning laden with a huge, gleaming, brass spyglass and a heavy steel tripod for its support. This he installed upon the porch of his house and henceforward he might be seen at any time during the day perched precariously upon a high, three-legged stool, his eye glued to the ocular of the burnished tube, intent always upon his ever-enthraling scrutiny of the rails. A fine old fellow, kind and generous. A most interesting talker, particularly where railroads and railroad affairs were concerned, for his knowledge of them was profound and the subject a source of never-failing inspiration and delight to him. He welcomed and entertained visitors without number and his tales of his railroad experiences, replete as they were with the romance, adventure and perils of that imitable profession, charmed and intrigued us all.

But you are wondering how he acquired his nickname of "Spyglass" Jim. It was this way. He had been a dweller in Shropshire for upward of six quiet years, long enough for us villagers to become well acquainted with him, and to learn to love his sweet and kindly nature. Up to that sixth year, however, we had addressed him solely as Jim, then, one day, he astounded us all by the performance of a feat in detection—but wait! I will let Jim, himself, tell you the story, as he told it that evening to a group of us, gathered about the stove in the rear room of Edgerton's store:

"It's queer," Jim began, "how sometimes a fellow gets a hunch that somethin' intimately concernin' himself, or his friends, or relatives, or even his casual acquaintances, is goin' to happen on a certain date. And this hunch, or whatever you feel like callin' it, keeps persistin' and growin' and developin' in his mind until it becomes so dominant that he actually begins to put some faith in it. Now, superstition and myself ain't scarcely on speakin' terms and you understand I'm not imputin' to this particular intuition of mine any element or influence



appertainin' to the machinations of the supernatural or any such thing as that. No, sirree, not I! But I woke up this mornin' about four o'clock, with the feelin' that somethin' was a-gettin' ready to occur—somethin' not exactly to my personal interest but, from the relation it bore to certain others o' humanity, involvin' me more or less. Somethin', too, of a nature distinctly **not** beneficial to them concerned. I couldn't make out, just then, **what** it was, but it disturbed me considerable and I lay in the dark a-ponderin' of it and tryin' to coax it into takin' some definite shape. I got up at six and whilst I was eatin' my breakfast, the thing, all of a sudden, sort of translated itself—come out clear and distinct-like and I says to myself: 'It's the D. S.! Somethin's goin' to happen on the D. S.! . . . Somethin' not to the advantage of the Road, or anybody concerned, directly or indirectly, with the managin' or the travellin' of the Road!' And, knowin' this, I felt considerable worried for I knew that anythin' happenin' to hurt the old D. S. was a-happenin' for to hurt **me**, too. I didn't try to finish my breakfast. By seven o'clock I was out a-squintin' thru the glass along the rail. The northbound mornin' mail was swingin' 'round the bend, and I watched her climb the grade and pull into the yard. Soon as she got clear the milk accommodation for Boston shoved onto the main line and I followed her down the valley and 'round the bend, into the tunnel. Now, the milk ain't no fast express, but when she strikes that curve at the foot of the grade she's doin' some thirty-five per and the thought come sudden to me: 'What if a train, travelin' at thirty-five, or even twenty-five, was to jump the irons at that point—what would happen? Why, she'd smash head-on agin' the face o' Galway Mountain—head-on, I say!—and there's be one o' the worst gosh-darn catastrophes ever happened on any road!' I used to hit the curve at forty-three with the Flyer and I can well remember how the old 2002 used to rock and pitch, and the cars sway and roll when we took the swing. But nothin' ever happened there and the place wasn't considered dangerous, though the rules forbade any of us to try to take it at above fifty.

"Well, as I say, I watched the Milk go south and, for the first time in my life, I felt queer when she struck that curve. I found myself a-mutterin' out loud: "Supposin' she was to take the jump! Gosh a'mighty! what a mess there'd be!"

"The air was clear, the sun not too bright, and I could see distinctly. I kept sweepin' the glass up and down the irons, but, curious

enough, I always swung back to the bend and studied it, and stared at it, as if I'd never seen the thing before! And every time a peculiar, anxious-like feelin', come over me and I kept a-sayin' to myself: 'Just what if a train actually **was** to leave the irons right there!'

"The southbound local freight went tearin' down the valley and about an hour later the refrigerator took the grade. I kept a-studyin' the curve and after a while I says to myself: 'Jim, you old fool, forget it! Nothin's ever happened there yet and trains 've been takin' that bend for upward of fifty years. What in Sam Hill has got ye to worrin' and fidgetin' now?' I felt like a ninny, provoked at myself for givin' way to any such outlandish fear so I swung the glass toward the yard and watched the shifter spot out cars. I stood this for an hour, then, cussin' myself, I took another squint at the curve.

"Then I see 'em! Or, at first I **thought** I see 'em, for the suddenness of it knocked the wind clean out of me and I thinks to myself: 'Jim, you old critter, you've gone and done it, now! Got your fool self all worked up by imaginin' crazy things and now you've reached the p'int where you see where there ain't nothin' to be seen!'

"But it wasn't imagination. I see 'em. They was there!—three of 'em! I could make out the color of their clo'es!—I could see that one of 'em wore glasses and another, who appeared to be the oldest, had whiskers. The third, I took it, was nothin' but a kid . . . Yes, and by usin' all the power the glass could stand, I could see their lips a-movin' when they talked! They were dressed in pretty nigh rags and the whiskered cuss was minus a hat.

"But what was they a-doin'? Well, for quite some little time, **that** item had me stumped. They was standin' on the track, close together, just outside the tunnel, where the rails break onto the bend and they appeared to be lookin' 'round, as if huntin' for somethin', a-talkin' all the while. I watched 'em. They was new to me and their looks didn't favor 'em none. 'Tramps!' says I to myself. 'And evil-lookin' birds, at that!'

"I felt suspicious and kept my eyes on 'em. Then, all at once, the whiskered fellow pointed up the cut and started to walk in that direction. The others followed and, pretty soon I see what their game was, and it brought the heart into my mouth and turned me sick all over!

"They was fixin' to wreck a train! I see it all in a flash!—they was goin' to pile boulders on the track! The first train along—well, it ain't pleasant to contemplate what would happen when the locomotive hit them rocks! And



then them ghouls would loot the wreck! Yes, sir, it's been did before. I recall an instance on the O. & L.—but say! what a sensation passed over me as I realized what them fiends was a-settin' out to do! I watched 'em pry a boulder—a big 'un, out of the cut-bank and roll it down and shove it onto the track. Seemed like I was fascinated, hypnotized, or somethin'! My eyes was glued on 'em. I couldn't make to move a muscle! But it didn't last long. I shut my eyes, and hopped down off the stool and then it come to me! The Flyer! South-bound—due in Shropshire at 11:08! My own train! Eleven cars—a thousand passengers, old Luke McShane at the throttle, Kelvin fring, Blake takin' tickets, I've known Blake thirty year!

"Luke used to fire for me, back in the '80s, a good man, peppery, and inclined to be some reckless when he's mad. The train would tear down the grade, and strike the bend at close to fifty. Luke couldn't see the rocks until within a dozen rods of 'em and he couldn't do nothin'—then. He'd be caught!—helpless! He couldn't even twist the air! He'd be right on 'em in a second and there they'd go; Luke and all the rest of 'em, straight to glory! and the tramps would loot the wreck!

"I lit cut for the station, just as I was, not waitin' to put on my shoes or button up my shirt. I ran just as tight as I could run and while I ran I pulled out my watch and glanced at it. Eleven-thirteen! Luke was late! I prayed he'd be later! It's a mile, you know, from my place to the depot and the road ain't none too good. I ran 'til every bit of wind was out of me and I felt weak and sick all over.

"And then—Luke whistled! Two long and two short, the Adams Crossin' and I knew from the way he snapped 'em off that he was mad. It was eleven-seventeen, then. He was nine minutes behind. They wouldn't stop more than thirty seconds, just long enough for orders and Luke'd take her down the straight at fifty-five! It'd be disobeyin' headquarters, of course, but Luke was late and mad—and to the old Harry with headquarters! I know Luke.

"I kept on runnin'—on my nerve, now, for I was just about gone. Luke blew the long, he was comin' in like a comet! I heard the crash and roar as he shot across Tillson's Bridge. He didn't cut her off until within a fifth of a mile from the station—and then, how the brakes bit in! Aye, Luke was mad, sure enough!

"I see I couldn't make it. I kept a-goin' but my strength was gone, and I was reelin' and staggerin' about like a man the worse for drink. I just couldn't seem to make no progress. I

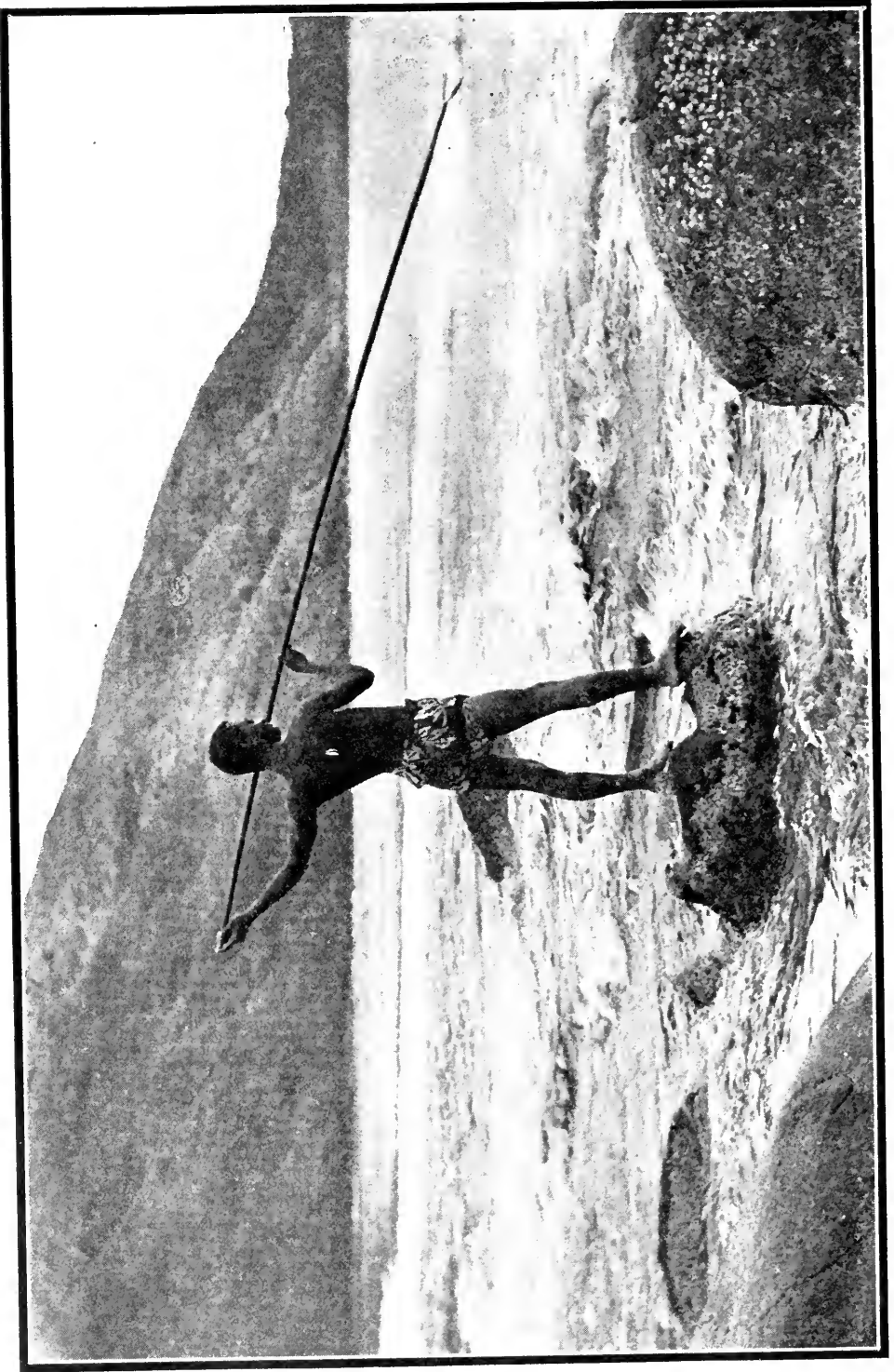
prayed—no, I'm not much on religion, I hain't been inside a church in twenty year—but I prayed, just the same. Prayed that somethin' would happen, that somebody'd see the obstruction and have a chance to warn the crew in time. I prayed a cylinder-head'd blow out, or a valve go bust, or the engine'd jump the rails at some frog in the yard—or that Luke, or the fireman, or some-un o' the crew'd get took sick sudden—anythin'. Anythin' to give me time to reach the station before that cussed train pulled out! I see visions o' what was goin' to happen. I went weavin' along like a crazy man; and sick? Well, now! I vowed I'd make it. I'd got to make it! But the chances was all agin me and things was a-floatin' and a-whirlin' in front o' my eyes and my head was like plumb to bust! I heard Luke pull in and stop and I had a third of a mile yet to go. I cried and cursed aloud! I just went out o' my head but I kept movin', somehow. I heard the 4026's bell ringin'—Luke hadn't even shut off the air. A thousand souls—and not six minutes to perdition for the lot of em!

"And then I laughs and hollers out like a maniac for I see Doc Evans a-comin' towards me, devil-bent in that little tin flivver of his! I yells at him and he draws up and looks at me suspicious-like, but I climbs right into the machine and tells him to swing her 'round and head for the station and to give her all she c'n stand! Doc, he sort o' grins but he does what I say, and off we go! The rest of it ain't clear to me. I was all in a muddle when we got to the station and I hain't no recollection o' what happened.

"But—well, you know how things turned out. And Dave, here, tells me the culprits was caught soon after. They found 'em cached in a culvert not thirty rods from the place where the tragedy would have occurred! Caught dead to rights and the old whiskered cuss confessed! They ought to get life for it and I wouldn't be surprised to hear they did.

"When I was runnin' the Burlin'ton Accommodation, back in '98, the fellows got into the habit o' callin' me 'Spyglass' Jim—they said I could see a signal so dum far off that my eyes must be magnifyin' lenses! The moniker stuck to me and I come to like it, somehow. It was thinkin' o' that old name, a while back, when my eyes begin to go back on me, that put the idee into my head of buyin' a regular spy-glass. And now, boys, after what's happened today, I feel a kind o' hankerin' for the old name back again,—see?"

He took the hint and the old fellow was "Spyglass" Jim to us all from that day forth.



*"Namaka—tall and vigorous"*

# Hawaiian Yesterdays— The Winged Man of Kauai

By DAISY CARTWRIGHT NELSON

**I**T was very still in the garden. Over the wall the stephanotis and trumpet vines climbed in a riotous tangle, the rows of standard roses sent from the States were a mass of lovely fragrance, and the drowsy mid-morning air was languorously filled with the scent of ginger and Ylang-Ylang.

Cousin Bruce and I, under the China Orange tree, were deep in the midst of Treasure Island, a gift to us from our beloved Mr. Stevenson. Jocko, the little Philippino monkey, slid up and down the pole, atop which his little house was perched, and amused himself by throwing the mud he had industriously mixed with the water of his drinking cup, at Malietoa. Malietoa was the Maltese cat, who, perched on the edge of the Gold Fish Pool, drowsed in the sun, with one eye open, for he always lived in the expectation of seizing a fat gold fish too near the edge. Not deigning to notice him Jocko retired to his house to sulk, occasionally peering forth and giving vent to his injured feelings by a weird little cry.

"Malietoa," I said, "have a care. You know Mademoiselle is watching you, and you ate sixteen gold fish and one guinea-pig only yesterday, and you ought to remember what she did to you." Malietoa turned his green, inscrutable gaze in our direction, arose, stretched himself with the utmost unconcern, yawned daintily, rolled himself into a compact ball and purred himself off to sleep.

It was Saturday morning, the day that Keona, the old fern man came down from Nuuanu Valley with his load of ferns, guavas and ohias, or mountain apples. To us his coming meant a Lei, or wreath of flowers, for me and, if we could beguile him into it, a story. On this particular morning Keona had brought with him a rare Farleyense fern and one of the rare Hawaiian orchids; for in Hawaii Nei there are but two varieties and they are both small and grow on the island of Hawaii. As was usual with Keona's "coup d'état" the orchid had only been forthcoming when the rest of his stock in trade had been disposed of. It was a lovely, but tiny and perfectly formed blossom, swaying on its slender stem like some gorgeous little butterfly. Grandmother, with whom the collecting of ferns and plants was a passion, was like

a child in her delight. Keona knowing this charged her accordingly.

"Keona," said cousin Bruce, "did the Menehunes (Fairies) really bring it?"

"That," said Keona, "I cannot say. Only this morning at dawn the Leka, that Makia wrote to us from Kauai, and that we were keeping for Kapu to read to us, was caught up by the wind and blown away. As fast as my old bones would permit I pursued it and, deep in the ferns, I found it and beside it was the winged flower. I knew it at once for it is a Tabu flower, which only the Alii (royalty) may possess and so I brought it here for the Little Alii.

"Long ago," said Keona impressively, "there were winged men in Hawaii Nei and, not only that, but winged war canoes. Look not at me with such round eyes, Paluki, for it is true what I speak. Before the time of the Great Kamehameha, Namaka came to Oahu from Kauai. In Kauai he was a great athlete and excelled in all the sports, besides which he could sing for new fields to conquer, he set out for Oahu. A young man tall and vigorous."

"Handsome," I asked, "with golden hair, blue eyes, and very fair?"

"No, Little Alii," said Keona, "never was seen a man such as the Little Alii describes who was considered handsome. Dark he was, and his hair was black as the thunder clouds; his eyes brown and beautiful as the edge of the rainbow that makes your heart ache."

I gave a sigh of disappointment, which Keona very obviously ignored, for he went on with his story.

"Now in those days there lived in Nuuanu, Pakuanui, a great wrestler and runner who, when he heard of the coming of Namaka, challenged him to meet him. The news spreading around, there came all of the Alii and the people from all quarters of the Island. So came forth Namaka and Pakuanui. Long they wrestled until Namaka, proving himself the better man of the two, Pakuanui flew into a rage and rushing at his adversary drove him high up the mountainside before him. Without warning Namaka turned himself into a rainbow and, strong and rushing as the Pali winds, turned on Pakuanui, lashing him with

raindrops, cold and stinging, taunting and tormenting him until Pakuanui cried 'enough,' and upon each spot where a raindrop fell grew a Winged Flower such as I have brought this morning.

"Pakuanui then challenged Namaka to a race. With cunning intent he ran toward the Pali, up the narrow, steep path, gradually allowing Namaka to out-strip him. Reaching the edge of the great cliff, over which in later years Kamehameha drove his enemies to their death on the Plains below, Pakuanui drew back, thinking thus to destroy Namaka as other undesirables had been destroyed before him. Great was his astonishment when Namaka, pausing lightly on the edge of the Pali, spread out his arms, beneath which great yellow wings appeared, and like the Io bird, flew high in the air; descending lightly, from time to time, to brush against the furious Pakuanui by the hour Meles (songs) of the great deeds of his ancestors. Tiring of Kauai and longing with the tips of his wings. Furious and ashamed the former champion hid himself among the ferns and koa trees of Nuuanu, refusing to come out by day, prowling about by night, fearful of the ridicule of the people. Then the greatest of all the High Alii made Namaka his Aikane, (bosom friend) and his young daughter Lilia, falling in love with him, gave her to him as his wife.

"Lilia was beautiful and an Ehu. Her eyes were green as the sea, and her hair the color of the cocoanut husks that lie along the beach, wet and burnished by the sea and sun. Not red, but with the glow, when the sunlight touched it, of deep ruddy fires. She loved to swim in the surf at Waikiki when the moonlight traced silver pathways across the water, and there, at night, Namaka taught her to fly. The people marvelled greatly and called them the 'Bird People.'

"At last Namaka tiring of life on Oahu took Lilia and together they flew away to Maui. Namaka leaving in his path a rainbow across which Lilia walked when she became tired of her flight. The people of Maui seeing them coming mistook them for gods and, assembling on the shore to meet them, built a Heiau (Temple) for them and did them great honor. But soon they discovered that like themselves Lilia and Namaka were human and the Alii becoming jealous of them, Namaka built a great War Canoe and in this they flew to Hawaii. So for a time they lived on one or another of the eight islands and at last came home to Kauai, where Namaka built himself a home. Here he and Lilia spent their declining

years among their children and grandchildren. To two of their children, and children's children, was it given the power to fly and so on down through the generations has that gift descended.

"Here in Hawaii Nei is one who has that power" said Keona, lowering his voice mysteriously, "between us it is a deep secret."

"As he grew to old age Namaka became a prophet and those who heeded his words and followed his teachings have become wise men and prospered. Great was their wisdom and that of their descendants. I will sing you a Mele, Little Alii and Paluki, that came to me from my father who had it from his father, to whom it came by word of mouth down through the years, from our Aikane of Namaka ancestors. Thus you may see why as Namaka foretold, Kamehameha never conquered Kauai by force, but to him it was ceded by the reigning Alii of Kauai who wished to come under his wise rule." And forthwith, removing his old pipe from his mouth, his eyes fixed on the blue Hawaiian sky overhead, Keona began to chant:

"I am Namaka  
The Winged Man of Kauai  
Hear what I say  
For thus it shall be.  
Great is our Island,  
The Garden Spot  
Tabu to the Alii  
Is it for their taking  
A Tabu that was set  
By the Gods,  
Papa and Waken,  
Kane, Ku and Lono,  
And all of the Rest  
In the days when the Land  
Came up from the Sea,  
Older than Pele  
Are their commands  
Kauai, lovely as stars  
That burn in the Sky  
Or the Rainbow that arches  
From Island to Island  
Warm as the sunshine,  
And cool as the dew  
We find in the Valley below.  
Lovely Kauai  
Shall never be conquered,  
But given for love,  
To the Greatest Alii.  
He who shall come  
To take all the Islands,  
Under his rule,  
All shall he conquer,

Excepting Kauai.  
Heed ye Namaka,  
Heed well the Prophecy  
Of Him of the Wings,  
Who flew over the Islands."

"And when Namaka came to the end of his days," continued Keona, pausing for breath,

"Of course," said Keona, raising his voice, "I am a believer in the Haole God. Every Sunday I go to Kamaihau Church with Melekule and the children. Has not Melekule a fine black satin Holoku, and a hat with a Haole feather, off that strange Haole bird with the long legs? And the fine shiny shoes that hurt my feet so that I can walk like the 'Pleacher?' We are



*"Kauai, where Namaka built himself a home"*

"he became in a night a young man again, and Lilia from an old woman with hair like the snows on Mauna Kea, a beautiful young girl. Together they flew away, their wings flashing in the sunlight. Where did they go? That is not given to such as I to know. Perhaps to the place the Haoles. (white people) call Heaven, perhaps where my people believe, to a lovelier group of Islands, to 'Kane Huna Moku,' where all the Evil that is about us here may not go."

attired better than some Haoles and can sing the 'Hymnas' that the Missionaries taught us when we were small, along with the best of them. Last Sunday the 'Pleacher' said 'Brother Keona will lead with the singing.' So I sang 'Lock of Ages' and Makia handed me the bottle of gin, behind the Hymna book, so that I could sing better.

"Little Alii and Paluki, the time will come when the Winged men and the great Winged

War Canoes will fly over our Land and our Ocean and over the Haoles Land and the other great Ocean the 'Haole Kind Titchers' told us about, and in which I do not believe, for how could it be? The land would be flooded."

"Awe," said Keona, "the sun is on the other side of the Alani (Orange) tree and it is a long way to Nuuanu."

"Ah Kee," I called, "bring Keona a cup of coffee and the bread for Melekule and the sack of lump sugar."

"Thank Melekule for my beautiful Lei ilima and you Keona for the Winged Flower and the Story."

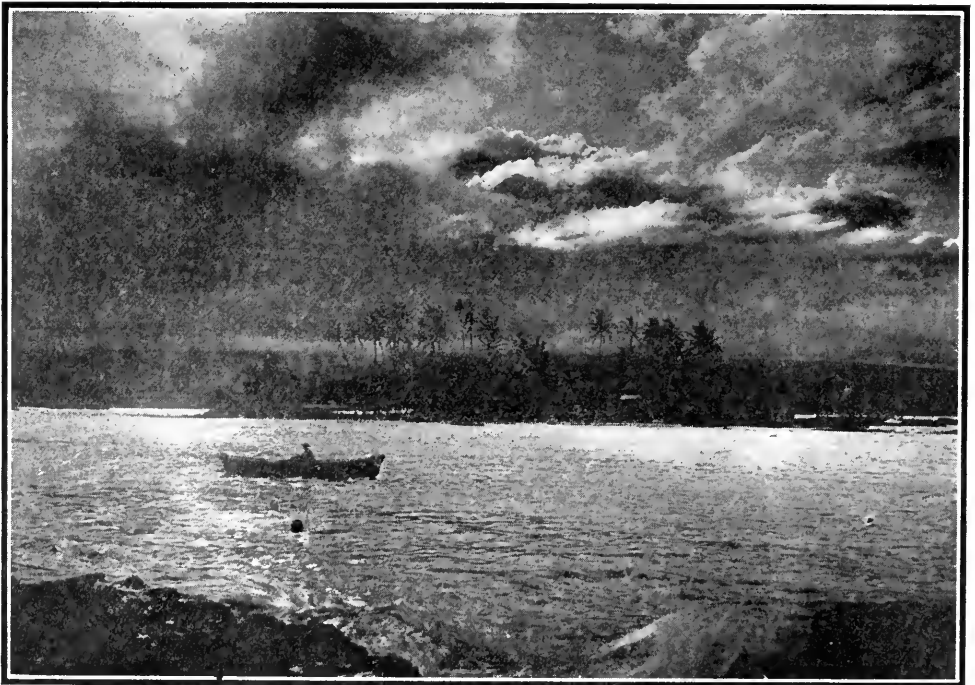
"Aloha, Little Alii, and you, Paluki, and to you many thanks," said Keona, and shouldering the long bamboo pole from which hung the fern baskets Melekule wove him of Lauhala, he disappeared around the corner of the Rose Arbor. Tall and hale in spite of his eighty years, Keona was the finest type of the old Hawaiian.

"Do you believe," said Bruce, "all that he said about flying? How could a canoe fly in the air? Don't you remember how I hurt myself when I flew out of the window with the paper wings we made?" he asked.

"Of course I believe it," I said, "they will have wings like the sails on the old whaling ships in the paintings that hang in grandfather's office."

"Well, if they do, I'll go up in one of them, and if you think you can keep up," he added, "I'll take you along."

How little we knew, we two cousins, there in the peacefulness of that lovely old Hawaiian garden, that Bruce, and the friends of our childhood, would one day fly over those scarlet poppy fields in another land, and across another ocean, for the safety of whose women and children and the women and children of the world, sorrow and sadness were to come into our own lives. How little we knew.



# *The Romance of California*

By MABEL W. PHILLIPS

The brothers of Saint Francis came  
With burnished lamps of gold,  
To light the way with faith's pure flame  
And tell the story old;  
Within the shadowed Missions gray  
They taught each neophyte,  
That Truth fades not at close of day  
Nor lessens with the night.

Conquistadores rode with lance  
And banners of their king,  
To fend if need be or, perchance,  
To joust within the ring;  
High were their hopes and proud their fame  
Wherever foot had trod,  
Theirs was the sword that held to shame  
The enemies of God.

In through the star-lit western gates  
Rode nobles of old Spain,  
With grants and treasure for estates  
Within the new domain;  
From mount to sea fair vineyards rose  
Above the poppied fields,  
Crowned with far eternal snows  
Whose kiss rare treasure yields.

The golden portals of the land  
Unbarred to chivalry,  
Unto hidalgo's slender hand  
Was passed the magic key;  
Then Romance held its tender sway  
With dance and serenade,  
For Love was lord in knighthood's day  
And Beauty homage paid.

Then vanished from the King's Highway  
Brown robes and sandaled feet,  
And silence like a mantle lay  
Where these were wont to meet;  
Slowly, from shadowed Missions lone  
Faded each dimming light,  
Except the lamp of Truth which shone  
Unwavering through the night.

# Love or Principle

By WALTER J. NORTON

**H**UMPH! So 'Red Mike' Keagon has finally made his threat good and escaped from prison out there in the West. I'm the bird that ran him to ground and had him salted away for that twenty-year jolt of his and as a gentle reminder of our little run-in I'm wearing this beautiful jagged scar across my cheek and temple. Mike tried by the timely use of his automatic to demonstrate to me his sincerity of purpose."

So remarked Cyrus W. Hass, president and manager of the Hass International Detective Bureau to Jimmie Scanlon, his confidential secretary, as he looked up from the noon edition of his daily paper.

Scanlon had been in the employ of the Hass Agency for two years. He had gained the good will and respect of every one connected with the bureau. Also, Jimmie was engaged to marry Agnes Hass, the only daughter of his chief.

"Keagon was sent up for burglarizing some express company's safe, wasn't he, Boss?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes, Jim, in this one instance. But Mike is an old-timer, one of the best in the crime game. Altho totally illiterate he specialized in nothing nor did he stop at anything. He went where the haul looked biggest. Many police-departments and every private 'Dick' agency in the country were cut after the twenty thousand dollar reward offered for him, dead or alive. That is why I took the case in hand and went after him myself. His capture was a great feather in the cap of the Hass agency. I all but lost my life in the encounter, but one of my men took him in after I'd dropped him, as he did me, with his last shot before he fainted from loss of blood."

"I suppose they'll be after us again to locate Keagon, now that he's out, won't they, Mr. Hass?"

"Oh surely, but some of the boys can go out and get the glory this time. The old man is getting too well along in years for outside work. Besides, on account of my narrow escape at the time, Agnes made me promise hereafter to stick to the office end of the work. You see she thinks pretty well of her old Dad and, after all, she is all that I have to live for."

That evening when he called, Jimmie spoke of Keagon's escape to Agnes Hass.

"That beast free again!" she exclaimed.

Both fear and hatred shone in her large eyes.

"Why, he did his best to murder Dad, and now that he is free he may try to carry out his threat against him."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Keagon no doubt will fight shy of further encounter with a man whom he fears as much as he naturally would his late captor."

"He knows no fear. I called at the jail while he was there. You know they held him a few days before taking him west. I saw him. If there was ever an untamed beast, he is one."

"Did you speak to him, Agnes?"

"Yes, I asked him if he felt any regret about my father."

"What did he say?"

"He asked if Dad had died and, on learning that he was still alive, said that he regretted that part of it. Oh! Jimmie, I hate crooks and anyone that has anything to do with them except to put them in prison where they belong."

"But Agnes, some men are innocent—some are different than—"

"No! No! Do not try to make allowances for the type of men that inhabit jails, or Jim, we'll never get along. I'm not one of those weak-minded, romantic females who make heroes out of desperadoes. I'm bandit-proof. My Dad's life is precious to me, and this Keagon person is representative of thousands of his kind who hold human life cheap when it stands in the way of their murderous purposes."

"But what of such men as Oscar—"

"Stop it. I don't care who they are or how famous, or seemingly good, they may have become. If they are, or ever were criminals—they are beasts—a menace to human life and welfare. If my own brother were branded a felon, I'd disown him forever."

James Scanlon thought it better not to press his subject further. But, could Agnes have fathomed his thoughts at that time, her high esteem of him, even perhaps, to the extent of blighting their plans and prospective happiness might have been endangered.

Three weeks after their tiff Jimmie escorted Agnes home after they had spent the evening at the opera. On entering the front hall they



found old Jaspard the butler in an unconscious condition, bound, gagged and lying huddled in the corner.

Putting Agnes behind him and drawing his revolver Jimmie entered the library to find a burglar engaged in drilling the door of the wall-safe.

"Hands up. Don't turn. Face that wall until I can search you," cried Scanlon in one breath. "Turn on the lights, dear," he said to the girl.

"I'll disarm this fellow in a jiffy and then we'll 'phone for the police."

Jimmie reached the spot where the burglar stood just as the lights were snapped fully on, only to stop and gasp:—"Red Mike' Keagon!"

Keagon turned and in equal surprise said, "The Jimmie Kid!"

"Why, James, do you know this man?" flashed Agnes.

"I'll say he knows me. Me and the kid are old fren's, eh Jim? Go ahead and tell her," said Keagon as he lowered his hands.

"Are you going to call the police, or shall I do it?" exclaimed Agnes.

Keagon laughed and said: "Better wait till we chin this matter over, lady. If this guy means anything in your young life you won't want the 'bulls' runnin' in just yet."

Scanlon was very pale but said in an agitated voice: "No, Agnes—, Miss Hass, I cannot turn this man over to the police for reasons you shall soon learn. His coming here tonight forces me to bring up a matter that I had hoped was buried forever. This man has reason to believe that he could send me back to the same prison he has just escaped from. Still, burglar that he is—that would be the last thing he would ever think of doing."

"You, back to prison, why—"

"Wait, hear me thru and I will leave. When you have heard my past I know I will be no more welcome than this man whom we have caught in the act of robbing your father's safe."

"I said that Keagon thought it possible to send me back to prison. That's because he is unaware that one year ago my innocence was established in the western state where we were serving a sentence together, and that the Governor has furnished my mother with a full pardon for me."

"I'm damn glad to hear it, Kid," muttered Keagon.

"Don't swear here, Mike. Yes, I received ten years on a frame-up out there. Every one knew that I was jobbed, still I was made the 'fall-guy' for a bunch of political crooks in long coats.

"When I reached the prison my health was not the best and I was assigned to work in the prison hospital. Mike here was porter in the same department.

"Mike was trying to better himself in an educational way and I helped him with his studies. A bond of friendship grew up between us. I used to read him the letters from my mother."

"How's the mother nowadays, Kid?" asked Keagon.

"She's all well now, Mike," said Scanlon.

"Father being dead, mother had to mortgage her home after I went away. Then she grew ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Every letter told more and more of her need for me and I could not come. I was nearly insane with my anxiety until one day Mike told me he had a plan to get me away. He bribed a convict working in the machine shop to steal a hack saw. Keagon then cut the bars on the bathroom window in the hospital and during the night hours lowered me to the ground with a rope ladder that he had made. He did not come himself but stayed behind to stall the guard who made hourly rounds to count the prisoners. He told the guard I was bathing and in that way gave me an hour's start.

"I came East and took a job with your father under my own name. I've cleared mother's home of the mortgage and furnished her with the medical care that has cured her. And all of this was made possible only by the help of 'Red Mike' Keagon.

"I know that he shot your father. When he did it he was, to his mind, carrying out the natural law of self-preservation. I might figure differently than he would in such an emergency, I don't know. But I do know that he saved my mother's life by aiding me to go to her when she was on the verge of death. I can't send him back!

"What happened to him after I left, I do not know."

"Nothing to speak of, Kid, only the guy that furnished the 'briars' to cut the bars with, got sore because I couldn't steal dope from the dispensary for him and snitched. He got me nine months in the dungeon. When I got out I took advantage of a thick fog one day and scaled the wall. I came here to rob the guy that got me twenty years, but if he's been a friend to you, little old pal, that's enough to square him with me."

"Well, Mike, we'd better be off. I'm sorry, Miss Hass. I well know how you feel toward ex-convicts. My love for you has been a clean, manly love. I shall always love you. But I

cannot turn this man, my greatest benefactor, over to the police. If I did, I'd be a traitor, not only to him, but to my mother whom he helped even more than he did me. If an ex-convict is unworthy of such a girl as you, a traitor would be a thousand times more so.

"I know that I entered prison innocent of the crime. The authorities in that state also know it and have exonerated me. That is all I can say—except goodbye."

As he finished he turned to leave the house. Agnes, who had stood seemingly dumbfounded during the entire recital, finally found her voice and called to him to wait. Then, turning to "Red Mike" she said: "Keagon, I've hated you for trying to kill my father, and I cannot forgive you. But I'm a woman. I must admit that some latent good in you prompted you to help this boy and his mother. I know that little mother and I love her too. Now you may

*(Continued on page 41)*

## *The Meadow Brook*

By MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT

O, what delight the meadow brook  
Has given childish hearts.  
How loth the child, when called away,  
From all its charms, departs.  
He fain would linger paddling there,  
Or fishing in the stream;  
And what a lovely place it is  
To idly sit and dream,

And watch the ripples passing by,  
Or insects swimming there;  
While seated by the meadow brook,  
Life loses all its care.  
Our minds in dreamland float away,  
As oft we take a book,  
Enjoying it with such content,  
Down by the meadow brook;

While birds sing gaily in the trees,  
Their joyous songs of glee;  
And nature, in a happy mood,  
Seems tuned for harmony;  
And softly murmuring, the brook  
Flows on its course serene,  
While creeping close, to hear its song,  
Green blades of grass are seen.

Perhaps some happy lovers may  
Be seated by the stream,  
For you will often find that there,  
They love to sit and dream;  
Where close to nature's tender heart,  
With all the world away;  
There, hand in hand, they love to list  
To what the brook will say.

# Nostalgia

By M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCION

Dusk was gathering.

I remember well, when rounding the college grounds on our way to your home, the feelings inspired within us by the placid reflection of the young moon, as if it were little Pan playing among the reeds in the still water of the pool.

An oriole was twittering its melodic notes among the branching leaves.

"The pipe . . ." we sighed in muffled intonation of gladness, and we stopped in wonderment, with my gaze resting in your eyes and yours in mine, questing, if we could be true to our thinking and dreaming.

"The pipe of Pan," I whispered in your ears and your soul caught my words in ecstasy, for in the blue of your eyes, which you raised to mine, was beauty and the bloom of youth was on your lips.

Could it be true that we understood? Could it be? The flame that just now flickered in soothing radiance—was it the divine . . . ?" you were striving to utter. Yes, 'Tis Divine Kinship Born,' that I saw.

An eternity of silence followed there and ever after. There, as we stood side by side, for how long, I do not know. All I know is that there is Eternal and we lived in that gracious instant of time in the Eternal.

## II.

The sound of shouts and merry laughter lingers in the distance, and the hills are once again under the purple shade of autumn. Only occasional drops of mellow leaves lend voices to the already deserted pavements of the great amphitheatre yonder, accentuating more the reigning peace of the fast falling shadows.

Curious that I am here? Just so. Living once more the exuberant claim of younger days, only in memory. Here, along these narrow lanes we have run our races in the morning losing ourselves in the opaline shrouds of the mist. And in the evening we have exchanged volleys of halloo's with the distant hills, which have returned our hilarious trills in echoes, and re-echoed many times our merry peals of laughter! All these I remembered, in the vast expanse of my wandering years in the lands that are as ancient as the tombs of Egypt's monarchs, and as modern and new as the Americas. I smiled at them—these youthful vagrancies—and at times laughed at them; and I kept on, wandering ever more to regions none ever knew.

Yet, there is something that I missed. A call I sometimes heard. I am conscious of the loss of something which cannot be defined. It refuses to be known; is elusive to the touch. A siren, perhaps. I am more inclined to that belief. I am superstitious, you know, and you can comprehend my meaning once your ears are attuned to the weird sort of floating consciousness in the atmosphere calling you. Intangible, we might say. Yes, it may be that. It is that and more—it is all. Or, it might have been just a fleeting, evanescent vision, heavenly and beautiful, that flashed by our horizon in our quieter, deeper mood, or, it might have been just whispers and sounds that so moved us that the sensuous delight of our souls could not die.

You told me that you were another being after that. Yes, the change was beautiful—the transition in your life, in my life. We yearned for fuller companionship, yet we evaded each other's eyes and, where many times you greeted my offerings of roses with bold candor, you then—after the change—received them with blushes on your cheeks and tears dimming your eyes.

## III.

Enough my friend, that life is lived thus. And how much else! What more glory is there in sight? What ruby-red wine is there that we have not sipped?

And when we had at last trailed the dusty road, passed by delusive sign-boards, scaled the heights of adamant rocks in search of the Light; and when on top of the world where appeared that Light from afar, naught was there in sight; when we had drunk deep of our tears and trudged the dust with weary feet, and laid our dizzy heads not on flowers but on thorny grass; when after this drudgery following the path that led us and in despair we found it not—you rebelled against the illusion and tore yourself from me to go your own way, and I in sorrow to go mine. When with bitterness of heart and writhing souls, we turned to go the parting of the ways, there stood the Cross with beaming rays saying: "I am the Light."

Then . . . it was then that we understood that the dust we trudged was gold and the tears that we drank were wine and the thorny grass along the way were roses. Thus we pledged ourselves to love and in loving to live.

# *The Tramp*

By JOHN RAVENOR BULLEN

“Look at that wretched beggar,”—that’s what I hear them say  
As I lie in the shade by the roadside, at the close of the weary day.  
Little I heed their scoffing . . . ah! I will throttle the lie,  
For even as they, proud people, even as they was I.  
Then I had many a comrade, money had I to spare,  
Never a thought for the morrow, never an anxious care.  
“King of the club convivial,” thus was I known in the town,  
“King of the club convivial,” daily I wore the crown.  
Prizemen was I in the classics, stroke of my college eight,  
How should I dream I should ever sink to this destitute state?  
Once in a happy youth-time, once when the world was gay,  
Once in a mad and merry long ago time in May  
Lived I and loved a maiden . . . never a day too long,  
Filled with a gladsome singing of love’s ecstatic song.

“Look at that wretched beggar,”—and the anger boils in my heart,  
It bursts in a sudden fury, savagely I upstart,  
I shriek at the fiends retreating, I shake with an impotent rage  
My fist in the face of Heaven! Ah God! that I seek to assuage  
My anger in empty reviling. Oh! why did the fates decree  
I should fall from my high estate and be lost in this pestilent sea?  
Oh! why must I yield to this madness, I who the confident claimed  
Would outrival the wits of my rivals in my seat mid the seats of the famed?  
Must I sink to a depth so degrading, shall the will that was mine be denied,  
Is the spark so completely extinguished in the ashes of what was my pride?  
Let me break from the clutch of the devil, let me rise from this slough of despond,  
I will cast off the spell of the tempter—to each noble feeling respond,  
I will gain back my seat ’mongst the mighty, will cover with honour my name,  
I will soar to the heights like an eagle and win back my title to fame.  
Oh! little I’ll heed their scoffing, for none in the world shall deny  
That better than they, the scoffers, better than they am I.

Ah! God! this is idle talking, speech of a madman, too;  
Not what you were, you buffoon!—Vagabond! you—yes, you!  
“King of the club convivial?” . . . Tramp of the road, you fool!  
King, if you like, of the gutter! You, who were first in your school!  
“Look at that wretched beggar!” . . . Well, I will pass it by,  
Still I am lover of nature, still there’s the great blue sky;  
Still the white clouds in the heavens, still shall the sun in the west  
Blaze out a path of glory, sink o’er the hills of rest.  
Still shall the dainty blossoms dapple the rolling lea,  
Still will the birds be singing, sad though my heart may be.  
“King of the club convivial,” thus was I known in the town,  
King will I be of my own sweet will, daily I’ll wear the crown.  
Fool! these are mock heroics, fool! you have had your fling,  
Now you must reap the harvest, conscience will have its sting.  
Little I’ll heed their scoffing? . . . ah God! . . . from Thy Heaven reply  
That nearer than they, proud people, nearer to Thee, am I!

# When the Queeda Sailed

By NELL CROSBY

**A**S the trim little roadster came to a stop at the curb, close to the entrance of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's pier, Dr. Charles Northrope leaned from the car. "Looks like I'd be held up here for some time," he said to himself, after a look at the long line of congested traffic ahead of him. He settled back in the seat, then started and leaned forward again.

"Hello, Danvers," he called to a man who was passing. "Going up town? If you don't mind waiting a bit, you can ride up with me."

"Thanks." The man addressed, stepped into the car. "Truck load of stuff for the Queeda overturned," he volunteered, motioning toward the crowd in front of the line of cars and vehicles.

"So that's what's holding us up?" the doctor answered. "The Queeda sails for Hawaii today, I believe."

"Yes. By the way, I suppose you read of the awful thing that's happened to young Carey, the new vice-president of the Jergen Lumber Co?"

Dr. Northrope's brow clouded, "I read it," he said. "It's a darned shame! Leprosy! A man like Carey, to face a future like that! Somebody must find a cure for that accursed disease."

"Why don't you try it?" half challenged the other. Then in a slightly lowered tone, "Carey's sailing on the Queeda today," he said. "They're taking him to the leper colony at Molokai."

"My God! what a future!" the doctor spoke savagely. "He—by Jove, I believe they're coming now." He broke off as a young man descended from a cab, stepping aside, while a heavily veiled young woman assisted an older woman to alight.

"That's Carey," his companion said. "You notice he doesn't offer to help the ladies. The Queeda's about due to start," he continued. "Want to walk out on the pier?"

"Might as well." The doctor followed the other as he made his way to where the huge steamer, with creaking and groaning and clanking of chains, received the last of her cargo. As the two men approached they saw the doomed young man standing near the gang-plank, bidding a hopeless farewell to those who accompanied him.

"His mother and sister?" asked Dr. Northrope, in a low tone.

"His mother," the other replied. "I don't know the younger woman, can't tell through that veil. He hasn't any sister though."

As the last "all aboard" was called, the young man started as if to take the women in his arms, then a groan of anguish burst from his lips and he turned away. With a despairing cry, the younger woman caught him by the arm. He shook her off roughly. "No! No!" he cried, "Don't touch me! Don't!" Then holding out his hands toward them, he cried again, "Good-bye, my own dear ones. Mother! Sweetheart! Good-bye!" and turning swiftly he blindly stumbled down the gang-plank, and was gone.

Dr. Northrope smothered a groan, "Come, let's get out of here," he said fiercely. Not until they were in the car and moving with the now released traffic, did he trust himself to speak again.

"I tell you, Danvers, it's a rotten deal!" he exploded, "Something must be done. Young Carey is only one of many—banished to a life of loathing and despair—leaving all that life holds dear. Danvers, did you see how he left them?" he cried, "Denied even a touch—or a parting kiss."

"See? I guess I did!" his friend answered, "Lord! I wish I hadn't. I'll not forget it soon."

"Danvers," the doctor spoke solemnly. "I seldom speak of it, but I have reason to hate that awful disease. There was a man in my class, my chum; I loved him like a brother. He contracted leprosy, Heaven only knows where, and rather than face that, he killed himself." There was a moment of silence, then he went on intensely; "Then and there, I pledged myself to make a study of leprosy. There must be some cure—there's got to be! I'll find it if it takes my whole life!"

The car came to a stop before the building in which the doctor had his office and laboratory. Stepping to the sidewalk Danvers took his friend's hand in a hearty grasp. "That's the way to talk, old man," he said, "if you go into it with that spirit you're bound to win, Lord knows, I hope you do," he added fervently as he left the other and went on his way.

Dr. Northrope entered the building and with an absent nod to the man in the elevator was

carried to his rooms on the fourth floor. After a few necessary matters had been attended to, and the waiting patients disposed of, he took down some books and with renewed determination plunged into the study of leprosy, the incident just witnessed but adding to his fixed resolution to find this long-sought cure.

For Charles Northrope did not do things by halves. With him, to speak was to act. Brisk, energetic, alive to every discovery of medical science he was recognized as one of the leading physicians of San Francisco. His deep blue eyes, clean-shaven features, and mop of dark, curly hair, added to a stubborn will and a keen insight into human nature, left no doubt as to his Irish ancestry.

A bachelor, fast approaching middle-age, he was much sought after by scheming matrons with marriageable daughters. But with all this he could boast of no serious love affair in his past life, and was free to devote his spare time to research and study.

As the weeks went by he found himself spending more and more time in studying, experimenting, searching for this thing upon which he had set his heart. Far into the night he worked in his laboratory, refusing invitations, denying himself to friends. He sent results of his experiments to be tried out among the unfortunates at Molokai and the reports he received were so encouraging he began to feel sure that he had the solution.

And then he met Bernice Grey, and all was changed.

One afternoon, as he drove through one of the lowest quarters of the city, near a small mission that had been established in the very heart of the slums he came upon a crowd of dirty, fighting, cursing children in the middle of the street; while from the doorways of the reeking, malodorous tenements filthy, disheveled women and ragged, under-nourished babies looked out upon the scene alike in stupid indifference.

Suddenly he was amazed to see the crowd part and from their midst a beautiful young woman appeared, half dragging, half carrying, the frail form of a young lad. Dr. Northrope sprang from the car and ran to her assistance. At his approach the crowd fell back and with a sigh of weariness and relief the slender girl transferred her burden to the willing hands held out to receive it.

"You c-came—just in time," she panted, "I'm about exhausted."

"What happened? What are you doing here?" the doctor asked, with a frown.

"I'm Bernice Grey. I was coming out of the mission and saw a big, strong fellow beating this little boy. I—I thought he would be killed before I could stop him, but he ran away when he saw your car coming," the girl answered, breathlessly.

Dr. Northrope lifted the little fellow in his strong arms. "Come, let's take him into the mission and look him over. I don't think he's badly hurt," he said, "You should not come down here alone," he went on severely, "it's no place for a woman—this neighborhood."

"Oh, I come down to the mission often. I've never been molested, Dr. Northrope," she replied, "You are Dr. Northrope, aren't you? You see I've heard of you and your wonderful work among these poor people, where 'kindness is its own reward.'"

The man gave an inaudible grunt in reply, as he climbed the steps with his burden.

Later, when he left Bernice Grey at the door of her own home, he drove at once to his office and to the long line of patients awaiting him, but he went about the familiar duties as one in a trance. He knew that life to him would never be the same, that he had found the one woman, that there would never be another. The afternoon seemed endless; he counted the hours until he could, in decency, venture to seek another meeting with her.

Night came on and he found himself driving in the direction of her home. He drew up sharply. What would she think? What excuse could he offer? Ah! he had it; he would go and inquire if she felt any bad effects from her trying experience of the afternoon. Surely she would not resent this. He hoped she would be at home.

She was at home and very grateful to Dr. Northrope for his interest. No, she felt none the worst for the experience—would he not come in?

And so it began. There was scarcely a day that he did not see her. He accepted invitations only to places where she was sure to be found; he visited the mission each day in hopes of a chance meeting, he sought her out on every possible pretext, and finally, only a few weeks after his first meeting with her, he took her with him on a call far out in the country and returning in the cool evening he told her of his love, and asked her to become his wife.

The slender girl sat pale and silent beside him, while the passionate words poured from his lips. She did not try to stop him but when he had finished she laid a light hand on his arm, and with a pained wonder in her big eyes, she answered him haltingly.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "I did not dream that you cared like that. I do care for you a great deal, but not as you wish. I shall never marry—never!" The proud head bent forward while hot tears welled up in the brown eyes.

"Bernice, dearest," he took her hand in one of his own, "I thought, I hoped, that you might care too. I could make you happy, dear. I—" a sudden thought struck him. "There's no one else?" he asked, despairingly.

Her head dropped a little lower. "Yes," she whispered, so low that he could hardly catch the words, "There's—someone else. I can never marry him, but I will never marry any other." With an effort she raised her eyes to his, "You are the best friend I have, Dr. Northrope," she said bravely, "Some day I will tell you about it, but not now—please."

He pressed her hand to his lips, then released it gently, "Very well," he said, "another time. I can wait," and swiftly changed the subject while she regained her composure.

He did not see her for a few days after this drive. He would be patient, he told himself, as he worked in his laboratory late one night. She had said that she could never marry the other man. He wondered who he was; probably some one already married. Confound it! Why must this have happened? The only woman he had ever really cared for! Well, he could wait. He would make her care sometime if only that other chap were—

A knock at the outer office door interrupted his thoughts. He hesitated, looked at his watch and discovered that it was nearly midnight. He hoped it wasn't a call at this hour. The knock was repeated. With a muttered exclamation he strode through the office and threw open the door, then gasped in astonishment as the pale face of Bernice Grey stood revealed in the dim light from the hall. He drew her into the office and closed the door.

"Bernice!" he cried, as he noticed her agitation, "What in the name of sense brought you here at this hour? Are you ill?"

The girl drew back the light wrap from around her shoulders. She was in evening dress, her slightly disordered hair piled in a dark mass above the delicate features. Holding on to the back of a chair to steady herself, she began to speak feverishly.

"I saw your light, I couldn't wait. I was at Mrs. Leigh's reception and heard your friend, Mr. Danvers, tell of your search for a cure for—leprosy. How you saw—Floyd Carey—the day he—sailed; that you thought you had

succeeded. Oh, Dr. Northrope! if this is true, save him—bring him back to me! Floyd Carey is the man I love."

Exhausted, she sank into the chair and gave way to a fit of weeping. While she had talked Dr. Northrope's expression of astonishment gave way to one of pain, but at the close his features assumed their usual professional mask.

"I am distressed beyond measure," he said, soberly, "You—your interest in Mr. Carey is—news—to me." A pause, then, "You must have been the young woman with his mother at the boat?" "I was," she answered between sobs. "Oh! Doctor, is it possible there is any hope? Only a little spot in his hand. If there is a cure surely he can be saved. You said you loved me, Doctor. If you do love me—if you have ever loved me—save him before it is too late."

He stood with folded arms, looking down upon her. He did not offer to touch her. "There's no certainty that my discovery will be successful," he said. "I will do what I can; but I can't promise anything."

Bernice rose and nervously adjusted her wrap. "You can't fail!" she cried, "For his sake, for the sake of all those lost and hopeless ones; surely God will be good!"

As he followed her to the door she turned again and laid her hand for a moment on his arm, "I shall pray constantly," she said, "and whether you win, or lose, I'll bless you every day of my life for trying."

The man's nerves quivered under her touch, but he only said: "Shall I not see you home? Did you come alone?"

"No, no, my chauffeur is here, waiting with the car. Good-night," she answered, as the door of the elevator closed upon her.

Dr. Northrope turned and made his way slowly into the laboratory. For a moment he stood, dazed by the revelation, stunned with the hurt of it. He brushed back his hair with a hand that trembled as he slowly collected his thoughts.

She had said "Whether you win or lose, I will bless you every day of my life." God! how he loved her! How had he refrained from taking her in his arms and holding her close—close? He could have won her if—he had only to destroy the results of his study. So far as he knew no other had made such headway toward a cure. After all, he wasn't sure. But the vow that he had made over the body of his classmate, his chum? A chill shook him. Ah, but his chum was dead, past all earthly help.

With Carey's case hopeless he could win her yet. He would pronounce his work a failure; he would destroy all evidence. What was success, life, without her?

Madly, feverishly, he went to work, frantically collecting papers, experiments, data, everything pertaining to his recent work. He gathered them before him in a tumbled mass on the table. Taking up a bundle of papers he laughed harshly as he started to tear them across. He hesitated, stopped, then stood as if turned to stone. The room faded before his eyes and clearly, distinctly, he saw again, the scene on the pier; the young man's look of hopeless longing and despair; the anguished cry of the girl; he heard the words, "Mother! Sweetheart! Goodbye!" He saw the old mother totter, as she was caught in the arms of the weeping girl.

Great drops stood out on his forehead, his body shook as if with a chill, the papers fell from his nerveless fingers, and the strong man threw himself upon the couch with his head buried deeply in the cushions, the muscles of his arms taut and bulging as with clenched hands and heaving shoulders, he held himself from the despair and weakness which had so nearly overcome him.

Faintly the grey light of early morning crept into the silent room, paling into insignificance the light from the chandelier, still burning overhead. The rattle of vehicles on the paved street below, the frequent blast of discordant whistles, the distant cry of newsboys proclaimed the coming day.

Slowly, stiffened with his long vigil, the man arose. Gone were the look of suffering, the mad longing, the despair. The strong features were set in lines of determination, in the eyes was a look of peace. He went to his desk and began to arrange its contents.

Early the following evening Bernice Grey received an unsigned note by a messenger.

"When this is delivered to you" it began, without salutation, "I shall be on my way to Hawaii. I am sailing this afternoon. I have left my affairs in the hands of Dr. Jackson, and shall not return until I have personally, and thoroughly tested my theory. May God bless and keep you. If it is possible to do so I will send you back the man you love."

"He will be successful—I know he will!" the girl cried with a sob, as she finished the brief message. "What a man! How richly he deserves the happiness he is so constantly striving to bring others."

As the weeks grew into months Bernice heard only meagre reports of the work of Dr. Northrope among the lepers in the colony at Molokai—never from the doctor himself. Once, when she questioned Dr. Jackson, he told her that there was much interest being manifested by the medical fraternity in the trial of the cure for the, so-far, fatal malady.

Later she read splendid reports of the progress being made; the wonderful results of the test cases among the unfortunates of the Island colony.

But her joy was unbounded when, after two long years had passed, she read of the successful culmination of these tests among the lighter cases. Those in the first stages of the loathsome disease had been pronounced cured, and would be allowed to return to their homes. Among the names of these, saved from a living death, was that of Floyd Carey.

Three years or more had passed since the day when Dr. Northrope had been a witness to the sad parting at the pier. Today, had he been among the crowds that lined the pier as the same huge steamer plied her way through the waters of the bay and drew up at last, to where the waiting throng watched eagerly for a sight of him, who had been, as it were, raised from the dead, he would have witnessed a far different scene. For when the same, though not the same, young man stepped from the gang-plank he clasped in his arms both mother and sweetheart in one long embrace.

But Dr. Northrope was not there to see and the happiness of the re-united ones was touched with a sadness too deep for words. As they reverently stood aside, a casket, bearing the remains of their beloved friend and benefactor, was carried to a waiting hearse and borne away.

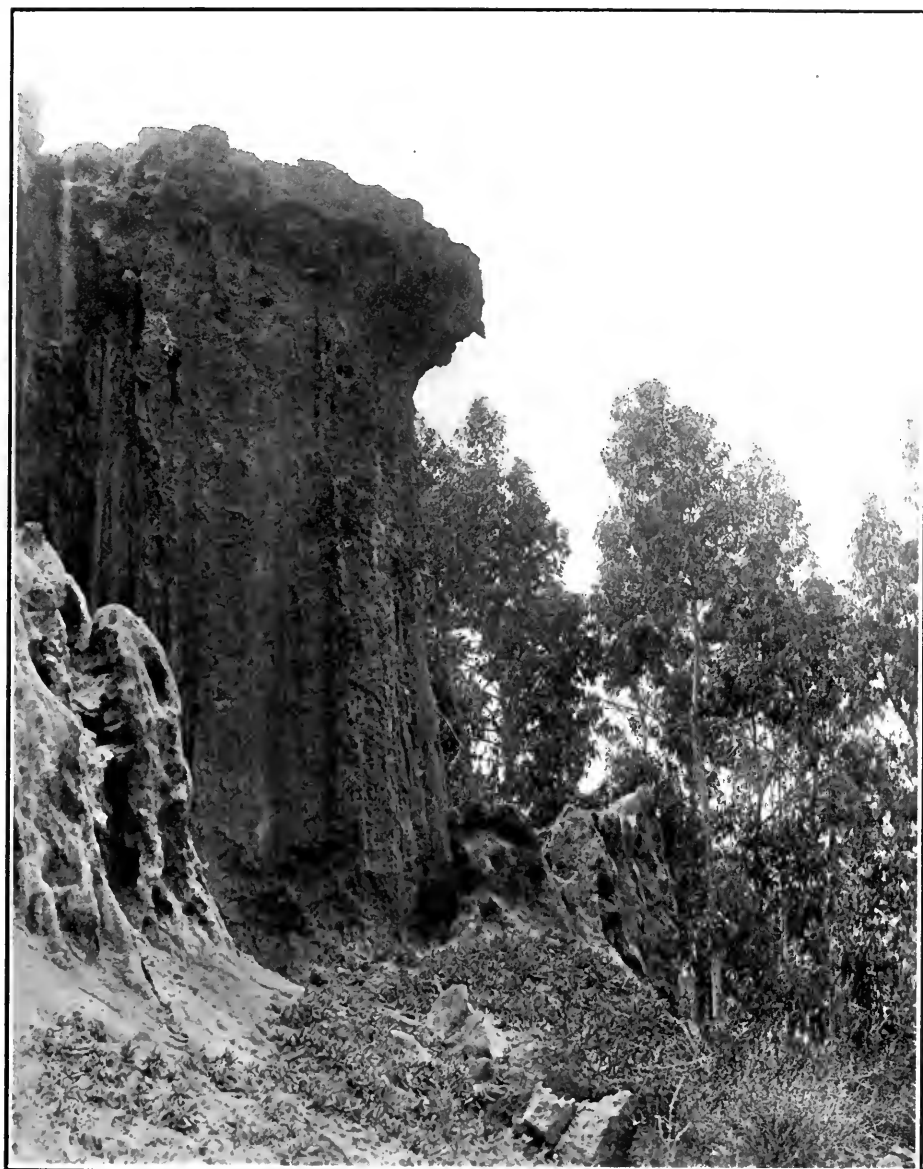
With the knowledge of the success of his theory, happy in the praises of his fellow colleagues, and the adulation of the public over his wonderful gift to mankind, his worn body had succumbed to a severe tropical fever, and the same boat that restored to loved ones, those for whom he had labored and died, carried his body back to his native land.

The following Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. Before the first rays of the sun had scattered the mists away a young couple left their car at the entrance of a beautiful cemetery, and picking their way across the dew-soaked grass, stopped by the side of a newly-made grave.

The man handed his companion the cluster of snow-white roses which he carried, and

*(Continued on page 41)*





*"The Scold"*



*"Our saw-timber is being cut five and a half times as fast as it is being produced." (See page 38.)*

# *Market Street on a Rainy Day*

By WILLIAM NAUNS RICKS

An active fellow with nimble feet  
Could run the length of Market street  
On umbrellas, if he but cared;  
Nor lose one step on the way he fared.

Aye—run the whole length and back again,  
Over the heads of women and men;  
All going up and none going down,  
Filling, at morn, the empty town.

Indeed, it is a wonderful sight,  
And I have imagined that at night  
When they come down on their homeward way  
That all of the city must cross the bay!

Suppose they did, and the town bereft  
Of living creatures, only was left;  
And not a light in a home was made,  
And only the wind in the broad streets played?

And only gulls with their eerie cry  
Would watch the buildings dark and high;  
While ghosts of the past on noiseless feet  
Again would parade on Market street?

Bret Harte would meet with Salome Jane,  
And the two would run out Third again  
And find their way to Rincon Hill,  
Where Tobe's light is shining still.

The Vigilantes, aroused from sleep,  
Again from Fort Gunny-Bags would sweep.  
All of the night marching up and down  
Keeping their watch in the ghost-filled town.

Stanford and Crocker, Leidesdorff and Budd,  
Would wait at the Grand with Walker and Flood;  
The scholar, Bancroft, and young Starr King—  
All the Pioneers to life would spring

To keep through the night, their well-loved town  
And fill her streets till the moon went down,  
And the white gulls called for the break of day,  
And the town came back from across the bay.



## California's Forests

*See, Study and Protect them all you can*

**A**UGUST is here, and the damage from forest fires is very great. Everyone who loves the outdoor world can help in the campaign for putting an end to man-made fires in our forests. A tree that was growing when George Washington was a little boy and that has been preventing erosion, making soil, helping to enrich the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley through all the years that American pioneers were coming West—a sugar pine, perhaps, that contains more than enough lumber to build a house—that useful and wonderful expression of vegetable life can be, and very often is, destroyed by some careless smoker's pipe, or some lazy camper's neglected fire.

The principle of human fellowship which is more and more recognized by the right sort of people requires that no one shall do anything to injure another. We must not waste the natural resources which the coming generations need in order to live. When we go to the mountains for rest and play we must think of them as belonging to all of us, for thousands of coming years.

It is wise to take along some of the best outdoor books and magazines, instead of nothing but novels. John Muir's writings, Sierra Club Bulletins, Forest Service pamphlets, studies of the birds, fishes and animals as well as of the trees, plenty of maps, lots of "scribble-paper" and, of course, a camera—such things as these belong to the modern up-to-date camp.

The other day we who write this went to a place in the Sierras that we first saw in 1903. At that time a sheep-herder and his Indian helper were there by a spring which they choked up with rubbish, camp-refuse and empty cans. They had allowed a fire to run several hundred yards until stopped by a road, and a lot of small pines were killed. No one cared; no one had made any criticism. You see, two hard-worked forest men were trying their best to protect more than a million acres of timber lands!

But, going to the same place a few days ago, we found three neat, well-kept camps of families from the Valley, and seven autos with tourists "up for the week-end." Happy children were all around. The fires were on bed-rock by the creek. The spring was clean and carefully guarded. To sum it up, here were fifty people who had "learned how."

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Before us, as we write this, are whole shelves full of books, reports, letters and all sorts of questions from ambitious young people seeking their best lines of life-work. It is natural to think of the great mountain areas and the workers, not only in National Forests, but also in private lumbering. It is just as natural to include all the stockmen and whoever goes to the forests for any purpose whatever. The first thing to emphasize is that every sort of forest care and forest use requires much study and knowledge, much practice.

California's twenty-eight million acres of forest area carries over three hundred billion feet of timber. Our wood-using industries are constantly increasing. Here, more than anywhere else in the world, there will be for many years the chance to practice intelligent conservation and try out improvements in methods. The young lumberman, no less than the young forester, can have, if he chooses, all the knowledge there is on this subject—and perhaps may carry forward the standard of progress.

Professor Durant Drake, in his new book, "America faces the Future," tells his readers that when the white man came, this country possessed over 800,000,000 acres of forests; that this area is now reduced to 133,000,000 acres; our saw-timber is being cut five and a half times as fast as it is being produced. We should be replanting right now in America something like 80,000,000 acres of unproductive waste. This is the result of reckless, uneducated individualism.

If all Californians "pull together" for more efficient use and care of our forest resources the world will come to study our methods.

*Booth Tarkington  
Wins  
Pulitzer Prize  
for the  
Second Time*



*A Wayman Adams portrait of Mr. Tarkington*

The Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 for the best American novel of the year has again been awarded to Booth Tarkington, this year for his "Alice Adams." In the phraseology of the bequest of the great publicist, the prize is awarded each year for the American novel of the preceding year, which best represents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the higher standards of American manners and manhood.

This is the second time that Mr. Tarkington has been honored. "The Magnificent Ambersons" was the winning novel of 1918 and now "Alice Adams" receives a similar tribute. Both novels are significant interpretations of contemporary American life. "Alice Adams" of the family which is struggling to emerge from middle class obscurity and "The Magnificent Ambersons" of the prominent family which is losing its ancient prestige.

✓ "THE COVERED WAGON:" A Romance of Plains and Mountains. By the author of such popular books as "Out of Doors," "The Story of the Cowboy" and "The Girl at the Half-way House," "The Magnificent Adventure" and about twenty other volumes. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

A recreation of those staunch, stirring, superb days when the rough, even uncouth, but strong characters of the pioneers of '48 crossed the plains to face the new West. A story of the love of two men, hardy and determined, who throughout the long, dangerous trip tried to win the love of the daughter of Jesse Wingate. For, as the author tells us—"among these pioneers stood now and again some tall flower of that culture for which they ever hungered; for which they fought; for which they now adventured yet again."

There is a great deal of California in the book—Kit Carson carrying the news of gold, found at Sutter's Mill; the entrance into the story of such men as Will Banion, Sam Woodhull and most important, perhaps, Jim Bridger.

"THE VEHEMENT FLAME:" Margaret Deland's seventeenth novel, and her best.

The old Home of Harper's, publishers of such books of Margaret Deland's as "Old Chester Tales," the "Iron Woman" and "Awakening of Helen Richie," have seldom issued as enthralling a novel as this story of the lives of Maurice Curtis, his wife Eleanor, the Houghtons, that poor little boy "Jacky," and his mother—and also of a love "strong as death," a jealousy "cruel as the grave," and in the end, of light, beauty, tenderness and hope which outshines all that has gone wrong.

"The Vehement Flame," rightly understood, is, as we have said, a very great novel.

SIDNEY DARK, An English Editor's Account of H. G. Wells.

Sidney Dark, critic, novelist and editor of "John O'London's Weekly," has given to the world in "An Outline of Wells," a superb analysis of Wells the Author and Wells the Man. The book also contains interesting glimpses of Joseph Conrad, Hilaire Belloc, Anatole France, Arnold Bennett and others.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From Hollywood comes word that Robert E. Hewes, former San Francisco newspaperman and author, has sold the serial rights of his latest story to the Metropolitan magazine. The new Hewes story is entitled "Maria San Ramon" and is a poignant tale of love and tragedy in

the colorful tropics, where the author has lived and adventured.

Mr. Hewes has lately been publishing in the magazines a series of stories of San Francisco's Chinatown, which have been compared with Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," in England.

ELINOR GLYN PLANS STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

In a recent dispatch received from Paris, Elinor Glyn, author of "MAN AND MAID," J. B. Lippincott Company, is mentioned as presenting a striking figure amid the world's greatest display of fashion which assembled at the beautiful Chantilly Race Course, where all society congregated to gossip, to bet, and to watch the traditional Dina stakes. "She wore," the dispatch goes on to say, "a magnificent gown of white organdie, veiled with Chantilly lace. This, combined with her flaming Titian hair, making her the most talked of woman in the paddock. She is understood to be gathering material for a new series of startling disclosures of the wild night life of young American debutantes in Paris."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE: By Alfred Bartlett. A brief, but most interesting outline of the life of the author written for the benefit of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren; that they may "know something about the life of their English father and their American mother."

From the days when, as a lad, Mr. Bartlett began his American career as a carpenter's helper at \$3.75 a week to the fuller, riper years when he retired feeling that he had established a nucleus for the financial comfort of his children and the education of their children, if so needed, Mr. Bartlett gained steadily upward. Ever broadening mind and brain with good books he laid the foundation of his success through reading them and later, by handling them as a practical business proposition.

As a lad working his passage on shipboard around the Horn, to California, his superiors were surprised to find him reading such authors as Fowler and George Combe; "Moral and Intellectual Developments," etc. Twenty-one years later he had sold \$10,000.00 worth of books in his store opposite Lotta's Fountain on Market street, during the holiday season of '79.

Had Mr. Bartlett written of his life fully, instead of the brief outline just published, he would have found many intensely interested readers. The book is published by the Overland Publishing Company.

## LOVE OR PRINCIPLE

(Continued from page 28)

go, but let me warn you that if father ever finds you, he'll send you back. He has nothing to thank you for."

"Thanks, Miss, he'll never find me," said Keagon politely, as he left the house. Agnes turned to Jimmie Scanlon: "So you are determined to go away?"

"Determined? What else is left for me to do? You said you would disown your own brother if he ever served time in prison."

"I know I said it, Jimmie dear, but I think I've found that chain of circumstances which alters cases. In this case the links in the chain are welded with love—a boy's love for his mother—and a woman's love for a man—a real man who has balanced love and principle on the scales of life and has proven the sterling worth of both."

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## "WHEN THE QUEEDA SAILED"

(Continued from page 34)

reverently removed his hat while she knelt and placed them on the grave. Rising, she slipped her hand through his arm.

"We owe everything—to him," she murmured, choking back the sobs that rose in her throat.

"Everything, even life itself, dearest," the man answered. His own eyes filled with tears of which he was unashamed. Then, "Look, Bernice," he said, "have you seen the stone?"

She raised her tear-stained face and together they read the inscription on the handsome square of granite which marked the last resting place of him whom they loved.

"Erected in loving memory by those for whom he gave his life," and below, these words: "Greater love than this, hath no man; that he lay down his life for his friends."

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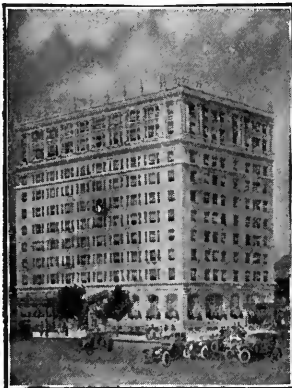
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# Overland Monthly



*The Illustrated Magazine of the West*

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

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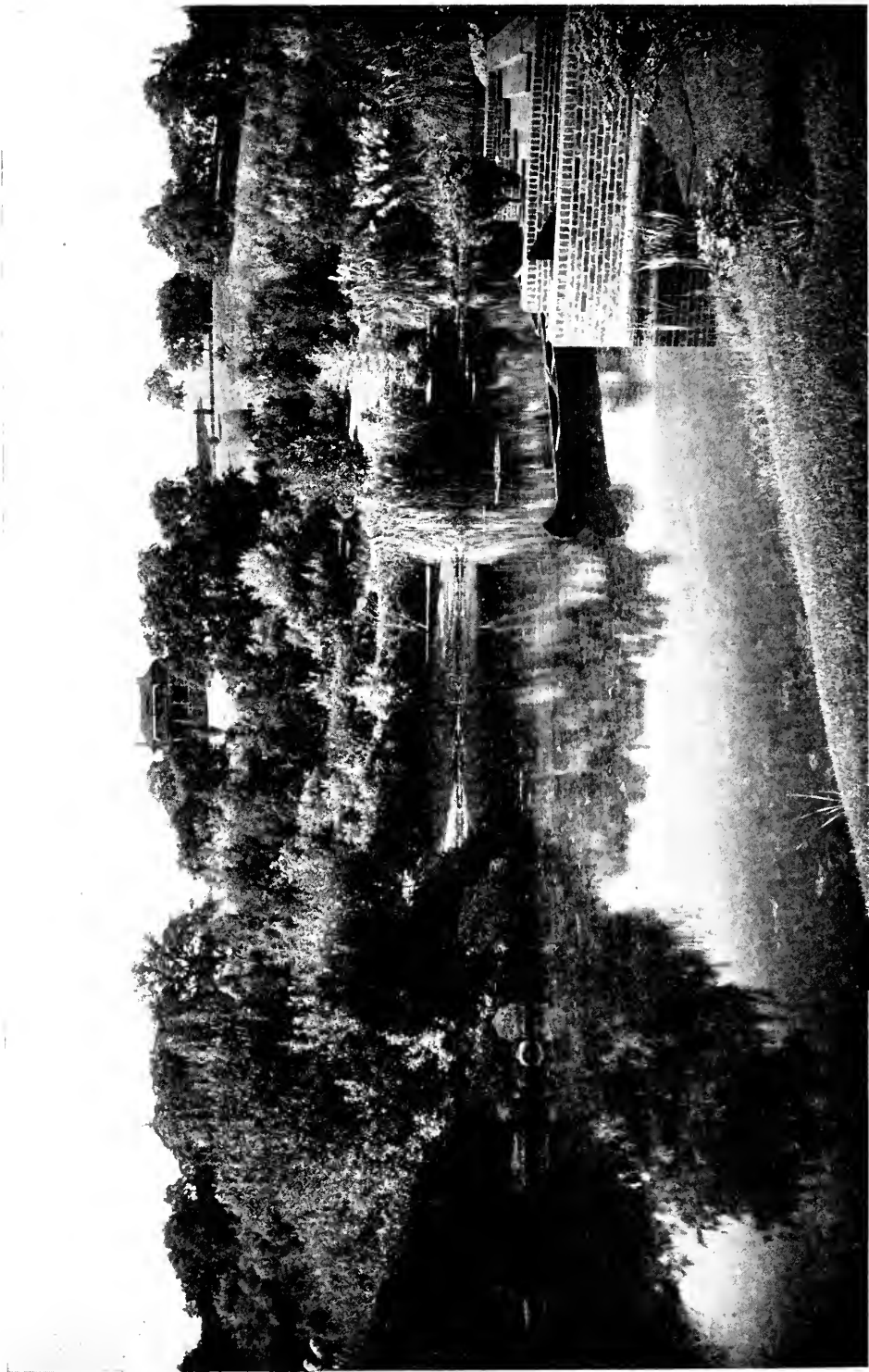


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*The home of a Californian*

# OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 *Bret Harte*  
*San Francisco*



Vol. LXXX

SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 3

## The Old City of Christiansted

By R. A. SELL

**A**ND now we are at the kind old royalty-deserted city of Christiansted! Christiansted, as though reposing in the splendor of the past, seems to take little note of an aggressive commercial age; somewhat neglected, she only seems to nestle closer to the great, green, serrated hills that lift to the south as she gazes sleepily at the dashing rainbow-hued harbor; this harbor is sketched in the most lavish colors and set in the most deeply contrasting frame of all the blue and green, the opal and turquoise, water of the colorful and variegated West Indies.

The pilot met the "Tadousac" way out at sea and directed the course among coral reefs through an S-shaped channel to the harbor. Whatever may be found on the island that is aesthetic or beautiful, it is safe to say that nothing can compare to the gorgeous ribbon-like shallows or the foaming breakers that ceaselessly play on the outlying fringes of the coral reef.

Commander Gaffney, who had wisely taken a nap while we were crossing the forty miles of rough sea, came out of the cabin looking bright and fresh as a trellis of rambling roses while we "landlubbers" were walking by hitches and locating the setting sun in the north.

They had just loaded two schooners with native cattle for Porto Rico; these cattle were queer little mouse-colored longhorns, but they are a hardy strain, well adapted for "rustling" a living among the dry hills of the eastern end of the island.

Soon we were ushered into the halls of the mighty Government house, where Danish royalty held sway and where the United States Government representative, Mr. Rappolee, now has his office, and other Government offices are maintained; a large, substantially built and comfortable building with wide verandas, many windows and a large open-air room, somewhat resembling a roof garden; and here we were invited to rest, enjoy the prospect and "make ourselves at home."

Then we began stepping in the tracks of the great. Dinner was served in an upstairs room of the building in which Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, used to labor over his books as an accountant. With wide galleries and spacious rooms, this historic building is better in some ways than the modern, compact apartments.

While the streets of Christiansted are narrow, they will average about twice as wide as those in the older parts of Havana or San Juan. There is no real paving, but a good grade is maintained with gravel and crushed stone, and this is covered over with sand. Every morning the streets are swept by stout colored men with brush-brooms; and, in order to keep down the dust, water is poured by the bucketful over the main thoroughfares.

As the sidewalks are very narrow, usually on the inside of a row of pillars and very irregular, most people prefer the middle of the street. On an early morning walk you are likely to meet a two-wheeled water cart drawn by a little gray donkey, a load of cane leaves,

a good-natured black woman carrying a small metal tray on which there is about half of a dressed chicken, all ready to fry, or you may meet a whole chicken, fully feathered and moving under its own power.

There are not very many automobiles, but traffic is always to the left, either in meeting another car or in passing a car that is going the same direction; the rules are just the opposite of those of the mainland. The custom of hitching a second donkey alongside of the one that is working in the shafts is common, too common to account for on the theory that the outside donkey is simply being trained. There are very few advertising signs of any kind and, aside from fruit peddlers, there are comparatively few street vendors. Besides a fruit and vegetable market, there is a well-appointed fish market; the latter is next door to the old fort on the waterfront.

Picturesque, old-time wells are found on many corners, and the groups that gather around them in the early morning recall most strikingly the conception of Bible times as frequently set forth in paintings; of course the faces of most of the women are black, but their garb is white, and even the cloth that they wear around their heads, curiously rolled and folded, becomes a fair substitute for a turban.

A well-kept little park faces the waterfront. It is equipped with well-painted park benches and these are usually arranged so as to give a good view of the flapping sea, the boats riding at anchor, the native boatmen with bare arms and shoulders, rowing their little boats back and forth with loads of fruit, grass or other commodities from some other part of the island, and, best of all, the incomparable reach of sea across Pilot Island. There is a bandstand near the center of the park, a radio station, and the Postoffice building. But the real feature is a row of mahogany trees that extend across one of the three sides and form a sort of boundary for the thibet trees that rattle their curling tan pods at the children who, attended by nurses, are enjoying the cool ocean breeze. (It is rather trivial, but they nickname the thibet tree "the woman's tongue," because, they say, "the beans are small and the pods are large, and—they rattle.")

The old fort is a landmark that has stood so many years and been repaired and remodeled so many times that its exact history dovetails into tradition. The Dutch built a part of it and the Danes left it in its present

condition. It is built on a ledge of solid rock, and some of the cells in which prisoners were kept, and the dungeons, were hollowed out of solid rock. One of the dungeons, which was shown to us by the kind police official, was about six by nine feet with a very regularly arched roof. In the highest place in the middle of the arch a man could stand up straight; the only opening or means of ventilation was a hole eight inches square with iron bars across it in the low, heavy door.

Some of the beds, or rather bedsteads, remained for the simple reason that they could not be removed from the cells. Evidently they were built in the cells; these were made of heavy boards, solid across the top, like tables, with one piece across the head set at an angle for a pillow; they were about fourteen inches high. During the last fifty years, but before other quarters were constructed, some of the cells were used to detain various petty prisoners held by the local police, and during this time two prisoners have escaped, one of them being a woman. It does not seem possible that a full grown woman, described as "a little stout," could climb through a hole about eight inches square, that is five feet from the ground, and then get over the outside walls and really make her escape; but, the irony of fate, next day she was brought back by her mother!

In the old magazine and the arsenal where guns were stored, the great heavy doors are held together with copper bolts and hung on copper hinges; even the latches and staples are made of copper; one thing about this place, there is the most intricate and best protected part of arsenal guard quarters, a peculiar system of connecting tunnels through which a bottle or beer could be passed to the man on guard on the other side of the wall.

But the fish market! Out of the deep-rued and many colored waters they bring lavishly colored fish; fish that are blue as indigo, that are bright yellow with black bands around their heads and the section back of the dorsal fin, that are brown, and deep sepia. And there are flaming red fish, striped fish, with some of the stripes running around the body. There is the bluefish that is really blue and the bluefish that is green; the artillery sturgeon, which is blue and yellow; the blue-doctor that is blue, and the gizzard-doctor that is brown; and the yellow-tail that is correctly named, for its tail is bright yellow. All these are brought in from the fish traps that are called "fish pots." They



are excellent fish with a fine flavor, but it seems a pity to catch such beautiful creatures just to have fried fish for breakfast.

The natives are the most friendly people in the world. Wherever you meet one you are greeted in a most cordial manner; they always look you straight in the face, as though just ready to bubble over with cordiality, and their smile is not the waxen, putty smile of New York or Boston, but it is whole-hearted and free; the beaming expression of an insuppressible good nature. Even the double row of pearly teeth, which they are not afraid to show, react as a small army of little "gloom-killers," and you feel better after having met one of them.

Most all of the buildings are old, and most of them carry many of the scars of time, but in spite of the seeming neglect and a sort of hoary, aged appearance, there is a dignity and charm, a sort of halo of departed splendor. There are so many things to remind you of kings and princes and lords and ladies of the old story books that you almost expect to see a great coach with a spanking team of black horses, with high red pompons on their heads, and a coachman in livery, and the great royal pair occupying seats. But instead, here come the servants, and the servants have become their own masters. Progress, yes, but who can doubt that in some of the old times, many happy and care-free people walked and scampered, laughed and played where the responsibilities of freedom now impose a thoughtful mein, a serious outlook—but "children must grow up."

It would be hard to find a town in which old cannons were so much in evidence; they are used as hitching posts, set in the ground

at an angle so as to protect the corners of buildings from being scraped by the wheels of passing carts, and even used to protect the sides of the drain gutters that carry off the surplus water from the streets; on all sides and almost anywhere you may see an old, unmounted cannon.

We attended a band concert in the park which was said to be typical of such events for the city. Early in the evening there had been a little shower, and the breeze that followed it was slightly cooler than the breezes early in the afternoon, but it was just comfortable to sit on a park bench with your hat off and let the wind stir your hair—that is, if it was thick enough to stir—and even a palm beach coat was unnecessary. But when the natives arrived, they wore wraps; some of them wore sweaters, but most of them wore jackets or long coats. Truly the inhabitants of the tropics are very sensitive to a slight fall in the temperature. In this connection, we will remark that no one ever "catches a cold" here; they "catch a draft" or they take "a fresh breeze."

The band played well. Most of the selections were familiar American airs, but the piece that made the hit of the evening, the one which brought continued applause and a definite and insistent encore, was "Mammy"; and "Mammy" was repeated. After this the crowd, which had been comparatively quiet all evening, began to move about; occasionally some of the young folks would dance.

After the concert the band led the grand march home. However, the route home led up one street and down the other, with a large crowd marching in irregular formation on all sides, in front as well as behind, but all keeping step to "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

## Tomorrow

By G. M. ROBERTSON

"Tomorrow," you say, "I will do this thing,  
 For surely tomorrow's hours will bring  
 The time and the urge, the sure intent  
 To accomplish this task on which I'm bent."  
 Tomorrow comes and you fritter away  
 Its chance—full hours with work and play,  
 Till another evening comes, and then  
 You look at the task, lay down your pen,  
 And again you sigh "Tomorrow."



*Ida Eckert-Lawrence  
In Indian Costume*

# *The Bells of Old San Gabriel*

By IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE

The bells of old San Gabriel—  
I'd love to hear them tell,  
Of all the scenes so wondrous wild,  
As seen by each fond bell.

The heart of every Spanish maid—  
And each grandee as well,  
Would swell with pride and merriment  
At tales the bells could tell.

Methinks I see the Indians come,  
Through wild mesquite to sell  
The beads and blankets, e'en the gold  
Sent Spain for each old bell.

They rang in silvery call to prayer,  
I've heard the padres tell—  
They rang in mournful dirges too—  
Each dear San Gabriel bell.

'Twas here the desert children came—  
Of sins they had to tell;  
Their moccasined feet, so firm, so fleet,  
Knelt 'neath the prayerful bell.

The Indian, like the years, has fled,  
Squaw and papoose, as well—  
But clear in memory, e'er will ring  
The calling of the bell.

They hang like silent sentinels—  
Years cannot break the spell,  
That binds our heart-strings like a cord,  
To each San Gabriel bell.

# *The Palette of God*

By CLYDE ROBERTSON

Bring me a canvas wide and high,  
A canvas stretched from earth to sky;  
Bring brushes made of finest gold,  
The magic wands of masters old;  
Bring seas of colors rich and rare—  
No meager tones this scene must bear—  
Bring myriad hues, gorgeous and grand,  
A palette mixed by God's own hand—  
A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring me soft tints attuned to sound  
Of rustling grain and yielding ground,  
The silence of the canyons deep,  
The whispering winds—the plains asleep—  
Bring sparkling gems whose lusters shine  
To stud the snow-capped peaks divine;  
Bring haunted eyes—drab shades of pain—  
To paint the lonely, sun-baked plain—  
A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring colors free from dross or taint,  
The brave sons of the West to paint;  
Bring lilies, these have ever stood  
An emblem of pure womanhood.  
Bring gold and silver—badge of wealth—  
And vibrant, glowing hues of health.  
Bring warring pigments time's surcease  
Has blended with the oil of peace—  
A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring fadeless colors staunch, to tell  
Of pioneers who fought and fell;  
I'd blend the tears of those who died  
Into this canvas high and wide.  
On canvas white no scene I've wrought,  
In vain the master's brush I've sought,  
Still I can see through tears that smart  
The picture painted on my heart—  
The picture I'd paint of the West.

# Ezra Meeker

## The Great Spirit of the West

By FRED LOCKLEY

**A**S I walked down Third Avenue in Seattle at a brisk pace to catch the train for Portland, I saw, crossing the street ahead of me, the familiar figure of Ezra Meeker, dodging automobiles and street cars as skillfully as though he were nineteen instead of ninety-one years old. His slender and erect figure, his snow-white beard, his white hair hanging to his shoulders, were unmistakable. Watching my chance, I jay-walked across the street after him, through the busy traffic, and hailed him as he was entering the door of the Cozy Waffle Parlor. Stopping in the doorway, he shook hands with me and we recalled our last meeting, which was at Pendleton. "Come in and have some breakfast," said Mr. Meeker. "I am on my way to catch the 8:30 train for Portland," I answered, "but I guess I'll let the train go without me and take a later one." We sat down at the table, and when the waiter had taken Mr. Meeker's order for a bowl of oatmeal mush and a cup of hot milk, he said:

"Let me see, that was in the spring of 1906, fifteen years ago that we met at Pendleton." Smiling reminiscently, he said: "Do you remember you thought because I was seventy-six years old, I was too old to be starting across the plains by ox team? I began to believe that you might be right a few days later, when I was shoveling a drift of newly falling snow out of the road between Meacham and the summit of the Blue Mountains. I decided, however, that if a foot or so of snow was going to give a man cold feet, he wasn't the stuff of which pioneers are made, so I kept on shoveling and finally got over the summit and went on down the mountains to La Grande. I couldn't bear to give up my plans for marking the old Oregon Trail, in memory of the courageous, wilderness-conquering, home-seeking men and women who had passed that way three score years or more before. I did not want the memory of their heroic achievement to perish from the earth. By putting up monuments along this historic trail, I knew that the children of generations yet unborn would ask their elders, 'What mean ye by these stones?' and in answer to their questions, would hear the story of the crossing of the plains and the settlement of the West, and hearing it, would value

more highly the heritage won for them by their fathers.

"Am I taking it easy these days? I should say not! There will be time enough to take it easy when I am too old to work. As a matter of fact, I would rather die in the harness than in the stall. I would rather wear out than rust out.

"I have just finished reading the galley proofs of my forthcoming book, 'Washington's Seventy Years of Progress,' and I am now giving the page proofs the final reading. It is a book of 437 pages, so it is quite a job to go over it carefully. It was more than fifty years ago that I published my first book, 'Washington Territory West of the Cascades.' It was issued in the Winter of 1870 and was printed at the transcript office at Olympia, Washington, and by the bye, this was the first book, aside from official documents, written and published in Washington Territory. For the past score of years it has been so rare that people have paid \$25 to secure copies of this first book published in Washington Territory. The next book I published was called 'Hop Culture in the United States.' This was printed at Philadelphia, Pa. At the time it was published, 1883, I owned a large hop ranch at Puyallup. In 1905 I published a book of over 550 pages, entitled, 'Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound.' In 1907 I issued my book in which I gave my experiences in recrossing the plains by ox team. My book of 'Pioneer Stories' for children is also very hard to get hold of nowadays. In 1916 I brought out my book, 'Eighty-five Years of a Busy Life,' and when you say that you want to put the accent on the busy, for my writing has been but a side issue of my regular work. I have always been so busy that I haven't even had time to get sick. In the first fifty-eight years of my married life, I never spent a day in bed nor had need for a doctor's services. I find I am not as strong as I used to be, for, after a hard day's work nowadays, I feel tired and am ready to turn in. A good many men dig their graves with their teeth. I am a moderate eater. I am a believer in and a lover of work. Every man, no matter how old, should take plenty of exercise. Another thing that is not conducive to

long life is worry. I refuse to worry. When I have done the best I can, I don't worry over consequences. New experiences help to keep a man young. Not long ago I made a talk in the Grove at Clarkson, just across the Snake River from Lewiston, Idaho. They wanted me to make a talk the following afternoon at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Spokane. I found I couldn't make connections in time to get there by train, so I made the ninety-mile trip in less than an hour and a half by airplane. Did I enjoy it? I should say I did. There was no snow to shovel out of the road, no ruts or chuck-holes, no fords to cross, no broken bridges or axle-deep mud to pull through. Seventy years before I was making two miles an hour with my ox team, while now I was traveling at the rate of more than a mile a minute. No, there was no particular thrill to it. We just sailed off as smooth and steady as a chicken hawk or a wild goose. I got a lot more thrill out of the first time I rode on a railroad train. That was in 1848 when I was 18 years old. I was keeping company with a mighty likable girl. I took her for a train ride from Indianapolis to Madison. The cars nearly shook your teeth loose, the track was so rough. At times the train ran fourteen to fifteen miles an hour. My girl was scared pretty near to death for fear we would run off the track. I remember she gave me 'Hail Columbia' for taking her off on such a hazardous trip. She said that thereafter she would see to it that we stuck to a team and wagon and didn't risk our necks by any contraption run by steam power that might blow up and kill us all or run off the track and spill us all over the landscape.

"I was born at Huntsville in Butler County, Ohio, not far from Hamilton, Ohio, on December 29, 1830. My father's people came from England in 1637. The house that they built at Elizabeth City, New Jersey, in 1665 is still standing. My father was a miller. He used to work in Carlyle's flour mills at Indianapolis, eighteen hours a day for a salary of \$20 a month. He went on duty at 7 a. m. and had to stay till midnight or later. My mother, whose maiden name was Phoebe Baker, was of English-Welsh stock. Raising a family when I was a boy was no joke. Mother used to get up at four in the morning all summer long and at 4:30 in winter, and she rarely went to bed before eleven at night, for after the day's work was done and the children put to bed, she had to make the clothes, darn the socks and stockings and do the other mending. My first recol-

lection of going to school was of having a fight with the teacher, when I was five years old. The teacher had been drinking and he tried to spank me. As he laid me across his knee, I sunk my teeth into the flesh of his leg and held on till the blood ran down his leg. I remember when I first went to work as a printer's devil in the Journal office at Indianapolis, what earnest discussions used to be carried on about the building of railroads. The farmers believed that if railroad trains were introduced it would supersede the freight teams that hauled freight to the Ohio River, and that consequently there would be no market for their hay. The wagon-makers, the tavern-keepers, the blacksmiths, all looked with gloomy foreboding upon the destruction of their business if railroads were introduced.

"My first job in the newspaper was that of roller boy. Our press was run by hand power. The pressman's name was Wood. In the same room a husky negro turned the crank to operate what they called a power press. In addition to acting as roller boy, sorting out the good type from the hell box and sweeping the floors and making the fires, I delivered the paper, for which at best I received \$1.50 a week. One of my subscribers was Henry Ward Beecher. He was pastor of the Congregational Church. I'll never forget him, because of his unflinching kindness to me. Through Mr. Beecher, I was brought to the attention of his choir leader, who, finding that I had a good voice and was very fond of music, invited me to sing in the choir. My mother said my clothes were not good enough. They offered to buy me a suit of clothes and to pay me for my services, but my father, who was a very strong Campbellite, said that he did not want me to be exposed to listening to the doctrines of the Congregationalists and he would not let me sing in the choir.

"I remember while working as a devil in the printing office, attending, with the other printers, a Whig convention on the Tippecanoe Battleground. This was in 1844. One of the printers set up for me some campaign songs, which I ran off on the press. At this convention I stood on the fence and sang these songs and then offered them for sale. I made \$11.40 and never since that day have I felt so rich. This same bunch of printers with whom I worked used to get out, more for fun than anything else, a little 9x11 sheet which they called the Indianapolis News. May, Finley and Elder

(Continued on page 40)

# La Fiesta

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

**S**O bountiful were the harvests in the year of Our Lord 1790, that the good Friars of the Mission San Gabriel proclaimed a feast day in gratitude to their God, and in kindly appreciation of the Indian converts' labor in the fields and vineyards.

Guido, a stalwart half-blood Indian shepherd, who guarded the Mission flocks through the dark and the danger of the night, watched the dawning of La Fiesta morning from his silent post on the hillslope. At last the expected day was approaching with a joyous announcement of golden sunlight, clear azure skies and refreshing sea breezes.

At first a mere rift of grayish light appeared above the somber mountain range, marking a sharp line between the purplish ridge and the night-blue heavens. But the ribbon broadened into soft pastel shades of rose and amber and lavenders as the dawn advanced.

The sheep began to move about, browsing on the pungent sage brush or slipping down the steep mountain trail for a drink from the rippling brook in the canyon. But the shepherd stood erect, tall and graceful as a bronze statue, watching the rose-gold enchantment creeping over the range and spreading like a glorious canopy over the shadowy, sleeping valley. The night fled into the mist of the sea, put to shame by the golden splendor, as the king of day swept majestically to his throne in the heavens.

The scattered haciendas dotting the fertile valley stretching its width and length between the lofty Sierra and the sands fringing the Pacific, awoke to the preparations for the feast. At the Mission the Indian servants hastened to their morning tasks.

Still Guido stood there, his keen eyes fastened on a white-plastered adobe house standing apart in its orchards and vast acres—the magnificent home of the wealthy Spanish grandee, Señor Serrano. But his thoughts were on the beautiful daughter of the house, the fair Conchita.

Today, at the festival, the beautiful señorita would sway gracefully in the lively Spanish dances, a feast for adoring eyes. Today her joyous laughter would be sweet music to his lonely heart. Perchance she would pass the fiesta greeting with him as they mingled in the

gayety. His pulse quickened at the thought. Had he not, through the long night, dreamed of the blessings this day might shower upon him? And now it was here in golden measure. Shortly the Mission congregations would gather in the patio and the olive orchard for the festivity. Spanish grandees and their families; sprightly Catalonian soldiers in their gay uniforms of rose and gold; humble Indian converts with peace and happiness in their homes and hearts—all to rejoice over the harvests gleaned from field and orchards. Truly there was reason for their gratitude. Prayers would be followed by laughter and music and feasting.

Guido did not seek to deceive himself. He knew only too well that his Indian blood barred him from the right to woo and win the fair daughter of the wealthy Señor Jose Serrano, whose Spanish ancestors were blueblooded Castilians in the land of Old Spain. But no man could deny him the right to love Conchita secretly. His eyes could speak, but his lips must remain silent.

But Guido had much pride of birth himself. Was he not the grandson of Big Chief White Eagle, the father of the tribe? And his mother had been an Indian princess of the tribal blood. His father a handsome and gallant Captain of the King's army. It was a sad misfortune that he had been born out of holy wedlock. But his mother had been young and beautiful in the early days of the Spanish invasion, and she loved too well that handsome chivalrous officer of the King's ranks. Too late did the kindly Father Antonio speak a warning to soldier and maid.

The silvery chimes of the Mission bells calling the devotee to early morning devotion interrupted Guido's reverie. His gaze wavered from the hacienda to the church. He crossed himself reverently and murmured a prayer. The Mission had been his home since infancy, for the good Friars had adopted him when his mother died of shame and a broken heart. They had carefully educated him and taught him many useful crafts.

But a bitterness tormented Guido's passionate soul. In physical structure and features and bronze skin he was an Indian. In heart and mind and blood he was a Spaniard of high:

caste. A blending of white civilization and red savagery that left him out of caste with his mother's tribe, and his father's race; an out-cast dreaming dreams, but living them not; a man alone with his thoughts and his desires.

The flocks scattered, seeking tender, succulent herbage. Guido swung his lithe form into the trail leading down to the valley floor. Before the altar he must bow heart and knee in earnest supplication, for a murderous jealousy tortured his soul and bred hatred for young Felipe de Marro.

On the rim of the dry arroyo the shepherd paused at the roasting pits to pass words with the Indian servants basting the beef and mutton quarters which were browning appetizingly over the hot coals. But he did not tarry. He went on through the gleaned fields and ripening orchards to the kitchen courtyard. Here the fires were lighted in the fire-boxes of the big outdoor ovens built of adobe bricks and clay mortar. And in the concave pockets fashioned to receive them, reposed great copper kettles filled with corn and beans.

As Guido crossed the patio he noticed a group of soldiers, gaily attired in their gaudy uniforms of red cloth and blue satin shoulder capes, admiringly regarding the pretty señoritas and stately señoras leaving their carriages. The ladies' bright silken dresses and black lace mantillas gave added color to the picturesque scene. This, with the gold-braided velvets of the Spanish caballeros, the nut-brown robes of the Padres, and the blue and green cotton blouses of the Indian converts shaded the pleasing picture.

Guido's artist eye approved the assemblage, then rested adoringly on Conchita Serrano moving with her proud mother to the church entrance. Felipe de Marro, a handsome figure in his gold-braided velvet, swept the maid a gallant bow. She rewarded the young blood with a charming smile, which aggravated the half-breed's jealousy.

Guido frowned darkly at his rival, and advanced a few steps. Conchita brushed him a careless glance that failed to single out the Indian as an individual in the group of converts. The shepherd's stoic Indian features did not betray the anguish of his tormented soul. He loved the señorita with all the passion of his Spanish blood. And he hated young Felipe de Marro with all the vengeful hate of his Indian savagery.

At the conclusion of the morning service the

congregation gathered in the courtyard. The loud calls for music. Dancing feet tripped young people began the day's festivity with some simple games, while their mothers retired to the kitchen court to superintend the preparation of the food for the feast. The soldiers selected their favorite señoritas and went about their courting with chivalric courage. The young caballeros paired off with their dancing partners. The Indian youths and maidens entered zealously into the play. Felipe, as Conchita's accepted lover, found a seat for his lady-love under a spreading live oak, and sat down beside her, wooing as gallantly as a princely knight of the flowery kingdom. The señoras hovered, keeping a watchful eye on the impetuous youths courting their daughters.

Guido slipped away to his quarters in the Mission house and changed his simple shepherd dress for festive raiment of fringed and beaded buckskin. For was he not the grandson of a great chief? He longed passionately to adorn his splendid figure with gold-braided velvet, such as the Spanish gentlemen wore. But such gorgeous attire would bring ridicule upon him from the gentry and admonition from the Padres. It was not becoming for an Indian shepherd to display such finery. It was out of keeping with his humble position.

There was music in Guido's flaming soul and sensitive fingers. He braced his courage with hope, picked up his guitar and went forth to join the festival party. For, as was usual on such occasions, he was to play for the dancing. In the cloister he met Father Antonio.

"Your lively music will set feet to motion," remarked the Friar, kindly.

"But I have the desire to dance myself," said the Indian, wistfully.

"You can lead the tribal war dance," suggested the priest.

"My wish is to join the Spanish dancers."

"Keep your place, my son. The gentry and the soldiers would not approve."

Guido muttered something about not being an Indian and went on. The kindly Padre shook his head thoughtfully. Well did he know that the Latin passions burned in the shepherd's blood, and that the youth loved Conchita, and was jealous of Felipe. He must transfer Guido to the San Fernando Mission without delay. Such mixed passions bred hatred, and young de Marro was a hot-tempered youth who would not hesitate to crush his inferior.



When Guido entered the courtyard there were loud calls for music. Dancing feet tripped lightly on the hard-packed clay floor, swaying lithe figures rhythmically to the thrumping of Carlotta's tambourine and Pedro's castanets. But the Indian gruffly refused to join the impromptu orchestra. If he could not dance himself, then he would not play for the amusement of others. They teased and they pleaded, but the musician was obstinate. His ugly mood set strangely upon him, for heretofore he had been most willing to furnish the music for the dancing.

Felipe de Marro regarded Guido scornfully, for he had little respect and consideration for an Indian. They were savage slaves and much beneath his notice. So he said contemptuously: "Guido is a stubborn Indian. Come Carlotta, come Pedro; give us the measure. We can dance to your music."

Conchita glided gracefully from the group and dropped a pretty courtesy to the rebellious musician. "Please, Guido!" she solicited with a smile. "No one can play such lively music as you. We wish to dance El Sombrero Blanco."

Guido forced her to meet his burning gaze as he asked boldly:

"If I play the white hat dance, will you step the fandango with me, Señorita?"

In the momentary hesitation the girl read the heart of the half-breed in his passionate eyes. The Indian loved her. He had dared to request a dance. As quickly she remembered that Spanish blood coursed in his veins. Before she could frame a reply Felipe, furiously resenting the musician's audacity, had left the sting of his open palm on Guido's bronzed cheeks.

"You savage, what do you mean?" he raged. "You can't insult Señorita Serrano like that. Get out—before I throw you out."

Guido's erect form tensed as he glared his hatred at his disdainful assailant. Then his clenched fist smashed into the youth's handsome features, making the hot-tempered Spaniard stagger. Felipe jerked a knife from the folds of his gay sash and lunged viciously at his antagonist. Alert to such a move, Guido stepped swiftly aside, then closed with his opponent, wrenching the blade from the white man's hand.

The disturbance brought Father Antonio to the scene.

"Surely you are not fighting, young men!"

soothed the priest. "For shame, on the festival day. Give me the knife."

Guido faced the angry Felipe with dignified mien.

"I am an Indian," he said proudly. "Grandson to Big Chief White Eagle. My mother was the Princess Anastasia." He challenged the young Spaniard to accept his parentage. "And my father—was Don Carlos de Marro. The man who begat you, sired me."

Felipe stared incredulously at the shepherd, a deeper flush on his aristocratic features. "You lie!" he cried. "You would shame me before my friends—with an untruth."

Guido turned to the Padre. "Do, I not speak the truth?" he asked.

"You are the sons of one father," the Friar responded. "Brotherly kin by the blood—"

"But he is an Indian!" scorned Felipe. "I refuse to accept such as he for my kin."

"And I am ashamed to confess Don Carlos de Marro my father," said Guido hotly. "He was a white scoundrel. He betrayed my innocent mother—broke her trusting heart."

Father Antonio laid his hand on the shepherd's arm. "Come with me!" he commanded. "I cannot allow you to quarrel on the day of the feast."

Conchita, suddenly swept with a sympathetic understanding of the young Indian's position, and with a thought to be kind to him, earnestly protested.

"Oh no, dear Father!" she said. "Guido is going to play for the dancing. And I am going to dance the fandango with him."

Guido's eyes questioned her. She smilingly assented.

"You are mad, Conchita!" cried the scandalized Felipe. "You will dance with me, and no other. Are you forgetting that you are betrothed to me?"

Conchita tossed her dark head tantalizingly as she retorted:

"When a gentleman whom I respect asks me to dance with him, I do not refuse."

"You are foolish, Conchita," admonished Señora Serrano. "The youth is an Indian shepherd, and quite beneath your notice."

"On with the dance!" cried Conchita gaily, ignoring her mother's reproof. "Are we not all one family under the Mission roof? Children of the good Padres?"

The young people laughed merrily, admiring Conchita's daring and coquetry, and much amused at Felipe's disconcertion. They tripped to the dancing floor and took their places for

the white hat dance.

Guido sat down beside Father Antonio and let his sensitive fingers play over the taut strings of his instrument; Carlotta thrumped her tambourine, and Pedro flirted his castanets in harmony. The lilting music set eager feet to motion and the dancers whirled into the intricate measure.

When it came to the hat coquetry, Felipe placed his straw sombrero on Conchita's dark head as he swayed past her in the quick-stepping side movement. She danced lightly, seemingly unconscious of her crown. According to the challenge, the maid who left the hat on her head until the finish of the dance publicly consented to let the owner of the sombrero ride home with her.

Guido's devouring eyes followed Conchita in and out of the whirling maze. What a picture she made in her blood-red dress and black velvet jacket! Once she flashed him a smiling glance; his pulse quickened, and his mind repeated over and over, "She is to dance with me—she is to dance with me." Just when he had given up all hope of her shaking off the hat, Conchita tossed her head coquettishly and down it came. Felipe caught it dexterously, frowned his vexation, and put it back on his own head. But he shot the shepherd a thunderous look, which Guido calmly ignored as he soothed the music to a whispering echo.

To Felipe's peevish annoyance the gay party good-naturedly teased him, laughingly declaring that Conchita had thought of some other gallant for a homeward escort, while the girl playfully chided him for displaying his temper. He resented their subtle mockery; and his malice against the shepherd increased as he recalled that his father had been mysteriously shot with a poisoned arrow during an Indian uprising. Could it be that the savages had revenged the wrongs of the betrayed princess?

Conchita found a seat under a spreading pepper tree, and allowed her betrothed to sit down beside her.

"Your mother will not permit you to dance with the Indian," voiced the jealous Felipe. "You were reckless with your promise——"

"This is the day of the feast," reminded Conchita, smiling, "and in our play we have the privilege to be slightly indiscreet. Madre may scold but I shall not mind. I like Guido. He is so handsome and so clever. Did you know that he carved the images of the blessed saints which adorn the altar? Cut them out

of hard wood with his knife, and painted them with coloring. He is an artist, as well as a musician. Father Antonio showed us some of his drawings. And he can mold figures of men and beasts from soft adobe clay. He is a talented youth, and so—romantic——"

"He is only a herder," snorted Felipe contemptuously.

"He is a shepherd for the Friars' flocks," said Conchita serenely. "A protégé of the church, and an especial favorite of Father Antonio's."

"He is an insolent savage. The impudence of his declaring publicly that his is the blood of a de Marro!"

"I don't imagine that Guido is over-proud of that heritage."

"If he thinks that I will acknowledge brotherly kinship with an Indian, he is vastly mistaken," raged Felipe.

"Don't worry!" soothed Conchita sweetly. "Guido had no desire to claim relationship with you. I suspect that he is rather ashamed of his Latin blood."

"Why do you take such an interest in the Indian?" demanded Felipe curtly.

"There is something fine and admirable about Guido. It is hard to explain his charm; but the man has the courage of his tribal race, and the gallantry of his Spanish blood. It is a pity that he must suppress his chivalry under a stoic fortitude. He would make a heroic lover."

"Let him keep to his station," sneered Felipe. "Why does he want to mingle with the gentry? There are some good-looking Indian maids in the Mission tribe."

"Paulette, for instance," said Conchita, musingly.

Felipe flushed and averted his face. "She is a pretty girl!" he said.

Conchita looked across the patio to where the Indian girls were grouped. Paulette, a Mission protégée, stood a little apart, her gaze wavering over the assembly. She was a maid to attract any man's admiration. Servant gossip linked Felipe de Marro's name with the Indian girl. It was said that he kept a tryst with her.

"Like father, like son," thought Conchita, wondering if there were any truth in the rumor. She would ask her mother to speak to Father Antonio.

"Come, Señorita Serrano!" cried the dancers. "Come, Guido! Give us the promised

fandango! We are impatient for the music, the dance."

The Indian shepherd led Conchita to the dancing floor, Felipe's jealous eyes following their every movement. The spectators fringed a circle as the musicians swung into the lively measure. It was apparent that the señoras did not approve of this daughter of the dons dancing with a half-blood. But it was fiesta day and some allowance must be given for impetuous youth.

Conchita poised coquettishly, hands on her slim hips, slippers tapping impatiently. Guido relaxed his Indian restraint and swayed in graceful motion as the music quickened and they whirled into the dance. They came together for a brief handclasp, and a light swing of the girl under her partner's arm, then apart again with a brisk stamping of quick feet on the packed floor. In and out of the intricate measure they tripped with poetic rhythm to a whirlwind finish that left them gasping, but jubilant.

A round of applause greeted them, and cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"

Conchita dropped her partner a pretty courtesy. Guido bent one knee and raised her silken sounce to his lips with knighthood chivalry.

"I thank you Señorita!" he said, ardently.

Conchita smiled down at him. "Ah, but you can dance, Guido!" she praised. Then, as the Indian swung lightly to his feet she whispered for his ear alone. "Warn your cousin Paulette against Felipe."

Eye flashed eye quick understanding.

"I spoke to the maid yesterday," Guido murmured.

After the noon hour feast the festival party rested in a quiet relaxation of conversation and song. Conchita sang a sentimental love song, to Guido's accompaniment, that quickened the pulse of her lovers. Felipe expressed his appreciation in adoring phrases; but Guido's eyes spoke the love his lips dared not utter. He sat apart from the others, playing his guitar for the one woman in his small world. He sensed Felipe's brewing jealousy, but ignored it, having no wish to blemish a perfect day with a rivals' quarrel.

When the merry soldiers learned that a vicious bull was confined in the stock corral they promptly announced a bull fight. This met with instant approval, amidst shouts of delight from the Spaniards who loved the spirited contest of the arena, and thrilled at the promise of a fight.

As Conchita and some girl companions were passing through the orange grove she noticed Guido walking with Paulette. It was obvious to her that the shepherd was imploring the girl to take careful heed of his warning. On sight of the half-breed, one of Conchita's friends remarked:

"I'm half in love with Guido myself. He is so romantic."

"He seems to admire a girl of his tribe," observed another.

The third señorita, jealous of Felipe's devotion to Conchita, said spitefully: "You had best keep a watchful eye on your betrothed, my dear. Felipe is an admirer of—Paulette."

"The girl is very pretty and graceful," returned Conchita carelessly. But to herself she added in a silent voice, "Felipe is a true son of his father."

The corral was enclosed with a stout stockade built of upright tree posts set some inches apart. This conveniently gave a window-like view for the eager audience, but prevented the animal from escaping. Three or four of the soldiers, daringly ignoring all danger, vaulted the rail-barred gate and began to tease the protesting bull with loud shouts and a waving of their gay-colored shoulder capes. The spectators, grouped at the peepholes, shrilled their delight.

Conchita and Felipe, with a few others, leaned lazily on the horizontal bars locking the gate, indifferent to any danger. Guido hovered, happy to be within sight of the girl he loved. Having no interest in the play, he guarded her faithfully with his eyes.

The goaded toro viciously resented the noisy intruders and turned upon the reckless soldiers, to the shouting joy of the audience. But the swift-footed soldiers, like the daring toreadors of old Spain, deftly sidestepped the lunging beast. Then one, in a spirit of bravado, sharply pricked the bull's neck with his sword. The smart of the pain and the scent of warm blood maddened the animal and he charged his tormentor. Acutely aware of his danger, the soldier rushed to the entrance gate to vault to safety. Thinking to help the racing man to escape, one of the onlookers unwisely lowered the upper rail. The others scattered hurriedly as the soldier leaped over the low fence. Before the bar could be replaced the bull's mad rush carried him to the gate with a smashing impact that broke down the rails and landed him, bellowing with rage, into the open field.

The shouting confusion of the frightened spectators excited the beast's fury and he rushed in pursuit of the fleeing merry-makers. Fate willed it that Conchita's flaming red dress should attract the animal's bloodthirsty eye and he charged violently at the terrified girl. Felipe, more gallant than courageous, grabbed the maid's hand and ran with her, yelling at the soldiers to kill the beast.

Instantly Guido grasped the situation, and his one thought was to save the girl he loved. Fortunately he was near the path of invasion. As the bull plunged after the red-clad figure he sprang at its lowered head, clutching the long horns; his struggling weight checked the animal's charge, and his swinging body blinded its sight; the furious beast tossed its shaggy head in a violent effort to dislodge the human obstacle impeding its speed.

Guido hung on desperately, tossed about like a kite in the wind. But the brute's strength was greater than Guido's efforts; he was thrown upon the ground under trampling feet and ripping horns. The soldiers came running with drawn swords and slashed the bellowing throat. Kindly hands dragged the unconscious Indian from the crash of the dying beast and carried the shepherd's broken body into the shade of the orchard.

Conchita, glancing backward as she ran, saw Guido leap at the bull's head. Transfixed with horror, she paused, staring at the Indian's efforts to quell the beast. "Save him! Save him!" she cried. When the shepherd fell under the pawing hoofs she covered her terror-

stricken face with her hands and sank weakly to her knees, muttering a prayer.

Presently Conchita struggled to her feet and pressed forward to the group surrounding the injured man, and dropped down beside the inert form.

"Guido, speak to me!" she cried. "It is Conchita!"

When her loved voice spoke to him across the shadow valley, the dying shepherd heard and paused in his journey to speak a last word with the woman for whom he had made the supreme sacrifice.

"Conchita!" he whispered brokenly.

"Don't leave us!" she sobbed. "We love you——"

He attempted a smile, but a moan of pain twisted his pinched lips.

Conchita gathered his broken body into her embrace and pillowed his head on her breast. "You saved my life. Tell me, how can I repay?"

"Felipe—make—you—unhappy——"

"I shan't marry Felipe," said Conchita. "You need not fear."

Guido's dimming eyes brightened. "That is all I ask!" he breathed happily. "Conchita, the—gates—of—heaven——"

She kissed him tenderly on his death-cold lips. "My Guido!" she whispered. "I shall never forget you."

He sighed contentedly and nestled a little closer to her grieving heart, as if he asked nothing more of life than to die in her arms.

## *My Dream Girl*

By ADRIAN MIEL

O Star of Eve, I love thee, twinkling in the  
west;  
O Star of Eve, I love thy quiet radiance best;  
For in thy light a-beaming two dear eyes I see,  
'Tis ever in thy twilight my dream girl comes  
to me.

# The Awakening of the Sleeping Beauty in the Woods

By GABRIEL TIMMORY

Translated from the French by Sarah R. Heath,

**K**NEELING at the foot of the sumptuous bed of state where reposed the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, Prince Charming said to her in a trembling voice:

"O Princess, divine Princess, do you love me?"

"My beloved," replied the princess, scarcely awake, "let us first go to my dressmaker. My gown must be very old-fashioned. Imagine! A hundred years since I ordered a gown! A hundred years! That is a long time for a young girl!"

And, in the twinkling of an eye, the princess sprang from her bed.

"My horses, my coach!" she cried.

But in drawing the beautiful vehicle from the coach-house, it fell into dust.

"Poor material, and badly constructed," commented the princess. "The mistress of a house should never close her eyes. Let's walk, it will restore my circulation."

The princess hopped like a merry little bird. The prince was fatigued. To reach her, even with the help of his good fairy godmother, he had had to overcome frightful perils and accomplish most difficult tasks.

Together they arrived at the dressmaker's.

"What are they wearing now?" asked the princess.

"Gowns the color of sunshine and of moonlight are the very latest," replied the dressmaker.

"Wonderful!" assented the princess. "But those are not indoor gowns. What have you in the periwinkle, or copper shades?"

The dressmaker exhibited other materials that the princess fingered with delight. Meantime, Prince Charming was dozing on a chair. After having ordered two hundred and seventy-four gowns, she pulled his sleeve.

"Shall we go home?" he asked.

"Come, my friend, would you have me go bareheaded?"

The prince was obliged to accompany her to

the milliner's, where she bought six hundred and forty-two hats.

"Now I am supplied for at least eight days!" she exclaimed.

"Have you at last finished all of your purchases?" asked the prince.

"Not entirely," she replied.

"Princess," explained the unhappy young man, "have pity upon me! Think of the fatigue I have undergone to win you. I have felled giants. I have waged war against horrible dragons that poured forth flame, and, believe me, it was a hot struggle. This very morning I put to death a fiendish sorcerer who wanted to transform me into a bottle. I am exhausted!"

"A slight effort, Prince," she replied. "It is now your duty to follow me. Are you not now my fiance?"

And the harassed prince had no option but to accompany her to the lingerie shops, to the corset maker's, to the glove maker's, and to the shoemaker's.

They re-entered the palace just in time for dinner. Surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court, they seated themselves at a sumptuously decorated table, so covered with flowers that it suggested a pathway to paradise. The repast was served with royal magnificence.

The princess drank, ate and chatted incessantly. The prince, whose fatigue had taken away his appetite, made an effort to smile at the ladies; but, above all else, to keep his head from falling on the table in the midst of the cups, arranged in battle array before him. As the feast ended an orchestra struck up.

"The ball," announced the princess. "Your hand, my friend" . . . . The prince was obliged to give himself up to the acrobatic feats of the country.

In the morning, after the ball had ended, the prince prepared to take his dearly earned repose, when he heard a loud flourish of trumpets.

"What more?" he cried.

(Being somewhat of a satire on the extravagant unrest of the woman of today).

"Excuse me, but it will be impossible for me to take part in this."

"What!" exclaimed the princess. "Surely you are not already at the end of your strength? Take care! It is going to be very difficult for you to establish your prestige here; besides, tomorrow you will reign. And, from time immemorial, it has been the custom in our country for the sovereign to preside in person at all hunt reunions."

The prince could not but see the force of this reasoning, and overcame his weariness. While the princess changed her dress, he hastily replaced his patent leather pumps with hunting boots, and changed his white satin doublet to a tunic of dark cloth.

The princess sprang lightly on her palfry while her fiance painfully mounted his.

The chase finally came to an end and the hunters were merrily wending their way back to the palace, through the forest, when they suddenly heard a kind of hoarse roar that, at regular intervals, apparently proceeded from a distant thicket.

Immediately the cavalcade drew rein. The Cavaliers straightened their hats and shouldered arms. Beyond a doubt a gigantic deer was standing at bay, ready to attack them. The ladies were pale with fright. The princess, at the prospect of witnessing an exciting spectacle, smiled.

Apparently the deer did not intend to leave its lair, so they resolved to encircle it. A scout party cautiously advanced. After a few moments of anxious suspense one knight, braver than the rest, penetrated the thicket and peeped through the branches. A most unexpected spectacle met his gaze.

Instead of the ferocious beast, that they had thought was lying in wait behind the trees, was a man, lying flat on his face in the grass. It was the prince, who was snoring.

Too tired to follow the chase, he had fallen asleep there without any one having observed his absence.

They awakened him with the greatest consideration, and fetched his horse that was browsing near by. The courtiers even suppressed a smile, not daring to show disrespect to the monarch of tomorrow. But the princess did not spare him. She mockingly complimented him on the modesty that forbade him to enter the lists against his vassals, and also on being the possessor of so powerful an organ that it could throw fear into the frontier of the kingdom. The prince affected not to under-

stand the irony of her remarks; he was very much in love with his future wife. He therefore deemed it prudent not to give rise to quarrels in a household of which he was not yet even a member.

He could not shut his eyes to the reason of the princess' strange conduct. She was abnormal as the result of her long sleep, and she was now too wide awake. She lived in a perpetual frenzy of excitement, a kind of fever, that communicated itself to those around her. Banquets, picnics, balls, theatrical performances, tournaments, the chase, hunt balls, charades, coaching parties, juvenile games, chess and serenades followed one upon another without intermission.

Meantime, the prince had, again and again, vainly implored the princess to consent to the celebration of their marriage. She finally yielded to his importunities. The marriage was hastily performed.

The program of entertainments continued to unfold itself with the usual uproar. The prince could obtain but one quarter of the honeymoon. He was not only obliged to take part in all of the festivities, but to govern the kingdom as well. It is true that his cabinet conducted the affairs of State with incredible celerity. The High Chancellor rendered judgment before service of summons, and the Minister of Finance unfolded his budget with equal rapidity.

Perpetual motion reigned in the palace.

The tumult did not cease until late at night. Then the prince got a few hours' respite. But even this was liable to interruption. One night, when he was peacefully reposing on his couch, he was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by a frightful noise like peals of thunder. Had a thunderbolt struck the palace, he wondered? Charming sprang from his bed and bounded out of his chamber. The noise came from an adjacent corridor. Thither he went, and saw the princess playing ball with her maids of honor.

She informed him that, not having been able to sleep, she had thought of this diversion while waiting for sunrise.

"Life is such an exquisite thing, sweetheart," she said to him later, in a communicative moment. "It is to you that I owe my release from a dreadful enchantment. I never forget this. Thanks to you, I know at last all the pleasures of youth. I am happy. There lacks but one thing to complete my felicity, and that is to perpetrate a practical joke."

"What is she going to invent now?" the

prince anxiously asked himself.

A few days later the prince received at the palace, with accustomed ceremony, the ambassador of King Lemon, one of his neighbors, who came to propose a treaty of alliance. Contrary to all precedent, he had not been heralded, and the princess had gone out just before his arrival. On her return he presented his credentials. On perceiving him she burst into a peal of laughter. The plenipotentiary of King Lemon was, as a matter of fact, entirely yellow; his body, his face and his hair.

Apparently the diplomat did not observe the hilarity that, nevertheless, offended him. But the princess was radiant.

"I have my practical joke," she murmured.

The joke, that Charming had good reason to fear, was deplorably out of taste. In the middle of the dinner, given in honor of the Envoy Extraordinary, the princess took it into her head to hang over his ears, like ear-rings, two soles that she had hidden under the table since the beginning of the repast, saying:

"Here, my lord, is a reversal of the usual procedure. Ordinarily lemon is put upon soles; we put soles on the lemon!"

The ambassador immediately left the palace.

He lost no time in apprising his sovereign of the affront that had been put upon him. King Lemon was not one to draw back from adventures, having adopted this proud motto: "Nothing matters, if the game be worth the candle."

He declared war. The princess, to whom a battle was a new game, caracoled at the head of her troops; they were, none the less, defeated. Prince Charming was taken prisoner, and subjected to hard captivity, which was only terminated by payment of ransom and signature to a humiliating peace. . . .

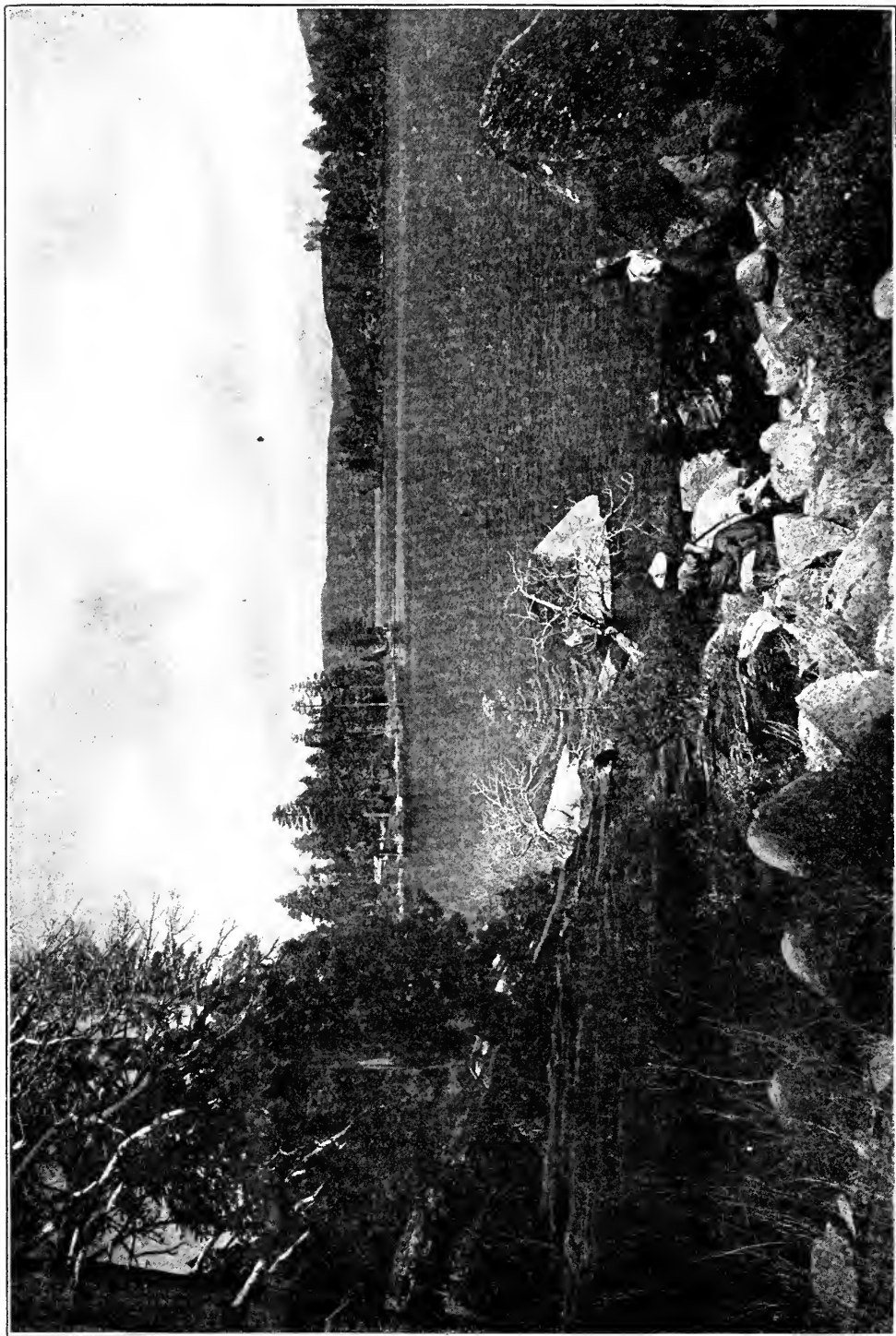
When in prison, having ample time to meditate upon his unfortunate plight, he invariably, before retiring to his couch, addressed this fervent, oft-repeated invocation to his fairy godmother:

"O godmother, as a rule man's ambition is directed toward a delusive object. I now realize this. The conquest of The Sleeping Beauty in the Woods, that should have assured my happiness, has been the cause of all my misfortunes. You protected me of old, for it is, thanks to you, that I awakened the princess. Well, if not too late, protect me anew today. . . . I pray you, put her to sleep again!"

The prayer was never granted.







*"The Northern Idaho Lakes passed slowly in review"*



# A Flying Somnambulist

By J. W. MILLER

"TELEGRAM for Mist' Jones!" It was plain that the messenger was new to the job, and plain, too, that he was assuming an air of nonchalance, copied from some of his more experienced fellows, in the hope of concealing his newness. He stood fidgeting, somewhat uncertain whether to deliver his telegram or to wait for some one to step forward and take it. Finding no friendly advisor, he awkwardly approached the nearest clerk and asked which one was Mista' Jones. At the clerk's curt "Over there," he bounded eagerly in the direction indicated, deposited the manila envelope on Jones' desk and nervously produced his book again betraying his newness by indicating with a grimy forefinger where the addressee was to sign.

Jones yawned and mechanically scrawled his initials across the open page without so much as turning the book toward him. The boy, apparently greatly relieved, eagerly snatched up the book and fled toward the door.

Jones leaned back in his chair and the annoyance on his face gradually changed to an expression of amusement. "Kid must think that's the only telegram ever received in this place," he remarked to the filing clerk. The clerk's thoughts were evidently elsewhere, for he seemed not to hear. With a look of utter disgust Jones turned back to the pile of letters and early morning telegrams that littered his desk.

He noticed the words, "Night Letter," in heavy black type across the envelope left by the new messenger, picked it up, slowly pushed his paper knife under the flap, opened it with a deft swish and with much deliberation removed the folded paper from within.

From force of habit he took in the entire sheet at a glance, noting the words "Lincoln, Neb." at the top, followed by his name, then the single word "Mother" at the bottom. Feverishly he read the following:

"I wish you would tell me what to do. I dislike to trouble you, but I have been trying for several days to get your fathers estate fixed up. My lawyer, Neuby, tells me I have no right to it. He says that if any of the heirs wanted to they could make me trouble for even drawing on the money left in the bank. I don't know which way to turn next.

MOTHER."

"Old Bill Jones," as he was known about the office of the Northwest Transportation Com-

pany, had just turned forty-two. He had made his way from boyhood, and despite the hard lot which had been his for many years had accumulated a comfortable home, a wife, three children, and a reputation for honesty which he sometimes found to be a decided bore. His patience was so well known and so frequently imposed upon by those who happened to be associated with him that he had undeservedly earned the reputation for being "easy."

The text of his mother's telegram had, however, kindled in him that latent fire which had earned for his prototype of frontier days the reputation of "Bad Man." Inwardly he cursed all lawyers, and old Neuby in particular. He rose from his seat so suddenly that his chair bounded backward from the impact of his suddenly straightened legs, striking the front of the desk back of him with sufficient force to break up an argument between two rate clerks three aisles away. He reached the door of the ante-room in three noisy strides and burst into the hat room, meanwhile keeping up a monologue on the perverseness of human nature, and fervently hoping that the next Congress would declare an open season on all members of the legal profession.

"General Jack" Milliken, chief counsel for the company, was standing near the entrance, when suddenly the door flew open full in his face and Jones burst in, muttering to himself. Genial Jack was a good judge of human nature, but it required no expert in that line to see that Bill was mad.

"Matter, Bill? Somebody put a thumb tack in your chair?" he inquired jovially.

"You go to blazes!" and Bill strode on as if bent on going through the opposite wall.

Had he slapped Jack Milliken squarely in the face the latter would have been no more startled. Momentarily it ruffled him. His fighting instinct possessed him, but as he turned to retaliate, something in Jones' appearance changed his anger to amusement and scorn, and he quoted sarcastically from Kipling, "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs . . . you'll be a man, my son."

The words, instead of having the effect intended, seemed to soothe Jones, for he turned back toward the door, glanced at the attorney,

and with a crisp "Sorry, Milliken," passed into the hall, and, walking swiftly, entered the chart room.

The chart room of the Northwest Transportation Company, like that of all the aerial transportation companies of the time, was the center from which the courses and movements of all the company's aerial vessels were directed and controlled. It contained, besides the wireless telephone and telegraph apparatus, several large drafting tables on which were charts of the routes over which the company's airliners operated. This was known as a Mile Chart, and was different from an ordinary map, in that the routes were straight between termini. Also the position of any airship was shown at all times. This was accomplished by means of an instrument known as the televisigraph, which showed two points of light, one at the bow and the other at the stern of the airship, and between them the ship's number. Across the narrow strips or bands representing the routes between landing places, and at right angles to them, were fine lines known as five-minute lines.

The two points of light on the chart representing any airship moved in exact unison with the ship itself. Thus, if a ship was fifteen minutes out from any station, the dots of light would be just crossing the third five-minute line. In this manner not only was the position of any ship always known, but its speed could be constantly observed by the dispatcher.

Jones had made up his mind to visit his mother over the week-end and had gone to the chart room to obtain data on meteorological conditions that might effect the weather between Seattle and Lincoln for the next two days. As he entered the room he met Spencer, the superintendent, coming out. It was plain that Spencer was disturbed about the performance of one of the air transports, for as he was leaving he turned to the dispatcher on the Honolulu-San Francisco route and said with an unmistakable trace of anxiety in his tone: "Find out about forty-four and let me know."

With a military "Yes, sir," the dispatcher reached over to the corner of the table, picked up a mechanical integrator and carefully placed the fixed point on the dot indicating San Francisco. With the tracing point he cautiously followed for a few seconds the movements of the two points of light bearing the number forty-four, looked at the dial of the instrument, and turned to a large Fuller's slide rule. Twirling the cylinder quickly a few times

he looked up, signaled a messenger boy and gave him a folded paper with instructions to "Take it to Mr. Spencer, quick."

As he straightened up Jones moved over near him and asked, "Forty-four on the blink again?"

Puzzled, the dispatcher replied, "I don't know. She is twelve minutes late and thirty-eight miles off her course. She's losing time at the rate of eight minutes per hour. At that rate she'll reach San Francisco nineteen minutes after the New York Limited mail has gone. Finnegan is driving her today, and he's off schedule so much lately that the boys have nicknamed him 'Off course Finnegan.'"

The conversation was cut short by the re-entrance of the superintendent. He looked straight at the dispatcher, who was talking to Jones, and rapped out: "Put Forty-four back on her course. Find out what the trouble is and tell Finnegan to report to me here at ten o'clock tomorrow."

"All right sir," the dispatcher answered, and wrote the following order which he handed to the wireless operator:

"Finnegan, Pilot N. W. T. Forty-four: Alter course twenty degrees right, hold present speed eight minutes, then change twenty degrees left. What is wrong? Make all speed possible. Report in person to Mr. Spencer here at ten o'clock tomorrow.

"HULSE, Dispatcher."

As the radio crackled this order through space, Jones watched number forty-four on the chart. Although it was twenty-five hundred miles away, he saw it swing slowly to the right until a line through the two points of light representing it paralleled the straight edge laid down on the course desired by the dispatcher. Glancing at the chronometer near by, he noted the time—exactly nine o'clock—and turned again to watch Forty-four. Presently the minute hand of the chronometer crept up to seven and a half minutes past nine. Thirty seconds later Forty-four turned slowly to the left and headed straight for San Francisco, squarely in the middle of the band representing the route between that city and Honolulu.

While Jones had been watching Forty-four the dispatcher had been studying a paper which he now laid down on the table. Jones looked at it and read, "Off shore breezes S. 70 W. Two motors out of commission, beta terminals nearly burned away. Want instruction. Finnegan." Without saying anything the dispatcher turned and handed the message to the superintendent.

Spencer's jaw dropped. Instantly his expression changed to one of anger and hardness, and he spoke to the dispatcher.

"Tell him to throw both motors overboard and cut in two reserves. Tell him too that he must make up his lost time." Then as if to himself, he remarked, "Finnegan would rather lose twenty minutes than to lose two five thousand dollar motors. Must think he's still railroading."

On board the Forty-four the crew was as much worried as was the superintendent in Seattle. The offshore wind had been changing so erratically for the past half hour and the yellow murkiness of the sky had grown so thick that an accurate determination of speed was impossible. They attributed the unsteady movements of the navigating instruments to sun spots rather than to the changing air conditions. They were therefore much relieved at the receipt of Spencer's order to cut in the new motors, and set hurriedly to work. Finnegan was sufficiently encouraged to ask Seattle for his exact position, and very much worried to learn that he had drifted four miles off his course since the correction of a few minutes before.

To one not familiar with the methods employed in the central office of a large aerial transportation company, the incidents here would have proven exceedingly fascinating. To Jones, however, the only thing of interest which had transpired was the statement by Finnegan that there was an offshore breeze "S. 70 W." An expression of surprise and annoyance crept into his face as he noted that Forty-four was again off her course nearly four miles.

This could mean but one thing, and Jones understood it instantly. Somewhere to the southwestward was an area of low barometric pressure and a storm was brewing. He turned to the chart of the northern division and watched progress of number thirty-eight, a small cruiser on the coast run between Seattle and Nome. She was just rounding the volcanic area of Southwestern Alaska, and as he watched, her indicator lights on the chart changed from deep red to a brilliant orange, showing that she had climbed to an altitude of ten thousand feet. He knew the pilot had done this to avoid the rough air from the heated area below, and therefore that the weather must be quite calm. Turning to the dispatcher at the chart, he demanded, "Will you ask Thirty-eight about the weather up there?"

In a few seconds the reply came back, "Dead calm."

This worried Jones, for he suspected that a change was coming. He turned to the southern division and noted that number three from Rio Janiero to New Orleans was slightly ahead of time and moving rapidly. This indicated a helping wind, and Jones determined to get home as early as possible and to keep in touch with the weather bureau. He suspected a period of storm was coming on, and he wanted to get started for Lincoln early if possible.

Hurrying back to his own desk, he met the office manager and asked that individual if he could get away early, as it was Saturday and he had some legal business he wished to look after. The snappy "All right, Jones" came as a pleasant and most welcome surprise.

By eleven-thirty he had cleaned up the work that littered his desk and was ready to leave for home. From the office to the old Sand Point Aviation Field was but a matter of a few minutes by the subway, and without so much as "looking her over" he climbed aboard his four-seated "Clever," and twenty minutes later landed at his own home on Orcas Island.

It was not until he chanced to see the packed lunch basket on the kitchen table that he remembered that he had promised his wife, Doris, that they would spend that night and Sunday at Lake Shelan.

Bill sometimes tried to evade Doris, and sometimes succeeded—almost. However, he was honest with himself and he now admitted inwardly that he had forgotten all about the week-end trip. So when she met him with a radiant welcome and told him how thoughtful he was to come home early, his limited experience as a prevaricator betrayed him. More than that, it floored him completely. The dismay that flitted across his countenance proved his undoing. Doris uttered no sound, but her eyes spoke volumes.

His six years in the operating department of a large aerial transportation company had taught Jones a great deal about the causes and occurrence of storms. He was often able to divert the company's aircraft around storm areas or to alter schedules so as to precede or follow up meteorological disturbances. His twelve years as the husband of Doris had, however, resulted in the development of no such powers. He could not read the domestic weather signals at a great enough distance to enable him to avoid some rough going at times.

Tactlessly he blurted out, "Dearest, I've got to go to Lincoln. Mother is having trouble with the estate again."

Too late he perceived that he had "taken off" in a tempest. Hurriedly banking for a blow, he side-slipped into a squall, and became so rattled that he "tailsput" into a tangle of tears so violent that his coming encounter with old Neuby appealed to him as something to be looked forward to with pleasure.

After much coaxing he learned that the children had been left with their grandmother and that the Johnstons were coming over from Butte to meet them at Lake Chelan. She and Mrs. Johnson had planned a wonderful time for the four of them, and now he had as usual spoiled it all.

His hopes for a peaceful settlement were just sinking for the last time when the phone rang, and, true to her type, Doris abandoned all else in her haste to answer it. It was not until he heard her sobbing into the transmitter that Bill took any interest in the conversation.

He learned that the call was from Viola Johnston at Butte. That their original plans were still unchanged and they would start about one o'clock. She had called to arrange a few details regarding lunches, where to meet the Joneses, and the thousand and one other feminine worries which always accompany week-end picnics.

Jones was a direct-actionist sometimes, but only when he became desperate. He was desperate now. Stepping to Doris' side, he leaned over and said very distinctly into the transmitter, "We'll call you in fifteen minutes, Viola." Simultaneously he took the receiver from his wife's hand and hung it up with a bang.

The masterful way in which he had ended the long distance telephone conversation was no indication of Jones' importance in his own home, but his was one of those minds which occasionally hits a stretch of single track. He had told Doris that she could accompany him to Lake Chelan and return to Seattle or Bellingham on one of the aerial stages that ply between the coast cities and the various mountain resorts. This plan she very promptly vetoed. She refused to return on the stage, saying that the Sunday crowds were always rough and that many of the stage drivers ignore both the Federal gross loading regulations and the State altitude laws. In this she was correct, for on more than one occasion the Federal and State Inspectors had found contraband liquor on board, and in one instance,

some years previous when gas engines were still used, one aerial stage had crashed against the side of Mount Index, leaving no survivors to explain the cause.

Jones wanted to swear; but profanity was a relaxation in which he never indulged in his wife's presence. As he started for the phone to call Viola, the bell jangled as if expecting him. It was Viola herself, and without any explanation she hastened to inform him that Joe had to make a hurried trip to Juneau, Alaska, on Monday, and that she had decided to accompany him from Lake Chelan Sunday night and stay with Doris until his return.

For the first time since he spoke about the trip to Lincoln, Jones' respiration became normal. It seemed too good to be true. Hastily loading their camping effects into the "Cleaver," they were soon ready to start, with Doris satisfied to return Saturday night in the Johnston machine.

Landing at Lake Chelan forty minutes later, Doris set about amusing herself until the Johnstons should arrive, while Jones hurried over to the checking station to register in and also to check out for Lincoln. The chief dispatching officer, noticing that Jones checked out light and alone, politely asked: "Care to take an Omaha passenger along?"

He was just framing a frigid negative when a slender girl whom Jones guessed to be about twenty-three arose from one of the wicker chairs nearby and smiled confidently at him, then turned to thank the registering officer. Jones' bump of diplomacy had always seemed to have a dent. It now appeared plainly a cavity. He didn't want to be bothered with this girl. He was in a hurry and secretly wished that he might tell her to go to —. Instead he awkwardly dragged his cap from his head and stammered, "Certainly, Miss —"

"Smith," she replied.

"Miss Smith," he chanted mechanically. Picking up a black sharkskin bag, she labored after him as he fled toward his "Cleaver." Throwing open the door, he stepped back and chucked her bag in without so much as an attempt to apologize for having allowed her to carry it.

As she clambered aboard unaided he looked carefully at the clock in the tower of the checking station and compared the time with that of the clock in the "Cleaver." Without a word, he slipped into the pilot's seat, slammed the door after him, and pushed the controller handle forward.

A faint humming, the crackle of the violet rays at the beta terminals of the controller, followed by the roar of the two propellers, and they were off across the field before the girl had fairly settled herself in her seat. Circling once over the field and straightening out on the meridian between the direction pylons, Jones hurriedly checked his compass and sighed contentedly as the needle settled due north. Swinging about in a wide circle to the left, he climbed steeply to avoid the numerous soaring machines and aviaettes with which the field had become infested. As he pointed the nose of the "Cleaver" eastward until his gyroscopic compass oriented itself on the great circle through Lincoln, Nebraska, he settled back in his seat, and for the first time since morning felt free to relax.

Far off to the right the wide expanse of ripening wheat fields glowed in the late June sun, while farther to the southwestward Mount Rainier and its sister snow-capped peaks of the Cascades, like silent guardians of the world's mightiest forests, seemed to beckon a friendly *au revoir*. Between them, as if dropped from the kite of a Titan, lay the narrow, crooked thread of the Columbia River—a dead line beyond which the wheat fields dared not go; a barrier ever busy cutting off the tentacles of the obtruding foothills.

Down below numerous whirlwinds, marked by slowly moving columns of dust, presented immutable proof of the barrenness of the country and served to warn the aerial pilot that this was a region of rough air and varying atmospheric density, and likely to require his best skill. To the left was rough, broken country, which became even more rough and rugged as the range of vision widened, until it lost itself in the forbidding barrier of the Canadian Rockies.

The city of Spokane and the northern Idaho lakes passed steadily but slowly in review to the rear; while out of the distant haze far ahead, mountains, valleys, cities and lakes developed, changing from the first faint images to the clearest detail, and then as if over-exposed, quickly faded again into nothingness far to the westward.

As jagged mountain peaks, valleys, forests and cities advanced, flattened out and disappeared with never-ending regularity, and the beauty of it all unrolled steadily and monotonously below, Jones ceased to be interested, and like a tired child became restless and dissatisfied with the snail's pace of a bare three hundred miles an hour.

It was close and stuffy inside the little cabin. Languidly he wished that he had opened the after ventilators. It was not a difficult operation but he felt lazy, inert. He yawned and decided to let them remain closed. It would be getting cooler at that altitude anyway within an hour.

He had been taught as a child that everything created was for some good. He thought of old Neuby and wondered if his own childhood teachers, or the Creator, had made a mistake. As the jagged skyline of the Tietons grew more distinct, the words of the Psalmist flitted through his mind: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

He wondered if old Neuby's vision ever caught the significance of those words. Oh well, he'd settle with him in about five hours now. In the meantime he would relax and be ready when the time came. On the instrument board before him the airspeed meter held to three hundred miles per hour as if locked in place. The drift indicator had remained so persistently on zero that he wondered if it were broken. As he lazily pushed his controls over to one side, the "Cleaver" dropped gracefully into a side slip. Simultaneously the pointer of the drift indicator swung to sixty-five degrees with such alacrity that he had to smile at having doubted its perfection. As he automatically brought its control back to neutral, the "Cleaver" levelled up and resumed its great circle course straight for Lincoln.

He lolled back in his seat in a posture of complete relaxation, not even deigning to look out of the window, although outside was being unrolled a panorama of beauty and magnificent grandeur that would have thrilled the soul of a cynic.

He yawned wearily and noticed without interest that the instrument board had become a dull blur, broken by glistening but indistinct circles, which he faintly remembered were the instruments. Outside, the drone of the twin propellers grew fainter and fainter. Now it stopped altogether. The afternoon heat ceased to annoy him.

After a time he moved uneasily in his seat. There seemed to be an uncomfortable bumping at his back. He shifted his position. Still the annoying nudging kept on. He moved again, but to no purpose. He aroused himself slightly. He concentrated his mind on the region of his right shoulder blade. Yes, some one was punching at him. He was wide

awake now, but sat very still. It was that pesky office boy. He pictured himself exterminating that pest some day. He resolved that for the present he would scare the wits out of him.

Concentrating every ounce of his nervous energy, as a cat crouches to spring on a timid bird, he turned suddenly. Scowling fiercely, he emitted a single word, "Sa-a-ay!"

He sat bolt upright as a frightened and high-pitched "Oh-h-h!" pierced the atmosphere. As the cabin resounded with the frightened shriek, Jones' faculties gradually emerged from their lethargy. He forgot that he was more than two miles above sea level. He believed that he had unintentionally offended one of the stenographers at the office.

Quickly arising from his seat, he was attempting to apologize, when a sudden sense of dizziness seized him. His flier's instinct told him that the "Cleaver" had dropped into a tailspin. For the first time since taking off at Lake Chelan he remembered that he had a traveling companion. Hastily righting the machine, he turned about in his seat to explain, and, much to his dismay, found his fair passenger laughing at his discomfiture. It was an awkward situation, but she met it by explaining, half apologetically, half mischievously, that she had placed an auxiliary "stick" in position and had piloted the "Cleaver" until she noticed that the drift indicator became active. Fearing they might lose their way, she had taken the liberty of awakening him.

He was horrified to find that he had slept nearly two hours. He blinked comically when he noticed that she had turned on the lights and it was quite dark outside. Peering out, he observed with no little consternation that he was unable to recognize a single landmark. Taking note of the time, he estimated that the signal lights at the Yellowstone Park Airdome should be visible almost directly below. A rapid survey revealed nothing he could recognize, but far to the left a faint glow in the sky indicated the presence of what he judged might be a landing field at one of the smaller towns.

Turning to his instrument board, he observed that the recording drift indicator had been showing an increasing southern drift for more than two hours, and registered nearly thirty degrees. A rough estimation indicated that he must have passed within sight of Salt Lake City. Eagerly he turned to the girl and inquired if she had observed any lights on their right. She replied that she had seen two faint glows far to the southward, and beyond them

appeared to be a bright shaft of light. "How long ago?" he demanded.

"Why—why, Oh-uh, just about the time—" "Yes, I know, about the time you woke me up," he burst out, and laughed gleefully. "Yes," she replied, much relieved. He noticed the even whiteness of her teeth and the friendliness in her bright eyes, and inwardly cursed himself for having been rude to her. After all, she was only a child.

His sudden discovery of her charms had momentarily driven other thoughts from his mind. Somewhat abashed, he had turned back to his navigating instruments, when he remembered that she had mentioned seeing a bright shaft of light.

He turned to her again and learned that the bright shaft of light was eastwardly and to the south of the two glows of light in the sky. He marvelled at the keenness of her observation. Boyishly he exclaimed: Sure; it's the light pylon on Soldier Summit. We must have drifted a long way." He guessed that they were about two hundred miles north of Salt Lake City, and eagerly studied the small globe mounted under the compass.

It was a dark night, but already the eastern sky glowed with the first light of the coming moonrise, and for the next fifteen minutes he kept a sharp lookout ahead. If his guess were correct, Fremont Peak should soon appear. Hopefully he watched, unconscious of anything save his desire to once more get back on his course.

As the historic landmark loomed boldly into view like a ghost out of the night, his anxiety vanished in a burst of joy. "There it is!" he shouted, and instinctively turned to his traveling companion for that sympathy which all humans desire in times of joy or sorrow. Where he had expected an expression of the same relief which he felt, he read in her face only abject fear.

As her hands encircled her face in horror, a sense of impending disaster seized him. Whether it was her expression, or that sixth sense which we all seem to possess at times, or whether it was merely panic on Jones' part, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, however, that he pulled back the stick with all his strength and at the same time pushed it hard over to the left. Instantly the "Cleaver" zoomed up to a stall and slipped off on the left wing, just in time to avoid colliding with a dilapidated biplane of an early type which clattered by, barely seventy-five feet below.

Since the stranger displayed no running lights and had sounded no signal, Jones' first thought was that he was probably a bootlegger or a smuggler. Circling around him for five minutes in a vain attempt to get his registry number, he learned that he carried none. Since smugglers always use the best equipment, Jones decided that he was merely a job hunter who had picked up an old ship and was traveling at night in an attempt to evade the Federal regulations—a veritable hobo of the air.

Once more pointing the nose of the "Cleaver" at Fremont Peak, he discovered that he was almost exactly on the great circle of the earth through Lander, Wyoming, and Lincoln, Nebraska. Having adjusted the vertical stabilizer to offset the drift due to a side wind, he turned to his traveling companion and for the next half hour engaged in friendly conversation. The moon having by this time arisen, he pointed out in the semi-darkness the features of the country, with which he had become acquainted when he had worked there as an engineer.

"That narrow trail down there at the right, emerging from the gloom at the foot of those bluffs, striking out boldly across this sage brush flat, playfully piercing each group of lights along the way and ending finally at the large collection of lights at the foot of those mountains, is the Wyoming and Northwestern Railway, from Casper to Lander."

How well he remembered the construction of that line, back in 1905! How long that one hundred and fifty miles across the desert seemed then, and now he could easily travel the entire distance in half an hour! It seemed so long ago, and yet it was only twenty years. "Off there to the left that overgrown ant hill just now detaching itself from the gloom about it, is Cooper Mountain—the ignis fatuus that lured so many prospectors into the clutches of the Federal law before Wind River Indian Reservation was thrown open to settlement.

"That narrow crack starting near it and extending through the ridges, only to stop before reaching that group of lights, is Wind River Cañon, stealing mink-like up Bad Water Creek, among the mountains is Thermopolis, the town of hot springs. That other trail, starting somewhere in the dark depths of Wind River Cañon, stealing mink like up Bad Water Creek, and out into the sage brush, only to disappear again into the tunnel through Powder River Divide, is the C. B. & Q. Railroad."

How he had worked in the snow up to his waist on the location of that road in 1907,

when the Hill-Harriman fight was at its hottest! There at the foot of that bluff on Powder River he had dug himself out of the snow when he had all but given up in despair. The forty miles from Casper to Wolton was a hard day's trip on the old stage coach in 1904. Tonight they were covering the same distance in less than ten minutes.

"That winding ribbon of silver stretching in bold relief across the sage brush plain, darting now into the shadow of those bluffs, and gleaming in the moonlight far ahead, is the Platte River. That group of sparkling lights is Casper; now a city of oil refineries and wealth." When he first went there it was only a Western "cow town."

On reconnoissance surveys how many times he had thrown down his blankets on the bare earth yonder in that sage brush flat, with only the blue canopy of heaven overhead and the wail of a lone coyote in his ears, as he dropped into restful sleep, often to be aroused suddenly by the harsh grating of a rattlesnake that had taken refuge from the night wind in his blankets. Little did he suspect then the vast wealth of oil that lay far beneath him.

Thus Jones' narrative went on as each town, range of hills, or other topographical feature of the country came into view, while the girl watched and listened, too interested to ask questions; thrilled with the bigness of it all and fearful only that he would stop and sink back into that solidity which had almost made her despise him before he had fallen asleep.

She didn't want to think. She wanted to be comforted. She felt like an outcast. She hated the sight of that handsome sharkskin bag. How she would like to throw it overboard. Never before had it been her privilege to listen to so fascinating a story. Never had she suspected that God's creation could be so overwhelming. She felt so insignificant. She wondered if somewhere she had heard the words: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" or if it were the product of her own thoughts. She would be glad when she was back in Seattle. This would be her last trip.

Presently Jones again relapsed into silence. Moodily, it seemed to the girl, he sat as if transfixed, while the "Cleaver" sped rapidly on toward the brightening disc of the rising moon. As if unconscious of her presence, he watched the winding course of the Platte River from Casper to Douglas—Douglas, the former home of his old friend, "Bill Barlow" of Sage Brush

(Continued on page 43)

# Our Huge Centers of Population

## San Francisco's Outlook

By JOHN CHETWOOD

**N**OTHING is more evident, and to some people more ominous, than the world-wide drift to cities, especially big cities, and most of all to our own. Already enormous hives of industry, human ants swarm to them in ever-increasing numbers. Moreover, the greater the hive the greater the seeming attraction, so that a score or so of specially favored localities promise before very long to absorb a very large portion of the total population of the country.

How long the urban population is to grow faster than the rural, or at what may be deemed the expense of the rural, is not material to present consideration. Even if eventually checked, the tendency referred to is likely to grow greater before it grows less, and it has gone so far already that our great centers of population as foci not only of multitudes but of commerce, industry and finance, must predominate in guiding, if not shaping, the future of civilization.

This outlook may be disturbing. It is certainly serious, not to say sobering. But a condition confronts us, and conditions can be rightly dealt with only as they are clearly realized. Moreover, there are many elements of promise, or at least of encouragement, in civic development. And very interesting and extremely impressive are these great centers, with their looming populations of three or four to fifteen or more millions of people.

As mighty power houses and distributors of energy, they make a great appeal to the imagination. They **should** appeal also to the best of us, and the best in us, to study and solve as best we may their sanitary, educational, industrial, political and other problems. Their future will largely determine the country's future, and, in conjunction with foreign centers, the future of this and other continents.

In the present New World, if not whole world,\* metropolis, they seem alive to the situation, and to the requirements of the future. A leading New York paper in May of this year featured a plan under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation to prepare as adequately

as possible for the health, wealth and welfare of the future New Yorker and his fellow commuter—a most commendable undertaking, since it is computed that by or before the close of the century there will be no less than 37,000,000 of him.

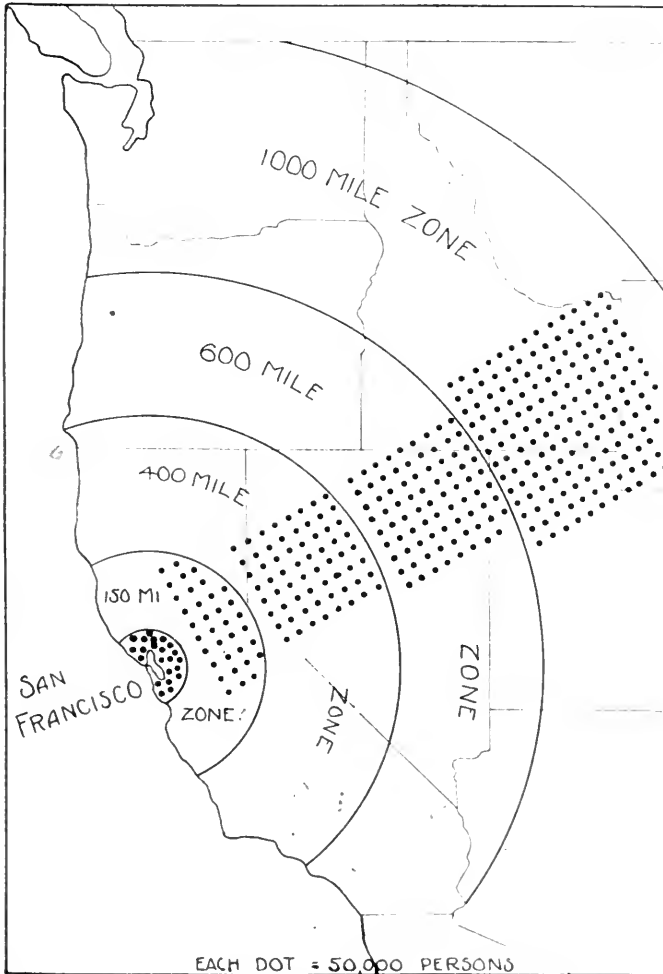
And as the 1920 census reveals about 8,000,000 now living within fifteen or twenty miles of the New York City Hall and a growth rate of over 20 per cent for the decade, it is not unlikely that this estimate of 37,000,000 within a radius of fifty miles or so may be a decided under-estimate! And reasoning from analogy in other cases, perhaps two-thirds or more of the great total will be found within the fifteen or twenty-mile limit. A circle with a radius of about fifteen miles comprises roughly an area of about 700 square miles, which is the area of "Greater London," or very close to it. And the people living on such 700-mile areas of all our great population centers are to be decidedly the most numerous, most influential, and, because of their crowded condition, the most difficult to provide for, of the entire locality.

Partly for this reason, and partly because of the crying need for a standard of comparison, a uniform population center area of 700 square miles for all our great cities seemed very desirable. This was the San Francisco idea. It was favored by the Chamber of Commerce in 1908 and suggested to the Census Bureau by the Merchants' Association, to which the matter was first formally presented, and then advocated by leading commercial bodies of New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities.

We felt that peninsular cities like Boston and San Francisco and their near and populous neighbors so long as separated politically could get no credit for the real size and importance of the locality. But as now presented Boston, being accreditated with a considerable part of her enormous suburbs, has 1,772,254 people, and ranks as the fourth population center.

It was not only in such exceptional cases, however, that injustice was done by statistically divorcing great cities from great suburbs. The system followed twenty or more years ago was





In the eight states of the Rocky Mountains lies an enormous market of 7,408,591 persons.

A study of the distribution of people in this district reveals the point from which this market may be most effectively reached.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION

Number and Percent of total persons within each zone from

Zone	San Francisco	
50 miles	1,098,965	14.8%
150 "	1,768,782	23.8
400 "	3,193,637	43.1
600 "	4,000,695	53.9
1,000 "	7,009,702	94.5

—Courtesy of the Research and Information Department of the Chamber of Commerce

archaic, and provoked great and wide complaint at every census. For under that system we were trying to compare things that were utterly unlike. San Francisco, with 43 square miles and no suburbs, was being contrasted with Chicago, of 180 square miles and a few suburbs; New York, with 399 square miles and a few more, and London, with about 609 square miles.

There must, we felt, be a uniform area assigned in such cases. One that would permit comparisons that were approximately, even if not absolutely, correct, and obviously that area was the London one of 700 square miles. That San Francisco and some other centers would not fill such areas so compactly as the larger centers did not seem a material objection. Rapid suburban growth, so noticeable a feature of the times, will soon dispose of such discrepancies, and meantime, though the smaller center may have more or less vacancies for a time, its entire population is virtually urban or suburban. So while the smaller centers might properly be restricted to a correspondingly small area, one of approximately a million people seems populous enough to be assigned a 700-mile area. In cases like New York and Chicago, where expanding population overlapped the borders assigned, the added area required could be added, and it and its inhabitants be listed (as in fact is done now in many cases), and the 700-mile area be also retained for purposes of comparison both at home and abroad.

As yet, however, we have a different area for every city, and no common standard at all. Most centers are assigned less than 700 square miles; some considerably less, and two largely exceed it. One of these, as we might expect, is New York; the other, quite contrary to most expectations, is marvelous Los Angeles. The Angelenos have now stretched their elastic wings over no less than 1290 square miles, while "little old New York" has but 1170; Chicago, Philadelphia and other centers being out-distanced; and San Francisco almost invisible.

With all respect to the Census Bureau, most of whose work is so very useful and so creditable, it is difficult to follow its system of measuring and ranking our great cities and their environs. Uniformity of area may appear too rigid, but is not the method in vogue too elastic, or rather too variable? As for the Angels, who have been flying while all other cities have

plodded, comparatively speaking, they now muster no less than 879,008 pairs of wings. This puts them right on the heels of the San Francisco center, with 891,477 mere wingless bipeds. The area accorded us, however, is but 444 square miles. How many we should have with an area of 1290 miles is a matter for pleasing fancy, but for fancy only. But on one of 700 miles we are a little better posted, and feel a claim for a full million, would not be excessive, though we have no definite and complete data, and probably shall not have in the immediate future.

Of one point there can be no serious doubt. A great future for the San Francisco Bay Population Center, on any area of reasonable size, seems absolutely assured. The vigorous and timely movement now under way to widely advertise and exploit the vast resources of Northern California, if persistently pushed and followed up, must bring great development to this locality, as well as far and wide beyond its limits.

The growth of the bay region and the interior will correspond to each other. In such cases they always do. And in particular, the campaign to introduce new industries here and agricultural settlers in the valleys must greatly increase both coast and valley population. "Serene, indifferent of fate," can no longer be the watchword here. Much to their credit, our sister cities, both north and south, are not at all indifferent. Relying on the richness of our endowment, we have been inclined to rest on our oars, while they have forged ahead. We "know how," but in this respect, except by fits and starts, we have not applied our knowledge. And, as the French say, "it is time to change all that."

As for maps of centers, the Government ones are diagrams, mere bases for more complete map-making. It was suggested to the Merchants' Association in 1908, and to the similar organizations in Eastern cities, that each center make its own map, as one of the readiest and most effective ways to advertise the centers then advocated. Such maps should be made for walls and widely distributed, and others inserted in new editions of all atlases.

Indeed, the time seems about ripe for publishing in conjunction with maps a series of "American Population Centers," which should in effect be a taking of stock and marshalling of their many assets—industrial, financial, educational, diversional, scenic and climatic. This

has not been done apparently because these advantages and attractions of the entire locality have not yet been visualized even by their own people, much less by outsiders.

Any good map of the bay region will reveal its exceptional educational, scenic and climatic, as well as industrial resources. Among these are the State and Stanford Universities, Lick Observatory, Muir Woods, and the Tamalpais Scenic Railway. They are all outside the chief cities, San Francisco and Oakland. Yet they are all in the center or close to it, and readily and obviously accessible from every part of it.

The shape of this center is very unusual. Owing to topography the habitable area is shaped by ocean, bay and encircling mountains or foothills. Hence the great bulk of the population must settle in the great trough between highland and bayline, stretching to the ocean only at the San Francisco peninsula.

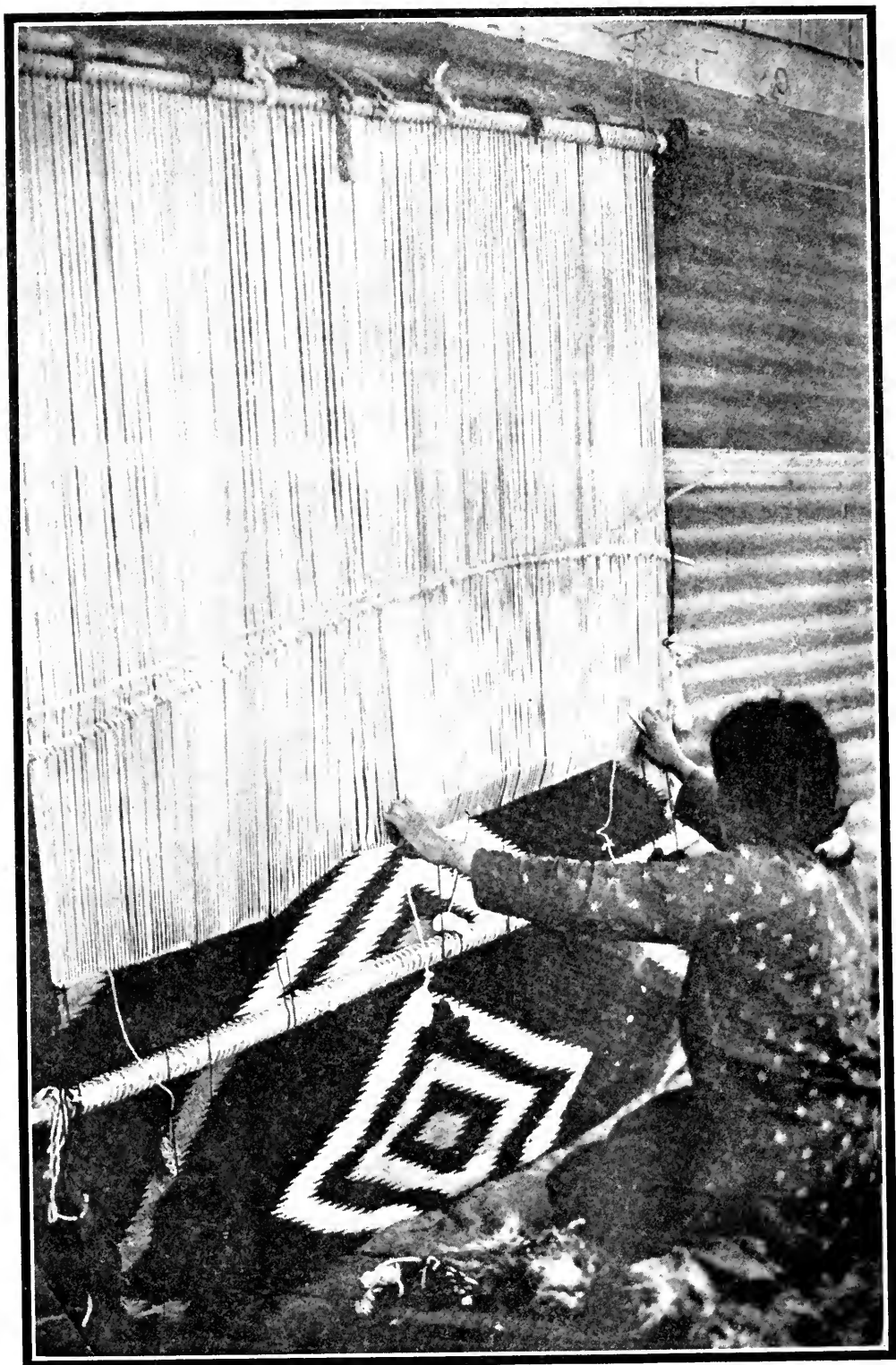
A few of the more decided of the various "warm belts" are marked, where the climate for about nine months of the year much resembles that of Southern California. Of course the coolness of the upper peninsula is really a great asset. San Francisco and vicinity have not only the coolest of summer climates, but the only one of its kind. That is to say, San Francisco, Oakland and adjacent cities are the only large ones on this, or any, continent where the summer temperature is almost invariably cool or moderate. In this respect they are in a class by themselves. Mild as are our winters, those of Southern California are milder still. And

one can also escape winter's rigors in Florida, the Mediterranean region and other places. But for relief from exhausting summer heat, the big central cities of this population center cannot be equaled, and should eventually become the greatest of summer resorts.

And yet within a very few miles of the Golden Gate we find many sheltered belts where the air is much warmer and drier. This climatic feature must have a great deal to do with distributing our residents all over the area outlined on the map, a fact which we naturally realize more fully than can be done at Washington.

In short, one may say, in conclusion, that nature has done everything possible for the prosperity of the San Francisco Bay Population Center. It only remains for **human** nature to supplement the work! As already said, the campaign to let the world know the great and undeveloped resources of Northern California is fully warranted and very timely. That should make this partial exposition of the bay region's attractions timely too. For it is part of Northern California, and one of its most important parts. And stretching away for hundreds of miles from the bay is the greatest "hinterland" any city or center could possibly have. What fosters the growth of one fosters the growth of the other. And the more completely they are linked, the closer the team work, the sooner they will achieve their manifest destiny, and share their prosperity to a large extent with the entire Pacific Slope.

\*The census of 1920 gives the population of the New York center as 7,910,415, while that of the 1921 London one is 7,476,168. But the "metropolitan area" accorded New York is 1170 square miles, while the English one remains a bare 700, so without figures for the inner 700 square miles of the American area it is impossible to compare the two centers. The New World one is growing so much faster, however, that it must soon pass its great rival and become the world's metropolis, even if it has not already done so.



*Navajo Indian Blanket Weaver*

# Mrs. Ida Eckert- Lawrence

## Noted Writer, Poet and Friend of the Indian

By ALMIRA GUILD McKEON

**F**OR two years Mrs. Lawrence has been writing a series of stories and poems of the Indian; Indian legends; the Missions and the deserts.

As a child she first came to know the Indians, her father's ranch being in the reservation just vacated by the Pottowatomia tribe, Oklahoma. While most of them had left, there still remained many near the ranch and these proved trustworthy and agreeable neighbors.

To this ranch came Maj. Henry Inman, Indian scout, and many of the sturdy frontiersmen who knew, and could talk with intelligence, on the true character of their Indian brother. And thus listening to the stories of these men, and being in every-day contact with the Indians, she learned to respect them for their sterling qualities, and to despise the unwarranted upstarts who insulted the Indian intelligence and manliness by unnecessary questions, and assertions of arrogance, and unkindness.

Especially did she resent the taking advantage of Indians who, not speaking English well, did not understand the full import of bargainings. At the age of ten she had her first fight for an Indian and now, at mature age and intelligence, she is still fighting; doing all she can to assist them in their plea before Congress for restoration of their land rights.

In a recent letter from Mrs. Lawrence the writer quotes the following:

"In the Government Report sent me from Congress I was more than pleased to see that one woman had the subject well in mind and that she was quick to put the word in the right place where it would help the Indians of California get their just hearing and rewards—and that woman was Helen Dare.

"I have read that report and I cannot see where even the Chairman on Indian Affairs usurps authority to put to these applicants for a settlement of the United States Government's debt to them, an endless number of personal questions such as—what would they do with the money if they did get it; would they soon be as bad off as they are now, etc., etc.?"

"If the debt is owed it is the right of the

recipient to do with the payment as he sees fit, or so chooses. The Committee admitted again and again that the debt was owed, but there could not seem to be found a way to pay it. Of course we all know that there is always a way to pay the nation's debts. There are appropriations for everything else—there will be appropriations for this.

"In justice to my friends, and the good Indians who are following my every move; as a matter of great encouragement to them, I must mention that only a day or so ago I received a good strong letter from Hon. Charles Curtis, who was then Chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee. In it he said, 'I did not think it was right to put these Indians to the expense, and long wait of going through the courts.'

"As Charlie Curtis is an old friend and schoolmate of mine—used to sit in the same classes with him in the old 'Lincoln High' at Topeka—I know that from now on we will have an indefatigable worker and champion for our rights.

"So I am again lifted up in my hopes for a speedy adjustment of these too long delayed debts. The Indians are fast passing, largely through poverty, poor living facilities in general and—broken spirits. The world is moving on and we are not satisfied to keep these, our brothers—these original owners—out on the sands of a burning, cruel desert pouring out their souls in grief to deaf ears any longer.

"I agree that our Indians, timid as they naturally are, in great political, swirling Washington, may have cut a sorry figure, but the psychology of that nature picture must leave its impress on the hearts and minds of men and some big soul will rise up out of the effuvia of selfishness and lift a voice and hand for justice."

Quoting from "Every Woman," for May of this year we find a more intimate, and personal touch, in the work Mrs. Lawrence is doing among these deplorably misused people.

"Mrs. Lawrence addressed the Indian

(Continued on page 40)



# Book Review and Commentary



## “MERE NEWSPAPER WORK”

Heywood Broun's "Pieces of Hate" and other  
Enthusiasms.

Readers of **The Bookman**, **Colliers Weekly** and the **New York Tribune** know the work of that young Harvard man, Heywood Broun, who wrote "With General Pershing and the American Forces."

The book now before us, published by George H. Doran Company, contains forty-two of the best bits of very-modern newspaper work chosen from his weekly "column." He discusses with shrewd, honest, satiric strength, new books, college sports, politics, theatres, social matters and, in fact, almost everything from that "best seller," "The Sheik," to Volstead, Censors, and "What Shakespeare Missed."

Every page of the volume contains something worthwhile. We turn to "Life, the Copy Cat," for instance, and are told that when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written things came to such a pass that a bloodhound couldn't see a cake of ice without jumping on it and beginning to bay."

Among the subjects of these live-wire newspaper topics are "An Adjective A Day," "Are Editors People?" and "Dempsey's Five Foot Shelf." For three pages of perfect bliss we recommend "Ruth vs. Roth," in which our author hunts the three thousand pages of "Who's Who" and finds no mention of George Herman Ruth; he only finds "Roth, Filibert, Forestry Expert" etc., and then in wrath exclaims: "Hereby we challenge the editor of 'Who's Who in America' to debate the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, That Prof. Roth's volume called 'Timber Physics' has exerted a more profound influence in the life of America than Babe Ruth's 1921 home-run record." "Babe Ruth," he tells us in conclusion, "tries each minute for all or nothing," and helps to "make life a little more gallant."

These 237 pages of light modern essays from an active newspaperman's daily workshop will find many readers, and will be worthwhile for years to come. They are full of fair-play, and are written in a pungent literary manner as dis-

tinctly Broun's as that of Gilbert Chesterton is Chesterton's.

## LORD DUNSANY'S WORK

Not long ago we wrote a little about a play by Lord Dunsany that Putnam had published—the story of a man who reformed the last minute, and of results—"If." Yes! just "If." We are now re-reading some other books by this greatly imaginative and soul-compelling author. One is "The Book of Wonder," issued by Boni and Liveright in their Modern Library, and it gives us the chance to tell our readers about the author.

Lord Dunsany is a nephew of that fine Irish economist and statesman, Sir Horace Plunkett. His name before the title came to him was Edward John Moreton Dray Plunkett; he was educated in an English public school, graduated from an English University, became an officer in the Guards, and went through the South African War. Then he began to write such plays as "The Glittering Gate" and "King Argimenes," both produced by the Irish Theatre. He wrote stories which were really a new-old sort of folk-lore, as creative and as thrilling as anything in modern literature. One volume was "The Gods of Pegana;" others were "The Sword of Welleran," "A Dreamer's Tales," "Time and the Gods."

Padraic Colum, in the course of an appreciation of Lord Dunsany's stories, once said that the central idea of all of it is "unrelenting hostility to everything that impoverishes man's imagination—to mean cities, to commercial interests, to a culture that arises out of material organization." The reader will find six pages of this Padraic Colum account of Lord Dunsany as the Introduction to "A Dreamer's Tales."

One story we remember and always shall. It tells how Shepperalk, the centaur, sought his bride, Sombeline, "whose father had been half centaur and half god." whose mother "was the child of a desert lion and that sphinx that

It need not surprise readers that Dunsany of the County Meath, the home of Ard-ri of thrice-sacred Tara, of the Cuchullain myths, did once offer his readers a three-line preface: "Come . . . for we have new worlds here." To prove this one has but to read such titles as these: "Poltarness, Beholder of Ocean;" "In Zaccaroth;" "The Fortress Unvanquishable save from Sacnoth."

### CROSSING THE PLAINS

Not long ago we reviewed the pioneer reminiscences of Elisha Brooks of Ben Lomond. We now receive from the Holmes Book Company a copy of Wm. Audley Maxwell's "Narrative of Early Emigrant travel to California by the Ox-team Method." The book's title, "Crossing the Plains: Days of '57," reminds one that all of the first ten years after the discovery of gold really belonged to the State-builders, no matter how they got here.

Maxwell's party of thirty-seven persons left Missouri for Sonoma County May 17th, 1857. Four months later they reached the little settlement of Healdsburg, "perhaps a dozen houses." They had passed through countless perils. The three most thrilling chapters tell of "the Halloway Massacre," the "disaster to the Wood family" and "Sagebrush Jusha."

The author of this very interesting book of 176 pages wrote his "Foreword" from Ukiah in 1915, and the Sunset Publishing Company printed the book that year. It is now hard to find a copy.

∞ ∞ ∞

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(Continued from page 37)

Congress, at Riverside, this week where three hundred real Indians, representing 20,000 people, with about eighteen chiefs—more than forty-seven tribes—were in solemn council. According to Mrs. Lawrence: 'A few, perhaps a dozen, were graduates of Carlyle, but for the most part they were the very poor from the deserts and reservations, where they cannot make a living because of the aridness. They have been so patient; waiting for the provisions of contracts signed away back in '52 to be carried out by our Government.'

"Poor old 'Fig-tree' John, who often came to the camp of Mrs. Lawrence for sugar, bread and fruit, came up to her smiling through his tears and shook her hand. Many more followed him, all so anxious to have so firm a champion."



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## The Great Spirit of the West

(Continued from page 14)

were the printers who set it up. Wood did the presswork and I inked the type. I also distributed the papers after nightfall. From this humble beginning, the News gradually became a real newspaper. Not long before I came of age I married Eliza Jane Sumner, and, while we both loved our respective parents greatly, we decided that a young couple, particularly when they were newly married, would do better in a home of their own, so I secured a team and wagon, and, loading in it our few possessions, we started for Iowa. Next year, 1852, I secured two yoke of four-year-old steers, one yoke of cows and an extra cow, and putting our possessions into our wagon, we started for Oregon."

NOTE: We have had sketches of Mr. Meeker in the *Overland Monthly* before; also quotations and references from him, so it seemed interesting to publish this most recent interview with him, for he most certainly is a "Great Spirit of the West."

### JOIN THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

The People's Party will establish and conduct an open forum in every county and city in the United States where mass meetings will be held. At these meetings we invite an open discussion, or debate, on all national and international issues. Wherever possible an organization will be formed which will become a unit in the National organization, with full voting privileges.

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We believe that the time is now opportune for the organization of a new political party. That the two old parties are reactionary and out of sympathy with the masses. There will be no dawning of a new day until there is an expressed and accomplished desire for new politics. The trouble with Americans is that not one in a hundred takes any persistent interest in government, or knows what is being done.

The most important situation that faces the people of the United States is the political situation, and the reason that is true is because every other situation, every other condition, every other phase of American life depends on and is entirely subordinate to and corollary of the political situation.

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(Continued from page 31)

Philosophy. As he gazed down on the white specks of the gravestones in the little cemetery far below, it seemed that he could almost see the words of the inscription on that marble slab, "He had friends." How often the Sage Brush Philosopher had alluded to the cry of the thieving coyote among those barren hills as the "wail of a lost soul." And now he was gone, but the thieving coyotes remained.

But Douglas is far behind now. Down there near the Nebraska line in that well-defined gully is the source of the Niborara River. He had dammed the entire flow with his hand and had drunk it all on hot days when he had worked there. The thought amused him. Turning to the girl, he pointed it out to her and explained the nature of the sand hills further on. He pointed out the small lakes among the sand hills, telling her how he had suffered for water and yet had been unable to drink any of it, because it all tasted like lye. Then in 1916, when the supply of German potash had been cut off by the war, artificial evaporation of that same water had yielded a rich return in potash.

After these revelations he again became silent. As the rich farming country rolled by below, his thoughts returned to the reason for this hurried journey. He recalled how his father had so persistently refused to make a will. How his sudden demise had left his mother with some property on her hands and no legal means of using it. He remembered the struggle his father and mother had had to rear the family of four. The long, dreary days they had labored to accumulate something for their old age. And now, due to the complexities of the law, of which his father was always afraid, this old crook, Neuby, was trying to induce his mother to place everything in his hands for settlement. He'd fix that tonight, if he had to get a deputy sheriff to get the old skinflint out of bed.

Half an hour later he beheld the lights of Lincoln, and turning joyously to his companion exclaimed, "Thank heaven!" and then with that same schoolboy expression which had so amused her before, burst out with, "Say, are you hungry? I forgot to bring along a lunch."

To her assurance that thought of food had not entered her mind, he replied, "Well, ten minutes more and we can lay up the old ship for the night."

Pointing the nose of the "Clever" toward the dome of the State capitol building, he swerved slightly to the right, and five minutes

later landed easily, stopping squarely in front of the checking station on the old South Twentieth Street Aviation Field.

Opening the door, he carefully assisted his passenger to alight. As he picked up the sharkskin bag he was surprised at its weight, and mentally berated himself for having permitted her to carry it when she had entered the plane at Lake Chelan.

Glad of the opportunity to stretch their limbs after nearly six hours in the air, they walked briskly to the checking stations. Having entered his name, place of residence, and the registry number of the "Clever," Jones politely turned the register for her convenience and watched admiringly as she wrote: "Alice Smith, Seattle, Wash." During this procedure the checking official had been watching the girl very closely. Jones observed this, and inwardly resented it. Quickly taking her arm, he turned her about and asked "Shall I call an aerial taxi—or do you wish to go on tonight?"

"Oh, I think I'll go by train," she replied in a low voice. "It will be restful on the ground for awhile."

Calling a taxicab, he directed the driver to hurry to the Burlington Station, and somewhat regretfully bade her goodbye, wondering the while what she could be thinking about to want to put in an hour and a half in a dusty, noisy train when an air taxi would land her in Omaha in twenty minutes.

"Oh well, its her funeral, not mine," he mused, and turned to walk the three blocks to the South Seventeenth Street car. Five minutes later he stood on his mother's front porch.

(To be concluded in October)


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# Overland Monthly



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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*Joaquin Miller—Taken at his home, "The Hights"*





*Where Over-hanging Boughs Mellow the Dancing Sunbeams of October*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868  Bret Kärte  
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## Yesterday

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

(Author of "Pirates")

“**O**H, dear. . . Oh, dear me!” Lady Ann Trevers closed her eyes and leaned back in the not too comfortable, plush covered divan in which she was sitting. “How—things—have—changed,” she whispered to herself, “how things have changed. I should never have believed it possible!”

This last was in reference to the debutantes with their absurd coiffures, their ridiculous gowns, their outrageous manners and their preposterous way of dancing. And because Lady Ann couldn't believe it, and because she didn't want to believe what she was forced to see with her own eyes, she had quietly slipped out of the ball-room and found a secluded nook in the fernery.

“Rot . . . silly rot . . . idiots! What is the world coming—oh, I beg your pardon.” Lady Ann opened her eyes suddenly, threw back her head and found herself gazing up at an exceedingly good-looking, immaculately groomed old gentleman in uniform. The gentleman, about whom there was something strangely familiar, bowed again.

“I beg your pardon,” he said. “I thought I was quite alone. I—beg your pardon.”

Lady Ann smiled, “You were referring to the dancing?”

“Quite right . . . quite right. My word, it's preposterous, isn't it?”

“You mean,” Lady Ann raised her eyebrows, “so unconventional?”

“That's a . . . hardly the word for it.” The good-looking gentleman was nervously

searching for his dangling eye-glass, “hardly the word for it!”

“These 'coming out' parties are not what they used to be when—”

“Coming out . . . coming out, my word, no one ever seems to be in these days!”

Lady Ann was slow in seeing jokes. “The young ladies, I mean . . . the young ladies.”

“Exactly, exactly!” He had found his eye-glass and by a series of fantastic muscular contractions succeeded in fixing it firmly in his right eye. “Yes . . . the young ladies, 'pon my word there doesn't seem to be much left for them to come out of. They seem to be all legs and arms!”

Fortunately Lady Ann hadn't heard this last remark. “Won't you sit down, Colonel?”

“General, Madame,” the Stranger said petulantly, “General.”

Lady Ann lifted her lorgnette and stared for a moment. “General—pardon my mistake. Oh, yes, we were speaking of the dancing.”

“Yes . . . yes—”

“You see the world moves so fast now-a-days, and the dances must keep up with the world, I suppose.”

“The world! Running away with itself. And these young people—”

“It was different when we were young, but we must be tolerant.” She paused for a moment and looked down at the white feather fan which was lying in her lap. There was just the slightest quiver in her voice. “We are old people now.”

“Old! I beg your pardon!” The Stranger jerked back his head; the eye-glass snapped

from his eye. "Not old, not really old . . . middle-aged, yes, middle-aged—and sensible, thank goodness."

Lady Ann turned her head and looked up at the speaker from the corner of her eye.

"Yes, that's it, middle-aged." He had moved over to the divan and with another series of muscular jerks, not unsimilar to the ones he had used for fixing his eye-glass, he managed to get seated. He leaned over and rubbed his left knee cautiously, "Yes . . . middle-aged."

"Yes, Colonel—er—General."

From somewhere came the din of a modern, ultra-modern "jazz" orchestra. The palm trees seemed to quiver with the harshness of the music. The Stranger reached up and covered his ears.

"There goes that unspeakable music again," he said, "that infernal racket! It's like the tom-toms one hears in Africa! Much worse in fact! Awful. Yes, I dare say you are right, quite right, times do change."

"Yes—"

"Unfortunately. But, nevertheless, we must accept the facts."

Lady Ann sighed, "Unfortunately."

"I had hoped—" There was a crash in the music. The Stranger paused a moment. "I had hoped when I accepted the invitation for this ball tonight that I would find something—something to remind me, even remotely, of my youth but 'pon my word they've even done the house over!"

Lady Ann looked up in surprise; she leaned forward, "Oh! I believe we haven't been introduced. May I ask—"

"Yes, yes, done over the house! And in this horrible modern way too!"

"No—you see, I know this house quite well. I believe nothing has been changed, nothing."

"Nothing changed? Really? Well it seems changed, quite. Perhaps it is I who have—er—changed." He was searching for his eye-glass again, "Perhaps it is I who have changed."

"Perhaps, you know when one grows old—"

"Old, Madam? Old?"

"I should say, middle-aged, when one reaches—"

"Middle-aged! Why, I'm just in the prime of life . . . just in the prime! Don't feel a day over twenty, not a day." He slapped his knee, and immediately wished he hadn't. "Oh, that is—at times, at times." He leaned over and smiled goodnaturedly. "Why at the War Office, they still call me 'Richard'."

"Richard," Lady Ann was saying softly,

and looked up into her companion's face. She was trembling. "Richard?"

"Yes!" The Stranger lowered his voice, his tone suddenly became confidential, "And at the East Indian United Service they call me—they call me 'Dick'! Not to my face, mind you. But they do call me 'Dick'!"

"Richard, "Lady Ann was saying softly, "Richard . . . East Indian United Service Club!" She turned suddenly, "May I ask—"

"Yes . . . yes, that's it." The Stranger chuckled. "That's it! So you see I'm not so old, Madame. Of course I have accomplished a great deal in the short time I have been in her—", he coughed, "that is—his Majesty's service. It's forty-one years ago tomorrow that I went out, and I've seen service, my word, for a young chap, I have seen service!"

"Forty-one years ago?" Lady Ann was saying, "yes—forty-one years ago."

"Yes . . . yes, quite right."

"May I ask—"

"And as I was saying, I had hoped to find something of my youth here, some of the old familiar corners and nooks and faces." He paused for a moment and looked up at the ceiling. "Some of the old familiar faces . . . one in particular."

Unconsciously Lady Ann reached out her hand, "Then you—"

"Oh dear, yes, very much so. I suppose every youngster is—until he gets sense. Oh, I was very much in love at the time, foolishly so. Couldn't live without her, and all that sort of thing. And if I do say it, she was a snappy little thing . . . clever, pretty, very pretty, as I remember—blue eyes and golden hair, that sort of a girl."

"And you—" Lady Ann raised her fan, "you quite forgot her when you went to India?"

The Stranger looked up quickly. For a moment, just for a moment, his eyes met hers. "Yes . . . yes, I quite forgot her, quite forgot her. Life in the service is strenuous, you know. Besides there's hunting, polo and that sort of thing. Oh, yes, I quite forgot her . . . quite."

Lady Ann turned away and toyed with one of the leaves of an overhanging palm, "And—and married someone else?"

"Never! Oh, I beg your pardon." He relaxed again. "No—no, I never married. Hadn't the time, matter of fact."

"And . . . the young lady?"

The Stranger shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I dare say she is the mother of a large family

now. Oh dear me, how times do change. As I was saying, I was very much in love with her—at the time, you understand. But the family, her family, you understand, rather objected to me, so I—I broke off the whole affair; made a clean breast of it, joined the Indian Service.” He leaned back and took a deep breath, “And I’ve been quite content, quite.”

“Yes?” Lady Ann leaned forward, “And you—you haven’t tried to see—the—the young lady since you returned to England?”

“See her? See her! Oh, dear, no. It—might be—er—rather, rather embarrassing for both of us.” He leaned back and half closed his eyes. “You see we were practically engaged at the time. That is, I hadn’t come right down to asking but you know how some things are understood, so to speak, between young people.”

“But you went away—” Lady Ann began, “you went away and left”—she stopped suddenly.

“Not exactly left her, let me see, let me see, as I recall it, I believe I did ask her to marry me.”

“And she refused?”

“Let me see, did she refuse?” The Stranger tapped his forehead absent-mindedly. “Did she refuse? Ah, now I remember! She said we would have to think it all over very carefully. Yes, that’s it, her very words, ‘very carefully!’ I remember how she wrinkled up her little snub nose and—”

“Sir, that is—” Lady Ann threw back her head and stared coldly at the man beside her.

“Yes, yes, her little snub nose.” He looked up suddenly. “Oh, mind you, it was a nice little nose!”

“And did you think it over carefully, ‘very carefully?’”

“Not at all!” the Stranger exploded, “not at all! I was a bit of a wild dog in those days, you know . . . like most young men. My pride was hurt.” He chuckled softly to himself. “I was a proud young fellow . . . like most young men, you understand, like most young men. Of course I expected her to fall in my arms—and live there happily ever after—that is, not in my arms, you know, but—”

“As your wife, I understand.”

“Yes . . . yes, as my wife? Oh, yes, yes.”

“You were a romantic youth.”

“Very, very—exceedingly so. I believe I must have been reading Disraeli’s novels at the

time. Rubbish!”

“And you, you—quite lost all trace of the—young lady?”

“Quite.” He paused for a moment. “Oh, I was a conceited young ass . . . like most young men, you know. Wouldn’t have written for worlds! Several years afterward I read in the Times that Ann—”

“Ann?” Lady Ann turned quickly.

“Yes, Ann—Ann. Pretty name, isn’t it? I was always fond of the name. As I was saying, several years afterward I read in the Times that she had gone with her father to Florence, since then—nothing.”

“And so your romance ended?”

“It will never—yes, yes, quite so. It ended.”

There was a long pause; once Lady Ann started to speak, but stopped. The Stranger was looking straight before him, lost in dreams of some far-away, half-forgotten yesterday. Suddenly the stillness was broken by harsh laughter and the sound of crashing, ear-splitting music. Lady Ann was the first to speak.

“You never married?”

“No . . . No, hadn’t the time, always busy. Oh, I did think of it now and then, not often, mind you, but now and then. Life in the service does get lonely at times, just at times, when the hunting season is off, especially.”

“Oh—”

“But I don’t mind saying that a man should get married. Yes, indeed . . . yes, indeed. My word, I did need someone to take care of me, someone to—”

“You’ve outgrown that need?”

The Stranger looked up suspiciously. “Yes, quite, oh, quite—my man is, is very capable. Quite.” He paused a moment. “There goes that infernal music again.”

“Why, it’s a waltz.” Lady Ann with the tip of her feather fan quickly brushed away a tear from her cheek. “Yes—a waltz.”

“Yes.” The Stranger sat silently regarding his black leather boots. “Yes.” Then, as if speaking to himself, “Ah me, what happy days those were!”

“What happy days those were,” echoed his companion. “Music brings back so many memories.”

“So very many . . . but—”

“And the young people are happy.” She toyed with her fan nervously. “Ah, forty-two years ago I, too, could dance and laugh as they, but—”

“You—really.” The old gentleman fumbled

for his eye glass, screwed it into his eye and sat gazing at his partner.

Lady Ann was unconscious of his gaze. "Yes—in this very house, forty-two years ago."

"Forty-two years ago; 'pon my word, so long as that?"

"Is it so long ago?"

"Forty-two years . . . forty-two years." He lifted his hands suddenly. "I say, we must have known each other—then."

"Perhaps." Lady Ann, though truly Victorian, had never wholly outgrown her coquetry. "Perhaps."

"Do you know, I believe I didn't catch your name. Awfully stupid of me—awfully. I have the pleasure of—"

Lady Ann dropped her fan, regained it again, then turned away. "Yes, perhaps we did know each other then—and again, perhaps we didn't really know each other."

"Quite right—but really, I came to this house very often in those days; surely—" The old gentleman was blustering. It was a habit he had acquired when he was given his first command.

"Those days—were a long time ago."

"Perhaps you're right, and—you've lived in England ever since?"

"No—no, after you—" She coughed. "That is, I've lived out of England a great deal. I have a small villa near Florence."

"Have you really? Delightful place, Florence."

"Yes, though a bit lonely at times."

"Is it really? You know, I had always thought of it as quite gay. That only goes to show how mistaken one can be."

"Yes . . . yes," was Lady Ann's only reply.

"How mistaken one can be," he repeated, then leaned forward and carefully scrutinized the success line in the palm of his upturned hand. He had always been very proud of that line. "But—but I suppose you have your children about you and that sort of thing."

"No. I never married." Lady Ann said without looking up. "I never married."

"That's a bit unusual, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

The Stranger, just a bit self-consciously, slid away. "And, I suppose you never will?"

Lady Ann shook her head, "No . . . no."

"Most extraordinary." He slid back into his former position.

"Perhaps."

He sat looking at her with half closed eyes.

"You know—" he began, but his voice was drowned in a crash of brass music. "There goes that infernal music again!"

"Yes. Perhaps we had better join the company, Colonel—er—General Farrington."

For a moment the old gentleman looked at his companion. He was a little confused and not quite sure of his ground; she evidently knew his name, though he hadn't the slightest idea who she was.

"We had, perhaps, better join the company, General Farrington," she repeated.

"General Sir Richard Farrington."

"Oh,—I beg your pardon." Lady Ann flushed but her feather fan came quickly to her assistance; she well knew the purposes for which fans are made.

"And may I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I am indebted for a very pleasant half hour—may I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I have been speaking?"

There was an awkward pause.

"Why—yes—I am Lady Ann Trevers."

"Lady Ann Trevers?" Sir Richard stumbled all over himself in trying to rise to his feet, but gave it up and sank back breathlessly. "Not Lady Ann of—"

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"'Pon my word! God bless my soul! Lady Ann Trevers . . . Ann Trevers! I might have known it the moment I saw you—but I must admit I don't see so well as I used, that is, not quite so well. Ann Trevers! And to think that after all these years and in this very house—"

"Yes, Richard."

"Ann! And you said you never married?"

"Never married." She was too nervous to notice that she was snapping the bones of her fan one after another. "No."

"'Pon my word, but I thought—"

"You were mistaken. It was you—I loved—then."

Sir Richard somehow had got hold of Lady Ann's hand and was, perhaps a bit awkwardly, but nevertheless ardently, pressing it to his lips. "And when you said, 'We must think it over carefully,' you really meant—"

"Yes, I really meant—"

"Now isn't that just like a woman!" He dropped the hand he was holding, leaned back and scratched his head doubtfully: "Isn't that just like a woman?"

From somewhere, some mysterious world of long ago, the faint sobs of a violin came sing-

# Tomorrow

## Two Pots of Gold and a California Rainbow

An Argonaut Tale, with an Arabian Nights  
Incident

By JAY SEE

**T**WO great iron pots of gold, brimful of coin, nuggets, bars, dust and trinkets, each reputed to hold about 150 pounds, and buried most fittingly in a robber's cave! Very fitting, too, the setting of the pots—Bret Harte and Mark Twain Land. Northwest of them lies Table Mountain, while further to the north and east are Chinese Camp, Sonora, Angel's Camp, Jackass Hill, Columbia, Poker Flat and Jamestown.

Somewhere, on the west slope of Moccasin Cañon, its creek once so rich in yellow metal, lay the Golden Cavern. The entrance was too low for a man to enter upright, and was completely covered by dense brush that, especially of late years, has overspread this foothill country and supplied fuel for many a disastrous fire.

Wherever it lay, the lost cave must have commanded a view for miles of Moccasin Trail, now paralleled by the county road from Sonora to Coulterville. For many a time from their hidden aerie the dreaded cave-men would swoop down upon the helpless passing miner and levy heavy toll.

This all harks back of course to "the days of gold, the days of forty-nine," and the decade or so that followed. Silent all, or nearly all, the landscape now. Dead and gone for many a day the sapper and miner of early days. The few survivors long exiled from Poker Flat, and many another flat equally deserving the name; though a few descendants of the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" may still be interviewed. But in the early fifties, when these hills and valleys boasted the largest population of the Coast, they fairly throbbled with turbulent life. Money abounded, whisky flowed like water, and road-agent and bandit partook over-freely of both.

None of these gentry was more noted or more feared than Joaquin Murietta and his gang. Never less than five, and sometimes eight or nine, armed to the teeth and all dead shots, they robbed and pillaged for some time with comparative impunity; and when opposed, un-

less restrained by their leader,\* were apt to become vindictive. Sometimes, however, they were not averse to an "entente cordiale," when in quest of food or shelter. Then they professed gold dust, or coin, in liberal payment, demanding only absolute silence about the visit or the route they followed.

More than once this predatory band stopped over night in Mariposa County, near the ranch of a prominent and respected citizen three miles north of Coulterville. Their habit was to post a sentry on guard, feed and rest their horses, and toss on the kitchen table a bag of dust or nuggets to pay for their food or supplies. But by dawn, or before, the cavalcade rode off, usually to their Moccasin Cañon cave on White Point Ridge, or "Peñon Blanco," as it appears on Uncle Sam's topographic maps.

When the country grew too hot for Murietta and his much more feared lieutenant, "Three Fingered Jack," they were apt to disappear for a time, crossing the San Joaquin plains to another of their haunts near the Coast. And there, some forty years ago, they were all rounded up and captured, or finally dispersed.

But a short time afterwards a gaunt and swarthy dame and her youthful son rode briskly up to the Mariposa ranch just mentioned. They bought hay for their horses, and started for Peñon Blanco to relocate the cave. The woman admitted that her husband had been one of the Murietta band, and that from a description obtained from him she hoped to find the cave. It appeared from what she said that the last visit of Murietta to this section had been cut short by a sheriff's posse, and, unable to carry off all his booty, two mighty pots of gold were buried in the cave only a foot underground, and had never been removed. About a week after their departure the ranchers' visitors returned, saying they had failed to find what they sought, but were going to the Coast for more definite information and would then return to the cave. But they never did, and there still lurk the long lost pots.

Will they ever see the light of day? "Quien sabe," as Murietta would have said. Perhaps a mining revival will open up this locality and increase the chance of ultimate discovery. Possibly a brush fire will bare the entrance to the cave, or some wanderer casually stumble on it.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Enter the Rainbow

On the side of Moccasin Cañon, opposite Peñon Blanco and nearer its head, is the McAlpine mother-lode mine, which has yielded tons of golden ore. It commands a fine view of the storied cañon, and very often of brilliant sunsets and striking cloud effects. Half a dozen times, following recent rains, a bright rainbow has been visible from the mine. It completely spanned the gorge below. More than that, its western arch several times rested about half way up Blanco's sides, just along the supposed line of the missing treasure.

This coincidence inevitably recalled the proverbial rainbow, at whose end no treasure is supposed to lie. But this is California, and in this highly mineralized section of the Golden State rainbows really have no choice. Sometimes they just **have** to rest on golden ground. Did these do that? Were they bows of promise? And somewhere at, or near, the western end of those glittering arches does lavish California proffer not one pot of gold, but two?

### Following the Rainbow Comes the Find

Only a few days after the foregoing lines were penned, the writer learned of the actual discovery of the cave. And, except for his in-

formant's family, and that of the finder, the readers of these pages will be the first to learn it. It seems that a small girl, living with her grandparents quite a distance from Peñon Blanco, was climbing its rugged sides when she lost her footing and fell into the low mouth of a cave. Being unhurt, she picked herself up and entered. Inside were rusted picks and shovels and various other implements; also, partly burned sticks of pitch pine, evidently used as torches to light the cave. It was evidently the long lost cave of Murietta! Except to her own family, the prudent child seems to have spoken of her wonderful adventure only to a little playmate, whose father mentioned it to me when we were casually speaking of Murietta and his time a few days ago.

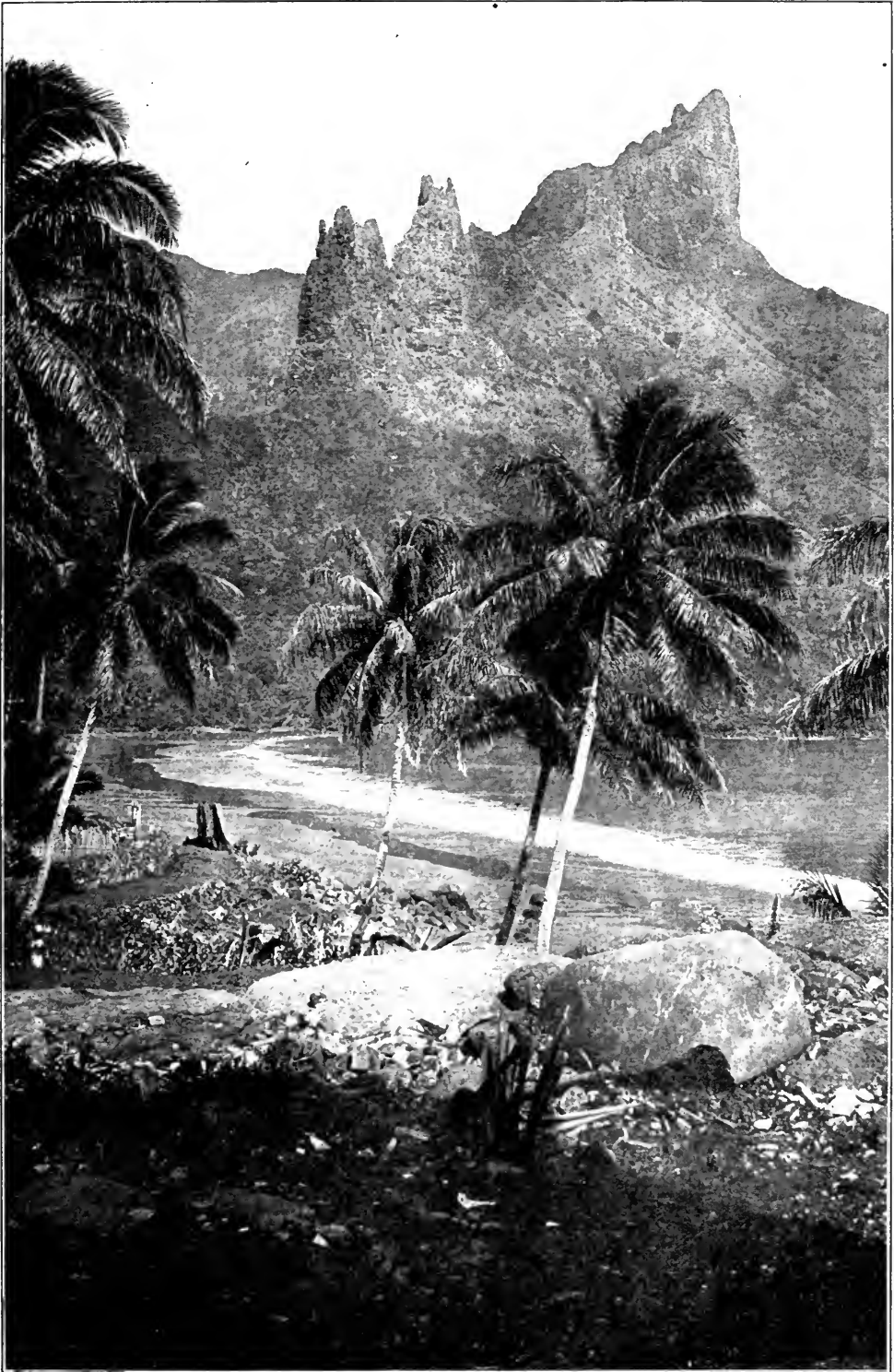
Only a short time before this incident the child's grandmother was heard to deplore a lack of means that kept the family from seeking elsewhere a less lonely and more congenial home. But shortly **after** the occurrence, the entire household moved to a city near the Coast. There they bought a comfortable house, an auto and various other articles of value, procurable only with coin of the commonwealth or the equivalent thereof.

The only undisclosed point of this Arabian Nights incident is whether the finder had noticed the bows, near whose western end she found the cave. In the Arabian Nights she would certainly have noticed and followed them. The writer hopes she did, and every romance-loving reader must hope so too!

## *California's Cup of Gold*

The golden poppy is God's gold,  
 The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,  
 The gold that knows no miser's hold,  
 The gold that banks not in the town,  
 But singing, laughing, freely spills  
 Its hoard far up the happy hills;  
 Far up, far down, at every turn.  
 What beggar has not gold to burn!

—Joaquin Miller.



*"The Swaying Palms"*

# *The Plaids O' Grant Stand Fast*

By CHAS. J. NORTH

Vice-President of the Grant Family Association  
of North America

Ben Lomond's crags are stirring;  
The pipes skirl out alarms.  
The plaids o' Grant are climbing  
Where dark glens spread their arms.  
Dinna ye hear them—hear them—  
Pipe out their fiercest blast?  
The plaids o' Grant are hearing:  
Stand fast, stand fast, stand fast!

The ashes o' their hearthstones  
Lie scattered through the door.  
The wives and bairns are hiding  
Beyond Loch Lomond's shore.  
The mist breaks clear above them,  
The sun comes spinning down,  
Dinna ye see the spinning  
Above Ben Lomond's crown?

They stand, the wild McGreegors,  
The fiercest o' the clans.  
They fight for homes and hearthstones;  
Aye—call them caterans.  
The spinning mist above them;  
The claymores in their hand.  
They hear the skirling summons,  
And daring all, they stand!

'Tis many a year since then, mon,  
And many a mile between,  
And many a Grant-MacGreegor  
The spinning mist has seen.  
In many a far-off country  
They've heard the piping strains  
That carry down from Lomond,  
And stir through all their veins.

The Grant o' Grants is sleeping  
Far from Loch Lomond's shore,  
Where plaids o' Grant were climbing  
Three hundred years before.  
Did he na feel the spinning  
That weaves down through the past?  
And didna he hear the piping,  
And daring all, stand fast?

---

“Stand Fast” is the Grant motto.



# The Devil Priest of Hjal

By JAMES HANSON

**S**AND! Sand! Sand! There were lakes and oceans of it; ages and eons of it— if its totality could be measured in terms of time or water. Mountains and valleys of shifting dust surrounded the atomic figure that crept across the face of that infinite region. The herbage was scant and white-bleached as chalky bones, and as dead as the sphinx-eyed pack donkey which, in the sweltering day, had expired at the last dry water-hole.

The whole desert was shimmering with heat haze, and the brightness of the midday sun blazed on the neck of the staggering one, set his vision askew and seduced his eye into the belief that the great hills danced grotesquely about. So silent was it that the swish of his footsteps surged in his ears like the ominous washing of the surf on the rocks.

But one thing had sent Stalder Michelena intrepidly into that Asiatic Sahara: He sought a mountain of crystalline stuff of which the wandering desert men had spread fabulous tales. They told of a hill that spangled in the sun with a million jets of emerald, tourmaline and aquamarine. At that moment Michelena carried a gem reputed to have come from there. It was, indeed, a strange bit of stuff. Its classification had baffled jewelers; but they had adjudged its composition a rarity.

And on he staggered, passing his hand before his face to brush away the mica-like specks that swayed in front of his eyes, ever dragging his jaded feet along and clinging to his empty canteen at which he sucked tenaciously. He let out a sardonic laugh and wondered how soon he would see a mirage of cool, clear water.

Then the mountains came. Abruptly, it seemed, the desert lay leagues behind him. He passed through a wild defile which resolved into a wide plateau where the surface formations almost resisted his efforts. There the earth's crust was eroded and furrowed as if from the ancient fires and upheaval of its layers.

Into it he went, a severe torment within him for the water that he sought. His body was wrecked from falling on the rocks that rolled under his feet, and he cursed the uncountable gnats that buzzed in his ears and hair. Nightmare demons, born of his delirious brain, grim-

aced before him, mocking him in his plight. Once when he rushed them, they faded away and he ran squarely into a leprous rock, struck it with his naked fist and fell on his way with cackles of haunting laughter.

Suddenly, as if by a change of a stereopticon slide, he gazed stupidly upon a sheet of water which lapped at his very feet. Even as he cast his exhausted flesh into the unreal depths of his optical illusion, he plunged through the crumbling shards of earth toward the lurid bowels of the inferno, over him tingling the sublime, sleepy contentment that laves a drowning man, and with the dimming and fading of his mind, he relived events of his childhood days.

\* \* \* \*

When consciousness came Michelena believed that he had descended to the lowest pits of the infernal realm. Through filmy eyes he saw a thousand garnet and violet lights scamper capriciously over the serrated walls of whatever place he was in. An overpowering odor hung like an invisible pall upon the atmosphere. To his ears came a wierd farago chanted in a lazy monotone.

He strove vainly to analyze his sensations. He had attempted to move neither head nor limb for fear of binding the conviction that he was dead, sensing that under him was a rude structure bearing his benumbed frame; and his surroundings had all the likeness of a crypt for accommodating sheeted ones.

The sudden illumination of the place caused him an involuntary start, thus dispelling his disjointed musings. What he saw almost sickened him, as he turned his head to inquire the cause. He knew not whether it be man or beast, for it bore all the appearance of a hideous ifrit seen with his wandering mind. Upon closer inspection he observed it to be the dwarfed form of a native.

The creature was all that was possible to be bestial in a human. His wrinkled face, bluish lips, malformed nose and oblique eyes attested to the fact that he had lived for many decades. His arms were apish, long and sinuous, and at their ends were osseous hands that clutched a blow-pipe, from the mouth of which violet flame spat into a forge and lighted up

his coppery, parchment-like skin in a glow as diabolical as that of a Mephistopheles. He had shed his robe and it lay at his feet.

But in spite of his exceptional and revolting mein he spoke gently, as he turned upon Michelena.

"You will recover in time. A fall of twenty feet through my roof has given you a time of it."

The stricken one sat feebly erect, then fell back with a groan of genuine pain.

"Lie still," cautioned the other.

"Where am I?" Michelena's query was hardly articulate.

A fleeting smile of pride touched the cave-dweller's lips as he answered:

"In the kingdom of Hjal."

"And—who are you?"

"Lammin, its ruler."

\* \* \* \*

The sands of time drifted on and days merged slowly into weeks. With noble patience Michelena awaited the healing of his frame to perfectness. Daily he crept to the side of the pygmean troll who toiled, always toiled, over his forge, amidst the virulent, yellow fumes ascending from his crucible, chanting all the while in his monotonous semi-tone the croon songs of Hjal or reciting some ritual of his priestly station.

"See, comrade," said Lammin, breaking the matrix of clay, yet never once removing his eyes from the glowing result of his workmanship, "the crystallization is complete. But not yet have I attained perfection, though this is of better quality than that bit possessed by you.

"It must have the purity of a diamond, the color of jade, and the subtle delicacy of a pearl. My creation shall be—not a mere sparkling bauble—but a precious bijou, fit enough to adorn the crowns of royalty. It shall surely be; for I am blessed with a fire of natural gas that is twice as hot as acetylene flame, and the hardest of rock runs before it as water."

A profound silence fell, unbroken except for the splutter of Lammin's torch as he regulated the flame which once leaped twenty feet outward, reddening the opposite wall; then the soft, purring hiss of it, as he toned it down to an inch-long, bluish blaze, accentuated the stillness.

Michelena ventured, after studying him for a moment:

"You are learned."

Lammin's face darkened as he fastened his

gaze upon the emaciated countenance and unshorn beard of the sick man, and laughed hollow mockery—a guttural throat noise that might have been born in the very posterns of death.

"Aye, learned! I might mention colleges of New York and California. I am learned in the noble artistry and subjects of the East, as taught by pure and one-strained priests—filled to satiety with the crafty teachings of your Western civilization that brought me bitterness and drove me to an earthly grave."

"Be not so hurt," protested Michelena. "Your hatred is surely unjustified. Call you the lessons of brotherly love 'crafty teachings'?"

A sneer of irony was in Lammin's tone and every line of his features expressed arrogance and disdain.

"Brotherly love! That which I sought most! There was none for my deformities."

"You were super-sensitive," parried Michelena, endeavoring to laugh lightly. Then he assured Lammin sincerely: "I hold no rancor against you. Indeed, I am indebted to you. Were it not for you I would have ceased to exist. I have naught but brotherly love for you, and twisted body that you have—"

Lammin silenced him with an impatient gesture.

"It is transient. I am undeceived. It is but the temporary gratitude of a patient to his nurse. But—what care I?"—his voice rose in menacing wrath. "Here I am king. Here my word is law. Here I grind out my revenge upon the Western world, and all of its citizens that meet me—"

He broke off and again silence ensued. When he resumed he had regained his composure.

"Forgive me, comrade," he begged; "I was hasty. You are interesting. My friendship is yours, as long as you break no taboo. I have avowed death to all Occidentals; yet I shall except you—now."

Lammin returned to his fires, and burst into verse, as written by Emperor K'ang Hsi, of the Ch'ing Dynasty:

"The old farmer cultivates the land diligently,  
giving great attention to all things  
around,

From morning to night he guides the plow and  
never willingly relinquishes it . . ."

And Michelena, silently, deeply in thought, lay back on his couch and, before drowsiness coiled about him, he wrestled with many problems concerning this curious kobold: his ab-

normal talents, his abstruse reasoning, and his childish belief in his own impeccability.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the following days Michelena learned much about Lammin and his followers, who flaunted the banner of outlawry. Lammin told him of them. They were a hybrid race—Gurkhas, Tibetans, Surmagasi, Khas, Nepalese—religious outcasts from their tribes, who took refuge in the heights where they might worship the deity of their choice. But Michelena had seen none of these; for the confines of Lammin's workroom were taboo to all.

"We are smugglers and bandits," said Lammin; "savage and cruel to those that oppose us. And to them we deal out a bloody punishment."

Michelena perceived the wolf within the lamb's cloth, saw him to be a callous and consciousnessless brute, and a hot gush of hatred mounted to his own temples.

"By what right do you dare assume the power to take blood?" he cried. "Fear you not the law?"

Lammin smiled contemptuously.

"I dare anything. Am I not the law? Am I not supreme?"

A gasp of amazement and incredulity broke from Michelena, and he spat a hot retort.

"The words of an ignorant fool!"

Lammin's face went livid, and his eyes gleamed with garnet and savage fire. His hands stiffened into hawk-like claws for a moment, then he relaxed. When he continued he was smiling, calmly, enigmatically.

"Perhaps my words shall have proof," he hinted.

"You are a fiend! A devil!" cried Michelena, understanding hidden meaning.

"Nay, comrade," laughed Lammin ironically. "Hjal is my kingdom; I am its king. Hence I am almighty, with the power to bestow correction upon all that break the taboos of my realm. Each man is a king; some are greater, some are less. So you, too, are a lord. You have the power to break the charge I put upon you, which is this: Do not leave this chamber room. Should you—then—Ah! The clash of kings! The conflict of rulers! 'The strong shall survive, and the weak' . . . I should hate to harm you, for you are an interesting conversationalist and companion."

But Michelena shook his head.

Day after day, as each successive day had brought a greater return of strength, the desire within him had grown more to investigate whatever lay beyond the threshold of his prison.

Now desire leaped from lambent flame into eager obstinacy and resolve. Defiantly he watched Lammin disappear through the mouth of the place and heard his laugh of sardonic humor echoing behind him:

"Ah!—the clash of kings!"

Almost till morning Michelena, his mind a whirl of meditations, listening to the sounds that always trembled in from the area beyond the door: stentorian voices, chants, twanging of demonic musical instruments. Once he imagined he heard the trumpeting of a tusker resounding like the reverberations of thunder in a cavern. It was voices, a magnet, a seducing thing that forever beckoned and called him. Adventurers, explorers, traders—the thoughts of them always haunted his memory. Were other wanderers in Hjal? Or had they escaped the acquaintance of Lammin? All of these and more questions Michelena put to himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

He crept cautiously through the tunnel, which was suggestive of a rabbit's burrow, until he gained the mouth of it. It required his utmost of strength and laborious squeezing to pass through the aperture that was scarcely large enough to admit his six-foot frame. This was the first time he had had an opportunity to roam to the narrow and dark far end of Lammin's work room.

There he halted, listened and tensed, his senses attuned to the situation, the muscles of his legs taut for instant flight, his fists clenched in readiness for combat.

He blinked his eyes in astonishment from the start he received at thus being unexpectedly confronted with such a scene of awful splendor. It smacked of Dante's "Inferno."

He was in an amphitheatre, a natural cave with numerous miniature chambers, domes, abysses and avenues that were doubtless created with whatever earth-cataclysm had caused the pit. Rising sheer from the cavern's floor was a wall that terminated abruptly at a ledge that seemed to encircle the place. The crags of its earthly canopy were covered with a continuous incrustation of minute crystals which, in the dim light from the torches that illuminated the cave, glowed and shimmered like a rainbow of sparks.

At its farthest end in the darkness loomed some image of worship. Its base was lost in the inkiness that seemed as black fog at its feet, if feet it had. Michelena searched and racked his brain in an attempt to classify the deity among the pantheons of the Orient. It was unreal, ghostlike, that palely luminous

thing which stood scowling like a great-fanged Fo-dog, before whom the truculent subjects of Lammin surely made obeisance and libation. And from the very bosom of it pealed myriad sounds that became a fantastic display of tonal waffure among the dark nooks: dissonant jargon, cadence, dissimilar cymbal tinklings, tomtom rubbings and again trumpetings as if from an elephant compound.

"What is this cyclopean creature—its mysterious source and construction?" thought Michelena, as he stood there giving it distant inspection. Though unversed in iconography, he saw therein the artistry of three countries—India, Tibet, China—to be intermingled in its makeup. But he made no decisive conclusion; for from the depths of its entrails came the magnified voice of Lammin, which hurried him back through the tunnel.

The day came when Michelena was able to make his way about his prison without the aid of a supporting staff—indeed, his injuries were completely healed. Time had passed by unnoticed, for, as a companion, Lammin was unequalled. The philosophic trees of Plato and Hegal, as well as those of Tao and Kong-futze, were stripped bare to the core by their argumentative axe. Discordant were their discourses over Mozart and Wen-ch'eng. Once Michelena spoke of Asiatic explorers who had sought a learning of what transpired in the mountain lofts and never returned. Then again came a darkening, as umber as weathered salwood, over Lammin's countenance, and he said:

"They came to learn. And the denizens of the hills taught them much."

A sickness of heart smote Michelena, and his body was aquiver with the desire to squeeze the breath from the devil's body; but some unknown thing bade him halt.

And Lammin spat after the manner of his kind and continued with his toils. Ever and ever he labored over the crystals and schists of rock. Every color, every gamut of emerald, jade, tourmaline and lapis lazuli found their way into his melting pot, into which he directed the spitting, bluish finger, while he chanted endless panegyrics of his line and ancestry in flowery phrase. Once when he held up for observation a topiary, prismatic crystal, he uttered a cry of elation.

"See, comrade," he commanded of Michelena, who made feint of watching him, but was lost in the resolve to thoroughly inspect the worshipping room—"See! It is as limpid as the lotus ponds of Buddha. But not yet is it perfect; it is too bluish and its facets have a

greasy luster like elalote. Ah, but the next one! The next—"

"I was taught at Jaipur by scions of unshaven priests. I—as did they—shall gloat over the product of thirty hours of perfect fusion. I, too, shall hover over it as it cools and crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons and bask in its display of rays as I fashion it."

At that Lammin was lost in the ecstasy of his lucid mind while he watched the molten mass in the crucible simmer and interfuse and assimilate each added bit of crude brilliant, which gleamed up at him the while like an eye a evil and incandescent as those cast down upon it.

\* \* \* \*

A cry of distress pricked suddenly into the silence. It caused Michelena to leap instantly to his feet and start toward the voice. Lammin confronted him like a snarling tiger of a Bengal lair.

"Beware!" he spat, "unless you too invoke the ire of the God of the Pit. 'Twas but the cry of an infidel who shall soon grace the sacrificial stone." His voice softened to a timbre that might have sprung from an ancient lute, yet it held something that was sinister—"For your own good, comrade, do not answer my urge."

Only with a colossal effort was it that Michelena beat down the desire to throttle the cave creature. But always came the voice from somewhere within him in its warning grip, "No, yet, not yet."

With a sibilant intake of breath through compressed lips Lammin turned to his work, ignoring Michelena, in whose heart remained sharply the scream of anguish.

Man or beast; genius or idiot; eater of bhong; drinker of kumis?—which was the pagan, arch fiend, exponent of death, silken-tongued keeper of a devil kingdom?—Michelena asked himself again and anon. What were his intangible secrets? Did he venture upon missions of rapine and plunder, when absent for days at a time? Of his congregation—where were they?

His perplexities were broken in twain by a vociferous curse from Lammin, who stared bulgy-eyed at his torch. The supply of natural gas had given out. With a splutter, as faint as the rustle of a rajah's shift, the flame sickenened and expired. And again Lammin emitted blasphemy.

"May the One of the Pit suck the blood from the hearts of all unbelievers!" he screeched

"For it is their presence that caused me this calamity." He thrust his hand skyward and fled from the room.

That day a chance came again for Michelena to study the chamber. Lammin appeared for a moment and gave an extemporized excuse for his absence to come. Albeit Michelena spoke words of regret for his loneliness to follow, he advertised no outward evidence of his pleasure at thus being accorded another chance for exploration. He was a match, he argued, for a dozen of Lammin's like, should he return without warning. There must be some mode of escape from Hjal—this and the pitiful cry concerned him most.

\* \* \* \*

Hardly had Lammin's footsteps died away, after the congé ere Michelena crept through the incapacious tunnel and crawled past the boulder at the narrow mouth of it. He wondered at that stone. Was it there for a purpose? Perhaps Lammin employed it to conceal the entrance.

The place was as silent as a forgotten graveyard. He tarried for a minute so that his eyes might become accustomed to the gloom, before he made a search for the trail that might lead toward the bloated idol. He dared not venture boldly, for he sensed that the floor was swampy. Fetid odors of decay assailed his nostrils; the stench was as repulsive as the off-throw of a cobra. But he found no trail, save the one of instinct. Ever gradually he made his way across the evil-smelling pit. The place seemed to emanate vice—it was the very maw of limbo, with its saturnine mazes. And the darkness—the eternal darkness!—except for the deity who was always bathed in an uncanny glow of phosphorescence.

He sank into the slime just in time to escape the yellow light that flashed over the scene as a door opened, through which a human being appeared. Michelena thought him to be the idol keeper.

He was a squat man with crumpled, brown features. Above his shaven head, upon which was a crimson caste-mark, a flambeau was clutched in his gnarled hand, while he gazed about with bleary eyes as if something had given him cause to investigate. Apparently satisfied, he returned from where he had come.

Michelena had light for but a moment, but in that moment he obtained a complete survey of what the pit had contained. About the sexangular base of the idol were grouped some of the lesser gods of Tibet and India—Shiva,

Varuna, Yama, Tzung-ka-ba—and the prayer-wheels of the Yellow Cap sect. The floor was bespread with bones—human bones—and bawdy statuary, zitars, lutes, tabourets, intricately carved of saj-wood and butter lamps of Bhutan wood—all broken and cracked and besmeared with the mucid tegument of age and of the pit.

He rose, still groping in one hand the slippery water-pipe which he had seized as a weapon to thud the shiny head of the ancient creature, and smiled as he recognized the familiar feel of steel which he clutched in the other. This last he thrust into his shirt.

\* \* \* \*

No longer afraid, he gave his attention to the deity. As he suspected, it was compounded of Lammin's fires. Its base was of marquetry and covered with hagiography. It seemed hollow to his touch, and translucent and strange of color, as if it were laminated, green upon yellow and reds blended into blues. It was as fragile as an egg shell and no thicker. Its back was to the wall. This brought the conviction upon him that it acted as a sounding box, as in a phonograph, which made the greater the sounds told into it, forcing awe upon Lammin's superstitious followers. Ergo, the sounds of elephants and music. Michelena smiled at the old priest's artifice and cleverness.

Michelena had noted the position of the door through which the idol keeper came, and he crept cautiously to it and fastened his eye to a tiny hole in the panel.

He gazed into a room that was fit enough for any Oriental princess. Tapestries and robes of the finest selection adorned the place. Yet it was not this, nor the caste-marked one, that took his attention, but the damsel of soft and childish contours who slept upon a divan. Was she asleep? Or was she under the influence of yogi hypnosis or hashish? And he saw beyond her, through a little window, and made a mental memorandum of the stock enclosure and the valley below. With a last glance he saw and wondered at the several mirrors that were in the foreground. Then something warned him to leave.

A day elapsed ere a chance came for him to examine the gun that he found in the pit. The locks and barrel were incrustated with rust. But these he rubbed with sand till they shone as if fresh from a gunsmith. A full amount of cartridges were in the magazine. With these he could send many a soul into the keeping of grim Charon. And he kept the destruc-

tive engine hidden from the prying sight of Lammin, till would come the reckoning day. What unfortunate one had once owned that gun? thought Michelena.

One day he observed an unusual movement about the place. Lammin was in a morose and taciturn mood and refused answer to the many queries of Michelena. He had early garbed himself in his sacerdotal vestments, which must have cost a fortune. Ropes of gems hung from his freshly anointed body; his head was newly shaven; and his robes were of the finest yak's hair, brushed sleek with some scented oil, as extract of asoka flower or musk. Only once did he venture into poetry. It was a Song of Nepal, to "Leila:"

" . . . Oh! Leila!  
In your heart are three things:  
All the yellow cobras of Burma,  
All the deadly fungi of Bengal,  
All Nepal's poison flowers;  
The poison flowers are your vows,  
The deadly fungi your kisses,  
The yellow cobras your deceits.  
Oh! Leila!"

After which he vouchsafed an explanation.

"The God of Hjal demanded retribution. Before him one that fouled his presence shall atone."

\* \* \* \*

Michelena's eyes roved to the pistol concealment; yet his voice was of casual curiosity, as he asked the gloating one:

"May I attend?" He realized the uselessness of his request, but vowed to be present.

"To double the sacrifice, yes," was the retort.

Affected apathy fell from Michelena; in its place was determination. Lammin saw and understood it.

"You admit you owe me a debt," he purred—"then repay me, Stalder, by staying here. I should hate to kill you. Remember I am highest, here. 'Ah, the clash of gods'——"

The crisis had arrived.

Michelena grew tense, as he lent his ear to the dying footsteps. For the first time since his entry into Hjal did he feel completely at ease. Then, fondling the long-barreled Colt within his shirt, he stole after the priest.

Again the oppressive scents smote him, as he merged from the mouth of the tunnel. Then he sought out an obscure spot in the gloom where he began a perilous ascent to the pathway above.

But the place!

It was a-swarm with folk—a mongrel horde in nondescript garb. A hundred and more humans grouped en masse before the deity. And Lammin, in his bizarre robes of the ritual and eyes darkened with kohl, addressed the conclave in terms of his destructive philosophy.

The ceremony began.

Instantly, by signal, the lights were extinguished, leaving the room in total darkness, except on the walls where the seepage of years had not effaced the sooty lamp-smudges that shone as faintly shone the God of the Pit in its alien splendor. And of the diety! It, too, assumed a change. First a pallid glow enveloped it; then it gleamed with flamboyant brilliancy. Michelena knew the cause. The meaning of the reflectors behind it was presented.

It was extremely uncanny.

Its face was first bespread with a florid and purple tone, as though livid with rage over some wrong, then dimmed and subsided into lesser tones, while the wierd music from the belly of it accompanied the changing hues.

And the motley crowd gave response. Slowly they began to perform a fanatical show of eccentric muscular action in rhythmic motions—with bodies writhing in snake-like movements and undulating unto suggestiveness—casting themselves in prostrate servility, trembling, panting, upon the sacrificial stone before the idol, which changed hues with such rapidity that it defied the eye to follow the transient and uncouth emotions.

\* \* \* \*

Suddenly the gamboling and chanting stopped, and from the chamber-prison was brought the defenseless subject of the offering. Michelena saw mortal terror written in her every feature, and he made his gun in readiness. She shrank back, seemingly to beg for mercy. She was too frightened to struggle.

Lammin was before her, in his beady eyes an ensanguine glow that would have shamed a Satan.

"The God of Hjal be appeased. Blood is the wine of life!" he chanted, drawing from a recess a long, flexible tube which the silent observer knew to be one of the blistering torches. This he put into the hands of his lieutenant, the caste-marked, wrinkled one.

Slowly and sinuously the under-priest advanced, chanting; his berry-brown features working as distortedly as those of the Pit God's, gauging the spitting jet of fire till it sprang out to an extent of a dozen feet. It held an

awful fascination for the captive. Only once did she remove her eyes from the devil man and his torch to glance aloft as if she were in search of ethereal assistance. And the loathsome, gyrating one advanced.

The moment came!

With a horrible yell the priest lay motionless upon the sacrificial stone, the last tremors twitching his face and body, his knuckles beating a spasmodic tattoo at his side.

A roar, unmistakably indicative of ferocity and chagrin, broke from the audience. They knew not what had caused such sacrilege. Some ran about blindly and frantically in search of the source.

Another sprang forward to take the place of the fallen priest. He, too, joined his dead comrade. No attention was paid to the captive; she had found surcease in a faint.

Here and there a torch appeared. More and more were seen, till the place was ablaze with light. The situation became more hazardous. Michelena was yet undiscovered. From his seclusion he saw them run vigilantly to and fro, intent only on seeking out the cause. Twice he fired into them with telling precision, then shifted his position instantly so that the flash of the gun might not betray his whereabouts.

He scanned the maddened throng for one who at that moment slunk along the wall beneath him. Again he fired into the mob, and again another fanatic joined his companions in the eternal silence. He looked at his weapon and saw but two cartridges remained in the magazine. A curse escaped him and he wondered how the situation would end. Soon but one shell was left; this he decided must be reserved for Lammin.

But where was Lammin? Michelena ran around the lofty trail and gained a position directly above the great idol and peered cautiously over the edge in an effort to discover the priest. He was nowhere to be seen. Then instinct or intuition caused Michelena to look behind him.

He jerked his head aside barely in time to escape the long javelin that like a hissing snake whistled past his head. At the same moment he fired at the horrible face. But even as he shot, Lammin slipped over the side of the wall and rolled to the floor in a pile of debris, untouched by the bullet.

Suddenly a thought struck Michelena. It was as if a shaft of daylight had burst into the murky realm of Hjal. The utter simplicity of it caused a smile to lighten his lips.

Still brandishing his empty pistol, he ran

around to the opposite side of the cavern and, standing in full view of the multitudes below, he shouted to call their attention to him as he pelted them with a rain of rocks.

\* \* \* \*

This idea was supreme. He drew back into the darkness and slipped away to the side where the idol stood, and dropped lightly into the pit. There he took up a position on the sacrificial stone. He proclaimed his presence by a ringing, derisive laugh.

Instantly the mob rushed him.

But he remained untouched.

Another scornful laugh broke from him. In their eagerness to seize him the torch in his hand went unnoticed. And before they had time to withdraw, a scorching, white-hot arm shot out from the tube's end and was played upon them.

The drama became a farce. They fell away before the withering flame like squealing, cornered rats before rising water. And after them rushed Michelena. There was not escape from that stream of liquid fire, which was more deadly than that of No Man's Land.

Lammin surged forward, but only for a moment.

"Get to your burrow!" commanded Michelena, describing a significant arc with the flame.

As obese, wheezing pigs scrambling through a hole in a fence, they fought and clawed their way into the tunnel. Michelena was ever alert to see that not one of them escaped the fate that was in store for him.

The girl had regained her senses and was at his back pouring out her thanks upon his deaf ears. Only once did he address her. He asked her assistance to roll the bulky rock in front of the entrance.

Upon it he played the blaze, watching with satisfaction as it became reddened, melted, and a very part of the cavern walls itself.

"Now," he said, thinking of the bull elephant that he saw the day of the exploration which bore the great, draped howdah and ankus at its side.

"Wait," he added, stooping to pick up a rock the diameter of a baseball.

With a mighty heave he sent it out. With a sighing whir, as whir the wings of a bat, it went across the nocturnal spaces, and—

The God of the Pit exploded!

With a detonation like the sound of air filling a vacuum, its wrathful roar surged and boomed voluminously among the caverns and niches, and re-echoed till it subsided into the

dusky haze of nothingness. The air was filled with millions of scintillating particles that ascended skyward and floated there like green, blue and carmine dewdrops—and descended

again in an iridescent sheen of meteoric splendor and in strings like wool. The God of Hjal and its bestial creator were no more.

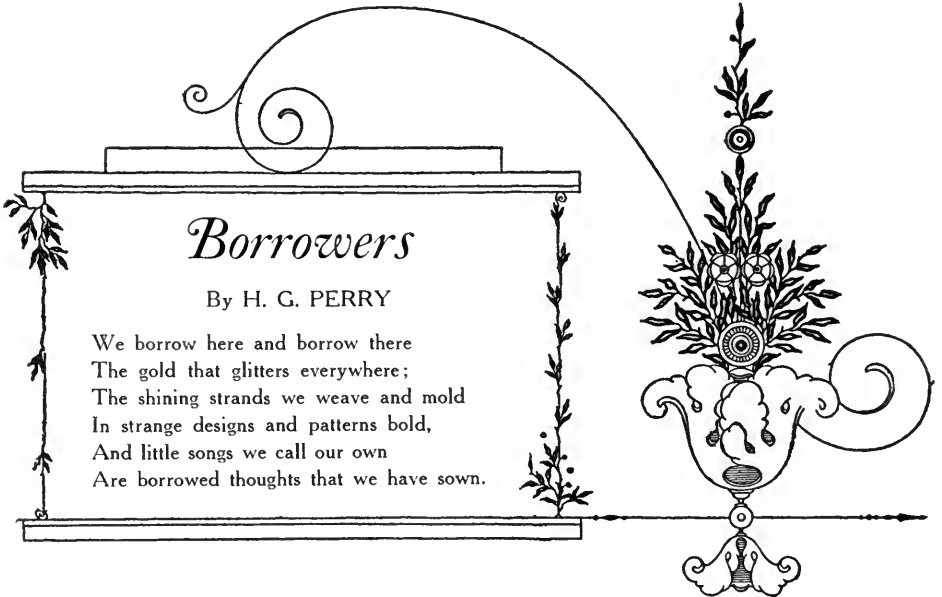
“Now come,” he said.

## *The Quest*

By STANTON ELLIOTT

You would be free! Yet how be free  
 With the spirit benighted by memory—  
 Freighted with heartaches, harried by pain,  
 Curbed in its yearning, reined in its reign,  
 Sphered in its sweep of infinity.

No cry of soul, no utmost plea  
 Has pierced the pale of this mystery;  
 Not all the strength of your Protean brain,  
 Nor all your Promethean will can gain  
 One, atom's pause to set you free.





# "The Mistletoe Woman"

By CHARLES H. SHINN

"SIX weddings in San Joaquin Forest in one year!" said old Ranger Neil to young Ranger Blackstone, as they met on the trail. "Only eight of you gay young bachelors left to dance with the girls! Get busy; go down the line and propose to every pink sunbonnet. Let the town hats alone—they's giddy an' stuck-up. Out in the aidges of the foothills there's better girls wearin' what their mothers wore."

"Pretty girl is pretty, even in them extinguisher hats," said Blackstone. "I don't deny but what these weddin's and celebrations, and the wearin' criticisms on us slow-pokes have had some effect. And of course I acknowledge further, between ourselves, that them six rangers have done pretty well. They picked up wives that light up their cabins whenever they step through the doorway."

"There you go, Blackstone," said Neil, in a tone of solemn warning. "Arkansaw and me are dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. We know it isn't easy to get a girl at all—it's durned hard to get a real sensible one. I've seen even handsomer rangers than you be sail down to the Valley under full spread of furlough, with a whole month's salary ahead—and came back tied and marked with that same old slipper brand. Yes! I've seen them hand out to us in proud satisfaction just such a lovely social sample of wedded bliss as Jerry Buttons' girl, and three or four others I have in mind."

"Well," said Blackstone, "those are all new stories to me. When we make camp and Minaret rides in from his range, an' maybe those timber-estimating boys, I'll call on you to sound the warnin' notes, an' brace the bachelors. I heard one of the married men say as how the last of the bachelors was a-goin' to be put in a cage, an' be toted around and banged at with pea-shooters for ten cents a shot."

That night they camped on the Chiquito, where four trails cross, and the timber crew came in, so that six rangers were together. Neil caught trout for supper, Minaret had a square of Inyo County comb honey, white and fragrant, and a Round Valley cheese, by way of "extras."

After supper one of the young rangers went to his pack, and brought out a half dozen good

cigars, well wrapped. "Came from that New York newspaper fellow that I showed around last summer—the same that give the ranger library one of the books he wrote—bully good story, too, about how to run foot races."

"We live too high out here, we rangers," said Aroostook, the head of the timber crew, lighting his cigar and stretching himself out in perfect bliss.

"You bachelors are mighty convenient around this forest," he continued. "You make friends easy; you fit into lots of places. Besides, you are becoming too scarce in this country."

"Ranger Neil advises us to brace up against feminine wiles; he thinks there are two sides to this wedded bliss picture," remarked young Blackstone.

"And so there is," said Neil. "When I rides by a camp and sees the kids chase out to tell their father goodbye, or see Macy with Dimples in front of him on the saddle, or hear Mrs. Roy singing as she gets breakfast for a bunch of us old fellers, I wisht I had a happy home. But then I think of Jerry Buttons, an' I observe that wedded bliss is of varied sorts."

"Who was Jerry Buttons?" asked Little Jo.

"He was on a forest where I rode range before I was transferred. I mought hurt feelin's ef I named it. There was a very good ranger up there whose Bible name was Jeremiah Mason. But his favorite cuss-word was 'O, Buttons!' So of course that stuck to him. He was the finest man we had on cattle work."

"You timber fellows needn't laugh, and say 'old style.' Reproduction of timber isn't the only item. I rode once with a way-up boss from Washington, that writes slashin' good poetry; well, he told our Supervisor that if a ranger knew range an' live stock an' mountain people, he could make good in any position. We used to think that was Jerry Buttons."

"Cattlemen are peanuts to manage along side of contractors and lumber jacks!" interjected Aroostook.

"One day Jerry goes down to Sacramento and meets a girl there. Then he writes lots of letters," said Ranger Neil. "Pretty soon he begins to save money hard—for a bachelor."

We heard she was a beauty, and real bright," he continued, an' so we thought: 'Now here's Jerry, whose weak point is reports, will have a jim-dandy home clerk to post him on book names of grasses, an' help him draw grazing maps, an' make him study harder than he ever did before.' Yo see, Jerry was careless, and he was lazy in streaks, but a tremendous worker in between."

"That's me and you all right!" said Minaret. The narrator looked at him reproachfully. They had been cowboys together in Nevada, before the forests were set apart.

"Et tu, Brute?" whispered Little Jo of the timber crew, so softly that no one heard him. What he said aloud was: "Go along, Minaret! You and Neil and all you pioneers simply wear the rest of us to skin and bone. Lazy nothing! Fire ahead, Neil; he's an old horned toad from the desert."

"Jerry brought her up here," said Neil, striking his gait again. "You never saw such a change in any man on earth. He was that subdued, and under the brush harrow. Every one saw it, first jump—except Jerry."

"That wife of mine," says Jerry to me as we rode together, 'is a wonderful woman. I can't understand, as I say to her, how she ever came to marry me. She is so well brung up, an' she likes things so nice! Its jes' like a romance out of a book—and here we are, roughing it in an old barn.'

"No worse than other young couples,' I tells him. 'The forest has only money to build one or two cabins a year.' But Jerry went on:

"She's so sensitive, an' delicate. I never seen it before, but you must acknowledge that this is an awful hard life for a real lady. Whenever I can't manage to make my home camp at night, she jes' lays there with her eyes wide open, an' her han's clenched an' her ears stopped with cotton. She can't sleep one wink till I get back.'

"She'd get over that about the third night,' I mentioned—without any sense to brag on. 'It's only fifty yards to a neighbor. Leave her a police whistle an' give her a chance to realize that nothin' will hurt her. She'll soon be spendin' her time fixin' up things to surprise you with. She'll get so that she is proud to see you ridin' off for a week of specially hard work.'

"Jerry turns in his saddle and looks at me, cold and sudden. We rode on a while, an' then we took different trails, an' he says, 'Good mornin', Mr. Neil,' as if I was a stranger. Then I says, 'Get along, old man,' and it brung tears

to his eyes, but he couldn't manage to say nothin'.

"Jerry, he buckled in even wuss after that," said Neil. "No man ever worked harder to play two games at once."

"To reconcile the irreconcilable," thought Little Jo.

"He often rode ten miles after dark," said Neil, "chasin' home after a big day's work; he wore down his horses, an' bought two more, on installments; he washed clothes on Sundays; he sent his wife off on long visits to her friends; he began to wear out; lost his cheerfulness. We did all we could to help him along.

"This sort of thing ran on for about five years," the ranger continued. "By then Jerry was washing and starching and ironing clothes for his little girl and a lot for his wife, too. She was livin' on him jes' like a mistletoe livin' on an oak. She always looked as if she had come out of a bandbox, an' so did the little girl. She got even prettier—but Jerry had a stoop, and looked gray and wrinkled. Lost his promotion, of course, and Mrs. Jerry, who was smart enough, made up a mean but funny little verse about the Supervisor, that went all over the country."

"Jerry put all of you in a hole," said Minaret.

"He sure did," answered Neil. "He was obeying every order, and taking every dressin' down like a lamb. But he couldn't see where the trouble was; he went on worshipping his pretty little mistletoe woman."

"What do you think the trouble was, Neil?" said Aroostook.

"Well, she had been an only child, among adorin' relatives. She was selfish clear through. She liked admiration, and she hated plain livin'. She said once that she warn't raised rough like the rest of us."

"Jerry was a fool," said Minaret.

"I can't have told this thing right, if any one thinks that," said Neil. "I want you to see how she was that bright and attractive that no matter how mad we were at her on Jerry's account, she would meet us at the post-office, or on the road, and in ten minutes get us to feel friendly again. Jerry kept on sayin' every once in a while, 'I don't see why she married a common ranger like me.'"

"She was nothing at all but a bad, dangerous woman," said a young timber ranger from Big Creek crossing. "What do you think, Little Jo?"

"She was conventionally honest, but shallow

and undisciplined. She was worse than bad—she was hopeless. But how did it end, Neil?”

“Jerry had to resign. Then he went to Tonopah and made a little money, so that he could be home—that is, at the hotel—every night. But the kid died of typhoid, and the woman took up with a mining-stock operator. I understand Jerry went right down hill after that.”

“Pretty tough!” said Ranger Blackstone. “Even one case like that is frightful! But a ranger ought to tell a girl the details of his work and make sure that she understands the roughness—the being alone nights—the whole thing. Still, nineteen out of every twenty of the ranger women are first-class helpers of their

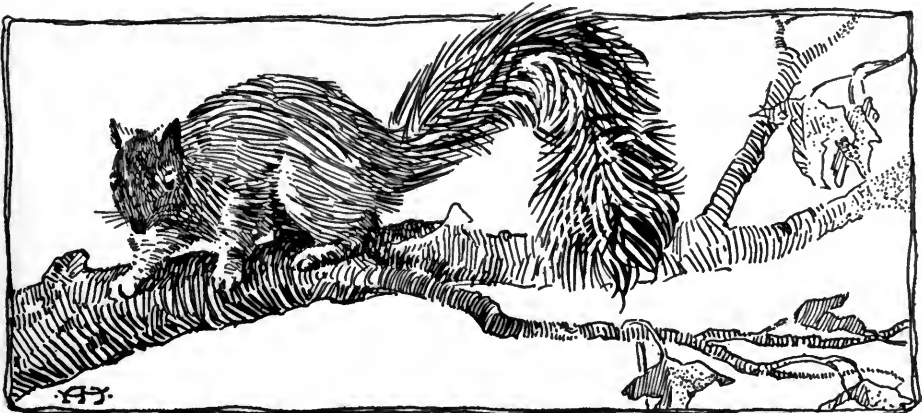
men folks, so we needn't lose sleep over the misfits.”

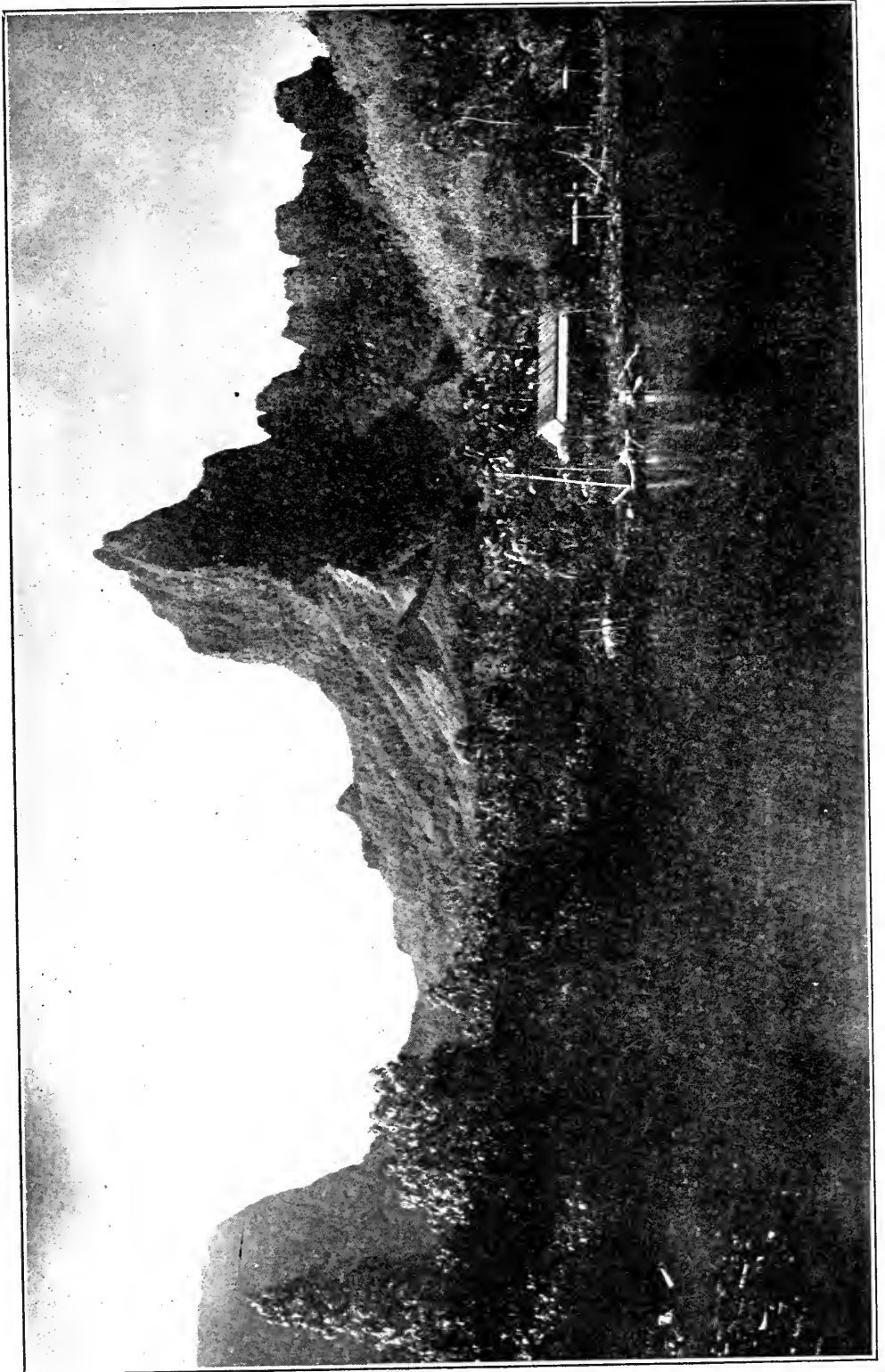
The young forest men rolled up in their blankets; the campfire by the Chiquito fell to a glowing heap of coals; the moon shone on pine-clad ridges, and when it sank the constellations gleamed out in darkest skies before the dawn, and moved on overhead, as they had for countless thousands of years. In the hearts of the sleeping rangers, stronger than contradiction, the calm ideals of home, of fellowship and of broadening life, remained unshaken, while those who were happily married saw visions of their distant wives, equally with themselves bearers of the burdens, sharers of the happiness of the forest.

## *The Maples*

By NINA MAY

Sometimes in the heart of the forest,  
 Oft fringing the blue river's brink,  
 And often in meadows are waving  
 The maples where wild rushes drink.  
 And onward past hillside and upland,  
 To heights where the summer winds blow,  
 They're flecking with shadows the canyons,  
 Where tumbling the hill waters flow.  
 Bright gold is the sunlight that filters  
 Down through their broad tasseled leaves,  
 And tinges with gold and with scarlet,  
 When Autumn her artistry weaves.  
 The gladness and health of the maple  
 Are scattered wherever it grows;  
 Its heart is as white as the lilies,  
 And strong with the green sap that flows.  
 To follow a trail long and winding,  
 Is a joy that is past all compare,  
 Where leaves that have fallen are golden,  
 When gold are the maple boughs there.





*"Where Great Peaks Stood Guard"*

# The Flying Somnambulist

By J. W. MILLER

## Part Two

**A**S he rang the bell he heard voices inside that reminded him of his University days. At the click of the latch he pushed open the door and seized the startled gray-haired little woman inside in a bear-like embrace. As soon as she could speak she said in a tremulous voice: "Oh, Will, I'm so relieved. Why didn't you answer my wireless?" "When, mother? When did you wireless me?" he asked, startled.

"About five o'clock this afternoon," she replied. Then without waiting for him to speak, thereby relieving him of the necessity of worrying her by admitting that he had been asleep at that time, she went on, "I wanted to tell you that everything is all right. Mr. Knight came in this afternoon with Uncle Alfred, and between them Neuby has decided to keep his hands off the estate. There was no need of your coming, but oh, I'm so glad you're here. You know I always worry so when you make that long trip across the mountains."

Jovially he reassured her. "Oh, forget it, mother. You've been worrying about me for forty years and I'm still paying taxes and grocers' bills. Come on, let's go see the company."

Grasping her arm he ushered her into the living room where his Uncle Alfred and his old college friend Ellis Knight sat talking.

"Hello, Uncle Alfred!" he shouted, and seized the older man's hand in a firm grasp. "Where d'you come from?"

"Oh, jest dropped in from Buffalo to stay over night and see how your mother was gettin' on. Got to go back tomorrow," replied the old man, adding, "These here airships is purty handy."

"You bet," assented Jones.

Turning to his old friend Ellis, he put out his hand. "Hello, E. B., how did you get here, and where did you come from?"

"Rode a snail in from Washington, D. C.," replied Ellis dryly. "Came on one of your old N. W. T. crates. Took us over five hours. Slower than a windjammer. Wonder you people wouldn't put on some real ships. Wouldn't have come at all but I saw your brother in the East and he told me about your mother's trou-

bles. Too bad she hasn't got some sons to look out for her."

"Same old crab you always were, aren't you?" and Jones grinned. "I wouldn't speak to you if you weren't the best lawyer in the country." Then more earnestly he continued, "I was disappointed in old Neuby. He was recommended to me as a man of rare judgment."

He was interrupted by a disgusted "Huh" from Ellis. "Rare—worse than that—I'd say he was raw."

"Well, he ought to know the law," persisted Jones. "He comes of a long line of barristers."

"Maybe," broke in Uncle Alfred, "but I allus kind o' thought that if you looked about his family tree a bit ye'd find a rat's nest among the roots somewhere."

Drawing from his pocket a legal document which he unfolded with much deliberation. Ellis turned and laid it on the end of the library table. Handing a fountain pen to Jones, he said with finality, "Sign this."

Without hesitating, Jones signed his name on the line indicated and mechanically returned the pen to its owner. Picking up the paper he had just signed, he asked, "What is this?"

"Fine time to ask what it is," replied Ellis, "after you've signed it. Your brother did the same thing. It simply means that you have renounced all claim to your father's estate."

At the blank expression on Jones' face the attorney laughed delightedly. "I told you your mother needed someone to look after her affairs. Lucky old Neuby didn't get hold of you before I did. Since you and your brother have both signed away all claim to the estate, your mother is the sole heir, and as soon as I can get into the court house Monday morning I will file these with the probate judge. Then I will establish her identity as the widow of the late W. J. Jones and file proof that there are no other claimants, and she'll have a free hand to do as she pleases with all the property. If I were in her place the first thing I'd do would be to disown a couple of worthless sons." Boyishly he slapped Jones on the back. "Come out of it, Bill. That's all there is to it. Your

troubles are all over and you can start back as soon as you're ready."

To Mrs. Jones it seemed incredible that so important a matter could be disposed of so simply. When she became convinced that as soon as the papers were filed as explained she would not need to worry she insisted that Mr. Knight remain for the night, but he politely refused, and informed her that he had an engagement in Denver for Sunday and would leave on the midnight airliner.

Noting the worried look on her face as he reached for his hat, he hastened to assure her that he would be back Monday morning in time for the opening of court.

\* \* \* \*

"Well, I guess I'd better be moving," said Jones as he drew his watch from his pocket. Having had a good night's sleep, he had attended church with his mother, after which they had had dinner at home, with some of her friends as guests. "It's one o'clock," he continued, "and I want to get home in time to get a good rest tonight. I left the office early yesterday, so I'll have a pile of work ahead of me tomorrow."

As she rose from the table the little woman struggled bravely to keep back the tears. Noticing this, Jones slipped his arm about her shoulders and asked eagerly, "Coming out next month, aren't you? It's too hot to stay here, and Doris and the kiddies always look forward to your coming. The salt air always does you so much good."

"I don't know, Will. It's such a long trip, and it wears me out so," she replied.

"Oh pshaw, mother! It's only six hours. You used to make it by train when it took three days and nights," he replied pleadingly. "You can take the St. Louis-Seattle limited at eight o'clock and have lunch with me in Seattle. Then I'll slip out to Orcas Island with you in the "Cleaver" and you can be all rested and fresh as a daisy by the time I come home again in the evening. Be sure to call me up when you are ready to start and I'll keep close watch of the limited all the way and meet you at the station."

She could never quite adapt her mental processes to the more modern means of travel which the ultra-spectrum radiomotor had made possible, but her son's words seemed to cheer her and Jones hastened to say goodbye to the guests while she remained cheerful.

Arriving at the airdome he registered out for Seattle and suppressed a desire to slap the face of the impudent official who served him

and asked insultingly as he did so, "Is the Cleaver from Washington yours?"

"Yes," he snapped. "Got anything against it?"

"Nope," answered the official, eying him critically.

As the Cleaver was rolled out of the hangar Jones looked it over carefully. He could find nothing wrong, but he had an uncomfortable feeling that the machine had been rigidly inspected. He glanced hurriedly at the barometer, and noted that the weather forecast posted at the checking station indicated brisk southeasterly winds. He climbed aboard, hoping that he could reach the mountains before the storm which this forecast always indicated could reach him.

Swinging the machine into the wind, he was off the ground almost as if shot from a catapult. As he pushed the controller hard over the twin propellers roared angrily. Swinging about in a steep bank, he headed northwest over the business section of the city.

It had been several years since he had visited the Black Hills and he felt an indefinable longing to once more follow the trail of General Custer on that fateful expedition beyond the frontier. As he sped rapidly northward across the Platte River he looked down upon a fairy checker board of rich farms, marked off in mile squares by wide highways. The long straight tangents of the Union Pacific from its source at Omaha to where it disappeared in the direction of North Platte seemed always to have been there. And yet but little more than half a century had gone by since men travelled on horseback and fought Indians over the same country. The contemplation of this fact brought on a train of thought that completely absorbed him.

As if in a trance his thoughts sped back through the centuries and he saw primitive man embarking in a piece of fallen tree and exulting over his discovery that he could move from place to place without the use of his own muscles. He saw him capture his first wild horse and after almost insuperable difficulties train it to carry his burdens. He pictured the progress of civilization and understood that its advancement required and depended upon efficient means of transportation. A feeling akin to affection for his machine swept over him.

A loud crash which fairly made the Cleaver stagger brought him out of his reverie and he discovered too late that he had headed into a thunderstorm. Holding the stick back against his chest he pushed his controller handle over.

Instantly the Cleaver assumed a climbing angle that five years before would have stalled the fastest scout. Suddenly it shot into a storm cloud so dense that he could not see the tips of the wings. It became quite dark inside the cabin, but he held the stick firmly, expecting that any moment he would emerge from the cloud into the bright sunshine above.

Lightning played all about him. His altimeter registered fifteen thousand feet. He noticed that his motors had become unusually warm. He wondered if the static electricity in the clouds would affect them. Cautiously he drew back the controller while the beta terminals sizzled. He pushed the stick forward until the Cleaver proceeded on a level course. He gained a great deal of respect for the boys on the big air liners. Suddenly a bright gleam of sunlight shot into the little cabin and he looked down. Far below he could see the wide sweep of the Missouri River and the storm roared angrily far to the rear.

Turning sharply to the left he put the machine into a long glide, at the same time slowing down his motors to the normal speed. As he rapidly lost altitude the sharp pinnacles of the Big Bad Lands seemed to rush up at him, as if they were in a great game in which each sought to impale him. Jones smiled as the thought flashed through his mind. That might have been a possibility—even a probability—in the days of the gas motor, but not now. He could fly as far and as long as he chose. The only limit was time and his physical endurance.

He dismissed the thought from his mind and fell to studying the scene below. The wide expanse of the Bad Lands reminded him of an enormous ash heap spread out carelessly, as if left by the builder of the mountains beyond. Thousands of years of wind and rain had eroded the barren waste into deep cañons, leaving fantastic and vari-colored pyramids all alike and yet so different as to charm and hold the eye until one became dizzy at the immensity of it. Like a deserted city of fabled ancestors it lay, dead, forgotten, and yet withal grand, as it gleamed in the afternoon sun. Those immense spires, shading in sharply defined strata from gray through all the colors of the spectrum rose from deep gullies, at the bottom of which lay the petrified remains of creatures belonging to an age millions of years older than man.

Far to the right stretched the great wall, at the base of which Jones could see the whitening bones of thousands of cattle driven over the mighty precipice by the raging blizzards of

earlier days. He remembered his own fight with the blizzard down there near the Cheyenne River. How he had lain for weeks after his rescue, wondering whether he would ever walk again. It was not a pleasant thought, and he turned his gaze westward to where Harney Peak stood sentinel over the rich mineral deposits of the Black Hills.

There below was Hot Springs and the highway leading out to the great Wind Cave. Far to the north was Bald Mountain, and at its foot the workings of the Homestake Mine. Out in the flats beyond gleamed the great reservoir of the Belle Fouché. There to the westward lay the Devil's Tower—that mighty shaft of granite, pushed up through the earth's crust like a giant needle. How often he had stood at its base and wished that he might climb its six hundred and fifty feet of stubborn grandeur, and now it looked like a small spatter of white on the prairie!

He fancied he could retrace the trail left by Custer's band of martyrs. The thought brought back the desire to once more visit the historic battlefield. Swinging the little globe under his compass to place Billings on the line of flight, he headed straight for the valley of the Little Big Horn.

A half hour later he was over the range of buttes where Major Reno had started with three troops down the gully which marked the headwaters of the creek that bears his name. In imagination he viewed the events which transpired there on the ridge that fateful day in June, 1876. Through the eyes of Curly and White Swan he could see the five troops of cavalry, worn and dusty from their long march across the desert. Sabres clanking, and saddles creaking, they swung along in measured rhythm with but forty of the eight hundred miles of their dreary march yet to do. They are impatient, and though tired move briskly.

At a sharp command from the tall bronzed giant with the long mustaches the column halts. It is difficult country and they give up the attempt to reach the post that day. They take it easily and camp early. Sentinels are posted as a part of the regular military routine, but the commander of the expedition expresses his opinion with what seems a slight trace of contempt. "Just as I expected," he says to his brother Tom. "Not an Indian in the country."

Morning again and the little column is once more on the move. Suddenly a fierce war whoop sounds and hundreds of painted screeching devils under Rain-in-the-Face pour up the



depression on the north side of the ridge and hit the rear of the lower column. Instantly both columns about face, and obliquing to the left by twos, are forming in battle line to the rear, when the hideous war whoop sounds again from the south. Thousands more of the fiends under Sitting Bull pour onto the plateau and again the columns split and obliquing once more, form in battle line to the front. Valiantly they are holding the thousands of murderers at bay, when a cross fire from hundreds of guns down near the river mows them down in their tracks. The bugles sound "Rally," and the survivors dash madly back to the ridge from which they had deployed. Two troopers dash off in the direction of Fort Custer and drop side by side, as hundreds of the savages' bullets pursue them.

Thus Jones in his crude way visualized the events of that memorable tragedy. He had been on the field many times, but he always found much of interest there. He wished that he might land once more and go over the hallowed ground. At a low altitude he circled the field twice.

It had not occurred to him before, but he now wondered what the girl would think of it. She seemed to be so interested in the things he had told her. As the thought passed through his mind, a feeling of loneliness came over him. He was tired and wished that he were home.

Pointing the nose of the Cleaver upward and toward the west, he was rapidly gaining altitude when an object down below caught his attention. It glistened in the sunlight like polished silver. His curiosity aroused, he came about in a short spiral and dropped in a nose dive to within a few hundred feet of it. His heart-beats became almost audible as he made out the lines of a wrecked airplane. Quickly flattening out, he circled about it and then carefully side-slipped to a landing on top of a small knoll.

Hastily securing the Cleaver, he ran down a slope to where the machine lay, one wing badly smashed. Much to his surprise it proved to be a "Dart," one of the latest and fastest models built—a machine that could be forced to five hundred miles an hour if necessary. So interested did he become in the wonderful appointments of the cabin-oxygen tanks, automatic heaters and other luxuries of the modern limousine of the air, that he failed to observe the approach of a tall, slender girl from the opposite side of the wreck. He was much startled when a familiar voice at his side exclaimed: "Why Mr. Jones! How did you

happen to come 'way up here?" He was too surprised to catch the alarm in her voice, and stared wild-eyed while the same smile played about her mouth that he had seen before.

"You? You?" he interrogated, while the look of uneasiness once more crept into her face. "Ah—uh, Miss Smith, how in the world did you get here?"

Calmly she told him she had started out to visit some friends and relatives in Billings and her desire to walk over the battlefield had mastered her and she had attempted to land, with the result that her machine had rolled over the bank and down the side of the gulch. Her wireless telephone fortunately had not been greatly damaged and she had been able to call Billings and they were sending out a rescue truck to look after her machine.

"Then you don't need to wait until they arrive?" he queried.

"Oh, no. That is, I wouldn't if I had any way to leave. It's a long way to Crow Agency, so I thought I'd just stay here until they come," she replied easily.

"I'll hop over to Billings with you, if you don't mind," he suggested gallantly.

"Oh no, I wouldn't want to delay you. You're on your way back to Seattle, I suppose," she added politely. In spite of the evident refusal of the offer her looks belied her words, and ten minutes later the Cleaver had taken the air with the girl again as a passenger. The sharkskin bag reposed in its place at her feet. She told him she had come a day earlier than she had first intended and that her friends were not expecting her. That she was going on to Seattle the next day, but now that her plane was broken she feared she would be much delayed in reaching the coast. She had an important engagement in Seattle, too.

"Why not go on with me and come back here on the air liner and get your plane when it's done?" he asked, hopefully.

"Oh, just as you landed I wirelessed Aunty that I'd be in Billings this afternoon. I didn't tell her though that I'd had an accident. I wish now I had not called her; I would go on," she answered wistfully.

"That's easy," he told her. "My phone is working. It has a short range, but I'll fly over town and you can call her."

She seemed delighted at this suggestion, and Jones politely turned away while she talked. He caught her final words, "All right, Aunty, I'll see you tomorrow." As he turned to speak



to her again he failed to notice that she had left both the transmitter and detector switches open.

They passed by the wonders of Yellowstone Park with scarcely a comment. Butte they did not see at all. He thought it would be nice if they had time to drop down at Glacier National Park, and she agreed with him.

Quickly the time passed. He had spent more time circling about the Big Bad Lands and about Custer's battlefield than he had realized, and it was growing dark when they reached Lake Chelan. He had hoped to reach there before Doris and the Johnstons left, but he decided that it was now too late to catch them.

When they reached the old Sand Point Aviation Field the lights were on, and he landed some distance from the checking station in order to avoid running down some "fool propeller cracker," as he termed those who persistently ventured into the runways without authority. As he carried her bag into the station it seemed to him that it was much lighter than it had been at Lincoln.

From force of habit he registered, "W. Jones—Cleaver—Orcas Island." His name appeared so many times on the register that the officer in charge filled in his registry number and gave him his clearance card without comment.

Turning to the girl he asked, "Will you take the subway or shall I call a taxicab?"

"Taxi, if you please," she replied, and smiled sweetly at him.

With a vision of her face before him he stepped briskly into a booth. Glancing at the card on the wall, he took the first taxicab number on the list, Main 8810. Mechanically he twirled the disk on the automatic telephone. He never could get used to these pesky automatics. He did not notice that on the first numeral he had turned the disk to 7 instead of 8, thus ringing Main 7810.

His efforts were rewarded by a gruff "Yeah" from the receiver. Without attempting to voice the sarcasm that rushed to his lips, he said firmly, "Send a car out to Sand Point Aviation Field right away."

"Who is this?" asked the same gruff voice.

Jones was too surprised to frame the reply that the occasion seemed to require. "What difference does that make?" he asked hotly. "Do you want to send a car out here or not?"

"Just a minute," the reply came back. This was a new one to Sergeant Perry, and turning to a tall muscular man in a Captain's uni-

form, he said, "What d'you make of this nut, Captain?"

Wonderingly Captain Hanz took the receiver. "What was it you wanted?" he asked in a well modulated voice.

Mollified, Jones explained that he wanted the car for a young lady. He took some care to describe her and mentioned the bag as a mark of identification.

Captain Hanz had been in the Police Department too long to ask foolish questions, and politely replied, "Yes, sir, we'll take care of her at once." Slamming the receiver onto the hook, he turned to Sergeant Perry and commanded sharply, "Order up my car right away. I'll look into this myself."

After a none-too-hurried farewell Jones climbed wearily into the Cleaver and in less than half an hour was with his family on Orcas Island. The Johnstons were there and he arrived just in time to join the group in a hurriedly prepared luncheon of picnic sandwiches and hot coffee. With much satisfaction he told of Ellis Knight's being in Lincoln and how he had settled the matter of the estate. He discreetly refrained from mentioning Miss Smith. He also failed to say that he had gotten off his course on his way east.

\* \* \* \*

Impatient to be on his way to Juneau, Joe Johnston had arisen early. As Jones came out onto the veranda he handed him the morning paper which he was just finishing, and remarked, "I see the police think they've got one of the dope ring that they've been promising to run down so long."

Disinterestedly Jones took the paper and read:

**"FAMOUS DOPE SMUGGLER CAUGHT!"**

"'Slippery Sal,' one of the most notorious dope peddlers on two continents, was picked up at Sand Point Aviation Field by Captain Hanz of the Central Police Station about nine o'clock last night. A clew to her whereabouts was phoned to headquarters from one of the booths at the aviation field, while she sat in the waiting room. In a black sharkskin bag which she carried was found ten 5-tael tins of opium.

"Captain Hanz believes that his informant is one of the ring; probably an admirer of 'Slippery Sal' who has turned her in after a lover's quarrel. There has been a standing offer of five thousand dollars for her capture, and the police will watch with interest any claimants for the reward.

"Where she came from is as much a mystery as is the source of the information leading to her arrest. A careful check of the register at the aviation field shows that no machines, excepting those locally known to the officials, have registered in or out all day Sunday.

"Upon the heels of this sensational capture comes a report from Omaha that the aerial police of that city yesterday at about noon chased this same elusive young woman in a late model Dart far into South Dakota. She easily outdistanced the police scouts, but the reports from the Middle Western city claim that it is impossible for her plane to have escaped injury from the fusillade of bullets sent after it.

"The report is discredited by the Seattle police, as no machine of this model has registered in this city, and the prisoner taken by Captain Hanz frankly admits her identity.

"It is possible that some one has been posing as the tall brunette in the hope of gaining some notoriety. A careful check of all the registering stations between here and Omaha is being made, but it is probable that the machine chased out of the city on the Big Muddy escaped into Canada."

What Jones' next move would have been it is difficult to say. Doris, just then appearing at the door to announce breakfast, stopped as if petrified.

"Why, Will Jones, you look like a ghost. What is the matter?" she cried. "I know," she continued. "That trip yesterday was too much for you. You're not going to work today," and she hastened to the telephone to call the office manager of the Northwest Transportation Company, forgetting in her impulsiveness that that individual was probably still in bed. Twirling the disk to the desired number, she hurriedly rang and was rewarded with the busy "buzz." Impatiently she jammed the receiver onto the hook.

As the full significance of his part in carrying the dope smuggler to Lincoln and then back to the coast forced itself upon him, Jones hunched down on the veranda, the personification of despair. He understood now why the checker in Lincoln had asked about his machine; also why it had been so rigidly inspected. He knew it was useless to try to avoid detection. The registration officer at Lake Chelan knew that he had taken a passenger east, and it was only a matter of a few hours until Lincoln would report that the Cleaver had landed there and that a tall brunette had come in on it as a passenger.

Feebly he arose. He knew this would almost kill Doris, but he must tell her before she could get it from garbled newspaper reports. She would at least know that what he had done had been due to his own ignorance and good nature. As he dragged himself wearily across the veranda to the door of the sun room he seemed to have aged twenty years.

He looked up listlessly when a newspaper plane buzzed low overhead and landed in the public field a hundred yards away. He buried his face in his hands as the newsboys' cries brought every one to the door. "Extra! Big dope mystery solved! Pa-apers!"

Joe had as usual grabbed the first paper and was now running toward him, waving it excitedly as he came. "Bill, you old scoundrel!" he shouted. "Why didn't you tell us——?" But Bill heard no more. As he caught sight of his own picture covering half of the front page, his limbs crumpled beneath him and he sank down in a heap on the steps.

When he revived, it was nearly noon and he was in his own bed. The paper lay on the pillow beside him, the front page uppermost. He looked at it and groaned. He wondered how Doris had stood it.

The thought of his wife momentarily took his mind off of himself and his interest in life revived slightly. He picked up the paper and gazed intently at his own picture. Beneath it were the words, "Wm. Jones." He didn't read the paragraph in italics below this. He thought he knew what it said.

Mechanically he read the head lines:

### BIG DOPE RING SMASHED

Member of N. W. T. Co.'s Staff Turns in Much Wanted Smuggler.

Sullenly he read:

"One of the neatest as well as one of the most daring exploits in the criminal annals of the Pacific Coast has come to light with the capture of 'Slippery Sal' by Captain Hanz last evening. Too much cannot be said in praise of the intrepid Police Captain for the way in which he brought the daring beauty to headquarters, but the one individual to whom the honor of her capture must be given is Wm. Jones, of the Northwest Transportation Company.

"For months the officials of this company have suspected that their airliners were carrying smugglers in their passenger lists, but they have never been able to secure information that would warrant an arrest. A short time

(Continued on page 56)

# Exiled on the Farallones

By McKELLAR PRING

**T**HIRTY miles out from San Francisco, the Farallone Islands stand sentinel for our Western commerce. The white lighthouse on its barren, brown peak, three hundred feet above the surging breakers, safeguards shipping every night. And at any time the compass station will give the bearing by radio to the passing ships.

The first rocky peaks to be sighted by incoming vessels, the last glimpse of land to be seen by the Orient-bound steamers, these islands exist mostly as a name; their inhabitants are foreigners. Yet when one knows them, they are the staunchest of Americans. The privations undergone by the hardy dwellers of the Farallones unite them with its common cause. They live as one big family, helping one another in everything.

The boat day, every second Friday, is looked forward to by all. 'C'est le jour de fete.' The lighthouse tender from San Francisco anchors in safe waters. Over the side a rowboat is lowered. Into this the provisions are dropped by a crane. The passengers then descend a small ladder and jump.

The small boat is slowly rowed to the landing in a narrow inlet. Rocky sides rise abruptly from the ocean bed. A short, narrow cement landing for passengers leans against the rock to escape the waves. From this a long, almost perpendicular staircase clings to the rocks until it reaches the docks, one hundred feet above. Giant cables, controlled by pulleys, hoist the provisions.

On the 30th of last December I risked my life in this perilous ascent. Gaining the dock, the expectant faces of the entire insular population centered on me. Their eager interest in my arrival was dumbfounding; I am much better acquainted with the idle curiosity of cities. The little children romping the rocks stopped to smile. The hearty welcome given by the grownups told of the isolated life they were leading.

The first impression of the islands is depressing. Rocks everywhere, and a weary climb to the houses. After scrambling over loose rocks (they call it a path) with most demonstrative motions of my suitcase, I finally reached a viewpoint—also a resting point. The light-

house, sheltered on the south side of the rough rocky peak, cannot be seen from the supply ship. But before me now lay the panorama of the settlement.

Amazed and worn out, I stopped. White-washed houses with red tiled roofs rest peacefully at the base of the mountain. This is the lighthouse settlement. Beyond, half hidden by a spur of the mountain, the green houses of the U. S. Navy Department stand out from the dull brown of the rocks. To the right, and at a short distance from the island, Saddle Rock, the home of seal lions, basks beneath the sun while deep blue waves race around it.

The little green cottage that was to be my home for three weeks (as later events proved) was the nearest of the Navy buildings. Above the door was "Kum-on Inn." As one soon finds out, this was the hospitable motto of the entire island. Every time I passed a home, a cheery voice would call from the door or window, "Come on in!"

These people who suffer the hardships of exile gain comfort from the knowledge that the lighthouse and the compass station help the passing ships.

The lighthouse stands sentinel over the islands. Itself fifty-eight feet high, its base rests three hundred feet above the water. Even at this height, salt spray accumulates on the glass. Each day one of the men washes the outer panes of glass. And every five days, all the "Bull-eyes" and the magnifying glasses must be cleaned. The machinery is kept in perfect order and all the wood work dusted until the lighthouse is immaculate. At sundown the man on watch lights up. He first lights a small wick which heats the big lamp. Slowly the heat spreads until the larger light bursts into flame and the dazzling brightness blinds the eyes. Only three gallons of kerosene are needed to keep this light burning all night. The force of the light from the Farallone lighthouse is 280,000 candle power. This beacon is seen twenty-six miles away by ships, further on clear evenings. During the night the watches are three hours long. Think of the men who stay there alone to watch and guard the light that guides our commerce at night.

The compass station, a small green house, is

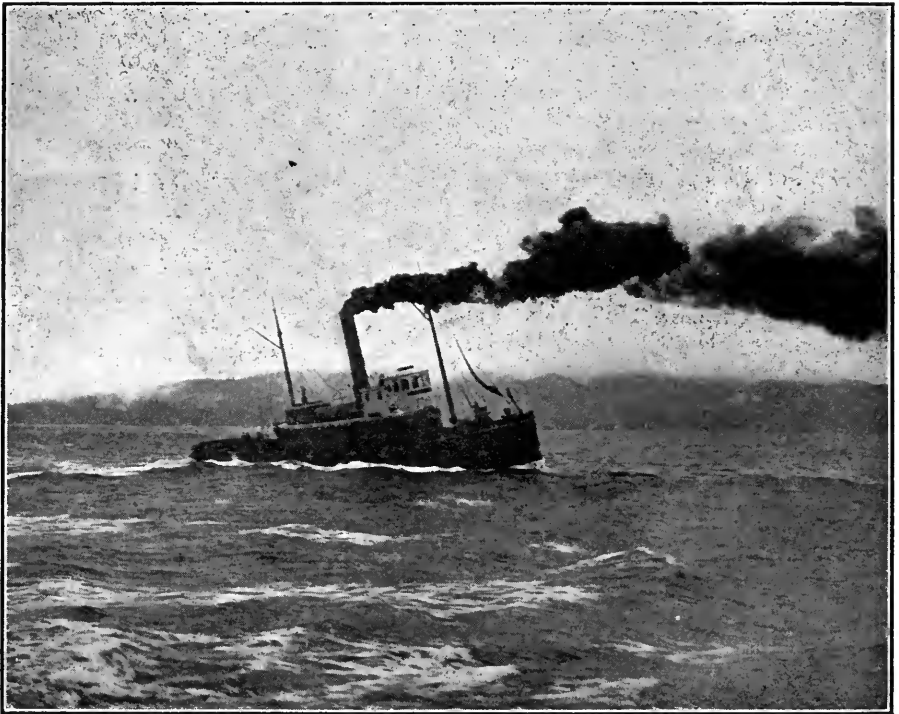
built on a jut of rock two hundred feet high. Formerly it was down near the water, but one big storm lifted the entire house into the ocean—fortunately the man on watch was able to swim in. Bearings are given to the ships by wireless; the station has risen under Chief Hawkins until it ranks first on this part of the coast.

The only way of obtaining provisions is to order from some company in San Francisco. If the company neglects to fill the order, the people suffer. This occurred when I went out; some of the lighthouse people did not receive any of their order on the boat. Two weeks before they had received but half of their supplies, so they had just a few groceries left. Everybody on the island willingly gave from their pantries and the first week passed without any one's feeling a shortage. The second week

lay smoother than the sleek skin of a living seal.

Darkness spread without obliterating objects beneath its cloak. Brilliant stars, glittering in the blue black velvet of the sky sparkled in close proximity. The steady rhythm of breaking waves was occasionally accompanied by the bass roar of a sea lion. The echoes, slowly dying away, accentuated the stillness. Virginia night lay before me, temptingly sweet in her purity.

The morning of Friday, the 13th, dawned brightly. A cold wind sprang up about ten o'clock. The lighthouse ship, Sequoia, was seen in the distance and the insular inhabitants gathered at the dock before twelve. A boat was lowered over the side of the Sequoia with provisions. It started for the landing, but the waves and wind threatened to smash it on the



*"The Lighthouse Ship was seen in the distance"*

butter and potatoes gave out, but the next boat was expected on the coming Friday.

Everybody was flushed with expectancy on Thursday. Hoarded dainties were enjoyed, for provisions would be plentiful on the morrow. Grey mackerel clouds curtained the fiery red sunset and bordered the steel blue Pacific which

rocks. A motor launch left the lighthouse tender to rescue the rowboat.

Unable to land, the boats returned to the Sequoia. Up went the anchor and the tender steamed back to San Francisco. That afternoon the inhabitants of the Farallones hunted

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# Justice of the Wild

By REGINALD C. BARKER

**M**ISTY and indistinct in the greying light of dawn loomed the stately, white peaks of the Sawtooth Range. The light grew brighter. From somewhere among the rocky crags came the sharp whistle of a hoary marmot, while the chirping of the yet invisible birds could be heard as they welcomed the coming day.

Again the marmot whistled, then he dived into a hole beneath a huge granite boulder, as skimming lightly over it a great horned owl winged his silent way homeward to a cave among the peaks.

A piece of rock rattled down the side of a canyon; then another, followed by a shower of small stones and dirt.

High up on the canyon wall a band of bighorn sheep passed in single file. In the lead was a huge ram with horns possibly fourteen inches in circumference at the base, that, curving back over his shoulders, made one wonder how he managed to retain his balance as he picked his way along the ledge. Behind the ram were two ewes, graceful as deer with small, short, erect horns. As they followed their leader along the ledge they stopped occasionally to nibble at the lichens and mosses growing among the rocks.

The ledge came to an abrupt end, but not for a single instant did the big ram hesitate. Ten feet below him he saw a narrow shelf upon the opposite side of a deep chasm. Apparently the thought that he might fall short in his leap never entered his head, for, like a huge spring suddenly released, he shot into the air and landed with all four feet upon the ledge. Reposing the utmost confidence in his judgment, the two ewes followed. Bounding from ledge to ledge, or climbing almost unscalable cliffs, the three bighorn sheep kept on their way.

Came a day when the big ram found that one of his companions had disappeared. Possibly he had been expecting this. At all events he did not seem to worry, but continued nibbling the plants and mosses as though it were the usual thing to be deserted by one of his wives.

In leaving him the ewe had been impelled by some unknown force to which she was bound

to respond. It suddenly occurred to her that she knew a better route than the one he was choosing, and for some reason she felt strangely tired of leaping. So she decided that she would find a place where she would be free from molestation and there she would rest. Upwards, ever upwards she climbed, never leaping if she could avoid it, but keeping to the narrow ledges that wound around the side of the mountain.

At last she came to a place situated high up on the wall of the mountain where a wide ledge was overhung by a mass of rock that prevented all approach from the upper side. So far as an enemy approaching by the path she had traveled was concerned, that did not worry her. Well she knew what would happen to any intruder that dared the narrow trail along the shifting slide rock that even beneath her delicate, rubber-like hoofs, rattled and slid into the canyon a thousand feet below.

In these inhospitable surroundings, amid the shadows of the giant peaks, with the sentinel stars keeping watch over her during the velvety night, there was born to that timid mountain mother a tiny, bleating lamb.

The lamb grew very fast, and it was not long before the ewe led it to a place on the mountain that was less rugged. Here she taught it what to eat, for it soon began to desire other food than she could supply.

She also taught it never to leave her side, and at the first hint of danger the mother and lamb would sink down among the rocks; their greyish brown coats harmonizing so closely with the lichen-covered boulders as to render them indistinguishable at a little distance.

As the lamb grew older it showed an inclination to wander farther and farther away from its mother and to heed less and less her calls.

One day they had been feeding among a mass of jumbled rocks and boulders that were strewn along the shore of one of the little landlocked lakes common to the high altitudes, when the old ewe, suddenly missing her progeny, bleated loudly. In front of her was a huge, granite monolith. Thinking that the missing lamb might be behind it, she hastened in that direction.

As she rounded the obstacle she saw the lamb busily feeding. Then the ewe gave a cry almost human in its intensity; for, stealthily creeping towards the lamb was a lithe, sinewy, reddish brown animal with a long tail and a round, short-eared head from which glared cruel eyes that shone with lambent green fires.

Under ordinary circumstances, another instant would have seen the ewe in headlong flight, but with her young in danger she became metamorphosed from one of the most timid animals native to the mountains, into a stamping, snorting bunch of incarnate fury.

That she stood no chance the ewe must have known from the first, but if the thought entered her mind it did not deter her in the least. One wild rush, then high into the air she leaped, intending to crush the spine of her enemy with her hoofs, backed by her full weight of nearly a hundred and fifty pounds.

Quick she was, it is true; but, as compared to the quickness of the mountain lion, she might just as well have been standing still. Even as the ewe leaped the great cat threw himself to one side, then, like a flash of red fire, he whirled upon his hind feet, and even before the ewe's hoofs struck the ground, the lion made one lightning stroke with his front paws. As the terrible curved claws sank deep into the neck of the ewe, the lion settled back upon his haunches. His weight did the rest.

For an instant the huge cat stood with both front paws upon the body of his victim. Then from his throat came a low growl of defiance that insensibly merged into a deep purring as he gave thanks to the gods of the Wild.

Why the lamb did not act according to the nature of his kind and take to his heels when the old ewe fell before the stroke of the mountain lion cannot be explained. But it is almost certain that had he done so, he too would have met the fate of his mother. As it was, instead of running, he shrank far back under the overhanging boulder by which he had been feeding when the lion began his stalk.

Crouched upon his kill, the lion gorged himself to repletion. Afterwards he licked the blood from his paws, then washed his face with all the fastidiousness of a domestic cat.

Under ordinary circumstances, after eating his fill, the lion would have either piled fir needles and twigs upon the remains of his kill, or have carried it off to some place of concealment. However, there being neither fir needles nor twigs or leaves within easy reach, and being too much gorged to carry off the

remains, the lion decided to leave them and return later to finish his meal.

It is hardly likely that he deliberately ignored the lamb, for it is the nature of the mountain lion to kill for the love of killing. It is more probable that by a fluke of memory he forgot all about the lamb, for having completed his toilet to his satisfaction, he melted from sight among the scattered boulders.

Yes, melted from sight! No other phrase will express it. One minute the lion was lying beside his kill; the next minute, so perfect was the similitude of his coloration that he insensibly merged into the scenery.

Trembling in every limb, all through the long night the orphaned lamb lay beneath the rock where he had taken refuge. Surely the gods of the Wild must have been watching over him, for strange to tell, when daylight dawned nothing showed that any midnight prowler had passed that way.

In the glory of the morning the lamb came out of his retreat. Nowhere could he see his mother. Near the little heap on the ground he stood and bleated loudly for help.

Once, twice he called; then, from the rocky crags far above him came an answer.

Again the lamb called, and again he heard an answer to his call.

Hesitating no longer, he started to pick his way among the rocky crags in the direction of the answering sound.

Suddenly there appeared from among the rocks a bighorn ewe that might have been a reincarnation of the lamb's own mother so close was the resemblance.

Now it chanced that this particular ewe had, a few days previously, lost her own lamb by the talons of a bald eagle, and broken-hearted, she had been calling it in vain, when she had heard the voice of the lamb which had lost its mother.

If the ewe had had any idea that by some miracle her own lamb had returned, it was dispelled as soon as she met the little orphan, for he was older and larger by far.

Leaping from the top of a nearby boulder, the ewe took two steps in the direction of the lamb and then stopped. She did not recognize the little stranger who ran to meet her. Then the ewe stretched out her graceful neck and snorted loudly, the while pawing at the ground with a dainty hoof.

The lamb bleated, and in his voice there must have been expressed all the fear and loneliness that he felt, for side by side the lambless

ewe and the motherless lamb bounded lightly from crag to crag and disappeared from sight.

With the coming of the cold weather the bighorn sheep banded together and sought the lower levels, where they might find shelter from the driving blizzards that swept the heights, and where food might be more plentiful.

It was during the descent to the lower levels that the young ram—for he was a lamb no longer—came to a knowledge of firearms. In the Wild the ties of consanguinity are soon forgotten, and little did the young ram know that the big, overbearing fellow that led the band was his father.

Then one day, while passing along the top of a hogback, the leader of the band exposed himself for an instant against the skyline.

Suddenly there came a loud report, followed by two more in quick succession. As the echoes rolled and reverberated among the peaks the young ram saw the ewe that had adopted him fall to her knees, try to recover herself, then pitch head first over the edge of the hogback. As she fell the big leader turned to flee, but he was too late, for yet again the rifle cracked. As the echoes died away the big ram stood for an instant motionless. Then slowly he sank to his knees, rolled over the edge of the precipice, and hurtling through the air, his body bounced from rock to rock, to land a shattered mass at the bottom of the canyon, a thousand feet below.

For an instant the band of bighorns stood paralyzed with terror, then unconsciously the young ram took the place of the fallen leader and with mighty leaps and bounds, led the way to a safer locality.

Two years passed; the young ram attained his full size, and far and wide over the mountains his fame spread, for Nature had crowned him with such an enormous set of curved horns as had never before been seen in the hills by the oldest hunter.

Many was the hunter who risked his life among the precipices that he might secure that wonderful set of horns, but the constant need of self-preservation had so sharpened the faculties of the ram that never once was a hunter able to come within gunshot of him. Far away the hunter would see the great curved horns outlined against the skyline and cautiously he would commence his stalk, but, ever when he arrived, the ram would be gone. Always he kept above his pursuers. Why he did this the ram did not know, he was simply obeying the unwritten law of his kind.

One morning the bighorn ram stood upon a narrow ledge that skirted the side of an almost inaccessible peak. Beneath him the clouds rolled in vapory billows among the lesser peaks and coiled their clammy, grey folds around the rugged crags.

Suddenly the sensitive nostrils of the big ram twitched, for, wafted to them upon a vagrant current of air, was a strange, musky smell that filled the ram with anger mingled with fear. Why he felt so the ram could not have told, but in a dim way he realized that somewhere, long, long ago, he had sensed that odor before, and he knew that it meant danger.

His first thought was one of flight, but where? Above him the mountain rose in a precipitous wall that would not have afforded foothold for a cat; below the ledge upon which he stood lay unknown depths shrouded in grey mists. Ahead of him the ledge came to an abrupt end against the perpendicular side of the mountain. There was but one way left him; he would have to retrace his steps along the narrow ledge and his nose told him beyond a doubt that the hidden danger lay in that direction. Not knowing which way to turn, he stood facing towards the unknown danger with twitching ears, bright, scared eyes and flaring, red nostrils questing the air.

The fog had grown thicker and the ram was unable to see more than a few yards.

Suddenly a puff of wind around the peak swept away the mist and the brave heart of the ram beat a little faster for he saw, stealthily sneaking towards him along the narrow trail an enormous mountain lion!

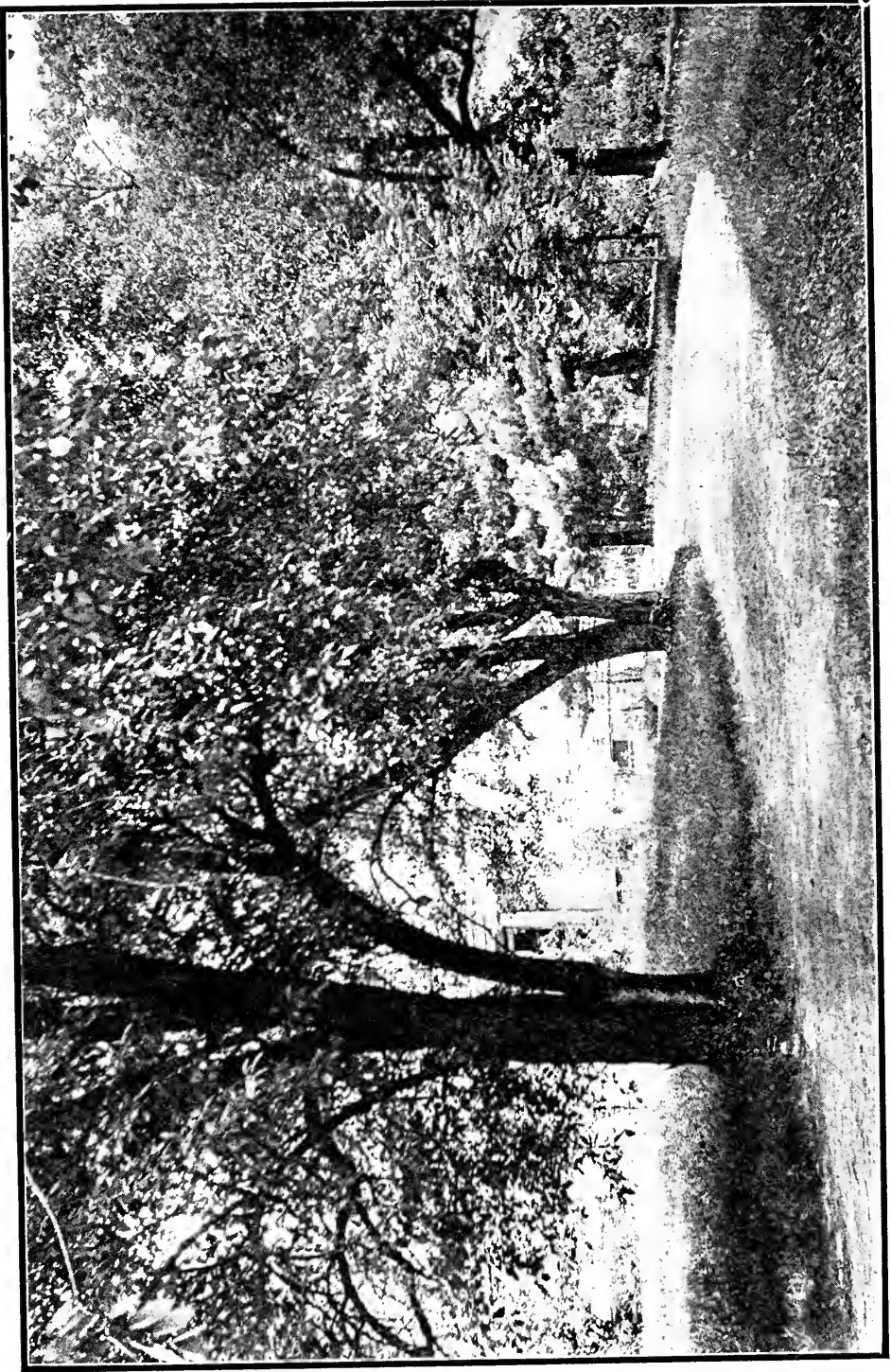
Although the ram did not know it, he was looking at the same lion that had slain his mother more than two years before.

As the pale, round eyes of the big cat noted the great size of the ram and the threatening aspect of the huge, curved horns, he crouched, and, turning his head, looked back uncertainly. He had figured that he was upon the trail of a lone ewe who was seeking the secluded ledge. Like all of his tribe the big lion was an arrant coward at heart, and he had no particular wish to face a charge where, owing to the narrowness of the ledge, the advantage lay with his foe.

Left to himself the bighorn ram would never have sought a battle, but in this case he had no choice in the matter. So he stood with legs firmly braced, head down, and blazing eyes awaiting the spring of his enemy.

(Continued on page 60)





*Coolness, serenity, harmony—nature all engulfing—Strife forgotten*



# Proposing a National Deer Park for the San Jacinto Mountains

Riverside County, California

An Address Delivered to the Southern Branch  
of the Sierra Club in Round Valley

By GEORGE LAW

**F**OR several years this beautiful wilderness has been recommending itself to me as an ideal region to be set aside for deer. I would like to see it converted by Act of Congress into a National Deer Park wherein the deer may be encouraged by suitable protection, study and scientific care to persist and multiply.

There is no question about our all desiring the preservation of the deer. A good many of us, I dare say, would be very glad to subscribe to most any measures devised to preserve the deer for their own sakes—and for ours in the pleasure it gives us to see them gamboling unafraid and unmolested in our wild playgrounds. Then there are those who look forward to the excitement and recreation of an annual hunting outing, and they certainly desire the preservation of the big game.

Yet the deer are steadily dwindling in number. The mountain sheep, with which these desert slopes once abounded, are verging on extinction. This is not news to any of you. On the contrary some of you may be surprised to hear that there are still enough deer and other game creatures in these mountains of Southern California, so near to our thriving cities and ranch communities, to make the advocating of a new lease of life worth while.

But nature, by means of brush, rocks, precipices and wildernesses such as this Tahquitz region, has been provident of her wildings. The game laws have accomplished a great deal, too. And in these mountains where there has never been a closed year, the big game is more plentiful than anywhere south of the Sierra Nevadas. Tahquitz Valley and its immediate surroundings are peculiarly and exceptionally adapted to the likes and needs of its graceful woodland nymphs and bearded satyrs. Here, notwithstanding theoretical nearness to man, is actual remoteness; the character of these mountains is such as to render them unattractive to the

commercially minded, and alluring to such nature lovers only as do not blink at hardship. From San Jacinto Peak southward between the inhabited valleys to the west and the Palm Springs region to the east, lies a mountain area which is the wildest and roughest, the most inaccessible and the least visited of any game region in Southern California. Located approximately by natural monuments, it would run from San Jacinto Peak as the northwest corner about ten miles southeast to a point in the ridge above Murray Canyon; thence a few miles east, and thence northwest to a point above Cheno Canyon. This belt of country would vary in width from four to six miles; the west line would range in altitude from 10,805 feet to 5000 feet. The east line would follow the desert slopes at about 2500 feet contour.

While this wild and rugged stretch of mountains is eminently suitable for deer, mountain sheep and other game, it is entirely unsuitable, and of course undesirable, for anything else. Since the Indians quit their wild haunts and diet of mesquite and atole, this region has been utterly deserted. Parts of it were not habitable even by Indians. The land is all owned by the Government or the Southern Pacific Railroad. Officials of the latter, wishing to facilitate the establishment of a National Deer Park, have expressed their willingness to trade their holdings for other designated Government lands.

Should such a belt of territory be set apart as a permanent and inviolable refuge for game, our deer and our mountain sheep could be saved from extinction, and at the same time the overflow into adjacent territory would insure the hunters a perpetual and never-failing game supply.

There are two outstanding reasons why such a National Deer Park should be created.

The first is that unless our deer possess a safe retreat somewhere they are destined either

to become extinct or too thinned out to retrieve a hold upon life. It would be an irreparable loss indeed if the deer should follow the buffalo, or even become so scarce as the mountain sheep.

The second reason is that by encouraging, and, should it prove advisable, by scientifically husbanding the mule deer and the blacktail of Southern California, as is being done with the reindeer in Alaska, we will be utilizing an otherwise unproductive region for a productive purpose. In such a use lies the peculiar and only economic value of these semi-arid mountain slopes and canyons. Should we continue to let the favorite haunts of the deer be converted into slaughter pens every September, this fine possibility will shortly be destroyed.

It may appear that parts of these mountains possess value on account of timber, water or grazing land. The timber value is entirely illusive, save as these trees might be used for buildings and fuel here on the spot. For a lumbering industry they are not worth the cost of cutting and conveying out. The wood is of inferior quality, becomes pithy in drying and quickly warps out of shape. Such, at least, is what experience has proved to lumbermen in the accessible valleys further down the mountain. In the Twentieth Annual Report of the U. S. Geological Survey, the forest area of the east slope, estimated at 4000 acres, is placed entirely in the second class, as having an open growth with less than 1000 feet board measure per acre. The report says: "The trees stand scattered, with an undue proportion of crown and lateral branches. But little is strictly commercially valuable timber except for purposes of firewood."

I think we can perceive a log-cabin value in these trees, and further that we would like to have them reserved for campsite uses, most of them being left standing, with plenty of deer dodging in and out. Personally I prize them for scenic reasons. The desert winds and the severe winters give them distinctive tops and most unusual shapes. Happily in saving deer we subscribe to a general sentiment in favor of preserving the natural wild environment suitable to the deer and loved for occasional outings by ourselves.

The worth of the belt of land suggested for the Deer Park as a watershed is not very great. This belt tilts at an angle from the summit ridge eastward toward the desert. To quote from the same report: "The drainage from the eastern slope is insignificant. It all flows into the desert and is swallowed up in its sands. Most

of the streams never even reach the desert line, sinking within a mile or two of their rise." However, a deer park would in no wise interfere with future projects for conveying this water by flumes to the desert. Should the high Tahquitz basin be tapped, our deer further down the mountain would not go thirsty, as there are widely distributed and numerous springs.

Seeing some of these lovely meadows we might think that they possess agricultural possibilities. But the short seasons, the early and late frosts, exclude all valleys from above 5300 feet contour from the agricultural class. The report says: "There is no agricultural land on the eastern slope of either the San Jacinto or Toro ranges." There is a limited grazing capacity. The meadows are capable of supporting a herd of eighty or a hundred cattle during the summer months. But as the deer rarely eat grass, much preferring the tender shoots and leaves of the brush, grazing permits could be granted to the cattlemen as is usual in the Forest Reserves.

I have emphasized the idea of a National Park created especially for the deer. This is because the region is especially suitable for the deer, numbers of which still range there. Between San Jacinto Peak and Santa Rosa Mountain more than a hundred deer are killed every hunting season. Should their ranks continue to be depleted at this rate for many more years, there will be too few left to occupy the region. It would have to be stocked by the Government. But can protection be gained for the deer reasonably soon, enough will still be left to multiply rapidly and provide a supply from which to stock other regions. What is true of the deer is also true, to a less extent, of other game. Probably there are enough mountain sheep left to insure a slight gain each year, if real protection is afforded them. Among the smaller game animals which are still fairly plentiful in this region are several species of quail, tree squirrels and doves. Other game could be profitably introduced—grouse, for example. The region could and should be utilized as a nursery and feeder for both adjacent and distant hunting territory.

The environment best suited to game is that which is least altered by man. There is no commercial reason for invading these heights and desert slopes of San Jacinto Mountains. Should a road be conducted into Tahquitz and Round Valleys, a very limited area—not over a few sections of habitable land—would be

rendered more accessible to vacationists. Travelers have decided this to be the most beautiful mountain scenery in Southern California. Some are enthusiastic enough to add that it belongs in the family of National Parks. But a road, with its concomitants of automobile, resorts and camping settlements, would speedily destroy a great deal of the present charm. Certainly we want a few unspoiled wild spots left in Southern California. San Jacinto's lovely heights should be preserved in their present primeval splendor and wild pure beauty for those of us who are willing to pay, not in money, but in effort, for the privilege of visiting them.

To preserve them as they are should be one of the principal objects of the National Deer Park, first because of their present perfect suitability to the deer, and second because of their un sullied scenic loveliness.

Thus about the proposition for conserving deer cluster other secondary, but important, reasons for having this region set aside. I have emphasized that side which may be called the economic; for in saving and husbanding the deer we will confer a real economic benefit upon ourselves and our posterity.

Here is a wild pasture destined in a few years to go absolutely to waste unless we determine at once to co-operate with nature in her manner of using it. And we human beings, who have squandered so much, realize that at last we cannot afford to waste any more natural resources.

Let us therefore act upon nature's suggestion and use this unclaimed and unclaimable wilderness for the deer. Let us preserve the big game of Southern California for the healthy race of hunters. And let us save this lovely wild place to exalt the mind and refresh the senses of man.

## A PROPOSITION FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL DEER PARK

### General Statement

**I**N THE San Jacinto Mountains, Riverside County, Southern California, there is a region of forty square miles ranging in altitude from 2500 to 10,805 feet, accessible only by trails, where the blacktail and mule deer possess a natural habitat.

The region lies almost wholly east of the summit ridge, falling away at first gradually in forests and meadows, and then precipitously in brushy and rocky slopes to the western margin of the Colorado desert. The drainage is

entirely eastward, most of the water being sucked up in the deep and unapproachable gorges before reaching the desert floor. The trees foresting the high ravines and ridges—mainly yellow pines and white firs—attain only an imperfect growth, because of the variable semi-arid climate; their wood is pithy, and they live and die in situations all but inaccessible to the lumberman. The region, therefore, has little or no riparian or timber value. It possesses, however, a unique agricultural value for the husbanding of deer.

The deer have persisted in spite of being regularly hunted. But with the closing of other hunting range and the concentrating of hunters upon this particular region in greater numbers each season, it is only a question of a few years until the deer will be vanishing never to return.

With them will pass away the peculiar productive value of this wild place—a value created and maintained by natural conditions. These are times when no resources are to be squandered or neglected, when nature's present potentialities need to be carefully gauged and developed with an eye to the future.

It is with the object of utilizing this wilderness in the only manner that lends itself to utility, and with the secondary object of preserving its wild beauty untouched and uninvaded, that this plan for placing it in the family of National Parks is advanced and supported.

### The Name

It is proposed that the park be called "Tahquitz National Deer Park," after the Indian name of its most central valley and the peak demarking its southwest corner.

### Location

It is proposed that the boundary lines and corners of the park be located by natural monuments as follows: From Tahquitz Peak north about six miles to San Jacinto Peak, thence east about six miles to a 2500-foot altitude point in the Tahchevah Forks; thence south about seven miles to Murray Bluff; thence west four miles to Antsell Rock, and thence north by west two miles to the point of beginning.

The territory embraced covers approximately forty sections, or something like 25,000 mountain acres, almost in the form of a square.

Lying between latitudes 33 degrees 40 minutes and 33 degrees 50 minutes north and south, and between longitudes 116 degrees 37 minutes and 116 degrees 41 minutes east and west, the land is sectionally as follows:

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# Gingerly Business

By MAY FOSTER JAY

**S**ARAH SINCLAIR hurried about, dispensing telling touches to her orderly apartment; to brown hair that refused to be tailored; to excited cheeks that needed quieting, occasionally casting a half-discrediting glance at the telephone which had just announced to her that Reeve Lawton would call in about ten minutes. Her flurry of preparation was entirely mechanical, for Sarah's mind was concerned with a very lively curiosity as to what Reeve Lawton would be like by this time. Something told her that he would be different; and that she might be frankly and safely glad to see him.

The first time that he proposed Sarah accepted Reeve Lawton as unhesitatingly as she did the huge box of chocolates which he proffered simultaneously with his heart. But, as she laboriously explained in the letter by which she squirmed out of the contract six months later, she had been such a young thing then, not expected to know her own mind; a befuddling moon had been more or less to blame; while her slipping away from the espionage of Sinclair mater, coupled with Reeve's slipping away of the roadster from the espionage of Lawton pater, had given the occasion a dangerous atmosphere of romance.

The second time that he proposed—when they both returned to the home town for the summer from different universities—Sarah threw out her hands in a hopeless gesture. Her head was fairly awl, she declared. There were so many men in the world—and she liked them all. How then could she marry one?

The following summer she blushing refused him on the grounds that she was pretty sure it was some one else—and quite effectively dampened the young man's ardor.

But when, after their junior year, Sarah could hardly remember who the some one else had been, Reeve took heart and put his question again; whereupon Sarah gently told him of the career she had in view, which put trifles like matrimony out of consideration.

She refused him the fifth and final time the summer after they were graduated from their respective colleges because she had grown too sophisticated to care to risk marriage.

"I have been observing," she cried. "Look about us—at our friends who have taken the plunge. The Lanes are so poor they're unhappy, the Dixons so rich. The Greens quarrel incessantly; and the Randalls have grown indifferent. And one and all they tell the same story."

"And that?" Reeve questioned.

"That marriage is tolerable provided you can weather the period of adjustment—which lasts two or three years."

"Oh twaddle!" was Lawton's inelegant comment. Then, "How about the Norths?"

"Oh they're older—and different. Besides, Mrs. North is naturally of a contented disposition. I'm not. I'm disgustingly restless. I can't imagine myself satisfied to spend my evenings under a reading lamp. No, Reeve—I'm afraid of it. We might not be able to weather that awful period—and then what a mess life would be! It can't but be disillusioning, you know—getting used to the commonplace of domestic life, seeing a man around with his collar off, and shaving; facing him across the breakfast table; discussing money matters with him intimately; giving up all the jolly men you know for him, and everything. It isn't that I don't like you just heaps, Reeve; if I had to marry somebody I'd want it to be you—you're so—so dependable. But we are so happy now, just as friends. Why take the risk of spoiling things?"

"If you ever change your mind, remember that I am waiting," Reeve said, and his head was up as he said it. But for a long time after, when Sarah had gone to the far West to disburse her restlessness in a kindergarten, and Reeve Lawton had gone into mining engineering with John North on the Mexican border, his hurt reproachful eyes had chided her.

It was two years since they had separated in the home town back east. Perhaps it was intervening time which made Sarah anticipate a change in Reeve as she sat waiting for him today. Perhaps it was the different tone of his letters. It was some time now since he had hinted at undying devotion, she remembered, either in the lines or between them. They had grown more desultory, too, those

letters; but also freer, more at ease, and comradely.

The elevator door clicked outside, and Sarah bounded into the hall of the apartment building. He came swinging toward her—the same old Reeve, substantial, dependable, broad of shoulder, browned with the suns and winds of the border country.

"Serita!"

No, not quite the same old Reeve. In the old days there would have been a repression in his greeting, born of his pent-up want of her. Today he was frankly glad to see her. That was a good sign.

"It's like a bit of home to have you come," she told him as she gave him her hands and drew him into the room. "I'm so surprised I've hardly caught my breath. Whatever sent you to Seattle?"

"Business. Staggering business, but—pretty lucky, I'll say. Serita, you blooming slip of a maid! How good it is to see you again!"

Oh yes. Reeve was quite different. Appraisal of her fell too lightly from his lips now; and there was no wistfulness in his steady blue eyes when he regarded her; they held a new light—of humor, philosophical humor, Sarah decided it was. She drew an inward sigh of satisfaction and relief. Lucky girl—to keep her whilom lover for a friend.

And then, after they had chatted in a lively fashion of home things—of the Lanes' divorce, and the Randalls' new baby, and of the game way in which Mrs. North was facing an uncertain life with her husband down in the bandit country, and of Sarah's younger sister's engagement to Reeve's younger brother, the altogether unexpected question came catapulting: "Well, and how about us, girl? Ready to marry me yet?"

But almost immediately Reeve threw back his head and laughed reassuringly. "There, there, Serita! You look scared sick—as usual. Don't do it! I understand. I won't tantalize you by hanging around and doing another seven-year waiting act—if you don't want me to. Because—if you don't, there's—well, there's a girl in El Paso, Serita."

Sarah's tension relaxed, and her eyes crinkled. "Reeve Lawton! Truly? And you're engaged?"

"On no—not quite—yet. I'd hardly pawn myself off on one girl while another had an option on me, you know. But—I have hopes, Serita."

"I'm so glad, Reeve!" Sarah declared in genuine delight. "And desperately sorry you let me delay things. I didn't deserve consideration. But tell me about her. What's her name?"

"Anne. Anne Morehouse."

"Is she as pretty as her name?"

"Well—I'd hardly be an impartial judge of that, would I? Her hair and eyes are rather like yours, it seems to me—and you know I always liked yours, Serita," he answered easily.

"And I suppose that exhausts your man's powers of description," Sarah laughed at him. "Well, I'll have to get acquainted with Anne by tidbits during your stay.—And I hope that will be for a long time?"

"Can't tell. Depends on how the business lines up. I have a stiff job to tackle here—and I don't want to leave till I've won out. But—I must be going. By the way, Serita, where shall I look for a room or small apartment? The Washington is no place for a man with matrimony on his mind, you know."

Sarah's brow contracted in dismay. "Oh Reeve! It's such a proposition!" But straightway she brightened. "Oh, but I know a girl who's leaving the Hillcrest here in a couple of days—and she hasn't given them notice. I'm sure I could get her apartment for you if you want it."

"Do I? I was just hoping for some such luck. How about meals?"

"They serve dinners here, and," hospitably, "there's room for one more at our table—if you can stand it to eat with three teachers."

Which arrangements brought it about that Sarah became better acquainted with Lawton in the days that followed than she had ever been, although she had known him since the days when their mothers compared the gurgles and new teeth of their respective prodigies.

They went about together constantly, to the theatre, and cafés, and the woods. They played bridge with enthusiasts in the apartment building; they attended the weekly dances in the lobby, they swam in the pool below. Sarah, at ease over anything "developing," gloried in the intimacy. She had always told herself that Reeve would make the best of pals—if only one could hold him there.

He was an altogether cheery and chummy individual to have about the house, this new Reeve Lawton, dropping into her room and out of it in his cheery at-home fashion. Sarah came to listen for him as he passed in the evening on his way to his own room four doors